Кошка *(Koshka)*
Book 9: The Power of Home
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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 404 – Supplemental: *I felt… different… stronger. There was no longer modes with me… there was just… me. I had access to all my powers all at once and I didn't know how. Even in human form I was a force to be reckoned with, especially when I was over two meters tall in my human form now. I could change that, push away more of my power, change my features, my hair color and so on… but right now I didn't want to.*

Right now… I had to care for my family.

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Whisper was growing weaker, and laying my hand on her belly, I felt her body gearing up for birth in earnest now. It would be soon… very soon.

Cradling my bond-sister in my arms, I hefted one tit up close to her face and squeezed my tit to get its cream to leak out in order for her to suckle from me. I didn't think she had the strength to chew anything at the moment and she'd exhausted her power to save all of us. So I was enriching my breast milk for her, giving it as much nourishment as I could, and after her lips moved to the bulbous and erect thing, she suckled from it as heavily as she could.

The door to the shelter we were in, a smaller building with more coverage kept the wind out, and looking up, sensing their arrival, I was watching for them right as the doors flung open and Anya and Peter hurried in.

"We found a plane." Peter said hurriedly. "It's in a storage house, but the wings are off of it. It looks like a pair of heavy duty cotter pins keep them on. We were able to test fire the engine and it moved a few turns before killing."

I looked up to them while caressing Whisper's head with one hand.

"I'll take a look at it when Whisper's done feeding."

"How is she?" Anya asked. Ivan was tucked in between her voluminous breasts which were still larger than mine; hence they were the warmest place for him to be.

“She’s tired.” And then my eyes flickered to Peter. “The birth will be premature. I’m trying to do something about it, but… I just don’t know what to do. My programming never covered child birth… just field dressing wounds.”

Peter swallowed and remained quiet.

“Anya… get a fire started, and then take my place. Peter… get some food started, something simple that doesn’t require chewing like some oats. I think we have some brown sugar left. I’ll go have a look at our plane and see if it’s flyable… if not… maybe we can arrange some sort of bed for her or something, and we could either carry her or drag her along.”

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It must’ve been frigid outside, and yet I was in my human form and walking naked and barefoot through some lightly falling snow as I moved toward the storage building. My tits bounced and wobbled with my every lithe, athletic and strangely graceful step as I moved to and finally arrived at my destination, and throwing open the doors easily with but a gesture as if the heavy metal doors were weightless, I found the plane Peter and Anya had discovered.

Standing there, looking upon it as I rubbed the tight bands of woman flesh between my legs absentmindedly, caressing my clit and sliding a finger along the slit, I found myself not only gaining an erotic high from the caress, but I was still nonetheless able to logically contemplate the plane. Never before was I able to do that, and as I realized it I also found myself logically contemplating that I could contemplate and feel arousal at the same time.

Smirking and returning my attention to the plane and with one look at it my mind whirled with information, giving me lift potentials, crew and passenger space, weight, wingspan, controls…

It was a Cessna Three-Ten series plane with two props and two engines, and as luck would have it, it was a plane with enough horsepower to lift us all out of here. Walking about it, I opened its luggage racks, its engine compartments, my breasts pressing freely against the cold metal despite how firm they were and how well they kept themselves aloft, and finding a battery that was in the engine, I touched its posts with a finger on either hand and charged the battery up with spare electricity before closing the engine compartments and pushed the main fuselage of the plane out onto the tarmac with only one hand.

It had a detachable wing configuration, common in Alaska to do to planes being that the populace had so many planes that they usually kept them in their garages. Gesturing with one hand I, well I don’t know how I did it, it could be a form of telekinesis or something, but I lifted the wing where it was against the side of the plane, wedged it into position, found the cotter pins and then locked it into place.

Doing the same with the other wing, I opened one of the doors and slid into the pilot’s seat. Sitting there, looking around, I automatically started doing an engine check, tapped the fuel gage and found that it was nearly empty of fuel.

There were fuel drums here, but the lot of them was nearly empty, so I had to make sure that I emptied every last drop that I could find into the fuel tank, and getting back into the plane, I found that there was maybe a quarter of a tank available.

That was about five hundred and seventy something kilometers at the most with that much fuel.

Looking about, I found a glove compartment, and opening it found a map of the local quadrant between Alaska and Russia, and found several Alexandros camps labeled here and there all over the map… and only two towns – Provideniya and Ureliki – located in Russia where we might even refuel and fly further to the west that didn’t have a notable Alexandros Presence. That was of course provided they had fuel, but it looked like Ureliki had an airport… and was in range.

This would be a great escape from this place, but first some other things needed to be done to this plane before we could leave.

Sitting there for a moment, I tried to use my new senses that had allowed me to travel through the electronics and communications pathways all the way to Greenland and control equipment, so spreading myself through the electronics here shouldn't be a problem. Closing my eyes and spreading my consciousness, I searched, looking for one particular tell tale piece of electronics, following the maze of wiring in the plane, and confident that I found all the pieces I was looking for, I left the plane and started pulling off all the homing devices attached to the electronics right before moving to the back seats of the plane and using my new telekinetic powers, caused the bolts of the back seats to unwind before I threw them out of the plane. Satisfied, that the plane was ready for my family, I went to go rejoin them.

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After a nice warm meal, in which Whisper ate voraciously, we gathered up all the blankets we could, created a nest for her in the back of the plane before we all piled inside, reducing to human forms though only Anya and Peter managed to put any clothes on, I still remained naked.

"Aren't you going to put anything on?" Anya asked as I donned the headphones and mike before switching the frequency of the radio.

"I don't feel cold." I said simply. "That and I don't think any of my clothes will fit me anymore, so you can have my blanket… heaven forbid the heater on this thing will even work."

"If none of your clothes fit you, can I have them then?" Anya asked hopefully.

"We can share." I smirked. I think I'll have to use some of your shirts."

Starting up the ignition sequence, getting the props to ignite, I tapped the fuel gage to make sure we still had a quarter of a tank, and then finishing the take off preparations, grasped the yoke and pushed the throttle forward.

I was doing everything on automatic, as if I weren't in control of myself, even the radio frequency I chose was for some reason or another, I just didn't know why as of yet.

The take off went smoothly, we throttled to full, the flaps moved perfectly, and we took off from the island, flying just high enough to clear the land before I brought us down low just above the waves to avoid radar.

And luckily… as was wont to do in this region of the world, heavy overcast skies gave us cover in order to finish crossing the Bearing Straight.

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The drone of the engines hummed in everyone's ears. Whisper miraculously was resting soundly, clutching to Peter voraciously in her sleep while I looked out at the snow that was obscuring our vision. We were now in Russian airspace now, though we were still over the water, we could nonetheless see the mountains of the easternmost tip of Mother Russia. An excitement was growing in me that was nearly sexual, and it had me occasionally rubbing my firm labia, getting myself to glisten with nectar.

"Ah… Tanya. Not to distract you from flying the plane… but what does that red light mean?" Anya whispered into my ear from beside me.

I glanced down at the light and then back up again.

"Low fuel light." I said rather calmly. I wasn't afraid. Something told me we had more than enough fuel to get where we were going.

“But doesn’t that mean we’re nearly out of fuel?” she asked with a quavering voice.

I smiled and reached over and took her hand and squeezed it. “A plane isn’t like a car, Anya. That warning light is set higher as a precaution. Don’t worry… we have more than enough fuel to get where we’re going.

And then turning, looking over my shoulder briefly to check on Peter and Whisper, I saw Whisper, as cramped a she was, resting soundly still.

“How is she?” I asked softly.

“Resting.” Peter said soundly. He spoke as if he had a lot on his mind, and watching him for a moment, seeing him palming her belly as she rested soundly, I nodded and turned my attention back to what I was doing.

Ureliki had two airports, one for larger planes, and one for bush pilots. According to the map, the smaller airport didn’t even have a tower control to it…

We were flying at night again, and with the daylight being so short and the fact we left so late, there was no one who would pay attention to a lone plane that would appear and land arbitrarily.

“Why are we flying so low?” Anya asked. She sounded afraid.

“To avoid detection either by the Russians or the Americans. We left Russia under false Passports, and now we’re re-entering Russia illegally. We have to behave as if we’ve always been in Russia all along. We were just on vacation…”

I found the nook in the mountains I was looking for and flew over a sand bar that was about two kilometers long that separated a large lake area that was about six kilometers long, and right along the mountains was a long stretch of landing strip for smaller one and two engine planes like this one. Taxing the plane about a service road, I found a place where it could be hidden easily once the wings were folded up and the landing gears were down.

Getting everyone out, and unfortunately having to wake Whisper up, I spent the time needed to hide the plane, folding and securing its wings, levitating it while lowering the landing gear, and stashing it in a dip in the terrain that should only be seen from air.

“We’re in for a bit of a walk.” I announced and shifted into my full hybrid form, shaking my body to make my tits wobble briefly as I tried to untangle my mane of hair that had grown so long suddenly.

“We can’t go far, Tanya… Whisper needs rest, she needs to sleep more than this. For heaven’s sake, we shouldn’t even have woken let alone moved her in this condition.

Looking around, I saw the lights of the towns to the north, but biting my lower lip, I knew that that wasn’t a good idea with a pregnant werecat in our midst, and looking about me, I saw the next best thing to the east.

“We’ll hide out in those hills.” I said then, gesturing in their direction and then stepping to Whisper I palmed her face, focusing on her with a look of concern and she looked at me and nodded in return that she was all right.

‘Ok… yeah… whatever. We need to get Whisper and her pregnant self out of this cold.’ Ivan said from where Anya held him.

“Oh hush.” I smirked. “You just want to get out of cold too. You’re a Russian Cat, so act like a Russian! Get used to the cold.”

‘Ok, you got me. So what if I’d rather be nice and snug between a firm pair of breasts. Let’s just get out of this snow’ Ivan said, in return and I laughed before leading everyone away from the plane.

Day 405: *There was something to say about being a woman, or at least a female. The Creator of all things had dictated that we were to largely be the weaker of the species, and likewise placed upon us the burden of child birth and child rearing.*

Our bodies were made to accept the seed from a male, gestate the combination of that seed and our egg inside our bodies for nine months and then go through the pain of labor to bring that child into the world. After that, the Great Maker made our bodies so that we were also able to rear the child from our breasts swelling with milk so that we could nurse the child till they could eat solid food.

Our minds were made so that we instinctively set ourselves to that process, dedicating our lives to the task even. In some cases, like with Twenty-Five's mother, those instincts were ignored or were totally inactive, and the more I thought about it, the more I thought that it was a sacrilegious thing for a woman to ignore that part of herself.

A woman could still be strong and still be a mother… Whisper defined that for me. A woman could still be strong and still be feminine… Anya, Whisper and I were all learning that, but on occasion, there were things that just happened to a person, regardless as to whether or not we were male or female, that was just beyond our ability to take, and to make matters worse, there was no one around who could help.

Whisper was strong, she was feminine, she was becoming a mother, and her health was failing rapidly.

Whisper was trained in Earth Magics, or so we've learned through various conversations. She uses actual magics, much like her father Wind did, though her knowledge of the subject was limited to the powers of the Earth. This was important in the fact that as a female grows heavier and heavier with the burden of her pregnancy, the physical toll on her body grows greater and greater. Some scientists have likened the effort that a woman goes through in their ninth months to be like that of a mountain climber trying to scale Mount Everest. Because of that self same strain on Whisper's body, her ability to use magic, like she did in the battle with Twenty-Five, though turned the tide in our favor nonetheless had to come from somewhere, and since a mother wouldn't draw from the strength that was feeding her growing cubs… she drew it from herself.

That, combined with her pregnancy, made it so that it was like climbing Olympus Mons on Mars, complete with the thin air and everything.

Somehow, my powers let me know that she was going to give birth soon, and that they would be premature, and right now, it was best if we were to stay here and not go anywhere for awhile. But then there was also the question as to what we were going to do after the cubs were born. It wasn't like we could hide the fact that they weren't human, could we?

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Whisper had gone to sleep the moment we'd pitched the tent and she'd entered it, all of us throwing our blankets about to create as much of a comfortable nest for her and the rest of us as best we could.

Everyone was tired, everyone that is except me.

I'd never been so awake as I sat outside in the cold before the fire. I was still naked, my breasts still bare and my body still porcelain and untainted by the frigid and blustering cold that must've been around me. As it was, I was here because it was semi-private for me where I could sit and think… and masturbate.

I felt a desire inside me, a desire for a baby, and my thoughts were so deeply enamored upon Dmitri entering me that I kept thinking about making love and having sex… and being naked for so long has been doing things to my mind. I should be either in hybrid form or decked out in winter gear, but as it was here I was in human form, butt-naked, and pleasuring myself. But even while I felt the pressure inside me, felt my own fingers sliding along the ridges inside my own body as I grew toward the lancing eruption of ejaculate, I heard a crunching sound nearby. Rising immediately and turning fiercely enough to make both tits wobble, I saw a shape walking through the snow.

“Who’s there?” I demanded. There was no voice in response, just more crunching footsteps from the shape. “I warn you… I’m a dangerous woman!”

“You look more like an insane woman standing naked outside and in the cold. What then does that say about an old woman who approaches you nonetheless? Don’t think I’m scared of you Tanya Asimov.”

“Who are you?” I asked carefully, standing there as the figure approached to the edge of the ring of light from the fire, and leaning on a long staff, I gasped in joy and surged forward to embrace Grandmother Yaga.

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Yaga returned my embrace, and then patted me on the back. “It’s good to see you, child, but there are more important matters that need attending to now.” And she swept past me, and sticking her staff in the fire, it snuffed out immediately before she walked across it and slipped into the tent.

Hurrying after her, I was there as her presence woke up Anya and Peter.

“W-what… who the hell is this?” Peter gaped.

“Silence boy.” She said angrily, and I blinked in surprise at that. “Women are at work here, and it’s no place for an ignorant male like you.”

“What the hell, you despicable harridan, how dare you…” but Yaga lifted her gnarled hand and made a slow pinching motion with her fingers and Peter’s lips and jaw clenched shut. “Now then with that dealt with, let’s take a look at this sweet delicate thing here.” And she lowered a hand to Whisper’s belly and palmed her tummy, awaking Whisper immediately.

She laid there quietly, unmoving while Yaga moved her gnarled fingers with their long nails sliding about the swollen belly with the out-turned belly button.

And then Peter moved and laid hands on Yaga, trying to get her away from Whisper, and as I moved to intercept him, Yaga merely tapped him on the forehead with her middle finger and he froze complete before she pushed him backward.

“Boy! I already have very little patience for males, and the younger they are, the worse they are. Your primal urges to protect your mate are admirable, but hindering, so if you cannot be a help then you’re a hindrance, and if you’re a hindrance and you don’t know enough to get out of the way then you must be removed. So just remain where you are while women tend to women things.” She clucked her tongue and shook her head. “Bet you go into lady’s restrooms and watch them pee too, don’t you?”

“Oh I like her.” Anya smirked and prodded Peter who growled irritably. “Tanya, who is this person?”

“Oh… didn’t I introduce myself?!” Yaga gasped, turning to Anya and laying a hand on her face caressingly. “I’m so sorry dearie… my name is Baba Yaga!” and she innocently turned back to tend to Whisper.

The looks on both Anya’s and Peter’s faces were so comical, and Peter immediately stopped his protests.

“Oh dear, oh dear… this will not do. That was so foolish of you, child… using so much of your magic needlessly like that. Even if you weren’t pregnant that was dangerous.”

“What was dangerous?” I asked.

“I’ll explain later, honey… but first, where is the carpet bag I left you?” Yaga asked and I pointed. “Perfect, and clapping her hands, the bag suddenly straightened and then hopped forward a couple times.

“Hey… I didn’t know we could make it follow us by clapping our hands.” Anya squealed. “It’s so cute!”

“There’s a lot about that bag that you don’t know.” She beamed at Anya, and then tapped its handle smartly with her fingers and it clicked wide open and ejected the cabinet with all its drawers, and rising, she opened the two doors that held the drawers and they folded off to the sides with all their drawers in them before another pair of doors were revealed behind them, and opening those doors it revealed a row of more drawers.”

“We know about that.” Anya said.

“You do?! What clever girls you are. But did you know about this?” and Yaga clicked something neither of us saw, and she pushed the drawers forward like a door, revealing a short and narrow passageway beyond it that led into a garden. Then pushing at the sides of the cabinet it folded open and upward, enlarging the passageway before she rose and stepped up into the gate.

Anya leaned back and looked behind the cabinet and shook her head, telling me there was nothing behind it. Lifting her staff, she rapped Peter smartly on the top of his head and he unfroze.

“Be a dear and carry your mate in with you… and be sure to wipe your feet!”

“Tanya… what’s going on?” Peter asked immediately.

“Trust her.” I said quietly, and rising following Grandmother Yaga through the portal, I stepped into her private garden.

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We all helped Whisper through the doorway before Grandmother Yaga walked up to the doorway formed out of the cabinet and… well… shut it. Reaching through the door, she grabbed something, and then pulled our tent through it, but the tent was fully wrapped up in its pouch. Beneath the tent and already folded up were all our blankets. She reached again and pulled in all out pots and pans from outside and then again to bring in our coats. The pots and pans went in one drawer and the coats she hung up on hooks before she pushed the walls of the doorway together, and shut the door of drawers, turned the cabinet around with only one hand, shut the two smaller doors full of drawers together and locked them before the cabinet sunk into the bag and the bag shut itself with a click.

She then reached down, grasped the bag and turned toward me.

“You need to show me how you do that.” Anya said.

“Is that a commitment dearie?” Yaga smirked, and then pulling her hood down, she shook, bulged outward inside her robes, and then stood up.

Anya, Whisper and Peter all gaped as she shifted forms into that incredibly massive body of hers, with enormous breasts even more enormous muscles. But it appeared just then as she opened her robes that certain smaller things bubbled forth on her, like a stub of a tail, bands of fur here and there, her face pushing forward subtly and her great mane of hair growing even more voluminous, and suddenly her staff was now a cane to her incredible size as her robes hung off her to display her sexuality in all its curvaceous glory; all of it easily greater than Anya, Whisper and myself put together.

“You’ve all had a very, very long trip, please, come inside my home and rest… and most especially you dear… what’s your name?” she said and cupped Whisper’s narrow chin.

She looked at Yaga, and then at us, before hunching her shoulders and trying to look away.

“Don’t be shy dear, I won’t hurt you.”

“Grandmother Yaga… it’s not that she doesn’t want to… it’s because she can’t. She’s mute.” I prompted.

“Oh my… I’m so sorry. We’ll have to do something about that, but first… why don’t you all get more comfortable, go ahead and change… no one will look down upon you here.

“Really?” Anya asked and looked around.

“Really.” I added, and shifted forms, only to get a gasp out of Yaga once I did.

“Merciful moon, Child… you’ve really grown up!” Yaga said and steeped forward placing both her hands about my arm. “Your arms, your body, your breasts… I expect many daughters out of you.”

“Ah… that’s really not her place to decide.” Peter spoke up, and Yaga turned to him and smirked, naked, beautiful and virile despite her age as she stepped toward Peter.

“So you’re under the understanding granted to you by man’s science that it’s the male’s seed which plants boys or girls.” Yaga said and came to tower over him. “I’ll have you know, man child, that there are… techniques… that a female could do to grant only girls to the world.”

Peter’s jaw clenched, but not from a spell this time.

“You… are more foolish than I first thought.” Peter said, and opening his jacket and not bothering with his pants, transformed before the powerful Yaga, not quite coming up to even her collarbone, but nonetheless he stepped forward and pushed himself against her challengingly.

“Ah… Peter… I don’t think…” I began but Peter didn’t back down.

“God I hate feminists.” Peter said quickly. “You think that the world would be so much better if women ran things, and you think that I’m an oppressive entity in your life despite that I’ve just entered it, simply because I’m male. You believe that all men should just go away while you flaunt your vaunted power of procreation in our faces.

“*‘Oh look at me! I have a vagina, I wear my reproductive organs inside my body and I can make babies and you can’t’*” Peter said with a high-pitched voice, making fun of all women with it as he danced on his toes and lifted both hands in a dainty little dance. “Well I have a wonderful statement about that procreation ability of yours:

“Without us… neither can you!” Peter shot at her, stabbing a pointed finger downward at the ground in finality and she actually blinked.

“Yeah… go ahead, eliminate all men in the world, eliminate us and upset the balance of nature. Eliminate us and you eliminate all of mankind.”

Anya and I stood by staring at the confrontation, Whisper standing apart from us and looking nervous and worried.

“So I’m a feminist am I?” Yaga said in a warning tone.

“Yes… yes you are. Because you judged me because of my gender, and I got nothing but hostility from you from moment one without you so much as hearing me speak! You owe me an apology, and I’ll hear it right now, or else you can damn well open that door and let me back out into the snow!”

The two of them stared at each other, Peter not backing down or even blinking an eye. The corner of Yaga’s mouth slowly turned upward into a smirk.

“I apologize.” She said at last, but then rapped him on the top of his head with her cane. “But that’s for bad-mouthing me in my house.”

And Peter lifted a hand and slapped her smartly across the face with a swift swing that left her blinking and Anya and I twitching in shock. “That’s for punishing me when you deserve to be bad-mouthed to. Being a host is no

excuse for having a sullen attitude. You may only punish me if I earn the punishment, and not before." And then he strode to Whisper. "Now where can I lie her down before she collapses from exhaustion?"

"Cheeky…" Yaga said with a half smile and brought herself up to her full height. "No man in centuries upon meeting me has dared to stand up to me." she let that settle in our minds, but Peter was still staring at her with a blank face. "But you are right Peter… I am being a bad host to you, especially when your mate is about ready to keel over despite her pride to stand on her own.

"Tanya… could you show Whisper and your brother to my own bed… I'll sleep elsewhere for now. Your bond-sister deserves the most comfort possible in my house. And Anya…" and Anya squeaked. "I'll show you to where you and your sister will be staying."

"Staying?" I asked as I approached Peter and Whisper and supported Whisper's other side.

"For the sake of the one I invite you all into my home."

"But for the sake of who?" Anya asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Yaga smirked, and looked to Whisper, who was hunched over and definitely leaning on Peter and me. "A mother is a precious thing in this world…"

Day 406: *Whisper was comfortable and at rest, that's all I really cared about at the moment. She'd gone to sleep without any food immediately upon being laid down within the bowl-shaped bed that Baba Yaga herself slept in, and though this house had a definite single-woman feel to it, it was made to make a woman comfortable, which is what my Whisper needed most of all.*

This room was darkened and shaded, with the great bowl of the bed covered in many soft furs, pillows, and soft silken blankets. Whisper slept on her back amidst a great mound of pillows both great and small hemming her in, she looking lovely and pure as she laid there with her enlarged breasts and her belly laden with thickly erect nipples from the pouches of mammary that decorated each of her abdominals. And inside that belly were our two cubs.

Looking upon her at absolute rest while I palmed her belly, I bent low, nuzzled her forehead with my mouth and nose, smelling her sweet scent and tasting it as swell as it entered my mouth before I kissed her face. Whisper sighed and shifted, lifting both arms above her head as she resettled into the bedding again, and I looked lovingly down upon her.

Then smiling at her, I caressed one of her breasts, getting it to leak a dabble of her milk, and then caressed the incredible muscles of one of her arms before bending to kiss her again.

"Admittedly… I am sometimes wrong." A fem said softly, and looking up, I saw Yaga standing framed within the door way, holding the long strips of hanging fabric and strings of beads out of her way.

"'Bout what?" I asked her in return.

"…About how I judge men. You were right… about that at least." She said and strode inside the room, letting the draperies before the door fall back into place to keep the room dark, her heavily laden mammaries bouncing with her every little step before she came to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Just that? And for hitting me when I didn't deserve it?" I asked.

"Well…"

"And for saying that a woman has control over what the genders of her babies are…"

"Now that… I know… you are wrong about." She said and crossed her highly muscular legs and leaned in toward me. "It is possible to ensure that the eventual gender of a child is one or the other just prior to conception, but also up to the third month, the gender can also be changed to one or the other."

"Using magic…" I replied and she nodded. "Then I'll give you that. I don't understand the magic that you know… but my very existence is proof that magic exists. So if you say you can ensure that my babies will be boys or girls, then I believe you."

I fell quiet as I looked upon Whisper as she slept there between us, and caressing her belly as gently as I could, I sighed. "Don't consider this an insult, Baba Yaga… but I'm glad I'm not a girl."

"It takes a very strong sort of person to be a female, Peter. The heats, the mood swings, the fact that most of us are physically weaker than males…"

"More the reason you need us, Baba Yaga." I mentioned and then rose, walking to a basin with a pitcher of water in it, and then pouring some water into the basin, I washed my hands, took a hand cloth, moistened it, wrung it out and folded it before moving to Whisper and placing the hand towel on her forehead. "In your weakness… you need us to help and protect you. Being strong enough to do it by yourself is admirable, but it isn't considered weakness to rely upon your help mate."

Yaga stared at me.

"Where do you learn such things?"

"My father. Oh… sorry… my adoptive father. They adopted me when I was a baby. You see my adoptive mother got sick when she was pregnant, and the sickness made it so that she couldn't have children any more, and her body aborted the baby that was in her. But they really wanted a child of their own so they decided to adopt instead of try to overcome the damage of her sickness.

"My father taught me how to be a man and how to treat women." I was silent for a moment as I pressed the compress to Whisper's forehead. "But… people like them seem to be the exception nowadays and not the rule. Parents simply don't teach their children how to be men or women anymore.

"Whisper's people were the first group that I ever met where everyone could be counted that they knew what those things meant. It's not right to let children learn on their own."

"Now you see why I'm prejudiced against males, Peter. A man left to grow on his own develops certain… falsehoods in his way of thinking. I'm sorry. You didn't deserve what I did."

"No… no I didn't." I smirked. "But as the old saying goes, don't judge a book by its cover." And then I looked at this enormous woman as she reached over and pet Whisper's belly. "If I might ask… what turned you against men in the first place?"

"I'm a witch." She said quietly. "All through time, a man saw a woman who learned, and they tried to squash it, they saw a woman with more strength and power than they, and they had to do something to prove that they were stronger or more powerful than her. And so I was harrowed by men with flaming torches and pitch forks, I was called an ogre and a witch, my help when it was given was met with scorn and those that I helped were cursed by their own people and burned as heretics… because of men."

"Because of fear." I corrected. "I'm willing to bet there were also women in those crowds who shunned you. We're all guilty of the same abominable crimes, Baba Yaga. Regardless of race, color, class or creed, regardless of even gender, all have the potential to be responsible for both great and also abominable things."

"Hm…" she responded and looked away from me before rising, her incredibly muscular form being framed by her even greater muscular arms and decorated by breasts that were larger than any of the fems I knew of. Greater than Tanya's or even Anya's, greater than even Whisper's with all the milk she carried. Naked other than her same robes that she wore as a shawl now, she was beautiful beyond comparison but held a motherly feminine power that made me feel like I was developing an Oedipus complex. On the one hand I wanted to mate with her, but on the other I wanted to lie in her arms and suckle from her breast… but both of those sensations bespoke of betrayal to Whisper in me.

"I won't make love to you, but you can suck from my breast, I'm sure Whisper won't mind." She said suddenly, and I gasped, shook my head and rose immediately.

"I… I…" I began, and she smiled slyly. "You haven't spoken with Tanya much about me, or else you'd know that I can read minds." She said and approaching me, standing well over me, she stood there with her breasts before my face and her hands on my shoulders. "You must be hungry…"

And just like that she began to lactate. It must've been a flexing of her pectoral muscles or something, but however she did it, a bead of milk exited either of the thick, bulbous nipples on either mammary and slid down her breasts, and despite how desirous I was to suckle from them, I looked down and took two purposeful steps back.

"No. I want to… but no." I replied, and smiling warmly at me, she stepped forward and palmed my face pressing her chest against mine and bent to kiss my forehead.

"That's for your faithfulness to your mate. I'll cool this room for her, heaven forbid she must be warm."

And just like that she turned like a ballet dancer and stepped lithely despite the power in her body out the door. And a moment or two later the heat in the air diminished, cooling subtly to a more comfortable temperature for a

pregnant woman. Moving to her side, sitting beside her, I laid down right at the edge of the bed so that I wouldn't disturb her and watched her sleep.

Lowering a hand to her belly, caressing it and the out-turned belly button, I felt her move her hand to cover mine as she sighed contentedly, just before I felt one of our babies kick.

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Grandmother Yaga's home was warm, very warm in fact and filled with the sweet smells of drying herbs. She had a veritable mansion in this little hut that seemed to constantly be surrounded by a forested area at the height of spring. It was a care free life here, with many fine books, fine silks and furs to keep us warm, a fire that never ran down unless she wanted it to, and many wonderful meats and fruits and breads to eat.

What was more was that everyone enjoyed it here, and we could live care free for the rest of our lives…

But then, that would mean that I would never see Dmitri again.

Lying back on a wicker couch that could somehow hold my great form, let alone Grandmother Yaga's, I laid back with a fur over my legs as I read an old book from her library that told of adventure and romance… the woman was the hero – heroine – of the story.

But as I lay there, rubbing my legs together beneath the fabric, I could feel that yearning for a baby rising up inside me. It wasn't the hot desire for angry sex like what a heat did… this was the womanly biological clock desire to procreate. But the man that I wanted to give me that baby was nearly seven thousand kilometers away yet… and still human.

With a groan I closed the book and put it aside, rubbing my temples, and then sitting up more I moaned and rubbed my tightened labia briefly, leaking my juices mildly before I rose to put the book back. I was getting antsy.

"You look like your mother." I heard Baba say, as I stood there with fist clenched and thighs pressed together. I was so desirous of my lover that I was vibrating with how much I was trembling.

"I wouldn't know. All I remember are the half-remembered memories of a little girl."

"She was the pride of your Pryde. Your family was a matriarchal one, did you know that? All the power and authority of the family was passed down from mother to daughter, and she was the greatest of all the Northern Tigers. You have no idea how much you look like her."

"Baba… the first and foremost thing that I remember of our mother, was seeing her raped and mutilated while our father watched it all happen as he died. I desire to mate, have children, start a family, but I fear of such things happening again."

She drew close enough where her breasts were against my back and her hands had fallen onto my broadened shoulders.

"And yet you still try. Other than remembering those things that have happened to you and try to avoid them if you can, the past has no place in thoughts about the future."

"Yes but…" and I turned to face her but stopped, looking at her for a moment and seeing some obvious changes in her physique and facial features.

She smiled at me, her mouth and nose pushed out slightly, her ears lengthened and tapered and her eyes were those of a cat instead of a human. Her hair was even more voluminous, and there was a thin, downy hair decorating most of her body.

“Grandmother… is something going on with you?” I asked her, blinking in surprise, and she chuckled and turned, showing me a thin and short tail had grown out of her bottom.

“Found my trick out, have you?” she smirked. “I’ll tell you about it… soon… but I have something for you… for all of you really, but I’ll present them with their gifts later. It’s only right that the eldest get hers first.”

“What is it, Grandmother?” I asked, stepping lithely behind her as she moved to a standing dresser, and opening its very top, removed a necklace.

It was made of thick gold links that were each etched elaborately, and at the throat was a great emerald. Turning and approaching me then, she hung it around my neck and clasped it.

“B-but… I can’t accept this, Grandmother. It’s too nice of a thing.”

“I have no choice but to give it to you child.” She said and massaged my back briefly as she moved about me to look at it around my throat. “It belongs to you after all. It was your mother’s. I had to work fast to reclaim it before it could be stolen.

“It’s the heart of your family line, and it has a secret.”

“What, like a secret clasp or locket or something?”

“Not quite. Here… touch it.” And I did, and after a moment I felt it pulsate and I gasped as I felt the essence of life inside it.

“It has a heart beat?!”

“And it beats so long as a single member of your family still lives. And the stronger your family becomes, the brighter the gem shines. The power of your ancestors is in this gem… hundreds of generations of mothers and their eldest daughters, an unbroken line back to the dawn of the species.”

I turned from her and faced the mirror in the top of the cabinet, marveling at the way that I looked with the priceless gem and its necklace. I smiled warmly at how well it fit my broad neck so perfectly, with its gem resting smartly within my cleavage. Lifting a hand, I moved the hair topping my head back, and smiled at myself.

I looked beautiful.

“You *do* look beautiful.” Baba mentioned, and approached me from behind again, rubbing my shoulders and looking at my reflection from over my shoulder.

“What does it mean that I’m wearing my mother’s necklace though? If she were the head of our Pryde, then does that mean that I have to sit on some throne and govern or something?”

“Only if you want to.” She smiled, and then turning me took my hands, and now that I looked at her, her fur had deepened and filled out more and her tail had thickened and lengthened. What was more was that there were now twin lines of nippleage lining her belly. “You can just be the head of the family, you can turn the reigns over to your sister or brother… you can do whatever you will, Tanya.”

“I… just want a family, grandmother Yaga, nothing more” I said and turned to the mirror again to look at my reflection and finger the necklace. “All I want after all this is to have some peace and quiet and live where I and my family can never be bothered again. But… all of that seems… so complicated to obtain.”

And I looked away from my image, and instead palmed my belly with both hands. I stood there for a moment, wanting that baby, only to find Baba reaching around me to palm my belly with me.

“It won’t be as complicated as you think, Tanya.” She said and kissed my cheek. “I promise.” And her hands and body left me.

“But… what does that…” I began turning with a wobbling of tits and a tightening of all that imperious muscle on me, only to find Baba had completely left me. “…mean?”

I exhaled a long breath of air and took to palming my belly with both hands again. The yearning, the absolute need to reproduce was stronger than ever.

Day 406 – Supplemental: (Author's warning: *The next section highlighted in Red contains subject matter that those who are sensitive to such things may not wish to read. It deals with the very serious subject of rape, of the experience of it happening and dealing with the results. Viewers should be advised.*)

I was raised in an orphanage for nearly half my life, where I wore clothes that were practically rags and I ate bread, water and gruel for most of my life. When I was a teen, that was the moment that I experienced the horrible mind-numbing sensation of not only being sexually violated but the absolutely freeing sensation of my first change.

After that, I was brought to an academy, which was a trounced up word for a higher grade of Orphanage, but unlike the prior orphanage where I wore rags but would eventually be considered free, at the Academy I wore finery at the aspect of being sold as a high-priced wife… and loose my freedom forever.

In all honesty… I'm not sure which one could be considered worse…

I had no idea where we were, all I knew was that we were safe and warm, and that there was a tall white picket fence surrounding us amidst a deep, deep forest that marked the border of this dream land and the real world. But the more I stared at that fence, the more I saw it for what it really was: which was a tall fence made of bones.

