

# Minevera

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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**Danger:** *This story contains elements of an alternative and a sexual nature, parental discretion is advised... so keep your kids away from this story you irresponsible people. I take no blame for your inattentiveness.*

**Warning:** *This story is considered to be adult in nature, and due to local/regional/national laws, the term 'adult' will change upon your location. Nevertheless, if you still read this story and you are considered underage, then you are a naughty child and your parents are to be blamed and not Canada.*

**Rated:** *X for explicit*

**Note from the Author:** *As a former Alaskan, I consider, as many consider, that the Iditarod Dog Sled Race is the last of the most grueling races in the world. I would rate this race as strenuous for both animal (dog) and handler (musher) as the fabled race noted in the movie *Hidalgo*. Though that later race is indeed longer across desert heat, the Iditarod is across frozen Alaska, where temperatures in the winter grow so cold spit will freeze before it hits the ground. The Wild Pack is my honorarium to the Iditarod and to the mushers and dogs that run it, and it is likewise my honor to add Minevera to its numbers.*

*As a note, consider that this story will follow the Iditarod race as it was being run as of March, 2010.*

*For more information on the Iditarod Sled Dog Race, which will play out every March 5<sup>th</sup>, please see: <http://www.iditarod.com/>*

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## Chapter 1: The Lights That Touch the Mountain

The term "*Eskimo*" is a term that refers to Native Americans of the far north of the North American continent, made up of the Yupik, Inuit and the Aleut tribes of Native Americans. These tribes span Alaska and Northern Canada as well as the far eastern nose of Russia and parts of Greenland. Technically I was born one too... or at least according to my files I was.

My parents, whoever they were, died when I was very little. My father was supposedly the one with Native American decent in him, one eighth Inuit as it were, which made me one sixteenth or something like that. He and my mother were both killed in a car accident... a rather gruesome one at that which involved their car hitting a patch of black ice, sliding off the road, hitting a tree dead on, which caused a gas leak that caught on fire before the gas tank exploded due to an electrical spark.

The picture I found in the city library archives was pretty gruesome.

With no known living relatives I was remanded into the care of the State of Alaska and have thus far lived in an orphanage just outside of Fairbanks, Alaska.

Fairbanks was a town built around a United States Air Force base, so the public school that I went to was... colorful. Orphans like me, whites, Native American Eskimos... and military brats.

Though in some cases... military *spoiled* brats.

"There are no *spirits* on top of the mountain... *stupid!*" one blonde-haired, blue-eyed and pale-skinned army brat named Brad stated. "That's the Aurora Borealis. Everyone knows they're solar winds blowing against the Earth and igniting gasses in the ionosphere. Stupid backwards Indians."

Akitla was a full-blooded Inuit. Her name meant '*Snow falling on water*'. The beliefs of certain Native Americans were like a religion to them, and the various tribes of Eskimo were no exception to that fact. She was raised believing that the spirits fell upon the

nearby mountains, believed her grandmother and grandfather were a part of those lights, that she could stand in the snow and wave up to them and they would shimmer and shine down at her like they were smiling at her.

It was a part of her cultural and religious beliefs that she could still see loved ones that passed on, so at the moment, Brad word's had Akitla in tears.

"Don't hate me because it's true, stupid Indian." He smirked and she burst into even more tears, pressing her face into her hands.

"Hey Brad, why don't you keep your neo-paganistic stylings to yourself." I said, turning to him in the halls at long last ... not able to take his teasing another classmate one more day.

"Neo...what? Hey stupid half-breed, what the hell are you talking about?!" Brad retorted, smiling now that he had someone else to tease.

"For someone who calls everyone here stupid, Brad, you sure are the dumbest smart person I've ever met. Neo as in new and paganistic as in pagan worship... that is what Christianity is after all, isn't it?"

"What?" he sneered, growing immediately angry. So to get him back for his teasing I told him the truth... that most Christians tend not to acknowledge.

"Look, I'll spell it out for you, since your tiny mind can't grasp something so simple. Most of Christianity is pagan worship. Easter, coincides with rites of fertility and spring. Christmas is likewise a similar holiday; you just call it Christ's birthday because Constantine needed to merge the Holiday – or holy day as they were originally known – to bridge the gap between Pagans and Christians. The same is true with Halloween, or All Hallows Eve."

"Where do you get this shit?" Brad scoffed

"I read books." I shrugged. "You do know how to read don't you Brad? Don't hate me because what I say about your religion is true."

"That ain't cool making fun of someone's religion, bitch!"

"And what do you think you're doing to Akitla?" I shot back, folding my arms and gesturing at him with a wan index finger. "It's her beliefs that her ancestors live in those lights. That is *her* religion despite what you believe in through your so called '*expertise*' in science. What if the polar lights were both?"

"Ha! Both my ass. You prove there are spirits up there, and I'll kiss your ass."

"And how do you propose I prove that which by its nature cannot be proven Brad?" I asked.

"Climb to the top of the mountain and ask them a questions about me. If they're '*all knowing*' spirits, they'll know something about me no one else knows. Do that... and I'll kiss your ass."

"What is it with you and asses? Are you gay or something?"

I smirked and he looked both ways and blatantly retorted "No!"

"You're a dirty thing, Brad, and the last thing I want is to have your lips on my nice clean butt. You'll get it dirty with that mouth of yours. No... if I prove that there are spirits on top of that mountain, then you'll go up to each and every last person in school, and you will apologize to them one at a time for every foul-mouthed thing you ever said or done here you despicably spoiled army brat that shames your own parents honor with your actions. And at the same time, you will never, *ever* tease a person again."

“Cha-right... easy deal. You, meaning you,” and he pointed at me and my... diminutive and weakly stature. “Are going to climb the mountain and speak to the spirits? In the middle of winter?! Ha! Easy bet. And when you don’t even go up there...” he smirked. “You’re going to spread your legs for me.”

My eyes twitched as I realized what he was wanting from me.

“Minevera no...” Akitla pleaded but I had this stubbornness streak in me that had always been my bane. Yes I was small and un-sprouted, yes I wore glasses and was weakly, but I was a stubborn little nineteen-year old.

“It’s ok... I’m not going to have my first time be with this prick.” I told Akitla.

“But you haven’t...” Akitla began.

“Agreed.” I said with a raise of the chin and a flash of the glasses.

“...agreed yet.” She finished with a groan.

“Done then!” Brad laughed. “Yeah... getting some half-breed poon tonight!”

“Over my dead body.” I growled.

“All right people!” the teacher announced as he called to us from the nearby classroom. “Hats off, iPods off, spit or swallow your gum, I don’t care which... but time to zip your lips, slap your butts to the seats, listen and hopefully learn. Our lesson today is on Alaskan History... we’ll pick up where we left off yesterday after you turn in your papers for your reports that are due today. Review: Who can tell me when the United States purchased Alaska from Russia...?”

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“Minevera! You don’t have to do this!” Akitla gasped as she hurried up to me after class. “There’s a storm coming, he’s just using you for sex! Go back and chicken out.”

“It’s too late.” I said hugging my books to me as we walked down the hall together. “I already agreed, and if I fail I have to give it up for him, and I am *not* going to let that little prick put his even littler prick in me.”

“Then refuse him, tell him it was a stupid idea. This isn’t worth your virginity or your life, Minevera!”

“It’s decided.” I said getting to my locker and opening the lock to place my books inside. “I will not let him do this to us.”

“But Minevera... you’re a Christian too... you don’t even believe in our ways.” Akitla managed quietly. “By all effect, you should be telling me the lights are just scientific things too.”

I closed the locker and smiled at her.

“Why can’t they be both?”

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Orphans were often ignored in orphanages. I’ll admit that my life wasn’t as bad as Little Orphan Annie, but it wasn’t some sweet academy where we ate luxurious foods and wore crisp uniforms either. If it was I wouldn’t be going to public school. My orphanage couldn’t afford private schooling, so it was public schooling for the most of us... and as such, so long as we did good and didn’t act up, we pretty much did anything we wanted to. I could step right off the bus and walk right toward the nearest mountains.

Alaska was a highly mountainous state... the tectonic upheaval here created displays one would call *‘Folded Mountains’* which were massive mountains being hewn up and the land being folded over itself in waves. It was a land of earthquakes, where we got at

least two major earthquakes a year, and it was of course a land of volcanoes... where one of the most powerful volcanic explosions – Mount Saint Helens – caused one of the greatest volcanic devastations known to mankind. The land was still recovering from the explosion of that summit... and the mountain was once again smoking with a new cinder cone!

Alaska was a frontier, Alaska was raw... as of yet unrefined... and those who challenged her got punished... severely. And I was about to do just that.

I was barely taller than five feet in height, I weighed less than a hundred pounds, wore glasses, couldn't do one sit up or one pull up in gym class, and I was one step away from an asthmatic's need for an inhaler. But still... I was going to conquer this mountain! Yeah... all five foot four inches of me...

Despite that I was nineteen – due to the trauma of losing both parents, I was put into public schooling late – I was a tiny little woman. Regardless, repositioning my scarf and pulling my hat down, oversized jacket and snow boots on, mittens on, I proceeded toward the nearest mountain, following the mountain trail, passing kids who were sledding down the foothills, on my way to the summit.

I was doing this for all women and for the Inuit and all the various other tribes that made up the Eskimo, I was going to prove Brad for the asshole he was.

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The mountains of Alaska were a buffer, I discovered. They separated the southern winds blowing up from the Pacific from the Arctic winds blowing down from the pole. It kept southern Alaska where Fairbanks was relatively warm all year round, even during the winter. Alaska was a rainforest after all, only it was a rainforest where it snowed half of the year too.

But that wonderful seasonal warmth was due to these mountains blockading off the Arctic winds, and the higher up the mountain you went, the more prone you were to the winds blowing off their peaks. I was committed to finding the lights on top of the mountains; I was committed to learning a secret of Brad's that I could prove that the spirits really did exist... I had to prove it! I had to!

But there was another little problem with the warm Pacific winds merging over the mountains with the cold Arctic winds... Sometimes they created things called a Polar Low... what others referred to as an '*Arctic Hurricane*'. Now... Polar Lows usually only happen over the Bearing Strait where the water is... but these twisting vortices can cause weather havoc for hundreds of miles away due to their sizes, and right now the Pacific air was raking me sideways, while the Arctic air buffeted me against the forehead with the gale force of a blizzard.

My forehead was cold, my tummy was cold... and basic snow survival stated that I was at a point of no return... that... and I was about to die.

Freezing of the brain caused higher brain functions to shut down, you went into hypothermia... and with the chill in the air being what it was, one could spit and watch that spit solidify before it reached the ground. Likewise, with my belly cold, that meant that my core temperature was low.

I was going to die... I thought that I was going to die... I couldn't feel my fingers and toes, and the only thing left for me was to trudge forward one step after the next through the thigh-deep snow. Up the mountain... up the mountain... one foot... after... the next!

Somehow I tripped on something and fell forward into the snow. Without the constant forward motion, the blood in my veins turned to slush, and I exhaled a breath of air as the cold suddenly became a comforting warmth that tingled and licked at me. I felt so sleepy.

My mind was in no place to recognize that I was slipping into hypothermic shock. It was when your body slowed down, your mind froze, your breathing and heart rate steadily slowed in its automatic attempt to keep your vital organs running. Thankfully, you'd fall into a comfortably euphoric sleep long before death actually occurred. It was really a comfortable way of dying I supposed... there were worse ways to go... it was a way of dying in your sleep.

But at the moment that my mind started to drift off, suddenly I was struck by and overhead glimmering, and right before I slipped off to sleep, the lights fell through a crack in the winds and snow as they all suddenly just... stopped. In the wake of its passing, a new breath of warmth flowed into me.

## Chapter 2: In the House of Stone and Light

I awoke quietly, sweetly, relaxed and warm as if I'd just slept in those nice big beds they showed on TV, the kinds where a person leapt into it and the bed swallowed you in comfort... not the century old metal bed frame donated from the military base that squeaked and creaked whenever you so much as breathed, the thing covered in an old mattress that was stained with ages of dirty children sleeping in it, and probably carried the stains of either a morgue or the sex stains of a hotel before it was seen fit for an orphan to sleep on. If not for the fresh sheets every morning then I'd be so disgusted at my sleeping conditions that I'd sleep on the floor with the dust mites.

But I stirred and opened my eyes, watching as a layer of snow just evaporated before my eyes into steam... it didn't melt into a cold slush, it just vanished into steam, and in turn fresh green mosses and flowers grew up from the ground all around me and filled my senses with the smells of spring.

There was angelic singing, drums and an aura of melodious voices that strummed my heart strings with some deep down staccato rhythm that made me excited and aroused at the same time!

Lifting myself timidly and looking about, I found that I was literally in a curtain of golden lights... and I remarked sleepily:

There were no Aurora Borealis that were gold.

Nevertheless, far above me were the usual curtains of greens and reds and purples, but here there were curtains of brilliant sparkling gold... filled with love.

*'You have risked much,'* I heard the voice of a powerful man in my head, felt its direction as if it were spoken aloud, and turning promptly I saw a bald eagle resting on the remainder of a half-broken branch of a tree that was sprouting with new greenery despite the snow all around us.

Such a glorious creature, it was no wonder why America, Germany and Rome have all used it as symbols for their nations. Golden plumage, white tail and white head with yellow hooking beak and powerful taloned claws that clenched as they held the bird upright. Though bird wasn't a strong enough of a word for a creature... this creature was the reason why the word *'raptor'* existed. I looked around for the speaker, turning fully around, but saw nothing more than myself in a spotlight of golden sparkling light before I turned back to the eagle.

"A-are you speaking to me?"

*'Yes...'* and the eagle flared his massive wings and seemed to hop into the air before growing and stretching and spreading, reshaping magically within the golden light, briefly becoming a part of that light before the light solidified into the shape of a man wearing a golden feathered cloak, a half eagle mask that covered eyes and nose, and a great head dress of white feathers. He wore chaps and a loin cloth with an elk skin robe that melded into the feathers perfectly. He had a necklace of colored beads and claws about his neck and had just enough of his chest borne to the warm air to make my lips purse in awe of this man.

And then the man's voice came to me yet again.

*'...I am Eagle. I am your totem.'*

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"E-Eagle? An actual totem?! Akitla's people were right!"

*'You sound surprised...'* he mentioned and tilted his head toward me. *'...Are they not your people too?'*

"That's a stretch. I'm maybe one-sixteenth their people. I was raised as a White-Christian."

*'Not withstanding... then why did you come up here?'*

“Cause I’m too stubborn for my own good?”

*‘No, not stubbornness... not entirely. Perhaps you wished to know for certain if the legends are true.’*

“Well... they have to be. All legends have a basis in truth... I... just didn’t know how literal it was. So... is this where I get to ask a question and have my dreams foretold?”

Eagle paused. *‘Yes... and no. Do you know who and what your people really are, Minevera? Diluted your blood may be, there is tremendous power there for you to grab for your own. Did you know that?’*

“Power? Me?! You must be mistaken. I’m just like any other American... a mongrel. I have Inuit, Irish, French-Canadian – ‘Acadian’ I think it’s called – and I believe I’ve got some Welsh in there too.”

Eagle shook his head, the plumage atop his head rustling and then squatted down before me, grasping my face in a hand with shaped wooden talons on the tips of his fingers that mimicked eagle claws.

*‘No,’* he told me into my head without actually moving his mouth. *‘Greater than that. It’s locked in this body, held at a distance instinctively by you... because you’re afraid of it.’*

“A-afraid? I’m not afraid of anything!” I said stalwartly and lifted my chin... again... that stubborn streak reared its nasty head.

*‘Perhaps...’* and he released my face and pressed a claw against my chest my jacket front. *‘A heart beats inside this chest which is wild, it is passionate and powerful; it heaves, hems and haws despite the conditions around you. You are a woman, and yet you live in the body of a girl. You could be beautiful, you could be strong and you could have power at your fingertips that no mortal could claim... so why don’t you accept these gifts of your ancestors?’*

“W-what gifts?”

Eagle’s lips spread into a smile. *‘Think carefully, Minevera. Do you want to venture down this path? Once begun there is no going back.’*

“Is this the part where you ask me whether or not I want to take the red or blue pill?” Eagle just stared quietly at me. “Sorry... this felt like a moment like that.”

*‘You make light, you defend with humor, and when humor doesn’t work, you, despite your size, show your ferocity to those bigger than you. You pushed yourself unto death, and even now you are in a place between what is real... and what is spiritual. I can send you back the way you were,’* and he gestured toward the distant lights of Fairbanks, barely visible through the snow. *‘To live out your life, let those powers in you slowly die, or...’* and he gestured in a different direction, away from the city and into stark wilderness it seemed... to the west. *‘We can send you down a new path... and you can garner for yourself the powers of your real people... your real tribe.’*

I held my breath and stared up at him.

“Inuit? Or am I Yupik or Aleut now?”

*‘You are what those tribes of man wished that they could be, Minevera. Do you want that which those peoples craved? Strength... power... beauty... a connection to the spirits of the afterlife, a connection with the Mother Earth itself, the Sister Moon and the Watching Stars, to no longer be... this?’* and he gestured at all of me with a smirk of disdain.

“Hey! I like me. There’s no need to look on me like that.”

*‘Do you? Do you really like you?’*

“Yes.” I replied sternly.

*‘Then would you like to be the real you? Beautiful... strong and...’*

“Ok... first of all, asking if I want to be beautiful implies that I’m ugly, Mister Eagle. I know I’m weak and... wait... what kind of power? The wrong kind of power is always bad.”

*‘You are wise beyond your years, Minevera. I meant no offence.’* And he rose and folded his cloak of feathers about himself. *‘Beautiful-er... perhaps?’*

I pursed my lips and raised an eyebrow. “That’ll do for now... go on.”

*‘I know you look at women,’* he began and I immediately scoffed. *‘Again, not what I implied.’* He said and held up a hand before I could speak a protest. *‘You go onto the thing called the internet and look at females that are physically superior to the rest of their race... and that’s keeping males of that race in mind as well. You look upon them and crave that sort of strength for yourself. Do you want that?’*

I shrugged my shoulders timidly and hugged myself before answering truthfully.

“Well... yes.”

*‘You want femininity that are the gifts of the Earth Mother? The breasts to feed multitudes... the vulva to birth those multitudes?’*

I folded my arms about my chest to hide my bosom... or lack thereof. They were little buds... *my* little buds... one day they grew a little bit, enough for me to have firmness at a finger press, but other than that there was nothing more that’d happened to them. It was as if he were right... I feared beauty so repressed the growth of even these most basic examples of feminine sexuality. I hated looking like a little girl and get carded when I told people I was an adult. How embarrassing was it when waitresses kept bringing me the children’s menus?

I wanted... BOOBS! I wanted breasts, boobies, flesh balloons, ta-tas, bongos, yabbos, bazongas, milk tanks... and of course... golden bozos. I wanted a need for a bra... not this loose undershirt thing, and... I wanted to be taller, with wider shoulders and hips; I wanted muscles that I couldn’t seem to ever get because I was a girl!

I’ll tell you what... if I was in charge of creation; I would change a lot about womankind. I’d get rid of those damn cramps, I’d make us all taller, stronger, and a guarantee that you’d develop breasts at the right age, and on top of that I wouldn’t make the act of giving birth to be a matter of *‘Yea, though I enter into the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil’* sort of BS.

Being a woman... I have to disagree with the lord’s design with making us so generally frail and small and weak... in other words... prey.

“Yes.” I replied a little more forcefully than my response before.

*‘You want to feel strong, you want to feel the strength of the Earth, the Moon, and the Stars strumming through your veins and sinews?!’*

“Yes!” I shouted and hopped up onto my knees, and Eagle lowered a hand to me, spreading the talloned fingers.

*‘Then take my hand... and we shall show you the wonders of what your human-self has forgotten.’*

My human-self? Those words didn’t strike me very profoundly at that moment. If they had, then maybe I would’ve been more hesitant, but I placed my hand in his, and I felt myself being yanked upward, up into the light as the ground rapidly fell away beneath me to where the world itself disappeared as it melted away, and I felt myself rising up into the joy and the light of the stars past the clouds... and into the loving and motherly embrace of the golden aurora.

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I landed in a sod hut, a little roughly perhaps, rolling to a stop on a fur before I groaned and managed to rise again. Joints ached and popped as I rose, my shoulders hunching as I winced from the stark annoyance of suddenly leaving a loving and embracing atmosphere into this... place.

Looking around, I saw that I was in a multi-roomed sod hut... with archways made up with bent birch and pine spackled with mud. A great domed ceiling was above me, and I was certain that I was inside a sod hut.

Eskimos used two kinds of homes... the igloo, which is what people assumed they all lived in all year round despite that ice melts in the spring, forgetting that not even Alaska is snow-covered all year round, and the sod hut. Sod huts are earthen homes, permanent homes while igloos are a way of survival when out in the open ice shelves of Alaska during a hunt. Villages were often made of sod huts, with the hard tundra covering a frame of wood dirt and stone to keep the rain off, with a high opening that let smoke out from a central fire pit without actually filling the hut with smoke. Despite that, there was a light haze of smoke that smelt of burning pine and pine sap.

Looking around for Eagle, I sought to know my surroundings, but found him missing.

Hanging meat and herbs were drying from the rafters, raised fur-lined beds were surrounding the fire, storehouses were here and there, but despite all the earthen smells, there was nevertheless something sweet in the air that tantalized the senses. It made me blush quickly, and I felt a rarely-felt sensation of my nipples hardening.

“Ohh...” I moaned and cupped a small lump on one side of my chest, removing my mittens and undoing the toggles of my coat, but in the midst of that I heard a rattle and a jingle of bells, and turning quickly, I blanched at the sight of a tall, buxom and hippy woman laden with lean muscle slide into view from the other room... a-and... and she was naked!

Her loins shorn and her breasts were voluminous, the pair capped with thickened areola and erect, mature nipples that must've felt the mouths of many children.

“They grow sensitive... don't they child?” she mentioned, standing there with hands raised onto the archway between rooms, her breasts wobbling and rolling along her ribs, and as she moved one leg, a bangle of bells and clacking thing rattled and jangled.

“Um...” I managed, staring at her mid section in an effort not to take in her nakedness. Part of me was shocked that I was looking at a woman who was totally naked, shorn of every scrap of hair beneath the scalp – she didn't even have underarm hair, leg hair, pubic hair o-or... or anything! – And her skin was so perfect too boot! Flesh that was of the soft-tanned coloring of the varied Eskimo nations to which my skin showed nothing of but pale and pasty white wrought with the red freckles on cheeks, nose and shoulders that marked me of Irish heritage.

“Don't be afraid, we're all female here.” She smiled, and from behind her several other fems, all of varying maturity, and I was certain I saw a couple that must've been pre-teens, all of them naked, peaked in around her and smiled at me. Some giggled.

Self-consciously I pulled the trailings of my clothing tighter around me.

“W-who are you?” I asked even as they stepped into the main room around the fire.

“My name is Tikaani... and these are my daughters.” She mused, her hair long and white, cascading to her calves, frilled and wild.

“A-are you another spirit?” I asked quietly, and squealed lightly as several of the eldest of the girls, young women like me, their fat breasts and strong arms moving about me as they picked at my clothing began to pull them apart. “What are you doing?!” I gasped almost shrilly with worry. “S-stop it!”

“I am of the spirits, but I am not a spirit, Minevera.” Tikaani replied.

“You know my name?” I blinked.

“I knew it the moment you entered our den. It is a bond between you and I... we know each other’s names instinctively.”

“If that were true, then how come I... hey!” I protested as the younger women about my age pried the clothing off me. “How come I don’t... can you ask them to stop? How come I don’t know your name then? Or theirs?”

She sat down and one of her youngest with an Eskimo yo-yo sat down on her lap while she reclined scintillatingly amidst a couch of furs and cradled her daughter while she played with the toy.

“You can struggle and scream... but those clothes are coming off. It is to help you on your path, and you’ve chosen to walk down it, so give into it.” I tensed up and hugged my clothing to me, whimpering, and then exhaling and just gave myself out to them as they undressed me. “But... you are a lost child. You’ve long since been lost and have forgotten your way... you didn’t know my name because you don’t know how to listen.”

“Listen... to what?” I asked as they got my coat off me and started unbuckling the belt to my jeans. I bit my lower lip at the prospect of being undressed by anyone.

“The wild power of your heart... it beats, it paces its cage trying to get out... you need to let it before it gets broken. You’ll find your power in it, and that power will change you.”

“Power is a naughty word, I hope you know.”

“Only if used in the context that humans do. Humans are greedy; humans are the ones who think of themselves first and no one else second. They do for the individual what should be done for the whole... the family, the... pack.”

“Pack... as in wolves?” I blinked at her as the girls pulled my pants off me, removing shoes and socks and unbuttoning the shirt I wore. “Wait... Tikaani... I’ve heard that word before. What does it mean?”

*Tikaani* rose and set her child aside, her back arching matriarchally, her spine arched deeply due to the size of her chest as she rubbed her muscled belly. “It means... ‘Wolf.’” She told me, even as one girl lifted the shirts off my head, and the other pried the panties off me, leaving me naked.

Those girls stepped away and I folded my hands over me to hide what little of a bosom I had and then crossed both legs to guard my sex. These were instinctive things in women... born into us perhaps the day that Eve bit into the forbidden fruit and saw that she was naked.

