

Кошка (*Koshka*)

Book 8: The Power of an Enemy

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

Rated: *R - restricted*

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

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

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

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Day 365: *Today marks officially one year since my life as it was, was stolen from me, I was forced into servitude, was forced to evolve, regress, awaken to my lost memories and started on the long quest to find my family.*

My clan had been brutally murdered by a monster, the sort of monster that the world coughs up, and even against super-natural beings like Lycanthropes, he was able to override our powers by sheer maddened will alone and murder us all, save for Peter, Anya and me. Another, by the name of Daniel, the Clan Warder was spared, but I sent him to watch over my lover and protect my friends... from what I knew, he'd fit into that position like the missing puzzle piece of a jigsaw puzzle, and from what I've heard he has.

But regardless, fate has a strange way of paying you back for releasing such a creature upon you.

Now I had my brother and sister back, and to make matters even grander, there's a new addition to our family in the form of a fertile female, and she herself is expecting kittens, or cubs... or babies or... or whatever our kind calls babies. Six months pregnant now, Whisper shows herself to be such a stalwart female that she shames both Anya and me out of her sheer force of ironclad will. Loving and nurturing, indeed a wonderful motherly and nurturing-type, she's steadily become physically stronger day by day, with sexual assets that nearly places her in line with me. And all that wonderful strength... it allows her to carry two babies while walking this incredible, incredible distance while on foot with us.

With her inability to transform due to her pregnancy, hitching rides became rather impossible. We had to stay away from the roads, to which as we journeyed west, they all magically disappeared,, and though we came across an assortment of airports for bush pilots practically at every city and town we came across, we couldn't hitch a ride simply because of Whisper.

I'd have to figure out how to transport her eventually... because eventually we would meet the Bering Straight, and then we'd have to find some way to contend with traveling across the border with a sexually and physically powerful, white-pelted saber-toothed weretiger that can't transform back to a human.

Anya complained about that fact once, and Peter's vehemence over the subject that Whisper was anywhere near to being a crutch for us was squashed in a nigh physical tirade between the two that for the first time was rather one-sided. I'd never seen Peter so angry since we collected him, and even I was stunned by such ferocity. Anya never brought the matter up again.

For warmth in these cold winter nights as the sun started to shine for less and less every night, we started to snuggle like we did that one evening after Anya and Peter suckled and fed from me, and now we snuggled nearly every night. The only possible exceptions were when Whisper and Peter disappeared for a night. Apparently the pair was still quite sexually active.

Shortly after leaving Nanana, we came upon a set of hot springs in which we bathed and soaked in the hot waters amidst our long trip, taking the time to play with each other as best as we could. My growing concern for Whisper made me glad she could get warm in the hot waters.

But also after leaving Jana's home, the snowfall began to arrive in a heavy, white flaky snow quite often, ranging from dead air to raging gale winds. But the air was warmer than it was in Moscow, and Whisper explained – through Peter – that was due to warm winds that blew from the south into this part of Alaska, but soon got consumed by the northern winds.

She said that eventually, when we moved to far into the interior of the state that the harsh cold of the arctic would chill us to the bone.

I thought to take more attempts to contact Dmitri, who was overjoyed to hear from me, and I even got a message or two from Igor, stating that the Alexandros Foundation had met with some intense scrutiny from Canada, the United States and a few other nations of the world and are now under investigation from N.A.T.O. for 'questionable business practices.' Igor even copied me on a CNN news file.

But once again amidst the flurry of emails was another email from some unknown benefactor. It held a notice to remain on the south side of the Chena River. This marked me as alarming, being that we were currently traveling on the south side of said river so as to keep a water source nearby and to stay away from the towns that were largely on the north side. True, we weren't traveling along the Iditarod Trail per se, but Jana had warned us that mushers would be using the trail more often now that it'd snowed. It was a sport after all.

Regardless, I didn't know why our mysterious benefactor had warned us to stay to the south till we were nearing the first town closest to Fairbanks along the river after Nanana, a place oddly enough called Tanana by comparison to the last place we were, when Anya spied a cargo plane with the Alexandros symbol on the side of it waiting on the bush pilot airport to the west side of town.

That, combined with the prior warning when we were crossing the U.S.-Canadian border told us that this source was benign, though given my experience with the Alexandros and the level of technology they had, I thought it best to, whenever we got a message from this benefactor that we should be especially cautious. Nonetheless, this benefactor's aid paid off being that we were contemplating at that time to head into town for supplies. At the moment, the Alexandros more than likely didn't know where we were and were just beating the bushes as it were.

Nonetheless, we walked all through the night and into the morning to put a descent degree of distance between us and them before we pitched our tent on one of the many islands in the Chena River to avoid search parties, eating cold food instead of risking a fire. I also refrained from using Red Mode in case they were searching for microwaves. I was sure that the likelihood that we can be considered hunters, fishers or campers was rather low if someone saw a fire in the Alaskan Wilderness this far from any town was rather low.

Just so long as we could get to Russia's East Bank, then we could be relatively home free. Or so I hopped.

Ruby, Alaska.

Being that it was the first town west of Tanana, being that there were no Alexandros emblems that we could see and a rather sparsely populated town, and given that we could really use more supplies and food, especially for Whisper's sake, I thought that now would perhaps be our last chance before we'd have to resort to hunting to sustain ourselves. There were caribou or bears, but there was no guarantee that we'd find any of those, especially since bears hibernate in the winter. There was also the fact that we were moving quickly, and if we were stopping to hunt, then that would greatly slow us down.

So while Whisper waited behind, this time with Anya, Peter and I entered the town for food, each of us with a hundred dollar bill for the purchases we needed to make. There was a sort of general store here that we found close to the river, and sliding inside we began to hurriedly gather together all the food stocks we needed till the door opened up and a bunch of idiots piled inside. But I froze when I saw that they were wearing orange suits with the Alexandros symbol on their arms.

Idly making my way to Peter, I tapped his leg as he stood next to the frozen foods section and then gestured with my eyes toward the men, and from the corners of our eyes we saw one of them make their way right for us. I clenched a fist within the sleeves of my coat, preparing to fight when the man looked at the refrigerated section and retrieved some beer before holding it aloft and heading toward his partners.

"Bastards... they're robbing this mom and pop family blind!" he grit through his teeth under his breath, and I spied that they were tucking food stuffs and dirty magazines under their clothes.

This was the sort of store that was there to service a small community where everyone knew each other, and so there were no security cameras to capture their acts.

"Don't..." and I made a grab for his wrist and held him fast before he snarled at me. "Do not interfere." I said sternly, and then closed my hand around his wrist to where he winced with the feel of my strength about it. "Have you forgotten who and what we are and why they're after us? Here is not the place to do what you're thinking."

"But we must do something!" he shot back, but then the men were leaving with their foodstuffs and as Peter and I made our way with our shopping cart to the check out isle, we began to move our food purchases over their counter.

"Is there a sheriff's station here?" Peter asked the old check out clerk.

"There's a ranger station." The old man admitted. "Why?"

"Because those hooligans out there just stole from you."

"Yes... yes they did."

"You know?" I asked.

"Of course we do. They come in once a week, buy half what they steal, and suddenly we can't maintain what we can. The last ranger tried to oppose them..."

"Last ranger?" Peter asked.

"Mysteriously transferred out all of a sudden." He said and then sighed. "That'll be a hundred and nine dollars, son."

I took the hundred dollar bill from Peter and added it to mine and then handed it promptly to the check out man.

“Keep the change.” I said, and grabbing Peter, shoved one of the bags into his arms and hauled him after me, both of us keeping our heads down as we made our way out of town, and when we were far enough away from the drunkards, Peter rounded on me.

“We need to do something.” He hissed. “Those animals are going to ruin this town.”

“We... are... on... the run!” I snarled back and he backed down. “Think Peter. What would happen if we did? If you aren’t thinking about yourself or even your sisters, then remember you have a six month pregnant wife! Realize for one moment what would happen if we did interfere.”

Peter fell silent and his head fell.

“Let’s just get back to camp, and try to forget about this.”

Peter looked sidelong at me.

“Tanya... two things. First of all, I won’t forget about this, and second of all... I’ll remember that it was you who told me not to.”

I was so shocked by the reply, but nonetheless... what could we do?

Peter and I couldn’t eat. After what we saw, one would think that we’d need to support the town of Ruby by eating the food we bought from them, but we just couldn’t.

“I’ve never been so ashamed of myself than I am today.” I said aloud then as I stared at the bowl of stew and bread in my hand.

“Why? Did something happen in town?” Anya asked.

“Yes... yes it did.” Peter said quietly, and he began to retell everything that had happened, how he wanted to do something, and how I’d stopped him.

Whisper and Anya listened to his tale before Whisper went to her husband and straddled his lap before comforting him by pulling his head onto her chest.

“But what can we do? Can we do anything?” Anya asked.

“Not without revealing ourselves...” I said simply, and then dumping the food back into the pot, tossed some snow in the bowl to wash it out before rising to my feet.

“I’m going to sleep.” I announced. “Right now... I just don’t want to deal with the guilt.”

There was an explosion that awakened us. Not just a small explosion, but rather a massive reeling explosion that shook the ground. Rising immediately from my blankets with a jostling of breasts before exiting the tent in my bare feet and underwear, I found Anya scrambling out with me and Peter rising swiftly from a field bed on top of some fir tree clippings that he and Whisper were resting on.

‘What happened!’ Ivan hissed as he leapt from the tent, his fur standing on end from neck to tail.

But we were all staring at a rising ball of fire to the east along the river.

“Peter... what did you do?!” I shouted at him, rounding on him with a jiggling of fattened breasts that ached with the milk in them.

“Me?! What did you do?” he shouted back, getting to his feet. “I didn’t do anything, just like you wouldn’t let me do!”

I blinked at him. “Any?”

“Not me!” she said in return. “I’m not the sort of person to start additional trouble.”

“But if you didn’t and Peter didn’t and I didn’t then...” we all turned to Whisper, and Peter squatting down next to his wife where she still slept, lifted her hands to find grease on them, and looking down at his chest there was a paw print of grease there as well.

“We need to move.” I said aloud. “Before they begin figuring out what happened.”

We struck camp, gathered everything up and got dressed while Peter got Whisper onto a sort of gurney that dragged along the ground from him pulling on it. With Whisper well snuggled up, we moved through the night, around the town, across the road just before their airport and through the trees to the west by the time the sun began to rise.

I was tired, dealing with aching feminine pains, and rather cranky at the fact that I was experiencing yet another rising heat and still no male in me. Whisper awoke with the rising dawn, and we all looked at her together as she smiled up at us, but then looking to all her faces, her face fell and she shrank sheepishly from us.

“Whisper... what happened?” Peter asked calmly.

She pointed at Peter and then me, knuckled her forehead with the first knuckle of her index finger before knuckling her chest with both hands, gestured east, and then made a fist before opening her fingers up in an expanding gesture.

“What?” I snapped.

“Calm down, Tanya. She said that you and me were being stupid, so she went and made the explosion.”

“Whisper... do you know what you did?” I groaned and she nodded before rising nude from the gurney. “We’re trying to escape those people we’re trying to...” and Whisper approached me, lifted a hand, and slapped me lazily.

“W-what the hell was that for?”

She gestured at me, knuckled her head before in the sign that told me I was being stupid, and then made a series of signs that in my state of mind I didn’t even regard so I turned to Peter and opened my hands. “What did she say?”

“Because you were being stupid, or was it not thinking?” he asked Whisper and she nodded and gestured with one finger to the right. “Not thinking.” Peter clarified. “Because you weren’t thinking, you and I missed a chance of doing good. So she did the good for us, and she punished you just now for not doing the right thing when the moment presented itself.”

‘Reprove us for not being good, eh?’ Ivan said from where he sat upon a rock up off the snow and licked his paw. ‘Kind of makes one think of being a kitten again, does it not?’

I massaged both temples and let out a sigh.

“We spent months escaping their attention. Now they know we’re here, now they’re going to send their search parties here, they’re going to come close to catching us again and...” and I stopped, seeing Whisper shaking her head and smiling.

“Ok... I’ll bite. Why not?”

And with surprising strength, Whisper took my hand, and hauled me right after her as she broke into a run.

I only wish I could be so quick and spry with the added weight of all that water and two babies inside me, but Whisper brought us around back the way we came, up onto a hill where we could look down at a little alcove that was rapidly being overridden by icy water. Apparently, the area of their camp had turned into quicksand, the explosion had been caused by a misfiring generator, and all the vehicles, science gear, living quarters and what not were being claimed by the earth.

“But to cause that sort of damage would require an earthquake.” Peter said quietly. “Whisper, I didn’t know you were that powerful...”

Whisper beamed at Peter, shook her head, pointed at her eyes and then gestured in front of her to a spot behind us, and we all turned to see a forest ranger standing there lighting up a cigarette. We looked at him then at Whisper and then back at him.

“So... what are you?” I asked finally.

“Just your friendly neighborhood forest ranger.” The stranger replied. It looked as if his cigarette was hand-rolled, and it didn’t smell of tobacco...

“Oh come on. There’s an eight foot tall white furred saber-toothed mountain lion right in front of you and you’re not even batting an eye at her. What are you?!” Peter exclaimed.

“Can’t you tell?” he asked surprised, taking the cigarette out of his mouth, and we all rolled our eyes.

Whisper sat forward and made a flurry of hand signs, the stranger staring directly at them before he smirked.

“Untrained then, are we?” he smirked then. “I see.” He took a few more puffs from his rolled cigarette before continuing.

No... it didn’t smell like tobacco. Didn’t smell like marijuana either, I couldn’t quite place it...

“My name is Isaac Shaker.” He said and extended a hand to shake all our hands. “I’m a local ranger, shaman of the Inuit, and a member of the Clan of the Cave Bear.”

Growing up, I was always taught about werewolves from the various people who raised me. “Eat your supper or else the werewolves will come and eat you at night.” “Go to sleep or else the werewolves will get you.” Stuff like that.

I never believed in werewolves and all that rot, till of course one fateful day that I turned into a werecat. And then I met werewolves, several groups of them. The silver werewolves of the frozen Russian north, the bear wolves in the American west and a nice little pack of hybrid dogs to the north as well as a massive pride of cats that spread all across the western edge of this continent, but always I thought that there were

only wolves, and maybe cats. Never for a moment did I consider that there were other kinds of Lycan other than the wolves and the cats.

Till Isaac brought me to his medicine lodge...

No one ever talked about the others I met that day. Isaac himself was a bear, a hulking Kodiak; the largest of all bears there were, larger than even polar bears and his sheer strength and size belittled even my green form. And his claws – once he'd transformed – made even me nervous. But gathered together at this lodge were several other breeds of Lycan. Crow, Eagle and Owl from the avis breeds, there was another cat here, a bob cat like Whisper's father Wind was, and a wolf, but there was also a fox and a raccoon.

"I... never knew there were so many different kinds of us." I stated as I sat down among them, one of few females here.

"There are more," the aged bobcat said, his eye whiskers bobbing. "But I'm afraid that the snake, the croc and the spider find our frozen wastes too cold for their liking, and the shark fears the orca."

"Orca?"

"Killer Whale." Isaac said as he smoked upon a peace pipe now. "We would have a representative of their kind among us now, but they are fishing deep in the ocean and will not return for some time."

"I know what you all are now, it makes me feel grand to know we aren't alone in the world any more, but... *who* are all of you?"

"We are the tribal council." The falcon said, and all in the room turned to listen. I saw that the three who sat in ascendance in the lodge that we were in were the bobcat, the falcon and the raccoon. "This council governs over all Lycan over a very, very large area my dear. Many of us had to travel far to get here in time to..."

"Yeah, yeah... traveled far, see with great eye." The raccoon said as he munched on a biscuit. "I just flew in from Canada, and boy, are my arms tired and all that. If this meeting is going to be more of your long-winded screeching, then you..."

"Quiet raccoon." The aged bobcat said and they fell silent immediately as the cat folded his hands together inside his robes. "Our guest does not wish to hear our constant bickering. Now come young Tasha of Asimov. Let me look at you." Rising and stepping over before the three elders, I knelt down and sat upon my long legs as this aged cat put a pair of spectacles on over his eyes. "Ah...such vitality for a young female. Such strength and beauty..."

"Yeah... I found a cure for my libido too. Now if only I could bottle that ass." Raccoon said and fox sniggered, and Owl, a female, leaned over and slapped Raccoon sharply across the back of the head.

"You've journeyed a long, long ways, child." Bob Cat said then and the room fell silent once more. "In my old age, I dare say that I have never made such a long journey, to come half way across the world to find your family and then back again... such a story will be written down by our story tellers if you are so inclined to tell it."

"I... I wish to thank you for helping us with the Alexandros Foundation."

"It was an honor." Falcon stated. "Rarely does this council agree unanimously on anything, and when it does, the Earth herself can be encouraged to side against any enemy."

"Like with an earthquake that transforms their campsite into a bog?" I smirked.

“Things like that can happen.” Isaac said. “It’s unfortunate for those it involves, but these things happen in Alaska. All that equipment lost, all those lives befuddled... they may never be the same, whereas in turn we can keep them from damaging the forests and wildlife and protect the people who’ve lived here for generations. When young Whisper contacted us, we were rather eager to find a reason to help.”

“I... thank you. And I’m sure my brother would like to thank you as well. We witnessed their people doing some naughty things, and we didn’t act... or rather, I didn’t act, and I kept my brother from doing so because I feared being caught. The Alexandros know of my family and me and they seem intent to capture us or to kill and then dissect us like some sort of science experiment. Use what they find to make super soldiers and what not.”

The council all looked at each other as I said that, and soon their eyes turned toward the elders. Finally, it was the bob cat who spoke.

“Perhaps... *then*... you should tell us your story directly. Give us a moment to get a story teller and allow us to record this story. But for men to hunt a Lycan is a serious thing. It means that they are aware of us, and for an organization like the Alexandros to be aware of our kind... that endangers us all...”

‘So how did it go?’ Ivan asked as he sat atop a short totem pole as if he was a part of the story it told. I noticed other Lycan passing by and laughing at him, some hysterically so as they read what the story told of with him in it.

“I told them our story...” I said quietly, and saw the story teller who’d been in the tent with us move to a lumber yard type place here in this hidden camp and start sizing up lengths of wood. “All of it. From the very beginning when I was a little girl.” The story teller selected a long log, picked it up, put it on a pair of stands and then began stripping the wood using his tools.

‘Do you suppose that was wise?’ Ivan asked and as another group of people, children this time, passed by pointing and laughing at Ivan, I decided that that was enough and picked him up and held him snugly between my breasts.

“Wise or not... they’re contemplating war. I can only imagine what sort of damage that so many Lycan can do to a company.”

‘Isn’t that a good thing though?’ Ivan asked looking up at me. *‘Yet another distraction from us allows us to move our butts out of here and get back home.’*

“You consider Russia home?” I smirked at him and scratched his head.

‘No... I think of that nice house owned by your man in Mir with the salmon and the tuna and the nice fluffy warm basket my home. I was a kitten in a pet store before I was brought to you. That was the first place I ever considered being a home.’

“Heh... me too.” I said, and then paused, exhaling a long breath while still cradling Ivan as I passed into a stand of trees, I made sure no one was around and snaked a hand down my body and began caressing the taut labia and caressing the erect clit for a moment or two before I just slid a pair of fingers inside myself and caressed my innards; finding the ridges on the inside of my vaginal wall, deep inside me and rubbing them tantalizingly.