It made me afraid to see it, but I couldn't look away, but most of all, I noticed the skulls on the top of the high gate, and I was reminded that this place was a cage that was designed to keep others out.

"You shouldn't look at such things, Anya." Someone said, and I turned sharply, both sets of breasts heaving in alarm as I looked upon Baba Yaga sitting on a grand bench with her long and supremely muscular legs crossed, and whatever transformation that had begun this whole change in her having completed itself with her now a fully fledged Lycan; now covered in fur with a voluminous mane, and that fur having turned white.

But what was more was that she looked like a young and vibrant, and vey elegant lioness.

"You startled me." I gasped.

"I know… I'm sorry." She said and lifted a smoke pipe to her lips and drew from it. "I've wanted to talk to you specifically, Anya."

"Me? Why me?" I asked and turned toward her, folding both hands before me.

"Because you and I share something." She inhaled from the pipe again and exhaled more. "An experience…"

"A-an… e-experience?" I stammered. "What experience is that?"

"It's the same reason why I hate men so much." She answered. "The same hate that's inside you now, the same hate that is growing steadily within you."

"I-I don't understand." I replied.

"Yes you do. It's why that whenever anyone is near you, and you are at rest, you instinctively fold both of your hands before that most precious part of your body." Even as she said that, I actually folded both hands over my crotch and looked away from her, shrugging both shoulders. "It makes you feel so weak, so helpless, that the source of all your power could be overcome like that, so thoroughly, so completely."

"Please stop." I trembled, breaking out into tears.

"No Anya… Take it from me… do not keep it inside you." Baba said and then tapped out her pipe and exhaled one last breath of smoke before reaching out for me and pulling me into her embrace.

And suddenly I found myself on a street, naked still but in my hybrid form and looking about me, I saw several familiar things, like a clock reading some time past midnight, and a moon that was peaking through the clouds that was shining in it's brilliant and full luminance down onto the world.

And then I heard the scream, my scream, and I panicked, thinking that it was coming from me.

"No! No! Leave me alone!"

"No… not this!" I begged and turned to see Baba Yaga standing there beside me.

"Turn and watch it, Anya… no matter how terrible it is, turn and watch and accept that it happened!" Baba commanded and pointed backward, and following her finger, I heard the man's laughter as my old self ran across a park, and a man who was twice my age at the time ran after my old self, leapt at her and tackled her.

She was forced to the ground and there was a flash of a knife, and I remembered in my mind the hoarse grumbling of the man despite that I was too far away to hear.

"Pretty… so pretty. So pure, so clean, so silken smooth. Yes…" I gasped and turned my head, remembering the spittle on my cheek. "If you scream, I'm going to kill you." And he giggled manically before he placed his knife in the belt I was wearing, breaking it open with one deft pull, and pulled down the pants and panties my old self was wearing.

"N-no…" I echoed my old self and ran at the man as he freed his erect manhood, and by the time that I reached him, lifting my hands to the man to haul him off me, I mean my old self, I found my hands slashing right through him as if I were or they were ghosts.

And then he bent… and penetrated.

I sobbed and fell to my knees, seeing my old self and the look of agony on her face, and holding myself tightly as if I were comforting my old self, I tried to look away, tried not to see, but I couldn't.

"It happened again… it happened again… it happened again…" I whimpered, seeing the tears, the look of horrified agony and the revulsion as the man came into me just then. The throbbing of that hard prick erupting over and over again in me.

"This is why I hated all of man, Anya. There was a man who did this to me when I was young and impressionable. Before I claimed all the power that I have now."

"Make it stop!" I shouted, shivering.

"No… you must see this, Anya. You must accept that it happened, or believe me… it can ruin you for ages to come should you live that long."

And then like a spotlight while that man thrust over and over into my younger body, erupting by this time his second load of ejaculate into me, the moon shown down upon me, and I watched the eyes of my younger self suddenly flood outward while the pupils pinched into definable cat-like eyes.

"This is the part you are not aware of, Anya… the part you blocked out."

And just like that my younger self lashed outward, attacking the only way she could at the moment, fangs flashing as she sunk her teeth into the man's throat before she bit down. Gore immediately splattered over her chest as she grabbed the man's wrists as the moon's power flooded her, her hands and jaw tightening harder and harder, till both his wrists snapped one after the next and she ripped a strip of his throat out and spat it out.

Rolling and thrusting him downward, her hand still gripping his wrists as she squeezed, blood spurting upward from the wound she'd caused, she pulled herself off him and sprayed him, evacuating his cum from her body right into his face with her own nectar. Muscle upon muscle piled on her as she expanded, muscles flaring and clothes ripping.

I knelt there, the tears in my eyes running out as my younger self shred from her clothing, spontaneously maturing at the same time as coming into her Lycanthropic power.

I heard her scream as she ripped his arms right out of their sockets and began assailing him with her claws, slashing at his face amidst his screams as long slashes of blood sprayed every which way, and soon my sorrow from having seen myself being raped left me and was replaced by a horrific awe that I was ever capable of such things. In my fury, I literally mauled the man, gutting him, stringing his entrails every which way before ripping his dick off and making a wish with his legs like a regular person would wish on a wishbone: by snapping it in two at the crotch.

"Th-they only said that he was brutalized." I said watching myself do these things.

"That was a gross understatement." Baba said. "This was what you did to a man who dared to try to dominate your sexual power with his."

"W-what did you do to yours? I mean… to the one who did this to you?" I asked blankly as I watched my younger self rage and then roar. The world flashed and showed me snippets of the pain that I did to the man before the moon set and the sun rose and I changed back into human form before strangers found me.

"There was power in me… even then." Baba said. "There's a reason why they called me the Bone Witch, and why ages later, they still call me that. I felt betrayed and used, Anya… the one act of retribution I did against him was so bloody and so terrible that I'll not subject you to such a terrible sight.

"Even compared to this?" I gasped, gesturing at the blood strewn everywhere and the body parts littering the area around my younger self as she cowered afraid of what was going on.

"Even compared to this." Yaga said, and gesturing, the scene vanished into black and then returned to her garden.

The white picket fence was just a white picket fence and standing where I'd been, I hugged myself tightly.

"Was killing him, for raping me, a worthy punishment?" I asked suddenly, not looking at Grandmother Yaga.

"That's a subjective question, Anya. Ask a person who never had it done to them, and they'd answer no. Ask a person who has had it done to them…

"The question is… do you *think it's a worthy punishment?"*

I stood and thought, wrapping my tail about my muscular legs that were so many times thicker than they were back then. "Yes." And I hugged myself tighter. "Yes I do." And I trembled from the answer before I felt her hands upon my shoulders, her breasts against my back, and much of her body along my rear.

"I think so to." She purred into my ear and kissed my cheek. "This man violated you in the worst possible way anyone could be violated, Anya, and you went through much of your life thinking that he succeeded. What you don't remember is that you took it back.

"Seeing these things, Anya… and remembering that you stood up against an even greater monster than your attacker in the form of that beast you and your family fought against on Saint Lawrence Island, how do you feel about your inner strength now?"

I palmed my lower pelvis with both hands, and looking down between two sets of engorged breasts I espied the swollen pubic mound that was my sex.

"I… don't feel as weak as I did before." I mentioned. "I don't feel as helpless as I did."

“You never were helpless though, Anya… you were always strong. Here… I have something for you.” And I turned to her.

“What is it?” I asked.

And she lifted a necklace, it was a dewdrop green gem surrounded by gold on a thick gold chain that she lifted about my neck.

“Ooo… pretty.” I said and lifted the gem to look upon it.

“A prize, Anya, for this moment of clarity, and should you ever forget that you are strong then this will help you remember otherwise.” And then she embraced me again and left me alone.

Standing there, lifting my fingers to the necklace I caressed the green jewel within its golden housing upon its golden chain, and strangely, remarkably… I felt stronger…

Day 407: *I remained with Whisper at all times, never leaving her side, never waning, even after a night and a day passed and the evening of the second day appeared by the time my young love awoke. She smiled at me immediately, lying comfortably within Baba Yaga's own bed, the mounds of breasts and belly punctuated by nipples and belly button. She was a sexual creature, her body metamorphosing into that of a mother, her vaginal mound bulging and distending from the swollen womb that carried twins inside her, and everything about her told of the impending birth of our cubs.*

She purred at the sight of me, and I purred back, caressing her face before I licked and kissed her lips, and then rising kissed her breast, and then her belly, and she laughed softly through her nose before I rose again, looking down upon her and caressing her.

How does one show love to someone you could barely communicate with? The best we could do was with coddling, embracing, caressing and touching. Facial expressions and gestures added to this, but not much. My only regret with her was that I couldn't hear her speak.

"You should tell her that." I heard Baba say and I turned to look at her sharply.

"I know this is your home and your bedroom, but could you perhaps knock? And what do you mean I should tell her? Tell her what?"

"What you were thinking just now." She said as she entered with a tray of food for us both.

"S-she doesn't need to know that." I stammered and gave Baba a fierce look to keep her quiet.

"But… your bride should know that her husband holds regrets in your relationship."

I stared at her, and felt Whisper touch my arm and I gripped her hand fiercely but kept staring at Yaga as she set down the tray of food and then rose again to face me.

"She shouldn't learn such things."

"Sure she should, you're keeping a regret that you have about your relationship with her from her. You should be working through the regret now, Peter… instead of later, or else it'll fester and cause problems in the future.

"You should really tell her before I do, Peter."

I clenched my teeth and then relaxed, exhaling a sigh.

"I want to talk with you Whisper." I said turning to her, looking her in the eyes and still holding her hand. "I regret… not being able to share the same sort of relationship with you that my adoptive parents had with each other, where they'd lie awake at night for hours and just talk… or enjoy each other's company. I want to hear your voice.

"I… regret… not hearing your voice."

Whisper laid there for a moment and then rose unsteadily, having to part her legs wide in order to do so because of her belly, and she embraced me before lifting a hand and making a few gestures with it.

'I regret it too…' *she said in her awkward sign language.*

I took her hand and kissed her cheek, palming her belly with my other hand and we both shared in our regret.

"Well that's enough of that then…" Yaga said and moved close to us.

"Don't you think you've done enough?" I scolded her.

"Not in the slightest," and taking Whisper's face she kissed her on the mouth and I was about to stop her before I saw a spot of light appear in Whisper's throat and shine brilliantly for the few moments that the kiss lasted.

Then Baba parted and rose, and Whisper was left gagging and coughing before Baba lowered a finger to Whisper's forehead.

"Be wary, both of you… this spell will only last so long as you are here… till of course Whisper learns to do the same spell on her own. If she's that Wind's daughter then it shouldn't be too difficult for her to master it. Call if you need anything."

"W-What did you do?!" I snarled and rose to face her.

"Why don't you ask her yourself?" Baba smirked and then left.

And I turned to Whisper, making the signs to ask if she were all right, the same signs that I ask her on a daily basis because of her pregnancy, but when she replied…

"I-I'm all right Peter." She said, and her eyes went wide immediately and I fell to my knees in shock. "I… I can talk! I…" and she looked at me as she saw that I was crying. "W-what's wrong?"

"Your voice… S-so… so beautiful!" I wept and took both her hands and she blushed deeply.

"Really?"

"Better than what I imagined if you could talk. We… we need to talk… about everything. I want to know everything about you… everything and anything that you can think of Whisper."

She palmed my face and smiled at me before bending down and kissing my forehead.

"A little at a time, sweet lover." she mused. "We have a little time before the babies are born."

Day 428: *Hearing Whisper speak was beyond words, and now, two weeks having passed since we'd entered Baba Yaga's home, all so that Whisper could relax and recover… this marvel of speech to a mute woman made it so that the claim on Whisper's time was made primarily by Peter.*

And who else should have claim on her time under such a condition?

The two of them were rarely very far from each other, and when they weren't talking with each other, the fatigue of pregnancy on Whisper got to her and she'd rest for long periods of time, many hours at a time even, and whenever she did sleep, Peter was there with her, watching over her, or at times sleeping close to her side.

It was so endearing to see… he never left her side, not even to eat, so Anya and I and occasionally Baba had to bring them their food.

Whisper slept all the time in absolute comfort, her belly filling outward almost daily now, with the fur on that belly having thinned to show off her pink flesh beneath the fur while her bellybutton had turned outward. Her breasts had absolutely engorged by at least twice their previous size with milk laden glands. So much so that Peter had to siphon it from her. How he did this he wouldn't say, but knowing Peter, we had an idea.

After these two weeks though, Whisper's phenomenal strength had returned enough where she decided that she wanted to get out of bed, and since she didn't want to wake up Peter when she did it at the time, there was a bit of a commotion that morning as Peter tried to find her after he awoke as well. When he finally found her, she was out back kneeling amidst the garden smelling the various vegetables and flowers that were growing there.

His flustered self calmed as she carefully got to her feet, her belly so thick now that the rounded bulge was now including her crotch in its shape now instead of ending just above it. She bore signs of drawing dangerously near to giving birth, like how her breasts overflowed with milk at seeing Peter, or how her distended vaginal mound was in its opened state. Also… she was in a rather constant state of euphoria. I doubted anyone could make her sad or mad at the moment.

The pair of them sat in the garden for hours on end, Whisper making a crown of laurels for Peter and a crown of flowers for her, and then shamelessly, she gave him a blowjob.

That's trust between a man and a woman, I think… how Peter could even think to place his manhood between Whisper's saber teeth was beyond me, but apparently though penetration was out of the question at this stage of her pregnancy, there were some forms of pleasure that weren't.

But Whisper seemed to be getting much of her phenomenal strength back, enough where she could walk short distances on her own and such, and now that she was awake more often at the end of these two weeks, Baba Yaga treated her with the utmost honor and respect in her home, dressing Whisper in silk gowns, decorating her with gems and jewelry, and helping Peter help her be as comfortable as was possible at all times.

A third week passed like this before Baba Yaga approached each of us and asked us all to come to her den, and with all of us sitting arrayed about the room, Ivan curled up on my lap, Grandmother Yaga, who'd put on lots of muscle and additional mammary weight over these past few weeks, entered like a regal queen and sat down on one of the available wicker chairs. Crossing her legs elegantly and taking a sip of wine from a grand crystal goblet before setting it aside, she folded her hands on her knees and addressed us.

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"It isn't fair for me to keep this from you any longer." She said immediately. "But your parents weren't just murdered, they were killed."

All of us looked at each other, and it was finally Peter who raised his hand.

"Forgive our ignorance, but what's the difference?"

“Being murdered is for someone to end your life due to an emotional reason. To be killed is for someone to end your life for political reasons.”

“Wait.” Anya gaped. “Why do you say that they were killed? Didn’t that Twenty-Five bastard kill our family and all their servants?”

“Yes… but he was influenced to do these things.”

“Influenced? By who? And why?” I asked immediately as I caressed Ivan’s body and my cat purred contentedly.

“By a personal enemy of mine. They call her *‘The Crone,’* and she hates me utterly.”

“Why?” Anya asked.

“Because I know her real name.” Baba answered simply. “She and I were young sorceresses together, and what started off as a competitive relationship between us, eventually wound up as a blood feud that has lasted centuries, and every time that one of us gets at the other, it gets worse and worse, and now we’re at the point where we try to kill each other each time we meet one another, so we create defenses.

“Whereas The Crone is attempting to strengthen her power by a very old Egyptian Magic known as *‘Name Magic’* in which knowing the true name of a thing gives power over a thing, and when no one knows your name then you have power over all other creatures in the world. But since I know her true name, I still have power over her.

“I on the other hand am growing in power by strengthening myself through sexual power.”

“And how are you doing that?” I asked.

Baba Yaga looked me right in the eye and then answered me plainly. “Sexual magic grows in a body as a person ages and matures sexually. A baby girl becomes a girl child, a girl child becomes a maiden when she bleeds for the first time, which then becomes a woman when she has sex for the first time and as she has a baby she becomes a mother. Each step increases the amount of power a person holds.

“But as a mother becomes a grandmother when her child has a child, and then becomes a great grand mother when her child’s child has a child, and so on, her sexual power grows based upon her progeny and their strengths. As such, my power is based upon the strength of my family’s blood and the strength of their bones, and the larger and stronger my family is, the larger and stronger I can become.”

“Who are your family?” Peter asked cautiously, but it was Ivan who answered what Peter, Anya and even I were beginning to suspect.

‘She’s talking about all of you.’ He said with all confidence.

“Really?” Anya gaped. “We’re… your descendants?”

“Yes.” Baba confirmed. “My power is tied up in the number of direct descendants through my feminine lineage, and until now… only my direct descendant, the eldest of the family line, ever knew this fact. This time, I’m going to change that fact, try to be more of a part of my family. But the fact of the matter is, was that because my power was placed upon my family, The Crone took measures into her own hands in order to break my line of power.”

“How?” I asked nervously, having an inkling as to what it might be.

“She had a child… you know that child as Number Twenty-Five.”

The silence in the room was so thick that one could cut it with a knife and I swallowed hard, understanding immediately what sort of a woman this Crone was now.

“So if one has power over her by knowing her real name, why don’t you just tell it to us?” Anya asked.

“Because that would make you a target, Anya dear.” Baba mentioned. “I’ve been in hiding since my family was decimated, and curse me for a fool, I didn’t see it coming. I protected my family from everything magical, helped them all become strong, and so I didn’t count for a single mundane of Lycan blood, with the power to kill Lycan in him still, to walk right through all my defenses because I didn’t see there ever being a threat from a mundane.”

“So that’s how he did it.” I said aloud. “I thought it was his madness that made him able to kill our parents.”

“No… but it helped.” Baba mentioned. “His madness made him strong, and it helped him to do things that he as a child would have never thought to do, but as an adult, after decades of being corrupted, he’d do it without a second thought.

“He was trained from the time that he was a boy to hate women and to hate everything about them. It ensured that when The Crone led her child to your house one day, disguised as your mother as she taunted him, that he’d wreck bloody havoc to the whole of your family regardless of age. It’d ensure that he’d do the most damage to my family and thusly to me.”

“So… I… have no use to you whatsoever?” Peter asked quietly as he palmed Whisper’s belly as she lay against him.

Baba smirked at him. “Peter… you’re the first male in a long, long time that I see as useful. And more than what your real father was to me, which was just a means to get your mother pregnant and produce the most girls. To the power that you give me? Nothing… but you nonetheless act as something I overlooked.”

“What’s that?” he smirked in return, and Baba rose, her head practically scraping the ceiling as she approached him before she knelt and palmed Whisper’s belly.

“You focus as a blood link between my feminine offspring. And though you don’t serve to give me any power Peter, through you am I linked to the solitary girl in your mate’s womb. But also, like your real father tried to do, he tried to protect your mother and sacrificed his very life in the act. The men of this family, if trained to do so, can be very apt protectors.”

“Damn straight.” He beamed.

“But this leads me to do something that should’ve been done a long time ago.” And she rose again. “I’ve not been with my family for so long that it’s time that I become a part of it again. If you’ll all have me.”

“But what would that mean for us?” Anya asked.

“What you’ll see and have is a grandmother. But in the background, I’ll do everything that I can to make you safe. But what’s more is that I’ll move my home to where you all can visit it. But ultimately my family, Anya… will be far safer.”

******

I stood quietly after the meeting, feeling my powers flaring subtly out of my sheer irritation. Stones and rocks were lifting up off the ground to float about me while the ground itself trembled around me. Also… my fur burned a brilliant white and my hair waved as if suspended in water. The black of the stripes lining my body had darkened into a black so dark that light fell right into it and didn’t even get a chance to scream.

I was, in a word… irritated.

“Our parents could be alive right now,” I said aloud, feeling the twinge of power stepping into my area of influence, and knew only one person I knew who could contain it. “You let down your guard and our family was decimated.”

“I’m so sorry, Tanya.” Baba claimed, and I turned to her as several of the rocks around me were crushed and slowly separated from my tremendously growing powers.

“The orphanages, the Facility, no family for most of my life, and all you can say is I’m sorry?!” I growled, ears pinning to the back of my head, eyes dilating and muscles tensing and swelling while electricity snapped all across my body; snapping between the eyes and arching between nipples as my claws burned white.

And what made me even angrier was the incredible calm Baba Yaga displayed.

“Don’t you think I feel bad about this too, Tanya?” she asked me. “My descendants, my children’s children, murdered all to satisfy a vendetta? Yes it is terrible, I made a mistake, I overlooked something and The Crone exploited it to nearly our doom. You are the one and only reason why our family still perseveres, Tanya, the sole reason why any of us are still alive. If not for your phenomenal power, even as a child, my power would be broken and I would be dead.

“Our family, even I, persevere because you were lucky enough to be born with more power in you than an adult, even your mother and father combined, ever had.”

I was silent and I calmed as I realized she was right.

“And what about Whisper and her babies? What about all the new Lycan you’ve met and know of, the peace you brought to the world as you passed through it. What about your man Dmitri?” As she said that I blinked and immediately calmed before looking away in shame. “Yes… I tried and I failed to protect my family, Tanya, but honestly… which of your two lives would you have preferred?

“Would you prefer having a mother and a father with both your brother and sister, growing up as a dainty princess, or would you prefer this, where you are the head of the family, you’re all stronger than any tiger before you and you have a wonderfully growing family?”

“I-I don’t know.” I admitted. “I don’t know what sort of life I would’ve had had my life been made stable.” And all the rocks and things that were levitating around me fell immediately to the ground.

“You were the crown princess, Tanya, you still are the crown princess, and to help solidify relationships between families, you were betrothed to a son of another Pryde within days after you were born. You would’ve been brought up to eventually replace your mother and to take him as a mate… and you would’ve been expected to have a child within the year. Instead of strength and power, your life would’ve been spent amidst scholarly pursuits to know how to sit like a lady, act like a lady and let your family warders handle any of the dirty stuff.

“It was amazing that your mother wasn’t stuck up.

“So… tell me honestly… which of those two lives would you have chosen if you had the choice?”

I sat down so fiercely upon a large block of wood there in her front yard and folded my arms about me that my tits bounced fiercely from the motion. “I don’t know. Do you have any idea what I went through?”

“Yes… yes I do.” Baba said, and coming to stand before me, placed both her hands upon my shoulders. “I’ve been watching you all your life, Tanya. You are after all the eldest daughter of the eldest daughter of my direct lineage. If you’ll let me… I can make our pryde the strongest of all the Prydes in all of Russia.”

“Not of all the world?” I smirked.

“Perhaps in time, but I think you’ve met the one that currently holds that title.”

“The Pryde of the Windigo.” I answered her and she nodded with a smile before palming my face and kissing me on the bridge of the nose.

“I’ll show you, Anya, Peter and his new bride, how to be strong, how to do magic, teach you the ways of the Felis-Lycan anything you want to know.”

“I’d like that… but…”

But…

Why is it that exciting things always happen right after someone says that word in a conversation and then pauses after it? It’s almost as if the universe waits for someone to say that word and then reacts to it immediately. For at that very moment after uttering that very word, the door to Baba’s Hut banged open and Peter came rushing out, panting heavily.

“Whisper…” he panted. “She’s… going into labor!” he gasped.

“Well… looks like your brother is doing exactly what males do in this sort of time.”

“What’s that?” I asked and rose.

“Overreact.”

“Come on! Hurry!” Peter shouted. “What’s taking you so long?”

Baba led the way. “You’re new to this, child.” She told Peter and patted him on the head as she passed. “The thing about giving birth is how much time it takes to do it.”

******

Growing up, learning about the miracle that was giving birth, I’d always feared it, and yet also at the same time always desired it. The fear came from the fact that a woman giving birth was pushing a very large object out of an orifice that was maybe a fiftieth the size of the object that was coming out. The desire came from a deeply rooted feminine instinct to procreate. It was a complicated pair of emotions to feel them together, but watching Whisper as she lay back in Baba’s own bed legs spread wide around her belly as her tail wagged gently and hearing her purr, I fidgeted, not understanding what I was seeing even as she had a contraction and arched herself gently and pushed, all following her natural instincts.

“We can do it in our sleep, Tanya.” Baba explained suddenly for both my and Anya’s benefit as we and our brother stood and watched. “The pain a human woman feels is augmented by our healing factor, and so the utter pain of bringing a child into this world that is felt by a human woman is transformed into sensations of utter euphoria by Lycan females. She may even be finding the euphoria drug-like. Some females even develop a taste for the feeling and try to give birth as often as they can.”

“Sounds like Luna.” Anya commented.

“Luna?” Baba asked, rising immediately.

“A werewolf.” I explained. “Perhaps the most beautiful fem I’d ever seen in my whole life, everyone who meets her absolutely falls in love with her at first sight, no matter the gender.”

Baba pressed her lips together as she stared at us long and hard before turning her attention back to Whisper.

“Peter, take this cold compress to her forehead and keep her head cool. I… have something I must verify.” And she hurried out the door.

The three of us watched her leave in this time of need, but apparently whatever it was that she was doing was that important. Peter in turn rose immediately, and planting his hand on the moistened wet cloth on her forehead, held it there while she panted amidst another approaching contraction.

“Contraction?” he asked and she nodded, closing her eyes. “Breathe like me, Whisper.” And he began to breathe like they did in Lamaze.

Ha-ha-ha

Hoo-hoo-hoo

He-he-he

That was really developed in Russia, you know.

“Nervous?” Peter asked Whisper.

“Yes… and excited.” She murred, rubbing her belly.

It was odd to hear her speak… but it was also a strangely very beautiful voice… the voice of a woman who for all her life could barely express herself. It was like when she used her flute. And here she was giving birth now, another beautiful thing.

And all I could do was stand there being excited and jealous at the same time.

******

Fourteen hours later…

Apparently labor, no matter what kind of female was doing it, was an arduous experience. Whisper seemed to be enjoying it nonetheless.

At the moment Peter was near her, having found a lute and had tuned it and was plucking away at it with a soft tone, all while Whisper labored to bring their children into the world. Baba Yaga had yet to arrive from wherever she’d gone to, and Whisper had long since broken her water.

“She’s pretty seriously dilated now.” Anya mentioned. “Whisper? You ok?!”

“Yes…” she sighed, and then arched herself again, bearing down while using the breathing that Peter had given her. “The first… is being born.”

“That’s nice…” Anya mused and patted her belly.

“No!” she groaned and arched again. “They’re coming now!” and she bit her lower lip and started to clench.

“They’re coming?” Peter asked and a string twanged loudly as he plucked it wrong. “They’re coming! Get the water, heat it up, fresh linens… and… and…” he started pacing across maybe a one meter section of floor while Anya squealed and bounced.

“Enough!” I shouted. “Everyone calm down… we can do this.” Peter… there are linens here, and we have a basin of water here, it just needs to be warmed up.” And I placed a finger into the water and it immediately warmed to the point where it stared to steam. “Now Anya, I want you to cradle Whisper from behind, bend her upward, help support her. Peter… You get to catch.”

“C-catch?” Peter stammered as Anya got behind Whisper, offering up her hands for Whisper to hold onto.

“Unless of course you want your cubs to fall on the floor.” I mentioned and he quickly came to sit at Whisper’s feet.

“Now Whisper… as gently yet as steadily as you can… push.”

******

Whisper was a model mother. After fourteen hours of labor, there were twelve minutes of birth between the twins, a little cleaning and swaddling, and strangely… irrevocably, I found myself doing things as I cleaned the pair of them, going so far as to cut the umbilical chords properly, that made me surprised that the good doctor at the Facility would program me with such a thing…

So far, I'd always thought he'd left such things out of my training, and certainly he wouldn't have placed such things in Twenty-Five. Perhaps it was something having to do that I was a female and that mistakes could indeed happen, and should I ever be out in the field and undergoing labor then I should know how to birth and clean my child.

In all honesty… such a thought sickened me to no small degree.

But holding up first a daughter, and then a son that Peter had the honor of being the first to hold, and myself the second to hold them, I placed the cleaned and swaddled cub directly onto Whisper's body to nurse… that was after, of course, that she'd expelled and actually consumed the afterbirth.

It was the most disgusting thing I'd ever seen watching her eat that afterbirth, but I couldn't look away. Apparently that was the trade off for no pain during labor, that we were instead instinctively required to eat the afterbirth.

Both cubs were born like two slick balls of fur, while they were fresh from the womb Whisper groomed them by licking them dry, and much to Whisper's pride and relief… both bore stripes, which meant that her babies couldn't be taken by Windigo.

To hear the snick-snick-snick of their nursing was comforting in and of itself, and the pair of them, though their eyes were open – kinda – they were strong enough to start looking for a nipple on their own. As a final joy on Whisper's behalf, but cubs mewed fiercely before they were handed to Whisper to nurse and groom. Unlike her, neither of them was mute. And I never heard such a contented or louder purr than I did from Whisper just then.

Peter came to lie beside his mate, the pair of them kissing while they held their cubs together, and taking Anya by the elbow as she stood there sighing at this sight, I began leading her away.

"But… I want to see the babies." She complained before I closed the drapes on the doorway to the room.

"This is one of those instances that we shouldn't interfere and have the sense to butt out, Anya. This is their moment, not ours."

"That's precisely right, Tanya." Someone said and we both turned to see Grandmother Yaga sitting back in a grand chair and looking rather tired.

"W-what happened to you?" I asked.

"I went to go verify what you'd told me. That there was a werewolfess that was the most beautiful fem ever that bore the name of Luna."

"But… why would you go do such a thing right when Whisper was having her babies. Why was that so important?" I asked.

"Do you know who Luna was… in the legends?" Baba asked, sitting back and crossing her legs, and suddenly she reached over and took hold of a wine glass that wasn't there a moment ago to take a drink from it.

"Isn't she the Greek Goddess of the Moon?" Anya replied.

"She is. Now understand that there are worlds other than this one… and there are worlds within worlds. My home is a prime example of that. Know also that there are races in existence other than just the humans and the Lycan… there are also, in Luna's case, the Fae."

"The Fae?" I asked.

"Like in Shakespeare's *'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'*" Anya supplied. "Lord Oberon, Lady Titania and Puck?"

"Yes," Baba smiled at Anya's knowledge, I had to blink in surprise at her that she knew those things. "But there are more. You know them as Zeus, Odin, Anubis and so on."

"And Luna." I said aloud, and Anya looked sharply at me.

"Her?! No… she couldn't be some sort of a goddess…"

"Yes… she is." Baba stated. "The Fae Luna had become the patron of all Lycan, regardless of breed, ages ago. It's said that it was she who made the Lycan. But there are powers amidst the Fae, God-like powers, and there are still some Fae who try to perpetuate themselves like Gods and Goddesses. Though they're forbidden by holy mandate from the Creator Himself to do so, there're still some who still call them Gods and Goddesses."

"By the Creator Himself?" Anya echoed.

"By committing the sin of setting themselves up as gods and goddesses before him." Baba answered.

"*'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'*" Anya said, quoting a part of the bible. "*'For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God…'*"

"That was the reason yes. And all the Fae were cursed with immortality and the inability to bare children amongst themselves."

"But Luna has lots of children." Anya said then, and Baba smiled.

"What I saw was a female Lycan that was happy at whom she'd become. But despite that, Luna the Fae wasn't there as a female Lycan – It seemed – by her choice. She'd been coerced into making herself mortal, coming down from her house within the plane of the moon which is like mine in concept if not design. She has all her powers whether she knows how to use them or not, but now that she's mortal, she's susceptible to certain things, like death… and… possession."

"Possession?" I asked. "By whom?"

"By The Crone. Her influence is incredible in that area of the world. She almost caught me. But with a vessel like Luna, with all that potential, with the mind of the Crone inside her? It appears as if Luna had been ritually scared over an incredibly long period of time, since she was a baby I'd have to assume, to create a complex spell circle that suffuses her whole body right down to the core of her being. The marks enhance her powers, but they need only one final layer to open her up for someone like the Crone to come take her."

"That's horrible!" Anya gasped.

"C-can we do something about this? I mean… What can we do?"

"Nothing." Baba mentioned and then drank from her wine again.

"But…" Anya began and Baba held up a hand.

“She has a very powerful guardian at her side. Her husband, Nathan. Even the Crone would fear a creature like the Ghost Dancer. And of the three mystic creatures like him – Ghost Dancer, Phoenix and the Firebird – The Ghost Dancer is by far the eldest and the strongest, and remarkably the only one who is male.

“But… the thing about power is that it’s usually territorial. The problem with mine is that it’s hemmed in by the borders of Russia. Outside of it and I’m severely limited. The Crone has lived in the Americas for ages… has taken steps to make herself attuned to that place, and so is stronger than I… and she has servants who do her bidding. But as for Luna… her powers work everywhere, and her guardian has existed in that land since before time began, since before the continents were sundered and exist as they are today. It’s no accident that the two of them appeared at the same time.

“No… our would-be goddess is safer without our interference.”

There was some silence before Anya raised her hand.

“But… our powers worked the same no matter where we were.” She said.

“They do?” Baba asked and I nodded.

“They work no matter where we go.” I confirmed. “I didn’t feel them any weaker or stronger between America and Russia.

“Interesting.” She smiled. “Very interesting. But then that must be the nature of these powers that you’ve all developed. A natural control over nature.”

“But microwaves? Electricity? Laser beams?” Anya gaped, and in response Baba Yaga downed her wine and rose unsteadily from her seat. We went to comfort her but she waved us off.

“Your brother will attest that those are merely the scientific phenomenon of Heat, Lightning and Light, the very elements of the universe. There ware others, as the three of you also have others, but being able to control a force that is everywhere means that you have no domain in its use.”

“But…” Anya began.

“Don’t worry yourselves about it any longer.” She smiled. “They are your powers, and theoretically, they can quite possibly be without limit.

“Tanya… I do have some more questions for you specifically, but those can wait. Right now I want to see the newest addition to my babies.” And she went to the drapes hanging across the door and peaked in on the new mother and father.

******

I dreamed of Dmitri that night. I had a nice bed that I slept in here, it was grand and soft and melded about my body, and Ivan slept soundly against me. But amidst that dream, I didn’t see some small human, I saw him become a powerfully built Siberian Tiger, tearing from clothes and approaching me with those clothes falling off him in tatters as he slowly erected with a great and powerful erection before kneeling over me.

I gasped at his manhood, the thing much larger and thicker… longer than I remember it. The head flared wide, growing the same little nodules that Peter’s had while its entire length pulsated and grew hard with its individual ridges from every muscle tightening up into definite muscle ridges, while all the veins along its length stood on end and throbbed in tune with his beating heart. It’s entire length glistened with sweat as he leaned in to paw at my body with those huge clawed hands.