“Humans are ashamed of their bodies... they don’t show them off, cover them with rags.” *Tikaani* said and came to sit beside me. “We are all females here child... do not be ashamed, do not be bashful.”

“Easy for you to say... I’m naked amidst a bunch of strangers.”

“You must relax, open yourself to me.”

And it was then that I got the first look into her eyes, I saw their blue light... so blue they were like the ice of a glacier, so pure, so wild that they hypnotized me, and before I knew it, I was laying back onto the furs of the bedding here.

“Such a beautiful, beautiful creature you are, Minevera. The stigma of the human world doesn’t let you know these things. You are beautiful... but the feral, wild creature that’s inside you is a like unto what your people call a goddess. It is the beauty of spirits.”

“I’m cold.” I mentioned and shivered and *Tikaani* smiled at me and caressed the hair from my forehead with the tips of her long fingers. She smirked at me then.

“Not for long.”

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There was a bladder of some sort... perhaps from an elk by the size of it, but from within it she poured a clear, liquefied substance onto my flesh and I winced as it struck me and gave a tingling warmth where it touched. She then began to massage me with it; working this... strange... fatty concoction into my flesh in ways that only a master masseuse would know how to do.

“W-what are you doing... ah!” I sighed even as she rubbed the fatty solution into the hairs of my loins, being careful of the opening.

“You need to be prepared, child.” She told me while her daughters lounged or played behind her, her strong arms working my skin to loosen it and make it malleable.

“P-prepared for what? What are you doing to me?”

“You’ll see... in time.” She smiled and urged me over onto my stomach to get the other side.

“I will admit... this feels... g-good... ngh!” I moaned and blushed as her fingers once again worked my sex, and this time the space between both butt cheeks.

Why was I reveling in this? This was a strange spirit-woman-Shamaness-chick who thought she was a wolf. But then a spirit named Eagle dropped me here to set me on my path and...

I froze, feeling Tikaani’s hands leave me only to be replaced by a pair that were larger, stronger... firmer. Despite how much I’d been enjoying this, I turned immediately, twisting over myself and squealed high as there was a... a *dude!* A *guy* before me. A-and... and HE was naked too!

Ever get that sensation that you are aware of something, you feel your mind wanting to look at it but you don’t want to look at it, but regardless your mind forces your head to tilt and stare directly at it? Lots of guys do this to women when they gaze at their chests... they’re less inclined to fight it... but knowing that this guy was naked, realizing what a naked guy meant, my head and eyes slowly swiveled *downward*, continually until... until... Oh Great Maker!

And sure enough there it was as he climbed into the sunken bed with me, sliding his hands caressingly over me as I turned and I absentmindedly let him control me till he was kneeling between my legs, and for the whole time of this, that control over me came from the stunned view I had at looking upon my first penis.

It didn’t look at all like the ones I’d seen sketched on the walls of bathrooms, for one he wasn’t circumcised... and I guess you could say that he was hung like a black man! ...or at least a porn star.

“W-what is this... what... mmph...” I began, only to find him lower himself to me, pressing his lips against my lips to kiss me, and at first I sought to push him away... but that kiss... it struck something in my mind, it fed this... hunger that I had in me.

Not just any sort of hunger... this was that biological clock hunger, the tick-tick-ticking of our feminine bodies screaming at us that it was our genetic imperative to breed, to make love, to pass on the genes to a new generation and perpetuate the species. In spite of myself I felt my legs flop right open, felt his nads on my sex, his thick meat on my navel.

“A knowledge of yourself requires a knowledge of yourself.” Tikaani said as she and her daughters took up positions upon the bed here. “This is my eldest son... Amak.” Tikaani told me even as Amak rose above me.

“It... it means... *f-father wolf*” I voiced as this powerful male rose above me, hard and ropy, bulging with pectorals and abs and lats and ribs that I couldn’t help but bite my lip as I palmed that chest. “How do I know that?”

“Amak is very persuasive,” Tikaani mused. “You will like what he gives you, Minevera... his strength will awaken your own phenomenal strength. Though certain traits of our breed have waned in you... others have replaced them, strengthened those that exist... you must let him teach you of yourself.”

“H-how... oh... oh my God!” I moaned as I saw him handle himself, watched that penis flare in girth and length, saw the riddling veins along its length, the hardened muscular ribs as its girth reddened with flushing blood and its underbelly puffed out like a toad croaking. “I-I’m not sure I’m ready for this. M-my first time was supposed to be special!”

“Technically, Minevera... this won’t be your first time. You’re dreaming all this... you are dreaming *everything* that happens to you here.”

“D-dreaming?” I moaned, and winced and bit my lip as Amak lowered that hard cock of his, sliding its bulbous and telescoped and massive head against my loins, stroking those labial lips with the head of that cock, flaring the lips apart with the motion while my innards moistened and my clit erected. It felt so real!

“Dreaming.” Tikaani mused. “Spirits are dreams of what is real, and what is real are dreams of spirits. Through my son... Minevera... you will give birth to yourself... and become anew.”

And Tikaani and her daughters watched as her son pressed against my loins, and all I could remember at that first penetrating mass was how thick that fleshy mass was that was invading me.

It was a pleasureable excruciating pain. Pleasure and pain were both experienced by the same place in the brain, and just where there is pain so powerful that it’ll cause your brain to shut off, there’s also pleasure so intense that it’ll does the same thing.

Amak continued to push, his phenomenal strength so much greater than my own, even despite my body’s reflexive attempts to stop the pressure. And when that mass finally penetrated me to the hilt, its thickness bowing out my belly with it inside my body, I looked up at him, disbelieving at the fact that I took his girth in me just like that as he smiled down at me.

I palmed and looked at my distended belly as he began to rock into me, and then immediately fainted dead away.

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I awoke again, only this time it was on my belly, my mind waking up even more slowly before as my loins suddenly started to clench. I was blushing, nipples hard, clitoris erect and throbbing, and biting my lower lip and sighing nasally as I lifted my head from off my folded arms, I looked back and saw Amak penetrating me still, stroking me repeatedly, his erect erection rolling against my vaginal lips as he took a long and steady stroke amidst massaging my bottom and back that were still hot and slick from the ointment Tikaani had soothed onto me.

A moan escaped me, a nasal moan as I sighed quietly amidst the stroking of that piston into my loins and slid my arms into a more comfortable position... only... only to find something else was up.

And rising a little, I saw Tikaani beneath me, her bulbous breasts flared wide to either side of my face, and rising I found myself suddenly in the center of all her children. They were arrayed about us, either sleeping or awake, one drawing on birch bark with charcoal from sticks, another stringing beads... as if this were an everyday occurrence.

Perhaps for them it was... but I had a cock in me at the moment, and in spite of myself I just rested against Tikaani’s sensual form and used her breast as a pillow. And then I felt Amak pause, and then tense as he pushed slowly into me to the hilt again, and when that cock began to spasm from base to tip inside me as I felt the rush of something flowing into me, I panicked and rose with a yelp but Tikaani gripped my arms and held me fast.

“H-he’s...” I began but I couldn’t finish it.

“He is the father of wolves, Minevera.” Tikaani mused. “You are being filled with more than just knowledge; you are being filled with the strength and power of his breed. You will feel these sensations again and again, don’t fear it, relax... relax...” and she soothed my chest between the pert little breasts. “Feel this... your heart.” She mentioned as I closed my eyes and nodded, trying not to think about the load after load of seed that was entering me as I bit my lower lip. “You have no experience with this... this is what happens when a male and a female couple... his strength is flowing into your strength... the purpose of which is to create an offspring.”

“But...!” I exclaimed immediately but she covered my lips as I long-armed her.

“Shh...” close your eyes, focus on the throbbing in your loins, yours and his, beating in tune, one over the other... calm your heart... let your heart beat like his beats, slow... long... heavy.”

“Ah...” I moaned and felt myself slip onto him as more and more of that rushing sensation of fluids bursting inside me engorged me from the inside. Feral... natural knowledge pumped into me with each ejaculating lance of his jism flowing, and somewhere inside my head something went... click.

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Amak was now on his back and I was the one in a dominant position. I was feral, tossing my head, my hair having gone wild about my head as I gasped and moaned, riding that jock like he was a race horse in the Kentucky Derby and I was spurring him forward to the win.

But I felt that thing in my head spreading through me little by little with every heart beat. It was primal, it was feral, it was a growing awareness of this body of mine and the strength let alone the extreme sensitivity that it could possess, wanted to possess, and I wanted it to fill me to the brim!

Amak's seed swelling in my navel filled me with a different sort of power, a different sort of energy, and as I rode him, his sisters and mother soothed me, touched me, made me aware that every square centimeter of this body of mine was the body of a sensual and erotically powerful creature, the awareness of it awakened me, let me feel... sexy, sexual... strong.

Instincts arose, they were the instincts of a grown woman that I'd not felt as of yet in my life... what I had been aware of was nothing more than a pale comparison to the sensations riling through me now.

Opening my mouth to groan showed off teeth that had grown longer and sharper in the canines, the nails on my fingers were slowly lengthening as I lightly clawed at Amak's chest, the nails sliding into and out of the rosy grooves of his heaving pectorals while I rode that saddle horn of his.

Up down, in out, roundabout, every pump filling a balloon inside me, swelling it larger and larger, and when I just couldn't stand it anymore... it popped!

It was my first real orgasm. More than just a little trickle and a clenching, this was that sexual pain, the other end of the spectrum of physical sensation that was so intense that it clenched my internal organs around the male one that was penetrating me, and I tensed and tensed tighter, clenched before my innards flushed, and throwing my head back I howled long and loud and clear...

And yet again grew sleepy, faint of mind... and then yet again I fainted.

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Again I awoke, groggily again, but incensed still. I was aware of the incredible hardness in clit and nipples again as I awoke, all of them so hard that they ached and within moments of opening my eyes, I lifted a hand and rubbed those teats to try to soothe them into unclenching... it only excited them more. But then as I felt the breasts that they were against, I felt a little... more... than I should, and blinking fully awake, I lifted amidst a grand bed of furs that were strewn about me, seeing immediately that I was in a domed hut now with only one room. But then I also saw that this body of mine had changed too...

I started to develop at fourteen, started to, but it didn't go any further. I developed pert little breasts... like an adolescent girl, but my hips never came in so I was left looking coltish... like a boy, my bosom never developing further than this one point. So while all the other girls grew taller and fuller, growing breasts and hips that drew the boys to them, I was stuck with the body of a fourteen year old girl.

I can assure you the boys stopped coming on to me by the next year.

But now my breasts had rounded outward more, definite A or maybe even B-cups. Cool... I could buy a bra now!

But what was more was that my hips had widened some, narrowing the waist, widening the shoulders... this was the body of maybe a sixteen year old girl. A nice start, but this isn't what I thought of when I told Eagle I wanted strength and beauty...

"Is it now?" a feminine voice asked and I turned, startled and froze at the sight of another naked woman, only this one... holy cow!

Tikaani had the body that I wanted, but now that I saw this woman... she was a giant! Easily seven feet tall despite that she was sitting reclined on the edge of the bedding against the wall... smoking from a long-stemmed pipe. Her breasts were like two flesh sacks filled with water melons, her hips were as wide as her shoulders... and... to be honest I've not seen *male* Olympic body builders with as much muscle as she had on her now.

Heaving biceps and triceps, flaring forearms, thick neck and shoulder muscles, heavingly rounded breasts attached to thickly heaving pectorals that were like bundles of bridge cables holding up those breasts and their capping disks and nipples that were the sizes of nooks on a baby's bottle, while the rest of her were like bundles of piano wire covered in soft alluring woman-flesh.

"I am Nannuraluk... before you ask." She greeted with her pert full lips spreading in a smiling look for me. "You are an inquisitive young fem, and seeking to learn the name of a thing is often the first thing that escapes your lips... so I thought I would help that along."

"Nannuraluk?" I repeated. "That means '*Polar Bear*', doesn't it?"

"Quite..." she put out her pipe and set it aside before sidling forward and crawling on all fours, rounded, creased bottom up with her monstrously muscular back rising even higher in the air as she paced toward me, her breasts squeezing between her meaty arms as she crawled over me, actually crawled on top of me, with those nipples of hers sliding over my knees and thighs, and then up my body.

"A-and what are you to do to me?" I asked, again suddenly self-conscious. I mean... I just made love in some weird orgy to the father of wolves in human guise, so why was I so self-conscious about this?

"For you, child." She corrected and knelt beside me so that my crotch was flush against the twelve hard and knotted abdominals lining her belly before she in turn sat back and reached to my belly and chest. "Your ancestors demand that I give you my gift. As if Tikaani and Amak weren't enough. It is wisdom not to seek too much power, Minevera... you were wise to fear it. It is only because of that that I agreed to do this.

"T-to do what... exactly?"

She smiled and pushed me to lay down fully, her large womanly hands pressing on me gently yet forcibly, and I laid naked, my bodice still glistening from the ointments. Nannuraluk then laid atop me, her heavy mammaries resting onto my chest as she lowered her gaze to those mammaries, their great, rounded masses full and rounded even in this relaxed position. A woman's breasts were only like that if they were young and new... or... filled with milk.

Nannuraluk's were indeed the latter of these as she hefted one massive rounded feminine orb and massaged the teat, and soon the silken creamy nectar of her milk slipped from its erect teat before she palmed the tit, cradling it toward me.

"Drink." She said simply.

"Y-you've got to be kidding me. I'm not an infant!"

"Yes you are, despite what you think. Argue not with spirits, Minevera..." she said sternly then. "We know better than you. Now drink... and do not stop till you've taken your fill. I have two breasts for you to sup from after all."

Now... if I were a guy... I might not've even hesitated to do this... surely there was some male out there, writing my story where this would seem like a real *joy!* But I was another woman, and right now there was a great big fat lactating tit attached to a super fem right before my eyes and she was telling me to nurse from her. I looked at her and she urged me on with a tilt of her chin and a smile.

Who was I to argue with spirits?

So parting my lips, I fastened them around the thick, thick nib of her nipple... and sucked.

The first moment her milk touched my tongue I felt myself revert to that of a babe, drinking from her mother's breast and sucking for all my might. It was delicious and filling... alight with the things that a child needed to stay healthy, and I drank and I drank, right down to the hind milk... and then began on the other tit.

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I'd been famished my whole life, not even realizing that a thing was missing from me till it was presented unto me. A woman's breast milk was filled with enzymes and genetics, nutrients and the first shot of immunities that a child needed to survive infancy with. Those children that don't feed from their mother's own tit during a precarious period in their post-birth development often times lacked certain other traits throughout their life even unto adulthood. Some might be more prone to sickness and allergies, or weakness like me, and often times it was because a woman complained about sore nipples that denied the new generation their needed breast feeding as they were shifted to the processed milk far, far too soon. But after a long while of draining first one and then the other of this fem's tits, I found myself reveling in the primordial strength that this bear-woman had for me, and my body sucked it all in like it was mana straight from heaven.

It suffused me, changed me right down to a genetic level, and filled me. It changed my blood, made enzymes and hormones flow, as I now laid against her, cradled by her arms and legs, my face mashed into the second of her fat, motherly tits.

Bears were known to be symbols of motherhood and love... they were protectors... great protectors... for in the cold reaches of the far north, the largest of the predators were the bears. Aside from a polar bear, the only other kind of bear that could compete with it was the unique breed known as the Kodiak, to which given this fems brown hair, and amber eyes, I had no doubts that her physical form was that of a powerful Kodiak Bear.

She was a mother, she was sweet, she was kind and loving despite her hardened form; her milk filled me with her very strength.

I've said feral and I've said primordial in relations to these beings, and these spirits were filling me with their very and varied strengths and powers, and though I felt stronger, as I slipped once again into restful slumber, I still had barely changed.

### Chapter 3: Awakening

This time I awoke in a natural bath made of hot springs. I was surrounded on all sides by cold falling snow, bathed from above by the falling snow, but the heat of the waters was warming me enough to keep comfortable. Daylight was approaching, and the golden light of the Aurora was fading with its arrival.

*'Good morning, Minevera.'* The voice in my head awoke me, and looking up I saw Eagle in his bird form perched on a branch, watching me.

I was naked still, but I wasn't where I was before. Where I was instead was in a crack in the rocks, perhaps where the volcanic power of Alaska was shallow enough in the Earth to create this hidden hot spring. Rising out of the water and looking down at my naked self, I exhaled a sigh.

Other than a little more hip and a little more breast, I was still the same old me. Though... waving my hand before my face, I saw that I didn't need glasses. Well that was a plus...

"I must've bumped my head." I said aloud. "All of this must be some weird fever dream."

*'Then how do you explain that a young woman who fell into the snow, nearly dead, wound up here in this hot spring with all your clothing and worldly goods set folded beside you where you woke up.'* Eagle said to me, and I looked to my clothes.

They looked pressed and cleaned too...

"Ok... I can't." I sighed, and slid out of the waters.

The air here was hot like a sauna, and quite arid. It felt like a million kisses on my skin, and I cooed at the sensation. It was like those kisses were everywhere on my skin, face, back, bottom, nipples and areola, clit, sex, fingers and toes... it was like the pack of fems under Tikaani's house were caressing and loving me again. I folded both hands over the vulva caught between my legs, biting my lower lip as I clenched back the orgasm that was rising... only to find that my sex had swollen since last night... and was shorn of all its vaginal hairs. It was a mature sex... the sort of changed vulva a woman only got by having been sexually active.

"It wasn't a dream." I said breathlessly and then looked to Eagle, but then my brows creased in disappointment. "Ok... thank you for removing the glasses, thank you for letting me have a brief meaningful relationship with the father of wolves, but where's the stuff I thought I was getting? Look at me! I'm still spindly and tiny-chested and though I have *some* hip now, where's the rest of it?"

*'It is not wise to upset the spirits by complaining about what they have given you, Minevera.'*

I took a deep breath. "Sorry. I'm disappointed... this..." and I gestured to myself. "Isn't what I thought I was going to receive... *'Morpheus'*... if I can call you that."

*'The Grecian God of Dreams.'* Eagle scoffed. *'Though appropriate given the matter at hand, that isn't my name.'* he sounded annoyed at being referred as someone else, but I was angry. This was a bait-and-switch!

"You going to answer the question then, oh master of riddles?" I said and folded my arms.

*'What you expected is not what was given, Minevera. What you understand of the gifts we've given you is not what is. Your awareness is still awakening, and tonight... I promise you... you will understand the truth of the nature of your gift.'*

*'As such you will see me again... soon... but then there was a real reason why you came up this mountain wasn't there.'*

"Oh yeah! Brad's little secret!"

*'Then listen well, Minevera and dress, and I shall tell you the secret of man-cub known as Brad that we spirits know of...'*

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Eagle sure as hell armed me with a secret all right.

I'd dressed in my clothes and Eagle led me down the mountain, flying from tree to tree and waiting till I got near, leading me down where the snow was thinnest and ploughed streets were once again accessible. Down the tree lines I went and down the slopes where the children were sledding last night and I arrived right at the road right in time for the bus for school to arrive. I smirked at it and saw Eagle shriek out his farewell before spreading his gossamer golden wings and flying away.

Boarding the bus, I sat down quietly, bundled up still, feeling... very different inside... feeling as if this nineteen year old body were changing from the inside out. Looking to my hands, I saw that the nails had lengthened just like they'd done last night, only they were longer than I remember them being last night, and nearly pointed... like claws. Also looking at my hand, a freckle that had been on the back of that hand and a scar that'd been there as long as I could remember were gone. There was no hair on the back of that hand either, or on my arm, and sitting there I felt a throbbing, churning tugging between my thighs that kept me warm.

Something was hatching inside of me... and awareness of my femininity was growing, the awareness I had an empty womb, that my sexual power was awakening between my legs, and my breasts were aroused from blood pumping into them continually, but I couldn't focus on any of that at the moment... I was just waiting till we got to school, so I could forever put Brad in his place.

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"Ha! Look who's back! Look Minevera... I bought a whole roll of condoms last night... I'm going to use each one with you, and lay them right on your flat chest after every time that I screw you."

There was laughter, and Akitla was shrugging her shoulders nervously for me.

"Not just yet, *Brad*, if I can call you that." I smirked and began to circle him, prowling. I felt like a wolfess pacing around a trapped rabbit, the predatory instincts making the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end as I felt an odd sense of arousal from the moment. "There was the matter of our challenge after all... you only get me only so long as I fail to bring back information from the spirits about you."

"Oh yeah... let's hear it."

"Oh... sure... sure... but first... I'm going to give you a chance to back down, Brad. Because I know a big secret about you... one that you've kept hidden for a long time now, and if I tell it you're going to be the element of ridicule now..."

"Bull shit. You've got nothing." He said, but he looked worried. After all, he believed the spirits were fake, that they didn't exist... so how could I know?

"Three years ago, at scout camp, there was a boy you bunked with... and... *experimented* with. You liked it..." I smiled at him. "Isn't that true?"

His eyes were wide and the other students weren't laughing now... they were in shock now.

"N-no..." he said and shook his head. "That's stupid... it's a lie!"

"Your voice says it's a lie, your eyes say otherwise. There's fear in your eyes, the fear says that what I've said is true... you've been afraid all this time about someone finding out. But what if I tell them that all the times you've tried to masturbate that instead of girls... you think about guys?"

"Is that why you make fun of all the young women in this school? Is that why you make lewd and suggestive statements and gestures toward them? Is that why you're so demeaning to us and the teachers and speaking on how many women you're going to lay? You're a pathetic little scared rabbit... now hop along little Cassidy, your secret's out."

Brad looked around at the people who were now whispering to their neighbors behind cupped hands, and as he looked to be in a panic and then broke, hard laughter broke out amongst them all as he made for the doors, burst out into the snow without a jacket on and ran away.

“Look! He cries like a girl!” someone called after him.

“Runs like one too!” another said, and more laughter rose behind him.

“He won’t be able to show his face around here any time soon.” Akitla mused to me, but then her face became very serious and she lowered her voice so as not to be heard over the gossip and laughter. “How... did you learn that?” she asked.

I smiled at her. “Don’t be losing faith on me now, Akitla.”

And I turned to walk off to class, leaving a dumb-struck Akitla behind me.”

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I noticed changes that day... they were definite changes too, subtle at first, but as the day drug on...

That throbbing sensation in my loins was incensing me, and dressed in the same clothes as I was in yesterday, all those oversized clothes because I had to grow into them – that was the way of orphans... you wore hand-me-downs that had originally been donated and had to grow into your clothes – with all the clothes that I’d been wearing being loose on me as of that morning. But as the day drug on, I began to become aware of the pants tightening around my legs, invading my bottom and later on my sex, cupping the rounded and bulbous vulva by lunch time arrived. I also had to un-tuck the shirt I had on as I was entering into the lunch room.

It is a sure sign of something drastically changing in a human body when one’s appetite swings strangely. Women were unfortunately more prone to this than men. Depression, excitement, pregnancy and so on led us into binges where we would eat a lot, eat nothing, or get cravings for specific things...

I realized this as I joined the others in the mediocre-sized lunchroom for the school that had everyone in it from kindergarten through twelfth grade, and smelt... hamburgers.

Hamburgers were a fun day in lunch, everyone loved hamburgers... except for the vegetarians of course... which I’ve always leaned more toward vegetables by necessity and not design since vegetables were cheaper. Orphanages tended to not have a lot of money... so they got what was cheap to feed their wards depending upon area. I was a salad girl myself, but that day, as I smelled that sweet, delectable smell of cooked meat... I almost dazedly went for the main lunch line instead of the salad bar like I used to.

The orphanage gave its older children like me an allowance, based upon chores that we did at the orphanage to prepare us for having real jobs if we were never adopted... like me. Likewise, I made a little extra money from an after school job. True I was nineteen, and as the state was concerned I should be out on my own already, but I was still attending high school. So long as that was still going on I stayed at the orphanage and got that small amount of allowance for jobs well done. It should’ve been preparing me for living out on my own... but at that moment I smelled those sweet tasty burgers, so I spent the money that I had in my pocket and got no less than a couple dozen hamburgers. So long as you paid for it they dished it out... better to spend it than waste it in their minds... so...

Soon I was being surrounded by students shouting “One More! One More! One More!” Apparently there was a record of a dozen hamburgers in the school, and I was already at fourteen... and still famished! I felt like I was starving! I needed the burgers! When I got past the twenty I’d already bought and then consumed, others brought me more, and even the faculty began to take notice as the entire school surrounded a girl no less... this sort of thing was what boys tended to do... but... I was doing it for the meat.

I sickened myself, but I wanted it, needed it! The bell for next period rang, but I was still at it, and it took the principal to come in and tell us to get to class while I wolfed down the last few. The school record for the most hamburgers eaten on hamburger day was reset to thirty-two, nearly three times the previous record held by a boy more than fifteen years ago.

And this time it was done by a girl.

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My mind wasn't on classes as through the course of the day I felt the thing inside my bowels growing and awakening, pressing against my insides, making me dazed and tired. I breathed deeply, long and slow, the nails of my fingers gripping my desk in most periods after lunch. I could hear my heart beating, throbbing and pulsating in my ears, I felt myself growing aroused... not to the point of orgasm mind you, but I was indeed moist with both perspiration and glistening nectar. It got to the point where I had to make a brief stop in the bathroom between periods and using toilet paper cleaned the moisture off me.

But it was then that I noticed a couple things...