‘It’s that time again, is it?’ Ivan asked.

“How can you tell?” I groaned, and went to town trying to get myself to cum. “I’ve gone through three of these now without any satisfaction, and right now I’m really considering just getting a dick inside me! Ugh! I don’t care whose!”

And that first orgasm erupted from me... rather easily too. It barely took anything to get it out.

'Which is why you hasten the trip back to Dmitri?' Ivan asked, and I nodded vigorously while biting my lower lip. Ivan yawned and rested his head against my breast while I stroked myself. *'Well then don't wake me when you're done.'* He said and got comfortable in the warmth between my breasts. *'I'm way behind on my sleep, and all this excitement has been detrimental to it.'*

"Oh hush you. Ngh-ah!" I groaned with yet another relaxing and relieving release of nectar, even as the milk began to press from all my breasts. "I see you enjoying the licking of your balls when you can."

Day 368: *For three days we stayed with the council as they deliberated, and I suffered through the very worst heat I'd ever had in my life. True, I'd never really had heats till about a year ago, but nonetheless, this one wracked me worse than any other had. I knew now the meaning of sexual pain.*

A medicine woman came to me on the second day when they noticed that my brother and sisters and not even Ivan wanted to stay in the same wigwam with me, and with her came two help maidens to care for me. They brought in four braziers filled with hot coals and laid blankets over me. Sadly... I didn't know much else what was going on inside me... and other than this record, I don't remember much else.

The intensity of the pressure between my thighs was intense! It was growing and it was pounding inside me to where both thighs were sticky and moist with how often I climaxed. My four boobs, both primaries and secondaries ached and were supremely engorged to the point of becoming fur bare, and I felt them swelling still. I felt the veins throbbing as the old medicine woman, an otter, appeared before me, squatting down and taking my chin, hefted a water bottle with a nozzle to my mouth and made me drink.

“That’s it dearie... all of it. Don’t spill...”

“It hurts! Oh it hurts!” I cried and felt another rush of nectar lance between my thighs as I shivered and clawed at the ground, right as another pulsating series of lances spread through my body, veins standing on end and my powers growing so flush that my body was luminous from the electricity shining through me.

My chest was bulging, my breasts were engorging, my navel was tightening, and every bit of me felt like it was being wrung between a pair of giant fists... but most especially were those vaginal muscles which were even now wringing and grinding and throbbing and pulsating...

“Ah!” I moaned, weeping from the sexual pain.

Bones cracked and muscled groaned, my body occasionally popping with what felt like exploding muscles beneath my skin that, when they did explode, stayed exploded, puffing outward severely and remaining enlarged and tensed. A powerful muscle hump had formed between both shoulders, and there was so much muscle on me that it was restricting mobility in some places. Couple that with how large both breasts had become...

“It’s like she’s going through another adulthood, mother.” One of the immature fems said as she stood by with some hot blankets. “Why is she growing larger all of a sudden?”

“I know not.” The old otter chattered and placed an icy cold compress to my forehead, and I clapped a hand over hers to help her hold it there, the cold so welcome to me now, and then snarled as I felt myself unfolding from the inside. “My potions that normally work to ease a heat aren’t working. Something else is wrong. We must endeavor to discover why.” She thought for a moment and turned to the two young fems. “Mist, Rain...” the old woman said, addressing the two identical vixens. “Tend to her needs. I must go speak with her siblings. Perhaps they may know of the cause of this.”

“Yes ma’am.” They said in unison, both bowing over their laps as they remained kneeling beside me.

The old woman got to her feet with a certain degree of difficulty due to what must be an incredible age and shuffled outward, her fat tail waddling behind her.

I was in such a state... milk leaking from my breasts readily, all my breasts engorging, even my tertiaries, while muscles engorged and billowed rapidly. The pleasure was so intense it hurt, so incredible that I wept from it.

“Dmitri!” I cried, and collapsed over the massive pillows that were my primaries, clawing at the ground while I humped the furs beneath me for some semblance of release.

Day 368 – Supplemental: *It was odd, but I had a hard on. I mean for no reason at all really, but I had a huge, raging hard on! And given Tanya's condition, I was wondering if we were all simultaneously going through something or other. I knew I rut once a month, but Whisper's influence on me, her willingness for lovemaking kept my ruts down quite sufficiently.*

There was a purring sound just then, and I turned to see my saber-toothed beauty sliding around me, her fattened breasts wobbling with them both heavy from milk being generated by her pregnancy, her belly bulging with our cubs, and as she neared, I noted how positively ripped she was. Her muscles bulged and engorged, thick and hard, they bunched and swelled with her every muscle... and I acknowledged that she was much stronger than I was...

Moments of stepping before me, she pawed and licked my chest, fingering my multiple sets of nipples and rubbing her cheek and breasts against me before her hands both lowered to my throbbing shaft as she began to stroke it for me, stroking me stolidly till I couldn't hold it in any more and I ejected several loads all over her sweet belly and navel and then upward onto the undersides of her breasts and ribs; she panting in excitement while her four equally sized primaries and secondaries leaked milk in rivulets down her body. Now that I'd cum, she then angled my shaft downward, and slid herself slowly onto it before throwing her arms around my neck, smearing our bodies with my seed to cement us together before she started humping me; kissing and licking my face, grooming me with her tongue comb.

I grabbed her bottom, spreading the cheeks open, thrusting gently, until...

"Pardon me..."

We both turned with a snap to an old otter woman.

"Ah..." I managed, looking between her and Whisper. "We're kinda busy..."

"Don't mind me." She waved the issue off, smiling at us both. "It's not like I haven't seen two younglings mating before. When a couple tries and tries to have a child and cannot, I must sometimes supervise their lovemaking to help them plant a seed into the female."

"Ah... kay." I managed, and then became mortified as Whisper continued to grind me.

"This is about your sister. I'm afraid that she's growing uncontrollably, and quite sexually. To us it appears as if she's going through adulthood... again, and she burns so much that her body shines with light. She's also growing stronger... ever stronger. It's drawn to the point where she can easily be stronger than any bear."

Whisper moaned, and I looked to her again as she straight pile drove me; and gasping I shook my head to clear it as I spasmed inside her.

"Growth, growth..." I repeated, shaking my head again, weathering the orgasmic stress happening between Whisper and me.

"And rapidly expanding breasts." The otter woman added. "She produces so much cream that it pools beneath her. She cries for someone named Dmitri."

"D-Dmitri... ah... Dmitri is her lover... in Russia."

"I see. But do you have any idea about the cause of such sexuality?"

"L-look lady... if I knew then would I be doing this now?"

"Do you feel yourself growing stronger at all?" she asked, and I lifted an arm and flexed it, looking at the thick bicep as Whisper palmed it and felt its strength, moving her head to lick it and comb its fur with her tongue before sucking on the fur over it with her kitten kisses.

"N-no... not at all. Oh God beloved. Ngh!" and I thrust, getting a squeak of pleasure from her.

"So you're experiencing this as well?"

"The sex part? Yeah... I should say so." I snarled, and becoming invigorated began to pound my dear heart's pussy.

"Can you account why your sister grows more powerful but you are not?"

"Lady... if I could solve that problem, would I be so scrawny by comparison?"

"No... no you would not. This is troubling." And she fingered her chin. It was amazing that she could be so nonchalant about this.

"Why's that troubling?" I asked as I cradled Whisper and started pounding into her long and slow now as she leaned herself against a nearby tree.

"It is a problem that affects females, and rarely males, young one. She has urges that require her to mate. It isn't a suggestion, it's a requirement. If it's not met... she could suffer Heat Poisoning... which is when all the natural elements that cause her to be this way collect to a level where they become poisonous."

My thumping of my wife's crotch slowed as this sunk in.

"What could happen to Tanya?" I asked.

"At best... if her mind is strong enough... it could effect the way she thinks. For some it's nothing... others it's better, to a few... it drives them insane, possibly retarded."

"And at worst?" I asked stopping entirely.

"She could die."

And I pulled out of Whisper and faced the old woman with a rapidly deflating and rather wet dick, ignoring that her eyes flickered to my penis briefly as I ran a hand through my hair.

I breathed steadily, trying to get the blood from my cock back to my brain while I thought. Whisper slid in against my back and embraced me from behind, leaning her head on my shoulder as she rode the base of my tail.

"Tanya is growing again..." I said aloud, trying to think.

"Again?" the woman asked. "This has happened before?"

"Often actually. She's grown stronger before. Anything harsh that she's survived makes her stronger, and... when she absorbs something."

"Absorbs?"

"She absorbs energy. We all do I think. Though I don't know from what. There's no radiation around here, there's no machines and we've been in the wilderness for... heh... seven months." And I caressed Whisper's thigh. She murred and cupped my nads and distended shaft and I took a deep inhale of breath as she did.

The old woman fingered her chin again. "You all absorb energy... that is interesting."

"But there isn't any energy around here like the sorts we absorb, is there?"

"Perhaps... perhaps not." She thought. "Where might I find your middle sister?"

"I'm not too sure. We all separated when Tanya went to speak with your elders the other day. We haven't seen each other since."

"I will consult her as well... and then I shall consult the elders for a possible cause before we seek a solution. You may go back to what you were doing." And she turned and waddled off just like that.

"What an odd woman. 'Go back to what you were doing...' yeah, like that will hap-PEN!" I groaned as Whisper grabbed my cock with both hands and started to jostle it.

Then turning me with just the sheer act of pulling on that shaft with one hand, she purred at me, and then sliding back onto me, she murred and kissed my lips passionately before withdrawing.

"Apparently though... it can be done."

Day 368 – Supplemental: *There was something drawing me. It was a hunger... a sexual hunger... I wanted it badly...*

There really wasn't any way to put my finger on what that thing was as I wandered through the camp for some reason, moving to a spot, realizing I couldn't get enough of whatever it was I wanted standing there, and then moved to another spot, all the while feeling my loins aching, thirsting for a sexual episode like what Tanya was experiencing. Maybe with a nice strong thick-dicked male penetrating me at the same time? Yeah... that'll be nice.

I paused, caressing myself before I saw a pillar of light in front of me, and muring, attracted to the light like a moth to a flame, I stepped forward, sliding into the light, and looking up I saw the most beautiful thing in the whole wide world.

When you live in a city like Moscow all your life, you don't really get to see a sight like this, but out in the wilderness, with the moon just having had a full moon, with the great moon shining down on you on a cloudless cool night in winter, it made one thing appear grander than all other things you've ever seen in your life.

And what was that thing?

It was the Aurora Borealis.

Great curtains of green and purple and blue and yellow and orange... dancing rainbows in the sky above you, with the waning light of a full moon shining upon you... It empowered you. Stepping forward, I climbed a short snow-covered hill and stood at its peak amidst the trees, and standing with thighs together, lifting both arms to the sky, I laughed and cried at the same time... and opened myself to it.

With a snap my body energized, becoming crystalline and flesh, and I breathed, absorbing the most powerful of natural lights aside from the sun itself.

And then, with all those colors shining down on me, I laughed, and with a click... I began to change.

With a snarl, with a deep-throated snarl I pounded the ground, and the two girls that were inside the wigwam with me cried out in fear as my form engorged rapidly, muscles popping violently as I absorbed... something!

Breathing in the heat inside me I looked at the two fems as they cowered before me, and I whimpered, gesturing at them to help me, and I whimpered again, feeling my breasts ache, the pair naked that they'd thickened so much with my milk and the glands that produced that milk. All those tits had tightened so much from all the firm muscles on me, tears formed in my eyes as I took one of the furs that'd been beneath me, gripping it with a hand and humping the knot my hand made.

When suddenly I was being yanked back and thrust onto my back, and with a snarling roar at my attacker, suddenly I stopped, seeing something large, and something male over me, just before a long, thick, hard shaft penetrated me, and I immediately calmed and felt this male, a bear of all things, sexing me.

“Sorry for this child... but I feel its needed now.” a fem said as she placed another cold compress on my forehead. “...And better that Isaac do you rotten then your mind fry inside your head.”

I awoke in a precarious position; God only knows how long it's been since I could last think coherently. I'd been thinking of just a maddening series of events that I wasn't even too sure my mind was relaying them back to me at the moment in the right order. But all in all, the position I was in suddenly began to

dawn on me as I laid on my chest, the massive mammaries like huge body pillows as I lifted my head from them. One hand was half submerged in the earth, the fingers having gripped so deeply that they were all in their own individual finger holes in the ground. But what was so precarious about this position was that my back was curving upward, my butt high up into the air and my lower body on its knees.

There's something rather disturbing with that position when you awake from it and you cannot remember why you're in that position, and something cold and very, very frightening happens to a woman as it dawns on her as to the reasons why one would be like that. It's like a teen, waking up naked in a bed after a wild party after she'd had too many drinks, finding herself in a strange bed with her clothes arrayed around the whole room. The thoughts that would enter her mind and like so many women before me, I reached back, felt my pussy, felt something wet and sticky, and drawing it rapidly back to my face with a gasp, I saw that there was male ejaculate amidst it.

There were two ultimate reactions to a discovery like this, the first was fear... the other was anger, and the rage that awoke in me was immense! I was hate-filled... I was angry! I...

"He saved your life." A woman's voice said, and I snapped my head to one side and saw the old otter woman from those dream-like memories while she idly sewed embroidery onto a silk blanket with the cloth firmly held within a loop within her hand.

"Who are you, and who saved my life?" I snarled, and turning toward her, I flashed claws threateningly. "Talk before..."

"Before you slice me to ribbons?" she said and reached over to poke at the fire with a stick to separate the wood so that the coals could spread. "Understand what you're thinking, and let me explain, but before I do... look upon yourself."

Without thinking, I did, and gasped audibly.

I was many times thicker than before... at least thrice, with my breasts all massive and heavy set, like huge fleshy wrecking balls capped by large nipples, my musculature rippling and so powerful that flexing a muscle made it increase a dozen times over or more. A simple melon sized bicep transformed into a pulsating fleshy medicine ball of might, and as I felt my navel, I felt a plethora of abdominals and nipples capping many of them, all of which were thicker and more massive than ever.

"W-what... what happened to me?!"

"Isaac is the most learned of us all in the ways of science and man. As a ranger, he works for the United States Forestry Service and shares a unique relationship to several Lycan throughout the forested regions of this continent, including the leader of a special order of rangers developed by a werewolf named Julius to the south."

I blinked. Julius was the name of the Lycan that provided Anya and me with information on Peter's whereabouts

"Though Isaac is knowledgeable, it took Isaac's connections with the werewolves to the south, wolves you know as the Wolfe Pack, to understand the why and what of your circumstance. They told us that you have gone without sex for a prolonged period of time for your honor of your lovemate, and coupling that with Isaac's knowledge that you are relatively uninitiated in our ways, that you were ignorant of the danger of going without sexual pleasure, he volunteered his help."

"It's dangerous for me *not* to have sex?" I gaped.

"It is. Or at least for a female who's yet to have a cub like you. A single pregnancy tends to eliminate the strength of a heat, making it more viably resisted, or at least for a prolonged period of time... but as a

female, I'm going to part with my matriarchal knowledge with you and tell you that it is wisdom that we had Isaac sex you."

I settled down and sat before her, towering over her, waiting for this wisdom as she poked at the fire again.

"We are a vast minority in the world, our species. Our communities generally exist within no more than a few dozen... and for good cause. Should we gather in large quantities, we would be seen and our secret would be discovered by the humans. Only a few notable exceptions in the world exist."

"The Wolfe Pack, the Silver Council, and the Pryde of the Windigo." I supplied the ones I knew of, and she nodded.

"There're more, granted, but rare is it that we can gather in the hundreds like those secret places do. "But because of how rare we are, my dear, there has been an evolutionary trait that has been bred into we females... and some males. It is a biological imperative to copulate. You need to couple, or else... " she looked at me. "You were being driven into what we call a Heat Madness. It's brought on by going without sex across multiple heats. Some females can last longer than others, but for those as fertile as you and your sister are and how often you both have heats, you both accumulate a potent batch of the natural chemicals in your bodies with each heat that don't go away until they're burned up by passion. If you go without sex for too long, then you begin to experience a backlash and your body transforms to the point where you grow strong enough to overpower a male and take him if necessary."

"Through this process... we keep ourselves alive."

"But... I was in heat. I was in heat! A male just sexed me!! My womb was for another!" I sobbed. "No... I can't..."

"Calm down child!" The woman said and rapped me on the head with a walking stick that was beside her. "Your womb remains empty."

"But... I thought..." I started, sniffing back the tears

"Can a bear and a tiger produce children in the natural world?" she asked, and I shook my head. "Neither can a werecat and a werebear." She added and went back to stirring the fire. "This only adds to that biological imperative. Should he not have done it, you would've gone on a rampage, seeking the first viable male source to sex you, and since the elder for the cats is far too old to have children anymore, even by our standards, I'm sorry to say that there is only one virile male of your breed in the camp."

"Peter..." I gasped, my ears pinning against the back of my head. "So would you prefer our Isaac to have sexed you when you wanted it, or would you have preferred to have violently violated your own brother and now bear his child?" The thought was so chilling I shrank from it. "I thought as much. You owe Isaac your life, your sanity and the stability of your family. You should thank him."

"B-but... that doesn't explain why I'm so thick and muscular and..." I cupped my primaries with two enlarged hands and pushed them together.

"So va-va-va-voom?" the old woman smirked.

"Yeah..."

"I witnessed something last night... I went to go see your sister, and upon seeing this, it explains why you've grown."

"What happened to Anya?" I asked quickly. "Is she hurt? Is she damaged? What's wrong with her?"

“Perhaps... you should see for yourself.” The old otter woman said as she pushed herself to her feet with some difficulty. “Oh... so old... but not so old not to play any more.” She smirked, and with a gesture of her hand, her walking stick rose to her hand and she led the way out of the great wigwam.

I on the other hand, had difficulty following, so... I lifted the makeshift hut, stepped outside of it, carefully put it back down, and followed her.

“It’s been a long time since I saw someone other than a bear do that, dearie... though... you could’ve easily have changed into a human first.”

I had the decency to look abashed.

I had to stand dumbfounded as I looked upon Anya... I was just so fascinated by her. She was like a goddess of light and fertility. Long, sinuous yet thick muscles arched all about her frame, while her chests were capped by two sets of immaculately massive breasts. She was strong, with wide birthing hips, long muscular legs, long muscular arms, and a sinuous tail. But therein her description changed into something so remarkably different from any living creature I’d ever known that I literally felt miniscule in her presence, even despite the remarkable physical power I possessed.

She’d grown... half again her previous size, which brought her closer to where I stood at in height, even after such a radical physical growth that I’d just gone through. Her fur had thinned about her luscious frame to bare more of her flesh... flesh that shone a soft blue now with light green highlights between every muscle and feature on her body, with darker flesh shining about her many naughty bits. The only fur she bore decorated her head to the neck and shoulders, down her spine and into her tail and down her front between her breasts, with gloves and thigh boots of fur that left her upper arms and inner thighs naked with her breasts and belly. There was a grown up patch of fur decorating her sex, just like mine, and an elaborate etching of darkened blue doubled as her stripes.

But the fur she did have for her head and body were long and sinuous hairs that were lit on their ends like fiber optics, and there were crystalline growths along her back, arms and legs, with those crystal-like growths shining like rainbows.