The bed I was in now was covered with white silk and white satin, and I was lying there, placating myself before him, spreading my legs open for him immediately even as I felt that hard throbbing penis touch my woman’s sex,

the heat of his tip and the strength of it pressing against my slit made my clit erect harder than ever before he leaned forward to slowly pierce me and just as slowly plunge deep, deep inside me. I arched, I writhed at the sensitivity of my insides being pushed apart by the steely thickness as he drove himself to the hilt and began to churn me. We made love and I had a wet dream from it, but I didn't wake up just yet.

He cradled me, sucking on my tits alternatively with nuzzling my neck and face, kissing me as he pumped my loins. Then I began to feel the pulsating, throbbing sensation of his manhood releasing its seed like only a Lycan male could, and he offloaded so much into my body in his very own repeating orgasm that I started to overflow with it. My gasps and cries as I gripped the sheets, my breasts leaking milk as I arched and thrust, trying to take my man made me weep from the pleasure, before I roared tumultuously before Dmitri's form nuzzled my neck and groomed it with his tongue.

To feel the tongue comb on my neck, smoothing the fur toward my chin while he fondled and massaged me, climaxing into me through that hard throbbing and ribbed and knobbed penis rubbing against my insides, I felt the most erotic sensations in my life. It was perhaps the yearning for my man, having been apart from him for nearly a year that made me so aroused… all the preparation and the stemming off of sex, the relief of these sensations were paramount!

But most of all, I felt a ping inside me, an explosion of energy in my navel as Dmitri and I joined, parts of us merging, changing and growing together, and just like that I started to change. Dmitri rose then, long arming the bed to either side of my head as he continued churning me, and then I felt myself suddenly growing in power, muscles and breasts swelling rapidly. But then something else swelled, and looking down, I witnessed my tummy filling outward. I clutched at it, gasping, feeling a powerful swelling of energy inside my navel… no… inside my womb as Dmitri's seed splattered my insides and escaped through where we were coupled. I laughed and then moaned as we continually made love, and I lived through nine months of pregnancy.

Dmitri pulled out right before the end, right as my belly was a great bulbous mound, the belly button sticking outward like Whisper's had, his seed ejecting minutely onto my thighs and sex right before a new image happened.

I was giving birth… and it felt so real. I lived through a prolonged passage of a little body sliding silkily through my birth canal, and I watched the head emerge from my sex as it blossomed open, the little cub sliding right into Dmitri's great clawed hands that accepted the cub as if it were the most precious thing in the world.

It was a girl… a beautiful, beautiful girl.

Only then did I wake up with a start amidst still feeling Dmitri's congratulatory kisses against my face and body while the sensation of a cub nursing from my breasts lingered for nearly a minute, and folding my arms about that invisible sensation as if holding my daughter to my breast to nurse, I couldn't explain the unfathomable sense of loss I felt just then.

As the sensation faded, I rose, still holding one arm as if cradling the cub for a few moments till the sensation faded, my other arm holding me upright before I looked down upon myself. The sheets were matted and sticky against my body, and my chests had flushed a pint of milk per tit as I rose from the sheets, looking down at my body before throwing the sheets away to look down at myself right as I tensed and orgasmed. With a low yearning moan, I actually wept softly at the fact that it all was just a dream.

It took me awhile to rise as I rubbed the tears from my eyes, sitting on the edge of the bed for the longest time, and despite my sense of loss, I still felt the yearning for Dmitri and his child in me which worsened the sensation of loss, but nonetheless got me to rub my pussy as I rose to my feet.

I still remembered Dmitri's shaft sliding in and out of me and then remembered the rapid sensations of labor and the body of my daughter passing from me, and getting my lactation under control by supping off some of the fluids while more of my nectar leaked from me and trickled down either thigh, I stepped lithely from the rooms I occupied here and walked through the house.

Outside and behind the house was a stairwell leading down to a cellar door. Opening the cellar door and stepping inside there was a grand room filled with food and wine barrels that never went dry or empty. Beyond that was another stairwell and that led to a spring filled with fresh, pure water that was kept steaming hot, and sliding into water that was deep enough to submerge even me to the waist in my hybrid form, I slid into the water and bathed myself clean, washing the sweat, milk and ejaculate off of me, having to get under every nook and cranny that I could before washing my great mane of hair.

And then hefting one tit, I scandalously enjoyed the sweetened taste of my milk for a time, and even though I'd yet to have a baby of my own I'd been lactating for more than a year now. It was a sexual experience for me… for not only did I have breasts large enough to suck on them, I could tease both tit and nipple with tongue and fingers, squeezing the milk out and squirting my mouth full of the succulent and nourishing juices. I was almost certain the Facility had given me such lactation abilities to not only improve my allure, but to also act as a way to feed myself should I be out in the wilderness for long periods of time, but then I've seen so many Lycan females who also had this ability. Perhaps it was one of those *'Gifts'* that other females spoke of to lactate prior to having a child. One thing was for certain that once a child passed through a female's loins then the milk almost never ran dry. Like males being able to produce a nigh endless supply of ejaculate, a female had an almost endless supply of milk.

But finally that tit fell from my lips, the thing sloshing with the excess milk that was inside it before I stamped a foot where I stood in the center of the water, my tail lifting from the water, high atop my bottom in my growing arousal as nectar continued to leak from me. Standing there then, sighing to myself, I took the other tit in one hand and started to cajole and caress it, before snaking the other hand downward between my legs and slipping a pair of fingers inside myself to rub my innards. I needed that part of me filled, I needed that baby in me, and clawing at my insides, biting my lower lip as I tensed, both hyper-muscular thighs pressing about pussy lips and their invading fingers, I almost missed the tinge of life that entered the chamber as if sliding from nothing amidst the approaching orgasm that was about to explode from me.

"Are you doing this to me, Grandmother?" I growled irritably while still trying to coax pleasure from myself. "Do I have this incredible urge to have a baby because of you?" I asked and half-turned to face her, one hand in my pussy and the other getting milk leaked all over the muscular lumps and fingers of that hand even as Baba slid into the waters with me, looking stronger and more virile than ever. Her muscles stood on end, bulging insanely now, her breasts enormous and her belly laden with the dozen or so nipples that Anya and I had. I was sure Peter had them too, but they were underdeveloped and hidden within his fur in his hybrid form

"Yes." She admitted and not expecting the truth, I blinked and then stared right at her. "It's a biological imperative placed upon the females of my lineage. The absolute craving to procreate children is strongest in the eldest daughter. The biology of your first pregnancy will likewise guarantee that your first child is a girl."

"Why?" I demanded stamping a foot again, but then she wrapped her hands about me, embracing me, holding me to her much larger body now. She got my hand out of my sex just long enough for she herself to slid a pair of fingers into me, and she started touching points inside my body while at the same time caressing my clit in just such a way…

My surprise and remarkable shock that she'd do this waned immediately in those moments that she got my bowels to explode on the inside. I shivered and cried, whimpered and thrust briefly onto her fingers before my loins finally spilt a tantric rush of fluids into the bath waters. After this I collapsed and had to be held up briefly by one of her strong arms as she pulled her fingers from me and settled into the water with me.

"There… is that better kitten?" she asked and I turned, laying my head against her sizeable beast, sitting on her lap within a submerged step in the pool and nodded before shivering minutely with orgasmic aftershocks. "That done… And to answer your question just now, you've lived here with me for nearly a month and you cannot guess why?" Baba asked me.

I'd been purring just then when her counter-question came, and I found myself kneading her tit for its milk when my mind snapped into place after the aftershocks of pleasure left me and I realized what she'd asked. Only then was I able to contemplate the counter-question in order to give an answer. Sadly… I didn't know enough so straddling her thick lap, my hands resting upon the tops of her enormous breasts I thought and then shook my head.

“I have no idea. I don’t understand these things.” I answered at last and shivered again.

Baba smiled at me, she so large that despite that I was raised up onto her lap, she and I could nonetheless see eye to eye. It was like she was a grown woman and I was her slender teenaged daughter.

“My power needs an heir to perpetuate it,” She said at last. “So there is an enchantment in your blood and in your bones that at this time has been in place for far, far too long for even me to undo it even if I wanted to, and admittedly, I don’t.

“Though the Crone was successful in murdering your mother, I’ll not loose you, Anya or Peter. The three of you are all that is left of our clan.” She smiled then and hugged me tightly to her breasts, and after a moment I slid down her lap and found one of her nipples in order to nurse. “Excuse me… the five of you.”

I unfastened myself from her tit, licking the remnants of the milk from it before looking up at her.

“What am I to you? A granddaughter… or some sort of battery for your magics?”

“You are a granddaughter that also serves as an amplifier by your mere existence, not a crude storage for me to draw upon.”

I sighed and pushed away from her before turning to stand a pace or two away from.

“You said you wanted to talk to me about other things. Is this that other thing you wanted to talk to me about?”

“Yes… and others. There’s a lot for you to learn Tanya, things that those men at the facility couldn’t possibly have put into your mind. But one such case is that unlike your brother and your sister, you and you alone have somehow absorbed an enormous amount of ether between the time you left me and the time you returned, enough that’d take seven lifetimes to obtain and I’d like to ask you how such a thing is possible.”

“I don’t even know what *‘ether’* is, grandmother Yaga.” I replied.

“Ether is magic.” She replied. Your brother and sister are both so incredibly low on it that they are practically mundanes, but from afar, when you were near to Mother Russia, I felt you go from being like them to becoming something hitherto… unheard of before. It was like a mundane becoming a Sorceress in an instant. I need to know how such a thing possible?”

I thought. I was still irritated at the fact I was somehow being forced to conceive and give birth instead of choosing the when, how and where of it, but nonetheless I still thought about what she wanted to know.

“Close to Russia… That must’ve been on Saint Lawrence Island.” I said, and thought some more. “I… had not fed in ages. No new power, nothing, and then we met Twenty-Five there. He’d been equipped by the Alexandros to have powers that drained me of mine, but they did it with their technology some how.

“As I weakened he grew stronger.

“But when we finally defeated him, whatever that was in him that gave him his power was about to explode… the sort of explosion that would’ve decimated the land for kilometers across. I… absorbed all that energy inside me, including a sort of energy that came from several containers on his back.”

“Containers?”

They were filled with a strange gelatinous white fluid, but the fluid was… I don’t know… it was energized somehow with a very, very fine energy. Finer than electricity.”

Baba rose and waded through the water and I felt her take my shoulders again before I turned to face her.

“Tanya… hold out your hand.” Baba said, and starting at her for a moment, debating whether or not I wanted to, I eventually did put my hand out in courtesy, holding it with the palm downward.

Baba placed her hand beneath mine then but with her palm up, and a good three decimeters below my hand, right before a blue-white mist rose from her palm and danced about it.

I gasped and turned fully to meet her, remembering that feeling as I fed from Twenty-Five and felt my arousal peak immediately. Every nipple lining my bodice hardened instantly, the clitoris erecting hard and firm while both labia puffed out in hard throbbing arousal. I rolled my head back and gasped, and immediately began sucking in that energy, feeling muscle fibers tense and then thicken, growing rapidly right before my bones thickened and my body swelled with the power.

I lifted my other hand to it, sucking it up like a sponge, moaning and erupting an orgasmic lance as muscles bubbled and expanded all across my frame, and I snarled as I grew steadily stronger moment by moment, and then…

“Enough.” Baba said and closed her hand, and with a gasp I surged for her hand, whimpering as I tried to get it open again, but when she allowed me to open it there was no more of that energy there. I licked her palm and scratched at it, trying to get more.

“N-no… no! More…”

“No Tanya… no more. Not till you earn it yourself. But it confirms my suspicions:

“Man… has learned to harness the power of natural magic.”

******

I shivered, wrapped up in a heavy blanket despite all the fur I had on me, despite all the warming thick flesh that covered my body. To make matters worse, I had a hand over my crotch and was idly caressing it toward creaming.

Baba approached me while I sat there with my body wrapped up like this, and offered me a cup of hot cocoa that I gladly accepted and drank immediately from for the added warmth.

“What… was that… the stuff that came from your hand?”

“That is ether, Tanya.” Baba said before crossing her legs and settling on the couch beside me. “It’s pure energy, purer than electricity, so fine that the rules of science have yet to identify it… or at least I thought it had yet to identify it. Every living thing contains it in a measure necessary to support life, but when a creature absorbs more of that energy, they grow stronger faster and wiser.

“Humans, through hard work, like exercise can grow stronger and tougher, and through study they become smarter. Those acts are mundane ways of absorbing ether by increasing the size of the reservoirs that hold that ether, and then letting the ether just flow in.

“Lycan, however, absorb it through ingesting the fluids of another, most especially the fluids of other Lycan or other magical beings.

“A magician actively absorbs ether.”

“So I’m some sort of magician?” I asked. “Peter and Anya are too? I know Whisper is.”

“No… you’re unlike any sort of magician I’ve ever known, Tanya.” Baba said. “You’re unlike any sort of magician anyone has ever known. What you and your brother and sister do is like magic that aligns with science. As such, when you come in contact with pure ether, instead of this refined substance you encountered… it’s an addicting substance. I can only imagine what would happen if you could learn to draw upon it on your own.”

She was silent for a moment and I took another drink of the cocoa.

“Tanya…” she prompted. “I want you to tell me absolutely everything you encountered on that island. Start from the very moment you set foot on it and leave no detail that you can think of out.”

******

Morning was rising by the time that I’d finished my tale, and by that time Baba and I had moved out into the garden. Baba looked disturbed as she gripped the white picket fence with both hands.

“What’s wrong?” I asked her and she continued staring.

“Monsters… these Alexandros.” Baba said immediately. “Your tale has revealed more than you know, Tanya.”

“Why… what do you know?” I prompted and pulled the blanket closer about me.

“The bodies you found, hanging upside down and eaten. They must’ve been harvested. Whether it was done immediately by drinking their blood, or later by processing their blood through some way, they were drained of their energy to the point where they were killed for it, all to feed that monster.”

I blinked and thought for a moment, and then I thought a little bit more, and suddenly I started to weep.

“B-but… but if all their power were siphoned so grotesquely in order to feed him, and I absorbed that same energy… then all that evil…”

“No!” Baba turned on me fiercely, saw the look on my face and then pulled me into her arms. “Not evil… what was done to those people was horrific, but better that their lives be spent fueling you than instead of that monster, Tanya. Do not sorrow for what has happened, and be happy that their strengths now find themselves within you where their deaths now have meaning.”

“But…”

“No buts.” She said and fingered my lips with one thick clawed finger. “Don’t trouble yourself with this sort of a burden, Tanya. It’s a gift what you have.”

“But… what is it? What do I do with it?”

“That… child… is going to take awhile to explain.”

Day 435: *I, for one, was growing eager to continue on our path, but Whisper, after all that she'd struggled through, deserved to be off her feet and be pampered like an invalid for awhile. Not that it'd stop her to get on her feet either. After a night of healing from the efforts of giving birth, she was already trying to walk on her own.*

And Peter wouldn't have that.

He was constantly trying to get her to sit, pampering her, doing all that he could for her short of wiping her clean after anything she might do involving the bathroom, and she voiced certain annoyances in soft tones toward him before she roared at him and forced him back so that she could stand. Then taking their cubs, she moved into the garden with all the smells and pretty flowers, and there she resided for the next few days. We all got to nurse the two cubs – well, everyone except Peter of course – and holding a hungry cub in my arms and nursing it made me want one of my own all the more.

But during that last week, a mixture of emotions was assailing me. There was the want to be with Dmitri again, but then again there was the desire to remain with Grandmother Yaga… especially since returning to the real world meant that we'd be re-entering into winter.

Grandmother Yaga said that I should train my new powers as best as I could. In time I might even be able to do magic.

******

I was growing stronger. Every day I was growing stronger as I practiced and used my strengths, and Anya and Peter knew that I was growing… they could even see it. I could see it, and I had a feverish desire for the strength this new power offered me.

And that's why my brother and sister were keeping their distance from me as of late, but also it was that same reason of what was causing such a depression in me.

My eyes were closed as I sat in the garden, sensing out rocks and stones in the ground that would interfere with the plants roots with my mind and pulling them from the ground, crushing them with my powers and feeling my muscles swelling and my mind opening with every one I did. I grew stronger, and stronger, flaring and billowing, breasts engorging… soon, if this kept up, I'd be every bit as big and as beautiful as Baba Yaga was.

And then I felt a twinge inside my head as a presence entered the garden and blinking my eyes open, I lost control of all those stones and they immediately fell, but they didn't hit the ground… Another power slid outward and took them all and held them up for me.

"Control is a difficult thing to learn with something so chaotic, dear sister."

At a moment I thought it was Anya, but instead I found Whisper entering the garden again, dressed like a princess with all the finery and the dowry that Baba had given her. Her son and her daughter were held in her arms as she sat down on a bench with me while her power moved all the rocks she'd caught and placed them into a pile nearby for later.

"I forget that you can speak here at times." I mentioned.

"As do I." she smiled, and then cooed toward her daughter who was gripping onto Whisper's fat breast with teeth and the claws of both hands. She had absolutely the brightest blue eyes… so blue they were eyes. Of course she couldn't hurt her mother, but it was quite cute seeing the cub do this to play with her mother and then mew happily.

"Where's Peter?" I asked and pivoted toward her. The rocks weren't the only things that were levitating before she entered, I was suspending myself too like Anya could in her Blue Mode, only she was still a lot better at it than I was.

“Sleeping… finally. I’ve never seen a male fuss over a female like he does. I know he was raised human, but this… this duty concept he refers to all the time seems like a wonderful thing, but I can’t help but think he’s taking it to its extremes.” And she crossed her legs and placed both cubs in a laying position on her lap to hold them both.

“Peter’s adoptive father is a good man.” I mentioned. “I’m so happy that he could be sent somewhere in the world where he can grow up and learn to be an adult as males are concerned.”

“But also… he needs to learn that we females aren’t as weak as he supposes us to be, and there’ve been females giving birth to cubs long, long before me.” She said and I giggled. “I hope I don’t have to emasculate him by fighting him to show him that.”

“He wants to be strong, Whisper… he wants to show you that he can provide and care for you and most importantly he wants to show you that he can protect you under all cases. While you have this moment with him, while you can talk, you should tell him that… just to clear the air with him while it’s easy. Or else I think you’ll have a lost-in-translation sort of thing when you try to duplicate that with sign language.”

“Kind of like when I told him I was in heat before these two were conceived.” She smirked and cooed to her cubs.

I smirked at that, remembering that one of the best things to ever happen to this family was Peter misunderstanding that a girl he met – Whisper – was in a heat and that if he put his penis inside her then she would almost undoubtedly conceive. Peter misunderstood her and thought she was telling him that she was hot… and he agreed about that and made love to her, unknowing that to impregnate a female in her culture meant that you were accepting her as your mate.

Over the course of nine months between having to leave her, obtaining her, Windigo himself coming to retrieve her and she telling us all that she was pregnant, and then later after traveling with us, what Twenty-Five had done to her and then giving birth, it’s been a relative roller coaster. Now she was family, she was the mother of my niece and nephew, and now a fully grown bob-tailed saber-toothed tiger.

And then I thought about something. “Whisper… how… how strong have you grown?”

Whisper smiled at me, and then steadying her cubs with one hand she lifting an arm and I watched as she flexed that arm, seeing the shoulder, the bicep and the forearm all increase in thickness five to eight times over, while all the supporting muscles like her pectoral and her back and dorsal muscles swelled a bit to support it.

Whisper then relaxed that arm, and gesturing toward a blank spot in the lawn, a huge stone obelisk surged upward from the ground, the thing heaving like a spire before she gestured again and the rock molded itself. But what it molded itself into was an artistic representation of Peter and his son, Whisper and their daughter, Anya and me, all standing with out backs to each other before a shaped obelisk of Muscovite shot upward behind the images.

“My powers have matured, I believe.” Though I don’t have all the powers my father has, I nonetheless have the power of the stone. I seemed to have a tremendous spike in power directly after I gave birth. Just like your foremother had told us, it happened right about the moment I became a mother.”

I sighed and rose abruptly, planting both feet on the ground and turning to look upon the statues.

“I’m jealous of you, Whisper.” I mentioned.

“You’ve said this before.” She said laughing, and I heard her rise. “Give it time, sister… I’m certain that you’ll grow to be a great mother when you finally return to your man.”

Turning to her, I was there right when she could lifted her daughter into my arms.

I automatically accepted the cub and cradled her.

“Give her suck… despite the grandeur of my femininity, it isn’t always sufficient to feed two hungry cubs.” She smirked, and shifted her gown slightly to give her son suck as well.

“Liar… but nonetheless, I’m glad to help.” I smirked, and then looked at her daughter as she drank the foremilk from my breast, looking up at me with eyes of innocence and absolute trust in me.

Looking down at her, even though that she wasn’t mine, I couldn’t conceive of ever doing to her what The Crone did to her own son. How could a woman ignore even the most primal of instincts in her to commit such a crime against her own progeny? To plan on doing such a heinous crime even before conception?

“H-have you and Peter decided on any names yet?”

“Upon the next full moon, sister,” she mused and bent to kiss her son’s forehead. “That’s traditionally the naming ceremony for at least my people. I know not if your people have similar traditions.”

“Neither do I.” I mentioned, and then lifting a hand to her son’s head, I palmed it softly. “Whisper… As soon as you feel strong enough and up to it… we will leave for Mir.”

Day 435 – Supplemental: *The room was dark, the bed soft and alluring for it had scents of femininity on it, most especially Whisper's. In my stupor, I forgot about a lot of things, one of them being that I should be watching over my lifemate right now.*

That thought struck me as I slowly came awake, till finally there were a pair of lips upon mine, and I awoke immediately only to find Whisper rising from off me.

"Beloved… I…" But she pushed a finger against my mouth to silence me, and she bent to kiss me again, rubbing her cheeks against my face as her purring grew louder before she rose again, arched deeply, reached up to the shoulders of her gown and unclasped it

Pulling open her gown then, she revealed her muscular and sexual body to me, each breast punctuated by an erect nipple, her labia flared and swollen open, her muscles tense and active before she cast the gown away.

"Whisper… I… I think we shouldn't do this… you just gave birth and…"

And she silenced me with a finger upon my lips again.

"You think me a mere human girl?" she purred. "I'm neither human, nor a girl now. I'm an Adult and a Lycan… and unlike a fragile human woman, a thing like giving birth is quickly overcome." And with that she reached downward and cupped my penis, her fingers sliding along its length to further entice me.

"Whisper… I still fear hurting you."

"You might. You are a big… strong… powerful male after all that has so much to give." And she leaned back a bit. "So… very much to give." She smirked as I erected to my full length and girth within her kneading fingers.

Muring, she planted my tip against her engorged labia and slid down onto me, moving slowly and gaspingly, arching and churning herself till she was to the hilt, and long-arming me briefly, her heavily laden and greatly swollen breasts wobbling beneath her as she rocked minutely upon me, she gasped hard and then rubbed her head against mine. "Almost too much." She groaned, and then lowered herself to lie with me, kissing my face as I automatically cupped her back and bottom; feeling her great mammaries compress between us while at the same time experiencing her inner muscles cajole my erection that was now inside her expertly.

"What brought this on?" I found myself asking as she rocked herself onto me, clawing at my chest and shoulders, kissing my face and neck.

"You… are under the illusion…" she panted. "That just because I had two babies that I cannot take care of myself, that I'm not strong enough to take care of them by myself without you unaided."

I stopped the motions I was doing and looked at her, and when she rose, feeling me deflate inside her, she could see on my face that I was hurt. Her response was to smile and then kiss me before she ground my lap, and my body erected on its own accord before she rose and arched her back deeply, milk leaking from her breasts from the foursome being compressed against my chest.

"I… am not human, Peter." She said and continued loving me. "I'm not so weak as a human woman, and though I appreciate your help, though I welcome it, I'm not so weak as to rely exclusively upon you for my every need or want."

I held onto her hips, watching as my erection slid in and out of her bodice as she humped me. She… humped me, and I was just lying there like a sack of something foul.

"Stop pouting." She admonished me with a chuckle and I blinked up at her. "Things like Honor and Duty are fine, but don't carry them so far as you dishonor your mate or take her duties onto yourself. I know you worry about me, but I know myself enough to know where my limits are at the moment."

"But…" I protested.

"But…" she covered my lips with a finger and caressed them in order to quiet me. "You were only trying to help." She mused and continued sliding along my erect shaft which wasn't as nearly as stiff as it could be. "I know, but enough is enough. Let me walk on my own, let me act on my own, feed myself, care for myself and so on.

"I want you to understand that I'm not an invalid."

I smirked then. "And what if I refuse to let you do that? What if I want to do these things for you still?"

"But you won't."

"Why is that?"

"Because. As well-meaning as you are, you wouldn't deny me my freedom… would you?" she blinked and I settled backward and exhaled a long breath of air through my nose.

"Alright… I understand. You want your independence from me."

"Not all of it." She smirked and resumed riding me, arching more deeply and throwing her head back to growl pleasingly before falling against me, her breasts now pressing in my face as she hugged my head to them, my shaft being pinched and massaged by her innards before she shifted a leg upward, bending it deeply to change the way her insides were. She was pleasuring me. All this was for my benefit. "I do enjoy the pampering after labor, just not to the extent you're taking it to." She purred for me and groomed the forelock atop my head with her tongue. Being lifemates is a partnership, Peter. As Humans we're still considered children in the eyes of their adults, but as Lycan you and I are well past due for the Age of Procreating."

"Are you telling me that I should grow up?" I asked her, and thrust suddenly and she bit her lip and whimpered beautifully, her whole body shivering as I penetrated her deeply.

"N-no… You grew up somewhere on your journey long ago." And she snarled, shaking her head and disheveling her mane of white hair before rolling her body from head to hips to bend my cock inside her forward and backward. "What I'm asking you to do now, husband, lord, protector, lifemate… Is to consider us in this wonderful mind of yours that you and *I… are old enough to care for each other… and our babies."*

She moaned and arched herself deeply again, pulling both legs forward now to alter the shape of her insides again, which then changed the way my phallus slid in and out of her, enhancing the pleasure for us both.

"I can respect that." I gasped, and gripped the base of my phallus to keep it from erupting.

"Oh my lord… you're already nearing spewing?"

"What can I say… I've been backed up." I smiled. "Three months without sex and I really, really want you."

And together the two of us enjoyed the first mutual sexual experience we'd had for months.

******

I palmed the wall of the bath, standing up along its edge as I gasped and moaned. Muscles were engorging rapidly… I was growing heavier and stronger, my breasts swelling atop surging chest muscles and flaring ribs till they pressed against the wall. The strength in me would flare, it would engorge, enhancing my body into unmitigated sizes, and then suddenly compress, storing that added strength deep inside me, ready to be used at a moment's notice, but the end result, each time, was more beauty, slightly greater size, and a surge of added available strength.

And then there was the wringing, tightening sensation of my body optimizing itself, growing slender from the ballooning appearance of the enhanced strength, and when it ended, when I was relaxed enough to orgasm, a spraying jet of ejaculate ripped from me and pulsated from my throbbing pussy even as I collapsed to both knees and started panting.

I could feel them… right in the back of my mind… feel Whisper and Peter sharing pleasure and joy, and I wept for my desire of it.

"Tanya?"

I turned fiercely, breasts wobbling heavily as I saw Anya entering with a blanket and some soaps to wash herself with.

"A-Anya…" I greeted, and forced myself to smile. "I… Come in! I'm just a bit short of breath."

Anya stood there for a moment, but finally came in, and placing her things at the pool's edge, dipped into the hot waters while I knelt there with one hand between my legs.

It would have to take a blind woman not to notice that Anya was now half my weight.

"What's happening to you?" she asked, working her way into the water. "Every time I see you, you're larger and stronger and more virile. Damn it, Tanya… I'm starting to become attracted to you. You have no idea how uncomfortable that is."

"Yes I do." I said simply, and Anya grew very silent. "I've been struck repeatedly with a need for sex for ages. I've gone so far where strangers had to sex me in order to save my life even, but I have no memory of sharing myself with Isaac the Werebear.

"My need for sexual copulation has led me to catching myself viewing you, Peter… Whisper… all of you in a purely sexual way before I had to go distance myself from the lot of you. Out of us all, I've had the least amount of sex during this long hunt for our family.

"Now that I found my family… I'm…" I turned slowly and hunched both shoulders before grinning at her. "Very, very, very, very interested in expanding it. But certain other things are needed for everyone else here, so I… kinda put myself in the background."

"Why do you do such things? Why did you journey across Russia to find me, then across America for Peter, deal with everything involving Whisper only to cross Russia again?" Anya asked as she settled into the water up to her neck.

"Isn't that obvious? I wanted a family… above all else. Even just the knowledge that you exist and where you are would've been enough for me. I'd be satisfied that the two of you wanted to stay where you were, and in hindsight… I should've told you both to stay… and then we wouldn't be having such problems with the Alexandros."

I sighed and slid into the water and pinched both legs together and just let the orgasm happen, clenching myself and straining as I felt the double orgasm from Peter and Whisper through the back of my mind happening no more than a ten meters above my head. With me half submerged into the water, the second spray of my juices would go unnoticed.

"But now I want a baby… even if its just one… but when we get back, I fear that I won't be able to do that even."

"Why?" Anya mused and started bathing.

“Because my man is a man, Anya. He can’t impregnate me… not unless he’s a Lycan too. That can be fixed, of course, but… I can’t ask him to become something else like that. It’s not fair to force a person to do a thing and never turn back from it for selfish things.”

“I think, Tanya… that if he truly loved you and wanted to make a family with you… that he’d do just that to sate you. Look at Peter and Whisper. Our brother dotes on Whisper, and if your Dmitri is half the man Peter is, then you’ll find yourself just as sated as Whisper is.” And then Anya dunked her head and came up again with her mane wet before she drew it all over one shoulder, squeezed the water out of it and continued bathing.

I bit my lower lip while she was under the water as a third orgasm ripped from my loins.

“As soon as Whisper is well enough to leave, as soon as the babies are healthy enough, we’re leaving. Perhaps we can get that plane some fuel and fly home.”

Anya smirked at me, and then giggled. “Tanya… I don’t say this lightly… but you are in so darned need of a blow.”

I smirked and then splashed water at her. “Hey!” she said, and then splashed a wave at me.

A second later we were having a splash fight, laughing and screaming at each other like little girls, till suddenly Anya transformed with a snap and shoved both her hands forward and all the water in the bath surged at me, knocking me out of the water.

In a daze, shaking my head in surprise, I came up and gaped at her in surprise as she stood there looking at my hands. She laughed in her altered form, her voice seeming more sing-song and I joined her in laughing before the splash fight began again… this time without tidal waves… but as amazing as it was… Anya started showing signs of using water as a part of her blue-mode powers. How, I had no idea, but she did it.

She even started doing weird things with it like making water balls and tossing them at me… at one moment she created a snowball!

The second and third snowball I melted before they reached me with my powers and then she tackled me and we both went down laughing. But then suddenly I felt her arms tighten about me as she returned to White Mode, rubbing her head against my chest and breasts as she embraced me.

“Tanya… before I forget, I want you to know that I love you… and I’m really… really glad and thankful that you came for me.”

My heart warmed, and laying there in the water, Tanya and I embraced one another like sisters.

Day 448: *Whisper's people have a naming day for their children on the first full moon after they are born. It's the day that is celebrated as the day of the child's birth instead of when they exit the mother, for it's considered that presenting the child to the moon was the completion of the child's birth.*

Whisper herself was born on a month with a blue moon, or a month that had two full moons in it. She was considered blessed because of it even despite her mother's death in child birth and the fact that she was white furred and a mute, and no one ever knew why till she started developing The Fang.

But this 'Name Day' *which has a certain degree of pomp and circumstance to it, was to mark our last day with Grandmother Yaga, for afterward, primarily for my own sanity, we were to continue westward toward Mir.*

******

The ceremony was a sort of baptism. A stone basin that was filled with water was placed in Baba's front garden with her, Anya and me watching, while Peter and Whisper both enacted the ceremony.

First one cub was washed, the girl first because she was born first, and she giggled and played in the water, splashing her parents having surprising body control for a cub that was no more than a week old. They washed her and cleaned her, and then together they lifted her up to the rising full moon and gave her a name.

"Rain Peterova Asimov." They said in unison, and repeating the process for the boy, raised him to the moon as well. "Victor Peterovitch Asimov."

I smirked as the ceremony was done. Whisper named the girls, Peter named the boys, but both bore Peter's name and their family name as was Russian Tradition. But as was Whisper's tradition, afterwards, there was much celebration.

******

It'd been awhile since I'd last achieved my human form. It was so comfortable being with Grandmother Yaga being that I could be in my altered form all the time and no one would judge me that I'd almost abandoned that weak and frail human form of mine. But upon attaining that form, I murred at the firm-bodied and powerful muscle tone with utmost femininity I now possessed.

White-blonde, with large breasts and chorded muscles everywhere, I murred as I palmed the supple breasts I had before hefting one and making a breakfast of my milk.

"You tease." Anya chuckled as she entered from the submerged bath house below the hut, her naked human body glistening with moisture.

Though she wasn't as strong as I was, she nonetheless was blessed with larger breasts and a rounder bottom. *She definitely was the one who had all the beauty in the family,* I thought as she sat down, pulled her hair over one shoulder and started brushing it. I noted that before she crossed her legs, she had still had a little tuft of hair over her vaginal mound like I did, something that she'd been developing slowly over the past month or so. That meant she was entering into the same maturity I held at long last. This was the form her fully adult body would hold for an age.

Together we got dressed, putting on warm clothes to hang over our skin, with Ivan resting in the carpet bag since it was the most comfortable place to be. And smirking at him, I tapped the bag like Grandmother Yaga showed me while I was here, and Ivan rose upward on the shaft of wood that was the wardrobe with nary a twitch.

'Aww… it was warmer down in there.' He complained before I opened the wardrobe's front doors to get at its hangings and drawers. Ivan's front paws just hung off the edge after the door was opened.

“Yes… but we need to be warm too.” Anya smirked before she and I started dressing in panties and trousers and such. I had to resort to taking the largest of the clothes she and I shared, and even then everything felt like it was about to explode about me.

I’d just finished pulling a shirt over my immaculate chest before a lone naked woman entered the room.

“Ah… hello?” I ventured. “Who are you?”

She was strong, and subtly tanned, with white hair and green eyes, her breasts full and wobbling with their apparent weight as she folded her hands together.

“Hey… who are you?” Anya blinked, looking her from head to toe.