The first was as I removed my blouse that I saw the enlarged lumps, and tugging the undershirt upward, I gaped at the breasts that had enlarged by two cup sizes since I'd awoken in that hot spring this morning. They were apparent and poignant, and the only reason I hadn't noticed them yet was because of the heavy shirt and undershirt that I wore over them. What was more was that my hips were widening, definitely widening to the point as I palmed the bony protrusions that I could actually feel the bones groaning beneath my hands as they spread wider and wider by a bare centimeter every few seconds.

Aware of these two changes as I rolled the undershirt up over the two mammaries I had to look at them, cup them, feeling their weights and chuckling to them, I also noticed more things...

My arms were no longer spindly, they'd thickened and rounded not with fat but with firming sinews... and on top of that, they would crease along the muscles and tendons if I were to flex them. Likewise, my ribs were showing, and I had creases in my belly that weren't there before, creases that accented toward a four pack as I bent over myself and tensed them.

Standing briefly, palming those navel muscles, detecting that they'd lengthened too along with arms and legs, neck and chest, I noticed that the longer I viewed them, the deeper those creases were becoming.

I was growing stronger.

I'd grown hairless beneath the scalp, the muff over my sex missing still, just like I'd discovered this morning but failed to take proper notice of, the hair on my body gone, the blemishes having been removed to leave soft, pale white skin over a thickening realm of muscle.

In spite of myself as I bent over myself, I looked down at the sex at the base of my widening pelvis and saw that it too had engorged... distended, moisture still glistening upon its crevice and both its clit, the inner folds of vaginal muscle as well as the nipple tips and areola had reddened with all the blood in them. I was blushing right down into the breasts, and daring to caress those breasts, my belly and then my sex, I closed my eyes and sighed at the remembered sensation of Amak's fingers and lips upon my pussy... and as I slid a pair of fingers into me, imagining his hard, vivacious member pressing slowly into me... the bell rang again.

"Damn it." I said startled out of my reprieve and groaned and hiked up pants and panties, finding the panties invading my bottom and the pants growing so tight I could hardly button them anymore. Luckily the undershirt and shirt just fell over my chest... or at least it did then.

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I felt pressure in my chest, felt it steadily intensifying, and soon I swore I could see my breasts swelling with every breath I took. And people began to notice the changes. My body grew so long during the course of a single class, that when I sat down the shirt I wore fit me past the waist, but when I stood up again at the end of class it bore my navel off. The straps of my panties were riding upward along the widening hips but the pants that unfortunately had to stretch across those hips since they were made for a smaller woman, while those panties were now giving my bottom a wedge. This gave me a sexy look that at first I tried to hide.

What I wore beneath all this was no one's damn business... but soon I felt... sexy.

Soon I was tying off the ends of the shirt, revealing hips and navel, while I found myself growing taller than the other girls and even some of the boys with every step I took. And then I took a step and felt... a bounce...

I stopped and looked down, and gasped at the swells of chest that I now possessed, their areola and nipples standing on end perpetually now. Giving off a couple of bounces, I gasped and then beamed in joy at the feeling of my tits actually bouncing heavily and a low squeal escaped me as I saw how sexually imposing I was becoming.

Even some of the male teachers were smiling at me from a distance. Hell... I was nineteen; I could entertain sexual advances from them if I wanted to!

From that morning to the later periods of the school I'd grown eight inches... grown maybe seven cup sizes, and many inches to chest and hips... though I suspected my waist remained narrow and thin... girlish even, I'd grown arousingly into a woman, and now possessed the power of such a creature.

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A problem struck me that day during gym class, which was swimming, as I tried to don the bathing suit that I'd been allotted for swim courses.

It was supposed to be a tasteful once-piece, but having to stretch it and tug it and pull it about my new body, I for a few brief moments was able to fit into it... till I began to breathe. The seat promptly went right up the crack of my butt, and the chest pushed forward while the sides arched right up to the ribs on either side of me, baring my sides from the third rib right down to the ankle. The arm holes stretched deeply, revealing off a lot of side boob as well, and the tightness of the bottom half of the suit showed off the enveloping size of my sex in a grand camel toe.

"Minevera... What on earth are you wearing?" the Gym teacher, a woman, asked as I stood in line with everyone else for swim tests. Onlookers who couldn't swim – broken arms and legs and stuff – were ogling my naked butt, or trying to look down my cleavage down the plunging neckline from above.

"This is the swimsuit I was allotted Miss Mann, I... I've gone through a growth spurt."

"Or five." Someone said and everyone chuckled or laughed, but Miss Mann looked sternly on me.

"You're practically exposing yourself. Do you have any larger bathing suits?"

"No ma'am. I was allotted this one by the school... I should be asking you that."

More laughter and Miss Mann clucked her tongue and wrote something in her notes.

"We'll have to order a new one, chances are it won't get here before the end of class and we can't have you not learning how to swim. So everyone into the water... and anyone caught ogling Minevera will get detention."

Six boys and a girl got detention that day. Later on after class, it was that girl, who was on the injured list and so didn't have to swim, nevertheless got naked and showered with all the other girls as she drew close to me... and made some veiled passes at me.

I found then that my new body had some double edges to it. Large breasts were wonderful things to carry, especially when your back was strengthening as it slowly and sensually arched to allow your body to carry them, and though the things were rather buoyant... they caused some serious drag when swimming in the water.

There was that... and the fact that lean muscle was nowhere near as buoyant in the water as just bare organs and fat were. I jumped into the deep end expecting just to pop right back up, but I sank straight to the bottom of the pool! I was threatened with several long seconds of nearly drowning as I fought my way back up for air with some laughter that Miss Mann squashed quickly before asking if I was all right. I said I was and class continued.

But something else peculiar happened during that particular class...

Swimming was a full body exercise; especially if one's personal buoyancy was low. I had to fight in order to swim, fight hard, but every swinging arm, every leg kick, and the muscles in me started to grow inordinately. Butt muscles rounded outward into tight rounded half-spheres, back muscles spread, chest muscles pushed forward, bones all across me thickened till by the end of the class, I was getting a front wedgie, and it felt like rope was being tightly drawn between my butt cheeks from the back of the suit.

In the girls locker room as I peeled from the swimsuit, I noted immediately how deeply creased my body was becoming. I felt the beginnings of a six pack now, felt the tightened muscles of a pair of lateral obliques sliding in, and palmed the long pipe of a bicep.

"Eww gross... look at all the muscle on Minevera!" someone laughed. "She looks like she's going to pop!"

I grew angry quickly and rose with the bathing suit around my waist, standing a full head taller than this girl who promptly shut up as I bore my fangs. Wait... fangs? When were human teeth called fangs?! Why the hell did I call them fangs?!

But regardless she shut up and her friends who were laughing weren't laughing any more as they scurried away, and exhaling a deep breath and looking down at my chest, I found that it had engorged to sizes even greater than G-cups.

Whatever this was... it was a glorious transformation... but...

I flexed an arm and watched as the long pipe bunched and clenched and rose into something the size of a lemon.

...Was this natural?

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By the end of the day, the button on my pants kept popping open and I had to repeatedly snap it shut again and hold my breath in order to keep it from popping. As such... I'd grown so much that the oversized clothes I'd been wearing that morning were growing tight on me... especially across the hips. These were girl's pants after all, not designed to be able to hold the broad hips of a grown woman like I'd somehow become in less than twelve hours. The sleeves were tightening around arms that had separated biceps and triceps, and a chest that was firm when I pressed on the pectoral, and still firm when I pressed on the tit itself.

Akita had to actually look up at me as she confronted me after last bell.

"I was... going to ask you how you got that information about Brad again... but... Minevera, you've been touched by the spirits! No one grows that much in a single day... just no one."

"I know." I said quietly in hushed tones as we stepped out the doors of the school and into the cold air of the Alaskan winter, and Akita actually spasmed slightly in surprise at the sound of my voice as I palmed my long and thickened throat.

My voice had lowered, no longer girlish, it was now deeper, a woman's voice... the sort of voice only a fem with a thicker chest than a girl, a longer voice box and a heavy pair of breasts could ever manage.

"The spirits changed you..." she said in awe. "I believe now... please... tell me what you experienced up there."

"Ah... well I..." I began, but then there was a shrieking, piercing cry and we both turned to see an Eagle perched in the trees. It wasn't hard to tell that it – he – was looking at me as he did a sharp decline of his head as if to stare me down. "...I can't." I continued slowly getting the hint from Eagle. "It's a very personal thing... you'll have to have one of your own. And believe me when I say you won't like what it takes to get their attention."

Akita looked between me and the eagle. "I see..." she managed, and I groaned, palming my belly through a coat that barely covered my navel now thanks to the thickness of breasts and body inside it now. And this was a man's coat! "Then I'll see you tomorrow... and I promise I won't try to do anything as brave as what you did to speak to the spirits."

“No you were right the first time... it was foolish.” I smirked. “But I’ll see you Akitla... I have to go.” And I started walking.

“But Minevera... the busses are over this way. You’re going to be late.”

I merely waved and followed Eagle as he flew off into the woods surrounding the school.

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“Ok... I’m a little more satisfied with this body than the one I woke up with.” I said as I caught up with Eagle in a clearing.

*‘Already? But you’re not done yet.’* He replied.

His words brought me up short as I let go of the snow covered branch I’d pushed out of the way to get here and it whipped back into place and it scattered the snow that was on it into powder that sprinkled to the ground. The air was crisp and cold and I could see my breath with each exhale, that breath crystallizing into a hoar frost on the front of my scarf and exuded snow like it was a little cloud each time it exited me to fall to the ground.

“What... do you mean? You mean this isn’t it? There’s more?!”

*‘A lot more. More than you may be ready to accept, but it appears as if the well that is inside you runs deeper than even we spirits knew.’*

“Why does that frighten me more than anything has ever frightened me before?”

*‘Because it is an unknown... and humans instinctively fear the unknown. But... you aren’t entirely human anymore any more... are you?’*

“What do you mean I’m not human?! What did you all do to me?”

*‘We didn’t rob that which was never there, if that’s what you’re asking Minevera.’*

“Stop with the riddles!” I shouted shrilly, and snow fell off the trees around me in slumps that fell loudly to the ground. “What... what do you mean?”

*‘You have been living underneath false pretenses for a long, long time, Minevera. We have brought you into our house, and we let you feed upon that natural spirituality of the world here in this last bastion of purity and unrefined wild left in the world. What we found is that you aren’t human... you never were. You are something far, far more majestic.’*

“N-not human? How can I not be human? What else could I be? Just look at me!”

*‘I would tell you, but you wouldn’t believe me if I were to. It’s better that you experience the truth for yourself. This... your body... is a malleable shell,’* he prompted and pointed at me with a sway of his body and a thrusting of his beak. *‘It contains something... glorious. Daughter of the Earth and the Moon, caught between two worlds, what you are is the wild controlled and focused into a physical form... something incredible to this world.’*

“What am I? Just say it! What am I?”

*‘Again, you won’t believe me if I said, but... look up... and you will learn the truth about yourself.’*

And so hesitantly, feeling something inside me screaming at me that I better not look, but there’s something about the mind, that when something screams at you not to look at something, you nevertheless look at it anyways... like I did with Amak’s penis. And so hesitantly, my chin lifted... and I looked up, only to see a crisp clear sky.

Fairbanks Alaska in October has about six hours of daylight in the winter. That means that the daylight hours were more often than not spent in class in school. By the time school released, it was dark out... and what was more... the moon was up.

Something else about the moon in October is that October was the Hunter's Moon, a time when the moon in the sky was bigger and brighter thanks to atmospheric conditions and reflections in the atmosphere. It was bigger, brighter... more intense... and it shone down on me like a spot light as if that little clearing was a Petri Dish and that moon was a focusing lens that beat wave after sinuous wave of its light into me.

I gasped and became stunned like a doe in a headlight, exhaling a breath of air that rose from me in a long stream of steam. And for the second time in these recent days... something inside me... clicked.

## Chapter 4: First Change

The pupils in my eyes dilated open, opened as far as they could go, forcing the view I had of the moon to expand and grow, and focusing upon that orb so it was all I could see in perfect clarity...

And then those eyes changed inside my skull, seeming to twist as the pupils then dilated again, only they became far more rounded than a human's pupils should be.

An exhaling grunt escaped me, my thickened lips parting to show off lengthening teeth, and I moaned as that bubble in my loins swelled suddenly behind the swelling gates of vaginal muscle, and quite studiously, moisture leaked from me in several beating lances that moistened the panties I wore, making them sticky and taut against me. Only when the power of the moon had worked its might on me was I finally able to close my eyes and look away, but the damage had already been done.

Eagle gave off a warbling screech and took to the sky, leaving me there by myself as I growled lightly and wrapped my arms about me as if I were having intense menstrual cramps. It churned about my insides, pangs of hard, hard and vicious churning that doubled me over and made me moan as I heard bones and muscles in me creak while my loins throbbed, beat and pulsated like some maniac with a single mallet wailing away on a snare drum. It prompted me to slide a hand down my bodice and grip that sex with a mittened hand while I bit a trembling lower lip, feeling the growing fangs I had poke that fattening lip while I... changed... from the inside out.

And then there was a pop and I moaned deeply, sexual torture I suppose you could call it... so painful that it was soul-rending, but you like it... oh you liked it so much and craved more of it!

And suddenly the first bubble ballooning inside me popped, and a rush of wet, sticky yet silken moisture blossomed from my loins as they swelled open and puffed with the hot blood of arousal, pressing against thighs, pouring down the insides of both legs while I covered my mouth in embarrassment. But then there was another pop, and I realized that it was bones realigning inside me, the first pair coming from the lowest pair of ribs expanding and thickening outward, followed by the next pair and the next in succession. More groans followed by loud snapping pops forced each pair of ribs to spread apart, right before my hips widened suddenly, popping the top button there and pulling the tines of the zipper open with a wet and violent wrenching that bore the panty covered camel-toe beneath them.

The moisture that'd spilled from my loins already had turned those panties transparent, revealing the contours and reddened erect nib through a white film of cloth, steam rising from the rent open crotch of those trousers right before more groaning sounds came to my ears. I reached up to palm those ears, and gasped not once but twice at what I felt there. The first gasp came from feeling ears that were lengthening and slowly rising toward the top of my head, pushing a hat that was stretching along widening skull plates upward while my hair billowed about my face and eyes. The second gasp came as I felt something else as my fingers glanced against those ears, and pulling my hands forward I saw the nails on each finger tearing through the ends of the mittens, the fingers lengthening and tearing through the seams till the mittens burst open about the fingertips to reveal lengthened and knobby fingers, each with a lengthening and hooking fingernail-like claw.

"Ahh... what... what's... happening to me~eee?!" I squealed, right before I felt a pop at the third vertebrae, before the other vertebrae popped outward in a motion that rolled up and down the back, lengthening neck and waist, distending my spine from my back before driving into the bowl of my hips and tailbone. Those hips flared wide, snapping the belt I wore, stretching the panties as my pelvis and pubic mound pushed outward even further, the bowl of those hips spreading open even further than they'd done all through this day.

Those spreading hips forced the seat of the panties I wore to give me a vicious wedgie, the lips of either labial muscle swelling out from under the panties, the pubic mound distending and disgoring a thickening and erecting clit that dragged some of the inner vaginal folds out with it.

My insides rolled outward, flaring and spreading as another rolling spasm of thickening vertebrae rolled outward from within me, pushing the spines further out from the back as the shoulder blades flared and the entirety of my ribcage rolled forward. Spasming muscles thickening and rolling outward stretched the front of the coat, compressing both tits as I snarled out loud, feeling the whole of my jaw flare and mouth and nose push outward in a series of popping crunches, pressing nose and mouth together before I whimpered with the sexual torture of these changes.

Bones all around me lengthened, forearms steadily extending from the cuffs of the coat, arms bulging inside the sleeves and extending beyond the sleeves of even the blouse I wore. The mittens snapped off of enlarging wrists to hold thickening hands, their finger tips growing thick and wide, while either leg extended subtly, lifting me out of my own boots it seemed, telescoping both forelegs outside of the warm boots and the embracing jeans that were tightening around me.

Flaring hips separated those legs, thighs bulging into the unrelenting fabric of the jeans, the back slipping off a naked bottom while I grew steadily taller and taller, bodice flaring deeper and wider till the toggles of the coat were pulled apart. Hooking both arms into that coat and snarling, lengthening tongue pushing through the gritting teeth I had as those lengthened sharply, I wrenched that coat open to reveal the lengthening belly I had from the rolling growths of my spine... revealing then a growing treasure trail of fur that was rising from my sex up the center of a navel that was tightening and compressing and repeatedly creasing as I transformed. I coiled impossibly over myself, breathing deeply, growling in one exhale, wheezing on the inhale, feeling the muscles of my face bubble and pop as they too strengthened, brows pushing forward with mouth and nose, cheeks flaring wide along with the jaw... right before I let out a bark... an actual bark from a she-bitch in heat.

With a hammering fist I struck a tree and it shook with a shower of falling snow that cascaded on and around me as my neck lengthened and widened with thickening muscle into the collar of the blouse and undershirt while the two boobies decorating my chest slowly inflated and thickened. Their inflating growths lifted the fabric of shirt and undershirt off a lengthening belly right as that belly tightly creased into ten individual abdominals with six individual lats carving diagonally downward from the ribs.

This was sheer and utter strength... this is what the spirits were talking about as the panties I wore slid down pelvis and crotch, up into bottom and stretched wide over flaring hips, right before both feet lengthened within their boots, growing tight inside the toes before the nails of those toes thickened and strengthened and began to push through the hard leather like spikes.

A second swelling bubble in my loins began to grow, a larger one this time that soon popped and a wash of nectar spilled from me in a rush, filtering through the panties that barely held onto my loins now, the clit even peaking out of the top as the growing pubic hairs that were as soft as fur and billowed around the labial lips to obscure the true depth of my sexuality.

Muscles in my neck spasmed suddenly, pushing my head first one way, and I barked and groaned again before growth on the other side pushed it back into position, both shoulders flaring wider and wider to roll the coat I wore backward even as the billowing thickness of my calves tore the seams at the base of the jeans apart, those forelegs and feet thickening till at long last the toes of the boots ripped open to disgorge eight not ten thickening toes.

I whined; keening like a dog at the waste of those boots... they were authentic mukluks that I saved two paychecks for in order to buy. Watching them rip apart about those feet made me lament briefly... till my pussy did a trick and lanced yet another splattering wash of nectar that filtered through my panties, fell to the ground and melted the snow around me.

Snarling viciously as my back started to roll outward, curving grandly first from the base of the neck to mid-back, that spine kept rolling over and over again as my thighs pressed into the jeans that had tightened about those thighs like they were a second skin to me now. More fur was growing over my face, pushing down the center of chest and down my back as my black hair grew longer and thicker, rising up in a great fringe about my head while both ears rose and began to curve into hoods to either side of my head. White fur and black fur so black that it shone blue and purple in the moon light billowed all around me, the buttons of my shirt popping open now before the peak of the coat I was wearing ripped open at the peak of the back and slowly started to tear down the seams.

Flaring bodice and thickening shoulders ripped the sleeves of the coat from the main body of the coat, my shirt rippling open as my breasts heaved thicker atop their deepening chest muscles, the pair engorging steadily, unendingly, the undershirt I was wearing turning into a bra while the nipples capping either tit turned into bulbous knobs on the end of each tit... like baby nooks. Those two tits collided with each other in the undershirt, squeezing together as sweat trickled down between them, being absorbed by the trail of head and navel fur joining at mid-belly... right before that fur began to spread across that entire long navel.

I cupped my boobs and despite that both hands had grown longer and wider, as those tits swelled outward over the now tearing open base of my shirt ripping about the thickening girth of my body, I bit my lower lip as I felt their heaving weights, either of the pair easily larger than my head! Like melons... like water melons! And the nipples... so... *sensitive*.

I growled and began to pant as my face pushed forward followed by mouth and jaw, lips and nose tip turning black... while my tongue flared and lengthened along with the jaw, the thing lolling outward as I panted and churned, rocking and rolling my hips in remembrance to Amak's incessant pleasuring.

I wanted another cock in me again, feel it pushing my loins apart and penetrating deep into my womb, feel the ejaculation throbbing in tune to my heart even as I gripped my belly, feeling it lengthening still along with my flaring neck spreading the straps of the undershirt as that garment got filled to the brim and overflowed with my mammaries. Those breasts as they slowly became covered in soft white fur – throat and throat muscles bulging, deepening as neck muscles flared straight to my shoulders – heaved downward; their swells slipping from beneath the wrapping undershirt till the disks of areola and nipples flicked off the base of that undershirt to arise naked into the night air. I moaned from the sensitivity of the tweaking as it strung heart strings inside me even as that heart throbbled thicker and thicker, swelling chest larger while I breathed in the thickness with every breath.

Ribs flared even more, stretching undershirt across chest and upper back, dorsal muscles flaring wide while biceps rolled outward and forearms flared as those forearms lengthened longer than the upper arms, and soon the seams of the jacket and the cloth of the sleeves of my shirt were ripping open before I slowly flexed those arms. What was revealed to me, escaping from the ripping fabric that fell in tatters around my arms were great rounded biceps that separated and flared wide, wider, widest as I lifted both arms, the once lemon-sized biceps rolling outward into baseballs, softballs, melons and bowling balls as they grew and grew. The back of blouse and coat were ripped totally in sunder as great masses of growing and bulging muscle tore the cloth apart, and even the thickness from shoulders to arm pits ripped open the sleeves of those garments into widened holes.

I moaned and gave a happy bark as I clenched both arms harder and harder, feeling back and chest muscles bubble and bounce as they were stressed during this growth that was just like the growth stories I'd read if not better. The biceps and triceps kept growing in opposition to each other, triceps separating into a plethora of long binding chords in a horse-shoe formation while the biceps flared wider and larger, brushing against the knuckles of lengthening and flaring forearms that widened and burgeoned outward as well. Those forearms were soon becoming riddled with muscular chords, fur sliding from the flesh, flaring into fringes on their way down the fore arms into thick tufts that warmed me from the cold as that fur grew about me.

With a laugh and another bark, I flexed both arms, my head becoming pinched between shoulders and biceps as my back separated to either side of the spine and rounded massively outward, and with the flexing the last of the shirt and coat snapped and popped off me in ripping bursts, leaving only the undershirt stretching over the boobs across the deepening chest.

But then I stepped a foot forward and tensed my legs, and immediately seams burst and popped while the fabric ripped and unraveled, spreading and tearing about already fur-laden legs as hips flared wider and calves and thighs and feet thickened all together. The last of my beautiful boots popped open around a pair of bony ankles, and as I planted that foot down I found myself standing on my naked toes as I bent and twisted that leg to and fro, the jeans turning into a pair of crotch-less shorts that were invading my butt now before I flexed the other leg in kind and watched and enjoyed the fabric on the other leg ripping apart as that leg also strengthened, lengthened and grew.

The thickness of both thighs grew to such a girth that the leg holes at their bases popped from the knot of cloth at the crotch, and standing erect on both legs, dressed in only panties and undershirt, I panted in happiness at this marvelous and massive size I'd grown to. Reaching a hand down and sliding them inside my panties, I blushed deep enough for the blush to shine through the fur before I lifted the other hand and gripped at my tit, pleasuring myself with finger touches in my naughty bits.

But it wasn't over... no...

Another wave of growth rolled down my arms, spreading chest even wider than ever, rounding out back as the growth flowed over neck muscles and side muscles, abdominals gaining pairs of abs and pairs of lats every two sets of abs or so. I rolled my hands up and down that belly as the panties I wore stretched to what must've been just thin threads now, knotting against anus and carrying the moisture of each explosive climax up to moisten my anus while I became completely fur covered now, with a grand mane of billowing black fur about my head and beautiful markings of white and black over the whole of me intermixed with dustings of gray.

Shoulders rounded and grew chorded before they both separated and distended from my body, stretching the neck into a flaring band from shoulder to head as ears rose higher and mouth and nose pushed further outward and then broadened into canine features.

And then the tailbone, which on a human typically turned inward toward the crotch, suddenly turned outward on me and lifted, arching upward and telescoping, and as it telescoped it extended the thickest, longest fur yet as it created a coiling tail that slipped over the peak of the panties wedged up the thickening and creasing swells of my butt and then arched over itself in a long curl.

Back muscles began to separate from the long flaring wedges that they were into three different overlapping tiers, each tier immediately separating into secondary and then tertiary muscles while the ribs thickened and flared outward rounding the chest and deepening the back with both tits rolled to the sides of the chest to press into my biceps even while they continued billowing larger and larger.

Those tits hefted upward suddenly, ripping more of the undershirt and snapping it in half across the chest that was growing inch by inch in meaty thickness while two new bulging mounds billowed beneath the first pair of tits that I had. Panting amidst this alarming growth, I palmed beneath my tits only to feel what was impossibly but undeniably a second pair of tits! They had their own pectorals that were shoving themselves downward beneath the first pair, pushing that first pair forward while the newer lower pair thickened the chest even more with their own girth, and moaning, exhaling more vapor as the scarf around my neck tightened about the throat, I slid my hands down the thickening and slowly increasing number of abdominals to feel more nipples forming.

Two... four... six... I kept counting from the first pair I was originally blessed with downward till I counted twelve along the navel, with the top most two swelling outward with thickening sexual power!