“Sister!” she squealed, and suddenly teleported from where she was, hovering in mid-air as she wrapped her arms about my neck. “Look at me! I feel so sexual and beautiful and powerful.” She straightened and flexed her arms, showing me bulging muscles just before she sighed and flew backwards and flipping over herself and embracing me again.

“What happened to you?” I gaped. “You can fly!”

“The same thing that happened to you.” The old woman said. “Peter told me that you all absorb particular styles of energy, and at first, we didn’t know from where, but there’s a powerful natural energy here that we overlooked.”

“Where?” I gaped, and Anya giggled before pointing up into the night sky, and looking upon the Aurora borealis... I immediately understood.

By the time that I looked back down at her, I had to chuckle as she began to flex and test her muscles, burning on the inside with hues of red as she did while her white-blue fur sparkling as she reveled in her nudity. She wasn’t nearly as large as I was physically, but her muscles exploded and engorged with every little movement she did.

“H-has something like this happened with Peter too?” I asked.

Anya relaxed and deflated greatly as her muscles became lean again. "I haven't seen him for awhile." She admitted.

"I have." The old otter woman said. "Let me take you both to him."

In comparison to both Anya and I, Peter looked rather small and diminutive... like a child to us again. He smiled up at us where he rested in the wigwam that he and Whisper were in, she cradling him before her and wrapping her arms about him as she kissed him and fondled him and groomed him with her tongue. Peter laid like a virile lord with one hand petting his mate's belly.

"Are you ok?" I managed, squatting down in front of him.

"Great... just great." He managed before sighing and hanging his head.

"What's the matter Peter?" Anya teased and began to flex her muscles, strutting and preening and even turning once to show off the mighty bulges and chords of her back. "Jealous of these guns, these..."

"Anya!" I snapped. "Now is not the time."

"What's the big deal?" Anya asked and turned around, her breasts swaying and bobbing as she did, her form still floating through the air as she slid through it toward us.

"You mean you can't tell Anya?" I asked her.

"Yes I can." she said and folded her thickened arms beneath her breasts. "And I don't think now's the time to coddle a male ego, just because I happen to be larger and stronger than he is."

"No, she's right." Peter managed after a moment.

"See?!" she said and took up flexing again... till Whisper hissed at her. That, more than anything, got Anya to stop.

As gentle a creature as Whisper was, for her to hiss at you meant that you were really upsetting her.

"I'm supposed to be the man." Peter said. "My father always told me that it was the man's job to protect the family... but what use does my family have of scrawny little me when you all outweigh me by at least twice. Even Whisper..."

"It's breast weight." I smirked but then the smile faded when Peter didn't laugh. "Peter... I know you must feel emasculated, but there's really nothing I can do about it. Nature made you the way you are for a reason."

There was a pause.

"Tanya... your memories of them is the strongest, I only have vague impressions of them, but... what was our father like?"

I smiled. "He was tall... thick, and strong." I smirked, palming his face. "He was a grand and powerful Lycan, one that even our powerful mother had to look up to and struggle to wrap her arms about him to embrace him that he was so thick. You're only sixteen and a half, Peter. Adulthood in males is generally eighteen. I think you still have some growing to do. You could be a late bloomer."

"I'm the only male in this family and I'm the weakest out of all of us. Even my own wife is stronger than me. I don't like it that way."

“Only time will tell if that will change, Peter...” I said and rose, turned to Anya, and smacked her upside the head to get her to stop flexing. “But bless you for wanting to make all our lives easier. But this is the twenty-first century... and we’re all grown girls that can take care of themselves.”

Day 400: *Anya has become incorrigible. She was showing us both how strong she was and how huge she was in comparison to Peter, and continued to do that till a very pregnant saber-toothed wife in the form of Whisper put Anya in her place, snarling and hissing at her. It was easy to tell that she was upset with Anya for teasing her husband, and Anya responded by shouting at Whisper back that it was her body and she could enjoy it how she wanted to.*

It was then that Whisper used the first of her new sign language, which was two very simple gestures of scraping your finger tips forward along the underside of your chin toward a person, and pointing at them. It was a common sign; everyone who didn't even sign knew what that sign meant. It was the international sign of 'fuck you.'

I also had to step in at that moment, a little after Whisper had, and tell Anya that she couldn't stay constantly in her altered state during the night. When she asked why and scoffed at me for suggesting it, I told her that she was a bright light in a wilderness, and would be a prime target for any sort of satellite weaponry they might aim at us. She asked me if that were possible, and I merely told her what I knew.

My brain washing told me that it was.

Or at the very least, a satellite will be able to see us quite well at night, so she'd have to become short, slender and busty again, which gave Peter hope seeing her as a mundane again... being that practically kilogram per kilogram – not considering Anya's enormous breasts – the two of them were of like size and mass.

The Council was nice enough to tell us where there were other Lycan like us, people who might be able to aide us in our journey. I was thankful for Isaac... for what he did for me. I felt relaxed and free of mind for the first time in months, and I had him to thank. But it was deeper than that... he'd also saved my life, or so I was told. Before him, Anya was the only one of us females having sex other than Whisper.

But the lot of these Lycan was so kind to us, and now we had some safe houses we could go to, to avoid detection.

Continuing on our journey west, we traveled along the river, passing Galena and Koyukuk before crossing the river to Nulato to resupply again. From there Whisper led us over the mountains instead of wasting time traveling south along the river and then up the coast to follow the towns. Instead, we'd follow the Iditarod trail, going west and pausing at Koyuk, and then southwest along the coast toward Elim. There, it was a short distance west to Nome Alaska.

Looking back, I saw the unfathomable distance we'd crossed, and looking around me I saw all that we'd gained, but now we had one more major hurdle to cross called the Bering Strait. And though I wouldn't say it aloud for the sake of Peter... we had a particular handicap in the form of a seven month along, very pregnant four meter tall adult saber-toothed werecat who couldn't transform back to human form to worry about.

I'd hoped that by the time we got here that we'd have something... some sort of solution for Whisper. So the solutions were either hold out here till she gave birth... or find some way to cross the Bearing Sea in Winter...

Whisper sat upon a fallen log. She'd stopped growing weeks ago, but the final form of this once slender feline now that she was fully adult was an incredible sight.

Two massive milk-laden breasts were situated over two smaller also milk-laden secondary breasts, which were then followed by an array of eight sets of tertiary nipples lining the former creases of her abdomen that were almost always erect with the subtle milk they generated as well. Each erect nipple capped a small, pert, mammary mound that lined her navel that was swollen with the twins inside her womb.

Rippling musculature ringed her body everywhere, complete with a firmly-creased backside that was rounded only when she was bending over or sitting down that led into a pair bulging thighs, a bulbous sex and strong calves. Her forearms, biceps and shoulders, attached to her rippling chest muscles were nearly as strong as my arms were. She was imposing to say the least, and that was before one saw the long saber teeth projecting from her upper jaw.

I looked upon her as she sat there comfortably with her now bob tail wiggling cutely while Peter knelt before her, and palming her belly, he bent in close to kiss the swollen mass that held their children while she cradled that tummy with both hands.

Then turning I looked over Nome, Alaska; a former gold town, it was one of the first towns in Alaska to cater to the rich.

This was to be our jumping off point, the place where we'd cross the Bering Straight, and the problem that I was faced with was that no human being would allow for a four meter tall saber-toothed weretiger on their boat. Even if they could get passed the whole *'monster-monster'* bit, they'd instead betray us to the media and such, and eventually Alexandros.

'So, what're we going to do about your sister-in-law?' Ivan asked from my arms as he licked his paw.

"I'm thinking." I said quietly, my brain going numb from all the thinking before I sat down in the snow. "Lest you have any ideas that would allow us to transport Whisper since she can't transform back into a human while she's pregnant."

'Hey, I'm just a cat. This is the human world you're dealing with.'

"I know, I know... we'll move into the city at night. Try to find a motel that we can sneak Whisper into... we could all use a nice warm hotel and bed, and it wouldn't be fair to force Whisper to sleep in a tent while we're all nice and snug."

'Yeah, that wouldn't be nice. I wouldn't mind being warm for a change.'

"What are you talking about? We fit you inside a jacket or between the breasts of a female and you're nice and warm."

'I mean warm without having to be so cramped and everything.'

I rolled my eyes and sighed.

"Well," I said after a moment, let's not just sit here in the cold." And rising, gripping the carpet bag grandmother Yaga gave me, I rose to my full height. "I'm going to get us lodgings... I'll be back as soon as I can."

And I trudged downward toward Nome.

Night came quickly during winter in the north, and we were very close to the Arctic Circle, where night time north of that circle during winter lasted for six solid months.

I was able to secure a simple lodge – paid in cash – that was large enough for the lot of us to fit inside, and most especially for Whisper.

"I call the bed!" Anya said as she hopped inside.

“No you don’t.” I managed, placing Ivan down on a dresser as he sat down and watched us enter, and I held the door open, keeping an eye on the security camera as it panned back and forth.

We were careful to keep our faces hidden, just like always.

“Hey! Just because you’re the oldest doesn’t mean you get to choose who gets to sleep where all the time.” Anya pouted and when the camera had panned away, I gestured and with surprising grace and agility, Whisper leapt across a broad stretch of ground in three long leaps regardless of her burden and surged inside the room before the camera could pan back again.

“Fine, then you tell Peter that Whisper – who’s pregnant – has to sleep on the floor.” I said directly to her.

“Ok, then I get the other bed.” She pointed hopefully.

“No... Whisper gets that one too.” I sighed as Peter entered and I closed, bolted and chained the door before making doubly sure that the black-out drapes – which were there more for the midnight sun in summer – were closed. “Due to her size, a two meter bed isn’t going to serve a four meter Lycan.”

“So where’s Peter going to sleep?” she pouted some more.

“With her.”

“But...”

“Anya.” I said testily. Damn it I needed a lay. Isaac had relieved much of the stress, but I still needed more. “Whisper gets the bed because she’s pregnant and needs some comfort after walking all those hundreds of kilometers. Not only did she have to walk all that way, but she did it with a belly full of cubs. Peter gets to sleep with her not because she’s his wife but because he’s her husband, and she’ll want him with her at night. It’s only right.” Whisper nodded and sat down on the bed, and the thing creaked noisily under her weight.

“So, what, after all that distance I get the floor?” Anya scoffed.

“No... I do. You get the pull out bed.” And I placed my hand on the bed on rollers that had been smartly folded in half and was tucked away beside the dresser.

“Oh...” Anya hugged herself as Peter pushed the beds together and I slid a long hand through the waves of hair topping my head.

“I’m going to step out for a bit everyone.” I mentioned out loud, and reaching into the carpet bag, withdrew some dollar bills of varying sizes and stuffed them into my jeans. “All of you stay inside, I gotta go think.”

“Think of how to get us across the straight?”

“Among other things. If it’s me at the door, you’ll hear this.” And I knocked once, paused, and knocked quickly twice on the dresser and they all nodded. Whisper flopped down on the bed and immediately laid herself out and started purring. “Don’t open the door for anyone other than me. I should be back in an hour or so.” And striding outside, I paused. “And lock the door.” And I left, closing the door behind me.

Stuffing hands into the pockets of the jacket I wore and walking off into the fading light of the evening, I went to go look for a place to think.

He was nobody, and partially drunk, just someone I picked up at a bar. To feel a phallus sliding up and down your vaginal canal should never feel so mind soothing, and if I were a human still, then this sexual

act of doing some random guy behind a dumpster behind a bar would've never have occurred to me of being a way to relieve strain and stress and all those emotional things that happen to a girl when she was really, really horny.

I wasn't even paying attention to what was going on down inside my nethers, this guy seemed to like it though while I arched and rolled and palmed the wall behind his head, clenching his cock with my vaginal muscles and gasping as if in a meditative trance. All through that, however, I was focusing on how to move Whisper... how to move a four meter tall pregnant saber-toothed tiger across international waters.

There were four possible ways of crossing the Bearing Straight... the cheapest but least likely, was to wait for the straight to freeze over, to which it has done from time to time, but that could be months if not years away, and we couldn't risk to stay here that long. Unless the fates of the world dictated that it would transform that much water into ice thick enough to support all our weights then fine, but I didn't have much faith in fate any more. It all seemed to be laughing at me and my family for all this time.

The next method was to swim across the straight, and though I felt we Lycan were strong enough to do such a task, I was not going to ask Whisper with her burden do that task. Plus... I'd rather not swim across arctic waters that were below freezing.

The next two possible ways were by plane or by boat. There was an airport here, but the likelihood of an airplane actually crossing international territories, especially between the United States and Russia was about as likely as any of us walking on water, even though Anya seemed to be able to do that now. The radar dishes of both nations were focused to well upon that stretch of water, and if the Alexandros didn't pick us up with their satellites, then one or both of those governments would pick us off.

Damn it... should've gone to Japan or something. At least I could speak Japanese... or at least I supposed I could. It was a major language after all, so I was almost sure I could with all that programming in me.

The one and only remaining option was by boat.

I felt my would-be mate pushing harder, and as he tensed I snapped a hand to his throat and snarled at him, showing him my fangs as my face contorted animalistically. "Don't you *dare* cum into me now!" I growled, and he nodded before I slapped that hand back to the brick wall behind him and arched myself.

A boat was the only remaining way and thankfully this place had many boats and fishing trawlers, but how to convince a group like that to take us? And how do we keep them from seeing Whisper?

"I-I... I'm gonna cum! I'm going t-to... ah. I can't stop it... I!" and then there was the spasming rush of climax from the man and I groaned and hammered the wall with both fists.

"Tell me that isn't all you got." I growled, changing a little as both ears rose into points, fangs reappeared and claws lengthened and gripped at the brick wall before me. It became everything that I could do to keep myself in check and not transform full right before his eyes.

"W-well maybe in fifteen minutes or so." He stammered. Luckily my heaving breasts blocked his view of my face and hands till I could power down again.

"I can't wait that long." I said finally and slid off him with a wet slurp, ejecting a mass of his and my shared juices onto his bare navel before wiping my pussy off with a wad of newspaper and pulling my pants up. "I want you to know that you are the most impotent man I've ever laid. My fiancé could keep going after he climaxed."

I stuffed both hands into my pockets and walked away.

"Then why don't you go screw him you bitch?!" he shouted back at me.

“Cause he’s in Russia!” I shouted back and kept walking, fuming at the fact that I wasn’t satisfied yet, and I grumbled on and on as I walked down to the docks, feeling myself slowly changing out of aggravation, and growing hot with anger. My clothes started groaning around me, both tits heaving, and my bowels were still wet with the need for sex.

I felt myself change to Red Mode out of sheer anger, my hair turning red and my body becoming leaner, but those massive boobs still remained the same size. I needed air, and opening shirt and jacket, letting my breasts hang out and naked to the air, I walked along the docks, looking at the fishing boats and transport ships.

It was then that I saw a transport vessel.

Strolling up to it, looking up at the thing that was loaded with canisters that would normally be on the back of a semi truck, it wasn’t one of those deep sea transports, but it looked like it went short distances, which meant that it crossed the straight.

And then looking down the dock, I saw a group of men at a gang plank to the ship playing cards in the cold to guard the entry way onto the ship.

Striding over to them, not bothering to cover up, letting my boobs bob and sway with every step, I noticed one slap his partner with the back of a hand, smirking at me as he indicated my direction with his chin.

“Dobre’ Vecherom, Tovarichee,” I said, purposefully laying the Russian Accent down thick despite that my conditioning allowed me to ignore it. “Might I ask you two sweet gentlemen what it would take for us to get on that ship when you leave?” I winked, standing sexily before them with both boobs hanging out, and of course, both were looking at my breasts.

That’s right... look right into my boobs... you silly men are under my power now, I thought to myself, smirking.

Day 400 – Supplemental: *Dad always told me that there was no greater pleasure than watching the woman you love sleep. Dad was a romantic, and a traditional gentleman. I could only hope that my real father was half of what my adoptive father was. Whisper's grand form was lying partially on her voluminous chest, partially on her side for the sake of her rounded belly, and she was sleeping soundly while her tail wagged at its tip.*

Anya had went to sleep already as well, and I was pretty much sitting in the spare chair in the dark watching her sleep, making sure that she was as comfortable as possible. But then she moved in her sleep, tucking a leg upward close to her belly as she shifted her body, and that put her great rounded behind right in my view, and along with that was the swollen pair of muscular vaginal lips tucked between her legs.

I had a raging hard on in moments looking at that scene, and it didn't help that one of her sizeable breasts were laying so that its nipple could be seen.

With her nearing the nine month mark, we were stemming off sex, not entirely... but that didn't keep me from wanting it any less. Rising to both feet, dressed only in a pair of boxers, which allowed my tip to poke out of the gap, I walked over to my monstrous bride, and lifting a hand slid three fingers against that distended vaginal mound; thumb and fore finger framing the twin labia, and index finger sliding in between them.

She sighed and moaned, and in the darkness I saw a glistening upon her vaginal mound as I smiled at making a creature such as her aroused by my touch, till at last she murred and turned, spreading her legs open till I saw her shining eyes in the darkness before she started purring for me.

It was a sign of readiness, she didn't have to speak to say what she wanted from me, which was the same thing I wanted from her, and sitting down before her, I laid a hand upon her belly and sighed.

It was a counter sign, a gesture and nothing more, but it told her I was worried about our cubs if we did, and bending forward I kissed her on the mouth and caressed her thick cheek that was strengthened for biting before rising again and entering into the bathroom. Whisper laid back down and purred louder as she tried to go to sleep, and standing in the bathroom, palming the sink, I tried to get my mind off that wide bottom and tight cunt.

But then there was a tumultuous crashing sound, and I gasped and spun, before someone started shouting.

“Give me the money! Give me all the fucking money!”

I leapt out of the bathroom, seeing Anya strangely cowering before the man as he turned toward me, and I made a calming gesture toward Whisper as she laid there. Due to the darkness, this robber was obviously unaware of her, or he'd be screaming right now.

“Don't be a hero man.” This fellow said. “Give me all your money or I'll...”

“You'll what?! Do you have any idea what you've leapt into? I'm going to give you one chance fellah: leave, before something happens to you.”

“Don't mess with me man!” and he surged to Anya and she shrieked, trembling with fear as he gripped the turf of her hair at the top of her head and shook her sharply before holding that gleaming knife to her throat. “I'll fucking kill her! I swear to God I'll do it! Now give me the fucking money!”

I didn't understand Anya... she could beat him to a pulp, so why was she afraid of a simple human with a mere knife?

“I can't. We need that money.”

"So do I! And I'll take it and..." Ivan yowled and hissed in front of Whisper, making his glowing eyes the one's he saw instead of hers. "Ah! Stupid cat!" and punching Anya across the temple and she yelped starting to sob, he made a scramble for Ivan as he scurried away hissing, right before his knife plunged.

There was a thunk and a wet splatter and for a second I thought he got Ivan, but instead...

"W-what the hell... what... oh my god!" and I started forward but halted immediately as Whisper began to uncoil, looking at the sharp knife jutting out of her arm. "What the hell are..." and then Whisper snapped a hand out; the one with the knife still imbedded in it, grabbed the man by the throat and lifted him straight off the ground.

Before I knew what she was doing, I saw her hand tighten about his throat, heard the crunches.

"Whisper, no!"