“I’d suppose you wouldn’t recognize me,” the woman said in a voice that was unmistakable. “Neither of you’ve seen me like this yet.”

“Whisper?!” we both said at once and she blushed even more and shrugged her muscled shoulders shyly.

“I suppose it’ll be easier for us to move like this now.” She mentioned. “Though admittedly… ah… I have a bit of a problem.”

“What sort of problem could there be that you can’t handle?” Anya smirked.

“I… ah… never wore clothes before.” She said and both Anya and I blinked. “Peter was all for offering me some of his clothes… but… he suggested that his clothes wouldn’t do me any justice. He started mentioning things like panties and bras, and then got so flustered he said I should come see the two of you. He’s very knowledgeable and sexy, but when he tries to figure out females he turns hilariously cute and shy. I had to leave before I started laughing at my poor husband.”

I chuckled and moved forward and turned her from side to side, looking her from head to toe.

“Well… we can accommodate you. You have a slighter frame than either Anya or me.”

“But you know what this means, Tanya?” Anya smirked, opening the wardrobe and withdrawing a pair of panties from the wardrobe and petting Ivan as he continued to lay there with his head down, watching us dress like a peeping tom. “It means we need to expand the wardrobe for all three of us now.”

“Any reason to spend money.” I smirked. “Now let’s get you dressed.”

******

“Aren’t you coming Grandma?” Anya asked as we milled about at the end of her yard in our warmest coats… Whisper’s coat lent to her from Yaga herself.

“No dear.” She said squatting before us since she was so massive, and even then she was taller than all of us by head and shoulders height. Only I could meet her in the eye this way. “I need to travel a different way… I have to move a whole house after all.” And she kissed Anya’s cheek. “Now all of you be wary, and keep those cubs warm, it’s a bit blustery outside.

“Tanya… do you remember how to use the bag now to move in and out of my house?”

“Yes grandmother.”

“Perfect… now all of you give your grandma a scruntch.” And she hugged us all before I used the bag to open the doorway out to where we were, only to find out that what Grandmother Yaga had called *‘blustery’* was in no sense of the word the real truth of what was happening.

It appeared as if we were in the middle of a Polar Low… what many more commonly refer to as an Arctic Hurricane.

When I retrieved the bag, I turned to find Peter and Whisper hurriedly closing their parkas about Rain and Victor to hold the twins close to their bodies. We were in the same bowl as before, only with more snow, and getting my bearings, I turned us westward in an attempt to find the plane again.

******

"No Fuel." I stated once we'd uncovered it enough. "And the water has frozen in the lines."

Whisper was inside giving Rain and Victor their morning meal, and she looked up at us despite that the inside of the plane was an icebox.

"What do we do now?!" Anya shouted over the wind where she stood outside, Ivan poking his head out of her coat and getting pelted with the snow. He folded his ears against the back of his head and meowed in protest. If he said something I couldn't understand it.

I thought, and turned to look about us, trying to find solace somewhere. "We head into town!" I shouted back. "Find a place to stay, find some fuel… hope that someone is willing to sell us plane fuel for American dollars! Besides… we're not taking off in this…

"Whisper… how do you feel about a good kilometer walk or so?!"

Whisper looked at Peter who was acting as a wind guard for her. She'd lost her voice the moment she left Yaga's home, so once again communicated in facial expressions and hand signs.

"It's about half a mile!" Peter offered to her, and she turned to me and nodded.

"Well then as soon as the cubs are finished with their breakfast, we can head north to the town.

******

Ureliki and Provideniya were two parts of the same town built upon an inland fjord. There were more people that one would call Eskimos here like there were on Saint Lawrence Island and the surrounding communities, only they were slightly more industry-minded here instead of hunter-gatherer minded. The town was in a mild state of disrepair, with the greatest disrepair that I saw being its port facilities.

But in the town square of Provideniya still stood a statue of Lenin, and I found myself looking up at the noble father of Modern Russia who took the reigns of power from the Czars and gave it to the people… before Stalin took it back from the people and gave it unto himself…

Peter and Whisper moved about gathering food and supplies, talking in sign language with each other. It was easier to pretend that Whisper was both deaf and mute, so that the people would leave her alone since she couldn't speak our language.

Anya and I went to go secure some fuel.

"Hey! You two get away from there. That fuel is hazardous for little women."

We were back in a place where everyone spoke Russian, which was a guttural language when spoken properly… the language of strong, physically powerful people. There was a reason why our nation's animal symbol was the bear.

"We need to buy some fuel." I stated. "We have American Dollars."

“Ha! I don’t know if you noticed… but this is Russia! We have no use for American Dollars here.”

“You are aware that the American Dollar is worth more than the Russian Ruble.” Anya mentioned.

“Ha! Imperialistic swine use American Dollars. They have no use here.”

My eyes narrowed. Clearly we were dealing with a male chauvinist pig.

“Oh forgive us mighty bear-man!” I said and shrugged my shoulders. “Forgive us for being weak and stupid as is our feminine nature.” Anya turned slowly to look at me as if I were out of my mind. “But couldn’t you help us this once… pretty please?”

“No!” he said and hammered a fist onto a metal pipe and made it ring. “Little girls shouldn’t play with flammable things. Now be gone!” and he waved us off before walking into his little depot and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Tanya…” Anya warned. “He’s only human.”

“What do you think I’m going to do? Huff and Puff and blow his little house down like the fat little piggy that he is? We need that fuel!”

“Those are werewolves who huff and puff.” Anya said. “What do you suggest that we do?”

“Well, we could go see if there’s someone else who’d sell us the fuel… but I’m looking forward to humbling our friend here.”

“You’re not going to have sex with him, are you?!” Anya gaped incredulously.

“Anya… there’s desperate, and then there’s really desperate… I’m really desperate but if we had that fuel then we could just fly west and I can make love to my heart’s content with the most perfect man in the whole wide world for me. The Storm’s dying down, so once it blows itself out… we’ll make our move.”

******

Yaakov Smirnov had mentioned once upon a time ago, *‘In America, you catch a cold. In Soviet Russia, Cold catches you.’*

Thankfully, one benefit of being a Lycan made it that we couldn’t catch colds short of being injected with the Ebola Virus. But nonetheless, the chill in the air at times was enough to make my family weep for warmer days. Only I remained somehow untouched.

The storm blew itself out within a matter of hours – Polar Lows rarely lasted more than twelve – leaving just a heavy snow storm in its wake, but still it was weak enough to take off in. So I went to the man in the fuel depot, dressed only in a trench coat while the rest of my family was resting in a nice warm hotel room. The door was locked, but lifting a finger, I extended a claw and inserted it into the lock before tearing the lock out and flicking it off my nail before opening the door and striding in, my hair falling immediately before my face to obscure my features.

The man looked up immediately from his TV as the door closed with a bang behind me.

“Who are you? Get out! Get…” he shouted, but then stopped as I shrugged my shoulders, opened the coat and threw the coat to the ground about my feet, revealing my incredible naked body. The fat man became immediately silent.

Massaging both boobs before hefting them and pressing them together, I sighed toward him, milk leaking from both tits as I lithely approached him by walking only on the balls of my feet. “So… you don’t respect women.” I said and

approached him silkily, caressing a nipple and squirting some milk out of it as I caressed the shorn pussy between my legs.

“W-what makes you say that?” he smirked and rose, lifting his hands toward me. Like all men, he assumed that a woman entering into his room naked meant that I was there for him. In his mind he was thinking that he was a god to deserve this.

“Because two women came to you, and you did nothing to help their plight… even when they tried to make it worth your while, you rejected them.” I purred and caressed his sweaty collar.

“Women are useful only for making food and babies because they’re stupid and weak.” He smirked at me.

Would you believe it? This guy’s single!

“So we’re weak huh?” I smirked, and then grabbed a fist full of his shirt and lifted him, and the smirking look on his face suddenly became one of surprise and fear. “So you’re superior to all women because you’re a man, huh?! Well I got something to tell you about your gender confusion,” and I grabbed his sweaty nut sack. “We’re all female for the first three months of our creation in the womb you pig! Oh… and you’re a pig too! Do you know what eats pigs?”

And he shook his head sharply.

I smiled, and then rapidly began changing.

With a huff and a puff, my breasts heaving, I started to stretch rapidly, coiling over the man while my sex immediately glistened from the pleasure of the change. Groaning from tensing and growing muscles and crunching from realigning muscles. His eyes went wide as my breasts ballooned; though blimped might’ve been a better term for the change they underwent. More breasts slid into place, and a plethora of nipples appeared lining my navel as each abdominal separated two or three times over.

Fur appeared and with a series of violent crunches my beautiful human face turned into an intensely feral feline one, with ears arching and rounding outward, a great mane growing atop my head. Lifting up onto my spreading toes claws extended from the backs of each finger and toe, the big toe pulling upward along my lengthening feet into a dewclaw while a ling tail pulled out from between my tight butt cheeks and telescoped outward. Fur spread from me as I grew, muscles thrusting and exploding violently about me while I rapidly grew so tall that I filled the room he was in, having to curve over myself to look down at the infinitesimal little man. I grinned at him, showing him every fang in my mouth as I collapsed downward toward the desk between he and I.

Snarling at him I yanked the desk apart and it splintered easily in two and I flung the two pieces to opposite ends of his depot. Shifting forward I tapped him in the chest and he was thrust straight into his chair, falling back into the old ripped leather fabric that looked like it was rescued from a dump somewhere.

“I do!” I snarled deeply at him and leaned forward till my breasts hemmed him into his chair, and took pleasure in his frightened screams before I silenced him. “Now… I want you to listen very carefully…”

******

“N-no! No! You don’t have to pay me! Not at all. Here! Take two.” The fat man laughed manically toward my sister and me and handed us the canisters of fuel.

“But,” Anya said and pulled out a thousand note of American tender. “We can pay you for this.”

“No! No I don’t need it! A pleasure to help.” He was crying at the same time as laughing now. “Here… take two more.” And he grinned at us, almost on the verge of weeping. “No charge… no charge at all.”

“But…” Anya continued.

“Thank you.” I said and took the thousand dollar note from Anya’s hand and stuffed it in his pocket before taking the canisters. “Let’s go before we take up any more of this man’s time.”

And Anya, looking at me confusedly, took the other two canisters and stepped in line with me as we walked away with our prizes.

“What did you do to him?!” she hissed to me when we were out of earshot.

“I taught him to respect women with some good old fashioned domination techniques… courtesy of the Facility.” I smirked at her. “He thinks the whole thing was a dream.”

“What did you do?!” Anya gasped, excited now as she skipped forward to be beside me.

“Stripped him naked with my claws, harried him through the snow with me taunting him, emasculated him by beating him with my tits, whipped him with his suspenders and called him dirty for considering for an instant that our gender was weak. Told him he needed to be kinder to women… or I’d be back.”

Anya laughed vehemently. Knowing her past in regards to men taking advantage of her, I understood her mirth.

“Don’t go developing dirty habits on my account now, Anya.” I smirked knowingly. “I can attest that there are good men out there.”

“Well… Your man Dmitri is your man, Tanya… and Peter’s our brother and is likewise mated with Whisper.”

“And then there’s Daniel.” I smirked. “Or your Lee…”

“He’s not my Lee anymore. He and I parted ways.”

“I’m sorry.” I said quietly.

“Don’t tell yourself that you’re responsible for that, Tanya. He and I parted for our own reasons.” And then we walked a little bit further before she turned to me. “Who’s Daniel?” she asked quietly and I smiled broadly and turned back to her.

“He’s our family Warder.” I said. “A sort of guardian.”

“Not a very good one…” Anya mentioned sadly as we walked through the snow toward where the plane had been stashed.

“Daniel was an officer in the KGB at the time, Anya. He was busy being a guard for our nation. It sadly kept him from being a guard for us from time to time. His commission was transferred to the FSB, and they put him in command of the security of a nuclear submarine.”

“That’s good…” Anya mentioned.

“That was turned into housing for soldiers and their families…” I finished.

“That’s bad.” She pouted and looked away.

“I don’t think so…” I mentioned and Anya looked to me again. “He’s a very good man. If I’d not met Dmitri first…”

Anya scoffed at me. “You did him!”

“I did.” I smirked back at her. “And not for sex, Anya… for love.”

“Who cares!” she shot back and whipped her head back. “It’s not like we can have babies with human men.”

“That’s true,” I said in return. “If Daniel were human. Like I mentioned, Anya… he was our family’s warder. He’s a tiger, a Siberian Tiger… just like us.”

“But if he were a warder for our family when all that happened, isn’t he old?”

“Yes… he was our father’s age then, when it all happened.”

“Then… he must be about sixty years old! Ew! I don’t want some wrinkly old fart. Pass!”

“Even if he looks like he’s in his late twenties with loads of muscle and a really big penis?” I smirked.

Anya blinked at me.

“In case you haven’t figured it out, Anya… there’s a reason why Lycan are called *‘the undying breed.’”*

Day 448 – Supplemental: *The plane had been used as a temporary shelter. A hole dug out of the snow and the door opened, and we could hang a heater of some sort to make the place warm. Making a nest out of it, my beloved mate and myself could secret ourselves for a little… romantic time while Tanya and Anya were gone.*

I laid over her, the cubs asleep and my hand caressing the most perfect breast I could think of… the thing large and plump, malleable beneath my hand with its firm areola and hard teat that leaked her milk into the palm of that hand. Of course I was biased… one might consider Anya's or Tanya's breasts to be more perfect, but then again I try not to look at my sisters' chests.

I was a bit against incest at the moment.

Whisper laid there, smiling up at me and enjoying the caressing sensations I made upon her breast, for I was getting an erection and she could feel it sliding along her thigh, and as she felt it she arched her back and spread her legs, looking at me with that expression that told me that she wanted nothing more than for me to enter her with that hard throbbing dick I'd somehow developed.

We were forced to move back toward silent communication, and I would miss that beautiful voice of hers, but right now speech and sound would only worsen the moment between us. She arched herself more deeply as I maneuvered toward her, sliding my tip against her bottom and sex till I found the spread open gap. Her legs spread wider, feathering open the lily-like petals of her sex till I started pressing against it, and slowly yet surely I slid into her body, piercing to make love to her.

Despite her earlier speech on women being strong, and female Lycan being stronger, I was still gentle, soothing… and she seemed to enjoy that more. I kissed her, caressed her, burying my face in her bosom and kissing her chest, till the whole plane jostled slightly.

Rising my head and looking about, I wondered what was going on, but when nothing happened I simply continued in my routine, plunging myself deeper into her body and starting to stroke her with my erect manhood, but then the plane jostled again and this time more violently, and Whisper and I both stopped as we rose up in the air. Not just Whisper and me… but the whole plane and everything in it!

Rain started to fuss, and we both snatched for the twins from their seats as I pulled out of my wife with a slurp before the plane was lifted out of the snow, moved forward and set on its wheels before the door was yanked open.

"Ew! It smells like sex in here."

"Can't you knock?!" I shot at Anya and tried to quiet my son… Whisper apparently got to Rain first.

"I thought we did." She smirked back. "Get dressed little brother. We need help prepping the plane."

******

The water lines needed to be warmed, but that sort of thing couldn't easily be done with microwaves because of the adverse affect microwaves had with metal. What I did manage to do, though, was to use some of my new powers to find the ice in the lines and liquefy them. With a full canister and a freshly cleared runway thanks to a wave of microwaves turning several feet of snow instantly to hot steaming water, I got my family into the Cessna three-ten we'd liberated from the Alexandros and finished the pre-flight checkups.

Then Taxing, I took one last look over my shoulder at everyone to be sure they were all seated and secure in the far back seat, and then turning back to the controls, throttled forward and took off. The twin engine Cessna powered up nicely as we turned toward the west and eventually to Mir.

******

Six hours later, the first major city of Markha appeared in the darkness as a plume of light. Though the fuel was running low, the warning light had yet to come on.

Six hours was a long enough time for everyone to be cramped up in a plane, and now even I had to pee. The tower came in over the radio, and I told them that we were running low on fuel and were going to make a brief stop in order to refuel. We were allowed to land for one hour only so long as we didn't leave the landing strip.

"Stretch your legs, go to the bathroom and avoid any cameras while I refuel." I told them. "You find anything strange then come back here immediately. And be careful. The Alexandros's hold has weakened on Russia, but that doesn't mean we should be any less careful."

They all assured me that they'd be careful and then moved off to do their business while I refueled the plane with the last two canisters Anya and I had acquired. It was as I was emptying the second canister that I heard the beeping.

It was sort of muffled, and following the beeping, fearing that I'd missed a homing beacon, I found the beeping coming from the carpet bag. Opening the bag, I found right at the top what I was looking for, like what usually happens when I open this bag, and the thing that was beeping was the pocket computer.

Blinking at it as I retrieved it, there was a little purple light on it that was blinking a fraction of a second at a time. I was surprised it still had power… I hadn't had a chance to plug it in, and pulling out its power chord and plugging it in to the plane's AC outlet, I spread open the sides of the device to get to the screen and switched it on, answering the chiming call, only to see an urgent message there.

<Where have you been?!>

It was Igor, and smirking, I hastily put in a reply.

>I didn't know you cared.<

I waited a moment or two before receiving his response.

<The GPS feature has a back up battery that will last for years even if the device is powerless. I lost the signal for a whole month. The only way that that would be possible is if you left the Earth or the device was destroyed. Since I can surmise now that it wasn't destroyed I must now ask… Where have you been?!>

I thought for a moment.

>Given my nature, that my very existence defies absolutely everything that you've ever held dear as a scientist, do you really want an answer to that question?<

There was a long silence before his response came through.

<So you did leave the earth…>

>In a manner of speaking<

<Good. Now that I can see you, nice tits by the way, > and I immediately looked up and gave whatever satellite he was looking at me with the finger. **<And that's not very lady-like,>** I smirked. **<I have good news and bad news for you.>**

I groaned.

>What's the bad news?<

<You and your family need to get out of there as soon as possible. I'm tracking an Alexandros Osprey and two Hinds heading your way. They don't seem to be heading in your exact direction, but best if you don't take chances.>

I sighed. **>What's the good news?<**

There was a little pause, and then I got the following.

<Ivan… is still alive. :D>

******

We were moving across Russia far faster than I thought we might be able to earlier. What would've taken us months, if not a year to cross so much land on foot took us no more than fourteen hours. It got me to thinking though. Ivan, the doctor that had me kidnapped and brought to the Facility was still alive.

I didn't know what to think of that.

Ivan was responsible for upsetting my life at the time. On the one side, he subjected me to an unmitigated level of pain. But on the other side, he helped unlock my heritage, made me stronger and helped me to realize I still had a family. I wanted to hug him while at the same time… I wanted to wring his bloody neck!

This whole adventure started with him, and I still had his log entries in the pocket computer that Peter, Anya and I all wrote in.

And then I thought… was he the mysterious helper? The person who'd warned us twice over of impending danger?

I sighed, not wanting to get emotionally biased to this helper… he or even she had not yet introduced themselves yet, so I was still committed to treating any information that came from that source with a grain of salt.

But then… who else knew about the pocket computer? Other than Igor, I mean…

Kotlas was easy to find, being that there was an airport and a military base and so many industrial lights at and around the city. And turning north automatically, feeling a sort of excitement entering me, I thought only of Dmitri then as the terrain rapidly sped beneath us. I started to get aroused, started to sweat… I imagined feeling his hyper-extended manhood penetrating me over and over again as I remembered the tangy taste of his cum. I swallowed just then out of reflex at the thought, and lifting a hand to my chest, unbuttoned the shirt I was wearing at the top as I began to perspire so much at my thoughts that sweat trickled between the now heaving mammaries decorating my chest. Between both legs the bulge of my pussy began to pulsate and throb, the labia billowing outward and flaring wide, disgorging the inner muscles and folds of feminine flesh as I creamed. I has to stifle a moan just then because of everyone else who was in the plane.

Gripping the steering yoke of the plane, I forced myself to focus lest I crash us, and looking about us as we got far enough north of the towns as I followed the road ways that was shown to me when Dmitri brought me to Kotlas before, I saw the glint of light in the distance that stood out like a sore thumb in the darkness of the Russian Winter. Flying over the place though, I thought for a moment that we were at the wrong place, and turning and banking and trying again despite the low fuel, I looked again, and almost left the area if not for the fact that I recognized Dmitri's house amidst the plethora of other actual houses.

Something had changed here…

And so banking and banking again, I looked for a nice flat plane in which we could land, found a promising field, and lowered ourselves onto it to land, slowing to stalling speed, cut the engine and then just slid into the snow. We spun a little at the end, but all was well… we'd landed, and we were safe.

******

There was a wall here now. A wall made of heavy wooden posts that had a long awning over it… and towers… and a really big gate where tire tracks moved in and out of the town. On the front of the wall was a metal plate, and

stepping up to the plate I found a small hammer dangling beside it on a chain and used it to rap soundly upon the metal plate.

Whisper and Peter were behind me, with Anya behind them, Ivan snugly nestled in between her breasts, and waiting expectantly, getting close to leaping over the wall in order to get to my love, I rapped the metal plate with its hammer again, only louder this time and more often, but I stopped when one of the cubs started fussing from the sound. Whisper immediately tried to nurse it.

And then there was a light that shone down on us.

"Who goes there?!" someone called down from the tower on either side of the gate.

"Sergei?" I replied. "Sergei is that you? Let us in!"

Sergei was one of the hunters that had been at Mir when I left.

"Who are you? How do you know me?" and I heard the sound of two bolt action rifles loading shells.

"Sergei… it's me! Tanya!" and I pulled my hair back to show him my face.

"Tanya?" he gaped. "Open the gate!"

And the light shut off, and we heard a lot of noises on the other side of huge barred doors being unlocked and metal spikes being lifted to keep the door in place before the two doors were opened, revealing a small pack of hunters turned guards in the doorway.

Among them was the familiar sight of Mikhail's cigar glowing in the night.

"Well now… this is a welcome sight." Sergei said. "After what you did for us, twice, I'd be a right bastard if I didn't treat you with the utmost respect."

"Tanya?" Anya asked. "What did you do?"

"Only got our families out of the cities!" Another who I didn't recognized exclaimed, and he came right up to me and embraced me tightly.

"Yes," Sergei said and shouldered his rifle. "Your man Daniel is the next best thing for this town aside from Dmitri. But hurry inside. There are packs of wolves about."

They hurried us in and closed the gates again, and I saw first hand the means in which the gate was secured… with huge stainless steel pieces and locks and binders and hinges. It looked to be a gate that could hold back a gale wind.

"What's been going on here?" I asked, looking around me. There was town power, street lights, a communications building… actual houses. True they were small and compact but they were actual houses now instead of little tents. "Is that a hospital?"

"More like an M.A.S.H." One grizzled one-armed guy who was wearing an old KGB jacket said. "And might I say, Tanya… we know all about you and your family now."

I turned toward the men and they were all smiling at me as if they knew an extra special secret.

"What… exactly… is it that you know about my family?" I said in a careful tone.

"Enough to know that a silver bullet will be needed to kill you." Mikhail stated. "Don't worry… I told no one. It sort of… slipped out."

“What just sort of slipped out?” I growled now, and the five men stepped back from me before they all looked at each other.

“Perhaps… You should see Dmitri for that one.” Mikhail said and taking a long drag on his cigar, passed it to the next man who started smoking it for awhile.

“And Daniel? Where’s he?” I asked.

“Out. Selling our wares and picking up supplies. Bugger sure knows how to stretch a Ruble.”

“Intimidates a Ruble so that it becomes two Rubles I’d say.” Another said and they all laughed.

“Now then… who are these nice people with you, Tanya?” Mikhail asked.

“Oh yes… yes! I was successful, and then some. I found my family!” and I moved to them. “This is my younger sister, Anya.”

“Hi.” Anya said and waved shyly at the men.

“And this is my brother Peter… and his wife and their cubs… I mean children Rain and Victor.”

“Pleasure… nice to meet you… welcome to Mir.” The men said alternatively.

“Is there a place where they can stay? I really don’t want them living in a tent or anything, and the babies need to be fed and changed.”

“Oh, we don’t use tents anymore… the apartments are assigned to those who are willing to help, and since everyone is willing to help and work, no one gets left out in the cold in a tent.”

“It’s… it’s like this is a cozy little village now.” I mentioned, and then I paused, suddenly nervous. “I-Is Dmitri home?”

They all looked at each other and grinned lecherously. “Sure he is,” Mikhail said as his partner drew upon the cigar beside them, making its cherry turn a bright red. Apparently there was still some level of frugalness around here if they were sharing a single cigar between them all. “You know where he is… we’ll help your family to a spare apartment, get it nice and warm. You just go see your… *man*… as soon as you can.”

They all laughed knowingly for some reason, and I just thought that they were being just as lecherous as they normally were. So I turned to Anya, Peter and Whisper and urged them to follow them. “These are good people… don’t worry… they’ll take care of you.”

“But where are you going?” Peter asked in English. I knew he understood Russian, he just felt more comfortable with English. “To that Dmitri guy you’ve been talking about for the last several thousand miles?”

The former KGB man sniggered, indicating that he understood English, and Peter looked at him clenching his jaw slightly. Apparently not everything he said in English would be kept secret.

“Yes he is.” I said and bit my lower lip and Peter nodded.

“Then we’ll see you later?” Peter said quietly.

“Much later.” Anya added with a broad smile and the KGB man laughed again.

I hugged my family good bye, and then turned to the big house at the end of the makeshift main square. If I moved any faster up the dirt street I would be running.

******

Doors were still not left locked here. There was only one vehicle and Dmitri owned it. Everyone shared everything here so long as you were a productive worker so no one stole from anyone else, especially since if you did steal, you couldn't run far before Dmitri and the other men caught you, and if you tried to hide a thing here, it'd eventually be found and you'd simply be kicked out of the town. Now that there was a wall, that was an even greater threat.

Communism was a truly visionary thing… but… it required a constant stream of good administrators like Dmitri to be in command of it. Lenin's grand design lasted only so long as he was alive.

His house acted as the capitol building. It was water and power, it was administration, and until recently, apparently, it had also been the hospital. Stepping up to the house, with the chimney smoking from a warm fire inside, I opened the screen door, hearing the familiar creak and smiled nostalgically at it, before pushing open the main door and stepping inside his kitchen.

Familiar scents assailed me, wafting into my nose, filling my head, and I smelled it all, breathing it in and remembering my former time here, and I reacted to it, reacted to the memories, and both nipples atop either tit grew as hard as they could be. Then I saw a scarf – his scarf – hanging beside me on a wall peg, and stepping over to it I picked up the dangling ends of the garment with both hands and pushed it into my face before taking a deep, deep smell of it.

How could I've forgotten his scent? I asked myself, and rubbed my face against it, sniffing in all that wonderful smell, and immediately becoming fully aroused. I had to press both legs together, compressing my thighs about my sex as it distended and swelled while I moistened readily. I even felt a trickle of milk leak from both erect nipples now. My mind recognized this as the scent of my mate, and as I grew warm and hot I felt myself diving face first into an incredibly erotic heat… all brought on by that smell.

And then the door opened opposite me, the door to the backside of the house, and I turned and lifted my face from the scarf, looking at who was entering, and I grew even more aroused as I saw that it was Dmitri entering from chopping wood with an armload of lumber in his hands. He stopped immediately upon seeing me as I stood there, biting my lower lip, my chest heaving, and I staggered briefly to one side, and then practically tripped over the chair against the kitchen table as he dropped his armload of lumber, and the two of us rushed into each other's arms.

I never knew the definition of passion till the moment we kissed, and very rapidly I began to wonder what sort of word could be used to describe what we had now between each other as passion rapidly became to weak of a word for what was happening inside my heart now.

He clutched at me, held me, kissed me, and we tried to devour each other's faces with kisses alone. I felt his swollen groin push into my crotch and I ground that crotch into his groin, and as those passions rose to the point of eroticism, I arched backward, and pulled open the blouse I wore as much as I could, popping the buttons and laughing as his kisses lowered into my bosom and began kissing the swells of my breasts.

"I missed you… so much." I sighed and hugged his head to me with one muscular arm.

"I stopped living when you left." He replied coming up for air, and then pausing, he tugged on the golden chain that was always about my neck, and drew out the ring he'd given me, and the locket that I wore from mother and father. But it was the ring that he removed and smiled at me when he saw it.

His hand dropped the ring and then his hand went to cradle my face before he kissed me passionately once again, but this time his fingers dipped into my shirt to caress the insides of both breasts. His touch sent chills through me, I became covered in goose bumps, and I sighed right as his hands lowered along both breasts, my sides, reached my shirt and began un-tucking that shirt from the waist of the pants I wore.

"Dmitri…" I moaned his name, swooning, holding onto him with one arm about his neck and the other wedged into the front of his pants. I felt the heat of his phallus against my fingertips. He in turn lifted me with one hand wedged in the crease of my bottom, and the other slipping up my shirt. "Take me… sweet lord." I gasped, and in the next

moment I was being pulled upward into both his arms, and carried away from this place up the stairs and into that same memorable bed that I'd spent so much time with him at.

I wanted this bed to be my wedding bed…

And he laid me in that bed, crosswise not lengthwise, and my body sank into the soft bedding even as Dmitri removed both my shoes and their socks which were now calloused and hard from all the walking I'd done to find my family and come back to him even despite that the healing factor my Lycan heritage offered me would normally repair.

That was the difference between adaptation and healing. I had calluses because my body had adapted so as to handle all that heavy walking.

He then cradled a foot as I rose slightly, kissing its top and rubbing his cheek against it, looking at me with such intent love in his eyes. It made me feel like I was his whole world. But then he rose, pushing the cuff of the pants leg up slightly to kiss the muscular calf and foreleg of that leg just before he rose before me. I automatically raised both my legs and let him spread them, fingering the swollen buds of my labia through pants and panties with his strong fingers just before he started unbuckling the belt I wore, and methodically undid the button and the zipper fly of those pants and then gripping its waistband and its belt he slowly pulled both off me.

This was the most erotic moment of my life, and the anticipation of just the foreplay was simply maddening!

I found myself fondling my own tit as he dropped those pants of mine, and then I watched as he removed his shirt and turtleneck sweater, and suddenly I found myself pursing my lips. I didn't remember him being that strong, and I rose immediately to palm and feel his bulging and chorded chest, and fondle a definite ten pack with six lats and flaring dorsal muscles. He smiled at me and tensed instinctively in order to impress me, flexing slightly as I gasped excitedly.

But then he bent and kissed me again, kissed my lips, giving me that succulent warming kiss and made me swoon again as he laid me on the bed. His kisses lowered to my neck as he cupped both boobs with his hands, fondling and massaging them briefly and pushing my shirt up as his kisses landed upon my navel.

Holding his head, playing with his hair, I watched tentatively, biting my lower lip as he reached the underpants that I wore, right before he took the elastic bands over both hips and drew them downward, his lips and kisses descending with the hemline of those underpants. And then he pulled those panties down about my thighs, and bent, his lips kissing my pussy. He pulled those undies off even as I lifted and spread both my legs with those strong hands of his, and dipping nice and deep in between my legs, he licked and sucked and fingered and probed, getting me to arch and moan till tears came to my eyes from the pleasure he enacted and milk leaked from my breasts to lightly moisten the front of the blouse I wore.

He licked me until I came, and as incredulously as it sounded, he lapped all that orgasmic juices from me and off me before he rose.

My mind was gone as he stood while wiping the moisture off his lips as I touched my clit with one hand to make sure it was still there after what he'd just done to me and then looked at him, wondering why he'd stopped. I faced him and then rose slowly onto one arm, looking at him with that same wonder at why he'd stopped, but then he lowered his hands to his belt and began to undo it, still smiling at me, still staring at me, and understanding the why he'd stopped, and becoming most eager for it myself, I rose immediately, scooted to the edge of the bed with both legs wide and stopped his hands. I only stopped his hands so that I could do it for him, unbuckling the belt and pushing it open, unbuttoning the top button of his jeans and then unzipping the fly before I opened his pants and tugged down the shorts he had on beneath them, unveiling the powerful member he was blessed with.

Wow… it's larger than I remembered it being, I thought, and smiled right back up at him.

But then I pressed forward, fixing the rounded masses of both tits and the fabric of my blouse about his package as I gripped it with one hand, letting the warmth of my chest heat it up further before I dipped my head and began to

suck. My one hand slid along his length, up and down, up and down, over and over again, and in my mouth and in that hand I felt him stiffen as I pulled the hair on my head over one shoulder with my free hand while sucking him like one would suck on a vanilla malt.

And he stiffened and bulged, puffed his chest out and fondled the hair atop my head, while I caressing his extension, cajoling it and his nads with my hands, sucking on it long and hard until…

The first burst shot into my mouth and I swallowed eagerly, the second filled my mouth so that my cheeks puffed out, and I had to swallow quickly before the fourth and fifth and then a draining sixth climax filled me. Licking the head clean I drew backward and finished pushing his pants off, and slipping out of the boots he had on that weren't even laced fully, he and I lay down with my body cradling his, my thighs spread wide, my lips pursing for kissing before we actually did kiss… again and again.

I groaned, I murred, and I arched as he helped me off with the shirt I wore now, kissing my breasts and fondling my body while the garment went up and over my head and arms before it was tossed away, leaving us both naked. His prick slid against me, along my thighs and body as we both churned for several long seconds, but when his manhood finally found my sex and pierced me… I did weep, feeling the most beautiful sensation of my entire existence. It was the sensation that validated thousands of kilometers of walking, validated the death of my parents and their servants, validated the experiences I had at the Facility, for if they had not happened, then I'd never have met Dmitri, and this sensation of his erect and moistened cock plowing steadily inside me to the hilt… would've never had happened.

The fact that we were yet to be married was just a minor technicality. We were mates, lovers… like Peter and Whisper were, and as I bowed myself to him, his hands pushing mine upward over my head as my chest compressed against his, I felt him make love to me.

He sucked from my breasts, caressed my body, rotated his cock in me and manipulated me into varied positions between the love-making and the brief rest periods between them. We tried new maneuvers, new positions, and new entry points into my body, finding what either of us liked and didn't like, but in the case of the moment endured even when we didn't like it. It would only come out later as we told each other what those things were.

I remembered thinking earlier that I wanted this bed as my wedding bed…

Hell, as far as I was concerned… this was my wedding night.

Day 449: *I'd forgotten the cold, forgotten the piercing darkness… forgotten what kind of a blanket it was to me and how comfortable I was sleeping with the window open and bundled up in warm blankets and the top of that blanket brought up over my head as I slept. It was the only times that I could sleep soundly and undisturbed by the nightmares.*

My nightmares had changed… they'd changed with that Twenty-Five monster. They'd changed from me waking up in a cold sweat after another faceless man assailed me, ripped my clothes off me and penetrated me, to me defending myself, protecting myself and feeling the cold, sexual power of my great Lycan form, as I broke anyone who tried to do such things to me.