*Th-this is incredible*, I thought as those first six mammaries – primary, secondary and tertiary – breasts swelled outward into thicker and thicker swells, right before the panties I wore tore open down the triangular patch covering those loins, and then snapped around first one and then the other of my thighs.

I had to twist over myself to pull them out of my butt, feeling what was like pistons and cables being fed through my body as I kept growing taller and thicker on every proportion, my body flaring wider and arms thickening till they were easily as thick as my thighs were! And those were thicker than even my waist was!

An impossibly powerful chest and back region blossomed outward unendingly, unfolding with new alien muscles to a human body only to make me stronger and larger, accenting my back from the head in a long curve while powerful arms and billowing chorded thighs billowed outward endlessly with impossible levels of strength. And all this while I was shoved up and up, rising taller and taller till I rose twice my previous size... paused... and then continued even higher yet till I was perhaps thrice my previous size... I wasn't sure, but I had no reference for it.

But falling to hands and knees as I developed a narrow waist for all this muscle, that waist was nonetheless a billowing series of hardening columns of hardened and chorded muscle laden with fur-covered supple hide. Flesh thickened, fur thickened, as neck and waist lengthened one last time, forearms long as my body became apt for running on all fours... right before my tits pressed right into the snow... and then *really* began to engorge...

More nectar leaked from the slit between my legs, dripping off the clit, but as I balanced there and shook, shoulders and back and hips widening some as muscles and bones in me realigned... I came to know a different moisture leaking from me, right before it burst from me in twelve different spigots called teats.

The snow melted around me from the milk that had just disgorged from my body, and rising onto my knees atop thighs that were still billowing and rounding outward with rounded butt distending and thickening as they clenched tighter and tighter, creasing into halves and then thirds, I saw the whole of my chest was covered in...

“Milk? Ruh?” I gasped and hefted a tit, but suddenly felt my mind grow stupid from the waves of erotic sensation throbbing through me as I balanced a still growing primary tit in one clawed hand even as it blossomed and engorged to twice... then thrice its previous size with developing glands that filled with thick, thick milk.

In spite of myself, I slid the other hand over my belly, tweaking off all the rock hard nipples, searching downward as dull pops and thuds of growing muscle inside me calmed, and as the last traces of this ridiculous transformation slowed to a halt, I hefted that tit into my mouth, pressing the nipple into the black lips of a canine's muzzle that I had now, I began to suck, while the other hand slid down

between my legs and pressed two fingers right up inside me in search for the illusive G-spot. And when I found it... I howled in delight at the moon.

## Chapter 5: The Wild Pack

The milk I was drinking was exaggerating my growth... it was recycled nectar that was strengthening me, making tits grow larger and muscles and bone even thicker and harder. It put inches on me in every direction and proportion, and I could feel myself knotting with its strength.

With the lengthened belly I'd developed another trait that the God above had been wise enough not to allow humans to do, and bending over myself, tits flaring to the sides of my hips, I took my long muzzle and extended my own long tongue and began to lick the milk and nectar off my own vagina. It was a sweet syrup that was delicious to the taste buds, especially on how creamy my own milk had been.

No wonder dogs liked licking themselves... it was likewise rather erotic.

Every draw I took, mouthful after mouthful, the succulent nectar from this feminine form of mine slid down my gullet and into my belly, where it suffused outward into the rest of me, reusing the unmitigated power of a feminine form that up until now, society had trained me that I was practically a second class citizen just because I was a woman. True, great strides of women's independence have been undertaken over the last century, but the truth and reality of a female's power was... *incredible!*

As such, I felt myself throbbing, from the brain to the bones to the sinews, muscles bulging little by little outward, flaring me still, deepening me, thickening me and making me grow as I cleaned my body off of all its expelled sweet nectar, my curled tail wagging happily as I did.

*'I take it you are a little more satisfied with yourself now.'* Eagle interrupted my interactions, and I turned toward him with a wave of the flaring mane of fur atop my head flipping about my head with the action, the fur there so dark that it shone blue in the right light, all while I now had three fingers rubbing a spot just inside my sex that it kept me stupid from the sensations.

"Hm... oh yeah... yeah..." I moaned and closed my eyes, stroking that spot and cooing and then growling and then panting breathlessly while milk flowed back into my breasts to engorge them again.

*'In your present state, I suppose now I should guide you to the next stage of your life.'*

That brought me up short mid-stroke and my eyes, eyes that were as icy blue as the sky right before dawn, snapped open to look at Eagle as he perched on a branch above me.

"Wait... wat?" I asked and pulled my fingers from me, folding my legs together instinctively to hide my sex from view... even from Eagle.

*'Unless you'd like to try to re-enter human society looking like... that.'*

It was perhaps then that I actually took stock in what'd happened to me. I was... a monster! A behemoth of might and muscle... a... a doggy hulk! Rising to my feet I turned and poised, but as I felt the power in me, felt the monstrous packs of muscle fighting each other as I moved, the groaning of tendons and sinews as I began to pose like those female weight trainers on ESPN-Two, I found myself enjoying these sensations again. I especially liked the tilt and wobble of my boobs, with the first six of them wobbling and undulating with every little motion I took, with the first pair so swollen and so thick they were like medicine balls. Soon I was cooing and pressing the pair together, feeling their warmth and...

*'I hate to interrupt, Minevera... but we really should get going.'*

"Huh? What? And oh yeah... what on Earth did you all do to me?! I'm a freak!"

*'You don't look like you consider this such a bad thing...'*

"That doesn't matter... what matters is you're right... I can't rejoin human society like this. What about school, what about my friends?"

*'You're an orphan being raised in a house of the state in the human world. You have no friends... only acquaintances and you want nothing more than to rid yourself of the orphanage as soon as possible... you're only using them as a jumping off point.'* I folded my arms and had to reset them several times. Two boobs were enough to contend with, let alone six, and finding a comfortable way of crossing one's arms meant I had to compress the tertiaries and cradle the other four. *'Humans have long since been blind to the spirits that surround them, Minevera. Though the human world is closed to you – for now – you can return to it later. What I'm offering you now, Minevera, is that after awakening, after acquiring your ancestral power... and then some... I am offering you a mother and a teacher, many sisters, a family... perhaps more if you follow your own path correctly. But the window of opportunity for that is closing.*

*'We have to leave... now.'*

I pursed my now lupine lips as I raised a discerning eyebrow at Eagle.

"Ok... You haven't steered me wrong yet, I guess." I said and looked down at my monstrous and powerful body. I take it back... I was a doggy super she-hulk... not just a hulk. The hulk was a pansy in comparison to all this, and I flexed an arm and felt the bicep explode so large and so thick, riddled with veins that throbbed still that I was soon loosing myself to the pleasure of my own body again.

*'Now, Minevera!'* Eagle said in annoyance, and spreading his wings took off in a direction.

"I'm coming!" I barked back at him, and then wagged my tail as I palmed that bicep briefly and felt its thickly throbbing bicep vein before stepping into the forest.

I was so strong that with light presses, I was able to push two towering pine trees out of my way like Samson pressing the columns apart.

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I'd paused with a tit up my muzzle again, curled tail wagging grandly as I drank that tit right down to the hind milk. My milk gave me strength, and with each swallow I felt the sinews engorging in my body, making me grow some more, especially as I flexed those muscles in the mean time. Veins popping, deeper creases forming through my shape and form, and I moaned while chest and back deepened steadily, hips flared, thighs and arms bulged and engorged, and my rounded butt muscles bunched even in a relaxed state into something that resembled a butterfly's multi-petaled wings.

Milk really did do a body good...

*'Minevera...'* Eagle managed as he landed with a fluttering of golden wings.

The tit fell from my mouth and bounced against my chest, spraying its excess milk in the milk duct as I looked up at him.

"Sorry... sorry... I'm just... enjoying your gifts after all." And I double arm flexed grandly and immediately started panting as I bulged to even greater heights and masses, my loins glistening as I struck a jaunty pose.

Up until now... we'd slowly been swinging wide around Fairbanks, moving toward the west and then the south and then the south east toward some destination I had no idea where. Most of the night was spent like this, and it must be really early in the morning now... but then again... like I mentioned before, night time in winter in Alaska was a lot longer than it was elsewhere. It could be six A.M. right now for all I knew and the sun wasn't even thinking of rising yet. The movie *'Thirty Days of Night'* definitely detailed a real happenstance here in the north... the thirty days of night, not the vampires attacking. There are other places in Alaska where a night was eighty-five days long in the winter.

The *'Land of the Midnight Sun'* was likewise the *'Land of the Noon-Day Moon'*.

Eagle sighed, the sigh coming out like a nasal squeak from him. *'I am sorry Minevera, but I've had to make some sacrifices to get you here.'*

"Sacrifices... what sort of sacrifices?" I blinked. "Did I mess it up?"

*'Yes... and no. We're spirits but even we don't know everything. I had no idea how long your transformation would last... and then there's the constant pleasuring of yourself...'*

"Ok I get it... I'm sorry... but... I'm really, really liking all this strength." And I flexed an arm again, feeling its bicep press against my primary on that side as it flared and bunched grandly.

*'It cannot be helped... but regardless... I'm going to leave you now...'*

"Leave me... but why?" but then I heard a crunch of timber in the woods and some laughter, but then a fluttering of wings and I turned to see Eagle soar up into the sky. "Eagle! Where are you going?!" I called.

But it appeared as if his actions to get me to turn around were just what were needed, right at that moment, to keep me from seeing what was rushing through the woods toward me.

"I'm winning! I'm winning! I'm... OOF!" and something massive careened into me, knocking me off my feet, slapping me to the ground before another collision struck me painfully in the ribs.

"Ow..." I moaned as the crunch of snow and more crunching announced the arrival of a second entity.

"Whoa..." a feminine voice said. "...You *were* winning."

I tried to move, tried to rise but the weight on top of me was so damned heavy! Too heavy for this body?!

"Get off!" I barked and managed to get my nose out from whatever it was on top of me, and I felt that massive thing move and rise before I turned and the blinked at the two fems who stood over me.

Both were tall, both were hard and firm, with one having a chest so thick and so deep that she had very little tit. If not for the absence of a junk, I would've mistook her for a male... whatever she was.

"Damn it... there goes my lead because of you. What the hell are you doing running out here all alone?" the big one said in a deep woman's voice.

"Purdy..." the smaller of the two, the one with actual breasts said as she bent over and looked at me. I saw a curled tail rising up from her butt wag lightly while a large pair of glasses over her eyes glistened in the fading moonlight. "...Look at her. She looks like a Malamute. She's even got the eyes."

"Who cares?" the bigger one, Purdy I guess, said as she folded a pair of massive arms that were far more massive than even my arms were. "She ruined my lead."

"You ran through a tree, Purdy... use your brain for a little more than support of all that muscle for a moment. We had to *become* Alaskan dogs... she already is one." And the smaller of the two pointed at me.

"So?"

"So... either someone else out there knows our breeding secrets... or... she was *born* this way."

I looked between the two of them, the larger treating me with indifference, the smaller treating me like I were some sort of lab experiment. Neither of those two sensations made me feel any better.

“All right... so I’m not the only one in the world. You going to apologize for knocking me down?” I shot at the one called Purdy as I dusted snow off my lap.

“You going to apologize for standing in the middle of a marked trail?” Purdy asked and I looked around.

“What trail? What the hell are you talking about?”

“No huh... well then my answer to you is no, I’m not apologizing to a person who was where she shouldn’t have been in the first place.”

“Purdy... manners!” the smaller of the two said and offered me a hand of thick pads, fur and small claws. “Please... let me help you up.” She helped me up to the point where I could stand before the pair of them, and now see more of them in the moonlight.

Purdy, the bigger of the two, and still slightly bigger than me, and the other one who was a head shorter, were both hooked up to a sort of bikini and harness gear loaded with D-rings and straps that led to musher sleds laden with what looked like logs, and not just small logs, big logs, heavy logs... many logs too.

“Name’s Sheila... and my larger and more gruff sister up there,” and she jerked a thumb at the larger of the two fems who grunted at me, “Is named Purdy. What’s your name?”

“Uh... Minevera.”

“Minevera?” Sheila blinked. “Variation of Minerva, Roman Goddess version of the Greek Goddess of Athena. Goddess of poetry, medicine, wisdom, commerce, weaving, crafts, magic, music...”

And then Purdy rolled her eyes and smacked Sheila like a broken record and I jumped in surprise that she did that.

“Trust me... You’ll thank me for popping her like that. Once she gets into Encyclopedia mode it’s hard to get her out otherwise.”

Sheila merely nodded and rubbed the back of her head. “Do you have any place to go?” Sheila asked me, the accent she was speaking in sounded mildly British.

I hugged myself and shook my head.

“Well she’ll fit in nicely then... come on then puny... maybe mom can do something about you.” Purdy said and then set forward, dragging the sled behind her.

“Yeah...” Sheila said and took my hand. “We’re close by... but mama will know best. She takes in a lot of strays like us.”

“Strays?” I asked and blindly followed this pleasant fem who looked remarkably like a Klee Kai, which was like a malamute but they were bred for running not hauling and so were smaller and looked closer to a large Chihuahua.

“Sure... strays.” Sheila smiled, she apparently strong enough to haul a sled that was every bit as heavy as Purdy’s was. “Werewolves without homes.”

And I blanched. “WEREWOLVES?!”

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There was a ranch south of Fairbanks... deep enough off the beaten path to be considered rural. Ranches in Alaska typically cared for two kinds of animals, either cattle of a sort hardy enough to survive the winter up here... sometimes horses, or dogs for dog sleds. The later was actually called a kennel.

Purdy and Sheila led me inside after dispatching their sleds, still harnessed, still dressed, I was brought through the low ceilinged halls – well, low for me with my massive frame – having to stoop while Purdy and Sheila just shrank down, turning into a rather muscular and rosy couple of fems.

“Why don’t you just change into a human?” Sheila asked; her glasses oversized for her face now.

“Um... I... I don’t know how.”

Purdy turned to look at me over her broad shoulder. “First transformation huh. Probably didn’t even know you were a Lycan, did ya?”

“Um... no?” I blanched and she rolled her eyes.

“Come on then... and don’t knock over any of mom’s...” Crash. “...Paintings.” Purdy groaned as my elbow nudged a large picture with a glass covering and the glass splintered madly.

“It’s all right. We can replace the glass. We can just get Penny to fix it.”

More names... they kept talking about their ‘*sisters*’ though the accent of Purdy sounded German, and again Sheila sounded sorta-English.

But they led me down the hall and down a broad flight of stairs that I could actually stand up in, and underneath the house was a large chamber sectioned off by a heavy metal door that Purdy simply walked up to and one-handed open, rolling it aside to show a long hall of bunk beds large enough to handle the full-bodied and transformed forms of eleven other fems... each of whom were like me.

“Whoa! Who’s that?” someone in the back asked as she rolled over from listening to an iPod with a pair of sunglasses on.

“Everyone... this is Minevera.” Sheila gestured toward me. “We found her when Purdy and I were collecting firewood.”

I blinked... that was firewood?!

I was greeted with a myriad of hi’s, hello’s, waves and so on of varying intensity and I lifted a hand and wiggled my fingers back at them.

“Mon Dieu! Another fem with huge and multiple teats!” another fem said with a rolling of the eyes. “An’ she looks younger’n Sheila even. At this rate I’ll never be the sexy one again.”

“You never were d’ sexy one, honey...” a dark furred fem who spoke with a southern Afro-American accent that sounded like a cross between Creole and that usual Southern Drawl said with a wan wave of her clawed hand. She had dread locks for hair.

“Says you, harlot!” the dark-furred one said and the two looked like they were about to start bickering when another fem, a tall, powerful lean-bodied but hardy-chested fem pounded a hand on the metal wall and the whole room reverberated from the strike, making all the girls cower, flatten ears and lower tails between their legs.

“No bickering!” she barked with a snarl, baring white fangs and a black tongue. “I swear... the two of you are like bitches in heat fighting over the same male.”

“Dey are bein’ bitches in heat fighting over d’ same male,” some little fem squeaked with a wave of a hand that had black fingers. “We knows it, dey knows it... so the soon-ah we be recognizin’ it d’ better we be movin’ on wit our lives.” That one strangely had a Jamaican accent.”

“I take it that when you were talking about sisters it was more like a sorority,” I said out of the corner of my muzzle.

“Yeah sure.” Sheila beamed while Purdy just walked right on into the place that looked like a communal dorm room.

“She’s nakey though...” the littlest of the fems said after turning over.

“Noticed that all on your own, eh?” the one that’d hammered her fist against the wall said.

“Where’s mama?” Sheila asked finally.

“Probably caring for the dogs...” the previous fem said and approached me. “Name’s Jena. I’m the eldest and the lead dog around here.”

“And if you ain’t the lead dog the view never changes!” all the other fems said in unison.

“And don’t you all forget that for one bit! Come on kid...” and Jena gestured for me to follow her. “Some wolves don’t mind running around with no clothes on, but we’re dogs... we’re a bit more cultured around here. You, Brianna, bottoms. You, Joey... top.” And two of the girls hopped out of their bunks and fished through their lockers between the beds while Jena herself removed another garment from her own locker, collected the three sets and handed them to me.

Still holding those things and being led by the arm out the back of the dormitory and into a large shower hall, I was prompted to dress. The purpose of the two tops was to cover three sets of breasts, whereas the bottom was a thong bikini like thing.

“How they fit?” Jena asked, folding her strong arms in a cradling motion.

“A bit... invasive...” I said and pulled some of the seat of the bottoms out of my backside.

“Yeah... I judged on your sizes by the looks of you... Brianna likes showing her butt off more, and though not a thong... I misjudged the size. We can get you more clothes later, but it’d be best if you meet ma dressed as a cultured fem, not a naked bitch. We’re dogs, not wild wolves... well... not entirely.”

“Lead dog, huh?” I asked and Jena smirked as she led me further out the back, passed a large workout room toward a ramp leading upward again. “So what’s your role here?”

“Quite literal actually. We’re a team... and every team needs a leader. Sheila could probably lead but she lacks the strength to. Purdy could probably lead but she gets lost easy. You have to have strength, brawn and charisma to lead this bunch.” And Jena knocked her head briefly with a knuckle. “Other than that... I’m big sister and sometimes nanny to that bunch back there. Regardless, I doubt ma will turn you away... she never does.”

“Who’s this... *person* you all refer to ma, or mama or mother or...”

“We all call her differently. Kindest-hearted Lycan in the world... takes the rest of our world’s rejects.”

“Rejects?!” I blanched.

Jena slowed and looked at me discerningly from head to toe. “You don’t know about your world... do you?” she asked cautiously.

“I didn’t even know there was a separate world till a few hours ago!” I complained and Jena pursed her lips and nodded, hands on very wide hips.

“Thought so... but then...” she gestured at me from head to toe. “You’re already a dog.”

“Sheila mentioned that... I don’t really know what that means.”

Jena nodded and sighed. “Wow... you must’ve been a lost child. But already a dog?” I blinked at her. “Ok... to explain... we’re Lycanthropes – Lycan for short – werewolves... but we’re not wolves, were dogs. Well... as much dog as wolf as it were. You see we were fems that the other tribes around the world decided weren’t good enough to run with their packs.

“Me, for instance, Ma found me running around crying like a baby when I was little... my pack just dumped me here and left me to die. She nursed me from her own breast, raised me like her own daughter, and shared the secrets of her own pack with me to which she and Jake were the only members of since her husband died.”

“Jake?”

Jena immediately glanced and glared at me briefly before she caught herself and rubbed her temples, but the stare-down had already happened. “Sorry... sorry... that was a... *protective* instinct. Jake is... the only guy around here, and all of us... see... we want to be the first person he taps so...” she started eying me again and shook her head yet again to stop it. “S-sorry...”

“I... I see. Am I going to get the same thing from the others?” I grinned and Jena sighed. “Another mouth to feed, another fem to compete with. I respect Jake more than the others do.” Jena said. “He and I practically grew up together. He’s more like a brother than anything, but I got that tick-tick-ticking sensation in me, and...” she sighed and palmed her belly and I nodded knowingly. I was starting to feel that tick-tick-ticking myself since this change. “He’s the only guy. I don’t even know if he sees me as more than a sister, but I respect him enough to let him have the choice. All the other girls have staked a claim on him recently. All at once we realized that he’s the only guy, he’s not really our brother and... well ma isn’t going to stop it. She wants grand-puppies after all.”

“Wow... that must be ruff... I mean rough.” I said and shook my head, not believing I just said such a stupid pun.

“You’ll learn soon enough how rough it is. But anyways back to the question at hand... *‘Why is it that it’s so surprising that you’re a dog and not a wolf?’*”

I nodded. “Sheila made a big deal over it.”

“She would know better than anyone... but we’re wolves at heart. We were all born wolves, and when our first change happened, we were wolves... but we were all mongrels and bastard children, kicked out of our tribes one after the next. Ma collects us strays, you see, and she feeds us blood of a particular dog breed.”

“Feeds you... what?! Blood?! Ew!”

“Not as bad as you think. Sure you choke it down, but it only takes a vial... and we don’t kill the dog. Your body just absorbs the traits of the dog while you try to *want* to be that dog... and voila... you become that dog. Alaska breeds are in part half-wolf anyways... especially ma. She’s got arctic wolf in her. Biggest damn dog you’ll ever see... not even Purdy can relate to ma when she changes. Well she was the one who developed the art of making werewolves into were-dogs as it were. She did it with a Malamute, so she’s like... what... three quarters wolf? Got yellow eyes and everything. But she’s a bitch that loves to love.”

“That doesn’t sound right, calling your mother, even an adoptive one, a bitch.” I scoffed.

“We’re dogs... that’s what female dogs are called, or didn’t you know that?” She smirked and I stopped short as she reached the end of the ramp and one-armed a door at the end of the ramp open, and the heavy metal door easily swung open to her strength.

“Wow... that’s going to take some getting used to.” I managed and strode out the opening with her before she lowered the door shut.

“Just try not to wolf-out when someone calls you a bitch.” Jena smirked, her curled tail wagging briefly as she led the way now through a barn and out into the woods.

“Wolf-out?”

“To lose control and transform involuntarily.” Jena said and I heard a bird screech and stopped to see an eagle spread his wings and fly away. “Beautiful birds...” she mentioned and led the way deeper into the forest into a clearing where we came upon a woman who was topless currently and was swinging an axe against a tree amidst a light sprinkling of snow.

“Ma...” Jena managed between chops.

“Yes Jena.” The matriarchal fem with the long frost-white hair said. She had great breasts that wobbled with each axe swing, the pair so full and large that they must’ve been engorged with milk.

“I brought someone new...” Jena mentioned and this new fem stopped mid-swing and turned immediately, her look of surprise was most apparent.

“Already a dog...” she said quietly. And lowered the axe before wiping her hand off on her baggy trousers. “Well pleased to meet you... I’m Jana MacDougal... Matriarch and Musher of the Wild Pack.”

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The whole pack – or team, as they referred to themselves – was brought out and I met each and every last one of the thirteen other fems in the group.

Jana MacDougal was originally a wolf of – you guessed it – Scotland, but her family was rather migratory and had an even more colorful history. Hers was a struggling pack that had to marry and arrange to marry it’s children. As such, she was the last surviving member that was betrothed to her late husband in Scotland. They later moved to Alaska and had a son – Jake – who wasn’t present, before Jana’s husband died somehow, they told me it was in an avalanche, before Jake was even born. The husband’s name wasn’t mentioned, and I didn’t think to ask. I sensed it was a sore subject for Jana still.

It was Jana’s intuition to take on the form of dogs here in Alaska instead of wolves... it was her ingenuity that developed the technique to become dogs. It was a one-way journey so far, one that she did when she was pregnant with Jake, but Jana, now without a husband to give her cubs, was lost with her pack now dying because it consisted of only her and Jake. The nearest pack that they were aware of was in central Canada, and she couldn’t bear to lose Jake as just a breeding stock to another pack, especially when he didn’t even look like a full-blooded wolf when he was born, or so Jana said.

That’s when she discovered Jena one day in the woods. Naked, just a little girl, crying for her mother... Jana picked Jena up and immediately adopted her, gave her tit to suckle from and...

It was at this time that Jena began to become the focus of ridicule from all the other fems surrounding us. They called her baby Jenna and made sucking sounds and little girlish batting of eyes before Jena stormed to her feet with an angry and rather forceful bark that flew spit and froth everywhere before she stared her sisters down to quiet them. Jena was rather a quiet leader... but when she needed to be forceful it was quick and forceful flaring of assertion. Jena had my immediate respect being that she was tough enough to make even that Purdy-bitch back down with just a stare down.

Heh... I called her a bitch.

At first, as Jana traveled, she found the daughters of the other packs that they didn’t want. Sick and weak in some cases, mutts and bastards in others. She took them in without a second-thought.

After Jena was Purdy. Purdy was a German werewolf, as evidenced by her dark red pelt. In a word, she was a pug in the eyes of the German werewolves... with all except their undying queen; a great red werewolf referred to only as “Red” who even Jena had to admit was bigger than she was. Their queen unfortunately couldn’t protect and care for Purdy like she wanted to, so again Jana collected an unwanted fem from the world and introduced her to a new calling, strengthening this once weak and frail pup into the massive and towering powerhouse that she was now. Purdy was even now lifting a weight, doing repeating curls with heavily laden barbells to work that immense bicep she had. I could see the psychological attraction... being strong was everything to Purdy. When she was old enough, though, Purdy took upon her the breed of the Chow, which was commonly the strongest and largest of the Alaskan Breeds.