And then there was a series of crunches and a snap and Whisper dropped the man before pulling the knife out of her arm and licking at it with her tongue.

I had to think fast, and doing something rather rash, I reached up, took the knife from her hands, and stuck myself with it. She blinked at me in surprise, and tried to console me but I took her hand, or rather a pair of her fingers fiercely.

"We'll talk about this later, Whisper, but right now I'm angry at you." She blinked as if I'd just hit her. "Do as I say, no arguments, I'll meet you later in the woods." And gripping the door handle, I looked out of the corner of the window at the rotating camera, the knife in me throbbing from my muscles tensing around it and trying to expel it, and when the camera was away, I jerked the door open. "Go." She surged and halted, whimpering at me. "Go now!" and she dashed out of the door and into the woods, and I sighed before stepping to the phone.

"Yes?! Hello!" I tried to sound panicky! "There's been a break in. Oh god! Send somebody quickly. I've been stabbed and the robber is dead on the floor. Oh god!"

And I dropped the phone before sitting on the edge of the bed for a moment, seeing Anya hugging herself and sobbing, but for now the crime scene needed to be maintained, and sitting there, feeling a hand going numb, I waited for the hotel staff and the paramedics to arrive.

And then looking down at the robber, seeing the bruises on his neck, I wondered what would possess my dear wife to actually kill a person. I tried not to kill, but sometimes they died later of their injuries or something, but... this was different. This was cold and methodical.

It'd have to wait though... I'd have to produce a forensics illusion in order to keep them from finding us.

My pussy was being worked tonight, thank God.

I stood in the cold, naked below the waist save for a pair of socks and shoes, dressed in only a shirt and jacket that were open as this human male throttled my pussy with his penis and copped as much of a feel as he liked.

The pair of them took alternating 'smoke breaks,' being rather surprised that I was so willing to drop my pants for them and likewise said that they didn't have to use a condom, and the thing about sailors was that they spent so much time on a boat with loads of other men that they never got the chance to actually have sex. So when the opportunity arose they tried to make it last as long as they could. But there amidst some standing boxes, I got groped, I got felt up, but I likewise got that orgasmic lancelet out, cooling the heat I was in and finally getting my body and mind straight.

“You want one babe? It’s the least I can do. I never had no Russian chick before, and you’re as good as they say.”

“In Soviet Russia, one learns how to keep warm.” I said in that accent as I dressed again. “Now... darlings,” I said coming to sit with them, rubbing my pussy in sated glee before I sat down on a mooring post and crossed both legs, leaving my breasts hanging out still. “What is it that I need to do to get myself, two others, and two live animals onto your boat to wherever you’re going? And what’s more, comrades... there can be no questions about why or where or what.” And I wagged a finger at them.

The pair turned to each other and smirked at each other.

“Live animals you say?” one said.

“No questions asked?” the other smirked.

“Da, that is correct.” I replied, trying to look cute and pretty for them, and hold back my irritation as I recognized them postulating to work me up for more.

“It depends upon how large those animals are. I’m sure we can get the paperwork ready, we just... need... you know... some more *encouragement* in order to do something like that for you and get it passed the captain.”

“Either of you two need to go to the bathroom?” I smirked.

“You know I do,” one said smirking at me, but the other slapped his chest with the back of a hand to stop him.

“I’d love more of that, miss, but you’d have to give a lot of nookie in order to make what we can do worthwhile.”

“Truly.” And I rose, approached them, and taking one of their hands apiece, slipped it into my shirt so that they could feel my breasts. “I’m thinking I need a good dicking.” I told them with a sparkling smile. “But... how about five thousand American apiece for the both of you, if you tell me how.”

“Do you have the money with you?” the leader of the two asked.

“Not on me, no, you silly American. I don’t go walking around with ten grand in my pockets, or else you would’ve found it when you were taking my pants off.”

“True. But then how do we seal this deal.”

“You first, then you.” And I jerked toward the boxes again. “And come morning, I will deliver the ten grand, or else you can burn the paperwork and no one will know. And the two of you can say you did a hot Russian woman.”

“All right, lead the way my sweet Siberian angel...”

And through the night I was pleased enough to kill my heat, and get from these two men exactly what I needed to do to get my family home.

It was early morning when I started for the hotel, but when I got there I gaped as I saw the window broken in and the drapes flapping. What was more was I saw the body laying on the ground with a shroud over the face, which indicated that it was a dead body.

“No!” I screamed and ran up to the window, in which a police officer stopped me. “I’m sorry ma’am, there’s no admittance into a crime scene.”

“It’s ok! That’s my sister.” I heard Peter’s voice, and the officer lowered his hand and nodded to me and I entered into a scene that was splattered with blood. A paramedic was just getting done putting a bandage on Peter while Anya sat in a chair out of the way. A man wearing a rubber suit and gloves with a face mask was bundling up bed sheets and such and depositing them into a large plastic bag with the bio hazard symbol on it.

“Do you have your passport ma’am.” The police officer said, and I saw Peter staring at me, trying to will to me what he wanted me to say, before Ivan hopped up onto the dresser.

‘Peter told them that you were Russians.’ Ivan said; though the officer only heard a meow and reached down to scratch him behind the ears. Ivan purred and leaned into the scratching.

“Y-yes... is everyone all right?”

“Your brother was stabbed defending your other sister from the burglar. During the scuffle, the two fell against the dresser and the burglar broke his neck. Now may I see that passport?”

“Yes... of course.” And I moved to the bag, pulled it open and removed my passport before handing it to the officer. I tried my hardest not to look at Peter to read his eyes, it wouldn’t do to get the officer’s awareness up that we were hiding more than one thing.

“It says here you entered our nation through Los Angeles.” The officer said looking at me.

I looked back, deciding to tell the truth then. “No one asked us to see our passports when we crossed the Canadian border. At either of them come to think.” That was true. No one asked because no one was ever there to ask where we crossed. I mean, we passed over the first border on an Amtrak train.

The officer merely harrumphed. “Canucks are getting rather lax in border security.” He mentioned under his breath then handed me the passport. “Well this looks ok to me. Sorry Miss Cherenkov, hopefully your stay in America isn’t discolored by our riff raff.”

“No... of course not. So long as everyone is ok?”

“Your brother says he doesn’t need a hospital, though he should given his condition.”

“Condition? Oh yes of course... that condition. Yes, thank you officer, we’ll take good care of him. Both of you get your coats and get dressed. We’re leaving. And you... have a good evening officer.”

“Ma’am.” And he tipped his hat, scratched Ivan again and walked off, the paramedics leaving, and the coroners collecting the body while I stood there trembling for a moment before I wiped my eyes as tears rose up in them.

“I have questions, but those can wait.” I managed, my voice cracking. “Just get dressed, right now, both of you. We don’t have much time.”

We walked away from the hotel, well away from it, before Peter lifted a hand and tugged on my coat and started walking up the snowy hill. We walked right into the woods and journeyed into it for a short while till we found Whisper huddled here. I was so glad to see her safe, but then Peter strode forward, slapped the back of one hand into the palm of the other before a flurry of signs erupted from his hands and arms. He looked furious!

“Ah...” I began, but Peter turned and looked at me sternly, holding up a finger for me to wait before he turned back to Whisper and stared at her.

She heaved a deep sigh, and made several signs, only a few of them I recognized, like man, death, to look and to harm.

Peter sighed and then nodded before falling to his bottom in the snow.

“All right... what’s going on? What happened?” I asked as Whisper haltingly drew near to Peter, her massive form squatting before him as he pushed his shirt and his jacket off one shoulder, peeled off the bandage there and pulled out stitches that weren’t needed. The wound had already healed.

“We had a late night visitor.” He said quietly, and was about to cover up when Whisper started licking the wound spot with her great tongue. “A burglar set on robbing us blind. He threatened Anya, and... I don’t know why for the life of me why she could possibly be afraid of a guy with a knife...”

“Because he was just like... him!” Anya whimpered suddenly.

“Him... who?” Peter gaped as Whisper got more enthusiastic with her licking.

“Him, him! The guy! The guy who...” and she placed her face in both hands and started sobbing.

Slowly it dawned on me as to the *‘who’* who she meant.

“Tanya... I don’t understand...” Peter began but I lifted a hand to stop him. “No more questions about that, Peter. Leave her alone. I’ll tell you about it later.” I said and moved to Anya to comfort her.

“I don’t think I’ll ever understand women fully.” Peter sighed. “But... our burglar friend saw Ivan, decided he’d be a good guy to skewer...”

‘Who ever heard of cats being bad? I ask you! Really! I mean, not bad enough to kill us anyways.’ Ivan supplied as he sat on a fallen log.

“Anyways, he missed Ivan and stabbed Whisper in the arm instead.”

“Oh my God! is she ok?” and Whisper rose, arching her back to heave her breasts upward as she squatted over Peter, hauling him in between those massive swells with one arm while she showed me the arm that was wounded, only there was no wound. “Heh... I shouldn’t’ve worried.” I managed and Whisper chirped and began grooming Peter’s head before he pulled away, a might bit disheveled from within her bosom.

“Woo...” I sighed, and palmed her breasts for a moment, rubbing them enticingly before shaking himself. “Oh... right... I’m explaining things.”

“C-could you two... please stop that?” Anya asked, and I looked to her, seeing her chewing on her fingers as she stared at them.

“What really?” Peter asked. “But Whisper and I...”

“Yes really.” Anya and I said in unison, and then I added. “Please just explain, Whisper you can do that later.”

Whisper sighed and then sat back into the snow and took to rubbing her belly before Peter rose.

“Anyways, the guy freaked when he saw Whisper, and then Whisper just reached out, took by the neck... and... and killed him.”

“Whisper did?” I asked and Peter looked at her and nodded. “I was angry because, I didn’t think her capable of killing a person and I didn’t know why... till just now. I was very angry at her for just up and killing a guy, but now that she explained it...”

“So all that just now was you yelling at her, and she explaining. And her on you with hands and tongue like that was an apology?” I asked and both he and she nodded. “Humans can’t know of us. Once they’ve seen us they can’t un-see us, and some will call us the Sasquatch or the Abominable Snowman, or the Windigo or something. Not Windigo the cat, Windigo the Native American monster, its... you know what I mean. But he directly saw us, looked her in the face, saw what she was. She had to kill him, or else he’d start blabbing that he saw a giant cat that walks on two legs.

“I... can’t think of any other way other than to kill him.”

“Neither could I.” I said sadly. “Now if she was the one stabbed, then why were you the one wounded?”

“The stab wound dropped some blood, I had to cover up the blood, so I stabbed myself to make it look like it was my own, and to keep them from looking at it under a microscope or something, I told the paramedics I had hepatitis. They’d have to treat it as an infectious disease, so the very first thing they’ll do with the sheets and all the cat hair that Whisper would’ve shed is burn them as a biohazard. They’ll also have to ‘*cleanse*’ the room before it can be used again, and being that this looks like a clear and present burglary, the local law enforcement will just open and close the crime file, and since I told them we’re Russian, instead of getting involved in an actual international issue, they’ll try to sweep the whole matter under the rug.” He pulled his shirt and jacket back up before straightening his hair. “The likelihood that the Alexandros will know where we are will be reduced to almost nil, but there was no escaping the police in this matter. If we ran, then the person who you checked in with would give them our faces, or at least yours, and then an artist’s rendition will be put out to all the police, and suddenly you’d have a crime record in the United States so that not only do we have to avoid the Alexandros, we’d also have to avoid the police.”

I blinked at him. “And Whisper?”

“I had her leave before anyone arrived.”

“Did I ever tell you how much I appreciated how smart you are?” I asked, and while Anya shivered beside me, I moved her over to the log Ivan was sitting on, and picking him up, got her to sit down. Peter looked at her, burning to ask why, but thankfully he was smart enough not to ask.

“Well, if I were so smart, then I would’ve figured out how to get us across the straight undetected.”

“I may’ve figured out how to do that.” I smirked, and he blinked. “Though... Whisper, I’m going to have to ask a favor of you.”

I was pacing, waiting for the sun to rise before I went to go start the preparations for our departure, ten large in my pocket when Peter came up beside me.

“My curiosity knows no bounds now that I’m a cat. Why didn’t Anya defend herself?”

I stood there for a moment and simply breathed before I answered. “You know that she was raped, Peter.” I said, and he nodded slowly. “When presented with a fearful situation like that, she regresses to that one moment in which a large man wielding a knife beat her, cut her, penetrated her, only to receive her ire as she transformed for the first time. It’s been a difficult experience for her to forget Peter. You shouldn’t think less of her for it.

“No... no I won't, because I have no idea how I'd act in the same circumstance.” Peter said.

“How is it, that a simple knife can penetrate our flesh?” I asked out loud. How is it that the knife of a madman can actually hurt us? We're supposed to be a part of the undying breeds, so how can a madman with a knife kill our parents and everyone in our home but us. How can a simple burglar with a knife pierce Whisper's flesh? Or how could you stab yourself for that matter?

“I can deflect the rounds of a fifty caliber machine gun, and a simple knife can pierce our hides?”

“*You* can deflect rounds from a fifty cal, but can you do that in your human form?”

“Ah...”

“Neither can I and I doubt neither could our parents. As such, that is the reason why I could stab myself. As for Whisper... I don't think she's as tough as you are. I'm sure I'm not, I'm pretty sure that Anya's not... you've suffered a lot more, so you can take a lot more.” Peter said and I hugged myself.

“I'm just glad that that madman who killed our parents is dead, and in all honesty, I'm glad that the man who tried to hurt my family is dead too. When I saw the window broken in and a man's body on the ground... I feared the worst. I thought the Alexandros had found us, had captured whisper and Anya and had killed you.

“Thank God for your brain, Peter... I must admit that if our roles were reversed, we'd be on the run right now.” And then turned to me and stared at me for a moment. “What?”

He cupped his hands and blew into them to keep warm before answering. “It's... just that I don't like what we have to do to Whisper, Tanya. I'm against this plan you've come up with.”

“I know... so am I, but what choice do we have? We can either wait for her to give birth and be able to change into a human again, or we do this and hide her. This is the first instance we've had of good luck since we started this long trip, Peter. I don't want to miss it.” And I paused and turned to look at him. “How is Whisper feeling about it?”

“She'll do it. But in all honesty, dear sister, I'm none to keen about putting my wife and our cubs in a box.”

Day 401: *The next morning was a day of rapid preparations. First off was that we needed a crate with a lock on it, and then we needed a transport of some sort that we could drive ourselves with the crate to the boat. The crate was a live animal crate, reused from one of the shipping vessels, the truck borrowed from someone on the docs for two hundred dollars*

I was pretty sure I could've bought that truck for two hundred dollars; I just didn't want to abandon a car like that.

The crate was lined with blankets and Whisper climbed in, her great frame compressed tightly inside it. It was ok so long as she didn't try to move too much. The lid had to be nailed down, instead of locked, but all in all, we were able to get back to the shipping vessel in time to board. Paying the two security guards their cut, we simply sat back and waited for them to do their trickery.

“You stupid kids, get away from that box!” Peter shouted at some kids, making shooping motions.

They were laughing and giggling as they stuck sticks in through the breathing holes, poking at what was inside, which just so happened to be Whisper. Whisper didn't roar, but what those kids were laughing at was that they could torment something large that had claws.

Peter was going to have none of that.

“You can't tell us what to do! We're kids and you're an adult!”

“Oh?” Peter said and he cuffed both them by grabbing their ears in a tight fist and pulling them back away from the crate. “It just so happens that I'm nearly seventeen, and since adulthood happens at eighteen, that just makes me a bullying thug you little bastards.

“Now tell me... does this hurt? Does this hurt what I'm doing to you?”

“Let us go you psycho!”

“No... I don't think I will, tell me if this hurts!” and he lifted them both onto their tip toes by their ears.

“Yes it hurts.” The girl of the two children shouted.

“So what do you think poking that sweet creature with pointed sticks is like? Do you have any idea that she's pregnant? How rare she is?!”

“Hey! What're you doing to my kids!” some hulking male said as he heaved forward, and without preamble, Peter hauled back and kicked the man right in his nuts, and I winced as I watched this. “Teaching your kids how to show respect like you don't!” Peter shouted back at the man. “Do you think you, your family and all that you own are worth what that animal represents? It's a female, and she's pregnant, and your little disrespectful bastards were harming her!” And Peter threw the two children forward and they stumbled to the ground crying before Peter steeped to the bawling man as he cupped his groin, right before Peter stuck two of his fingers in the man's nostrils and hefted his head upward to look at him.

“Now listen to me very carefully... I'm feeling very 'anti-social,' and incredibly violent right now, and the only thing that's keeping me from ripping your nuts off and stuffing them down your throat is my good sense of fair play. Now you're going to teach those kids about respect, you're going to beat them for trying to harm a priceless creature, who's so rare that there're only a handful of them left in the world, so if they damaged that creature, I swear to god I'm going to come back here and I'll find you, and I'll beat those two bastards within an inch of their rotten lives and make you watch! And then I'm going rip your nut sack off and feed it to you so you can't have any more like them!” and Peter shoved the man away from him as he clutched his kids and hefting them and in a stooped over degree, hurried away.

Peter then made a snarling spastic jerk toward a dock hand that was getting to close to the crate that Whisper was in and he hurried away.

“Ah... is he going to be all right?”

And I turned to see one of the security guards standing next to me, and smiling at him I shifted immediately into red-headed Russian doll personality. “Da, tovarich. He’s a bit over-protective of our cargo. You see, she’s a very precious animal that we’re moving between the Minnesota Zoo and releasing her into the wild in Russia to help repopulate her species. Now what can I do for you?”

“I mean... is he going to be all right? We gotta lift that crate into the hold.”

“Oh da! But... might I suggest something, tovarich? Don’t argue with him when it comes to the handling of his charge.”

Peter rode the crane with Whisper, sitting on her crate as she was lifted while Anya and I walked up the gangplank, only to see the captain scowling at us.

“Permission to come aboard, captain?” I said in my accent, thinking it was best to maintain it while I was with these people.

He looked down at a clip board that was in his hand and rifled through several sheets.

“A conservative group? Transporting a wild animal? On my ship?” he said in greeting.

“Da captain.”

“And ruskies to boot. Listen here, missy, I hate ruskies, I hate animals, and I can’t tolerate a woman amidst my crew, let alone two of them. You want to ride with us then you’ll stay in the cabin provided to you and not leave it till we make port again tomorrow.”

“Anything you wish of us, captain. We’re just hitching a ride.” He waved us passed him while the crate was lowered into the cargo hold and a shipman led us down into the hull of the ship, through narrow hallways and to a crew cabin. There were four beds and a chair beneath a fan, a single porthole and four lockers.

“This will be your room. Bathroom is right across the hall, a meal will be brought to you. Do not leave this room while you’re on board lest it is to go to the bathroom. Captain told me to tell you that he’ll stick you all in a life raft immediately if you disobey those rules.”

“You may tell the Captain that we are very grateful for these accommodations.” I said and gave the young man a twenty for his troubles before closing the door.

Opening my coat then, I let Ivan out so he could stretch and walk around.

Anya laid down on one of the lower beds while I sat across from her, and I watched her for a moment or two before I went to go sit down beside her.

“You’ve been awfully quiet since last night, Anya.”

“I’m ashamed of myself.” She said quietly. “One violent act and I’ve been ruined for the rest of my life.”