The babies were asleep, and Peter and Whisper had started making love to each other during the night, trying to be quiet for my sake so as not to wake me being that we were all sharing the same room. They only realized that I was still awake when I got up, got dressed and walked out.

And so here I sit, in the early hours of morning, long before the northern winter sun even thought about waking up. I'd not slept in more than a day, but I wasn't tired. I'd not had sex in a very, very long time, and like Tanya had, I was beginning to experience the problems of a female like me going without love-making for so long.

As a human, I ate, drank, slept and healed like a human, and I bled monthly like a human woman. But on that fateful day of my first transformation happened, the day a man took my innocence from me, took it… without me offering it, all that which marked me as a woman disappeared. Oh yes I still had boobs and I still had a vagina between two wide child-bearing hips, but the physiology went away. The mood swings disappeared, even that damnable menstruation cycle disappeared, and there was only… the heat.

At first it happened once in a year, then twice in a year, and then it started happening more and more often, till once again I had a menstruation cycle that was two months wide… only I didn't bleed at the end of these any more. They just kept getting worse… and worse… till thoughts of mating with the only male around me at some times – Peter – grew paramount into my mind. Late at night when Tanya and Peter and later Whisper weren't watching, I'd go pound a hole through the ice and swim for a moment, or go jump in a stream just to cool my body down. The strength of the heat kept me warm under the ice.

Right now… the power of my heat and the flaring sexual power in my vagina were so intense that even the chill comforting cold of Russia, the cold that normally lessened that pain, only dulled the sharpness of the sensation.

My eyes darted as I looked at old wrinkly men and considered if some of them would like to pierce a hot female's loins for a night… but it was a comfort that my aversion to such a thought kept me from doing such a thing. Let their wives do that.

But then there was a light that switched on… the gate light, and I heard shouting before a bell was struck in three sets of two rings before the gate was opened, and an old army truck trundled inside.

Lights were turning on in the narrow apartments that lined the main street and the makeshift square here, and soon a man or a woman would exit each apartment as the driver of the truck opened his door and seemed to work on a clip board in the darkness for a moment or two.

The single man or woman from each apartment that passed me glanced at me briefly, said nothing, and continued on their way. They did nothing other than to observe that I was there, recognize that I was new, and said nothing about it… neither in welcome or in revulsion. There was simply… an expectation in how they regarded me that was much like:

Well… you better pull your weight you skinny oversexed girl.

And they continued along and waited at the truck patiently with blankets or coats about them, with several of the men and a couple of the women lighting cigarettes or cigars or pipes to help them keep warm. That last was an illusion… everyone knew that it was just for the comfort now, tobacco smoking really made you colder.

And then the driver stepped out, and I blinked and pursed my lips.

Never before had I ever seen a more perfect male. Never before had I known that a male could seem exactly like what I considered to be the perfect man. I mean, perfection simply didn't exist… there was only the illusion of perfection.

So as that thought struck me, I found myself pessimistically looking for flaws. Round, blue eyes, blonde hair, with more muscle packed on his sturdy thick frame than I ever saw. I instinctively began looking at his groin, and unless he stuffed a roll of socks in there – like one boy in Moscow that I knew did – he was well-built for sexing and oversexed fem like me.

I watched him as he stepped out in the cold, wearing only a thick woolen sweater and a pair of pants, heavy hobnail boots and a pair of work gloves as he moved into the back of the truck, lowered the tailgate and started pulling boxes out. He looked like he could've kicked Frankenstein's ass. He'd call out a number, and a man or a woman would approach him with a slip of paper which he took, wadded up into his pocket, retrieved the boxes of various sizes and handed them to the recipient who then returned back to their domicile.

He did this repeatedly for each person who'd come to him and some of them made off with other packages. Cartons of cigarettes or boxes of cigars, food stuffs or bolts of linen and cloth and more.

Each one, I saw, bowed their head and shook his hand or touched his cheek, and taking their things returned, till there was only him. And then I watched him reach inside and pull out a massive box that was about nine decimeters by nine decimeters, thick and wooden, and a good eighteen decimeters long and tote it easily over one shoulder. Even at this distance I saw how his muscles bulged and tensed. Then in his other hand I saw him retrieve two heavy ammo crates, before he strode away to the guard shacks.

He was inside one briefly, and when he came out of it he was one ammo crate short and the box was open, revealing rifles. After the second he had only the box and it was empty. I watched him return to the truck, stow the box in the back and close the rear gate before climbing up into the cab, starting the engine and then driving it to a sort of garage, and stepping out he closed the garage and locked it before heading to a barn.

Rising, I followed him, curious as to who he was, wanting and craving to know more, and arriving at the barn, I saw him tirelessly working inside; feeding horses and pigs and doing farm work before others arrived to milk the cows and take eggs from the chickens, but soon he was left alone, and I entered the interior of the barn while he was grooming horses.

"Those are beautiful horses." I said in greeting, but to response to my words I found the man reach and turn, and suddenly there was a gun pointed in my face, and I blanched and blinked at the sight of it.

But then he saw me and lifting the weapon, lowered the hammer and stuffed the gun into his back pocket. He looked at me good, long and hard for a moment before returning to caring for the horses, turning his back to me.

"They are." He replied, and being that this was the first time I heard his voice, I shivered from the sound of it. He even sounded like a perfect man, but if he was so perfect, then he would've been gracious… not gruff, and he most certainly wouldn't have drawn a gun in my face like that.

So there was a flaw. But what sort of man would have a flaw like that, which would prompt him to not only carry a gun but to point it at a girl like me?

"Why did you draw a gun on me just now?" I asked him.

This time he paused in his brushing instead of drawing a gun on me. "To answer that question would require me to tell you my life story." He said quietly and continued brushing.

"It's ok… I have time."

He turned and regarded me with those piercing blue eyes… it was the first time that I could ever say that someone looked into me instead of at me. He reminded me like that Dolph Lundgren fellow, only with more muscle. He then turned to me, walked up to me and I suddenly found myself shrinking before him as I received first hand exactly how tall he was in comparison to me. I barely came up to his collarbone.

"If you have time to wait, then you have time to work." And taking my hand, he placed the horse brush into my hand and thrust me toward the horse. "If you remain here you will work." And I stood beside the horse even as it turned its head expectantly toward me, wondering why I hadn't started brushing its coat yet.

Pursing my lips, remembering lessons from my training as a Russian Wife, just in case I should ever be sent to England, I had to know how to ride and care for a horse so as to better care for the gentlemen there who'd wish to have a Russian woman as a wife. So with this towering man watching me, I expertly cleaned the horse with the intent to bring out its coat for show riding.

"I assume then you have all the brushes and combs necessary?" I asked.

"We have brushes," he replied and turned to care for one of the other horses. "These are work horses not show horses."

"Pity. Just because they're working doesn't mean they can't be pretty." He didn't respond to that. "Now that we're both working… may I hear your life story now? Learn why you just pulled a gun on an innocent young woman?"

He stopped from shoveling manure from the horse pen he was in into a wheelbarrow to regard me.

"Why are you so interested?"

"Why not? There's nothing else to do while grooming and feeding and removing the messes of farm animals. Doing all this by you self must get pretty boring, so it has to be nice to have an occasional person to talk to. So let's talk. Ultimately, I want to know more about what sort of man would draw a gun in my face."

He paused and focused on me. "And what sort of a woman wouldn't so much as blink when one is drawn in their face?" he asked me quietly. "Let's start with your introductions before I get onto mine. You are, after all, the stranger here, not me."

"Let's just say that that wasn't the first gun that's ever been thrust into my face." I smirked. "And of the grueling tasks I've done in the past, the vigor of grooming a horse is relaxing and soft… placid."

The horse nickered as I moved the brush in expert-like strokes as I looked back to him as he continued cleaning. "So how 'bout you. You're going to tell me why you carry a gun?"

"Former KGB." He answered simply. "Former FSB." And said nothing else.

"So you're accustomed to such habits as carrying guns. I'll be careful when I approach you from behind then." And then I pursed my lips, looking at his broad back and tight behind then. "Would you like to see my pussy?"

He glanced up and missed depositing the maneuver into the wheelbarrow and the mess fell right to the ground around the wheel, he staring at me and I giggled girlishly.

"So… there is something normal inside you then. So tell me, when was the last time that you've felt the inside of a woman's sex with that big, strong cock of yours."

He was blushing… deeply, and his eyes darted before he looked away, but as a woman trained to recognize the needs of a man, I nonetheless saw his needs.

"About a year now." He admitted and faced away from me, standing straight and proud and resting his hand on the top of the pitchfork he'd been using.

Finishing off brushing off the flanks of the horse with a flick, I turned toward him, taking off my jacket and laying it aside before approaching him.

"Then the offer still stands, if you wish me. A great big strong man like you… you must need a woman's touch from time to time… and a year is a long, long time not to know the comfort of a woman's breast against your cheek, or a woman's warmth against you, or the feel of her tightening vaginal muscles as they clench and tighten around the length of your sturdy cock."

And I drew near to him, placing both hands upon his arm and felt the strength in it. It was phenomenal! The strength was incredible, engorged and firm… and it burned with a man's energy before he pulled away from me and regarded me.

"There's work to do… get back to work." He said, but I noted that he said it unsteadily. I smirked, having been taught how to deal with a man's moods, and all that Russian Wife training was coming to me as sharp as a knife, and returning to the mare I continued brushing the horse down.

I brushed it and its mates down, a half dozen horses, before combing their long manes straight and free of dirt using only the brushes that I was offered, and whenever he didn't look I either hiked up my pants, tightened the belt, untucked the shirt I wore, opening the collar of it and accenting parts of my body for him. There were stances, there were twists and turns, there was raw seduction, and I used them to my advantage. It was training that allowed me to bend a man to my will if I so chose… power given to us Russian Wives in order to protect ourselves should a client become… abusive.

And then the sun was rising and an old woman entered and delivered a small basket for lunch that he paused for a lunch break. I kept working… seeing if he were the gentlemanly kind. He was.

"You've worked enough." He said after watching me work for a few minutes. "Come eat."

And I came and ate.

I'd been trained with the mindset that the man was the center of the house. My purpose, if I'd been sold, was to be at the minimum a servant and a bed mate to the man. As a part of the contract of being a Russian Wife, I could divorce him if he beat or hurt me, and likewise, I was a woman – a high-class whore as some called us – who weren't cheap.

I could fit in within the highest possible rings of society. My training included high society issues like which order of forks one was supposed to use at a fancy dinner, how to walk, how to talk, how to dance several modern and traditional dance forms, and most importantly… how to seduce.

And so as I walked gracefully to him, stepping with one foot before the other to accent the thickness of my thighs and to further accent the tight wedge of my crotch that was pinched between those thighs with each step. I came to him and sat down on a hay stack that was at his head level and promptly crossed both legs. It was at this level that his nostrils would pick up the sensual smells of my pheromones that were leaking from the cloven pad of my femininity while at the same time put both legs within the corner of his view.

A man focused on parts of a woman… rarely was it their face at first… the face was the second thing they checked to see if she were pretty enough to entertain. Most men looked first at our breasts or our behinds, some looked to navels and thighs or legs, a few fixated on other things, like feet and hands. I'd learned to emphasize those interests, but I had to learn which one it was…

If it were my legs, he didn't bring notice to them, he simply sat there, reached into the basket and lifted half a sandwich, which I took and unwrapped and ate daintily… slowly. At dinner, the lion's share of food that I would prepare would be meant for him, or so my training dictated. A man worked hard, so he deserved to eat more… or that was the philosophy. I could cook remarkable things but most especially were the specific main dinners of the

world like duck, turkey, roast beef, corned beef and so on, dinners for massive families, which is what I was taught to develop for my eventual husband.

Tanya wasn't the only one who was programmed…

The sandwich was corned beef, a meal made for the poor, which was obtained by salting and boiling large slabs of beef so that they lasted longer.

This man was tense with me being near him as he ate a whole sandwich and a hardboiled egg before I'd finished just one half of a sandwich. Licking off each of my fingers, making a show of it that almost looked like sucking a dick off, but not quite, it was another hint that I wondered if he'd catch it. He offered me an egg but I waved it off, and he in turn shrugged and ate it himself. When he handed me a canteen though, I opened it and drank sparingly, thought for a moment and then accidently spilled it on my shirt.

"Oh… damn it." I hissed falsely, and then rose with the canteen in one hand, trying to brush the water off but nonetheless got two hard nipples from the near freezing water. He rose and tried to help, lifted his hands and thought to brush it off too, only he stopped as he saw what he'd have to brush it off of, which were two very large mammaries barely contained within my shirt.

And I smiled triumphantly as I continued to clean myself. It wasn't that he wasn't interested in me… It was that he just didn't know how to approach me! That means I had to lead.

"It's all right," I mused and handed him the canteen, and suddenly the big bad guy became as timid as a rabbit as he tried to force himself to look at my face instead of at my chest, so he focused instinctively upon my neck. "It'll dry out soon enough."

His fingers were white on the canteen as he looked down now, and for a moment didn't know what to do till he made a big show of closing the canteen.

"I'm glad." Was all he said before turning around and returning to his seat by the food basket, and I smiled softly at him.

It was amusing watching big, strong powerful males look so bashful like this, and this time when I took my seat, it was directly next to him. He wanted to look at my chest… which means he was a boob man, and so accenting this I did a test, which was to fold both hands together between my legs and shrug both shoulders. This had the effect of pressing both breasts together, enhancing their swells and hefting them for better view. It also accented the points of their erect nipples and deepened the cleavage between the twin mammaries.

And sure enough he looked straight ahead and trembled with the attempt of not looking, which meant that he was actively looking at my chest through his periphery.

"Can I impose something on you?" I asked him then.

"You may." He said pointedly.

And then leaning over, I reached over and took his face with one hand, and perhaps it was because he saw how strong I was that I was able to turn his head so easily, but nonetheless his surprise became even more poignant when I kissed him. It was odd to feel a man swoon, but he did, and as he did I took that moment to climb up onto his lap and found that he did nothing to stop it. What was more was that I felt the might of his groin swelling spastically beneath me, felt the curvature of his shaft against the pert bulge of my distended sex. It aroused me all the more till I rose from the kiss and smiled at him while pressing my breasts against his chest.

"Never mind… you do like to be kissed." I mused, and pressing against him so that he could assuredly feel the press of my breasts, I bent forward and kissed him again, licking his lips first to make a better seal before pressing against him, sliding my fingers against him, starting to grind my pelvis against him.

I was becoming impassioned.

When I moved backward again, waiting for him to look at me, I asked him the secret question that had destroyed whole nations when asked from a woman. It was the question women like Aphrodite and Helena of Troy might've asked, or Cleopatra. It was the question that bound kings and generals to them, started wars, launched a thousand ships and more. And that question was a simple one:

"What do you want?" I smiled.

"Why me?" he asked quietly in return. "Why do you turn your wiles upon me? Why now, after so long?"

"Because I saw you, I wanted you… and what sort of person would I be if I didn't immediately go after what I wanted." And then I paused. "Does that please you that a woman would want you?"

"Yes." He breathed and then groaned as I pressed my crotch against his groin before I rose, settled back on his lap and spread both thighs wide open.

"I've never… said this to a man before, but you may touch whatever you wish to upon this body of mine. It's yours to touch."

"I…" he started.

"Don't be afraid… I'm just a woman." I smirked at him, placating myself for him.

"That's what I'm afraid of." He smirked.

Then let me help you." I chuckled and taking his hand, held it to my face. "Do you like this?"

And he felt my face, caressed my lips with his thumb and I kissed that thumb, caressing his hand with both of mine, and watched till he finally nodded. And then I slid his hand downward to my throat, and for a moment, I became afraid that he'd suddenly reach out and choke me, but I swallowed down that thought from that raping bastard so long ago, not believing that I was letting him hurt me this long afterward. I brought this sweet, sweet man to caress my open flesh, feel my breast through the shirt I wore, and then taking his other hand, led them to feel the smooth yet firm skin of my tightly muscled belly, where he held me and smiled at me.

And then right before his unbelieving eyes I crossed my arms and removed the shirt I was wearing, displaying the fullness of my engorged and massive pair of tits before I then started to open his shirt too. The smile on my face was a must; it had to be maintained under all circumstances. Smiling used up less muscles than the frown, which diminished the number of creases in a woman's face, but most of all, a smile enticed a man more than a frown or a scowl did. There were the rare few where it was the scowl they looked for, but this wasn't such a rare man as that.

Getting his shirt opened, I palmed his muscles and bit my lower lip at the incredible depth of the creases, the firmness of his musculature… quite possibly he was even stronger than Tanya was in her human form. And then I looked up at him and smiled wider.

"Earlier… I asked you if you wanted to see my pussy." I said, and then taking his hands, I moved them from my waist to grip my bottom directly. "The offer still stands." And he looked at me. "Do you… wish to see it?" I asked him, and he nodded slowly like a boy who was not yet a man who was getting his first actual view of a woman naked.

I caressed his chest and abs briefly before moving both hands to the belt that held the trousers I wore up, and unbuckling the belt, unfastening the button and unzipping the zipper, I rose before him, hooked both thumbs into the straps of the panties I wore, and then pushed both pants and panties off me.

His eyes followed my movements as I arched and churned in the motion of getting naked before him, dangling my tits before him before I rose and kicked both shoes off before standing naked before him. Then stepping closer to

him, I cupped his face with both hands and urged him to stand, and he rose as directed, standing, towering over me. He didn't resist as I started unbuckling his belt.

"Why are you doing this?" was all he asked.

"Because… a man having to go without the pleasures of a woman for a whole year is criminal. Don't you think you've gone without the soothing touch of a woman long enough?"

He smirked as I removed his pants – he wasn't wearing any underwear – and undressed him. "You know… I heard something very similar to that."

"From who?" I asked.

"From the last woman who dared to love me for so simple of a reason as to reward me for a service I gave to her."

"I'll be glad to hear all about it, my sweet lord, I said, and rising atop my knees once we were both naked, I took to fondling his groin and erecting shaft, kissing its girth and making him fully aroused as expertly as I could.

Part of my training was in the carnal arts. I knew how to make love… I understood foreplay, sex and even the sexual arts that a few nations in the world could be attributed to creating. Acupressure and Karma Sutra, and to a limited degree acupuncture. I was a high-priced doll, and I was craving a man. It made it possible for me to seduce any male I wanted… and this man was pent up and under pressure. His penis was already leaking a priming charge.

"I want you." I told him and arched myself deeply, rising up on my toes ad caressing his chest with one finger. "Where may we go?"

His brain was dumbed down now, a physiological happenstance that affected men being that all their blood that fed their brains would flood downward to instead feed their penises. A man was so much easier to control when they were aroused. And without answering, he brought me to the back of the barn, the two of us watching out for the manure on the ground, before he brought me into an enclosed tack and harness and tool storage shed and locked it. There a few saddle blankets were thrown down on the floor, and laying down upon it, I rolled onto my back, spread my legs and drew him to me.

And almost immediately, he was driving his manhood into my body, and I groaned and moaned, rolling and cajoling myself, gasping as his mass, so much larger than even Lee's was, penetrated me.

"Oh God! Big cock!" I cried out and meant it for once.

Those words screamed out to any man filled them with pride and made them feel masculine and strong… the key was to make them feel more powerful than you… give them the illusion that they could control you. For once I actually meant it; for once it wasn't just an ego-stroking comment. He really and truly penetrated me and filled me where my body had to stretch around him, my belly actually distending with such a mass inside me. I gasped and I moaned, and after the first awkward moments, he suddenly shifted egos and showed me exactly how virile and how knowledgeable he was at the art of sex… so much so that I found myself forgetting much of my training all so that he could pleasure me… and pleasure me he did… right up until I felt the unmitigated power of his ejaculate exploding into me.

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I laid there, my love spooning against me as he made love to me from behind, his manhood penetrating me hotly still; sending repeating throbs of pleasure up and down my innards with every beat of his heart. We came together for the third time, my bowels spilling out the mixture that it was so full of his semen and my juices, and I rolled a little so that he and I could kiss. He gripped one of my tits wholeheartedly, massaging it till the milk came out of the nipple.

Something had changed… Something in our lovemaking was more than I remembered it being… and in my sex-laden stupor, it took me a moment to realize that we'd loved all morning and into the day. He'd never lasted this long before, and admittedly, I was more than sated. But he wasn't… and even as we kissed and cajoled each other, he moved, still penetrating me, spreading my legs open to begin the spastic in and out into my pussy, and I once again entered the mind-numbing sensations of our lovemaking.

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I found myself waking again, and I awoke with a start, rising immediately from the sweat and love juice-caked bedding and causing both tits to jostle heavily. They creamed readily now and my pussy was still draining fluids.

"Dmitri?" I gasped out loud, running a hand through my disheveled hair.

But then the door opened and Dmitri entered; a towel around his waist as he brought in a bed-table of foods and drinks. "You're awake!" he greeted happily, and untying his towel and walking in naked, he rested the table on the bed and slid in beside me. "I feared that I broke you when you passed out like that."

"P-passed out?" I blinked.

"Indeed." He mused, and he pasted some jam-like stuff onto a cracker.

"I'd saved this for more than a year in a private place of the fridge. Something I bought myself long ago and was saving for a special occasion. I didn't think anything would be more special than this."

"Russian Caviar?" I blinked after tasting it. "Dmitri…"

This was an expensive commodity, a very expensive commodity where even an ounce could net more than a thousand rubles. He saw that I was considering that in my eyes, and answered nonchalantly.

"As the Administrator of Mir, I put a one percent cut into my own funds… a sort of retirement fund, though I find that I sometimes use it as a secondary discretionary fund that I use to buy occasional pleasures for not just me but for others in Mir. The rest of it goes to the village in various ways, such as for repairs, tools, food, blankets, clothing and so on. Every so often, I give myself a treat, and right now I can consider nothing more important than sharing such a treat with the woman I love."

I smiled, and made another cracker for myself. It was a scandalous treasure given the surroundings we had, and he and I spent some time eating the small mound of Caviar that he'd purchased, feeding each other, and like a silly boy he drank the milk from my breasts to wash the meal down and I shared that bounty with him by sucking off my own tit like a fine wineskin. And then he drew near again, nuzzling my neck as I finished supping from my tit, his hand sliding between my legs to finger me as he kissed my neck and licked it. I sighed softly before he lowered me to the bedding again and the thick pillows, and I soon found myself on my back being worshiped by him laying over me.

"I love you, Tanya. As soon as we can, I want to make you my wife in spirit and in name." he fingered the ring that hung about my neck while at the same time caressed my breast with a pinkie finger.

"I agree my sweet lord." I murred and turned my head as he kissed my neck. "Now that I found my family I'm ready to start one of my own." And my legs automatically fanned open to his caressing fingers, the knees spreading wide. "More than ready."

Chuckling, and bowing himself, I soon found myself biting my lower lip as he penetrated me yet again. It wasn't long till I receiving yet another batch of his seed into my body.

Day 449 – Supplemental: *I didn't know what to think about the situation that I was in now. In America, I was just a teenage kid whose one and only thought was to score with a girl and perhaps do well on my next math test. I lived with a mother and father and they loved me, took care of me in a grand house that was the cumulative earnings of several generations to ensure that a person such as myself could be well taken care of. There I was just a kid…*

Here in Russia, I was a man. I had a wife, I had a family, I had a home of my own and it was like starting over from scratch. Even the laws for drinking and driving – not at the same time of course – were different, open for those that America would still consider to be nothing more than children. Hell… in America I couldn't drive a car for another year, and I couldn't so much as drink a single alcoholic drink on my own for another four years. Here I was considered ready for both.

I sighed, looking out the solitary window in this apartment. It overlooked the double-binned stainless steel sink. The only other room in this place was the bathroom at the back of the place. What was strange was that in the other apartments, there would be two families per apartment, or at least large families. Though these places were called apartments, they were really just short of a barracks.

Turning to my beloved, I looked at her lying naked on a bed that was kept warm by a sleeping bag that she slept on, and attached to her breasts were our son and daughter as they drank while she silently slept after our lovemaking.

I loved making love with her, I loved sleeping with her, I loved all the sensations both physical and emotional that I had with her, and this miracle of two children was the greatest thing yet.

Dad would be proud.

And by dad, I didn't mean the man who'd sired me. I didn't consider him my father because I didn't know him as a father. I considered the Jorgenson's my family… and I was getting homesick.

Stepping over to the bed, I slid a hand against Whisper's naked body, feeling her silken and darkened skin as she laid there, and with a moan she churned slightly, resettling her body. I took pleasure in the feeling of her silken skin, admiring the way her flesh slid beneath my fingertips. She was strong with perfect breasts, a perfect bottom and a pussy that perfectly fit my erect penis inside it as if I were the key made for her lock. And the warmth of her body was energizing to me. No matter how stressed or tired I was, her very presence filled me with warmth.

It was at that moment that I chanced to look up and I saw a familiar figure shuffling down the street, and blinking, I rose to the door, dressed only in my pants before I slipped on a shirt and a pair of boots, and opening the door and slipping outside, I met the figure in the middle of the street.

"Do you need help Grandmother?" I asked as I strode near, ignoring the frigid cold.

"I'm fine dear." The old woman said as she strode forward with her basket. "I just got done delivering your sister and her new lover's meal. Now is the time for me to go tend to my garden."

She appeared to be a short, decrepit and hunched over old woman, and when she strode with a hobbling walk to one house, I stared at it, quite certain that that house wasn't there when we arrived.

"Oh, to these people I've always been here." She mentioned, smirking before continuing onward to her door, and opening it up, gestured for me to follow.

I followed and entered into her familiar living room, and no sooner had the door been closed than she stood up and threw her cloak back, standing human formed and naked.

"When did you arrive?" I asked her immediately as she started hanging roots and herbs from the ceiling.

"Almost when you left." She answered. "Can I interest you in some tea?"

"No. Best till Whisper learns to understand the language here that I shouldn't leave her alone for very long."

"Good answer." She smirked, and then turning to me placed a sackcloth bag in my hands that had been shut tight with a leather thong.

"What's this?" I asked.

"For Whisper. It will sweeten her milk and make it more plentiful."

I smiled with the thought of watching Whisper's breasts swelling with the added milk. "That will make me happy." And then I sighed and then sat roughly on one of her chairs.

"What's wrong?" she asked and sat down opposite me. She was a mature woman, with breasts that had known the lips of both child and adult and though they sagged subtly, it was because of the weight they carried and not for her unfathomable age.

"You mean you don't know?" I asked, but she merely smiled. "Baba… I find myself wanting to go home. I want my mother and father to meet my wife and our children. I want to tell them everything about me, I want them to know why, and I don't want it done in just a letter. They should be allowed to hold the fruition of their labors, hold their grandchildren. There was really no time to so much as say goodbye to them, and it truly, truly is unfair after all the love they showed me.

"I managed to send them only a couple of emails… you know what those are right?" and she nodded and I simply shrugged. "And a post card, but I cannot help but think how worried they are right now."

I found myself lifting a cup of tea to my mouth, and I'd sipped at it not realizing that I and Baba both had a cup of tea now when she didn't even move. I don't even remember accepting a cup from her, but then I never put much past this mad house. I just put the tea back down and held it and its plate idly in both hands.

"This is where Tanya wants to be, and now that she has us all here, I don't know if I want to stay."

"You've only been here a day, Peter. How do you know what you want or don't want yet… or did you inwardly not want to come here in the first place?"

"Oh it's not an inward thought. I didn't want to come in the first place. I was practically kidnapped. But then I got used to the idea, I got used to traveling, I got used to moving, and then I found Whisper, fell in love with her and now we have two babies…" I took another sip, and suddenly when the teacup was lowered I was in Baba's arms, my head against the fatty swells of her chest as she stroked my hair. "Suddenly, I understand why my father was going bald: the weights on a man's shoulders are tremendous."

"But they don't have to be." Baba admonished. "What does Whisper want?"

I opened my mouth, tried to answer but couldn't and I just closed my mouth again. "I haven't asked yet."

"She's strong Peter… and the weights that you're trying to bare don't need to be as heavy as they need to be. At least confide in her, ask her of her opinion. The sharing of a thing makes it lighter." And now I was lying on her lap as she caressed my hair.

It was an awkward experience being here. It was like being in the idolization of a progenitor of your line like Eve, wife of Adam, only that she was naked and she was strong, and no matter how erotic you considered her body to be you just couldn't find yourself thinking about her in a sexual way. I mean… she was like your mom.

"I want to go home, grandmother… but I want to stay. What should I do?"

"Confide in your wife. And more importantly… marry your wife in the world of men. Show her how dedicated you are to her and…"

And I rose abruptly and stood up with my back to her, and there I stood before hammering a fist against her wall.

"What's wrong Peter?" she asked.

"Why do you ask questions when you obviously know the answers to them?" I asked her in return.

"Because I read surface thoughts, Peter… I don't invade minds unless I have no other choice. And your anger created a barrier that yes, I can break, but it would be impolite to do so. So why are you angry right now?"

"All you care about is the girls. What am I to you? What am I worth to you? Do you even care about the fact that you have a grandson? I have no idea how many generations differ between you and me, but do you care at all about me? About my son?"

She was silent as she stood there before me. My temper didn't get out much, but when it did it was violent and murderous. She was calculating, to which she finally sighed.

"Peter…" she said and rose before me despite that I'd turned my back on her, somehow she'd moved to be in front of me. "You're important. I overlooked the males who married my daughters simply because I hated males. For most of my life, I considered them to be despicable backstabbing bastards who were only worthy for the purpose of giving me more daughters. I see too late, that my prejudice is unwarranted in the face of goodly and honorable males. Yes… I put more worth on my daughters than on my sons, because my daughters are what empower me and not my sons, but those sons are stronger in general than my daughters are, and their worth are as fathers and protectors.

"I've lived by myself for so long I failed to see that. Your father, your real father sacrificed himself for the betterment of family. Your adoptive father taught you honor and duty, taught you to be a man, which is the same ideals I hope that you teach your son and his son after him.

"A father, a protector, a caregiver and a provider." She approached me and placed her hands upon my shoulders, her breasts heaving before my face. "I bespoke of burdens. When your Whisper was burdened with your children, you cared for her, provided for her, protected her when she could not. When she rested you were awake and watchful for dangers that might come for her. I saw that, I watched that, I couldn't believe that a male would do such things, but under the weight of the evidences of what true loving males would do to their females, I had to… I had to beg forgiveness from the spirits of hundreds of males that served as the mates for my daughters for that prejudice.

"I'm sorry, Peter… I'm sorry for how I treated you." And she pulled me to her breast again, and I felt its warmth and its girth and its firmness and was wierded out by it. "And I want to see you just as much as I want to see my daughters, and I want to see my newest grandson as often as you can too. Please forgive an old woman for her hateful ways."

I pulled back and looked up at her. She was a tall woman, taller than I was, though I still had some growing to do… or at least I hoped I did.

"I still want to go see my family, Baba, no matter where they are." I said quietly.

She smirked at me and messed up my hair. "Then speak with Whisper, and then both of you come speak with me. Perhaps… I can aide you both in that endeavor."

Day 449 – Supplemental: *I lay back in a half-sitting position, bracing my weight with both hands behind my body as my new lover knelt between my thighs and thrust and stirred my womanhood into utter elation. It'd been a long, long time since I felt the subtle grips and massaging touches of a man both on and inside me, a long time since I'd tasted his seed as it went down my throat, and this man was simply voracious in his sexual appetite once he got going.*

But as he sat there, filling an emptiness that had been inside me somehow, I held his head to my neck as he nibbled and sucked upon it while he hefted and massaged one tit and penetrated me with his powerful shaft.

"Ngh… ah! Ha! I suddenly realized something…" I mentioned.

"What's that, my sweet lady?" and he cradled me till I laid upon my back now, his hands maneuvering me into a new position for our mutual pleasure, and I groaned as I arched myself. His penis was so strong and so thick that I could see it pushing a cylindrical portion out of my belly with its sheer mass.

"I never learned your name. How silly is that?"

He chuckled and pounded my pussy for a few strokes, slowed for several more, pounded once and then slowed again.

I gasped and laughed at the sensation, and spread both legs wider still, raising one to hook over his shoulder and he cradled it there with one hand, kissing the foot briefly before turning his attention back to me.

"M-my name…" and he penetrated me as deep as he could go, and I gurgled from what felt like all my guts being pushed up against the underside of my throat. "Is Daniel."

And I blinked, opening my eyes wide. "D-Daniel?" I gasped, all the arousal seeping from me in nearly an instant. "T-Tanya's Daniel?!"

"Well… not her *Daniel, but at least I know her. How do you know Tanya?" he asked, still pleasuring me, and noticing that I felt something cold and dark enter my navel, and suddenly his big cock invading me felt like it was violating me. The old fear started rising up in me, and making a feeble whimper and a groan…*

"Because she's my sister!" I cried, and the arousal left him as he deflated inside me faster than any man ever had before he pulled straight out, but not before ejecting some of his seed onto my pussy and pelvis. What was worse was that he'd already came inside me repeatedly already.

"Anya…" he breathed.

"Oh god… how could I be so stupid?!" we both said, and then we both blinked and looked at each other that we said the same thing at the same time.

And then I sniffed, and then began to cry, and biting his lower lip he moved closer, gestured idly for a second and then resorted to taking both my hands.

"I… I'm not sorry for meeting you. This was the best thing that I can ever remember happening to me. Please don't cry." I kept crying. "Anya… I want to help but if you don't tell me what's wrong…"

"I'm in heat!" I screamed, bouncing in place where I was as tears fell from my eyes and he fell backward onto his backside and sat there staring at me.

We both know what sex meant now. I didn't mean to he didn't mean to, but nonetheless there was only one outcome for what had happened between us:

I was pregnant now.

That was the hollow feeling that was being filled inside me, it was my instinctive and yearning desire to breed being fulfilled. I was producing a cub right here and now, and weeping, I cupped my belly with both hands and sniffed and cried. And then I watched Daniel get to his feet and went into the barn and came back a short while later dressed and with my clothes in his hands. He looked determined at the moment, and his face was unreadable. I felt like it was happening again, I felt like I'd just been raped, another man had abused me and this time I was being left with his offspring as a reminder that would stay with me for nine months, and then continue to stay with me for decades later. But then he stooped and wrapped me up in the saddle blanket.

"W-What are you doing?" I sniffed, still crying.