It was as Jana’s other daughters arrived one after the next that Jana decided to train them as a team... to run the incredible Iditarod Trail, a trail that ran from Anchorage to Nome Alaska... which I can tell you right now is one hell of a jaunt! It was roughly the equivalent of running from New York, New York to Miami, Florida!

And Jana trained these girls to run that distance in just over a week!

And these were girls that came from all over the world too...

Sheila, whom I met earlier, came from England. Not necessarily the smallest of all the fems, she was easily the brightest. An avid book reader with a large pair of glasses, she was even reading a college-level text book on chemistry during this first meet-and-greet. Like I mentioned before, she was a Klee Kai, a slender ropy dog, and whereas Purdy was an Anchor Dog, or one of the dogs closest to the sled, Sheila was a forward dog, because she could run fast when the leaders had to turn a wide turn to keep the sled moving at a just speed.

Mishka, a Siberian Husky and heralding from someplace called the Silver Council in Russia, came from a formerly male-dominated society that treated it's females as third class citizens. As a note on that, first class were the male royalty, second class were the male commoners and third class, regardless as to their level of birth, were all the females. Mishka talked about a fem who was now her heroine called Tanya... who was apparently the queen of the weretigers in Russia. Like Purdy, Mishka was built to be an anchor dog, thick and powerful, there close to the sled because they didn't run as fast as the leading dogs, and were strong enough to keep the sled from slipping should it hit a steep incline, making it easier for the leader dogs to run. Mishka was rescued under much peril by her own mother protecting Mishka with her own body. Mishka's mother, it seemed, had decided to run, decided to wear clothes even, decided not to be a breeding bitch at the whim of her 'master' the title she was forced to call her own husband by. When she ran, she was shot with silver, and Jana was witness to the slaying. After the assailants left, Jana found the bundled little pup, half-starved from the vigors of not having proper time to be fed. Jana sat right there and nursed Mishka till she couldn't suckle anymore and slept.

No-one dared to make fun of Mishka for this; some even bowed their head reverently at her story.

The debutante of the group was a fem named Camille, and she heralded from France. At the moment she was manicuring and polishing her claws. Large-chested as in large-breasted and the only other person besides Jana herself and me to have developed secondaries – I still had tertiaries so there, ha-ha – her fur coat was glossy and straight, and her ropy body was dainty. A husky, it was her job to be right behind the lead dog, or Jena, right beside Sheila... primarily because Sheila was the only other fem she wasn't a real bitch to – the negative connotation of bitch, not the descriptor of a female dog – but likewise because Sheila and Camille were the only two who could run as fast as each other to make the wide turns they needed to when following the lead. Camille was to be used as a prize for breeding to solidify relations between two packs, but when the prince of the other European pack saw her, he called her disgustingly ugly and stuck up and refused her. Camille had this priming and preening way, I guess, to counterbalance that first mote of rejection.

Pax – or Peace – was an oddity. She heralded from California, but despite that she was now a husky. She loved music, could play five instruments with an autistic quality – some of her sisters mentioned – but Pax didn't even listen to their praise. She perpetually had a pair of headphones on and was listening to music all the time, and likewise perpetually had a wad of bubble gum in her mouth. She was an oddity because she wore sunglasses at night – queue the music – and here underground. That was because of her eyes... one being amber, the other being an icy, icy blue. Aside from her eyes, she had this sort of... *stoner* quality to her. Not very bright, not really strong, not supremely fast... so she was a perfect mid-dog. Almost strong enough to be an anchor, not quite fast enough to be a forward, she was... perfectly average. The other quality that made Pax apt for that position was the fact that Pax ran like she had blinders on. She didn't follow, she didn't lead, she just ran... and ran and ran and ran. As such, she was also the pace dog. She quit the race last... but primarily because no one told her to quit yet. Pax was found living on the shores of California as a young girl. She owned only a bathing suit and nothing else, ate out of garbage cans and surfed... that was her bit. She still surfed all right, and when I asked if she went to California to surf the others just giggled and shook their heads. Pax actually went out to the Bay of Alaska and surfed there! Apparently something else Pax was mindless about was what temperature it was. Hot, cold... she didn't care, so was commonly found surfing with ice chunks, glaciers and icebergs, and was a frequenter of the local Polar Bear Club.

Chinook was a Canadian, hence her name, and she was a Canadian Eskimo Dog... an odd combination of breeds I'll tell you what. She looked ultimately like a husky, but the only coloring on her was about her head... the rest of her was stark white... unlike regular huskies and malamutes who had a lot of varied body coloring. She was nick-named '*Mile-a-minute*' not for the sheer sake that she could run sixty miles per hour... but she had this odd way of talking where she would continue to talk at a rapid pace without stopping... like she'd never heard of anything called a period or a comma. Oh she was fast all right, found a position right behind Camille and Sheila. Jana had been making a journey to visit Chinook's pack only to find out that Chinook was the only one left in it. She was found whining as a pup in the center of a battlefield surrounded by the remains of her kinsmen. Like me, Chinook was an orphan.

Brianna became the very first donated member to the Wild Pack. Coming from a family of Minnesotan Timber Wolves, Brianna was an everyday sort of fem. Minnesota used to have a dog sled tradition as deeply rooted as Alaska did, but in recent times that tradition had petered off. Brianna was the sort of fem who didn't make it into her own pack's sled dog team, and when she found out about the Wild Pack, she was apt to show her family that she was still prime candidacy for being a sled dog. When she ran the Iditarod, a track many times longer than the one that her family ever ran in one go, they asked for her back. She refused, stating that she had to stay with her sisters now. A Samoyed, she ran next to Pax... not an Anchor Dog, but a Wheel Dog – or the pivot point for the team when turning – a position created only in the Wild Pack.

It was then that I learned that most sled dog teams didn't have terms for their dogs. There was the lead dog and then there were all the other dogs in behind the leader but before the sled.

Joey, as her name implied, heralded from Australia. Though they didn't have actual sled dogs there – there was no use for them – she was born a dingo but became a Klee Kai... it was the closest breed to that of a Dingo after all. She had that Australian drawl way of speaking, complete with the “G'day mate,” and “Shrimp on the Barbie,” terms. I swear if she were any more Aussie she would've been Steve Irwin. Joey though petitioned Jena via conventional letters... a plethora of letters for that matter, asking to join her team. Though there was no sled-dog traditions in Australia, there certainly were other traditions... like sprinting and iron man – or Iron Woman in her case – competitions, in which she had several trophies for placing in the top three of which. She was a forward wheel dog that ran next to Chinook. She was built for endurance running not speed running, so she was in that particular position to act as a Wheel Dog.

The other members of the team made up the middle of the team.

Poly was from Jamaica – go figure – and like Joey was an endurance runner. Jamaica was another place that had a profound running tradition. Poly wanted her place to be as a Wheel Dog... a forward wheel dog at the least.

Cecilia came from Louisiana, the French-Creole-Afro-American. Her penchant was cooking and nourishment and her arrival brought that spot of Franco-American cooking that was filled with protein and energy-building foods... provided you actually exercised afterward. She also brought soul food to the table on occasion as well, and you should hear her talk about something called a Luther Burger. Oh it made me sick to my stomach just thinking of such a thing as a half bound of beef, four strips of bacon, three slices of cheese served within a glazed doughnut. She had the mannerisms of an iron chef... and as I was informed then, is never trust a thin cook. Cecilia wasn't thin... stocky was a better way of speaking of her... and buxom. Other than Camille, she had the largest rack of the bunch... but no secondaries yet.

China was from Japan... don't ask why she's called China... she wouldn't say. She was what I'd classify as an anime girl. She had spikey hair and bright wide slanted eyes and had the shape and form type of husky called a Sakhalin Husky. She was lean and rosy, and sadly for her she didn't really have much of a way to actually be a sled dog short of staying as a dog and letting some human put her in a pack... in which case some mushers actually used whips. She was another who petitioned for entrance into the Wild Pack and was accepted as one of its daughters.

Finally there was Anna. Anna was easily the smallest – not the youngest – of all the fems in the Wild pack. Little breasts, little body... as hyper active as a squirrel on an energy drink. Boundless energy for this little Polish girl. Despite being a runt... she pulled her weight, though barely as she was teased. But she was such a pleasant-minded girl, she just reminded everyone that it was perfectly possible for her to grow up and be bigger than all of them. Bigger than even Purdy. She was laughed at, but she merely looked smugly on and folded her arms.

“Never kick a pup, just because she's a pup, because one day that pup will grow up.” She said devoutly.

“So that is the majority of the family, Minevera.” Jana MacDougal mentioned. “Now why don't you tell us about yourself?”

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Apparently all I had to say was that I was an orphan and I was in. I swear, I never felt such fraternity... er, sorority... before in my life! I was accepted into this mismatched family as if I'd always been here.

“The Musher, the musher’s son and the lead dog are the only ones who get their own rooms, so don’t get used to this, chica.” Poly mentioned, her dreadlocks dancing behind her as she led me toward one of the guest rooms. “Mama will come speak with ye shortly, tell ye what’s expected of all of us... this be a *team*, mind ye, and we girls all sleep in d’ same room.”

“Gotcha.” I nodded and squeezed through the door into the guest room, having to inhale deeply and squeeze one tit after the next passed the doorjamb before I got into the room with the great big bed. Oh and what a bed it was... I was used to springy world war two hospital beds bought or donated as surplus, with mattresses stained with only God knew what. This looked clean and new... oh I was going to sleep so good tonight. “I can’t wait really... this is all a lot more than I’d ever had in my life... but I’m really, really grateful for everything!” and not being able to stop myself I just pulled Poly into a great big hug. She melted like butter.

“Is ok...” she patted my arm. “But be prepared t’ work tomorrow... that’s another rule here... everyone works. Everyone. Ye no work, ye no part o’ d’ team. But first...” she smirked at me as I sat on my haunches. “We need t’ get ye a proper harness and suit though. Sweet dreams to ye then... we be starting early tomorrow. Gotta get ye ready t’ run the Iditarod after all!”

“Yeah... right.” I sighed and sat on the bed now, the thing little more than a chair to me. “Now... what about this Jake person... what’s he like?”

Poly froze and hunched her shoulders before turning quickly toward me grinning broadly... ferally was perhaps a better word for it. “Oh he’s already taken... but he be a good boy. To ye he’s just a big brother.” She smirked and slid out the door as I raised an eyebrow.

“Ah-k...” I managed, right before Jana entered.

“S’ here be me new little girl.” She greeted and closed the door behind her... and I took a moment to look down at myself before looking to her with an inquisitively lifted brow.

“Little?” I managed.

“Oh it might not look like it now... but never ye fret now, child... I still be the biggest, the eldest and the smartest o’ this bunch. These pups ain’t got nothin on me. Now what’s this I hear about yer interest in me little Jake?”

“I’m just curious is all. Everyone else is staking claim on him... I just want to meet him is all.”

She smiled and patted my arm. “I understand... wanting t’ meet th’ only boy your breed in th’ world.” She nodded sagely. “Hard t’ get boys here, th’ closest male wolf be more’n a thousand miles from here, and they be tribal wolves. They’s kinda hard t’ come by as rejects of other clans, we females are more often kicked away from the teat ya’know. Though I do have a few letters... whenever I call them on their bluff they recall their proposal t’ send me one o’ their boys. Mostly because they’re *spoken for* if ye can believe that.”

“Why isn’t he here?” I blinked.

“Well... ye gotta understand that even a nice strong stalwart lad like Jake can get overwhelmed at times when confronted with thirteen girls vying for his affections. He goes t’ town most days now... can’t even get in some time with his video games since that Tanya tiger-woman and her family came rolling through here and put into me girl’s minds that Jake is an available male. He be bored ever since he last had a friend in Tanya’s little brother Peter. Russia be so near but also be so far away at times, so it’s not like my Jake can go around the corner and hang out with someone his age. But Jake be pretty lonely... pretty lonely indeed... I fear for him.”

I looked sidelong at Jana, recognizing the mother’s hook up speech. She wanted me to like Jake... like him a lot. Well I’d have to see this Jake before I had any convictions about him.

“Oh... and here... this be a training collar fer ye.” Jana said and handed me a collar that looked reminiscent of a dog collar.

“Ah... thanks.”

“Put it on... let’s see how it fits.”

“Ah... k...” I said, and lifted it to my throat, but no sooner had I closed the latch than I felt woozy, and in a rush like a balloon that was venting all its air, I shrank.

Muscles deflated, breasts deflated, the additional musculature vanished, and very rapidly I diminished and diminished into that of a young nineteen-year-old again, the collar hanging loosely around my neck. Only... not like I was before. I was muscular, chesty and hippy, with a definable hour-glass shape of a mature woman.

“What just happened?” I blinked looking at my hands.

“It be a training collar lass. It’s what we wear till we can control our... impulses.” She smirked and rubbed my back, I was essentially sitting there wearing a two piece bathing suit and an over shirt with a collar around my neck.

“Thank you... so what’s to become of me?”

“You become a part o’ th’ family.” Jana soothed and began to comb my hair with her fingernails... I liked that, really I did... I never had a mother figure do that to me... at least, none that I could remember. “Tomorrow... ye an’ me be going t’ town. We need t’ make ye one o’ us... so it be time t’ get a new bunk, a new suit and booties made fer ye, an’...”

“Booties?” I blinked and Jana laughed.

“A requirement of the Musers League. All dogs need t’ have booties on their feet... to protect their delicate paws from sharp ice, rock and pack ice injuries. We cannot go havin’ ye slicing up yer pretty little feet now can we?” and she took my hands and rubbed the palms. I liked this attention so far.

“Oh ok... if it’s a requirement.”

“I’m gonna be workin’ ye hard child. I want ye t’ know I won’t love ye more or less if ye do or don’t work, but I want ye t’ always remember that I’m doing it t’ protect you.”

“Protect me... but... what do I need protection from?”

“Alaska.” She smirked. “This land isn’t fer th’ weak, Minevera. Given ye name sake, though... I’m sure ye be taming Alaska soon enough. But the trail be hard... it be harsh... harsh on dog and musher alike. It be unkind and unforgiving, and the best I can do is prepare ye fer it.”

I smiled and nodded, willing to try.

“Now then... from now on... feel free to call me whatever ye feel like. I’m glad t’ think all me girls eventually call me mama or something or other, else wise if ye be more comfortable with it, ye can call me Jana, or Miss MacDougal if ye wish.”

Again I nodded and smiled, liking this arrangement more and more.

“But... in th’ meantime... I need ye to help me so that I can prepare ye.”

“What can I do?” I blinked.

“I need ye t’ tell me how ye really came t’ be, Minevera. You weren’t telling us everything when we asked fer yer life story.” I frowned and she smiled impishly but then gave me a hug. “Understand, child, I be older than I look, and I can tell when someone be holding back information. I be a mommy now, ye see... we get lots o’ practice when our girls not be tellin’ us everythin’ that is.

“Now... with the door closed and locked and no one else around t’ listen, with just my ears here... why don’t ye tell me how ye came to be in this here lodge.”

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Jana and I stayed up for most of that night talking. I explained how my parents died in a car wreck, how I walked to the top of the mountain on a bet, met Eagle, Tikaani, her daughters and Amak and finally Nannuraluk and what they all did for me... and more importantly to me... how I changed and then how I followed Eagle here to get ploughed over by Purdy and Sheila. I even mentioned that right before I came to meet Jana that I swore I saw Eagle take flight right before getting to her.

Jana listened to my tale and nodded quietly, speaking only when I was finished.

“Alaska be a protean place, child, ye just might be in a position t’ understand a few things that I know... but haven’t been able t’ give unto any of my girls. Not even Jena.”

“To me? Why not to any of them?”

“They be smart and all, they be clever girls... but they be *dogs*, Minevera. Ye loose something when ye undergo the change... but th’ spirits o’ this land came to ye, and they made ye into... this.” And she gestured to... all of me. That was a first; usually someone used that gesture to show their disdain for me. “Alaskan Dogs be one foot in d’ wild an’ one foot in d’ world o’ men. Th’ wild not be lettin’ me go no matter what... but I be growing older every day... and there be teachings that I have that I need t’ be passing on. I pray that at long last... I have a child that can do it.”

“D-do... what exactly?” I asked, and Jana lifted a hand, and I found something akin to the northern lights rising up about her hand as they coiled about her fingers, and then she touched me on the chest with the palm of her hand, and a blue paw print found itself imprinted in my breast. “What the...?”

“The print took...” she sighed and rose, and then palmed my face in both hands to look into my eyes. “There be wolf in those eyes. Perhaps... perhaps then th’ spirits o’ this land have forgiven me fer turning my back on them.”

“You turned your back on them? The spirits?” she nodded. “Why?”

She was quiet for a moment before letting go of my face and she reached the door, opened it and stopped before she exhaled a sigh and looked back at me.

“They took my husband from me.” She told me, and then promptly left me to the room by myself.

I immediately laid down in the bed and just laid there without covering up.

There was no way I was going to sleep after all of this.

## Chapter 6: Fitting In

True enough, I didn't sleep. I had to borrow clothes from everyone before Jana took me to town, in which the very first thing we did was go to the city offices and file adoption papers.

I was nineteen, I could choose my own name if I wanted to, could've when I turned eighteen, but Minevera MacDougal had a sort of ring to it that I liked. But the thing was... even that simple act was an expensive endeavor. Filing adoption papers for an adult was cheaper than it was for a child, but nevertheless, thousands of dollars was spent in order to do it. I showed a remarkable amount of faith in me, and Jana showed immediately that she wanted me as a daughter without so much as saying a word.

Then it was off to the orphanage to collect what little things I had... and in the end I left the clothes and only took a few knick knacks. The furniture store came next, and Jana knew precisely what model number of bunk, mattress and so on she wanted... as a part of my work detail, I was prompted to haul everything to her rather heavy duty Dodge Truck.

Apparently, Dodge Motors was a major contributor to the Iditarod Race... and the first place mushers each year won a brand new Dodge four-by-four. So far Jana had two of those trucks... and adversely, she also had the Red Lantern Award... the award for coming in dead last. It was a tradition mind you, a lantern was lit in Nome when the race started in Anchorage, and stayed lit till the last team passed the finish line. There were a lot of injuries on Jana's team that year, and it cost them. Regardless, the Red Lantern hung out the front door of their lodge.

Within Fairbanks there was another Lycan... a lean arctic fox fem who operated a below ground facility for clothing Lycans like us. She had to measure me in my full form to fit me with this sort of leather bikini, but at the same time she also fit me with a harness. We'd pick that up tomorrow.

A short shopping trip to the Salvation Army got me several sets of clothes.

"Not that I'm complaining, but it seems you're very well off...ah... mom." I mentioned and Jana beamed at being called mom. "I'm really grateful and this is a lot better than what I normally wear, but why Salvation Army clothes and not new clothes? It seems that new clothes would last longer to me."

"Ah... but there be a problem with we Lycanthropes, baby. When we have a transformation accident, whatever clothing we be wearing be absolutely ruined. So in th' mean time, while ye be still learnin' the ins and outs o' changin', we needs t' be a bit... skimpy... on the price o' yer clothing."

"Oh..." I managed, and then felt her hand on my head as she combed my hair with her nails.

"Later when ye get yer paycheck – everyone who works get's a fair's day paycheck – '*allowance*' as some o' yer sisters be calling it – that ye can spend yer own money on nice things. That way, ye be less inclined t' lettin' them be ruined."

I nodded and enjoyed the hair combing until we returned to The Lodge. I had to haul my own bed down to the dorm, I had to assemble the bed myself, and though... in all honesty, I never had much experience in assembling furniture, and I only got one of the metal cross beams wrong for a moment before fixing it, I eventually did get the two man – er, woman – bunk assembled. There were plenty of sheets and things, so that wasn't much of an effort for me. If there was one thing that the orphanage taught me, it was how to make a bed.

If your bed was unmade, you didn't eat breakfast. If you weren't clean you didn't eat lunch. If you misbehaved you didn't eat dinner. The matron of the girl's hall actually strode down the dorm and tore beds apart and disheveled the mattress of any girl who didn't do her hospital corners right, or didn't fluff their pillow right, or didn't have their trunk closed and locked. We believed that she used to be regular army in a former life somehow. That... or a former nun.

"So... '*New girl*'... all settled in are you?" a fem mentioned, and when I turned I saw Camille sitting against one of the central tables that was here for study and writing and reading.

I looked back and checked my bunk and locker – a converted tool shed rescued from the barn – with all the semi-new clothes in it.

"I think so." I replied. "We weren't formerly introduced yet. Hi, I'm Minevera." And I extended my hand. Camille lifted an eyebrow at me, not even looking at it. She was absolutely lovely... but there was something in her eyes that reminded me of a young woman in my high school... the school bitch... bitch as in a dirty woman, not a female dog.

Camille sniffed. "Look Minerva..."

"Minevera." I corrected.

"...Whatever. There are some unofficial rules round here that you need to know about. Firstly... pull your weight," and she lifted a finger.

"Already got that." I sighed, hearing the familiar bitchy lecture from a Miss Thang.

"Don't get in my way... and stay the hell away from my man." And she lifted two more fingers one after the next.

"Your man? Who's your man?"

"Don't be so coy!" she barked, her ears extending and fangs showing briefly before she forced herself to calm and her features became that of a regular human woman again. "He's the only available male around here and I've staked claim on him. You're the Omega around here, and the Alpha Female is chosen by the Alpha Male...Jena is that female only till Jake chooses a mate... and that's going to be me!"

"Don't you think you should let him make up his own mind?" I asked with hand on hip.

"Omega female means that you stay silent when the higher echelon females are talking!" she snapped. "And since you're the Omega... you shut the hell up when I'm talking... you got that?" and she snapped her fingers beneath my nose. "You're a damned turned dog... I was *born* a Lycan. That makes me a pure-bred, and you..." there was the sound of heavy shoes and my eyes lifted to see Jena approaching from behind wearing baggy pants and a pair of heavy military boots.

"Camille... I can smell that damn hole of yours barking from up stairs." Jena growled. "Go feed the musher's dogs."

Camille rounded on Jena. "No! It's not my turn to feed those mongrels!"

"Oh I'm sorry... what was all that about disobeying the order? I'm the Alpha, you're just a Beta... you stuffed frog. Now get up stairs before I tell Mishka what you said about her mother. You know how *sensitive* Mishka is about anything said about her real mother... and we'd just *hate* to see your pretty face face-down in an icy mud puddle again, wouldn't we?" Camille straightened her back and then stormed off.

"She's a cast iron bitch, I'll tell you what." Jena said and shook her head.

"Thank you." I mentioned.

"Shaddap kid..." she smirked back at me. "...That was more for my pleasure than yours. But she's right you know... there is a pecking order here, but Camille has it wrong. It goes from Mama, to Jake, to me, and then to everyone else." I nodded sagely at her. "But Camille's not so bad... once you get on her good side."

"If I get on her good side."

"There's no if... Min, if I can call you Min."

"Sure... I guess. My friends at school called me that." I replied and Jena nodded.

“Min it is then... but like I said... there is no ‘if’ in this line of work. The trail is not a friendly place, it never has been. It is an act of survival for all of us. The snow comes in and we get blocked off from Fairbanks, we may have to live off our own supplies and the land for a bit. But get out on the trail...” she pointed off in the direction Camille went. “You will have to trust that bitch with your life, Min... just as she has to do the same as you. Whatever hatreds you have, whatever compulsions you may keep in your head... out there we are all sisters, we are a team... and that team never breaks. Those who break, aren’t part of the team... you hear me?”

“Yes I do...” I said quietly and Jena brought herself up to her full height, showing off all that strength and feminine glory... my ‘*feminine glory*’ was actually superior to hers... to everyone’s really, but she was still well-endowed for the eldest here.

“Good. Ma... took me aside while you were putting your bed together. She told me what she has planned for you. I’m here to tell you I’m cool with it... but the others might not like it.”

“What’s that?” I blinked up at her.

“I’ll let ma tell you that... Kinda went over my head a bit.” She smirked. “Which is probably why she’s gonna do it with you.”

“Do I get to have at least a hint on what it is?”

“I would hint ya if I understood it...” she smirked and then pounded a fist on my shoulder. “Come on... dinner’s ready, which brings me to a thought... what sort of skills do you have. Can you cook?”

“No.” I shook my head.

“Not even Home Economics?”

“I took shop.” I told her. “I can change a tire; check the battery and fluid levels in a car...”

“Pfft... then you can be the mechanic. Nevertheless, you and I are going to find out what you can and can’t do around here. Like ma says... ‘*Everyone works.*’”

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The Orphanage had been like this. Chores rotated, and occasionally a kid got a bye week... only here the bye week was considered light duty like cleaning. Heavy duty was feeding all the dogs in the kennels in the back that mushers paid Jana and her many daughters and son – whoever this Jake fellow was – to care for their dogs. I’d be getting musher practice with a half team... all the dogs needed exercise too, and the actual Iditarod dog sled trail was close by so they got to run a short track of it.

For now, I had to fit where I could, and they weren’t going to be light on me because I was new, so I set the table, brought dishes of food to the table, filled glasses and so on. Later... I would wash dishes.

The dining room table was a pair of park benches with a good set of table cloths over it. The flatware was all cheap but they matched... and the food... I tried to sneak a taste of it but Cecelia, who was cooking, rapped my knuckles with the back of a ladle.