I shifted again, but this time it was to help her up so that she could lay her head on my lap and I could comb her hair with the nails on one hand.

“I can’t take the experience back, Anya. You need to remember that no human is greater than you. You can snap them like twigs if you wanted to.”

“But what about mama and papa?” she asked then. “They were possibly stronger than either of us and they were killed by that man.”

“Peter and I talked about that, Anya... it was because he caught them by surprise, and they were in their human forms, and while in their human forms, they were far more vulnerable. The violence of that man was so thorough that he stuck with enough brutality that they couldn’t heal quick enough to save themselves. It was really just cursed luck.

“What happened to you and me was also just more cursed luck.”

“Why aren’t I as strong as you?” she asked finally. “I mean mentally... What happened to you must’ve been a hundred times worse than it was for me, so why aren’t you messed up inside too?”

“Who says I’m not?” I asked her, and she blinked up at me. “I’ve had that same experience, Anya, except mine was no where near as frightening or as violent as yours. Despite whatever was happening to me I knew that I wasn’t going to die... but what happened to you left you with the doubt as to whether or not you would live through your experience. So your body transformed to counteract it and instinctively protect you, and you justly wrought your revenge on the person who beat you and took your virtue from you.

“And you have proof that not all men are bad. Take Lee for example.”

“Lee isn’t a man, he’s a male Lycan.” Anya said and got to her feet before taking off her jacket and moving to the porthole and opening it to hang her hands and head on the lip and sniff the cold sea breezes. “Men are evil creatures, Tanya.”

“You don’t mean that.” I said and rose. “There are good men out there, I know there are.”

“How can you be so sure?” she asked turning toward me.

“Dmitri.” I said quietly, and she pursed her lips before turning back to look out the window.

“But you had to leave Moscow and go deep into the interior of Russia to find him.”

“Then there was Guard Twenty-Three.” I said and moved to her and embraced her from behind. “He was a guard who became my boyfriend at the facility. Wanted nothing more than to simply keep me comfortable and love me. It was more than just taking sex from me, he stayed to talk and entertain me, tried to comfort me. I was never allowed to know his name.

“There was Igor, yeah he’s an underhanded techno thief, but he helped us out a lot when he really didn’t have to.

“And then there’s Peter’s father, the men of Mir, and...”

“Ok... I get it...” Anya sighed and then pushed me away, moving several steps away and then fondled one of her breasts. “I’d thought that beauty was always a curse. Yeah I was beautiful, and I could make it as a Russian wife even, but what sort of happiness could I get? Being a Russian Wife was like being an orphan. You went to a person to be cared for, and who knew if I got some man who wanted to beat and rape me repeatedly. That’s why I resisted being sold to someone.”

“You’re beautiful, Anya... and that’s not a bad thing. Yes it brings some unwanted attention, but you’re strong enough to beat that attention away if need be. Your body is now incredibly powerful, Anya... and it’s built around that sexual gate of your vagina, and unlike before, you can swat men like that one man who beat and raped you like he was a fly.”

Anya hugged herself tightly, biting her lower lip.

“I don’t want to talk about that anymore.”

“Ok... but I think you should Anya.” I said and lay down on my bed. “Talking about a bad experience helps you get the emotions out, and right now it’s doing nothing other than sitting inside you and festering.”

Day 402: *The Bering Strait was a tumultuous sea at best. Though at the narrowest gap there was only twelve kilometers of separation between Russia and America, it was nonetheless a storm wrought narrow gap that led to nothing less but the Arctic Circle itself.*

It was cold, it was heaving and it was violent.

Anya slept for most of the voyage, and with she and I locked in our cabin and Peter not willing to leave Whisper, we had a rather dull time of it once the ship set to sea. Taking out Igor's invention, the pocket computer he designed, I tried playing some of the games that were on it, but with over three hundred kilometers between Nome and our destination, those few games we had got old fast.

But some time during the night, there was a pounding on the door, and when I unlocked it and opened it, one of those security sailors stormed in, promptly closed the porthole and closed the drapes on it. When I asked what was going on, he told me that we were being locked inside here because a Coast Guard Cutter was doing a surprise inspection of the ship, and since the two of us weren't on the crew, we had to be locked in with the lights off.

An hour was wasted as American Coast Guard personnel boarded the vessel and did a random search of holds and nooks and cranny's and such, bringing in dogs that were thankfully sniffing out drugs and contraband instead of cats while they paced back and forth with various sensors and such that detected what I had no idea.

After the Coast Guard left the boat, however, the boat I noticed traveled west toward Russia again, but then slowly started to turn toward the south.

I noticed this after a several hours, and pulling out the pocket computer and dared to verify our position with GPS, I discovered that we weren't heading for Russia like I thought we were. Instead we were making a Bee-line straight for Saint Lawrence Island.

"You lied to me." I growled as I grabbed one of the two security personnel and hissed into his ear once the boat docked.

"And you apparently lied. You've lost your accent 'comrade.'" He laughed. "You wanted to get onto the ship, you only assumed that it was going to Russia. That's your fault for not asking."

"Then what do you expect us to do?"

"I don't know and I don't care. The paperwork was only one way, so the Captain is kicking you all off the ship, and that includes your cargo." And he pointed upward as a crane was lifting Whisper's crate out from the inside of the cargo hold with Peter on it. "Regardless, you should thank us. When that Coast Guard Cutter boarded us the other night we managed to keep them from discovering your precious cargo, and likewise convinced them that your brother, who stupidly wouldn't move from his spot, was security protecting the cargo hold.

"So the only reason why you and your family aren't in the hands of the Coast Guard right here and now for smuggling is because of us. You should be glad that we don't confiscate your cargo till you shell out more dollars."

"Then what are we supposed to do? Where in hell's name are we anyways?"

"Savoonga." He said simply. "As for what you're going to do, if your final desire is Russia... then might I suggest heading to Gambell up the coast. We don't go there but it's a bush pilot and fishing village, and I can assure you that you and your cargo can get to where you're going in the way you're trying to go much

easier than us. As I'm sure you probably already know, Russian Coast Guard is a little more... militant, than the American Coast Guard.

"So see ya, you've been a good lay, now get the hell out of here." And he pointed down the gang plank.

I stared at him, clenching my jaw, feeling my muscles flare in anger before I promptly turned and stormed down the gang plank with Anya following quickly behind us with the bag in her hand and Ivan in her coat.

"It's even colder here than in Alaska." She hissed and bundled up.

Peter was beside Whisper's crate, sticking his fingers inside the breathing holes to have some sort of physical contact with her.

"Tanya... I'd love it if you told me what the hell's going on." Peter asked as he looked up at me, and I sighed.

"We're on Saint Lawrence Island." I announced. "We're mid-way between Russia and America, and they're not going to let us back onto the boat again, so here's where we get off."

"Then what do we do?" Anya asked?

To answer her, I removed the pocket pc and pulled open it's GPS features, looking down at the map of where we were at.

"We need to get to a village called '*Gambell*'" I said quietly. "It's... about fifty-five kilometers away across the ice shelf." I think it'd be better if we were to stick to the shore. There doesn't seem to be much in the way of cover out here, and the further west we get, the more snow there is.

"First, we need to get food and warmth for Whisper." Peter said immediately. "I don't know about you two, but we spent the night in a ship's hold."

I sighed again, and reaching into my pocket, I pulled out some spare bills.

"All right, then." I thought for a moment and then turning to my sister, dolled out about a hundred dollars to her. "Anya... go get us some food and more blankets. I'll go get someone with a truck to help us out of here." And then opening the bag, I pulled out every blanket we could and helped Peter cover the crate so that Whisper could get a little warmer. "Now Anya, move as quickly as you can, and meet back here."

"What do I do?" Peter asked.

"Try to keep your wife warm." I smirked, and we all hurried off.

The Yupik were a type of Native American that fell under the term "Eskimo." Though the Eskimo were only one kind of American Indian Native, the types of Eskimo were actually far more diverse than I thought they were. They were simple people who lived off the land more than they bought food stuffs or supplies, surviving off fishing, whaling and walrus.

This island had a lot of walrus on it...

But of course, money was always the root of all evils, and when it was a sexy fem offering you a hundred dollars that could very well make your year, I had three individuals with trucks – that was apparently the only kind of vehicle that was on this island – who were willing to help us.

Anya's beauty, which I had to admit made me look plain beside her, earned her much more than I thought she could've come back with, that or prices here were nigh at cost, but when we returned, me with the truck and she with the supplies, the three of us were able to load Whisper's crate into the truck and ride with her to edge of town. There we unloaded her, set up camp, waved goodbye to the driver, and the absolute moment that he was out of sight, Peter whipped the blankets off Whisper's crate, grabbed the nailed on board atop the box, and with a mighty jerk ripped it right off without changing into a hybrid form. Inside, Whisper rose, her body supple and muscular, but I heard her bones crick and click as she stretched and realigned herself and her distended belly.

Whisper climbed out, blinking against the bleak light of day in comparison to the inside of her box, rose to her full height and stood tall in order to stretch her cramped muscles while Peter draped blankets over her.

"Are you ok? Are the babies all right? Can I get you anything?" Peter asked her rapidly, and lowering a hand to his face, she caressed his lips and then bent to kiss his forehead.

"Whisper, is there anything we can get you?" I asked. "Mostly to calm our little brother down."

She took her fingers and brought them up to her mouth in a desire for something to eat, but then she climbed right into the tent.

'Got out of one cramped space and goes right into another cramped space.' Ivan mused as he poked his head out of Anya's jacket.

"Well this place is bleak and cold, and she's been trapped in a cramped box with a womb full of kittens. Not that I blame her." I said and moved forward to scratch his head. "But now that we're here, it's best that we get some food in us and rest. It's a fifty-five kilometer hike to get where we're going."

Whisper had gone to lie down immediately upon entering the tent, her incredible muscles flaring about her swollen mammarys and bulging belly as she lay on her side. Peter fussed over her, and it was heart-warming to see a young man like him fussing so passionately over a woman, especially she who was his bride – at least in our race – and the mother of his children. It was like a romance novel.

Preparing something quick and warm for us all, Whisper was woken up just long enough to eat before she went right back to sleep, and now I sat half naked in Red Mode, using my powers to make my body warmer to help heat up the inside of the tent, sitting in just my panties while I looked quietly at Whisper's powerful yet highly feminine body.

I was... butch for a female. Strong and muscled, even in this reduced red-mode human form, with a tight eight pack and thick biceps. I wondered if Dmitri would even recognize me now... And then I palmed my navel, wondering what it'd be like to have a baby like Whisper was doing, to have a baby or a cub or whatever it was called inside me for nine months.

I was getting worried too. We had more than a month of traveling on foot across Russia's great plane of influence, even after we got to their shore, and she was in her last month of her pregnancy now. It was a matter that I needed to address with Peter... she was undoubtedly going to give birth soon.

Ivan was laid curled up in my lap at the moment – any warm place, even if it was my lap – resting too, while Peter stood guard at the front of the tent in the cold. Anya was also outside for some reason that I didn't understand. The winds were so strong tonight that they threatened to tear our tent apart, and sitting there in the quiet, I pet Ivan's fur with one hand and caressed my tight muscular navel.

All my heats, the violence of those heats, were leading me to one final conclusion. My body was trying to force me into having a baby, but I couldn't have a baby with Dmitri... he was a human after all, and humans couldn't get Lycans pregnant. It made me almost weep at the thought of it.

Then looking to Whisper, I thought for a moment and then scooped Ivan up – the lazy kitty couldn't be woken up by a bulldozer going through a mine field he was such a heavy sleeper – and I spooned against Whisper's front. She immediately embraced me as I did... and lying down, I palmed her belly, and imagined it was my own. I even smiled as one of the babies kicked, but much to my surprise was when Whisper gathered me up and embraced me, holding onto me and Ivan and purring softly from the direct warmth of my body.

This experience did a few things for me at that very moment.

Firstly was that it made me want a baby even more. Secondly is that it made me feel more attached to Whisper as a sister. And thirdly, it revealed to me that my powers could be used for more than just death, mayhem and destruction. In this case... as a hot water bottle.

Day 403: *The North was a harsh place. Southeast Alaska I'd found had possessed a bubble of warmth that was hemmed in by the mountains there, which kept much of the cold arctic winds from rendering most of the Southeast and the pan handle from being frozen.*

West of that area though... and the winds took their toll.

Saint Lawrence Island was in the middle of the Bering Sea, just south of the point where Russia and America were divided by. As such, it was bombarded on all sides by cold wind.

Early the next morning, with the sun not even up to avoid any detection from passers by, who all seemed to be focused at the town, the four of us, plus Ivan, all struck camp, transforming into our larger bodies to make the distance shorter for us all, and left camp and the remnants of the crate behind us... after we torched it to eliminate our trail.

Fifty-five kilometers was quite a distance, and we mostly followed the shore, sticking to where there was actual snow so that our white pelts blended in with the background. The barking of walrus was incredible! And quite maddening...

After awhile, I moved us a little deeper inland to avoid that maddening noise that our ears could pick up for miles.

"We need to stop." Peter said suddenly sometime during mid-day. "Whisper's exhausted."

"Is her belly cold?" I asked in return, the lot of us talking a little louder than normal due to the whipping wind and the barking walruses and the occasional seal.

"It's chilled. Tanya... I just don't think she has enough warmth." Peter said as he held Whisper, who was like a tank next to his as of yet ropy and lithe form.

"Just a little bit farther. I want to get over this ridge and hopefully into a valley where the wind can't get us." I called back, and hurrying forward, where Anya stood with Ivan stuck between her breasts, I pulled her in close and carrying her along with me, used my phenomenal strength to be the bulwark for everyone else to walk behind, cutting the trail through both snow and wind.

And then we rose to the top of a ridge, and there below us, wreathed in fog, was a town of some sort.

"Hey look a town!" Anya said cheerily. "We can set camp, get more supplies..."

"It's not a town." I said immediately.

"What do you mean?" she replied. "Look at it. There are buildings, an air strip..."

"But the maps said that there are only two towns on the face of this island. Both are fishing villages and both face the sea. One is the one we landed at, and the other is at the far northern tip of the island's horn."

"Then what's this place all about then, Peter asked. I don't see any people..." and lifting a hand over his eyes to stop the sun from shining on his eyes and obscuring his vision, "I don't see any lights on either."

"There were rumors that the Americans used this island as listening posts on Russia." Anya suggested hopefully.

"In today's politics, I don't doubt it." Peter mentioned. "If this was a military base, then there may be left over supplies, weapons... a vehicle... definitely shelter. If anything we can get into a troop barracks and get a fire started."

“Let take a closer look.” I nodded. “If there’s no one down there, then I’ll signal the rest of you to come down, for now, stay together, stay warm... we’ll get through this, I promise.”

There were doors hanging on hinges and slamming against the walls in the flowing wind, clapping solidly time and again, and the one and only vehicle that I found on this first perusal was derelict and had four flat tires and was rusted over.

Stepping stealthily toward the edge of town, daring not to do any rooftop incursions for I didn’t know how sturdy these domiciles were, I instead looked for any sign of human life before retrieving my family and bringing them down into the town, and the lot of us surged into the largest building to find ragged bunk beds and peeling paint. It was cold in here, and there were snow drifts inside it already, but it was the best place to be with night approaching.

A sad state of affairs with being this far north was that daylight at the moment was only about four hours long, if that.

“Tanya?” Anya mentioned as we piled in, she holding herself and Ivan tightly.

“Yes?” I replied.

“We’re rich, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Then when all this is done, can we go buy an island in the Philippines or something and get thoroughly lost in some tropic paradise where it’s nice and warm?”

I smirked at the thought of that. “We’ll see.” I said in return, and then turned to Peter and Whisper as he sat her down on the ground atop a blanket.

“I’m in favor of it if you’re considering it, Tanya.” Peter voiced while I looked through the cracks in the shuttered windows to double check to see if anyone was here nonetheless

“We’ll all talk about that later, for now we need to get a fire started. Whisper, will you be all right here by yourself if we go out and get some wood to burn?”

“But...” Peter began and I cut him off sharply as I turned around.

“The faster we get wood the faster we get a fire started Peter, and the faster Whisper gets warm.” I said quietly and he promptly grew quiet. “Whisper, Will you be all right?”

And she nodded.

“All right,” I said and put hands on hips. “Anya, Peter... everyone try to find what can burn, try to find some added supplies if you can, and meet back here before night fall.

The wind was hard and cold. It reminded me much of the same wind that blew over Moscow in the dead of winter, the sort of wind that cut right through your fur and clothing to chill you to the bone and inspired many of the bleak stories and poems our people were famous for. Dostoyevsky may be depressing, but he’s Russian!

But now that I stood here, looking about me in this deepened valley, the wind slightly reduced from the sudden dip in the terrain, this place nonetheless stuck me as rather haunting in the fading light, especially with the sounds of whistling and moaning everywhere from the wind. Such sights and sounds play tricks on the mind.

Call it the programming in me, or maybe just intuition, possibly a combination of the two, but something inside me was telling me that this place wasn't a listening post. First of all, there was only one satellite dish and it was a small one. Additionally, it wasn't pointing south like all other satellite dishes were supposed to be pointed at, but rather it was pointed practically straight up. That meant it was pointing at a specialized satellite that'd been made specifically for this facility in a geosynchronous orbit. Americans rarely had a satellite dedicated for a facility of this nature, and a listening outpost would still have great big dishes pointing toward the south. It was easier to turn an existing satellite for communications than to move said satellite to where it could be re-tasked for a specific facility...

Damn it... I hate knowing information like this! Damn programming...

But then that led me to wonder, who exactly would be maintaining a facility of this sort. And for that matter: Who could? It'd have to be someone with enough money to not only build a satellite but launch it and maintain it. That would reduce the amount of people down to governments, major corporations in the fortune fifty at the least or... foundations.

I swallowed as I walked naked through the town, my white fur suddenly charging subtly with power out of instinct.

The village wasn't really big. It was no larger than an acre or so. As such I was able to spy Anya and Peter from time to time as they poked about outside, till I decided to check the commissary.

The Commissary was perhaps the largest building here, because it must've also have been the kitchen, supply depot and admin office for this place. There were numerous folding tables here; sadly they were all made of metal instead of wood. There were piles of rubbish here, with whatever that may've been edible having been eaten by maggots and rot already, and only piles of dirty linens remained. I noted, however, that the linens were covered in blood, strangely enough, and rising again, looking around, a thought struck me and I wondered whether or not this place was actually a hospital.

I started to see things though... the placement of the lights in the center over a drain at the center of the room made me wonder why they'd bother installing a drain in a place like this, and then I saw a circular metal ring with shower curtain hooks on it hanging from the ceiling around a collection of lights over that pool drain. Stepping closer to the array I looked about, and lifting a hand fingered the stainless steel hooks for a moment before I went back to the knotted rags, picked one up and found metal grommets at the end of it, and drawing it along with me, I hung it up on the hooks, finding that it fell all the way to the ground.

"It's an operation theatre." I said aloud, and began sniffing. There was blood here still...

Following my nose, I found that the cooler was still whole, and breaking open the seal, I suppressed a gag immediately from the rank smell of rotting meat, covering the holes of my nose instinctively but forgetting that as a cat, I could taste the air...

But when the gagging reflex was over and I could look again, I saw naked bodies, human men and women but mostly women, hanging from the meat hooks with the hooks actually impaling their backs, but if that wasn't grotesque enough, there were three things about poor souls that I noticed immediately, and the very first thing that I saw was the shirt-shaped section of flayed flesh ripped off all of their bodies.