"A dirty floor is no place for the mother of our child to be, Anya." He said quietly. "Bundle yourself up… it's cold outside."

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I stepped lithely and naked through the house. The light was fading now and I felt so calm, so at ease, so full of energy unlike I'd never been before. I was clean, Dmitri and I had showered together, made love again, but I hadn't bothered to dress afterwards. It was a freeing feeling not to be clothed, and in the privacy of my new home I felt as if I could do all that I wanted. Dmitri certainly didn't complain.

There was a deep chair in his living room that he sat down upon, and sitting down on the footstool, I sat there before him massaging his feet and kissing the tops of them from time to time. He was content to sit there and watch me naked and massage his feet while he sat there with a glass of red wine that came from a massive keg instead of a bottle. It was a cheep wine that was shared by everyone, and after the caviar, this was the closest that we could get to celebrating.

But then the front door banged open, and I jumped, realizing that I was naked but reminded myself that I didn't care, and then both Dmitri and I heard heavy feet, just before a large man with something bundled up in his arms strode through the entrance to the living room. Looking at each other we both rose, Dmitri leading the way as we followed the foot falls upstairs, and in the guest room, the one that I used to occupy when I was last here, I caught a glimpse of a face I recognized… Daniel's face, as he strode into the room.

We followed, and Dmitri, who was shirtless, stood in the doorway as I stood behind the door with the wall for cover, but when I saw that the person in the bundle was my sister Anya:

"Daniel… Is there something wrong?" Dmitri asked as Daniel opened the covers and covered Anya with them, who looked rather frightened and dead-faced, almost catatonic as she whimpered.

"I… I'm sorry Dmitri. Something happened and I…" Daniel started, but as his words continued a pang happened in my heart and I stepped forward.

"Daniel?" I prompted and Dmitri stepped aside, and Daniel seemed to shrink before me as he hunched his shoulders and squirmed. "What has happened?" the warning in my voice was enough to make anyone, even Daniel to cower.

"I… I didn't know who she was. I didn't smell her because we were in the barn, and all the animals and the other scents kept me… I didn't smell her. I thought she was just a random woman." He looked at Anya and then back at me, and lifting both his hands he made two grasping motions and made a… conjoining motion with both hands. Having been around Whisper for so long, I had a tendency to get what hand gestures meant nowadays, and I looked at Daniel wide-eyed.

"She was in heat!" I gasped.

Daniel answered by biting his lower lip for a moment, agonizing on the answer, before he sighed, deflated and then simply told me. "Not any more…"

I looked from him to my sister and then gaped at him. But I had to check… and stepping sideways I sat beside Anya, lowered a hand to her belly, and almost immediately felt the telltale presence of a second life in her. It was no more than a tiny mote, nestled inside her womb, but it was still there.

"Men out." I said sharply, sitting there, and Dmitri turned and left as I held Anya's hand, but then I realized that the door hadn't shut yet, and turning to see why, I saw Daniel still standing there. "Daniel… I said…"

"No." he said immediately and forcibly.

I blinked at him. "Daniel… this doesn't concern…"

"She has our child in her womb… explain to me how this doesn't concern me." And he folded his arms across his chest, getting ready to be stubborn. "I should be here…" he said at last, leveling his gaze upon me, and I sighed and turned to Anya, squeezing her hand.

"Anya… are you ok?" I asked my sister, and she remained quiet for a moment.

She was staring off into nothingness, staring at a wall when she finally spoke. "This… isn't like when I was raped Tanya. This… feels different. For a moment I was having the most beautiful and mind-numbing sex I've ever received from a man, and then all of a sudden I'm made aware of a new wrinkle. I thought he was human… I thought it'd be ok, and thanks to my foolishness, now I have a new life growing inside me.

"I don't know what to think any more, Tanya. I don't even know how I should feel." It was then that she turned to look at me. "What should I feel? This… this is a tremendous thing for me; I don't know how to handle it."

Her face was passive, but there were tears in her eyes. "Should I be happy, or should I be sad? What sort of tears are these?"

I pressed my lips tightly together.

"I can't decide that for you, but… like I mentioned before, Daniel is a good male." And I looked passively at Daniel as he stood in a corner watching us outside her periphery. "He's strong, stalwart and loyal if a little stubborn from time to time. I've never known a more potent guardian. I'm certain he'd be a wonderful father."

Anya looked at me, and then she rose and wiped her eyes, and as she tried getting up, I rose so that she could clear the blankets before she approached Daniel and stood before him as naked as I was. Daniel towered over her, but he stood there for a moment, looking at her, and then she jumped as his large hands rose to palm her belly. It was a silent gesture though his face was placid and calm, an expression that said: *'Well, what's it going to be?'*

The problem was, Anya was looking at him with the same question in her eyes.

I sat there with bated breath, awaiting the outcome. And then… finally…

"Would you like to go for a walk?" Daniel asked her then.

Anya stood there quietly, and then nodded silently before I watched them walk out of the room.

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Dmitri had apparently been within earshot while standing out of sight, for when they left he soon entered and came to sit beside me.

"This got me thinking Tanya." He managed after his hand had found my knee. "Are you ready to be a mother yourself?"

I smiled and then grinned deeply. “Dmitri… I want a baby as soon as it’s possible.” I murred, but then my face fell. “But… that’s not possible… is it?”

“What’s not possible?” He blinked.

I sighed. “It’s best that you learn of this now, but… I’m a Lycan, you’re a human. A human can’t get me pregnant. Our physiologies are just too different. It would be like you trying to impregnate a female tigress.”

“As silly of a mental image as that is.” Dmitri smirked, and I chuckled but turned away from him, folding my hands together.

“Dmitri… I want your baby. I want it so bad that I have an ache inside me. I-I had sex and all that on my journey to and from America, but only when it was needed.” I said that last part quickly. “Unlike my sister, for the past several thousand miles I’ve thought little more than you, us, starting a family… but so long as you’re human… it’s not possible.”

Dmitri waited till I’d finished, and I felt his hand squeeze my knee.

“When Daniel arrived, it didn’t take long for me to determine that he’s like you, Tanya.” Dmitri said. “He and I started working together, and as like what two men do when they work together for a prolonged time, they joke, they kid… they eventually talk about various subjects… and one day one of them came to you.

“I’ve known for more than a year that if I wanted a family with you, then it’d mean that I’d have to sacrifice my humanity to it.”

“Oh… I understand.” I sighed disappointedly and hunched my shoulders.

“No you don’t beloved. In the face of living for a long time, enjoying the happiness of family and enjoying it for longer than a human being would normally enjoy it… my humanity was a small price to pay for such happiness.”

I blinked and turned toward him with a jerk of my body that sent both breasts wobbling.

“It’s strange…” he added. “Shortly after you left, I had a series of dreams, in which I met you in some old woman’s house and we made love to each other there. It was the most vivid dream I ever had.”

My eyes widened and I gaped. Yes… that had been Dmitri in those dreams, and they had been at Baba Yaga’s cottage, but… he’d transformed into a great tiger then.

“And we made love in the gardens.” I gaped and he blinked at me.

“Yes. We were so connected we dreamed the same dream I guess.” He smiled and then bent forward to kiss me, but as I felt his lips, I felt them change, heard a button pop, heard the springs in the bed kink as weight was added to them, and when he withdrew I gasped at the supremely muscular creature that was before me… covered in orange fur with black stripes and a white belly and a handsome beard lining his face.

Looking down I saw that Dmitri’s hand that had been gripping my knee now covered my lap, and where there were strong fingers there were now rock crushing power and steel rending claws covered with thick orange fur. His pants had in turn turned into a tight pair of shorts in which his penis and nads were hanging out of the now opened crotch.

“Y-you did this for me?” I gaped.

“For us.” He smirked. “And I did it without a second thought. I was… so lonely before I met you. My greatest desire was to get married, start a family and enjoy the wonders that such things could bring to my life.”

“B-but… when?”

“The first available full moon.” He smiled and drew me upward to him by taking both my hands and pulling me up with him. “But then this isn’t the only change in town since you were last here.” And he shifted back to human form. And stuffed his unit back into his pants before zipping it up. “Come… I want to show you more.”

I was in a daze as I followed him, almost giddy, but then I realized something and I stopped dead in my tracks, and my arm suddenly becoming dead weight gave Dmitri a tug and halted him as well. When he turned to me, he saw me smiling broadly, my eyes wide and tears inside them.

“Tanya… what’s wrong?”

“I don’t feel the need anymore” I replied slowly.

“Need… what need?”

“To… have a baby. Dmitri… I was in heat when I came into town… but I’m not anymore.” And then like I did with Anya, I pressed my hand and searched inside my body, and just like with my sister… I found it immediately:

A second life… nestled inside my womb.

I gasped and gave a sob before surging into Dmitri’s arms. “The need is gone, the need is gone!” I cried embracing him.

“Tanya…” he laughed. “I don’t understand. What’s gone?”

“The need… THE need…” and he blinked, gesturing that he still didn’t understand while he continued smiling at me. “Dmitri… I’m pregnant!”

Day 449 – Supplemental: *The sun was setting. We were far enough to the north where the sun remained up for only four hours, and upon stepping outside I shifted forms into a more furrier me while Daniel stripped and did likewise. We moved into the nearby forest and walked together.*

"I… I'm not sorry." Daniel said to me again. "I'm definitely not sorry." And then he sighed. "Lady Anya… the only unfortunate matter about this is that neither of us entered into such a union voluntarily. An accident. So… what do we make of it?"

"Why are you asking me?" I asked while holding myself.

"Because as the female, in regards to our laws, it lies with you as to what you want to do. It's your body that is producing and developing the child, and it's your body that will rear and raise the child. Under the case of a heat, if you've not yet bonded with a male, you'll instinctively find yourself the strongest example of a breeding male.

"Frankly I'm honored you chose me.

"But ultimately… it's your choice if you want to include me in our child's life, and more importantly it's your choice if you want to include me in yours. I have no right to say anything. The preservation of our race is more important than honor, duty and dignity."

I thought for a moment. "So… if I so chose, I could deny you access to the cub?"

The question seemed to break whatever resolve was in him, and the pain on his face seemed like he wanted to sob. He simply collapsed to the ground and fell roughly onto his backside and sat there before me.

"If… that were your choice." He answered and looked down.

Part of my training also showed me how a man reacted when he was upset. It was training partially to teach me how to avoid beatings, but it also taught me to identify when a man needed some emotional support. Rarely would they seek such support in public areas, but in privacy they were more willing to allow themselves to break down.

An instinctive and socially trained desire to not ever show their weaknesses usually kept such a thing from happening. In that regards, females were generally superior to males at how free we were with our feelings.

"You look as if my words have broken you. Why?" He was silent. "Tell me why, or I'll mark you as a weak coward and I'll deny you access to this cub in my womb as long as I can." Still he didn't answer, and scoffing at him, writing him off in that moment, I turned on my toes and started walking away in an angry tear-filled huff.

"I've been alone." He said at last and I slowed to a stop and then turned to look at him, blinking my tears away. "I'm sixty-two years old, Anya. The first woman that I ever dared love was your mother. But your father and I were two males vying for her affections, and in the end your mother chose your father to be the provider of her fruit.

"Because of my love for her, I stayed to protect the family, and for about thirty years now I've been alone. I don't want to be alone any more Anya. In those thirty years you're only the second female to have ever deemed me worthy of their affections, and before you was your sister, but even then her love was as a reward.

"I don't want another female to walk out on me, Anya… especially one that carries my seed in her."

I turned fully around to look at him, playing with my fingers nervously. He was big, he was strong, he had an impossibly enormous wang, he was a grand lover, and no wonder… he was also so pent up. Striding toward him, I came to stand just before him and looked down upon him.

"I don't want to do this alone, Daniel. I saw you as just a lay, just someone who would take the edge off me and this damnable female condition called a heat… well you did it all right." And I fondled my belly. "But… at the same time… there was a sort of… beauty… in the way you loved me." I paused, still playing with my hands nervously and chewing on my cheek. "You… loved me, you didn't sex me. I've never been loved before… it felt… right.

"Not since Lee have I felt that way in a male's arms… and Lee has absolutely nothing on you." He looked like he was wondering who Lee was but he didn't ask and I didn't explain. "The way you touched me, the way… I felt, it didn't leave me hollow afterwards. I crave that sort of connection again. Can you tell me what it was, what you did to me?"

He looked up at me, looking like he was preparing himself to be beaten, but when he crawled forward it was to pull me closer to him, laying his head against the tight abdominals that now guarded my womb, his great hands folding about my middle and his other large hand palming the rounded mass of one of my swollen butt cheeks as he rested there. I was being embraced, I was being coddled. It felt good, and lifting my hands to his head I felt his hair that was soft and silken like fur, or was it really fur, I'd yet to decide what it was on my own body let alone someone else's.

And then he kissed my belly, and I found myself yet again not knowing what to do.

"I've wanted a mate for as long as I can remember. With your sister I couldn't conceive of it, but with you… there was something in you that sated a want in me, a desire I could never understand let alone name. It was an emptiness that was…"

"…Filled." I finished for him, and he sat back, but wanting that contact with him still, I took a step forward and kept my hands on his head and shoulder. "I've felt empty for a long, long time. Dead even. I thought I could never be happy, not since… since…" I swallowed.

"…Since you were raped?" he finished and I bit my lower lip and nodded. "I wish I could take that memory from you, Anya… but I can't. There are some things my strength isn't useful against."

And then I thought for a moment and smiled before offering him my hands. "Yes it can… I'll show you." I said, and he gingerly placed his hands in mine, and I immediately lowered myself into his lap and prompted him to hold me. His arms were thick and large and rather furry. They covered me like a blanket being that he was easily twice my mass in his current form. I embraced him back and settled in his chest, and just like I'd hoped he cradled and coddled me within his arms… not like a father to a daughter… but as a lover to a lover.

"See?" I sighed, and actually clutched at a tuft of his fur. "The memory… it's almost gone." And I rubbed my face against his chest, and I gripped his fur, only to feel him wrapping me more deeply into his embrace.

In very short order I began to purr. "Just like that… Just… hnnn…"

He was like a warm blanket, so warm and comforting, that before I knew it I was fast asleep.

******

Night time was when the town changed. When we arrived last night, we'd arrived after everyone had gone to sleep, but now that everyone was awake and still busy, it became apparent as to exactly how busy Daniel had been.

A third of the town either already was born or had been converted into Felis-Lycan. Likewise, today was the second night of the full moon. Luckily it was overcast last night, so no moon to change us, but tonight there was a blazing full moon, so I had no choice but to change. And so did Dmitri.

"Daniel had a little black book with him when he arrived," Dmitri mentioned as he and I walked side by side, I naked and he in a loose pair of pants that had turned into a set of shorts in this form. He was taller than me, but he was lean in comparison to the level of musculature that was on me. Combining breast and muscle weight and I was easily the heavier of the two of us. "He said it came from a safety deposit box that he'd created specifically for you. In it were the names of all your family's contacts throughout Russia… other Prydes, some of them workers, others rich and powerful families with hundreds of millions of rubles at their disposal. He sent letters to them asking for their interest in helping us to rebuild the pryde.

“Most of the letters weren’t answered, but some arrived with donations in them, while other letters were answered by the arrival of actual people. Strong workers, former KGB or FSB, former people’s army in a few cases, just regular families trying to get by in this world in other words.”

I nodded, looking at some of the people I passed, only to find certain fems curtseying as I passed, and other men pausing to bow before continuing on in their labors.

“Their money, combined with what you gave Daniel, vastly improved the lives of the people here, and what’s more is that we received a very special addition to the village.” And we strode into a large metal barn, in which the inside had a concrete slab and had been insulated and reinforced with makeshift wooden beams. But on the inside was a man sitting in a chair reading a magazine.

“An actual Doctor.” Dmitri gestured and I blinked as the old grizzled creature turned and looked at me with piercing green eyes, the pupils squeezed into almond shapes, and a pair of glasses balanced on the end of his nose.

He rose and bowed low with a sweep of his hand. “A pleasure Dmitri… I’m honored to meet you princess. I am…”

“Doctor Alexi Petrov.” I finished and the light brown Lynx like cat blinked.

“Why yes. How do you know that?” He asked as he rose.

“I remember you. You were the doctor who helped birth my sister and brother.”

“And you as well.” He smiled and bowed sharply. “You were so small then that you fit in one of these hands. Two and a half kilograms.”

I smiled then. “You remember every baby you helped birth?”

“…Their names, their weights, their parents and their sexes; a thousand and eighteen babies and cubs, not counting the number of calves foals and other yearlings I’ve helped into the world.”

“Apparently the good Doctor is also a veterinarian.” Dmitri added, and smirking, I strode through the room, and then found a particular kind of examination table and pulled out one of the stirrups that were used to hold a woman’s legs apart during birth.

“Good… then I’ll want your advice soon, Doctor.” I smiled.

His eyes darted from the stirrup to me and then to Dmitri and when he looked back to me he smiled grandly. “That’s good. Knowing your family line, it’ll be a nice big strong girl cub.”

I blinked. “How do you know that?”

“Because… I caught your mother and her mother before her.” He smiled and then sat back down in what looked like a barber’s chair.

I blinked. I know we were called the Undying breed for a reason, but for a man to be that old… I didn’t want to just ask him and show my ignorance, perhaps Daniel could tell me how long we live for.

“Thank you Doctor.” I said and he nodded before returning to his magazine, and Dmitri led me out.

“Wasn’t there a doctor here before?” I asked and Dmitri nodded solemnly. “What happened to him?”

“Professional differences. To maintain the secret of lycanthropy, we had to go see Doctor Petrov or else the old doctor would learn of our unique genetics. He took it personally and left.”

I bit my lower lip and sighed as Dmitri continued on our tour.

Mir was about three times as large as it was before, with the apartments providing warm shelter instead of the rows of drafty tents. There was a general store now, and there was a garage that seemed large enough to stow our plane. A water tower supplied fresh water and pluming through the town, while the generator looked new and supplied electricity to the buildings. Heating and cooking were provided by burning logs.

Most of all were the walls. No more livestock killed by a wandering predator or pack of predators, children could be safe when they played… Where our children could be safe.

"You must be proud." I said, and Dmitri slid in against my back and slid his hands beneath mine where I was instinctively holding my belly.

"I am proud." He said and nuzzled my neck. "But we have a rule… altered forms only after dark."

"To hide us from the satellites…" I thought quietly, and then cooed as my lover's hands became increasingly more erotic about me, one of those hands dipping to my crotch and sliding a couple fingers into me while the other rose to fondle a secondary tit of mine. I groaned and started guiding his hands. "Oh… that… feels nice. More." And I started to purr loudly.

Dmitri chuckled, and then taking my hand he led me away and pulling his fingers from me, licking them clean, he led me back to the house where we threw ourselves onto his bed in a tumble and once again made love to each other.

Day 449 – Supplemental: *I slept… It was a quiet, dreamless sleep absent of my nightmares about sinister beings and sexual predators. It was absent of even dreams.*

I couldn't remember the last time I slept so soundly.

When I awoke it was to find myself still wrapped within his arms, still snuggled warmly within his embrace, and laying against him as he rested as well I watched him rest, felt the rhythmic rise and fall of his chest rock me as I laid against him.

He'd protected me from the predators… even in my dreams he'd protected me, and had done so all night. I gripped his fur possessively as I realized that. Not even Lee had managed to do that little trick. I felt… safe here.

My breasts were cleaving to the sides of his body; his groin was pressed against my abdomen, flaccid and weak, and laying there on top of him, realizing that it was a thick set of cock and balls resting against me, I didn't mind that they were there because they were his. And so I remained nestled there, listening to his breathing, hearing it sounding like a forge bellows due to the thickness of his body, and I closed my eyes and stretched out against him.

This felt good… this felt right… this felt…

I opened my eyes again and stared at him, but my ears flattening against the top of my head as I tried to halt the thought that was about to enter my mind, but it was too late.

…Felt like love.

His arms protected me fiercely, even in sleep. His body kept me warm, and suddenly getting scared I rose, arching myself slowly so that his arms fell from me, and then daintily rising to my feet, I slid off him and out of the covers and then shifted to my human form to stand naked in the darkness.

Apparently that whole thing about not being able to change right away while pregnant like Whisper had experienced didn't start right away.

This was all happening to fast, I was scared… I needed some distance, and so I left.

This was Dmitri's house, I found, and as I passed one of the other rooms I heard the squeaking of a bed and the quiet sounds of lovemaking, and lifting a hand I palmed the door knowing that Tanya had at long last been reunited with the whole of her family, both past and present.

Why does she get to have everything she wants? *I thought inwardly.*

I grew angry then and stepped downstairs, finding the living room in the center of the house and the fire that was there that warmed up the whole place, and standing nude there, I palmed my belly as if I could actually feel the miniature fertilized egg that existed inside my body. Actually… I could feel it… somehow. I could tell it was there, I could sense it being there. It was an odd feeling and with a gasp I removed both hands and the feeling went away, but then I folded those hands about my muscled navel again, and almost immediately I found that sparkle of light inside my body.

It was nestled within a fold of the uterine wall, and palming that spot on the right hand side of my body, I lowered myself and lay sideways on the rug before the fire and stared into the dancing lights.

For a time I didn't think of a single thing, my mind completely blank, I just rested there holding that spot on my belly where my baby was. And then there was a creak in the floor behind me, and with a gasp I rose and turned in one single motion, bringing both fists upward to fight whoever it was, only to see Daniel standing there just as naked as I was and also in his human form.

I stood there, not knowing what to do even as he approached. And I stood there as this towering male took me up into his arms to embrace me and hold me again. I didn't resist… I thought to but my body refused to resist, actually craved the contact, and once he had me I even wrapped my own arms around his waist.

He still didn't say anything… he just held me.

"Promise me… that you'll protect me." I said simply.

"You don't have to ask me to promise that…" he said into my ear and kissed my forehead. "But I promise."

I hugged him tighter, clutching at his back as I teared up a little, and then wiped my tears on his bare chest before looking up at him and smiling subtly at him. Then taking his hand I led him behind me and he followed. He followed me up the stairs and into the bedroom that we'd occupied before I climbed into the bed, flopped onto my back and spread my legs open before pulling him onto me.

Without being asked to, without feeling obligated as I felt his penis erect over my pelvis, he bent and kissed me ever so softly. He kissed me again and then maneuvered and I felt his penis sliding along my body as I positioned to help him pierce me, till at long last he slid into me.

He made love to me then… not sex, which there was a little bit of yesterday when I conceived, this was all love-making. And now that I knew the difference, now that I knew what Tanya was talking about when she said there was a difference, I understood why she enjoyed this sort of pleasure so much more… and also why she called it a man worshiping your body as Daniel knelt between my legs and bowed himself to pleasure me.

It felt so good, and I embraced him to me all night long…

Day 449 – Supplemental: *Whisper was awake when I returned home late at night. Our cubs were sleeping soundly when I came home, and she was in a rocking chair with a blanket over her lap before she rose to her feet, still nude as I closed the door, and she slid into me and embraced me tightly before sighing contentedly.*

She communicated with sounds and gestures, facial expressions and body language… though admittedly I really wish I had someone to talk to, but this gesture told me that she was glad that I was home, that she missed me, and that she was content that I was there. It filled me with pride and belonging, and I pulled her to me and held her tight.

That gesture told her that I loved her back, that I was glad to see her and was glad that she was here.

"Beloved… we need to talk." I told her and she lifted her head to look at me immediately. Her expression asked me 'What is it?' *and she nodded. Drawing her to the rocking chair and sitting her down, I then drew a chair from a table and sat kitty corner to her and took her hands into mine.*

"Are you happy here? Do you like it here? Do you want this place to be a home for us, for our cubs, our family?"

Whisper looked at me passively, her eyes looking directly into mine as her mind delved to determine why I was asking this, and then pulling a hand from mine, she palmed her naked bosom, lowered her hand palm down to indicate the whole area, and then touched my chest.

'My place is with you.'

"But do you ever want to see your father again? Your tribe? I mean… I want to show you to my parents in America, I want to show them our cubs, introduce them to everything that we are. They'll love you; you're so beautiful, I'm sure of it."

Whisper paused, and lifting both hands from within mine as was necessary for more complicated gestures and taking a deep breath, she began to sign in the sign language she and I had been learning.

'You want to see your mother and father?'

I nodded, and smiling, Whisper got out of her seat and sat on my lap and fingered my lips before kissing me. Then bringing her hands before my eyes she signed quickly.

'When do you want to go?'

I smiled softly.

"I knew you'd understand." I said, and Whisper chuckled softly, not being able to laugh more audibly than that, before she pulled me to her chest. Palming her back I kissed her throat and then her breast, felt its softness against my face as I nuzzled it, and then smelling the scent in between her breasts I lifted one of her tits and squeezed it gently before sucking from her tit the warm and silken foremilk. Whisper held me as I sucked from her, teasing her nipple with lips and tongue, nibbling on it till at last she rose from me and her tit fell from my lips.

I looked up at her, disappointed… I was enjoying my meal, but then she knelt before me, and pushing my legs open, she studiously unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned the pants, unzipped it and then pulled out a phallus that was rapidly erecting. Then pushing her chest into my lap, she teased and cajoled my manhood till it was erect before she lowered her head and began sucking on me as I had done with her. And closing my eyes and laying back in the chair as she sucked and drew from me I sighed and felt myself calm as my dear lifemate pleasured me.

It was all for a second purpose as well… she had to get her enjoyment, and once I was hard enough for her, she rose, sat on my lap and just let my erection pierce her loins as she sat there on my lap, and the two of us kissed and jostled subtly, keeping the erotic sensations churning. Then winking she lifted her breast with one hand and I bent to kiss and nuzzle it, sucking from it even after I climaxed into her.

Day 456: *I was already deep into my new role of a wife and a would-be mother. Daniel and Anya seemed to be spending time together, lots of time together, and knowing how protective Daniel was, I understood why. What I was glad to see though was that my sister was letting him. Often I found her clutching to him, holding onto him like a source of strength, and of all the Lycan round here, Daniel was possibly the only one I could consider who was near my strength. Whether he was greater or not was unknown… I had a lot of power in me, but he was an old Lycan, and Lycan only grew stronger the older they got.*

But Anya appeared happy with him, so I was happy for them.

Peter was a different matter. He'd told me directly that he and Whisper had decided to go home… home as in America, but he said that he'd return. He wanted to rekindle his relationship with his adoptive parents. I didn't blame him… I was even jealous. He didn't remember what happened to our real family, he didn't see with his own eyes what had happened to mother and father, and for all this time he only knew loving parents who cared for him and provided for him as if he were their own instead of the near-neglect of the orphanages.

But Baba Yaga appeared, and it was then that I recognized her cottage nestled at one side of the village, and she told him to wait till his cubs were stronger for such a journey, and she promised that she'd take Peter to his home in America herself and likewise bring him back. She called it a 'Moon Gate' *on how she would deliver him half a world away. It was a magic that we didn't know yet, but perhaps someday we could.*

An oddity was happening to both Anya and me, something that we only noticed recently. As the lives of our babies grew in our wombs the two of us were synchronizing somehow to the point where we finished each other's thoughts, but likewise… we were both getting stronger.

It was exactly what Baba Yaga said it was… power through sexuality… and now that we were becoming mothers, Anya and I were experiencing whole new multipliers of strength. Right now… everything seemed perfect! Next week we were all going to go into town and get married. Peter to Whisper, Anya to Daniel, and Dmitri to me.

The plane had been sequestered into the garage, so perhaps when spring came we could put a landing strip here. All was perfect, all was well now, and no sign of anyone following us.

It was as if nothing could go wrong…

******

There was a chirp… a beeping that woke me from my slumber, and having lived in perfect bliss for several days, sleeping in before working with everyone else but working later than everyone else to make up the time, I groaned and then pushed myself upward, fattening breasts wobbling and steely muscles groaning as I moved. I was an Olympian woman of strength now, and my every movement registered sheer and utter strength and feminine sexuality. Blinking then, wiping the sleep from my eyes, I saw what was causing the sounds and saw the portable computer resting on the desk while hooked up to its power chord.

It beeped again, and there was a flashing purple light that was blinking for my attention.

Reaching for it and pulling it to me, wiping more sleep from my eyes and feeling those tits of mine wobble sensually with their need to be milked like they did every morning since I started lactating a year ago, I pulled open the computer and saw that there was a waiting message for me from Igor. I knew it was from Igor, because his notes were the only ones that had no contact information or a date/time stamp.

Tapping the message it opened immediately, showing me a single satellite image, and what it showed me was a military convoy heading from Kotlas. It was superimposed over a larger map, the vehicles actually moving forward, while the directional arrows were pointing straight at Mir.

The vehicles bore the markings of Alexandros.

With a gasp I threw myself out of bed and stared at the image while standing, and then rushing to dress, I pulled on a random shirt and pants that might or might not belong to Dmitri, and pounding downstairs I pulled on a pair of boots.

Rushing out the door without lacing the boots, I found Dmitri quickly.

“Alexandros! Coming here!” I gasped and he straightened from talking to one of the villagers.

“Are you certain?” he asked simply.

“Positive!”

Setting his jaw, Dmitri turned, strode back into the house and immediately started turning dials on his radio, flipping switches several times, and then dropped the head set on the table.

“Can’t get a signal.” He said finally.

“Who were you trying to contact?” I asked and clutched his arm. I was afraid… very afraid at the moment.

“The military base in Kotlas. I thought… maybe…”

I let go of him and lifted the head set to my ear and heard a crackling sound, and I realized, again not knowing how I realized, but I knew that it was being jammed. Igor must’ve sent his message right in the nick of time.

“Jammed. They know we’re here, Dmitri. They’re coming for us.”

“Then they won’t have you.” He said determined. “I won’t have my wife or our baby growing up like lab rats in some secret facility somewhere.”

“But Dmitri…” but he was already moving to the front of his house. “Dmitri… they just want me, I can give myself up, save the town and…” but he was already through the front door, and by the time I’d followed him, he lifted a metal hammer to a bell and rang it repeatedly, and immediately loads of people came rushing out of their houses, the men and some women with rifles in their hands.

“What’s wrong Dmitri?” “Yeah what’s wrong?” “Are we under attack?”

“Yes.” Dmitri answered to the last question despite that it had been a joke and everyone fell silent. “There is a paramilitary organization called the Alexandros approaching. We must make them think that Tanya, Anya and Peter don’t exist here. ‘No strangers allowed’ bit to the guardsmen… close the doors and keep a watch.”

“Where are they coming from?” someone asked.

“The southwest.” I answered and there was murmuring as Dmitri held up his hands. “Flocks inside, women and children and the sick in the bomb shelter unless you’re assigned a guard task. Move quickly. The gates close in fifteen minutes.”

And people moved.

“We have a bomb shelter?” I asked Dmitri and he smirked.

“It’s a sub, sub basement. I keep it locked and use it for food storage, but during the cold war my father had it built being that Kotlas was a military base. He was afraid of America’s atomic power.” He smirked. “As if Russia is afraid of such things. We had far more nukes than America had… they just didn’t know it.”

I didn't know about that. Nothing I'd learned or was programmed with told me whether he was right or wrong, so I believed him. But having seen the manufacturing might of the United States First hand, at how awesome it was to behold… I still had my doubts.

"What do you want us to do?" I asked him.

"Hide in the house… we'll come for you." He said and then bent forward to kiss me.

I last saw him running off toward the gate house.

******

I couldn't just stand by and wait, so I hurried over to the gate houses and pressed myself against the gate to peak through a crack as the Alexandros convoy drove up and parked itself before the gates. It lowered keel blocks onto the ground like that other mobile convoy on the border between Canada and Alaska had done, but unlike that one, this one also unfolded and swiveled dual tank cannons toward us.

I swallowed, trembling in fear for these people who were hiding us.

'What are you doing, Tanya?' a voice asked, and I turned immediately to see Ivan sitting atop a nearby fence post.

"Hush… go away."

'No… I think I'll stick around.' He said and tapped his tail that had been wrapped around him over his forepaws.

"But you might get hurt."

'Maybe. But you and I started this… I thought you and I might finish this then.'

"But how?"

'How do I know? I'm just a cat.'

"That's not very helpful." I groaned, and walking over to him, picked him up and held him against my bosom. Right then and there I caressed my belly, in which my daughter was nestled calmly inside me. It was a girl… I knew it was a girl… and she gave me power just by the sheer fact that she was there.

And then… it all started.

"We don't like strangers around here." Dmitri's voice called from the top of the wall and I moved to the edge of the gate and peaked outside again.

"Open up. This is your one and only warning." Someone said, and dozens of rifles on the walls lowered and pointed at unseen targets beyond my line of sight. I turned and saw a man in a white suit standing in a white fur coat with a white mask with red markings on the face at the forefront of them all.

"You can go to hell. We don't have to listen to you. We've already sent for help. They will tell the military that if you harm us…"

"You mean these two?" the man said and Mikhail and another man I didn't recognize were thrust forward. Both had been beaten and were bloodied. Their guards pushed guns to their temples. "My patience is thin as it is, and honestly who will give a care of a town no one has ever heard of suddenly being wiped off the map? A makeshift fuel oil bomb would decimate it nicely, and they may even think it was your fault for storing gas and manure together. Now are you going to open your gates, or do I have to open them for you?" and the man lifted his hand and the cannons of that mobile fortress aimed their eight cannons at the gate.

“You lower that hand, and the first bullets are going through you.” I heard Dmitri say, and all the rifles shifted.

There was silence, and the man’s fingers twitched.

“So be it.” He said, and with a gasp I vaulted upward suddenly, not knowing how I managed to jump so high as a human, I nonetheless did it and landed atop the gate, balancing perfectly there with Ivan in my arms still.

“Stop!” I called out.

“Tanya!” Dmitri gasped.

“Enough whoever the hell you are. What do you want with me? Can’t you just leave us alone? Isn’t chasing us across two continents loosing hundreds of millions of dollars and risking international ire enough for you?”

“Not in regards to what you can offer us.” The man said and calmly lowered his hand. The cannons didn’t go off. “You represent an investment, and you represent the future of warfare and of humanity throughout the world. The costs that you would offer us are in the hundreds of trillions if not the quadrillions of dollars, so you see, the risk, the effort, the costs… are all negligible so long as we capture you.

“And I’ll tell you what! Surrender yourself, and your brother and sister and this town will be left alone.”

“No…” Dmitri said and aimed at the man, loading a shell into the rifle. “No… I won’t let you have her.”

“Dmitri… stop it! We don’t have a choice…” I cried.

“They can’t have you!” he shouted back, aiming the rifle in his hands.