“Ah-ah-ah... no mousing food, petite... lest I bonk you on d’ head next time.” She scolded me. I didn’t even care... the food was so good-looking... a great big wild turkey that looked like they did on the TV’s, all golden brown and stuff... with spices speckled into the juicy flesh...

Beats the good old S.O.S. food that they fed us at the orphanage... and for those of you not familiar with military vernacular, S.O.S. stood for Shit-On-a-Shingle: a slice of bread or toast with some sort of beef stew poured over it. A Poor man’s biscuit and gravy... and we didn’t even have salt and pepper to flavor it with. I’ve never had a meal like this... I was most excited for it, and I actually found myself squatting next to Camille later, nose and eyes peaking over the table she was working at as I literally whined before my ears suddenly extended and erected into dog’s ears and then flattened against my head.

She pursed her lips and smirked and folded some scraps in a big piece of Texas Toast.

“Alright fine... here... but no more begging or I be tellin’ mama that ye be beggin’ at me table. It be unbecoming o’ a proper lady, I guarantee...”

Even that small morsel was a blossom of juicy flavor!

But it was at that moment that the back door opened and someone came traipsing in, stomping heavy boots off from freshly falling snow outside, and opening a jacket and a vest before removing scarf and hat. It was then that I saw that the newcomer wasn’t female... but rather a young strapping male with a handsome boyish face but with a body that had just grown into its adult muscle weight.

And here I was wearing only an undershirt and some slacks and stuffing my face with two cheeks thick and full of makeshift meat biscuit. I swallowed quickly as my ears shrank back to human.

“Uh... hi.” I managed, finding myself instantly blushing as a wave of some sort of smell smacked me right in the face.

“Hi...” he said in return after a moment, and then as one we both looked away from each other.

I didn’t know it then, but he was blushing as badly as I was as he took off his coat and jacket and placed his boots at the door.

“Hi Jake... I prepared yer fav-or-ite today.” Camille greeted, stumbling over the word favorite with her accent.

“Thank you...” he nodded as he passed me and he and I exchanged glances again before he entered the dining room to a smattering of “Jake!” from all my new sisters.

“Come sit with me tonight Jake.” “I saved you a spot Jake.” “Jacob! Welcome home.” “Jake!” “Jake...” “Jake...”

And I moved to the doorway to look at this young man who was immediately assaulted by all the fems of the Wild Pack. He was quiet, gracious... handsome... a defined and refined gentleman, and why were my nipples aching right now?

“That there be a hunk-a-hunk-a-burnin’ love.” Camille said into my ear. “Ye just be mindful t’ stay away from him now, ye hear?”

“Yeah... I hear.” I sighed and she retreated.

Despite that I’d been warned so much to stay away from the token boy in the area... why couldn’t I keep my eyes off him then?

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I’ve heard of the multi-cultural family... where there were families, to help perpetuate peace on earth, would go looking for a child from all across the world. They’d get a Chinese kid, an African kid, and Indian kid and so on, and perpetuate their individual cultures.

We orphans dreaded that... because those people in our minds were little more than sick collectors and collected children for goodness sake. *‘Oh look at me! I got one of every color!’* Gotta collect them all...

At first glance, the Wolf Pack definitely appeared to be something like that, especially at prayer over the meal. Everyone held hands and bowed their head at first, but then hands were let go and everyone went into their own silent prayer. I saw one cross herself, another plant her hands together before mouth and nose and bow over the food to give thanks, still another who took some morsels of food from their plate and put it on a smaller plate before setting it aside... there were a few that did the same, but what I watched in most particular were Jana and her son Jake.

I’d never seen a person pray with eyes open, head lifted instead of bowed, and hands open to either side of the plate.

The finality of all this was that no one was allowed to eat till *everyone* was done praying. Once everyone was done praying, then the table became a smattering of “Amen,” “Praise be to Jesus” and I think I even heard an “Allah be Merciful” before the talk and gossip began amidst requests to pass the food.

The heads of the table were of course Jana and Jake... though Jake, I saw, was actually at the head of the table... not Jana. But regardless, everyone was gracious and well-mannered at the table, including Jake. I remember seeing boys at the orphanage constantly having their elbows cracked by the matron or patron because they put them on the table... again. Jake was careful not to. He put his napkin on his lap, he started from the outside fork in, dipped his spoon away from him into the soup... a properly well-mannered young man. Well... man anyways. He was at that tenuous moment in maturity where he was a little more than just a teen but not yet a man; physically grown before the rest of his features settled around his muscles and bones before the body tended to droop and sag.

But with Lycanthropes being supernatural creatures, and seeing that even the eldest here, Jana, not so much as using a bra to keep her boobs from drooping, I wondered if she were just that well-kept... or if there was something magical about a Lycan's body that kept it from decaying like a human's did. I mean, look at her! She must be in her fifties or sixties... and yet... she looks like she's barely older than twenty-one but with the full bodied form of a mother that had nursed... a lot... and probably still nursed.

I only hoped I looked like that when I was her age and had had a baby of my own... Maker be willing.

But whatever loveliness that Jana possessed translated into a handsome outlook for her son. He wasn't some über sexy guy like Johnny Depp or Daniel Craig, but he was rather attractive for a guy. In all honesty, he was the first guy I actually thought '*romantic thoughts*' about. And it was hard not to daydream.

And he wasn't one of those sissy douches, with frosted hair, perpetually gleaming white teeth and was always wearing sunglasses even if he was in doors and at night – and before you mention it, Pax wasn't a douche, nor was she a bitch, she wore sunglasses to hide the oddity of her eyes... they embarrassed her – he also wasn't one of those guys who never did a hard-day's work in his life, Jake actually had the calloused and taut finger tips and the nicked fingernails and knuckles of someone who had to dig in the dirt like the rest of us common folk. His hair was a bit wild, and he wore rather baggy clothing, especially the pants, and this made a deep open neck-hole where I could... well... check out the thickness of his pecks.

Like I said... he'd grown into his adult strength but still had a boyish face. I felt my sex swelling against my thighs as I looked at him, but all in all, if I were to glance at the rest of the girls around the table, I saw precisely how much they fawned over him... even Sheila, who was the geek of the group... even Pax! Who didn't seem to have any discernable personality at all! But I did see how he shied from their subtle advances.

Smirking to myself I saw precisely how wrong everyone was at how they were trying to show their advances. Having lived with boys my whole life, I understood a few things they didn't.

Boys weren't subtle like we fems were. They were direct. They saw something, they went for it, and they either succeeded in the task they set for themselves or they didn't. If they didn't they either tried again or moved on. As such... boys didn't take subtle hints. They didn't take obvious hints, they didn't take direct hints... it wasn't that they weren't stupid... they were just thinking in a simple and direct way. As such... it often made our hints mistranslated if not completely ignored.

Secondly, I noticed something now, as I looked at Jake, that I couldn't help but notice... and that was that all the fems around the table, with the exception of Jana of course, were adopting a Jake-ism I guess. Everyone was adopting something that he did... whether it was a habit or a way of dress or similar. As an example, Jake had headphones hanging around his neck and Pax had headphones around her neck. Jake wore baggy pants, Purdy wore baggy pants, and Camille knew his favorite foods and so on...

That they were doing right... they were showing interest in him. So then I needed to find my own niche... one that wasn't as obvious as the one they were doing... luckily for me, that interest presented itself shortly after dinner.

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I'd helped wash all the dishes... nothing new, I did it all the time at the Orphanage... only here there were less dishes and everyone cleaned their plate. Extras were stored well, but then there were few extras, which stated that Camille knew precisely how much would fill everyone and prepared just that much food.

But after making sure all the dishes were washed, I began exploring the house.

The house was a turn of the century farm house... or rather turn of the century before the last one... since we just had a century and a millennium turn just recently. With us now post-year-two-thousand, turn of the century houses had new meaning.

Alaska didn't have much use for farms... though the growing season was very long and could be used to grow certain crops; the earth of Alaska was harsh. Permafrost began about a meter under the soil, and the tundra-like turf hated the plough. But cattle... oh Alaska loved cattle. It loved cows and elk and caribou and horses and other herd animals, so ranches did very well up here where the turf was thick and grasses grew nice and thick for grazers. So then, the next logical step when dog sleds became popular was that certain ranches, like this one, especially one so close to the Iditarod trail like this one was, could convert easily into kennels.

Outside the corrals had been separated into a multitude of fences, while a wall of kennels existed to keep dogs. Sheds and an equipment barn kept harnesses and sleds and the tools to make and maintain them.

I learned quickly that a good sled could cost anywhere between three hundred and a thousand dollars or more to make and even more to sell, dog harnesses were twenty to fifty dollars per dog, gang lines were one to three hundred dollars per team, snow hooks were fifty to sixty dollars, dog booties were ten dollars a dog, collars were five dollars a dog and then there were additional accessories for the dogs and the sled and the lines themselves. Jana and several of my new sisters specialized in the construction of this equipment either by modern or '*authentic Eskimo*' methods, the later could be thousands of dollars to sell being that they were made of whale intestine and what not, and the word '*authentic*' added allure to those who wanted a traditional sled.

On top of that, the dogs themselves started anywhere from four to five hundred dollars... for a *puppy!* And can go up to a thousand dollars or more for a good sled dog and twelve to fifteen for a good lead dog and even more so for a good champion. Pedigrees were likewise very important for dogs, and The Lodge made an enormous amount of money raising Alaskan Sled Dogs. Most of the cash flow that this lodge made came from running that breeders license, whereas the next most expensive came from running a musher's store... similar to those truck stops truckers went to on long roads, but this one was made for those who ran sled dog teams. With The Lodge being close to the beginning of the Iditarod trail that began from Anchorage, this place became a well-known stop for mushers training their teams. Some made it a point to come out here either off the trail or by truck on the highway to pick up new dogs and equipment for their teams.

Injured dogs needed to be tended and cared for, and one of my new sisters was training to be a vet. Musher's themselves got injured and this place could give first aid, or at least cart a person to the Hospital in Fairbanks when necessary. Equipment needed to be repaired or replaced, a musher needed food, blankets, and maps... this little way station made its share of money all right. So long as everyone here worked...

The cost of selling a dog for example could feed the family for a month, so the dogs needed to be healthy and well cared for. Kenneling other people's dogs was a certain amount of money brought in per day, so we couldn't abuse other people's dogs, and so on and so forth. The training of the Wolf Pack was just a side note in comparison to the day to day operations of this lodge.

As such, The Lodge had a great deal of its own secrets to it. The underground facility – the Dormitory – was about the same foot print as the whole above ground area of The Lodge, encompassing the barns and sheds and so on, and was complete with showers and lockers and study areas and so on for the '*Students*' of the Wild Pack.

The house, being a farm house, was large enough for a couple dozen people, but had been converted in some places to incorporate a small storefront; someone always had to watch the store while it was open. Behind that were a kitchen and dining room and a separated living room. The two stories above that kept Jana's room, Jake's room, another living room and several guest bed rooms. Room and board was sometimes offered out to care for mushers who came in off the trail late at night and needed a place to sleep. Obviously there'd be no changing forms while there was a musher in the house.

The attic held miscellaneous spaces and storage.

It was as I was coming down from the attic that I saw flickering lights coming out of one darkened room, a place I'd mistaken for a closet the last time I passed it, but peaking in I saw Jake in there with a game controller in his hands and staring at a television set.

I smirked. The difference between men and boys was the price of their toys.

"Hey." I mentioned and Jake looked up at me briefly.

"Hey." He greeted. His voice made a shiver flicker about the base of my spine and I felt what I'd called a mini-swoon from the sound of it. "So you're the new girl." He stated.

"Mm-hmm." I nodded and slid deeper into the room, watching what he was playing... the newest fighting game as it looked like. "Mind if I sit?" I asked and he looked to me again and then slid over, keeping one foot on a mini-fridge in front of him and I sat down beside him and watched him play. After awhile... "You look like you might want some competition. Mind if I play?"

"You've played this before?"

"At the arcade." I said shyly, hands folded between knees.

In the darkness lit only by the multi-colored TV screen with its bright and vibrant colors displayed in the game, we looked at each other and again I felt that sensation of attraction. Animal attraction perhaps, but regardless after awhile... he slid forward and hooked up another controller.

Now... I was able to win lots of quarters at the arcades because I was a girl and boys thought they could beat me just because of that... but that's not what I did here. He had to help me, teach me moves... he had to win. The male ego was ever so fragile, I knew. But before we knew it we were having fun.

It was good to see him smile... I'd not seen him smile once yet. I realized then that at the moment Jake didn't want fourteen probable mates... what he was most desperate for at the moment was a friend. Not another sister, not another teammate, not another prospective mate... a friend.

He was the lone male in a house of fifteen females. He was the lone male for more than a thousand miles. Above all I realized then that when you got right down to it... he was lonely.

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Stepping downstairs to the dorm after Jake stated he had to get up early for his job in town – Fairbanks was a good distance away, it kept him away for most of the day, and I saw then that he did so perhaps to escape this house of femininity – I approached the door to the dormitory. The Door was a heavy wrought iron door on a sliding mount. There was a smaller door built into its frame that could be opened up for access to the chamber. To keep the secret of this place real, this door was kept shut at all times and this room was mostly filled with random storage. Entering through the smaller door I slid down the long walkway past all the military-like bunks pushed long-ways against the walls to leave the largest open space in the center, and closed the door. But as I walked down between the isles, ever so slowly the sounds in the room quieted one after the next.

One who was painting her toe nails stopped suddenly and stared at me, the next who was wiping make up off stopped and stared at me as well, even Sheila who was engrossed in her book and Pax who was listening to a pair of large head phones and an MP-Three player stopped what they were doing as I passed.

*Uh-oh... here we go*, I thought reaching my bed even when a stereo was clicked off.

I began to undress, kicking off boots and socks, starting to undo the loose-fitting pants I wore when someone cleared her throat. Turning around I saw most of my new sisters directly before me. I felt cornered, and felt something cold and hard rise up in my chest, and their faces were ranging between cold, stern and upset.

“So... the new Sheila thinks she can just up and arrive and weasel in on our brother... just like that?” Joey smirked.

“But I’m Sheila.” Sheila blinked behind her large glasses.

“Not you, you dullard. Her.” Joey pointed at me.

“But her name is Minevera.”

“Crikey... wot? Don’t you know nothin’ ‘bout slang?”

“Oh... *slang*... a Sheila, to denote someone of the feminine nature and...”

“Anyways.” Joey cut it off. “We see you chumming with Jake... and we don’t like it.”

I looked from one to the other. “So let me get this straight... all of you spent most of your lives with Jake, Right?” I asked and was responded with some nods and a few ‘*yeah*’s. “And then all of a sudden all of you, either all at once or one at a time come to the realization that Jake is the one and only male of our kind for thousands of miles, right?”

“Actually... one thousand, eight hundred and ninety...”

“Shut up Sheila! Jeeze we know how far they are.” Chinook mentioned and rolled her eyes, and Sheila shrugged her shoulders, disappointed.

I stepped to Sheila and placed a hand on her shoulder. “Well I didn’t know... and she was just being helpful. You don’t have to snap at her every time she tries to be helpful. I’m sure she’s smarter than three or more of you combined. She’s certainly smarter than me... you should listen to her. But we were talking about Jake.

“Now Jake... as I assume, being the only male for nearly two thousand miles, am I right?” I looked to Sheila and she nodded, pushing her glasses up. “All of you suddenly realize... ‘*Hey... I want to get me some of that.*’ So your collective vaginas woke up and your step-brother stopped being a brother and instead became a prospective mate. The next thing you all realized is that ‘*hey, I have twelve other fems competing for the same guy*’ and collectively you all decided to weasel out the other sisters to be able to be the one to get with Jake. Or am I wrong?”

I was being stared at with blank faces now.

“Good... I’m on the right track for now then. So as such, you all saw me enter the fray, and suddenly twelve other competitors turned into thirteen competitors... and that was one too many for all of you apparently. Within hours of arriving here I was told off by no fewer than three of you to stay away from Jake... like you all had a claim on him already.”

Now they were looking angrily at each other

“Well I’ll have you know a few things. Firstly... I’m interested in him too, and the lot of you aren’t going to stop me from trying to at least be friends with him.” I got several growls from them, even one from Sheila and I was taken aback by the looks on their faces then. “But as a-a finality,” I continued and swallowed being confronted by that much opposition like that. “On top of all of this, none of you so far seem to take into consideration that Jake doesn’t *want* fourteen fems pawing at him.”

I pointed at Sheila. “Let me guess... Jake reads superman comics.” I mentioned and she sheepishly shrugged her shoulders again, and then I pointed at Pax. “Jake has an iPod too. Do you listen to the same music he does?” Pax merely blinked at me and removed her earphones, and then I pointed at Purdy. “And don’t think I didn’t notice that Jake rolls his pant legs like you do... or rather, you roll yours like he does.” I harrumphed, and then finished throwing my pants down off my legs to stand before them in undershirt and panties. “Who perchance wants to begrudge a fellow sister of the only guy in two thousand miles? Just think if we were going to do it to you too.

“*Oh... I'm sorry Poly... but you can't hang out with the only guy in the area because I've claimed him.*’ Or *‘Oh, you're the newcomer here, so you don't get to so much as look at my man.*’ Yeah right. Beat me up, do nasty things to me... but I'm still going to at least be friends with him... and one more thing,” and I hopped up onto my new bed... which was firm and didn't bow down to make me into a taco with its edges... oh... it was glorious. “Stop treating Jake like a piece of meat that you all apparently individually own. If he wants you then let him decide. To claim ownership of a person without an actual relationship in place well that's...” I pursed my lips and smirked at them. “Slavery.”

And ripping the sheets aside and sidling into bed, confident that I left them all stunned; I turned my back to them and smirked to myself before the door to the dorm opened roughly and Jena stepped in.

“All right you louts. Lights out.” And she promptly flipped the lights off, leaving only desk lamps lit. “And get to bed.” And she turned and closed the door behind her again.

“You just watch yourself.” Camille said to me as she and the others left.

Great... one big happy family... and a family wasn't a family without bickering siblings.

## Chapter 7: Pathfinder

None of my new sisters could be held for information when I woke up... in which case there was one singular alarm that went off in the form of someone hammering on the other side of the metal door to the dorm, probably Jena. It was reminiscent to a military barracks where the drill sergeant kicked a garbage can down the length of the dorm.

I have to admit that Jana had definitely prepared for numerous females waking up at once and needing to do their varied morning routines. There were a dozen sinks, a dozen toilets, two dozen shower heads on those high-school like central shower poles... I won't bore you with the details... I mean... how many of you *really* want to see thirteen scantily clad fems brushing their teeth, going to the bathroom and showering together. Boring stuff really...

... you sickos.

I was marginally surprised that I didn't have anything stuffed in my boots that morning. Living in an orphanage, especially being a girl with dozens of boys in the other wing of the dormitory, you tended to check your boots and shoes for stuff like jacks, blocks, soap, bullfrogs, mice and cockroaches... but then again those things wound up in your shoes of their own accord anyways in that place.

Breakfast was quick. Eat and get to work seemed to be the theme... Jake was already gone, so it was just Jana and her girls here.

There was a job board, and it'd already been modified with my name on it. Eyeballing the board, I saw that there were some who were put on certain permanent details... I mean you can't have the only sled maker slopping the dogs... that was my job apparently.

Dogs aren't pigs mind you... but they had some interesting little facts about them in the measure that they could eat regurgitation and feces and digest them a second time. As such, they could eat slop, and to make ends meet, certain dog kennels will feed their dogs the mash of table cuttings from nearby restraints, and baring that that wasn't available... there was always something called: "Slump".

Race dogs needed a high-protein diet... so the slop that that these dogs got to eat looked a little like white throw-up, and Slump was a waste product of restraints that sled dog teams most often bought and fed to their dogs of the same coloring and consistency.

"Let me guess... they switched the names on the board to give me the worst jobs right up front, right?" I asked and ladled out a big spoonful of the foul-smelling slop that had meat and bone cuts floating with certain vegetables mixed in with dog chow.

"Probably." Jana mentioned. "Me girls be tough... I'm sure'n they be try'n t' frighten ye away. Notwithstanding that I already adopted ye."

"I am nineteen. I can go out on my own you know."

"Sure ye can... sure ye can... and how far d' ye think ye'll be getting' being that ye be a bit o' a monster inside and unable t' control it as o' yet?" she smirked and lifted the loose collar still hanging around my throat. "Ye be a different beastie, Min... a right o' Juggernaut inside. Ye be th' definition o' chaotic wild given shape an form and ordered into a feral monster. Ye not even be aware o' half th' urges ye'll have t' learn to repress."

"What... like chasing cats and cars."

"Some do... some do... but did ye not wonder why there was a car bumper attached t' th' top o' th' barn door?" she nodded and I sighed and ladled out the first of the slop, or tried to. The dogs were milling about me and one barked and jumped up on me and so I spilled the lot of it all over the fishing waders and slicker coat I was wearing.

"Pfft... now I understand why you made me wear this stuff." I said in exasperation as the dog leapt up again and began licking me clean.

"Sure'n it be a trick t' start, but when ye learn enough about th' dogs..." and she leveled her gaze on the dogs and all of them not only backed away, but all formed up in line and sat before her in a semicircle. "...Controlling them be a simple matter."

“H-how... how did you do that?”

“The Dog Whisperer not be th’ only one who has an insight into th’ canine.” She smirked and palmed my back. “Today be a freebee... especially since me girls be still fighting th’ fact that ye be one o’ them now, but tomorrow ye be on yer own. If ye want to do that trick on yer own... then ye needs t’ be learning a mighty dedicated skill set round here.”

“You mean I can do... that?” I asked and directed at all the dogs who were now waiting patiently to be fed. Some barked at me in impatience, others were just lackadaisically scratching themselves or panting.

“In time. I see ye already be touched by powers that me girls seem t’ have lost. I be hopping that ye may be a different blessing in disguise.”

“Me... powers? What sort of powers can I have?” I asked and began dishing out large ladles full of the slop into the metal dog bowls.

“Ye’d be surprised... but after ye be done feeding th’ dogs, come an see me in th’ barn. We’ll talk more there.”

“Ok mom...” I said, still liking the sound of actually calling someone a parental title.

Jana left me as I fed the dogs, but the moment she left they got unruly again, and I spilled more of the slop on me than in their bowls till I got fed up and just screamed “SIT!” and strangely, remarkably... they all sat.

Not understanding how or what had happened, I quickly finished feeding the dogs and escaped that strange happenstance and let the dogs voraciously eat their food.

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The barn was for many purposes. Storage, retrofitting and so on, and when I entered I found Jana applying a sealing lacquer to the frame of a sled.

“Already done?” she asked without turning as I took off the slicker and slipped out of the waders.

“Yeah... they behaved like little dolls.” I mentioned.

“How strange... ‘cause without me there they would be acting up immediately.” Jana managed and closed the top to the lacquer pot and turned to me. “How in Gaia’s name did ye do it?”

“I... I don’t know. I said sit and they sat. I can’t even make a collie sit.”

“Sure’n that sled dogs be smarter’n a collie, Min... they be, after all, part wolf. An Malamutes... they be half-wolf.”

I was a malamute, and I considered that as Jana approached. “And what are you exactly? I’ve not seen you transformed yet.”

“I be three-quarters wolf.” She smiled. “Yellow-eyed, black-tongued an’ white-furred arctic wolf. The hunters be try’n t’ catch me fer years now... decades even. They don’t understand that th’ wild, she protects me. I smell cold blue steel, I smell th’ wolf urine they use to hide their scents, I taste their pheromones; smell their breath wrought with whisky and beans. They sadly have no idea what they be tampering with when they hunt me. But there be more t’ me than most realize... not even me own children.”

“What is that?” I asked as she reached me, and lowering her hands she took my hands in hers, and suddenly I felt a surge being drawn from within me, belched up from a place just behind my loins, surging upward like a rising firework only to burst in a brilliant display about my heart, and then surge down my arms in into the hands before shimmering lights rose above my hands... lights that looked like the Aurora in the night sky.

“I be a Pathfinder, child.” She smiled as I looked on in awe at the shimmering curtains of waving and intermingling light dancing above my hands... till she removed hers and took a deliberate step back, and I felt those lights as they waved above me. “Pathfinders

be a sort of Shaman... we talk to th' spirits, and they talk back. We find people their totems, we show others th' way. But... as a Shaman – or Shamaness – a Pathfinder has certain other powers other than finding the way.”

“What other powers?” I asked as I played with the lights, touching them, and chuckling at the pretty ways they danced.

“Trails change, people change, everything changes, little Min. We change... we change into dogs, we change into women we change into great wild beasts!”

“Yes!” I gasped, caught up in the emotion of it all.

Jana smirked at me. “When you learn of a nature of a thing... you can control a thing.” She told me, and leveled her hand at a heavy crate, and turning her hand and lifting it, the box snapped in its place as if something took hold of it, and then lifted up into the air while disks and waves of light radiated about Jana’s form, and this heavy object lifted effortlessly, moved on top of another crate and settled before she lifted her other arm and both crates lifted one on top of the other to move on top of a third before she waved her hands and the lights disappeared and the boxes were left stacked in a corner.