"No..." I gasped and moved in, inspecting the bodies, to which I saw the two other things every body had.

One was that they had pieces missing from their bodies in the form of bite marks that were larger than my hand even in my hybrid form, with the bones having been gnawed on, and the third was the faces... with each one locked into contorted screaming masks of fear.

They were alive when these things were happening to them...

“Tanya!” a voice said suddenly and I whirled around, my body snapping with electricity as my eyes glowed a brilliant green, and I readied myself to throw every last mote of electricity that was in me at the target before I saw that it was Anya. “T-Tanya! I found something ter...”

“Anya! Don’t look! Don’t...”

“Oh my God!” she gasped, and I rushed ahead to turn her away from the sight and hold her before kicking the door shut and causing it to slam.

“It’s ok... it’s ok... don’t think about it, Anya... everything’s ok.”

“N-no... no it’s not. Tanya, look at this!” and she produced a sheet of wood that she was holding in one hand. “I-I was looking for wood, and I found this big wooden crate that I thought we could burn, but inside of it was this massive metal crate filled with chains and bolts and stuff. I didn’t think anything of it, but then I started tearing the wood apart, and I found this.”

And she showed me the piece of wood, and right there on the face of the wood was a part of a symbol that made my pupils both dilate.

“Anya... show me where you got this.” I told her and she took me by the hand and led me out into the darkness outside, across the tarmac and to a crate by the tower for the landing strip. There she showed me several large boxes, many made of wood, and she pointed at one in particular, and taking the strip of wood from her hand, I walked up to it, righted the piece of the symbol and pushed it into the hole that she’d torn it from.

There was no doubt in my mind now...

“Alexandros.” I said aloud, and Anya tightened up behind me.

“T-Tanya... what were those people doing in that refrigerator?” she asked quietly, and then when I didn’t answer as I continued staring at the crate: “Tanya!”

“We’re leaving... now.” I said and I grabbed her hand and yanked her along with me at a pace and with strength that didn’t allow her to slow me down even despite that she was digging her heels in.

“Tanya! I want answers!” Anya fussed, and I jerked her in close and put my face directly before hers, and the frightened look of my face made her shut up immediately.

“We... are leaving... right *fucking now!*” I said and poked her in the chest so hard she winced. “Peter! Peter where are you?!” I roared and jogged with Anya toward the barracks where we left Whisper. “Peter! Where are you damn it?!”

And then I threw open the door and stopped, gasping.

Peter stood over where Whisper had been, and the place where Whisper had been was a clawed finger of hers laying on the ground, and written in the blood from the finger was a message in the floor:

‘Take off your shirt.’

“Peter?” Anya ventured.

“WHAT HAPPENED?!” he snarled and immediately snapped into his unique Black Mode before he turned to us, revealing his white highlighted body and eyes.

“T-Tanya... w-who’s finger is that?!” Anya asked me as I started to breathe faster and faster, putting it all together.

“N-no... no... he’s dead. I saw him die. I know he’s dead!”

“Tanya!” Someone shouted, and Ivan hurried up from under some refuse. “I saw it all, I saw him. It’s him! There’s no doubt about it.”

“Who... him?!” Anya gasped, her face contorted and her eyes wet with fearful tears while Peter made motions of violence and rage, being as quiet as Whisper was.

And then there was laughter, and snarling I turned, leapt through the door, tearing it off its hinges as I leapt out into the open.

“Where are you?!” I screamed a roaring, piercing scream that ended in a tumultuous echoing sound that reverberated off the walls of the town.

There was more laughter, and then there was the crack of electricity as floodlights started turning on one after the next, lights in the buildings turned on and the runway lights activated just before dormant cameras that were everywhere started to move and record. And then a spotlight activated and swiveled upward to catch a monstrosity, and in one clawed hand... was Whisper.

“Twenty-Five!” I shouted at him, tits wobbling as I jerked forward.

“Number Twenty-Three...” he said, much of his form obscured as Peter came instantly next to me, looking like he were snarling in anger. Anya stayed behind us. “I owe you for killing me, number Twenty-Three. I need to pay you back.” And just like that he tore at Whisper’s chest and removed her shirt...

I screamed at him, but then he laughed at me and let Whisper go, and she jerked to a stop two meters below him with a rope hanging around her neck from the top of tower, and Peter’s expression became one of deathly shock and rage while I snarled in hatred and anger just before Twenty-Five fell from the tower and landed in a lunge from the twelve meters from his former precipice.

And when he rose I saw the glint of steel armor the thickness of tank armor that had been grafted to his body, with cables and wires inside his skin as he stepped forward, rolling his massively armored shoulders. He was covered in thick bristly fur wherever the metal wasn’t and his body throbbed with muscles with every little movement he did. Decorating his armored head and shoulders was a big number Twenty-Five.

He stood there, laughing at us, spreading his clawed hands that glinted with metal in the light and spread Whisper’s flesh between those hands, smelling the bosom as it dripped blood before he devoured it.

Then, his eyes shining insanely, he beckoned to me with a bloodied grin.

“Let’s dance!”

Day 403 – Supplemental: *I'd thought he was dead. I thought that I'd killed him. I thought that that murdering son-of-a-bitch was dead and gone and would never plague my family again.*

I was wrong.

Peter raced off immediately, his phenomenal speed carrying him skating away from us as he surged across the ground on all fours. Twenty-Five lifted his arm and on the underside of it was a large canister that rapidly began to spin just before I heard the whine of a mini gun cut through the ground toward Peter. I screamed for him to get out of the way but the weapon cut through the path Peter was rushing through and I screamed even louder as the fusillade cut him sidelong and thrashed him right through the wall of a small building.

The unmistakable cloud of red that was his blood made me break out in tears immediately.

“And then there were two.” Twenty-Five stated sinisterly. “They told me that in my past that I slaughtered your whole family. I didn’t really remember which family it was till they told me the date and the house that I’d assailed.” He began to advance one step after the next, a lumbering, physically powerful movement that made the whole of him ripple with each step. “When I raped your mother and murdered your whole rotten family, I consumed your mother’s shirt... it... unlocked something inside me. I didn’t really know what, but it made me stronger, and stronger...”

“The gulags made me even stronger than that, and then those people at the Facility made me even stronger yet, and through the combination of it all, it unlocked something... bestial... and maddening inside me. Till of course I started to slowly change. And then I realized that I was something... superior... to being a human.”

“You... mad... sick... BASTARD!” I snarled.

“Oh you’re right... you’re so right, you whore, you bitch. So let me tell you what I’m going to do. I’m going to rape that little girl, rip her tits off and peel the flesh off her body while she’s still alive, and I’m going to do it while you’re still conscious and alive to watch.” Anya whimpered and then screamed before she turned to run away, but I stood my ground as Twenty-Five continued to advance. “Then I’m going to do the same thing to that sweet little bitch up there, before I make a grand meal out of that foolish little bastard who’s been following you, those two women, her babies... and then you.”

“You son of a bitch!” I heaved, snarling, feeling my power engorging in me, wanting to get out.

“You’re right... she was. All women are.”

“You killed my mother and father... you killed my family! And you’ve just done it again! I’m going to kill you!”

“Then show me what you got, you little whore. You weak... pathetic... little whore!”

“Weak? I’ll show you the meaning of the word... *Weak!*” I snarled right as my eyes turned green.

Day 403 – Supplemental: *Whisper. I had to save Whisper.*

My wife, my cubs... It's my duty to save her, save them, protect her. I failed.

And then I awoke, laying naked in my human form, and gasping for air, gurgling from the blood in my lungs, I looked up and saw her, hanging by a rope, and seeing her like that with a section of her flesh and fur ripped off, her belly full of our cubs, and seeing that sight, something inside me went...

Snap.

I convulsed, and felt my body changing, muscles rippling while bullets of depleted uranium were all pushed out of me, their energy being drained while the damage was reversed and this body of mine evolved radically to keep that sort of damage from happening as violently as it had just done. How it did that was in a glorious transformation of physical might.

"N-no... no! Not now!" I groaned and turned, keeping my eyes on Whisper, and rising to my feet, I felt pops and groans happening inside me, and I felt like I was being beaten up as I walked toward her convulsively, fixing my eyes upon her as my chest muscles popped and biceps engorged. Though I wasn't aroused, a wicked hard on billowed from my loins while my back exploded outward and then bubbled with definition. And then I snarled, I groaned and changed into a hybrid form, black fur escaping me from every pore, and a violent energy snapping off each one while I stepped toward that tower she hung from.

Every step became easier, faster, less of a difficulty, and then with a series of false pops as I continued to grow stronger and stronger, I felt spasms occurring inside me, as I jerked forward several times, and then with a snap of pseudomotion I was moving faster than ever before.

Day 403 – Supplemental: *Omigod... Omigod... Omigod! Peter's dead, Whisper's dead, that monster wants to rape me. I whimpered as I hid, huddling underneath some wreckage while I heard and saw Tanya roaring, her muscles exploding outward as she entered Green-Mode, becoming a towering paragon of feminine muscle as she leapt at that monster, hammering at him as the two bit and clawed each other, tumbling across the tarmac and collapsing a small building in their efforts to kill each other. But he was so big, so massive, and he only laughed at the blows that struck with the sound of thunder every time Tanya hit him.*

Peter's Dead, Whisper's Dead, Tanya's going to be defeated and then that monster is going to rape and kill me.

I sobbed and held myself closer.

'Anya!' a voice shouted, and I yowled in surprise, even as a gray-furred cat appeared, and at first I didn't even recognize who it was. 'Anya! You get out there right now and help your sister!'

"I-I can't... I can't! I'm too scared! He killed Peter and Whisper... he..."

'He killed your parents, your family, he killed hundreds of others, and if you don't stop him, he'll kill a hundred more, maybe thousands more.'

"But..."

'Anya! Look out there!' Ivan hissed. 'He's too strong for your sister, but not for your family. With the powers that you have, you're afraid of that?! So he wants to defile you! You're not going to seriously let him do it, are you?' I looked outside, as that monster and Tanya fought each other, and I gasped, covering my mouth with both hands as that monster reached out, took her by the head, hauled her upward and threw her as if her head were a ball. Her body just followed along with it as she hurtled through the air, only to be struck in the back by a cannon shot. 'Are you?!' Ivan shouted again. 'You're not a coward!'

Tanya rose from where she landed, rising slowly like some great green Neolithic creature, her breasts bouncing as her pecs twitched, her chest heaving as she looked darkly at the monstrosity before her. Then roaring she charged him, dodging several cannon blasts and getting pelted by his mini gun, though the bullets from that seemingly endless weapon hardly even touched her damage wise. All those bullets just splashed against her body before she hauled back and slammed her fist against his metal helm. She struck him repeatedly once, twice, even a third time, but he just shrugged it off.

"I'm not afraid." I whimpered, still huddling in on myself. "I'm not afraid!" I said a little louder.

'No you're not!' Ivan shouted.

"I'm not afraid, I'm stronger than this. I'm not afraid... I'm not afraid... I'm not afraid."

'There's no way he's getting inside you!' Ivan said, and I whimpered again. 'I've watched you females, and that little spot between your legs is the most precious thing on you. It's your strength and your power and your weakness at the same time. Whether it's a strength or a weakness is completely up to you. You are a woman, I know you're strong, you think you're weak but your not!'

"I'm not afraid... I'm not afraid... I'm... Not... AFRAID!" I screamed, and all of a sudden, I transformed.

I was loosing, and I was alone now... all alone.

I was heaving, feeling the sting of razor sharp wounds all along my body from whatever his claws had been made of. What covered him was more than just simple iron like before. This was some sort of super alloy

that was resistant to my blows. Even in my incredibly powerful Green-Mode he was just laughing at my blows, and what was worse was that I could see him getting steadily stronger. Every blow I landed made him stronger, and he was taking my blows without even bothering with blocking just so that he could grow stronger.

His muscles flared, his movements grew faster, and those searing claws found my flesh more often.

What was worse was that for some reason, I wasn't healing as quickly as I should nor was I adapting to his blows. I should be growing stronger and stronger right now just like him! Something was wrong...

"Fascinating design, isn't it, you little slut?" Twenty-Five smirked. "This is what happens when humans become greater than their own race. I'm going to be a prototype! The first of a new immortal breed of killers who will punish this world and make it burn." And he lifted a hand and spread his fingers with their dagger-like metal claws on each finger glinting with a familiar sheen. "I have no idea what the material is made of, only that it contains ample amounts of silver something or other. Enough, apparently, to override those wonderful little powers of yours. Just give up and run away. Cut your losses, leave your family and run. And I'll simply hunt you another day."

I snarled, and then roared at him, and rushing at him again, he merely smiled and spread his arms open, and grappling with him, lifting him up off the ground, he laughed at me as I twisted with him and threw him as hard as I could. He flew through the air, flipping and landing on his hands and feet in a squat, I collapsed to one knee, gasping.

I felt so tired... so drained....

"Is that it? I can shot-put a car a mile! And you can't even clear a hundred feet?! Ha! Weak, pathetic whore!" and he trembled as he laughed, and standing he flexed, chest muscles swelling, the metal about him squealing as parts of it separated from larger planes, and he grew larger and stronger. He laughed as more squealing happened, and with a few pelvic thrusts the crotch plate disengaged and fell off him, allowing his phallus to disgorge and his great nads to spread as that heaving prick slowly rose upward in his elation.

"Yes... Yes!" he laughed and started stroking himself and approached me again. "You have no idea... how good it will feel as I rape you. This thing's been cooped up in that damned nut cup for ages!" and he approached me and I rose, punching at him with my fist as hard as I could, landing a blow on his powerful abs, but before I could get my hand back, his snapped his grip downward and gripped it, and I was hauled upward so that I was in close to him while he wrapped me up in both his arms.

I roared, feeling his phallus floss between my legs, not penetrating me yet, I was simply inside his arms as I fought him.

"You... see... the inevitable." Twenty-Five snarled at me, and now that I was this close, smelling the rot of flesh on his breath, I realized something in that moment, for his body, his features, everything... were that of a bear! "You must be wondering what's happening to you." He stated, and I gasped and tried harder.

That's why he was able to hurt my family... he was a Lycan too! A latent one maybe, but he had that power nonetheless!

"You must be wondering why you grow weaker by the moment." And I gaped at him, hearing my ribs and arms groan, and I grasped as his strength became clearly greater than my own while he swelled ever the larger. "Like I said, it's a marvelous design, isn't it? I don't know how, but it's allowing me to suck all that marvelous energy from you... all that energy they said you possessed, I'm draining it all from you and putting it into me, and what's more there's nothing you can do about it."

Day 403 – Supplemental: *I didn't want to hurt her... I willed myself not to hurt her, prayed that she wasn't dead already, and zipping across the ground, moving faster than I've ever done before, I came beneath her and then leapt vertically the forty plus feet to the awning she hung from by the neck and in an instant I saw something that gave me hope as a husband and a father:*

Her neck muscles were tightened to the point where they were standing on end, and she was breathing, though difficultly, through her nose.

I mouthed the word 'Beloved.' To her, but of course no sound escaped from my mouth as I cradled her, forcing this violently energetic body of mine to calm so that I didn't hurt her in doing so. Fur laid flat but remained black, and snapping the rope with the claws of one hand, I carried her upward and snapped all her bonds, but paused as I looked upon the shirt-shaped band of flesh cut from her body. Anger... unmitigated anger swelled within me, and immediately upon seeing that I knew that I was capable of killing a person for the right reason.

But in a blessing straight from heaven, I saw that that horrible wound was healing back, albeit slowly, and her severed finger had nearly grown back as well.

I shook her lightly, and then more fiercely, tears escaping my eyes, and after many tenuously long moments she finally opened her eyes. The look upon her face as she beamed and wept and rose to embrace me was paramount.

Holding her tightly I then pulled back from her and laid a clawed hand upon her belly, and she nodded before I gasped a sigh of relief before looking at her hand and inspecting the severed finger before caressing the healing portion of her chest which was at least flesh now instead of bare muscle.

Gritting my teeth then, I rose and turned but then I felt a tug on my butt, and turning, I saw that Whisper was holding tightly onto my tail before she started wedging herself up to her feet.

I went to her, helped her up and gripping her shoulders shook my head vigorously. Whisper in turn palmed my face and bent forward to kiss me on the lips before she caressed those lips with her thumb. Then with all ferocity, she struck her chest with one hand, touched mine, and then gestured with her whole arm and pointing hand at the monster down below, and I gasped as I saw Tanya in trouble. I nearly launched off the balcony right then and there but Whisper still held onto my tail rather rightly, and she jerked me back to her.

With her face stern and demanding, she thumped her chest again, then slapped mine, and pointed at the monster with her whole hand.

I stared at her, and then back at Tanya and then back at her, and then I palmed her belly again, reminding her of her burden, and she nodded and pointed at the battle below a third time with the whole of her hand.

Then nodding, I swung her into my arms, and leapt off the precipice right as an explosion rocked the field.

I could only taste the hate. I knew only of the hate I had for this creature, and he could only be called a creature, for to call such a being a man or a Lycan would diminish both species. And what was worse was that he was winning.

I shifted into White-mode involuntarily, all that superb nuclear energy now in his veins, suffusing him, making him into a towering monstrosity that could manhandle me like I was a child. The phenomenal strength and power that I had was now his as he held me aloft like a rag doll, draining my electricity away from me as well.

I still had my fire, and what little light powers that I'd gained from Anya, he hasn't taken those from me yet being that it was locked away, but my enhanced Green Mode and my default White Mode were being sucked away from me like he was a leach.

All that imperious muscle and endurance was sliding into him, the metal parts of his form flaring open and hissing while canisters exuded themselves from within him.

"You... see... your death." Twenty-Five snarled at me, his head so large he could bite mine off as I felt all my breasts diminish and muscles deflating in me. "No one escapes my vengeance... most especially some freak of a girl like you!"

And he threw me to the ground as I shifted from my hybrid form right into human, and laid naked there on the frozen ground.

"Yes..." he grinned, showing me a mouthful of jagged teeth as he walked to stand before me, his phallus rising till it was fully erect with a snap of motion before he fell upon me and laid that massive phallus upon my body, its great thickness so large and heavy that it was nearly the length of my human form from neck to crotch. "This... is going to be a new experience. I've always desired to see what it would be like to actually split a woman in two with my dick. Guess you get to be the first."

And he bent forward and licked my face, and with a feeble moan I turned my head away, whimpering that such a creature had such power over me before he started humping my body, rapidly evacuating several shallow spurts of semen that just drained from his massive pee hole and leaked over my neck, chest and body and onto the ground. He snarled, his thick balls heaving against my loins as I started to cry, just before I turned to him, caked with his seed, and snarling at him, I gripped his tongue and dug my fingernails into it, and for a moment he was caught by surprise.

"I... am not... your bitch!" and I slapped my palm upward underneath his chin, and his own reflex and the power and strength of the blow combined with the sharpness of all those teeth of his chopped his tongue clear off.

Scrambling out from underneath him as he bellowed and gurgled, I rose and smeared all his seed from off my body with his own tongue.

"How do you taste? Huh?! How does all this taste you bastard?!" and I threw his own tongue at him.