“And what happens if you pull that trigger?” I cried back at him, tears in my eyes. “These men and women will kill you and everyone in this town, and they’ll take my family and I away.” And then sniffing I turned to the man in the fur coat and the white mask and said proudly. “I will come with you.”

I jumped off the wall and started walking toward the men, but stopped a dozen paces away from them.

“Let these men go.” I said to their captives, and the man in the ornate white and red mask nodded, and their guards holstered their side arms and cut the zip ties around Mikhail’s and his partner’s hands and shoved them away. I waited till the two men were back to the town and the doors let them in before I advanced.

Immediately I was surrounded, and guards put metal rings around my neck, ankles and wrists.

“Is she secure?” the man asked and I stared him in the face with hate in my eyes.

“Yes sir.” A guard said after checking my bonds.

“Good… know that the bonds surrounding you are enhanced forms of the bands you previously wore, but unlike them, number Twenty-Three, these are keyed to kill you specifically. You act up and silver plates press against your body. You get to the point where you become to violent to control, silver spikes perforate your throat, wrists and ankles, severing open every major artery in your body.

“That said…” and he lifted a pistol, showed me a silver bullet, loaded it, clicked the chamber of the automatic pistol shut, aimed idly and fired, and I turned right in time to see Dmitri fall off the wall.

“NO!” I screamed and thrashed, and immediately a button in a control of the man’s hand was pressed, and the searing pain of silver against my body made me scream in agony as what felt like red-hot burners slid against my skin in a dozen places.

“There… one insolent sycophant taken care of and one run away test subject reacquired.” The man said as he looked down at me. Ivan walked up to me and licked my face. “Process her.”

And the man turned on his heel right as I felt many hands on me, hauling me away.

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I was in a cell again, a containment cell in the back of their main transport. Knives had cut my clothes from me, and though they tried to brand me, tried to tattoo me, this time my flesh wouldn’t hold their markings and brands and tattoos, done repeatedly, painfully, soon melted away.

Again I’d been violated by their implements and their tools, but this time I simply stood there and took it… took it and planned murder as I held Ivan in my arms. They put me in this refrigerator and opened all the vents to the outside air, hoping to punish me for evading them for so long, but really, I didn’t even feel it thanks to whatever changes had happened to me since then.

It was Ivan who was cold… and I held him in his favorite place to be, which was calmly nestled between my breasts.

I’d been there for an hour at the least when the door opened to my cell, and lifting my eyes I saw that man in the fur coat enter before the door closed and sealed itself behind him.

He stared at me through his red emblazoned white mask for a moment while I breathed heavily and angrily at him. And then he lifted his hand and showed me the remote, in which he pressed the button and the silver studs slid against my flesh. I hissed in pain but wouldn’t let him see any more than that, and he kept burning me for many long seconds before he let the button go.

“You present us with a problem.” He said angrily at me. “It seems… as if none of the fluids or skin samples that we take from you stay samples. They disintegrate into ash within a minute of extracting them from you.”

“It’s not my fault your scientists are incompetent…” I said, and he immediately raised the control for my collar and bracelets and I was burned again for a few short seconds.

“Silence.” He said simply when he released the control. “I’m afraid that your usefulness as a test subject is at an end, number Twenty-Three. But we need new test subjects… so therefore because of your inability, we will capture your brother and sister instead.”

“What?! You promised me you would leave them be!”

“Did I… I must’ve misspoke… oh and before I forget… silence!” and I was burned again, but in my rage I forced myself to stand. “Sit down number Twenty-Three…” he said and pulled a trigger and more studs pressed against my flesh, and I screamed this time before I dropped Ivan, but still remained standing.

I forced my eyes to open as I took a halting step toward him. “I’m warning you, Twenty-Three… I won’t hesitate to kill you now that I know your usefulness is gone.” But he nonetheless knocked on the door for it to open.

Now was my chance, and screaming, focusing on something other than the burning of silver, I surged forward, trapped the man and fastened both my hands about his neck and quickly began to squeeze. He pulled another trigger and began choking as the door was opened, and spikes of silver shot into my ankles and wrists, blood pouring out of the wounds as my fingers tightened, fingernails digging into his throat, thumbs pressing on his Adams Apple.

Guards on either side of the man on the other side of the door lowered hand guns toward me and fired, and my body was shot with two studs of silver.

Ignore the pain, ignore it… kill him… kill the man… kill the bastard who’s trying to hurt my family… cut the head off the snake!

But the man dropped the control, though the pain of the silver in my skin was still just as painful, and for a very brief moment I thought I was succeeding as I was shot twice more. And then the man lifted his two hands, gripping mine, and with phenomenal strength he peeled my hands away from his throat, holding them off, before with a mighty shove I was thrown backward against the wall of the cell as if I were a little girl being thrown by a man.

I stared at him as he fondled his throat with white gloves, and drawing the glove back, he looked at the crimson blood on it.

So strong... I gaped, crying tears of pain from the silver still in me. At least the bullets were clean exits.

"That was a bold move." The man in the white mask said to me as he held out his hand and one of the two armed guards put a nickel-plated Desert Eagle in his hand. "Apparently you're ignoring your self preservation at the moment." And he approached me as I whimpered but nonetheless tried to get my feet under me to rise. "We're going to have to remind you of what it costs to piss me off." And he buried the muzzle in my thigh and fired, and I screamed as another silver bullet cut through me just before he grabbed me by the hair and did the one thing to get my attention… which was to burry that gun right in my belly.

"Oh yes… I have your attention now, don't I, Number Twenty-Three." He snarled. "We know you're pregnant. We can get that at least from your vital signs. I wonder whether or not your regeneration abilities can compensate for a bullet tearing through your placenta… with a little unborn bastard inside it. Shall we try and find out if it will survive?"

And I gaped and shook my head immediately.

"Very well… then perhaps I can shoot your cat." And the gun swiveled to Ivan, who growled and hissed but then jumped out of the way right as the man pulled the trigger. "Nimble little bastard… Let's try again." And the guards behind him laughed and he stood and aimed again.

"No!" I cried out through the constant pain. "Please…" and the man raised his gun immediately to point the barrel toward the ceiling. I had the impression he was grinning at me.

"Sir!" Someone shouted and the man in the white mask turned to face the speaker.

"Can't you see that I'm working?!" the boss man shouted at a technician.

"Yes sir… but… there's an arctic hurricane approaching."

"What?" and he turned immediately. "Impossible… such a storm can't exist this far inland."

"Of course sir… but… it seems to be forming nearby. Category three!"

The boss turned to me, his eyes narrowed as I suffered the pain of the silver in me before he turned back to the guards and the tech. "Make camp…" he said and strode toward the door, handing the sidearm toward a guard. "We'll whether the storm and then raid the town for her sister and brother when it passes."

"And what about the subject sir?"

"Let her understand what real pain is. Leave the spikes and studs inside her… to remind her that disobedience isn't tolerated. Perhaps eventually we can use her again."

And they all left before the door slid shut and slammed. The cold in the box fell to frigid temperatures and thanks to the silver and my wounds… I was beginning to feel it.

Ivan came over and started licking the wound in my leg for a moment.

'Are you ok?' he asked.

"Never mind me… they need to be stopped, this needs to end." I whimpered and attempting to rise, palming my belly and trying to cradle my baby, I rose a little and then collapsed again with a sob.

Dmitri had been shot and my brother and sister were about to be committed to this hell. If there was ever a time when things seemed desperately impossible, to where I should give up… now was it.

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I was sobbing, arms folded, breasts pressed between the arms and legs that I'd brought up close to my chest while snow filtered in through the vents above my head. I was now freezing, and I was getting frostbit. The pain hurt, it hurt so bad… so bad that my fingers were trembling.

Why wasn't I going into shock just yet?

"Tanya…"

And Peter and Anya… they were going to be captured, tagged and subjected to horrors that I barely escaped, and…

"Tanya."

I blinked and looked up, wiping away tears that had frozen and crystallized to my face, and blinking reddened eyes, I saw something impossible. Baba Yaga was here, though she was an old woman. She was sitting on a carpet bag like the one she'd given us, with a pot in front of her bubbling with some concoction. There was a can beneath it with some sort of fire making it warm, and she was stirring it with a shaved stick. The thing about her appearance, though, was that she was see-through.

"Grandmother?"

"Aye child… It's me. Strange things these humans make… I can barely make myself visible here, even with my tremendous power."

"Grandmother it hurts. It hurts so bad." I said and showed her my bracelets that I was still bleeding from

"And it is this that will inevitably be these human's folly. I've called in many ancient favors, Tanya… all so that I can do something before it's too late. My family is very nearly destroyed, and I will not let mere humans take them from me again. Tonight is the night of the full moon, and within a few minutes, you are going to change. It will not be a pleasurable experience."

"But grandmother."

"Do not interrupt… I do not have time. This potion is your last chance… you must drink it exactly as the moonlight escapes that vent there and shines upon you.

"But there's a storm going on."

"It will blow itself out very soon, Tanya. The interference from the humans' science keeps me from doing anything greater, but do this and you will be blessed with a particular strength, one that will render you immune to the damage silver inflicts.

"And one more thing… Your Dmitri is still alive… he's hurt, but still alive." And she started to fade.

"Grandma! Wait!" but she was gone, leaving only the pot with its potion in place. The can with the heat in it, the stick, the bag, and all of Baba Yaga were missing. And then all of a sudden the wind stopped and an incredible silence permeated everything.

'Tanya… What was all that about?' Ivan asked beside me.

But I didn't have a chance to answer as I felt a warming tingling on my arm, and looking down at it, I saw the silvery glow of the moon against that arm. In an instant I reached out and snatched up the pot, ignoring the heat in it that scalded my hands, and placing my lips to the pot, I drank a thick, malty substance, being careful not to spill a single drop. And when I was done I threw the pot away and it shattered and dissipated into mist.

'Tanya?' Ivan prompted cautiously as he edged in, putting a paw up on my leg as he looked at me, smelled me.

I was starting to hyper-ventilate, felt the nipples upon my breasts and the clitoris and labia between my legs harden, and with a clenching moan I lurched backward and tossed my head, feeling the arousal grow so great it literally was painful. The sensation began in my nipples and my sex, but it soon began to spread outward, and I moaned with the pain of it. But there was also a burning feeling in me as I felt the change happening, the burning flowing inward from all my veins from throat, wrists and ankles from where the silver studs and spikes penetrated me… all while something hot and heavy settled in my stomach.

Muscles tightened and my body heat skyrocketed, I began to sweat despite the cold, my flesh turning porcelain white the longer the process continued till every muscle in me was clenched so tightly I couldn't move any more. A door opened up ahead of me and a technician with a pair of guards hurried in, just before a long stick with a sparking electrical end was shoved promptly against me. It zapped me, but I only absorbed the energy, sucked it in and evacuated a lance of hot ejaculate that steamed against the ground once it'd erupted from me.

They were seeing me transform, they were seeing me growing stronger right before them, and strangely, my belly became laden with all my nipples first instead of later in the transformation, all of them hardening and becoming tight and erect. They hit me again, aiming weapons at me, and screaming I thrashed and hammered a fist against the wall, leaving an indentation of a fist and forearm in its surface.

The backed up, gasping and afraid while my teeth gnashed as they lengthened and sharpened and both ears grew long and tapered and both eyes pinched together, but as they did they changed color… turning a silvery gray.

They were shouting at each other, I couldn't understand what they were saying as I hammered the ground and the whole transport shook, and balancing on hands and feet, I transformed like I'd transformed for the first time that night in the facility. It was slow and arduous, a mixture of intense pain offset by equally as intense pleasure. My body was unused to this new sort of change so it had to learn how to change again. The sexual pain was intense and I came again, milk leaking from my breasts while flesh all over me bubbled and coalesced with thickening muscles.

I was shot then, and then shot again by two silver bullets. They impacted my body and I snarled at them as my abdominals rapidly lengthened and hardened, growing greater in number. They shot me again but this time it was in the head. I saw the flash of silver, felt it land like a punch in the head, but it didn't kill me. There was a flash of blood, it splattered everywhere, but it didn't kill me. But in my sexual arousal I didn't consider that… in the pain of the silver I didn't consider that either… what I did consider was the hate that was in me right now, and surging forward despite how tense I was, I grabbed the two guard men by the throats as I steadily grew, my growth lifting them slowly off the ground while both hands with their lengthening claws slowly squeezed about their throats.

Breasts inflated, chest muscles engorged, biceps, triceps and forearms flared continually as I strengthened, and with each mote of strength my grip on their necks tightened and clenched. My abdominals thickened as I grew taller still, either leg burgeoning outward slowly as the vaginal muscles between those thighs distended and the cage of my ribs flared as I grew taller and taller, pressing the two men against the ceiling as I screamed a shrill cry of anger and frustration at them, and just then my strengthening grip tightened on their throats and simultaneously crushed their Adams Apples.

Letting them go as I continued to transform, the pair of them crumpling to the ground, my face pushing outward, fur growing along my body even as a tail started to telescope over my bottom, I licked my lips at the technician who was armed only with a prod.

He jabbed at me while I rose upon my tip toes, feet lengthening and toes spreading as muscles popped outward violently from my body now, and I grabbed the electrical end of the prod and sucked all its energy out of it before snapping a hand outward and grabbed the man by his throat and pulled him to me.

Thumb and forefinger were strong enough to hold him and encircle his neck, the primordial strength flaring within me. In his frightened daze, he lifted the remote to my collar and bracelets and anklets, and I spas med as long spikes of silver were ejected from the collar, only to find them flattening against my flesh into bald nubs. I grinned at the man, feeling all this power, raw power… the intoxicating sort of power of the Ether that Baba Yaga had let me taste… only there was so much more of it now… it was an unmitigatingly sensual trip. It was allowing me to ignore the weakness I've always had toward silver!

It made me horny.

But inside me was also growing a feral beast, and that beast was hurt and in pain, and taking hold of this technician's garb, I tore it open, pulled him to me and fed.

My teeth chomped down into his body and I drank his blood freely, feeling my body exploding with muscle here and there, with one arm billowing violently before the other followed suit. In through my mouth though as I drank that man's blood, I learned things, learned some of his memories, learned some of his skills, and then when I absorbed as much as I could, to keep him from turning into a Lycan should he survive since it was a full moon, I promptly snapped his neck and let him collapse like a rag doll onto the ground while I finished absorbing some minute strengths that I hadn't had before from his blood.

The bracelets, anklets and collar groaned about me as I grew against them, and flexing myself briefly, forcing the muscles beneath them to expand with the tension, those bands suddenly snapped open and then exploded with loud pops, and I roared once with the pain of the shaped charges that were designed to open my arteries, but did little more than cause painful and very brief pinches where they detonated. They didn't even singe the fur.

Biceps billowed as my height grew so much that my back curved against the ceiling, and slapping two hands against the walls I slowly pushed against them while the impossible levels of strength enhanced inside me. I was growing stronger and thicker that ever, doubling and re-doubling the thickness of my new hybrid form since defeating Twenty-Five, and approaching the powers of a goddess! I was rapidly becoming as thick as even Grandmother Yaga!

Fur and hair billowed over me till I pushed and a rent opened in the hull over my head, the transport vehicle tearing apart, and reaching upward, fishing both hands into the opening, I slowly began to pry the entire cell apart right along with the fuselage of the transport apart.

Roaring from sexual tension and evacuating vaginal juices every few seconds, feeling my many tits billow and muscles engorging, my back heaving with thicker and thicker muscles. I shoved the opening apart and down and then surged upward into the open air, tasting freedom as I continued prying that box apart.

Now the full light of the moon was shining down upon me and I doubled over and groaned, but forcing myself to move while I continued to explode outward along whole muscle groups, snarling and raging, I hammered down the walls of the transport and pulled myself out of it.

'Tanya! Don't forget me!' Ivan meowed, and reaching down with one massive hand, he stepped into it, and I held him inside my one hand, that hand large enough to protect him in a tight little ball as I climbed out of the transport, only to face an army.

I was still changing inside, I was still growing stronger, the intoxicating sense of Ether piling up inside me was incredible, and as I faced several hundred armored and heavily armed soldiers, I cupped my hands around Ivan all the tighter.

"Kill her." I heard the boss say, and they all opened fire on me.

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The bullets came at me it seemed in slow motion while I engorged on such tremendous power, a titaness in my own right in this four meter tall height I'd achieved, and holding Ivan close to me, I saw the glint of silver from every bullet and every round that was shot at me. I simply closed my eyes and bowed my head, not giving them any weak points, and the fusillade of silver finally met me. They pelted me painfully… at first. But the damage continued making me stronger, thicker and hardier, till at last it felt like no more than someone throwing a handful of pebbles at me.

The rounds slowed as they found out that they weren't doing anything to me, and I smiled at them before lifting a foot and stomping on the ground, sending a mighty tremor through the earth that knocked several of the nearer soldiers to the ground just before I leapt over their heads handed Ivan up onto the wall where he could be safe.

"Stay here." I told him and then turned immediately toward the soldiers with a heavy wobbling of tits, feeling the smile on my face fade right as I saw those two sets of cannons swivel toward me and the town.

There wasn't time to dodge, and even if I did, it would only hit the village, so surging forward and setting my feet, I tensed my muscles and was shot hard with four cannon shots.

Two struck me in the chest, forcing my boobs to bounce, the other two in the abdomen and a thigh. These hurt and they knocked me off balance so that I fell to the ground. Scraping at the ground with a clawed hand to keep me from sliding to far and shaking my head I rose again only to see the soldiers advancing, now with flame throwers. Seeing what they were about to do, I gasped and tried to move to intercept them but it was too late; I wouldn't be able to move this massive body in time to keep myself from being flamed, but then there was a crack of motion, and something black was standing in front of me, so black that it was like a hole in space save for the white stripes on it.

"Peter! No!" I cried out, seeing the flames shoot out to engulf him.

But Peter had a different idea.

Peter's smaller form had its own unique power, something that neither Anya or myself had, and in his hands that power was incredible! And so he roared… and when he took a breath to do so, all sound in the world halted, but when he did roar, the explosion outward knocked the two fire soldiers backward, and flattened several rows of soldiers to their backs and made that armored construct rock heavily on its keep blocks.

"Tanya, are you ok?!" A voice called and I looked up even as Anya floated downward like a goddess of light.

"I'll be fine! Help Peter!" I shouted back and tried to rise from the ache caused by those two cannon blasts.

"But what about you?" she said and used her phenomenal strength to help me up, but then flung her hand outward and created a shield that absorbed the blasts of the cannons, but not without the crystalline shield breaking and nearly shattering. She groaned and shook from the noticeable effort of keeping the shield up.

"Taking care of that transport will be nice." I groaned as bruised ribs healed and broken bones from the impact repaired themselves.

"Done!" and she flung out a free hand, her body glittering briefly, and a stroke of light shot from her opened hand and started cutting at the transport.

But it wasn't fast enough; the cannons were all leveling on Anya…

Leaping forward, I slammed against the back of her shield, thinking that it was one way of force, shook my head, and then rushed around it.

"Sorry!" she cried as I leapt away.

"Not your fault!" and I struck the transport, grabbed its cannons and forced them to turn before the two cannons shot off and cut through a stand of trees.

Anya's beam was cutting it in half as I struggled against the super structure of the cannons, till at long last I hauled upward and separated the tank like dual cannon turret from its moorings and tossed it aside before moving to the second cannon set. Gripping these cannons, I bent them upward, breaking the cannons off even as I was sprayed in the back by another turret that had popped up behind me. Silver bullets flattened against my back and cascaded to the ground before I turned and swung one of the broken off cannons still in my hand like a club to knock it right off.

Anya's laser beam or whatever it was that she shot from her body finished cutting the transport in half, and turning and giving off a mighty roar for our success, I turned to make sure Peter was all right.

With his phenomenal speed and the fact that he was surrounded by a dangerous and damaging aura, he was disarming soldiers and breaking many of them with his attacks, shattering their armor while effortlessly dodging bullets.

Occasionally he'd roar, creating an earth-shattering explosion that blew many of them away.

There were the cracks of weapons everywhere, and for a moment as I stood there with my two clubs gripped in either hand, standing dominantly over this battlefield, feeling all the programming in me going into overdrive to deal with this, I felt… useful.

And that frightened me…

There was gunfire from the town, there was gunfire from the soldiers firing at the three targets amidst them and back at the town, and eventually as these men and women in their high tech armor were becoming overcome, they finally threw down their weapons and held their hands up to surrender.

At that moment, the programming inside my head reminded me that people protecting their homes and their loved ones were greater than any number of soldiers.

There were cheers from the town as they opened the gates to relieve the soldiers of their weapons and their armor, but as this was all happening and I looked on happily, my ears twitched and I turned to the sound of a helicopter engine starting up.

Turning I saw the helicopter, and turning back I saw that their boss wasn't among the newly captured individuals.

He was escaping. He was escaping!

This was our chance. If he could be captured now, if he could be taken here and now… then all this could end. The cost was worth his life, I resolved… It was worth mine… and turning, leaping off the ruined transport, I ran after the helicopter as its blades spun faster and faster, reaching it as it was taking off, and lifting a hand I dropped one of my makeshift clubs and instead lifted that hand to grip the helicopter's landing skid. I hauled it downward with one solid jerk and bashed the tail of the helicopter off and the machine started to pivot uncontrollably before I lifted the other club into the rotor blades to ruin it's flying ability by breaking all the rotor blades.

The helicopter came crashing down, and once it was down I started to bash at it with the gun barrel of that cannon, bashing it in with the intent to kill the man in the white mask at all costs! The pilot would sadly have to die with the man he was trying to help escape. The lives of my family were worth this, I told myself. If I didn't do this they would come back and keep coming back over and over again. He needed to die!

And with that thought I gestured with a hand, an a column of lightning wider than my whole arm lanced from my outstretch hand and the helicopter fuel tanks blew up right then and there, jostling my boobs with the explosion and making me slide back slightly from how close I was to it. The fire burned off some of my fur and charred my flesh a little, but that promptly healed and grew back within moments. But nonetheless the job had been done… at long last we were free!

Dropping the club and watching the helicopter burn, I chuckled softly, free of all the monsters now and I started to walk away, seeing the happy faces of my brother and sister… only to then see their faces grow cold as they saw something behind me.

And then I heard metals grinding and squealing.

Spinning on my heel, I saw a pair of hands peeling the battered metal out of the way, just before a body crawled out from the inside and then fell out of the wreckage, unshouldering a burning fur coat as a definable male figure rose and walked from the wreckage, patting flames out of what looked like some truly fine clothing.

From his coat he removed a weapon before tossing the coat away, and standing there, making myself the target, he fired repeatedly at me, and though the bullets were silver, my supernatural defenses stood against them, and they flattened effortlessly against my body as he emptied the gun clip.

"So… you have secrets yet." He said quietly and then dropped the gun. "This is good, Number Twenty-Three… it means you still have worth. As do your brother and sister. We'll take all of you and slaughter the rest."

"My name… is Tanya you bastard. And whoever you are I don't care… all I know is that you so gotta die."

And surging forward I scooped him up, lifted him and tossed him, and leaping up into the air myself, I spun, my body nearing his as I was about ready to drive my elbow into his chest and his body into the ground, but as I flew near him in my leap, I saw his mouth from the cracked bottom of his mask… and he was smiling at me. Why was he smiling? Never mind… he was crazy, so here it comes Bucky dickhead! And I spun to catch him in a killing move, but he merely spun and kicked me in the head, hard… so hard that I felt it, so hard that it phased me and sent me into a daze, hard enough to turn me with all the mass I held, and I landed awkwardly as he merely fell to his feet.

Rolling and rising, I gaped at this man as he stood a short ways off and brushed himself off.

"What the hell are you?!" I gaped.

"I am the head of the Alexandros Foundation. You may know me simply as Mister Smith. Smith Alexandros. As for what I am… I was human… a long, long time ago, but thanks to study I've lived for… well let's not lie, more than two millennia."

I gaped. Humans, as far as I was aware, couldn't manage such a feat, but my very existence and Grandmother Yaga's for that matter, told me that it was definitely possible.

"How?"

"Various ways, Number Twenty-Three, but suffice it to say that there are procedures that exist in this world that are both ancient and powerful, and though some will call them magical, like you, there is nonetheless a science to them. I was an alchemist, and I managed to create one specific discovery… It's called the Philosopher's Stone."

He and I started to pace each other, me having to only move in short steps, while he was taking long strides. Some of the villagers plus my brother and sister showed up but I held them back, sensing something inordinately dangerous with this fiend.

"That stone became the basis of my power… I can convert lead into gold, and likewise I can make the elixir of life… but imagine my great astonishment when, in a drunken stupor, I swallowed the stone, and I found additional benefits that were to my liking that no one ever thought of." And he parted his shirt, revealing a red stone imbedded in his chest. I could do nothing more than blink at it. "This stone makes me young and vibrant. I can smoke and drink whatever and however I want, I can live forever, but most of all, it grants me strength, it grants me power! I can even have sex without a condom and not fear disease!

"And when new sciences come along that can be given to a body to enhance it, it keeps those powers constant."

My mind whirled, and I gaped.

“Like my blood, and the programming you instilled within me… and… and…”

He started applauding. “Great… you’re smarter that I thought you were… or at least you are now thanks to our programming. You were the prototype, Twenty-Five was the beta test… and I…” he smiled grandly through the base of his broken mask as he lifted a hand to it and removed it. “…Am the finished product.” He was young looking, a man in his early thirties and nothing more. “Only I kept the best for myself. And I have become as far beyond you as you’ve become beyond a mortal.”

“So what… you think yourself a god?” I snarled.

“No, no, no… never would I ever think to call myself a god, number Twenty-three. No… I am a god… so tempt me not to prove it or I’ll smite you like so many before you.”

“Well prove it, cause I’m going to kill you this night!” I snarled.

“So be it.” He said with utter finality… and then he started to change.

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His muscles started to flare, every one of them thickening rapidly, and most especially was the sizeable bulge that was his penis. That member ripped out of the crotch of his pants and the shorts he wore beneath them as it erected, stretching the fabric and then bursting it open as it telescoped massively while billowing muscles shred through every square inch of fabric he wore. I watched popping explosions of muscularity burst outward violently, veins standing on end all over his body, and most especially up and down that thickening manhood while dual packs of pectoral muscle and countless lats forming all up and down his body.

Gray fur slid from his body, fingernails turning into hooking black claws, teeth into fangs as his face pushed outward and his mouth and nose telescoped into a muzzle.

Three times over he did a tremendous heaving motion, the first shredding his clothes, the second bursting them while the third just made him heave all the larger, each growth spurt doubling or tripling his previous size with each change, and despite my size, I found myself raising my eyes as he actually grew over me…

And then something horrific happened as I saw a five meter tall werewolf rise before me, his fur silver grey, as his upper body suddenly sloughed apart about the upper body, broadening the shoulder base by at least twice his tail splitting into two, and from his shoulders bubbled to pustules. But inside those pustules I saw something moving, gnashing as both swelled into bulbous fluid-filled masses, till two somethings broke from his flesh with a splattering of water, revealing a pair of identical heads to the first that gnashed their fangs and barked and howled.

And then I felt the power of a reactor churn inside him as dozens of the same cylinders that had been on Twenty-Five extended outward from his arms and legs and all over his chest and back too, each cylinder glowing brilliantly, supercharging him so that his growth swelled outward in order to engulf those canisters like Twenty-five’s body had done.

I swallowed, staring at him wide-eyed as he bared his fangs on three separate heads and spread his clawed hands wide. And projecting from his pelvis was a huge erect penis that throbbed and pulsated and churned before it ejected a lance of semen outward toward me while his body separated further into larger and larger muscle groups. A massive hump rose against his back, his mane of hair bristling as it did, and I remarked that he looked five times as big as me. Five times as strong, and what power there was in him I had no idea.

“Does this please you?” he said with a voice that sounded demonic and vile while the other two heads snarled at me. “Is this not power?!” and he flared wider, the gray fur turning black and his eyes red. “Do you not want a piece of

this?" and he fondled his erection while its girth lengthened and broadened so hard that it was ribbed with the penile muscles of its entire length.

"Oh I want a piece of you all right." I said and clenched my fists. "Only it's not your dick I want!" and I attacked.

I could feel my heart pounding as I surged toward him, my breasts wobbling and bouncing as both arms churned and my thighs burned as I closed the broad distance between us almost instantly. He laughed at me though as we began a dance of battle, with kicks and summersaults and bites and claws. Blood flew quickly, and in one instance his claws sheered one whole side of my face off. I screamed as nerve endings burned, but I slashed at his abdomen, my claws glittering silver-like in the night while I used my powers against him. He didn't seem to have powers, none that weren't physical, but his taunts and his actions were insulting, most especially when he and I grappled hand in hand, and the length of his dick slid in between my heavy breasts and he started to give me a titty-fuck. It didn't take him long to exude several shots of his seed onto my neck and chest.

"Oh yes… maybe when I'm done dissecting you I'll make you my thrall." He laughed, and having enough of this I bent my head and bit down on his erect dick, and bit hard enough to bite its end off.

I spat it at him as he howled, and in his moment of pain, I began slashing repeatedly at him, ripping muscle and bone out, disemboweling him, and it seemed, for a moment, that I'd won, till he trust backward, hit me hard in the head, knocked me back, and then threw up three stomachs of acid, one from each mouth, all over me. The scream that erupted from me as the acid burned me was a shrieking cry of utter terror and pain, and I churned in the snow to get it off me, but in the mean time, his body rapidly healed itself, and he heaved in anger at me. Everything on him healed, and as it healed he grew thicker, larger and stronger, neck muscles flaring till he had no neck, chest muscles engorging till he had no throat, arms thickening and legs widening till he was a pile of muscle. Even the tip of his maleness healed itself and it erected all over again

"That's it… I'm so not going to make you my thrall." He snarled, one of his other heads barking at me, and reaching down he grabbed me by the mane and one ear and hauled me up to face him. "Blood, it all hides in the blood. All your genetic knowledge, all your strength and power. Power always exists in the blood… and so if I can't extract it from you the easy way, then I'll just do it the hard way."

And his teeth of all three heads descended upon me, biting me on each arm and on the throat, and I hung there like a crucifix as he fed off me, engorging himself on my blood.

Day 456 – Supplemental: *The violence of the fight was going on just a short distance away, and I watched with certain trepidation, wondering if I should interfere or not. I watched with so much fear in my heart that I failed to remember that I still held one of the soldiers by the back of his neck.*

The thing about my powers was the violence of sound. Sound could be used to nullify other sounds, but likewise, sound could be used to shatter rock and steel, knock things back and likewise cause explosions so violent they could shatter the paint and lacquer off things. I only remembered that I still held a man in my grip as he began to thrash in convulsions, and looking at him trembling as the vibrations shook his head I immediately dropped him and he lay there drooling. I think he wet himself too, but I didn't care about a man who was trying to harm my family.

"What do we do?" a familiar voice said and I turned toward Anya as she floated in mid air nearby, palming both hands over her short feline muzzle. I merely shrugged, for in this form I was as mute as Whisper was, and so I gestured toward her several times, her eyes glancing between me and the fight. "No I can't do anything… If I shoot at them I might hurt Tanya!" I gestured some more, telling her that she was the only person who might be able to hurt the three-headed dog.

She whimpered, and right here and now I saw that her eyes were fixed upon the hugely engorged wang that our assailant had.

I snapped my fingers and a sound like a firecracker going off echoed through the air and she looked at me, and I signed some more. She trembled, but nodded, and we both turned to watch the fight.

Day 456 – Supplemental: "If she looks like she's loosing, we have to interfere. If she looses… you must fire… even if she's in the way." *Peter told me with his gestures and I nodded at him. It steeled me, I knew what needed to be done, and my heart slowly calmed as I tried to force myself to turn my fear of violent men for what they would do to me turn into hatred, used it to calm and cool myself, focus… gather my powers.*

If Tanya started to fall, only Peter and I would stand a chance, and out of all of us, I had the best chance other than Tanya to end this. Except I didn't want to loose my sister… I didn't want to see her die, so I focused my hatred, and anger and fear together, and suddenly a swirling pool of energy began to move inside my bowels. I felt my power, my power was me, and gathering it up I opened my eyes, and almost screamed in fear as I saw the monster take our sister in all three of his jaws and bite down on her. The only reason why I didn't scream was because I choked on it before it could escape.

And just like that I lifted both hands and focused, and in a snap of color the blue of my flesh deepened into an icy blue while a whirlwind of snow rose up about me, attaching to the crystalline armor all over my body, the frozen water swirling about me while the light in my body turned into an a deep, deep blue.

All my power, all my energy was surging into me, into my outstretched hands and I was only vaguely aware of Peter backing from me. I had to kill him, I had to kill him before he killed Tanya, and as tears slid from my eyes, crystallizing into ice before it'd even moved a few centimeters, my eyes glowing a frigid blue, I prepared to forcibly kill another monster.

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My body tensed… I couldn't help it, his jaws in me were pinching so many nerve endings that they were forcing me to clench, the clenching causing me to bleed all that faster, and for a moment I thought I was going to die.

Till I heard the howling, and then right near the grip of darkness I dropped to the ground as he let go of me.

My body unstrung itself and I coughed, trying to will my body to heal, trying to pull my powers into those places, finding the wounds healing, but hen I looked up at the three-headed wolf that my enemy had become, I saw him being plastered right in the back by a fusillade from Anya, a column of light and what looked like shards of ice pelting his back, freezing him where he stood, all while he coughed up my blood from all three mouths that was coagulating even as it run down his chests. Blinking, shaking my head, I rose, steadied myself and shook my head again, and then hurried over to him and kneed him in the nuts.

I took satisfaction in the crunching sound his balls made as he fell backward.

Pouncing on his chest, landing on him with all my weight, I heard more breaks in his ribs, and laying down on him, taking one of his other heads, I punched it in the throat, collapsing the Adams Apple, and then twisted the head to break its neck before doing the second to the other head.

Then with my legs spread wide atop his chest, I faced him with every ounce of revenge and anger that was in me.

"Now you die." I snarled, and struck him.

And then I struck him again…

And again, and again, I screamed, I roared, turning his face into a bloodied and bruised effigy, knocking him till he didn't move any more, and finally… I crushed his muzzle into his skull… and he stopped moving.

Sitting there, panting, I rose and tensed, my body still healing, repairing my lovely face and the acid burns as I looked upon our enemy, and then spitting on him, I turned my back upon him and walked away.