“Been meaning t’ do that.” She breathed, out of breath it seemed, and there was sweat on her brow and on her revealed bosom. What was more was that her hand had shifted subtly... growing fur and long claws, muscling up greatly and lengthening slightly. Even as I watched her arm returned to normal. “But I offer ye th’ ability t’ be a Pathfinder, Min.”

“But... how do I know if I can even do it?”

“Yer doin’ it.” She nodded toward the lights I was holding. “If ye couldn’ do it, then ye wouldn’ be able t’ hold it once I let go. I did this test with all me girls, even Jacob... yer th’ first who could hold th’ Northern Lights in th’ palm of yer hands.” And she stepped to me again, palming my hands, rubbing telltale peach fuzz on the backs of my hands. “I been praying t’ th’ spirits fer a child that can hold th’ lights, Min... I been prayin’ for a child like you for a long time. Since before Jacob’s daddy died...” she looked me in the eyes. “Minevera... I want ye t’ choose, ye don’t have t’ choose now, but th’ choice t’ walk th’ path o’ a Pathfinder must be yours. Don’t do this for me, but do it for ye, because ye want t’ do it, not because I want ye t’ do it.”

And she closed my hands around the lights, showing me how to stop it before letting go of my hands.

“That was magic?”

“Inna sense.” She replied. “Th’ spirits work th’ magic. They work it through ye actually, using yer strength t’ do it. Yer strength, their power.”

“Heh... two days ago I was just this sweet young woman... under tall, no boobs, no hips, no butt... nothing really worthwhile at all, and now here I am some supernatural creature and you’re telling me I can do magic?! It’s like a fairy tale or some kind of dream that I feel like I’m going to wake up from any moment now.”

“Don’t forget a Prince Charming and thirteen step sisters. Not necessarily wicked...” she smirked and then bent forward to kiss my forehead. That felt good too. She was everything I ever wanted in a mother.

“There’s that.” I sighed. “What do I need to do if I say yes?”

“Then ye must go an’ seek out a totem.” She said. “Ye’ve already spoken with th’ spirits, so ye’ve said... so... if ye want to be a Pathfinder, then ye must find a totem t’ show ye yer path.”

She kissed my forehead again and soothed my shoulder before turning to go back to her work.

“Mom...” I prompted and she turned back to me, a figure like a goddess with her long white hair and bright amber eyes.

“Yes honey?”

I smiled at that. “D-don’t... don’t expect me at dinner tonight.” I smirked. “And tell my sisters not to get their hopes up. I will be coming back.”

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I found a place in the woods to change... beginning with removing the warm jacket I was given. The cold of the Alaskan Winter breathed against my neck and arms, prickling the skin. With no body hair to protect me, I felt every little pin prick of cold as it formed goose bumps up and down both arms. Hanging those clothes on a tree branch I then moved onto the undershirt I wore, unleashing the fattened mammarys that had magically grown against my chest in less than a few hours, either thick, heavy, strangely resistant to gravity and were capped by two nipples that hardened against the cold instantly like two knots being drawn tighter.

Back, chest and belly prickled with goose bumps too as I then kicked off boots and removed socks, and standing in the snow, new snow falling down on me to lick my breasts and shoulders, I felt the chill make me shiver and tremble briefly as I laced my boots together and hung them with the rest of my clothes on the branch. There I stood briefly, nipples and lips brightening to lighter shades of pink in the cold as I took a moment and slid my fingers about the prickling labial muscles between my legs that had bulged with maturity at the same time as my breasts had grown in. One finger slid along the vaginal gap, and my body reacted from the teasing immediately, and a slick of nectar slid from me to be wiped off my finger so I could feel the sweet and silken nectar between my fingers.

My breasts wobbled then as I wiped the nectar off on my pubic mound; and lifting my fingers unbuckled the loose collar about my throat, and instantaneously I felt a rush and surge of pure, unmitigated feral emotion. It was like someone had taken all my sexual power and drawn it right up into my chest, and with a snap growl I began to lactate, butt cheeks tensing while warm milk steamed as it escaped my supremely erect nipples that now stood a quarter inch off the swollen caps of areola.

Lactating... at nineteen. What an oddity... but nevertheless...

Upending the tit to my mouth I sucked off more of the milk and felt a surge... a feminine power surge that made me aroused, fueled my muscles and made my heart beat harder. I felt stronger, energetic and sexual.

“Ruff... bark.” I gasped, making actual dog sounds as the familiar sensation of a water balloon swelling behind my loins gripped me, my thighs rubbing against each other before I lifted the other tit and suckled from that too, turning, feeling the other tit sway and wobble as I walked off naked into the snow.

But I’d not taken more than a few steps when the feral power inside me blossomed, and two drastic explosions erupted in my upper back, exploding the shoulder blades outward as I moaned out in the unmitigated power that was associated with it. The changes this body had experienced from maturing suddenly from a girl into a grown woman had gifted me with strength and sexual power, but now as this feral power grew from me it raised my strength to levels females just weren’t meant to have in the Creator’s design.

The vertebrae in my back engorged one after the next, the entire realm of spine thickening all at once, the transformation happening faster than it did before as the whole of my spine turned outward, creating a rapid muscle hump that pushed both of my shoulders further apart. With the thickness of my back having grown so, both pectoral muscles clenched and tensed and burst forward with enough voracity to bounce and jiggle my boobs, and as they flexed they thickened even more, every tendon and chord bunching and rounding outward, the muscles crisscrossing from one side of my chest to the other, rolling behind the rounded and engorging mounds of tit as they rolled outward and thickened along with clavicle and rib bones. I moaned again and felt a jet of moisture eject from my loins into the pressed thighs as a pair of crunches signified my hip bones broadening, tail bone turning outward to rapidly telescope from my thickening and rounding behind as fur grew up all over me.

That fur began at the extremes, outer edges of forearms and calves, fuzzing around sex and the hollow of my throat, even side burns if you’d believe that, and as I snapped and growled, teeth lengthening, jaw flaring and face pushing outward as ears lengthened and rose, my shoulders spread even further outward. I flared like a kite in the wind even as I shunted up onto my toes before those toes grew thick with curving claws, the nails on each lengthening finger likewise thickening fingertips as I surged upward and upward.

The shoulder length hair atop my head flared and billowed to mid-back length, rising up in a fringe as it lengthened and spread down my spine as I huffed and puffed and... well there were no pigs nearby for me to blow their houses down... but nevertheless the sexual

expression made me feel like I could blow this forest down as I unfolded from the inside out with a multitude of popping explosions that to me sounded like the grande finale on a fireworks display on the Fourth of July.

Organs billowed while mammaries swelled and burst forward time and time again, new muscles alien to a human body forming in my musculature as still more dull explosions and loud crunches entered my ears as I rose higher and higher above the ground, doubling then tripling my previous height within moments. And just then one shoulder exploded outward, and gasping in the elation of the titan's strength that came with it, I lifted that arm to watch the bicep and tricep explode outward and then separate into individual muscle masses, followed by a flaring and lengthening of the forearm, a flaring and lengthening of the hand and fingers before the claws thickened nice and long and sharp. Every muscle popped and groaned, deploying almost as quickly as air bags deploying while blood flash-filled every sinew and fiber, cells unfolding and the nervous system electrifying beneath the flesh.

After the mighty engorgement, every muscle immediately creased over and over, separating into secondary and then tertiary muscle masses before I went through a rolling and rippling series of sinew strengthening expansions as thick chord-like veins cracking the flesh into a webbing while fur pushed outward in deep sheets that ruffled and warmed my sweating flesh from the exertion of all this transformation. Biceps split in half and then in half again, the triceps were knots of multiple rounded muscles forming a horseshoe with the elbow. The forearms bulged and rippled with tendons and veins intermixed with sinews and hard bone.

Gritting my teeth as face and nose pushed outward, the other arm erupted like the first hand, spreading my back more and exploding and popping its muscles with even mightier feminine muscle in long curvaceous forms that knotted into powerful bundles, briefly showing every last sinew in me before my flesh thickened to soften and round this look.

With a series of repeating wedging crunches that lifted and pushed out my rib cage, my tits wobbled and bounced as they rapidly filled... secondaries exploding forward before tertiaries did and the pairs of the nipples lining my belly erected from the knotted flesh.

I palmed those mammaries with my mighty claws as cream ejected from the thickening nipples, their fleshy orbs thinning at the fur as they swelled and swelled... and *swelled* with milk. I could feel the glands in them coiling and engorging, separating and spreading and biting my lower lip, I wept tears of pleasure even as my heaving back muscles pushed my head forward and spread the neck wide to the shoulders and then deepened my woman's throat from my chest surging forward like an advancing glacier.

The spine lengthened chest, neck and waist as hips crunched even wider than ever, bones hardening as they thickened and pushed outward. As the chest deepened the second set of pectorals slid more fully out from beneath the first pair, and on their lower edges the second pair of breasts blossomed outward to match the sizes of my original pair decorating the top of that chest, those two heaving thick with glandular and lactating development. The swelling of the second set of pectorals and their tits forced my chest to rise even higher, hefting the primaries as they continued to swell, and laughing to myself, vapor escaping my lips as those lips blackened and pushed forward into a muzzle, teeth growing thick and sharp and overlapping of the next layer of teeth, my hands slid down over the secondaries and cupped them as they grew.

They grew quickly, rapidly filling to almost the same size as the primaries were, but then I felt the next pair bulging now and slid my hands down to the top of a navel that was creasing and rippling, rolling repeatedly like a belly-dancer moved as the entire mid-section of this body sank deep beneath the barreling rib cage. The tertiary breasts swelled into my waiting hands then, and down my belly those hands went as I felt tertiary the nipples lining a belly that was growing pair by pair of abdominals, my fingers feeling each as they arrived, eventually getting to my unfolding sex as it spread open and disgorged a super-sized clit.

I moaned and orgasmed a jet of hot sticky fluids through my fingers that melted the snow beneath me as my body flared wide now, the juices straining between all my fingers as thighs rounded and spasmed violently in thickness, shaking the muscles into a tremulous display as they separated into individual muscle groups that rounded and thickened outward of their own accord. I rose further up onto my toes, feeling butt muscles separate into thirds while my tail arched upward and formed a loop, tits shaking as I shivered not from the cold, but rather from the sexual expression I felt.

I began to stroke myself as I changed, feeling such might no human woman should feel enforcing me like steel in my sinews, metal bars for bones, concrete for flesh... except all of it was malleable. Tilting my head back, and with a bark as I finished changing, the smaller pops shaping this massive form that was easily thrice of what I was to start, I lifted my chin and howled long and deep, and was answered by more howls in the distance from other wolves.

My senses were alive now; my sight colored by mild clouds of multi-colored smoke that was in the air. Everything was in an extreme definition, even in the dim of this forest.

Needing to find my way back here, I straddled a tree, legs wide and peed on it, to mark this spot for me to come back to it. A cloud of yellow rose from the ground that smelt of ammonia, and to doubly mark this place I scraped the tree with both hands and then took off for the only place I knew of where I could speak with the spirits.

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It was the same mountain that I'd climbed to prove that there were spirits in the northern lights. The wind here blustered as powerfully as it did then but the biting cold didn't affect me nearly as badly as it did then. Human flesh wrapped in jeans and a coat, a hat and a scarf and mittens didn't necessarily protect one as well as a full body coat of fur did.

The winds blew between my legs as I climbed the mountain now after rounding Fairbanks in a four-legged lope and climbing up the same slope as before, being careful not to be seen by children sledding this time. It helped that I'd learned to walk on all fours, and so it'd seem like I was just a stray dog at a distance till I got passed the places where people were and was able to get to higher altitudes.

The mountain was cold and quiet as I neared the summit after more than an entire evening of traversing this much ground and climbing this much rock, and as I reached the summit the sky was dark and cold. I was pretty sure it was past midnight at this moment... It'd taken me a bit to find my way back here and I was going from south of Fairbanks to north of Fairbanks to get to this spot.

"Are you out there?!" I called to the blustery winds high overhead. "Can you hear me?! I need to find you!" I was answered with silence. There were no lights, there were no multi-colored sheets of lighted gasses even... just the churning gray of clouds and falling flakes of snow. "I'm not leaving till you show yourselves!" I shouted at the heavens, but still there was no answer.

Sighing I sat roughly down atop the mountain.

People did things when they were waiting for people while alone... things that one thought another wouldn't really care about because you were by yourself. Anything to pass the time more or less. So you clapped your hands, rubbed them together, tapped your feet to a tune in your head, but after awhile you look left and look right and realize that you're all alone and there's no one anywhere to be seen for ever and a day. I was at the top of a mountain where most people don't go after all. At first I gazed through the darkness, able to see in remarkable clarity even thanks to senses that were enhanced. I could see a meandering river on the north side of the mountain, truck lights on the road to the east, and with a sigh I looked up to the heavens again.

"Still waiting!" I told the spirits and then exhaled again, clamping my hands between my knees, shivering a little bit as some cold got through my thick and heavy fur.

The warmth of my body had made an imprint in the snow, and as I looked down toward my feet, suddenly my eyes wavered in an out of focus, and when I focused again, I found myself focusing upon my breasts.

The pair of rounded sacks of fur-covered woman flesh heaved with every breath I took, my breathing coming like a bellows, and heaved the two, separating them briefly and swelling them subtly before I exhaled and the pair pressed together again and shrank back down. I watched them for awhile, seeing the erect caps of teat at their ends, the puffed out areola, the warm fur keeping them from getting frostbitten. The pair, and the pair beneath them, folded within the thickened muscles of my arms as I watched them lightly, and with hands clasped together before me, elbows on hips, it was a simple measure to at least pass some time here. So I opened those hands and turned one of them, taking two fingers and massaging the thickened pads of labial muscles laden with fur for a moment, getting them to spread open before I took another and caressed the slit. I shrugged, hefting those tits, seeing them cream, and as I massaged my sex, starting to breath faster, I cradled one fattened tit and rolled it upward, looking directly at the teat... right before I inserted it into my mouth.

Fingers massaged the fattened orb as I sucked; drawing a succulent cream into my mouth that tasted marginally like it was laced with vanilla. Closing my eyes amidst the stroking of my sex and the massaging of a tit as I suckled from it, a fantasy I thought most women probably had – to suck from their own breasts – I soon lost all track of time to the throes swelling in me now.

The bubble in my loins started growing again as I swallowed over and over, but I felt warm, and then hot, and then felt myself growing... *stronger?*

Lazily opening one eye part way, I looked out and saw that I was...throbbing... swelling. Pulling the hand from my loins, I held it out and opened the other eye, and definitely saw it; I was pulsating, engorging, muscles bulging beneath the flesh and flaring the arm, steeling the strength in me. Letting the tit fall from my mouth, some milk escaping from the corners of my mouth, some more leaking from the nipple itself, I found myself panting as I laid there, engorging, billowing slowly and deliberately... tits filling and swelling larger than ever, shoulders spreading and back flaring...

I was growing stronger. How?

But the growth slowed ever so slowly till I just throbbed without getting any larger or stronger. Looking to my arms and tensing them, flexing the arm and watching the fur over the bicep thin as it exploded into a mountain of fem muscle that pressed against my tit... I again stuffed a hand between my legs as I felt the power in me, but it wasn't growing like it was before. But there was this sensation in my bowels, like my belly was rapidly emptying from the milk I'd drank, and as it emptied, the throbbing slowed and my muscles and breasts solidified in size.

Still breathing deeply, I lifted the other tit and supped from it, and soon I felt the throbbing return, and moaning I bent my head and set myself to the task of draining that tit. Soon I was throbbing and pulsating, sex and veins throbbing like a single stroke of a mallet against a snare drum over and over again like that same wild man was beating on me with the mallet like when I changed for the first time.

And then there was the sound of groaning muscles, and like any rubber band that was being wound too much, when it got to a certain point there was a snap and a pop, and a pack of muscle would bubble outward. Chest muscles surged slowly forward like the advancing wall of an ice flow, the white fur over my breasts surging forward as primary and secondary mammarys grew to be equal in size now, tertiary breast swelling into watermelons while my shoulders rounded and back spread as it drove outward an upward. Thicker and thicker I grew as I drank, claws lengthening and hooking, sharpening while the chest and back muscles engorged to the point where they were overlapping each other, fighting each other for purchase on this body as I bubbled thicker and larger.

The muscles drew against other muscles, tendons and brachials to form a chain reaction that crawled down my body, deepening belly, increasing the number of abdominals, thickening legs and flaring calves, broadening hands and feet and thickening tail as I surged even larger than ever. The strength! The unmitigated strength as it thinned fur and allowed me to feel the prickling lick of the cold against my sweat-covered flesh before the spots filled in with more fur. Flesh stretched and hardened, thickened again as I moaned and clawed at my body...

...and then I got to the hind milk.

The thickness and the sweetness grew, and I moaned and felt my eyes roll backward before I heard deep thuds and crunches inside me as I started to grow in earnest, bones flaring and thickening inside me, arms, thighs and calves billowing, neck and belly lengthening as I shuddered, sucking the first tit dry before quickly going to the other, sucking that one dry as I experienced a remarkable increase of strength that throbbed and beat in me like a... like...

*'Like that of a bear...'*

I blinked, hearing a man's thoughts in my head before I jerked my head up, tits wobbling as I squeezed a secondary, getting its milk out onto my palm before I saw the bald eagle sitting atop a tree. Eagle bowed his head toward me to look me more in the eye.

*'Like perhaps... a Kodiak Bear?'* he asked me, and I looked up, but there were no golden lights as I dipped my head and lapped the creamy milk from my first secondary.

"About time you got here... do you have... ngh." I tensed and groaned as my back separated from my spine thickening and turning outward into a repeating series of knobs while the plates of either shoulder blade flared outward. The orgasm that spilt from me washed over my legs and melted the snow, letting a hot-pinkish cloud of scents and pheromones rise up around me as I panted with

tongue lolling out briefly from the scents. “Do you have any idea how long I’ve been waiting? What took you so long?” I gasped and licked my nose and lips.

That was weird right there... how many people can really taste their own nose? Kinda tasted like sweat and milk.

*‘I’m sorry... I didn’t know that I was at your immediate beck and call yet.’* Eagle turned and spread his wings. *‘I’ll just be going then if that’s the sort of thanks I get for coming all the way here.’*

“Wait!” I said and half rose but sank to a knee and groaned as several microorgasms spilt from me. I could hardly feel my own weight now. “I need your help.”

*‘I know.’* Eagle said and turned his head to me and screeched at me. *‘I also know why I’m here... so do you know why you’re here?’*

“I... I think so.” Spirits were subtle, who knows what their whims were. “I... I want to please my new mom. She wants me to become a Pathfinder.” I forced myself to stand, towering over the comparatively small eagle... a creature with a six foot wing span...

Eagle folded his wings but still kept his back to me. *‘Is that all? You want to do what someone else wants you to do? You want to be a Pathfinder because someone else wants you to be a Pathfinder? How shallow can you be, girl? You are asking for the gift of the spirits on a whim! I say be glad that we revealed to you your true nature and be done with you. You aren’t worth...’* Eagle was starting to say and spreading his wings again and I spoke quickly.

“I want to be a Pathfinder.” I said. “I want to be. Yes... Yes I want to be for my new mother... because she wants it, yes there is that reason, but I want to be... I want to do magic.”

Eagle turned, resetting his powerful talons to look at me with head tilted to focus on me with one eye.

*‘Why?’*

I sat roughly before him so that he and I could be eye-to-eye again.

“The human world is without imagination. No one believes in magic any more. This rabbit hole I find myself in has gone deep... I want to find out how deep it goes, learn whatever it has to give me. All this feels like a dream, but it’s a dream that I never want to wake up from.

“I want to feel the same awe I felt when I held the Northern Lights in the palms of my hands.”

Eagle focused on me, looking into my eyes as if he were looking past my physical form and right into my true face.

*‘We shall consider it.’* He told me, and spread his wings. *‘Wait here while we deliberate’* and with a single flap he soared upward into the sky and disappeared into the now falling snow.

I watched him leave, and waited for awhile for him to come back... and waited longer, and then sighing, laying back against the bare rocks while lying in the snow, a hand snaked between my legs and I began pass the time again.

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I awoke warm, no longer surrounded by snow, but rather I was laying on furs safe and free from view inside a lodge. Rising and yawning deeply, tongue rolling before I smacked my lips and sat up, pushing some of my mane away from my eyes, I looked around at the semi-familiar chambers I’d been in before, only they were different, I couldn’t put my finger on how they were different, I just knew that they were different. Maybe the roof sloped differently, maybe it was the coloring, maybe it was because I was perceiving them differently with my dog senses, maybe all of the above, but whatever it was this place felt and looked different.

*‘You looked tired after your exertions, Minevera... we decided to take you in.’* came Eagle’s voice. I could feel the direction his voice was coming from as if he were speaking it aloud, and looking up, I saw him perched on a stand above my head, now in a human guise.

“I appreciate it. So... ah... have you decided?”

*‘We have.’* He nodded, and glided downward from his perch before folding his cloak around himself. He seemed so much larger now than before as he looked down at me. *‘We’ve considered your words and have weighed your heart and know that you are a lost child in the wilderness. We’ve agreed to help you find your way.’*

“So... what now? I’m kind of new to this. Do you... sit on my shoulder or something?”

*‘No.’* and he pulled his cloak tighter around him, ruffling his feathers in annoyance it seemed. *‘We are honor-bound to guide you, Minevera. We saved your life because we saw what it was that you were willing to sacrifice in order to learn the truth, and you did so where we saw and could do something about it. But wherewith we are honor-bound to help you, because we saved your life, for the same reason you are honor-bound to heed our directions.’*

*‘The life of a Pathfinder is not so easy as you assume, Minevera.’*

“I didn’t assume it was easy at all.” I blinked at Eagle.

*‘It isn’t as easy as you assume.’* Eagle repeated, staring at me and I nodded understanding that what he was getting at was that it was harder than I thought. *‘Bear and Wolf have both agreed to be your totems... as have I. You are unaware of the meaning of this, so I shall tell you.’*

*‘When a person comes looking for a totem, they typically only get one totem. Sometimes two... never... has it been three. But the number of individuals who can be Pathfinders, like you’ve mentioned in this unimaginative world, has dwindled significantly as the centuries pass. We three would rather share than to be without.’*

“So... the spirits are being... selfish?” I smirked but then my smirk faded quickly as I saw the look on his face. “Sorry... I was trying to be funny.”

*‘I understand... but if we were being selfish then none of us would be your totem, Minevera. Count your lucky stars that we could come to an injunction.’*

“So is that it? Do I just go home now?”

*‘Not yet,’* he replied. *‘There remains the matter that unlike Bear and Wolf, that if I am to be your principal guide then you will need to receive my gift.’*

“Gift?” I asked.

Wolf... had Amak, the Father of Wolves, sex me. Bear had the Mother of Bears nurse me. I looked at Eagle from head to toe and my eyes settled on his groin hidden by his leather robes and I dreaded what it was that he had prepared for me.

*‘Open your mouth.’* Eagle mentioned and I cringed, but nonetheless opened my mouth and knelt there as he approached, but what he produced was a clear orb with a golden nucleus... an egg. This he thumbed into my mouth and forced my muzzle shut, leaving me no choice but to swallow what tasted like eating an egg raw. *‘Our eggs are the most coveted of all eggs. It is a beginning and a new beginning, it is life and more. Receive my gift.’*

And a blast of wind rushed against me, and the winds began to pick at the sticks and leathers and furs of the hut, ripping them up and sending them sailing away into the darkness. I cried into the blast of cold, cold arctic wind, Eagle’s feathers barely being ruffled while the fur on my body was caught up and snapped about. And then a streamer of golden light splashed against my throat and began to etch me, cutting lines into my flesh as assuredly as someone cutting a scar into me using a knife.

I cried out and wept in pain as the floor fell away beneath me and Eagle continued holding me by my muzzle, while more splashes of golden light cascaded against my forehead, arms and legs, my loins and so on. Over my top pair of breasts were etched two bear

claws, while across chest and shoulders and back were the wings of a bird. Encircling my arms were natural symbols before snow pelted me, and suddenly Eagle let go and I fell backward onto the mountain top, spun fully around to lie face first in the driving snow.

Immediately I became thankful for that snow, for my face and body and even my naughty bits hurt fiercely from having been scored like that, and the cooling snow felt so good against the rapidly healing flesh. And the raging winds abated, leaving gently falling snow falling on me as the sting of the etchings that had glowed golden-red left me weak and spent.

The cold snow became a comforting bed that soothed the ache... and I thought perhaps that right there was a good a place as any to sleep.

## Chapter 8: The Twain Shall Meet

There was daylight when I awoke again, half-covered in snow like it was a blanket. A peculiar thing about snow, a trick wolves and dogs learned a long time ago is that if you burrow yourself into the snow, the snow becomes an insulator that keeps you warm. So as I rose from the snow in that day's light – sometime after noon given the height of the sun and the season – I was actually sweating.

Suddenly I learned the other edge of the sword of having great big tits were that you nearly suffocate if you sleep on them! The other was the fact that for whatever reason, I had twelve nipples, all connected to milk glands, and despite the fact that I'd never given birth at this tenuous age of nineteen, I was still lactating. The positive edge to this sword was that I had some beautifully rounded and enormous tits, and on top of that I had the body strength and back muscle support to not even feel their weight aside from a little tilt and wobble every now and then when I moved.