"Frgling KILL YOU!" he gurgled, but managed to get those last two words out clear as a bell, right before he lifted the arm with the chain gun attached to it, and the gun started clicking away in its pre spin.

I stood there, realizing that now I was going to die unless I could dodge in the right direction and run quickly enough. And then there was an explosion, and for the barest moments, time froze... and I thought that I'd died...

Day 403 – Supplemental: *My body heaved, breasts expanding, vaginal muscles distending as I felt an incredible sexual power being born inside me. It was like it was being created in my womb before flushing outward to the rest of me, spreading into every vein and nerve and transforming the rest of me from there. My lycanthropy swelled with it, fueling the attached powers as I suddenly went from a slender fem into a heaving muscular one.*

Ivan growled and ran for cover as massive crystals grew around my fur and attached to the flesh my chest heaving outward and the individual muscles there and all over the whole of me separating along the grooves between those muscles. An incredible light source billowed from inside me, and with a scream the building I was in erupted outward in a remarkable explosion of light, and without a second longer of hesitation, I snapped a hand outward, flexed my fingers, the crystals on my body charging up before a beam lanced from that arm and struck the monster broadsides!

Rising up into the air and hovering there like some angelic creature of burning light, I moved toward him as he recovered, the weapon on his arm still spinning as he saw me, and seeing me as the immediate threat instead of my sister, he turned that weapon toward me and fired. A fusillade of bullets erupted from that chain gun toward me, but I lifted an arm and a shield of light formed before me, deflecting and flattening the deadly bullets against the shield.

Noticing this new advantage, an instinctive thing that I did, I smirked and transformed again.

I drew upon my powers, accepted them, made them mine, and I flared thicker and heavier, the crystals creating bands of light that hemmed in my breasts and covered my head and body, just before two glorious wings of light spread from my back.

I felt more strength engorging me, felt the power growing in me as I flared and thickened predominately in the chest region, and I summoned a sword of crystal and light, more crystals appearing about my new armor, building up on me. And once I was like some screaming Valkyrie of imperious feline muscle and grace and beauty, I screamed at him and threw my arms back, just to show him his bullets were doing nothing to me.

But then he raised his other arm and I saw that there was a cannon of sorts there a moment before he fired it at me, and when I lifted my shield arm to block it, the impact put a great spreading crack in my shield even as it knocked me back in the air.

Apparently I wasn't impervious.

The weapon fired again but this time I teleported aside from it, and growling, flew forward and shoulder checked him, with all my might, but he met the blow only rocked him subtly out of the way before he regained his ballance. But I moved him! Nonetheless... I was now more of a match for him.

"An angel!" he gurgled and laughed, showing me a tongue that was slowly growing back and spurting blood. "A female angel even! You'll be fun to break!" the monster snarled, but then I settled backward, two orbs appearing over the shoulder guards of either arm.

"You wanna know what? You can just go to hell." I said in a sing-song voice, and those two orbs lashed outward with beams of light and cut searing gashes against his flesh and metal body.

And then I got in nice and close, slashing with this new sword I made, trying to get used to such a light weight weapon as unfamiliar in the swings of the arm that were needed to cut him as I was, whereas he was using his body and his claws and what he had with him to expertly block my blows.

The only thing that seemed to be working at all was my light beams!

And then I made my greatest mistake.

Turning over my shoulder, I shouted at Tanya. "Run!" I cried, but as I was turning back I realized my mistake as this bane of our family slid in close and gripped my throat with one incredibly powerful hand. And therein was the mistake:

I took my eyes off the battle.

"Such... succulent breasts. Such wonderful... delicious breasts." He said gutturally and drew me to him, and Tanya began to hit his thigh before he just nudged her away like she was nothing. "But you're wearing a shirt over them my sweet... it's a shame to hide those breasts from the world... they should be naked and free!

"Take off your shirt."

"N-no!"

"I said take off your shirt!" he bellowed, and lifting a finger he pushed his claw into my flesh, and I screamed, feeling his phallus pressing against my legs, and I instinctively created a V-shaped wedge made of crystal and light over my loins to guard me from that penis.

He continued to cut me, sliding his finger about my flesh and fur, and I screamed louder, just before something knocked me out of his hand and I tumbled to the ground, my armor vanishing and several of the crystals breaking off me and disintegrating. Tanya was there, and together we looked up at what had saved us:

A great black tiger with white stripes...

Peter.

Anya was hurt, but she was healing, and unlike me, Twenty-Five couldn't steal her powers, or so I thought. Helping her to rise, we both looked up at our savior, who was a rather thicker Peter as he stood between us and Twenty-Five, his tail lashing irritably.

"Didn't I already kill you?!" Twenty-Five groaned, a large shattered portion of his metal armor healing itself, and when Peter didn't answer, his outward aura of darkness merely became more violent, and I heard a hum rising around him. "Are you deaf? Answer me!"

And Peter started taking a deep, deep breath. Anya and I, and even Twenty-Five watched him quizzically... and then... he screamed.

All other sound halted in favor for this one. It was like a discordant tone, but the same discordant tone made from thousands of guitars all done in a harmonic way to increase their damaging effect. And that effect was to create a cone of decimation maybe a hundred meters long and a quarter that wide.

The echoing, reverberating sound definitely caught Twenty-Five off guard; the sonic wailing scream, tearing at his flesh and armor, destroying that damnable chain gun under his left arm, while tearing a swath into the asphalt slab this town was made upon before knocking Twenty-Five back a dozen meters to land on his back.

After the scream there was a ringing in my ears, the programming in me telling me that that was the temporary effect after a concussion grenade and not to worry about it, but my conscious mind took that thought, and registered the sheer and unmitigated level of such a concussion blast like that.

The paint on Twenty-Five's armor had shattered right off from the blast!

And then he started to rise.

“Son... of... a... bitch!” he snarled and rose, bleeding profusely before Peter snapped forward, zigzagging those dozen or so meters forward to snap his body and form against Twenty-Five. Before, with his fight with Windigo, there was a level of desperation to keep Whisper... and now there was a level of hatred on his face as he slapped and snapped Twenty-Five, exploding pieces of him and using his hands like knives to jab into his body here and there.

But then I saw what he was doing as I surged to my feet, seeing the cuts he was doing, right before he snatched forward with both hands, knotted those hands into Twenty-Five’s chest armor, and tore it off, tearing off with it his flesh and fur... right in the shape of a T-shirt.

Twenty-Five roared, feeling at last what he’d done to so many people before Peter took hold of Twenty-Five’s right hand, found his index finger and bit it off, kicked him in the balls, spit the finger at Twenty-Five’s face and then roared again. This roar deafened the previous one, and the blast of the concussion caved Twenty-Five’s chest inward and knocked him backward again further than before.

Right then I shifted instantly into one of the few modes I had left, my Red-Mode, and I burned hotly in the cold air as I pulled my sister to her feet and we rushed forward but Peter lifted his hands and stopped us.

“Peter! He’s down! We need to kill him or he’ll keep...” Peter shook his head.

“Good boy... good boy Peter. You’re a man after my own heart...” Twenty-Five groaned and rose, but then paused at what he saw in Peter’s face, and Anya and I both looked into his face. “What the hell are you smiling at?!”

And Peter gestured over Twenty-Five’s shoulder, and looking in that direction with our family’s monster, I gasped at the sight of Whisper standing there sweetly in her superb motherhood, and snapping my head up to see her body gone from the hangman’s rope up above, I gasped in joy to see my bond-sister alive and well.

“Why... won’t any of you die?!” Twenty-Five bellowed.

But then his rage subsided at the feeling of trembling in the world, the trembling rising in pitch as Whisper lifted a hand from her belly toward Twenty-Five and as she lifted that hand the rumbling grew and grew... till she pointed and a spike of stone shot from the ground and impaled Twenty-Five on its mass.

Twenty-Five’s face contorted in disbelief as he saw that mass of stone in his body, and he gasped at the sight of what he thought was impossible.

Whisper advanced, lifting her other hand now and gesturing along her arm and more spikes of stone erupted from the ground to impale him again and again, and as she advanced more of that stone pushed outward to render his man-made technology useless from the power of the Earth beneath his very feet.

“H-how... is this possible?” Twenty-Five groaned, but then Whisper’s hand started to spread, and the huge pylons of stone began to tear at him as they spread apart like her fingers.

And then Whisper jerked her hand forward and Twenty-Five was impaled even more deeply, but he was then lifted off the ground. To defend himself, Twenty-Five lifted his cannon arm at her and fired, but a wall of stone rose to block the shell before it sloughed into the ground again like a pile of mud and became one with the earth.

Peter suddenly transformed back into his White-Mode, and shouted out to Twenty-Five.

“How does that feel, you sick fuck? That’s for hurting her like you did... that’s for trying to kill her and our babies!” and on the last word he shifted back to black mode and screamed it at him, shattering the stone and leaving hundreds of stone splinters inside his body as he fell to the ground.

Twenty-Five wedged himself up, groaning from all the obvious pain and the hole in his gut, but then he started wheezing in short bursts, laughing sharply as we all gathered round him. Microwave energy hissed about me, Light energy buzzed inside Anya and Sound rippled around Peter like a swarm of bees. We would’ve killed him right then and there, till I realized why he was wheezing.

“He’s laughing.” I said aloud. “Why is he laughing?”

“K-Kill you all.” He gurgled and continued wheezing and laughing, right as six canisters expanded outward on his back, each canister filled with some sort of glowing energetic light.

The six canisters rapidly began to hum harmonically, the hum rising quickly in pitch even as his laughter rapidly rose to a sinister grating, right before his muscles started to engorge rapidly, swelling massively, and his body swelled to envelop those canisters again till one by one they all clicked back into place.

And he kept swelling, his flesh burning as his fur thinned, and roaring and flexing himself, he grew larger than ever, revealing more of the wires and such beneath his plated armor, and when he roared a second time, a demonic like fire could be seen inside his mouth. Still his muscles grew, bubbling unnaturally, almost as if it were a cancerous sickness. So engorged was he with energy that goutts of white fire erupted occasionally from the cracks in his body before it healed.

“We need to end this. We need to end this now.” I said as I stood with my sisters and brother, looking up at a creature that was well over six meters now.

“I’m open to suggestions.” Anya gaped as she reformed wings and armor and floating away from him.

“Anya... get in front of one of those flood lights, try to use the light to enhance your powers. Whisper, try to hem him in, Peter run in, hit him a couple times, try to cut him, and then get out. And everyone watch out for everyone else.”

“What are you going to do?!” Anya gaped at me as I started walking toward him.

“I’m going to make him angry.”

I bellowed a roar and lifted both hands to send a double arm wave of Microwaves at him, cooking his flesh and making the metal on his body snap and hiss. Getting up and personal was my job!

“Hey ugly! Here I am! Come get me!” and I shot at him again.

The fire I caused burned him, made him slow as flesh and muscles cooked off and the electrical discharge of the microwaves against metal shocked him.

It was then that I wished that I could teleport like Anya did, or move as fast as Peter did. I didn’t know where Whisper was, but wherever it was it was no where nearby. Regardless, the three of them were doing their jobs nicely; it was just Twenty-Five’s brute force that kept him up.

He’d become a homicidal madman in a rage, and who knew what he’d do in such a rage. Right now he was many times stronger than even my Green Mode, which was phenomenal in and of itself, so he crashed right through those stone spikes Whisper was creating, but not till after those spires of stone dealt their damage to him.

Anya was floating high atop a precipice, and was occasionally raining down beams of destruction at him, beams that cut Whisper's rock spires in two like a hot knife through butter, but strangely only burned and scored Twenty-Five. Peter at the same time was using hit-and-run tactics to slash at his legs, snapping his hamstrings and trying to hobble him. The burning and the cutting were slowing him down, slowly yet surely, but as we slowed him down, I began to notice something else was going on:

The flame gout on his body were becoming more and more violent, so violent that as Peter finally severed that cable-like Achilles Tendon wrapped with literal steel chords in Twenty-Five's leg, there was a spray of that energized fluid that was in him, and the spray splattered the ground behind him to burn like plasma briefly before it fizzled down into thick liquid pools of...

"...Blood." I gasped, and then tried to stop everyone, but not before Anya had actually successfully burned through Twenty-Five's left arm, both the wound and the arm spraying more of that plasma-hot blood, though the arm rapidly deflated into a rather muscular but human arm.

"Stop!" I roared, and the fusillade of the attack ended, and daring to meet our family's monster, I strode forward and stopped a few bare meters directly before him.

He was panting... spent, with more of that hot energetic blood seeping from him.

"There... is no escape... for you and your family." He gasped and then laughed insanely. "They told me... that if it ever got to this point... Then I'd explode. The decimation will be like a nuke." He laughed again, and then more of that blood spat out of his wound while Whisper, Peter and Anya drew closer to me. "And I seriously doubt that the lot of you, especially with that pregnant bitch, can escape the twelve kilometer blast radius." He laughed again, and I looked behind me at the sounds of gasps.

"What will we do?" Peter gaped after he'd turned back to White Mode and snatched Whisper to him.

"You die!" Twenty-Five laughed, and swallowing solidly, I shook my head.

"No... not like this." I growled, and walked around to his backside.

"Tanya...?" Anya said as I moved around Twenty-Five's back.

"I want the three of you to run if this doesn't work." I said and climbed up on his back. "I want you all to run, and keep running. Find another valley or a gully or a ravine or something."

"W-what are you doing you whore? Get off me!" Twenty-Five bellowed, trying to shake me off. "Get your tits and pussy off me! Get them off! Ah!" Twenty-Five agonized, and I remembered that all of this, the reason he was such a monster right here and now, was because of that damnable woman he had to call mother.

"We're not leaving you!" Anya said, crying crystal tears that fell to the ground and shattered as they fell.

"And I don't want all of you to die!" I said sternly. "Now do as your older sister tells you... and go."

"Get off me!" Twenty-Five snarled, cried even as he tried to get me off his back by shaking fiercely for a moment, causing even more parts of him to break open and spew his energized plasma blood. There wasn't much time left.

"Go!" I roared and pointed, and then calmed. "Please go..."

Peter picked Whisper up in his arms, but Whisper shook her head fiercely, but then he started running, and Whisper reached over his body to reach out and grab me despite all the distance.

Anya paused only a moment longer and then started teleporting away after Peter's swift feet, and I waited till they disappeared through the fog.

"That leaves you and me then."

"There's nothing you can do about this. You'll all die!"

"Yeah... maybe. But there's one thing you fail to realize, you pitiful prick." I said and climbed higher up onto his back.

"And what is that you whore?! Get off me!"

"Simply put... like you've no doubt found out... Lycan absorb powers from other Lycan through their body fluids... and unlike other Lycan... I absorb energy."

And forcing his head to one side, I opened my mouth wide, and sunk every tooth into his neck and started to engorge myself upon his blood.

My mouth burned, it burned fiercely as all that blood in him that was so energized that it would burn like molten lead as I guzzled it, and though I wept, though it felt like my flesh were burning off leaving nothing but skull bone in briefly in some places before those wounds could heal over, I nonetheless kept drinking, and drinking, engorging myself on his hot blood. It was like consuming the blood of some baleful demon or a Hind from legend.

But the strangest thing about all this was that Twenty-Five didn't fight back. He wept, he whimpered, but he let me take it all.

But apparently it was all working, all my absorption powers, because I could feel the energy suffusing me, but what was more was that I could feel I was starting to absorb more of his memories.

"I love you daddy!"

I blinked and shook my head, suddenly finding myself looking as if onto a stage from the darkness as a little boy ran up to a larger, stronger man and embraced him tightly. I'd gone deep, deep into Twenty-Five's mind this time, even though I was human and naked, barely aware of the sensation of constantly swallowing every ounce of blood that was in him. He was dying, I knew... and so his mind was offloading every memory he had into me.

"I love you too son." The man said and scooped him up. "I'm so glad you're here."

"When do we get to see mommy though?"

The man was silent, thinking for a moment. "You're old enough for you to know this, so I'll tell you. Your mother has become a very bad person, son. She no longer loves me, or you, and wants to use you as a weapon against me."

Twenty-Five gasped. "No... that can't be possible. You said that I could see mommy some day."

"Your mommy is in jail, Son. She was sent to the gulags instead of the prisons for her crimes. I'd hoped that she'd manage to clean herself up, come home, but she's only become worse. I'm sorry, Son. But I cannot allow you to see her."

I bit my lip, stepping sidelong, following the pair as they walked off scene, my naked breasts wobbling subtly as I followed, and as one scene disappeared, a new one formed. It was like the lights on one stage dimmed and the lights on the next one flared to life, revealing a new scene.

Twenty-Five was a few years older, and his father had a beard now, and they were laughing and holding hands, being very happy, till there was a person, a woman by the unmistakable feminine form of her body, who stepped out from an alleyway, lifted a hand with a gun into Twenty-Five's father's chest and pulled the trigger right over his heart.

She was wearing a hood, but there was still the hint of white skin and blond hair through that hood.

She merely laughed, turned and walked away, even as the father fell ponderously to his knees and then fell sideways, dead long before even hitting the ground.

"D-daddy?" Twenty-Five gasped, and then moved to shake him. "Wake up! Daddy! Wake up! Wake up! Please!"

And then to the alleyway, looking into it, I watched as the woman who did this crime took her mask off, and I gasped at the sight of Twenty-Five's own mother before the scene faded and the next appeared.

I couldn't believe it... the reason my family was so heinously decimated was all because of a woman?

Then it was another scene.

"Come along now, *dear*." His mother said as a Russian officer handed him over to her. I shuddered and held myself to how sarcastically she used the word '*Dear*' in reference to him. I noticed right away that Twenty-Five clung to the officer's hand and shook his head before she walked forward, grabbed him forcibly by the arm and hauled him off.

The next few scenes were only flashes, and I saw... terrible things being done to Twenty-Five, and despite the things that he'd done, they all came down to these experiences... of him being violated by his own mother who used him only for work, pleasure and money from the government, till there was a loud bang and one scene revealed the end of the prior experience I remembered of Twenty-Five finally rebelling against his mother.

After '*taking her shirt off*' like he'd done with so many after this first instance, he took a gun, the very same one that she used against Twenty-Five's father. The first one killed her, with her upper body stripped of flesh, before he emptied the gun repeatedly and kept pulling the trigger even after it'd run out of bullets, his eyes wide and shining with tears.

"I love you daddy..." he whispered and the scene disappeared again.

The next several scenes showed the brutality of jail cell after jail cell, and in between those cells were all his victims, hundreds of scenes of everyone he'd hurt and killed, robbed, raped and stole from, and the mutilated bodies of everyone he'd cut up. And then finally there was the scene of him watching a little girl transform into a monster that defeated him, and I saw the real fear in his eyes.

He saw me as the monster.

And then finally I saw the brutality of the Gulags. He survived, and grew strong, incredibly strong, till a new scene arrived where he was sitting in a cell with his madness, the doors opened, and men in white suits and masks approached him.

"Who... what are you doing in my house?! Get out! Get out both..." and one of them shot him with something and he fainted dead away.

The next few scenes were his experiences at the Facility, which ended in his climactic defeat by my hands after I'd energized myself with so much electricity.

And then I saw the part that I missed as he pulled himself out of the crater he'd been buried in. I'd thought that I'd incinerated him, but instead, he escaped by being buried beneath the earth. Surging upward and laying against the ground, he was there right as a rescue helicopter arrived to pick him up.