Day 457: *It was hard to believe it was over. I mean he was dead… dead, dead, dead! My family was free now! We were free at last and there was nothing more that anyone could do to us… I went to my brother and sister, after Anya had shot the monster one more time for good measure, and I embraced her tightly, thanking her for saving me as Peter reverted to his White Mode. Anya and I collected him in with our embrace as we celebrated the death of our enemy… or so we thought.*

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I was walking back to the village with cheers after embracing my brother and sister – while the newly reborn Lycan and humans of the village cheered us with their guns.

And then abruptly the cheering slowed and then stopped, and all were looking behind me, and turning on my toes, tits wobbling heavily, I gaped as I saw Anya gripping her throat, just before a looming shadow rose behind her, his body splitting apart and revealing red angry lines and lights on his body that radiated from the bulging red gem in his chest, as the two limp heads healed themselves, snapping their necks back with noisy cracks and groans and then barked angrily as they came to life.

"Anya NO!" I screamed and he squeezed her neck. The snapping of vertebrae came fully to my ears and I ran toward him as the life in Anya's eyes started to dim, and I screamed at him, but it wasn't I who stopped him. But rather it was Daniel.

The piercing cry that I heard him scream was frightening to me; it was murderous and violent, full of decades of Lycanthropic rage. It dug up all my fears and made me live them, and as he landed on the monster's body, a great blade glinted through the air, the thing shining silver in the fading moonlight, and he struck at the monster's arm right in the tendons and he dropped her as half the hand fell limp from the severed tendons. Anya crumpled to the ground and I rushed to her instead, and she groaned, moaning and whimpering as she lifted a hand and felt her throat.

And then looking up, all the villagers who'd been turned into werecats leapt on the monster, biting and clawing, tearing at the beast… as did Peter even as he turned back into that violent Black Mode of his.

Blood gushed from the beast as I laid Anya down, making sure she was breathing still, that her mountainous breasts were still heaving before I rose to my feet and was about to join the fray when there was an explosion, and a billowing ball of energy unlike anything I'd felt before rippled off him, sending everyone that was on him flying. Some of them flew a hundred or more meters up into the air, Daniel among them, and when it was all over, the monster lowered his gaze right toward me, opening his enlarged paws and the claws on each finger extended to several times their previous sizes.

And then I saw him transforming again, his flesh healing itself but at the same time layering plates of glittering black chitin all over his body… he spasmed, thrusting his chest outward twice, and each time he did it thrust outward in a massive rush of growth, till on the third thrust two more arms tore from his body around the ribs as his fur was all pushed to gather in specific areas, leaving his flesh molted and sickly.

"You hurt me, number Twenty-Three." He growled, and turned to face me fully while spikes slid from his body and his muscles and his height grew even greater than ever. "You and your family should never wound that which cannot be killed."

And then he moved, one fist rising as he seemed to teleport from where he was to where I was, giving me only enough time to raise both arms before it came hammering down upon me, breaking both my arms. His fists punched me, and he tore at me with claws and teeth, throwing me everywhere, and remembering the cub that was in my womb, I did everything that I could to protect it, guard it, keep it from being hurt, sacrificing my body to keep her well.

Till I tumbled to a stop and laid face first in the snow.

I hurt… I ached, and as I started to rise, a clawed foot found my head and shoved it into the snow again.

“You… see… your death.” He said and slowly applied pressure to my head. I heard the grinding and the crunching of bones… he meant to cave my head in. “I will finish you, and feast upon your corpse! I’ll…” But then there was the sound of helicopter blades. “Eh?”

And he turned, and before me upon a horizon that was starting to show light since the fight had lasted so long, rose a Hind helicopter flanked by two MI-Twenty-Eight attack helicopters.

“No…” Smith gasped, just before the guns and rockets on those helicopters all lit up, rockets expending their packs while several missiles struck Smith even when he was down, all while chain gun fire and heavy caliber weapons pelted him in their wrath while I hid in the snow till it was all over.

Then rising, I saw the Hind pivot and land, the other two helicopters remaining upright, but with the Hind on it’s side, that brought a mini gun sticking out its door to bare with a gunner aiming the weapon at Smith. But as I rose, I saw a figure step off the Hind from beside the gunner, even as a tank rolled out its back end and took up position. The figure walked toward me, stepping agilely, walking with a heavy business suit complete with a trench coat around it, and walking with a cane though there didn’t appear to be a need to actually use the cane. And then there was a man before me, a man without a mask, with white hair and blue eyes and a smile upon his face.

“Who are you?” I asked him. “And why aren’t you surprised to see me?”

“I… am a figment of most people’s imaginations.” He said simply and smiled at me as he took my great hand by one finger, bent over it and kissed it like a gentleman. “My apologies for not intervening earlier. Smith is apparently very apt at hiding his endeavors, even from me and his resources.”

“Terran!” Smith howled as he rose from the bloodied snow, his body healing. “Game’s up Terran!” he howled and flexed his body and all four arms. “I finally have the power to dethrone you!” and he laughed and launched himself across the plain of snow, and I rose to meet him but this man, this *‘Terran’* lifted a hand to hold me back.

“I will handle this Tanya. He hungers for me more than he does with you.” He said and stepped forward, unbuttoning the lower half of his trench coat.

“Oh-ok…” I said hesitantly, watching as Smith rushed at us and this Terran person who calmly walked toward him.

One would have to remark upon the sanity of someone so small, literally half my height and a fraction of my weight standing up against such a monster, and so I winced as Smith hauled backward with one mighty arm, claws like knives and a paw large enough to crush a man like him swung for Terran. And I closed my eyes as a deep audible slap came to my ears. And then I dared to open on eye, because if this Terran happened to be a madman, then that would mean that I’d have to fight Smith next, but what I saw astounded me.

Smith had been stopped by a lone hand that had been flung outward to stop his whole hand, and my surprise was only eclipsed by Smith’s surprise.

“H-How… how is that possible?!” Smith howled.

“If you knew anything… you would already understand, Smith.” Terran smirked, and then shoved Smith’s great paw away, throwing the monster off balance with such a simple motion as if his incredible weight were nothing, right before he leapt up into the air, twisted, spun, flipping his cane in a full circle several times, and then lanced a leg outward and caught one of Smith’s outer heads with the heel of a boot.

The blow was so incredible that it knocked that head into the main head, which then smacked the third head and Smith was thusly thrust sideways and was sent careening off in a spinning circle. He tumbled once, twice against the ground in odd positions and then crashed into a stand of trees a good hundred meters away, flattening several of them even before this Terran landed agilely on his feet with his cane tapping neatly against the ground through the snow.

“I’ll be right back.” Terran told me and then leapt forward and disappeared, appearing right before Smith across that great distance as his hand thrust forward and with a loud crunch that I could hear from where I stood, his hand went into Smith’s chest, grabbed the gem in his chest and ripped it out.

Smith tried to reach for it as Terran lifted his bloodied and gloved hand, and with naked strength alone, crushed the hardened gem in his hand that had resisted blows from my own fists and claws, just before he turned, lifted his other hand, and I saw a flash of orange-white light a moment before there was an explosion that emanated from that hand. When the explosion dissipated, Smith, the stand of trees, and a large patch of snow were all gone.

He then turned and stepped toward me and in the next moment in a flicker of pseudomotion he was there before me again, tapping his cane against the ground once again.

“W-what did you do?!”

“I fired him.” He smirked. “Why don’t we go inside for a nice cup of tea? I’m eager to see this town called *‘peace.’*”

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His name was Terran Mushunoshi, and he was the founder and sole stockholder of the Starlight Foundation. He looked and seemed in every regard to be human, but there was something definitely inhuman about him in that brief display of power, and much to my surprise he was not only perfectly aware of the existence of Lycan, but likewise strode right toward Grandmother Yaga’s house and knocked.

There he waited with my full hybrid form standing right next to him, and he waited for the door to open, and when it did, Grandmother recognized him.

“You.” She whispered and covered her mouth, appearing as an old woman.

“May we come in?” he asked simply, and Baba Yaga actually curtsied and let us in.

This man stood in the center of her home, looking about him as Baba returned to her full form, acting flustered like a woman trying to serve an important guest at short notice.

“Th-this is a great honor my lord. I’m surprised that you are here.”

“I felt that I needed to be here. May I sit?” and she flushed and offered him her own chair with all the cushions, and he sat with perfect gentlemanly poise and dignity with both hands resting upon the cane in front of him.

The two of them talked as I sat on a low stool, watching with surprised awe. How important of a man was this that Baba herself would act like this? I thought to myself.

They discussed the town; they spoke in Russian, and this man who had a perfect Englishman’s way of speaking where every word was pronounced in a traditional sort of way, and though he looked subtly Asian, he shifted into speaking Russian without any detectable accent. His suit was tailored and made of fine cloths and silks, and he had a build that was lean yet muscular… much like Peter.

“I must apologize again for allowing my underling to cause you such havoc, Tanya.” He said to me. “I only learned of his treachery recently, and that was only wrought from having certain… computer specialists… invade his personal files. It was warranted based upon the actions of the Alexandros, and despite how much damage he’s done to you, I cannot take back what has already been done and what has already been seen. Even my authority has certain limits.”

He rose then, and bowed to both of us like a European would, with a click of the heels and a quick bow over our hands before he excused himself and let himself out. Turning immediately to Baba, I saw her sitting there unblinkingly as her untouched tea was still held in its teacup and platter in her lap.

“Grandmother… who on Earth was that?”

“Who on Earth indeed.” Baba gasped. “Tanya… mark this day well, for his kind are rare as rare as can be now, and you have the privilege of having met the greatest of them all.”

“But who is he?”

“Tanya… you have just had the privilege of meeting Terran Mushunoshi, also known as Pseudodrake, the first king of all dragons.”

Day 464: *A dragon… an actual dragon. No wonder he kicked Smith's ass so thoroughly. Terran was still around when press and military showed up, and he expertly fronted all questions by everyone concerned, being very diplomatic in front of the world press. The television in Dmitri's home displayed his speech nicely as he bespoke of the treachery of Smith Alexandros of the Alexandros Foundation, a subsidiary of the Starlight Foundation. Smith had used resources in an attempt to destroy a town in Russian Federation territory and Terran brought a paramilitary force of his own to stop those actions. The reasons weren't told, but Smith Alexandros was killed and obliterated by the action and the soldiers marching under his command have been seized and arrested pending investigations of their actions.*

Apparently, the Starlight Foundation had extra-territorial authority like a nation regarding its employees.

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I turned off the television set and turned to my lifemate and future husband, who was lying back with his arm in a sling thanks to the silver bullet he'd been shot with while I helped him drink from a glass.

"Enough television…" I said and then fingered his chest before I bent to kiss his wound.

"I wouldn't be a gentleman if I didn't admit that I can still do these things for myself, Tanya, but I will also freely admit that I'm enjoying it all and really, really want you to continue doing them." Dmitri said, and rising and laying against him in the couch, he and I kissed before his good hand found my tit and started massaging it, going through the tight undershirt I wore before giving that up and snaking those naughty fingers of his underneath the shirt to fondle me.

"Then we're just going to have to continue doing them then." I murred, and rising with his hand still on my chest, I lifted both arms and pulled the shirt from off me. This time he took his injured hand out of the sling and fondled my other tit.

"I want you… right now." He said quietly to me, and his hands slid down my body to the panties I wore till he began to tug them downward. I obligingly rose and let him pull them down before I helped him remove them off me to reside naked before him, right before he fingered the tight vaginal lips between my legs.

For him it was a simple matter to open his robe and for me to sit upon his already erect manhood, letting it pierce and penetrate me deeply. I did most of the work… gladly even, rubbing my face and body against his as he just held onto me, trying his best to add to such pleasure while nuzzling and kissing my face, neck and breasts. It'd been a week since the battle, and all had been quiet. Not a single man or woman had been killed, though there were definitely lots of injuries… and lots… and lots of pleasure.

Dmitri sucked the milk from my breasts, drawing the fore milk from me while I slid up and down upon his thick extension, experiencing the wonderful sensations of lovemaking. The drive of his maleness that had been enlarged from his change into a Lycan made our lovemaking all that much more memorable. It was beautiful.

I had everything I wanted now… absolutely everything.

I had a loving man who would soon be a husband, I had my brother and sister back, I had a child growing in my womb and I had a home, a quiet town, and wonderful livelihood and more.

In comparison to the scrawny little girl in Moscow having transformed into the powerful Lycan that I was now, a queen of my own Pryde, I was content unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

That Terran person even paid us several hundred million rubles to improve the town, help us become a town under the protection of the government instead of just a hunting camp. It meant an eventual road to our tiny town, it meant an airstrip and housing improvements for everyone, and we could also be connected to Kotlas's phone services and maybe their power. Unlikely, but we were hopeful.

And as I felt that orgasm rip through me at long last, I didn't think I could possibly ever be more content, and as it finished its track in me I laid against him, hugging his head against my bosom and kissed him repeatedly as he nuzzled both my breasts and neck.

This promised to be a bold new life for me… and I couldn't wait to start it.

Day 464 – Supplemental: *Whisper was safe, Rain and Victor were safe, and I couldn't be any happier or content because of it.*

I sat back, looking at my soon to be bride as she bent over the crib after feeding the cubs, and I smiled at the sight of her lightly furred vaginal crevice peaking out from between two tightly rounded butt cheeks, her heavily laden breasts sagging with milk as she kissed each of the sleeping babes goodnight.

Then she rose and turned to stretch, and I looked upon her lithe form with her broad hips, narrow waist and enormous breasts and distended pussy, and I felt myself getting hard just looking at this symbol of femininity right before my eyes. Muscled abdomen, thick biceps and even thicker thighs, the fact she looked like that made me want her again and again.

Noticing my eyes on her, she smiled at me and strode toward me, her hips rocking with each step till she settled upon my lap, her breasts wobbling heavily till she was pressed against me to kiss me.

Everything with her was silence, but in her silence were profound scores of words and music that she could convey with a glance or a gesture… and this one meant: 'I love you.'

Our relationship was physical… it could only be physical. Conversations were held with touches and kind gestures.

"I love you." I said to her between kisses, and she bent to kiss me again to reply to the sentiment.

For more than an hour it seemed we simply held each other, danced a little bit to the music in our heads, coddled each other and moved eventually to the bed. Lovemaking didn't start there… not at first, but eventually it led to that. Afterwards it was just she and I in bed as I reached out and caressed her face, and looking into her eyes while saying nothing.

All was silence, save for her breathing and the beating of her heart, and laying against her body afterward, embracing her with my ear to her chest, I listened quietly to that strong beating heart.

This was my solace, laying within the breasts of a beautiful woman after sex, listening to her breathing and her heart beating.

Day 464 – Supplemental: *Daniel was now my personal hero.*

"You were so brave to protect me like that." I murred, "I would've died if you hadn't interfered."

"That was the point." He said simply, watching me as I slid in next to him, dressed in only panties and a sheer undershirt as I applied another splint to his arm. "Though this sort of thing isn't really necessary, Anya." He said looking at the splint

I had him bandaged up and his arms secured to the bed with many pillows behind his head and back.

"Sure it is! You got shot up a hundred meters or more, landed on your back. I was so afraid when you didn't move right away."

And then I rose and bustled away; picking up a tray of food and placing it across his lap. He raised an eyebrow at me while I began feeding him and myself; he simply had to lay back.

"Anya… why are you doing this? I am perfectly capable."

"Aren't you enjoying it?" I smiled at him, arching and bending myself sexily before crossing my thick legs over each other.

"Well…" he thought. "…Yes, actually."

"Then quit complaining." I giggled, and then continued pampering him.

"But what's the purpose of putting me in splints and bandaging me up? My arms aren't broken and I healed those bruised ribs a long time ago."

I finished the cheese and cracker that I had and smiled at him. "It's so you don't move." There was just enough suggestion in my voice to make his eyes go wide, and at that moment I took hold of the tray, lifted it and set it aside, and then stretching, turning back to him, I moved to straddle his lap, wedging my crotch directly over his groin.

And then I removed my shirt. And then I pulled on the strings of the side-tied panties I wore, and suddenly I was a naked woman on his lap, and just as suddenly I felt that raging hard on of his arch beneath me, the thing so strong that it actually lifted me slightly.

"It's so… my gallant lord, that after all your exertions and all your noble actions… Warder, KGB, FSB, and now a Warder again, living alone, not having a woman privy to you… that you lay back, stop complaining, and just…" and I kissed him briefly, pressing my breasts against his chest just beneath his chin. "…Let yourself…" and I kissed him again, only longer this time. "…Go." And a third time, though this one held all the passion I had to give; and I meant it for him.

I rubbed my hands against him, rubbed both breasts and my moistening pussy against him while slowly crawling down his body and landing kisses everywhere that I could. I moved down his strong neck this way, down his heaving pectorals and each abdominal of an impossibly engorged ten pack of muscles, till I got to his slip-on sweats and just pulled those right off, kissing his manhood as it arched upward before I pulled back immediately with his sweatpants and rose again. Pulling all the hair over one side of my head, it was then that I started sucking on that erect maleness, and just let him relax after all his exertions.

His body control was immaculate, and he didn't cream even once for several long minutes, though I did get him harder after sucking on him as if his maleness were a lollypop. Rising then once he was sufficiently hardened, positioning my breasts around the thing to keep it warm, I licked my lips and looked up at his face. I'd never seen him so relaxed.

"You know… you owe it to yourself to have a huge litter of cubs, sit back and be a father." I mentioned, and he looked me right in the eyes and blinked.

"Why do you say that? Are you really interested in having so many children?"

I rose, straddled him, held his cock and directed it before I sat down on it, feeling it slide straight up inside me and settle there before I placed my hands on his chest and leaned in close, laying against him with my chest wedged high atop his before I slowly began rocking.

"I am. I would be perfectly happy if I could spend the rest of my life pregnant, my sweet lord, but we'll start with a couple, move onto a few, and if we're willing, go onto many and then a lot, but I vow to you my sweet lord that I'll take whatever you wish to give."

And I embraced him as I continued to ride him. I felt his lips against my face and brow… it was the only part of his upper body that I hadn't immobilized. Heh… immobilized. As if he couldn't tear right through all that.

"I've been alone for so long," he said into my ear. "I really don't know what to do with you."

"Most men don't know what to do with a woman." I sighed. "They have to be taught."

"So teach me…" he said and started nibbling on my ear, and I chuckled before rising. "Rule number one:" I chuckled. "In the privacy of the bedroom… you don't have to be a big, strong man… and you can just be a man. I won't judge you and point out your weaknesses, just your strengths."

"And rule number two?"

"I always get what I want from you." I smirked and pressed against him. "And the rest of the rules… we'll work on as we go. For now… just keep penetrating me with that big, strong dick of yours." And with a sigh I settled against him, enjoying the feeling of a man's erect penis inside me, completely forgetting about that night of my first change.

Daniel made me forget. He was so strong and powerful; he protected me even from bad thoughts by his sheer presence. For that reason alone I wanted him… for that reason alone I'd love him forever.

Day 829: *One year has passed since the Battle for Peace as the associated press had called it, being that Mir means Peace in Russian.*

The town had been improved greatly, and a few immigrants had come to our town, nearly all of them Lycan, and the local construction companies around Kotlas have definitely enjoyed the contracts our town has issued to them, and the Starlight Foundation had been rather generous. A road was built as soon as spring broke, with an airstrip being inserted at roughly the same time. Asphalt sidewalks and roads were placed everywhere, and landscaping made Mir look rather beautiful. Another larger wall was put into place for the added people who'd moved into Mir but couldn't live inside Mir, and this very rapidly became a quiet town of Lycan and humans who under a Communist Rule. I know the rest of the country is leaning toward Democracy, but here at least communism worked… and that was all because of my Dmitri.

Everyone helped everyone else out… everyone knew everyone else, and our quiet little village expanded slightly with the added people and their families. Those humans who couldn't stand the knowledge of the Lycan left, and Grandmother Yaga wiped their memories of our existence before they left in order to keep the secret safe.

A free theatre was built and a warehouse. Farmlands were tilled and this place became completely self-sufficient in the middle of Russia's ever changing infrastructure.

During our long trip through Russia, across America and Canada and then across Russia again, Anya and I had seemed to synchronize as to when we went into heat, and as such when we conceived on the same day, we likewise gave birth on the same day. I gave birth to a daughter, I always knew that she would be thanks to Baba Yaga's influence on the blood, while Anya gave birth to a boy.

I don't know about Anya, but it was the most moving experience I'd ever had bringing a child into the world, feeling a new life pass down my birth canal into Dmitri's waiting hands, and unlike human birth, this was soothing and comfortable, relaxing and euphoric. I didn't care about anything except the experience while it was happening, and coddling my own child afterward as she sucked from my breast was the most deeply-moving religious experience I'd ever known.

And sure enough, with our sexual power having grown since giving birth, Anya and I suddenly grew in strength and power, doubling prior levels practically overnight, right about at the same speed as our breasts filled with milk. They lactated before, but now they were in overdrive. It was a good thing too… cubs were very, very hungry creatures. Holding my daughter in my arms, watching her nurse… it was a sensation that moved me. It felt very good upon my heart.

Dmitri and I named our daughter Katia – or Katharine to those of you who prefer the English version of the name, while Anya and Peter named their son Ivan. Ivan the cat loved that idea.

Ivan himself settled into the home life like a fish to water. He loved his basket and his fish for meals, loved bathing and playing with the children. I'd have to get him a girlfriend soon.

All the couples in our family were of course married legally within the world of men as soon as we could… Peter to Whisper, Anya to Daniel, and me to Dmitri. It was a bit difficult with Whisper and Peter though, being that Whisper had no birth papers. She was classified as an Eskimo… and in certain cases the Eskimo didn't keep such papers, so all her paperwork needed to be done by scratch.

A few months after arriving in Mir though, Whisper once again became pregnant, this time it was only one cub, and we're waiting for her to give birth any day now. Anya was looking to get pregnant as often as she could. Apparently the most babies born to one woman was sixty-nine… but she was a Lycan female, not a woman, and according to Lycan Legends from what Baba Yaga had told us, the most babies born to one female was a hundred and nine in her lifetime. Anya merely sighed, rubbed up against Daniel and said she was willing if he was.

Daniel merely chuckled and scratched the back of his head nervously.

At six months after the battle, while Anya and I were still pregnant we received a pair of guests in the form of Igor and Doctor Ivan… the same Doctor who'd had me kidnapped under duress and brought to the facility. He was now limping perpetually now and walked with a cane.

He wanted to apologize for what he'd done to me, and to thank me. Starlight hired him up and he now lives in America with his wife and daughter, and Igor had been approached also by Starlight to be a chief programmer of one of their many divisions. The Starlight Foundation, as it were, seemed to have their fingers in absolutely everything, gathering every resource and making so many different products that it'd take several hours to name them all, so it was easy enough to find the two of them positions. Igor mentioned that if Starlight's facilities were good enough to find him, then it was best that he stay found till and if he found reason to leave them again. Igor said that I could keep the pocket computer.

But the Doctor brought a machine with him, a machine that he left in Doctor Petrov's care, but while he Ivan was here he conducted a small experiment… with our approval of course. He did a genetic blood test to both Anya and Peter and upon learning that there were more Lycan here, he likewise did this with Whisper and Dmitri. He discovered then that they all had fattened genetic codes like I did, right along with the broadened sexual genes. Apparently male Lycan enjoyed the XXYY chromosome set up while Females enjoyed the XXXY set. He deemed then that Lycan were indeed totally different creatures from humans and by their genetics couldn't breed with them.

How it was possible to consistently send the right genetic combinations to allow only for those combinations was beyond my knowledge to understand, but Doctor Petrov mentioned something similar to the fact that we bred like humans and in effect, the cub was infected with lycanthropy in our wombs shortly after conception. It was the virus we passed that ultimately converted the cub, or else it would be a still birth or would die shortly after being born otherwise. The genetics would just break down and the child would die.

And then Ivan and Igor said goodbye and left. Oh we kept in contact with each other now and then, and they're both happy, but my life was currently much more preferable to me than theirs. Their visit did nonetheless raise a question though:

'If Lycan cannot breed with humans, then how did The Crone breed with a human to make Twenty-Five?'

I asked Grandmother Yaga about this very fact and she admitted to us that as a sorceress, not only she but also The Crone could become totally human and conceive… but it'd mean becoming mortal and vulnerable. It was a measure of how great their hatred for each other was that The Crone would do such a thing and make herself vulnerable for so long just to create a weapon apt enough to brutalize our family.

A few houses were completed right before winter shortly after Ivan and Igor left us, with Anya and Daniel moving into one of them and Peter and Whisper into another, while Dmitri's home was expanded and certain equipment – like the electrical generators, were upgraded. We didn't get city power, but we did get a hard line between us and Kotlas that allowed phone and internet connections and so on, but most of the video here was accomplished by satellite.

Also, Mir experienced its first coronation. When I was nearly ready to give birth to Katia, Daniel had apparently been working on a project involving mother and father's little black book, and the various families that had been unified beneath my mother sent representatives to Mir, and lords and ladies of the Pryde arrived to watch me crowned as their Queen, as was my birthright.

The crown wasn't a crown, per se, but rather a necklace, the same necklace that Baba Yaga had given me, but now it was placed about my throat under formal arrangements. I'd worn it since Baba had given it to me, and felt naked with it off, but Daniel, as was his right as the warder, placed it about my throat, knelt like a knight and it was done.

They congratulated me on my pregnancy, met with Dmitri, and though some of them had the airs of being superior to others because of their money and only gave false flattery, there were a few who were kind and gracious. A month later, an appointed servant was sent to Mir to receive communication and commands from me should I give them.

Apparently, I was Queen of all the Cats all throughout Russia and the Baltic states. My Pryde was enormous, but scattered, and unlike the Silver Council who gathered together in one place, we were far-reaching.

After Katia was born, I returned to the Silver Council to make an alliance. They welcomed me with open arms and an alliance was struck with their newly crowned Silver Lady and Silver Lord. We agreed to help each other as best as we could when the needs arose, but we also agreed to non-aggression pacts to keep infighting from occurring between us.

Whisper became a talented sorceress, with Anya slightly behind her and myself slightly behind Anya, with Peter and I at about the same level, which was enough to open our own Moon Gates. Baba Yaga was of course the teacher, and now that she'd decided to be a permanent resident of Mir, an active one too, she could keep an eye on her family and protect us more.

Finally, we decided to start a secret enclave like the wolves had done, and begin creating a den beneath Mir where the Lycan could meet and be themselves in secret. Many people remembered me as being the one who'd actively cut into the earth with them with Katia nestled on my back in her little hammock. Daniel taught us how to fight as Lycan did, helped the villagers assemble a militia while Dmitri continued being the Magistrate… only now his title was official and it held governmental standings. Within months, with our heaving and muscular bodies, we'd cleared out huge portions of the ground underneath Mir, bracing the earth and keeping it up with iron poles brought to us through Igor's warehouse in Kotlas, and so long as no one paid too much attention to the log books, no one was the wiser.

The final additions to Mir came in the form of gas furnaces and better heating, the whole town shaped in a horse shoe that faced south with an airstrip behind it. We still had the plane from the Alexandros… we received ownership papers in the mail from Starlight Corporation to legally make it ours, and all was well… But that wasn't the only plane that our little town acquired. A couple of our new immigrants were bush pilots and had their own planes as well, and likewise, according to the little black book that Daniel administered over, our holdings also included a private leer jet. A hangar was built to house all of those.

And then something new happened.

Amidst our digging… we uncovered gold. Our holdings skyrocketed overnight, and a secret smelting facility was built to start transforming the gold into bars. And it had a high purity… ninety-six percent. It'd allow for a storehouse of money to be kept for anytime we needed it.

Finally… Peter went home… for several reasons. The first was to introduce Whisper to his adoptive parents, show them his cubs, show them that she was pregnant again. When he came back, he said that the first meeting was awkward, but in time it smoothed over and his parents were overjoyed to see him married with children. He also told them of the secret of the Lycan, transformed in front of them, told them of the whole journey he'd undertaken and how far Anya and I had come to find him. Their misgivings of him running away disappeared immediately.

He also wanted to go to college and go to work for the Minnesota Zoo at the same time… studying medicine and veterinary science, securing for himself a dual citizenship between Russia and the United States and doing the same for Whisper and their Children. He eventually wanted to work in tiger preservation, and the two greatest institutions dedicated to those endeavors in the world were the Minnesota State Zoo and to a slightly lesser extent, the Russian government.

When I saw him next, four months later, with Whisper growing very pregnant again… he was a man, with wizened eyes and a man's muscular girth. Anya and I barely even recognized him, but he said that he and Whisper would return during the breaks between semesters and for the summer to be with us.

Anya was content to remain in Mir… and study her choice of colleges remotely online. I did the same, for in my busy schedule it only seemed logical.

I'm not sure when we did, I was in a daze then, but we visited the wreckage of the facility to the north. It'd been stripped but the wreckage was still there, a former gulag turned laboratory. I walked its grounds with Ivan in my arms and we remembered all the many experiences we had here while my family and our lovers followed along.

It held for me the same level of dread that a Jew might have visiting a Nazi Concentration Camp.

Visiting this place one last time allowed me to put closure on my whole life, and as the one year mark approached, the time that I'm writing this log, everything slowed down in the village of peace… and I was content.

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Katia slept in my arms, suckling from my powerfully muscular body which was every bit as powerful as Daniel's was in human form if not more, save that I was a good half a meter smaller than he was. Katia was always hungry, yet her smallish body remained lean and small. I loved holding her, loved the feeling of her lips upon my nipple as she sucked nourishment into her tiny body all while she slept soundly upon my firm bicep and forearm.

Dmitri exited from downstairs, covered in dirt and oil with his shirt off, and his sweat had formed rivulets down his sizeable and muscular body. He enjoyed the strength he got from becoming one of us, and ever since he grew stronger after Katia was born like I had, every muscle in him had likewise grown… which included the girth and length of his penis.

Love-making was made all that more powerful between he and I.

"You're dirty." I smiled.

"You're naked." He replied and placed the dirty pickaxe on the mat by the door, kicked his shoes off and approached me, squatting before me and bending to kiss my knee. It must seem a silly place to kiss, but he didn't want to get me dirty, let alone our baby.

"I was thinking…" I managed as we both heard the snick-snick-snick of Katia's nursing. "Maybe it's time for another baby. A son this time? Just for you? Baba Yaga can help ensure it."

Dmitri smiled. "Apparently my bride is just as eager to be pregnant as her sister."

"Not *that* eager." I mused.

"But nonetheless I smell a heat on you again. We missed the last one…"

"We were busy."

"I know." He smiled, and then took a deep whiff of my lap, smelling the scents that were eking from a vaginal mound that was even now billowing with sensitivity and desire. I uncrossed and spread those muscular legs for him, and holding onto my knees with both hands he bent forward to nuzzle the vaginal fur there before kissing those sexual lips. Then he lifted his gaze to me and smiled. "But now we're not… and I'd love a son."

"Then go wash up. I'll be up as soon as I put Katia to bed." And he kissed my knee again and rose. Soon I heard the shower running before I switched Katia from one breast to the other. She fussed a little bit till she got onto the other nipple, and she drew more of the fore milk from my other tit till she didn't suckle anymore.

Then rising, carrying her to the new nursery that we'd built amidst the add-ons to the house, I stood over her crib and watched her sleep till I felt moist hands upon my body and a pair of lips upon my back. My Dmitri was here again, and he was as naked as I was… his erect member pressing against the swollen and muscular swells of my bottom as one of his hands gripped a breast and the other wedged itself into my crotch and started exploring. We watched her sleep together as I felt myself being fondled gently till I finally turned to my lover. He was virile, but if I ignored him long enough then he couldn't keep it up forever.

He and I slid into our bed, resting on the covers as I rolled onto him and held onto him. I was stronger than he was by far even though he was taller than I was, and yet I felt safe in his arms as we kissed and nuzzled, before I started to arch and maneuver myself till I caught his penis with my sex and slid onto him. Soon I was moaning and bracing myself atop him, his hands fondling my breasts and belly and alternatively holding my face as I caressed his hand and arm as he touched me, and his chest and body when he didn't.

It wasn't till a full hour had passed – I knew it'd been a hour because the clock in the hall started chiming – by the time he let loose his seed into me, the mass filling my body fully and repeatedly till I leaked my juices outward onto his lap and navel. We switched positions after a short rest period and he loved me, sucking from my breasts, loving me and kissing me till he came again. Eight times total by the time morning came, and he and I lay together in disheveled sheets and interconnected bodies in rest as the light of the sun shone down upon us.

And in my womb, I felt it… I felt the life spark of our new baby merging, changing, growing into a healthy baby.

In contentment I took his hand and held it to my belly before I held onto him possessively. "Hmm… maybe I am as eager as Anya is to be pregnant." I murred. "What would you say to having a really big family?"

"I wouldn't mind it." He said and kissed my forehead. "I'd welcome it, actually, and thanks to you we're rather well off right now. And if anything ever does happen to the money, then we can just put the kids to work on the farms and we can be subsidiary."

I sighed and then rose, straddling his lap as he held onto my hip and continued to palm my belly. We smiled at each other lovingly and I found myself like a queen goddess with her suitor.

"Something I meant to ask for a long time, but how well are you taking to being a Lycan?" I asked him, and his answer was to slide both hands up to my breasts and start to massage them.

"I think I'm really taking to it." He smiled, looking upon my superb feminine assets. "I mean, how else can I have a woman with multiple sets of breasts?" he smirked up at me then and I laughed softly before settling downward against him, letting him feel the press of those breasts as they leaked a little of the milk Katia hadn't consumed. Without any further obligation he embraced me and held me as I clutched to him. "Love you…" he whispered into my ear then.

I sighed and laid there for a few moments embracing and being embraced by my man. And then: "I had a revelation." I said quietly.

"Oh?"

"Through all the despicable challenges that I faced, growing up in an orphanage, getting kidnapped and raped, programmed into a super soldier and then regaining my past knowledge, going across half the world and back to find my family while being chased by some ancient supernatural horror, if I were given a choice to do it again I would.

"All of this that I have or share… I have because of those experiences, and without them I wouldn't be the woman that I am now." And then I rose and slid forward, wedging my chest beneath his chin so that I could wrap both muscular arms about his head and play with his hair while looking lovingly down at him. "I'm happy. Very, very happy. I have a family, I know who I am, and I have a past, wealth and the love of a handsome and strong man." I smiled a little bit wider. "And in nine months time we'll have our second child." I laid against him and relaxed in his arms. "I love you so much, Dmitri. You alone are worth the suffering."

"Glad that I could be so important." He smirked and held me tighter for a moment.

"More than important. You're my whole wide world…" I murred and rubbed my cheek against him.

<End>