So that's how he survived... I thought to myself, and followed him along in this series of events, not caring that I was naked, not really knowing what was happening to my real body, knowing only that it was drinking.

And then I saw him going through a second stage of training, a second stage of conditioning and genetic manipulation, and I saw him experience his first change that made him into a Werebear. I saw the rage and the violence the people that he consumed, the realization that he could grow stronger off them, just before men in white coats and masks began to alter him with technology until he was the way he was now.

And then there was one final scene, that had him kneeling, but with only one arm, naked and massive, a monstrous specimen as a male, and if not for his evils... I might've even considered mating with him.

"What is this?" he asked me directly, and it took me a moment to realize he was speaking directly to me. "I'm dying... so why am I here?"

"I don't have that answer." I said quietly, my voice echoing subtly in this reality, whereas his remained the same. I towered over him like a goddess of strength and beauty, and he was nearly a mortal. "You killed my family, Twenty-Five... you killed them before I could learn such things. I know about as much about this race as you do."

"You've seen it all... you've seen my life as it flashes by me."

"I have." I said and approached him; my body so much larger than his now that I was nearby to him. Every quality, every trait that I had right now was epically greater than anything he had. He looked like an overly-muscled and scared child to me. "I've seen why you are the way you are, Twenty-Five."

He was silent for a moment, and then chuckled. "Why is it, that only now, do I realize my follies? Why is it... that only now do I understand the wrongs of my life when it is too late for them to be forgiven?"

"It is too late for forgiveness, Twenty-Five... but not for you. Your crimes are your mother's crimes; you are the way that you are because of her. She drove you to madness, Twenty-Five, and so the brutal deaths of so many are on someone else's hands.

"You died... I think... when your father did."

"And so I'm being put down, like a mad animal?"

"Yes." I replied and walked around him, my feminine glory shining on its own without the need of a light shining on me. "You need to be put down, Twenty-Five. You need to die and to end the madness your mother wrought on you. End your suffering and stop the suffering of others."

"But... how?" He said, almost pleaded, and looked up at me with tears in his eyes.

"It's very simple... you need to give up."

And he exhaled his last breath...

Twenty-Five collapsed to the ground and reduced rapidly, force feeding me the last of his energetic blood before turning completely back into a human... but the strange thing was, was that his biological components immediately disintegrated and all the armor and metal in him just collapsed around my naked body as I reduced quickly into a human form, and with a snap the hair topping me turned a frost white.

I had just engorged myself, and plasma flames lit off my lips and neck as I sat there and panted, and looking down at my body as I knelt there, panting steadily, I looked at the swollen state of my breasts, and then felt the swollen bulge of my engorged belly that was filled with all that irradiated blood. Smiling for a moment, caressing that belly with its out-turned belly button, I contemplated for a moment that this must be the way it felt to be pregnant. I felt stupid at the moment, mind-numb and distant, till I felt a fizzle and a crack, and rising a little, I saw a cracked core of something that was seeping a glowing green gel while snapping and fizzing electricity that danced about the cast off parts around me.

And then I pulled back fully to who I was and where I was and what I was doing, and realized that that was a cracked nuclear cell that was shining right on my legs and body, the electricity and the rads rising to critical on the attached generator, and gasping as my mind put all these elements together, I felt it suddenly explode.

It went nuclear.

Time became still... I knew the power of this energy if uncontrolled, and throwing myself over the explosion, I sucked in all that violent energy in through every pore and orifice, drawing the explosive energy into me before it could become a massive fireball.

Electricity and nuclear energy assailed me, filling my muscles, my belly distending even more, a rounded bulging thing as I remained there on my hands and knees, breasts enlarging as I tried to keep a new energy inside me while at the same time shunt nuclear and electrical energy into their previous reservoirs. But there was so much more of it than I'd ever held in me before!

I felt as if I'd engorged myself already and couldn't eat another bite, and now I was being force-fed more. I felt sick, and what was more was that my mind reeled from all those memories that Twenty-Five had passed onto me.

He had additional programming beyond what I had, implanted into him practically to the point where his head could explode from it.

And then I threw up, expelling all the dark evil things that had been in him, all the contamination of his blood, in his energy, everything, and breathing in more of that violent energy, I exhaled another batch of puke, the hellish contaminants eating through the metal and asphalt below me like the acidic puke of a fly.

I started to sob as my body burned, the white flesh illuminating, burning me from the inside from all the energy I carried in me, and a burning red light rose up to shine through me, through eyes and mouth and nostrils, flaring periodically to show off my feminine skeleton from within.

It hurt, I burned... but... I had to do this... for my family. If this explosion got out of hand... They would all die.

Day 403 – Supplemental: *I couldn't just stay here, but I had family to look over. Dad had always taught me that family came before anything else, and perhaps the only reason why I was still here was because a sister and a wife pregnant with my children outweighed my growing loyalty for my older sister.*

"Ooh... look!" Anya pointed, she now in her supple White-Mode. "The northern lights!"

And we looked at the direction she pointed, revealing a tumultuous green series of lights from the direction we came from that were reflecting from the clouds.

"I... don't think those are northern lights, Anya." I returned. "Those are shining from under the clouds.

We were maybe no more than a mile away, and there was another dip in the landscape that could protect us. There was a wall of rock that Whisper had helped reinforce with what she told us was the last of her stored power. She'd have no more for her own defense so long as she was pregnant.

Apparently magic waned in favor of the unmitigated power requirement needed for making life for in a pregnant female.

"Then what could they be" Anya asked me partially from behind cover so that she could watch.

"If I were to harbor a guess... Tanya." I said quietly

"D-do you think she'll be all right?" she asked then, gripping my leg.

"Based upon what we know of our powers, Anya, so long as there isn't an explosion, then yes."

"And if there is an explosion?" she whimpered.

"Then it'd perhaps be best if we worried about ourselves, because an explosion is going to level that town, and decimate this whole area."

I had no idea how long I was absorbing, how long I was sucking in. I felt like I'd been breathing in air and couldn't breathe in any more, taking little gasps and holding it, but after many long minutes, with my body glowing like some angelic creature from the inside out and the last of the spare rads from the nuclear waste absorbed into me, I became a giant flashlight bulb surrounded by a crater of red hot destruction.

The damage was done, but thankfully it was localized to maybe thirty meters or so across. The metal had melted into a chrome-like sheath at the very bottom, and lifting one hand from this sheath, I gaped at the burn marks that were there as they rapidly healed themselves. I was so much in pain with everything else that was burning in me that I didn't even realize the pain from having my flesh burned off from chrome and metal.

I felt light-headed, and looking down at my hands, I could see the skeleton shining beneath the flesh while I rose to my feet slowly. I still had a bulbous belly and two great breasts that wobbled and distended as I climbed out of the shallow crater that had scraped the earth apart in a bowl shape around me.

Looking up, I saw dawn approaching, the lights of a late morning dawn finally rising, and with another look down at my body, seeing all the imperious energy I held... I had to do something about it. Crisis of blowing up averted, now I had to shunt it all around inside me, and so first... I had to do something about the energy I knew what to do with.

But rolling my eyes, I realized that I could've had an easier time at all this... if only I hadn't shifted forms, and so dealing with the oldest and most familiar and the most basic of the energy that I could utilize, I shifted into White Mode.

The transformation was a familiar one, quick and rapid as I changed from a slender human with no muscle, into a slender, rosy hybrid Lycan, just before all that electrical energy that was in me started flushing into my muscles. Murring in arousal, watching as every muscle in me started to stand on end, bulging and engorging, skeleton flaring outward and the various bones thickening and hardening, I realized that I'd lost much of the illumination transforming into a hybrid form, and even more absorbing all that electrical power into all the muscles, marrow and sinews that were in me. Now I felt all that power that Twenty-Five had stolen from me returning, but I continued to engorge, enlarging and swelling thicker and thicker, stronger than I was before, adding his power to my own now!

I shouldn't enjoy the strength of a madman, but it nonetheless felt so good as my sexual bits hardened and distended, even while imperious muscles heaved outward or exploded with a popping motion, engorging my usual muscle-bound physique into even greater levels, to where no creature on earth could hope to have this much strength, or this well endowed sexuality. In that I'd officially replaced Twenty-Five by not only taking in his strength and power, but also having taken in his sexual potency.

Breasts exploded outward like deploying airbags, chest muscles heaved forward, rib bones flared wider before all those upper body muscles flared and separated into individual chords. Shoulder muscles spread wider, allowing for the biceps and triceps to engorge rapidly, swelling into incredibly bulbous orbs of muscle. Forearms flared and separated into an unmitigated number of tendons, brachials and muscle chords even as my back heaved outward and the neck muscles flared wide to join my head straight to my shoulders and a sizeable muscle hump lurched upward into being with a serrated razor edge forming from the spines in my back. Neck muscles tightened and thickened, my head being pushed forward from the back muscles swelling so massively, my form mutating as neck and waist lengthened before arms and legs did. Hips widened as wide as my shoulders, tail thickened and grew knobby with the spines in it, butt muscles clenched, separating into thirds and their individual muscle bands while thighs and their quadriceps widened and thickened right along with feet and calves.

Impossible numbers of muscles formed all over me, making every part of me distended and empowered, and looking down at my hands, seeing the long black claws where there once were white, I realized that in a human's mind... I was a monster.

Rubbing my belly, which wasn't as bulbous as it was as a human, it nonetheless was rounding outward still, and I shone with a light of my own still from all the energy I'd yet to absorb.

"Now for the next step..." I thought to myself, and shifted to Green Mode.

My fur and hair immediately turned green save for that white forelock of hair that hung before my eyes, and despite how strong and incredibly bulbous I was now, as all that nuclear energy, the equivalent of a submarine's nuclear engine and whatever had been inside Twenty-Five, made me transform violently.

I cried out in an orgasmic pain, one arm riddling itself with imperious muscle, the paw-like hands tripling in width and length with the rest of that arm following suit from the veins flushing my body with that unstable nuclear energy. First one arm and then the next grew so massive so quick that my body couldn't keep them upward and I fell forward. Even standing up, both those arms could plant their hands flat against the ground.

Snarling, shaking my head as that mane of hair billowed in all directions atop my head, I felt my chest push forward, swallowing some of my breasts with their mass as those two sets of pectorals swallowed a part of my neck as well just before both sets of pectorals thrust forward, the change now sliding down my body. A massive hill of muscle formed between my shoulders from the upper back muscles and spine thickening, every back muscle swelling and flaring wider, broadening my upper body while the chest continued to thrust forward like an avalanche and my back continued to build like a mountain.

The thickening skeleton and the bulging spinal bones thickening repeatedly all around me lengthened my neck, waist and tail, allowing my chest to heave forward even further, barreling outward like a massive

beer barrel that would normally hold hundreds of gallons while the thickening back muscles pushed my head even further forward.

Down my back the changes continued, flaring the waist only slightly now, the upper body spreading far wider than the hips while both legs flared and engorged, swelling and erupting with the power of Green-Mode, all the while bones cracked and muscles groaned and my neck all but disappeared. And finally, my head thickened and swelled slightly with mouth and jaw broadening, the short muzzle lengthening before I reared, lifted both massive hands, and hammered them downward, feeling the whole of me still swelling.

The earth shook from the power of that blow, and I snarled, hissing and gasping while muscles engorged and flared even further, my fur thinning around the largest of them like my biceps, inner thighs, lower back and belly did. Huge blossoming piles of muscle appeared everywhere on me, and odd bone formations formed here and there with my flesh tightening into a sheet of thick hide. The very air flexed around me as the transformation ended itself, and here I was, shaped into an all-powerful goddess of green flesh and fur, with my neck all but gone from the thickness of those chest and back muscles.

Every little movement made muscles bounce and swell by multiples of at least three times or greater, with the largest of those muscles, like my biceps, swelling ten times over or more when I flexed them.

This was incredible might, and shifting from Green-Mode to White and then Red, I found that my Red-Mode was larger and more muscular too, and switching to Blue-Mode, I found the slender bodice actually laden with some crystals now like Anya's body was littered with.

I wondered if I could achieve a Black-Mode like Peter, but despite how hard I tried I just couldn't do it. He of course lived music his whole life, so maybe I could only achieve it after loads and loads of audio signals shot directly at me through a pair of head phones.

And then I lowered my hands to the energetic light that was still encased within my belly like a blister of the brightest white. It kept me warm and relaxed, and so shifting to White-Mode – a blue strip of hair remaining in my white mane – I then shifted to human form only to find that I was now riddled with incredible musculature again as well as imposing feminine qualities. My boobs were huge and firm again, twice as large as before, and I had a swollen, distended vaginal mound decorating me between both legs.

The tuft of fur was still there as I caressed it beneath the swollen distended belly and out-turned bellybutton I had.

I felt the energy, felt it bleeding into me even now, felt the twinges of its energy and power in me.

And since I couldn't go around with a huge belly like this all the time... I began to absorb it.

Day 404: *Morning. I held myself tightly after having shot several rocks with my powers to make them burn hotly for warmth. Whisper was lying nearby on Peter's lap, curled up into a ball with her tail brought up nice and close to her nose while Peter wrapped an arm over her and was caressing her neck.*

There was still naked flesh bared about her chest and bodice that hadn't fully healed yet, and without the fur there, and being a female myself, I knew the nip of a woman's breasts open and naked to the biting cold. It was like having a vicious little creature chew on your nipples with pointed teeth and caw at your breasts.

It was dawn now and though other than feeling the earth shake a while ago there'd been no explosion.

"I can't stand this any more, Peter." I said finally after what felt like an hour or more of silence as I stood. "I'm going to go find her." Peter looked up at me quietly, but said nothing. "Well... aren't you coming?"

Peter looked at Whisper for a moment, and suddenly I understood what was on his mind. Yes, he was worrying about Tanya, but he was also worry about Whisper. I realized what I'd said a moment too late as he shook her awake and opening her eyes, he picked her up into his arms and rose to follow me, and the three of us walked toward the town.

It was an energy I wasn't aware of. It was something other than microwaves or light or sound, other than radiation or even electricity. This... this was finer than electricity, and as my belly slowly compressed, flushing all that burning warmth into me, I realized that it wasn't plasma like I thought, but rather it was a biological energy. When it had been attached to Twenty-Five, it had been in the form of six fuel cells, that were energized by excess bio-energy... the fine level of energy that powered the nerves and the cells flushed into me. The energy that a human body generated to keep themselves alive had been put into a bottle.

I wondered immediately as to how many people had to die to make this energy available. I didn't start changing, or rather, I didn't change much, but I felt an excitable control over myself, and becoming aware of that power, I became aware of other things I could do with it.

This... this was a different kind of power, and lifting a hand, I gestured toward a stone, and it rose from the ground and flew into my hand, just before my muscles strained and compressed and I crushed it in my hand like it was a lump of foam. Opening that hand and turning it, dropping the pebbles and dust, I watched in amazement as every blemish, scar and freckle vanished from my body, damage of my entire life repairing itself rapidly just before I channeled all my powers into myself, combining all those powers into one. The strength of Green Mode, the speed of Blue-Mode, the fiery fury of Red-Mode and the energy of White-Mode all mixed together like components joined along a circuit board, and I started expanding rapidly, becoming an incredibly muscled super fem with enormous breasts.

And that was *before* I started changing into a hybrid form.

But as I reached a certain point, all that muscularity and mammary started to condense as I started to change into a hybrid form, the density of my muscles growing steadily as I remained white-furred and white-skinned but with black stripes that were as dark as holes in space appearing around me.

I compressed as I continued to explode and bubble outward, the motions fighting itself and causing me to spasm violently while the combined strengths of all my modes all mingled together. Moaning as I folded both hands over my loins, rubbing the pair, I felt such an unbelievable power assailing me now while I flexed and groaned and tensed.

It became a fight to compress the growing muscles, and without my body compressing itself, without those muscles tensing and growing denser, my body would've crushed itself or torn itself apart by now.

Blue-Mode crystallized my bones, making them strong enough to hold all this muscle and I grew warm despite all the cold that nipped at me. I felt my silken skin tightening as I grew taller, larger and stronger, my breasts swelling imperiously while my muscles engorged, making me rather top heavy and bulbous with long arms and legs and a lengthened neck and navel. But the end result was pleasing, streamlined and feminine.

With a gasp I felt powers riddling me, Electricity, Microwaves, Light Waves, Radiation, and now this fine bio-energy, teeth and claws lengthening and eyes glowing green, I had narrower hips than I did shoulders and my pussy throbbed while my navel tightened into twenty four individual abdominals, with ten lats, all lean beneath the broad chest and bulging back.

But as the physical strength and power finished realizing itself, and I took a moment to turn my claws white again instead of black – black meant I was a violent monster – I felt those powers rising up in me, and like Anya could do, I rose up into the air subtly and tilted forward and floated about at a descent speed. *But I could run faster than this*, I considered. But then again... these powers were still new.

Lowering to both feet, on solid ground again and flexing, the air flexed around me while my muscles swelled imperiously, doubling and redoubling again and again, swelling my upper bodice till breast and chest came right up to my chin, and part of my head disappeared within neck and shoulders. And then I relaxed and it all compressed again as I posed beautifully in the light right as the sun peaked over the edge of the bowl.

“Tanya!” someone called, and I turned right as there was a snap of motion, and Anya appeared nearby with her back to me. I smirked at the fact that she’d just teleported without going into Blue-Mode. “Tanya!” she roared, cupping both hands to her mouth as she yelled.

“Anya...” I said aloud, and I palmed my throat at the sound of my voice. It was softer, more pleasant, and Anya turned around and gaped at me.

“Merciful Moon!” she said as I approached her, and I smiled as her neck lifted atop her shoulders in a goose neck look of surprise at the fact that I’d grown a great deal in this lean and imperious form of mine. I stood head, shoulders and a very, very large pair of chests taller than her. “Tanya?!”

I feared this new power, so when I placed my arms on her shoulders and drew her to me, I did it as delicately as I could. If my human form could crush rocks with this power in me, then I could only imagine what my hybrid form could do.

“Where are Peter and Whisper?” I asked softly, motherly.

“Ah... th-they’re nearby. S-stay here! I’ll go get them.” And she hurried off a bit, looked over her shoulder at me, and then ran off before teleporting with a snap.

Standing there and looking around me, I sighed and then turning, saw something disturbing.

There was a camera that was still watching me.

Stepping over to it, I caressed the camera, felt the electricity running through it, found the one that was carrying its communications, and I followed its signal backward. I bounced through the network, and then was shot up from a satellite dish, found the circuitry there, bypassed the security, and bounced back downward to a facility in Greenland, where another dish found me, and I followed it about till I came to a facility with so much incredible technology in it. Finding another camera, I turned it and looked into a compact little room, and saw a familiar sight.

Masked people in white coats...

Alexandros.

I didn't know enough to destroy their equipment without a means to, but I could control their equipment and thusly made their every image show the one of me that they were looking at now, and on their computer displays, I typed the text of "I see you."

And then I shut all their equipment off, one after the next, and was immediately booted back to the satellite where I rummaged around for a moment to find a self destruct code, activated it, and then returned to my body before crushing the camera between my hands.

But I felt weak for a moment. I think I overextended myself doing that.

Swallowing, I turned and smiled, and watched as my family gathered near, and opening my arms I accepted them into my embrace where we hugged each other for the longest time.

The nightmare monster of our family was destroyed this time for good. Never again would he bother us.

This time I was sure of it.