Looking down I laughed at the great rounded prints from the six largest of my tits before I rose and stretched dog-like (go figure), before I shook the snow off and rose to my feet. The clouds had faded away and the crisp dulled winter sun was shining down on the world like it was evening despite that it was actually about one or two in the afternoon. In the distance a bald eagle flew across my vision and shrieked into the daylight.

“Ok... I'm ready. Let's... go find my path.” I replied, and began down my new path by taking a single step down the mountain. And then another... and another... and I kept walking to wherever my path would take me.

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My clothes had a nice dusting of snow on them when I returned to them – it was easy to find the tree thanks to the still acrid smell of my leaking on the tree – and though I'd put on weight and mass and height as a hybridized Lycanthrope, shrinking and returning back to my human form returned me to a rosy-bodied, wide-hipped and large-breasted naked fem the same size and proportions it was before I started all this. Dressing in my clothes after shaking them off, dealing with fading afternoon lighting thanks to the shortness of the day in winter, I dressed quickly and blew into hat and gloves to get them to warm quickly before putting them on.

*Maybe I should've stayed all furry till I got home,* I thought to myself as I hugged myself and strode home in the slowly warming clothing.

Home...

Three days ago, home was a saggy bed with a blanket that was thread bare while I slept on tissue paper... a necessity because of bed-wetters. Now I had a bunk surrounded by sisters, and the bunk was new and warm with thick warm blankets and... warm! I never knew what being warm meant till now. I was looking forward to a shower and a nap as I came upon The Lodge, the store now closed as I strode past the dogs in their kennels... but as I strode onto the grounds I saw a shadow slinking across the courtyard, and I blinked as this person lifted a panel into a cellar and quietly descended as if this person were up to something.

This was my home, and I was keen to protect it from thieves... so I followed. Besides... I hadn't been in the cellar yet.

Quietly lifting the swinging door and sliding down into the dark, my body compensated for the darkness immediately. The collar around me resisted a powerful change, only allowed the strength to flow into me slowly, but nevertheless I quickly gained the eyes of a wolf, the pair shining in the darkness as I came to the end of the cellar stairs and looked about, seeing a shadow in the darkness as my eyes got used to the light.

But then the shadow moved something, a brick out of a wall, prying it loose and then reaching into the hole made by the brick the shadow removed something else, and a narrow shaft of light slipped into the cellar, illuminating of all people... Jake.

I began to wonder what he was doing... till I heard the sounds of women talking and laughing... and falling water.

Stepping toward Jake, seeing him sitting on several sacks, hands folded over his knees as I heard the combination of wet laughing women, I could only make one correlation... especially knowing that by all probability, the dorm's showers were probably right on the other side of the wall.

“Looking upon a person while in the nude without their permission is a bad thing Jake.” I whispered so as not to be heard by my new sisters, and he gasped, looked at me, back at the hole and then back at me again. He blushed so deeply that I could see it through the darkness.

“M-Minerva... I...” he began as I approached, and squatting briefly, I peeked through the hole, which must’ve been a fixture for a pipe that was never installed in the shower room to give me an eye full of feminine bodies, nude and shorn of all body hair like mine was, moist and covered with soap suds. From this vantage one got to see nearly the whole of the shower room, at many feminine breasts and butts and of course snatch.

Just like no man was created equal, no woman was created equal either, and he got to see all different types of feminine sexes, different sizes of breasts, different sorts of nipples... innies and outies... with various forms of woman flesh with different body types and body coloring. It was a veritable forest of beauties laid out before him as his thirteen pack-sisters washed in preparation for dinner time.

“You’re not going to tell them are you?” he asked in a hushed panic.

I smirked at him and rose to stand before him, hands coming to rest on my hips. “This is right out of a scene from Porkys, Jake.” I told him, and he looked down. “But... one thing I’ve learned living in an orphanage is that every now and again, a boy turns into a man... and begins to get curious. I can tell you each of the names of each boy who snuck into the girl’s dorm, or got caught looking in on us when it was our turn to shower, or hid in our locker rooms to look at us naked. It’s understandable, it’s a part of growing up Jake... but still... looking upon someone like that without their permission is wrong.”

His shoulders hunched and his head sagged.

“But... looking on someone with their permission... is a different matter.” I told him, and I saw his face change into one of confusion before he lifted his head to me.

“But I didn’t ask any of them if I could look at them. I’m a dead man if they find out.”

“Maybe at first, Jake.” I smirked. “You have no idea how lucky you are... thirteen,” I chuckled. “I mean fourteen fems all wanting to be the one to catch your eye.”

“Fourteen?” he blinked at me and I smiled before stepping forward and palming his strong... muscular shoulders.

It felt like a storm was going on between his shoulders and my hand, an electrical storm the likes of which Alaska never saw. It really didn’t get lightning like the states to the south did. But nevertheless, what I felt between us in that minute contact was tingling and palpable. It summoned sensations within me that numbed my mind and tingled my skin, and very rapidly made my naughty bits engorge with flushing blood, and all of a sudden I wasn’t as cold as I was a short while ago. I felt emboldened, suddenly desirous.

“You think I didn’t notice?” I smiled at him with my newly thickened lips, and his own lips pursed in surprise. “But like I said, Jake, having and not having one’s permission makes a lot of difference.”

“Yeah? So how do I ask fems who’re practically my sisters if I could look at them nude? That might’ve worked for Jack in that Titanic movie...”

“Hup! Jack didn’t ask her if he could draw her nude... she asked him.” I reminded him.

“Oh. Well... you know that was a chick flick and all... I didn’t really pay attention to it... other than for that nude scene.”

“Sure you did.” I smirked and drew closer. “But if you’re too afraid to ask to look upon someone, what if they offered to let you look?”

“Offered to let me look? Who’d do that?”

My smile broadened subtly in that moment and Jake's eyes broadened grandly before I released his shoulders, and lowering my fingers to my belt I rightly flicked the button at the top of the fly and it came undone. His eyes jerked down quickly in time to see me take hold of the tab of the zipper and pull it downward over the slope of my sex, unfolding the two flaps open as I did to reveal the panties covering my sex as I did. I'd never seen someone so mesmerized as I inched the hem of the pants downward, and then thumbing either side of those panties I wore, began pushing them downward to the point on my thighs where the garments could fall to my ankles in a slump.

With one hand, thumb and fingers forming an L, I palmed the top of one thigh, framing my swollen sex for him to see in all its blessed feminine glory as I arched myself forward, jutting my loins into the light coming from the showers through the hole as I stood there before him, vulnerable and out in the open. I was blushing; I was quick of breath, breathing deeply as I felt a man's eyes on my loins for the first time. I'd not even gone to see a gynecologist yet. I felt even more aroused that there was someone, an attractive someone of the opposite sex looking upon my loins for the first time. I was due to see a gynecologist, but being in an orphanage they couldn't afford a doctor visit like that, and I didn't have a job that let me.

And then he lifted a hand but stopped, biting his lower lip before retracting the hand.

"Sorry..." he mentioned and partly looked away, but I took his hand and opening it before he could stop me, I pushed it full palm into my loins and coaxed his hand to rub me once.

He swallowed deeply and exhaled a deep breath as I felt his strong, roughened hand slide against the silken flesh of my smooth and naked vulva, and exhaling nasally, I felt the inner muscles of that sex unfold as the labia swelled to a tenuous stage that made them automatically fold open to spread the crevice in my sex. My clit flipped upward and rubbed against his palm, moisture escaped me as I closed my eyes and hummed a brief nasal sigh, folding his hand to me and loving every minute of it.

Again... a balloon was swelling inside me, while only a few feet away my new sisters were showering and rubbing and cleaning themselves. And his fingers lingered, they moved to touch the most sensitive points on the human body, to caress and feel, daring to press a finger against the crevice and invade me by maybe a scant quarter of an inch.

His breathing quickened, starting nasally and then becoming a panting before he gripped his groin and then surged to his feet.

"I-I gotta go... I..." he began, but amidst trying to catch him, his hands slipped beneath my arms and his fingers settled upon my breasts now.

Biting my lower lip and stepping forward, I pressed my crotch into his groin and rubbed it with my loins, and he fell weakly to the sacks of whatever it was he'd been sitting on. I in turn squatted before him, and lifted the shirt and undershirt I still wore, disgorging first one and the other fattened tit as I knelt before him, pressing myself between his knees and sliding my hands underneath his shirt.

"That's no fair... I don't get to touch you back?" I asked him with puppy dog eyes. Ironically... I could never get the look down till now.

He sat there panting lightly, as I pressed my tits into his lap, the pair making a loving heart shape as they collided against each other and conformed to his lap while I felt the bubble in me billowing as my breasts swelled with blood flow, nipples erected and milk flowed. The act of palming his belly, I began tracing the contours of a hardened stomach with ten definable abs and six lats, my long fingers tracing up his body which caused my arms to squeeze both breasts together and likewise drag my nipples across his abdomen. Butt up in the air, the rounded swells visible to him behind my head, I bent forward and kissed him just above the belly button.

"P-Please..." he moaned. "I-I need t-to go... go before..." and there was a snapping pop. "Ngh." I blinked at the sound, and looked at him, and several more snapping-pops came to my ears shortly thereafter, and he seemed to be in pain on each one of them. And then I blinked again, feeling something pressing beneath my breasts, steadily invading upward till a layer of cloth unfolded and something hot... and thick, found its way into the gap between those tits.

After feeling it invade so deeply, rising up to my collarbones did I lean back and gape at the invader, which was nothing other than Jake's erect penis!

But... but it wasn't a regular-sized penis. I had my own conceptions of one from never having seen one before, but I knew that a guy's dick didn't usually go past his belly button in length. I was pretty certain most males weren't built like this! And it was still getting bigger! Jake grit his teeth and looked abashed at me as it arched from his pelvis, his boxers cradling a pair of swelling nads that actually bulged outward along with his heaving erection as it telescoped upward... shorn and naked just like we fems were. Its length blushed pink, and then reddened, the head flaring and then extending like a broad mushroom cap thanks to his circumcision scar, the veins riddling its length and hardened muscle ribs rippling its girth as it arched upward and upward.

I swallowed thinking about that thing inside me, and in spite of myself, and unbidden, I touched it's underbelly with a finger, only to feel it's throbbing mass distend and then bloat slowly like the cheeks of a bullfrog as it led upward toward the thickened head.

And still it grew as it moistened with sweat and thickened further with veins, Jake panting solidly now while my hand moved to encompass it, and I gaped at what I could close my fingers around, or rather what I couldn't enclose my fingers around. It was so thick that I couldn't close the fingers of one hand fully around its girth; it was so long that it was practically the length of my forearm with a head nearly the thickness of my balled fist.

And speaking of balls, arching backward, I blinked at the thick and heavy sack that was there; ready to deposit loads and loads of seed into the loins of any of us fourteen sisters.

"Great... *Maker*..." I gaped, spying the freckle on the head of the thing as I cupped his flaring balls... which were like juggling two billiard balls in one hand.

Jake grit his teeth and that penile extension of his surged and bowed as it flexed, and I heard it grind like dry reeds being wrung, its strength so quick and strong that it slipped right out of my fingers and its head tapped his sternum.

I knew men weren't so gifted normally... I knew they weren't *that* hung. The Lord in His infinite wisdom made most males unable to suck themselves off, else wise why would they need us for pleasure? But Jake could do it easily I saw. I swallowed again with the thought of that piercing me. Even Amak wasn't built so powerfully! It mesmerized me, and it took both my arms to pull it back to me that it was so strong.

"Jake... why aren't you swarming with mates?" I gasped.

He snarled and grit his teeth, a partial transformation suffusing his face as his fangs grew in, ears telescoped to points and eyes widened as his nose and mouth flattened together a little due to my touches before he pulled his unit from me and stood up immediately, turning away from me. "I... I got to go." He whimpered in a dog's whine, and stumbling forward he careened against a wall and then a shelf and then hurried up the stairs, leaving me there half-naked.

"What was that?" someone asked on the other side of the wall and the talking and laughter stopped.

Looking down at a metal plug, I genially replaced it and then returned the brick back into place before resettling my clothing about me. Jake... you poor thing. How can someone so gifted with... *that*... be so lacking in self-confidence?

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"Look who's back!" Camille mentioned as I took my seat at the table. "I hope you know I had to do your chores while you were out gallivanting around the town."

"Camille... shush." Jana said as she entered. "Minevera was doing something very important."

"Not as important as cleaning the pens..." Camille grunted before sipping her water.

"You're right, Camille... nothing is as important as shoveling dog doo." Briana mentioned and the sisters all giggled at that, getting a laugh from Jana even.

“It’s not fair. Someone as beautiful as me shouldn’t be seen shoveling feces!” Camille scoffed.

“That reminds me, Camille,” Jana piped in suddenly. “I be lookin’ for somebody who can help me clean th’ septic tank. Since ye be too pretty t’ clean after th’ dogs, then surely ye be pretty enough t’ clean up after us.”

Camille blushed beet-red and even I joined in the laughter as Jake re-entered the room. My eyes went straight to his groin, and I wondered how in the Maker’s Name he was able to hide such a massive package as he did. He eyed me briefly before taking his seat, and immediately he draped his napkin over his lap.

The dinner carried on as usual, starting with prayer followed by table banter. Sheila was getting straight-A’s in her business and finance classes for online college, Purdy hauled a new record weight today, Anna was excited about chasing a squirrel... that sort of thing.

All through it Jake remained as silent as ever, not looking at anyone as he picked at his food before excusing himself without really eating anything. Having been gone for a day I was put on clean-up duty, but after every dish was washed and dried and the table scraps were put into the slop bucket and taken outside for the dogs, I headed upstairs, seeking to perhaps make amends with Jake, only to walk by Jana’s room to hear Jake conversing with his mother.

“Ma... when dad was alive... did you and he... um... sleep together?”

I could feel Jana’s mirth from here as I stepped to the wall and pressed my back against it to listen.

“O’course we did, Jacob. How d’ye think we made ye?” Jana laughed.

“Ah... good... but um... how... how like dad was I?”

“I be tellin’ ye this before Jacob... ye be a lot like ye pa were.”

“A lot a lot?” Jake ventured.

“Well... ye have me eyes, but ye have ye pa’s ears an’ nose...”

“Anything else of dad’s that I might’ve... inherited?”

There was a pause and I got the impression of Jana turning to her son, standing jauntily with a hand on a hip.

“Well there be a pocket watch o’ his that I think ye may be old enough to inherit now...”

“Mom...” Jake moaned.

“Jacob...” she mock-moaned in return, and there was a rustle as she sat next to him. “Look kid, I canno’ tell ye what ye be looking for lest ye tell me plainly what it be that ye be seeking?”

There was another brief pause and I heard Jake gesticulating. Sheila approached at that moment, rising up the stairs with an arm load of books.

“Min what...” she began but I shushed her and she snuck over to where I was standing.

“Did dad... *satisfy* you?” Sheila looked at me in surprise but I shushed her again with a finger over my lips.

“Sure’n he did, but what does this have t’ do with... oh... oh! I be gettin’ it now. Ye be wondering about th’ reason why we be buyin’ extra large diapers fer ye when ye were so small.”

“What?! Ma... no! I wasn’t asking about what size of diapers I wore as a kid.”

“Well t’ a mother, it be a good explanation Jacob while at th’ same time be savin’ her son face. And ye see, ye no be inheritin’ that third leg ye got there from ye papa... certainly didn’ inherit it from me neither. As a matter o’ fact, I cannot be rememberin’ from where ye did be getting that hog leg o’ yours.”

*‘Hog Leg.’* Sheila mouthed to me in question, right as Anna climbed the stairs and was about to ask what we were doing before Sheila and I shushed her too.

“I wouldn’t call it a hog leg, ma... it’s *embarrassing*.”

“Not t’ me... I be ye mama, kid. I made what ye have, and I diapered ye for several years o’ ye life. Ye seen one ye seen em all.”

“Obviously you’ve never been in a men’s locker room, ma.”

“Oh how bad can it be?”

“Well... when I get excited... stop laughing ma.” Jake said amidst giggles, and Sheila and Anna had to cover their mouths to keep from being heard. I wasn’t giggling. I knew this was a problem for him. “It gets... big!”

“So do all males, dear.”

“Forget it... if you’re not going to even take this seriously...” Jake said and got to his feet and started for the door.

“Jacob... Please... I be sorry.” Jana mentioned and followed him. “What be th’ problem with ye be getting big?”

“This big ma.” Jake responded, and I was certain that he must’ve just done the five dollar foot long sign.

“G-good lord. Jake surely ye be jestin’.” Jana stated, but there was silence from Jake. “Ye not be jestin’...” she gasped.

“Ma! Don’t look...”

“Sorry... sorry... I mean... really?”

“Yes really! Jeese... can’t believe my own mother just tried to meat gaze me.”

“Sorry kid, it’s girl thing. We be just a bunch o’ size queens.” Another pause.

“Really?” Jake asked. I knew he was thinking about his interaction with me a short while ago.

“Well... there be some girls who be frightened of something like... that... monster ye have dwelling in ye pants there.”

“Ma!” Jake complained.

“Sorry. But then... there be some girls...”

“Like you apparently.”

“...Yes, like me... who be thinking *‘th’ bigger th’ better.’* But... th’ more ye move her insides about, Jake... th’ more ye please her. I should tell ye now... despite that technically they be ye sisters... there are thirteen available and capable young fems who might be interested in ye.”

I heard Jake hitting his thigh with a fist. “Fourteen ma...”

“Right... fourteen. And I be knowin’ it be hard on ye... no pun intended. Not since that Peter came by with his sisters and mate did ye actually seem to smile, Jake. Ye haven’t smiled inna long time. I miss that smile... it reminds me of ye papa.”

“What’s a guy do ma? I realize I’m the only breeding, capable male of my sort for a couple thousand miles. There are fourteen fems who might get it in their mind that they might want to get in my pants. There are guys at work who joke about being man-candy, but being that man-candy... I can tell you it’s just a bunch of bull shit. Let’s see them being drawn in fourteen different directions.” The master bed squeaked as Jake fell on it, and looking back to Anna and Sheila as they just stared ahead, listening, I now saw Pax and Poly with China edging up the stairs to listen to this conversation. “And so what sort of life do I get when all of a sudden they find out I’m hung like Minnie Me.”

“Tri-pod?”

“Mom...”

“Kick stand?” Jana giggled then.

“Ma!”

“Sorry... sorry. But Jacob... ye sisters... they be noticin’ ye. It only be a matter o’ time before they be getting’ those thoughts in their heads.”

“I think some of them already got some. How come you can’t adopt guys? A brother or two wouldn’t be so bad... or why don’t you find yourself a new stud or something to have a few more sons... get some testosterone in this house.”

“I would if I could, kid.” Jana mentioned. “But keep in mind that in this world here, all through th’ various societies that be hidin’ our kind... females be sought after far less than males be. Boys aren’t cast off as easily by th’ families that spawn them. I be thinkin’ of ye, kid... Ye need competition for these girl’s hearts. Fourteen to one odds be things that lions do... not dogs. And it not be right... but th’ spirits have made ye th’ only male around fer a reason.”

“The spirits.” Jake groaned. “Ma... I still don’t understand why you talk to ghosts.”

Jana laughed. “Sprints, kid... spirits... not ghosts. Ghosts be th’ dearly departed, spirits be th’ not yet alive. An’ here in this land, th’ spirits rule greater than any magistrate or king. Th’ flow o’ this corner o’ th’ world spins to their whim. Now if ye excuse me... I need to be getting’ t’ something important. Ye stay there as long as ye want Jacob.” Jana mentioned and then we heard feet approaching right before Jana rounded the corner and eyed us all.

She knew we were there! With arms raised she directed us all downstairs with a shooin’ motion to leave Jake alone, but before we were all shoed away, now with more knowing Jake’s secret attributes, Jana caught me by the elbow.

“Tomorrow we be havin’ a bit o’ a talk, Min.” she told me in a quiet undertone, and then parted, leaving me standing there.

Exhaling a long sigh after all my existing exertions, I guessed now was no better time than to shower and go to bed.

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Breakfast time. There was already gossip going on... they were all talking about Jake... and I was certain that it’d just gotten out that our would-be brother was actually... very well endowed. Their sizes kept getting bigger and bigger, there were boasts on who could take him now, and thankfully no one was noticing that I was keeping quiet about it all as I fixed myself a quick morning meal.

It was then, though, that I noticed on the job board that my name had a big long bar across the entire week, and when I went to inspect it, I noticed others had similar bars... others like Sheila and Jena.

“So... wondering what’s up with that?” Jena asked as she walked in beside me.

The eldest, in her mid twenties, she was the most experienced of all the Wild Pack members.

“A little. Am I not doing any chores this week?” I asked her.

“Of course you are... just not conventional chores. You gotta learn to earn your keep, and though the Iditarod purse is twenty-five thousand dollars to the winner, if you keep track of that, that’s less than most people get working minimum wage for a year. Twenty-five grand is no-where near enough to keep this place running for a year let alone feed sixteen athletes. Sponsorship brings in more than first prize does, and in order to be sponsored you have to have a crack team. Right now you’re a bit... flimsy... for what mama wants you for,” and Jena squeezed my arm at the bicep a couple times. “So you need to bulk up a bit.”

“Ok... But why are you and Sheila on bye weeks this week too?”

“Well... Sheila’s got finals. Those who study for school get to study for school... so long as they study... and Sheila so far is the only one of us smart enough to get into college.”

“Says you.” I smirked and sipped at my OJ.

“Yeah... Jake has got a pretty good chance too. So do I... but I gotta watch over all your sorry asses.” And she rubbed my hair. “Speaking of which, that’s the reason why I gotta bye week this week.”

“Oh yeah? And why’s that?”

“Simply put... you’re going to be my little bitch... metaphorically and literally. And after I get done with you then mama wants a piece of you. And if there’s anything left after mama gets done with you then I get you again. In my impression Anna and Camille are tougher than you are, so you gotta long way to go to be able to be tougher than a shrimp and a debutante.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence...” I groaned.

“That’s what I’m here for. Can’t let your ego’s get bigger than mine. By the way, eat fast. I dislike waiting, and if I wait I get upset, and if I get upset then I’ll only work you harder.” And she sauntered off, leaving me to roll my eyes before I wolfed down another hastily made breakfast sandwich and a glass of milk and went out to join her in the barn.

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The first measure of business that day was for me to get naked. I’m serious. So there I was without apparel in a cold barn in the middle of winter... trying on a leather bikini.

“Mama spent the time to go get this yesterday. If you were here then final measurements could’ve been made, so if it doesn’t fit perfectly it’s because you weren’t around.” Jena said as I dressed in the scantily clad thing that practically fit into my bottom like a thong.

Currently there was a narrow triangular wedge back there, but it was cut low along with the pouch that carried my distended sex. A broad chest strap that completely encased my breasts in them, but loosely though... allowing for the twin hammers to tilt and wobble freely as if it were little more than a shirt. These two bits were held together via a webbing of straps and chords. Over that was a similarly-made harness laden with O-rings and D-rings secured with Velcro straps in some places, and buckles in others.

“Well it fits...” I managed, speaking to the two-person audience I had. “What now?”

Jena stood nearby and mama Jana sat on a counter with legs crossed, both wearing fur-lined jackets while I shivered there in the cold.

“Well try it on.” Jana mused. “Go ahead and change.”

“O-Oh...” I mentioned and tried to shift forms, but managed little more than to over-strain myself and instead gave off a little poot. “I-I... can’t.... change!” I gasped panting.

“Number one... cut down on the fiber...” Jena mentioned as she approached, waving a hand before her nose. “Number two...” and she reached up and lifted the collar that was around my throat, reminding me that I was still wearing training wheels. “...Remember that you’re wearing this so you don’t get yourself killed.”

Rolling my eyes at my own stupidity – I mean what can you expect? I never wore a collar before – I removed the collar... and *then* changed.

And it began with a twinge that strummed the heart strings in me, and then it strummed the vaginal strings and made the two lips flare suddenly as my nipples stood on end. I began to swallow rapidly as I flexed both arms, trying to feel the explosive transformation as it rose in me like an arousal that surged toward climax... like my whole body was a naughty bit flooding with blood as it erected.

And then the first pair of explosions, the shoulders again, billowed outward, my flesh blushing to a soft pink as bones groaned and cracked and muscles ground and snapped. My head snapped from side to side as vertebrae expanded in a rolling motion from top to bottom, and I discovered why the seat of this bikini thing was cut so low in the back as my tail turned outward and telescoped over the seat instead of under the seat. Ribs rippled in waves, each wave spreading them outward, spreading the shoulders while at the same time shoving the chest forward, breasts expanding rapidly while neck and waist lengthened, hips and shoulders widened, feet and forearms extended and layer upon layer of muscle piled and piled... and *piled* on me.

Face bubbled forward as mouth and nose became one with a series of cracks, jaws flaring wide, stretching the mouth before mouth and nose extended outward into a muzzle, the chin deepening as the teeth overlapped each other inside my mouth. Ears rose to the top of my head and formed hoods as I grew taller and taller, rising above my toes as I transformed first into an Amazon’s body like they show in the books and magazines and online images. Triceps and biceps ballooned in opposition to each other, forearms, thighs and calves flared as I grew steadily longer, torso deepening as back rounded and my spine pushed outward like the serrated edge of a blade.

Butt muscles rounded outward to swallow the seat of the suit before those muscles tightened and strengthened so much that they separated into thirds, three distinct gluts now being flossed by a bit of leather that in my mind was hanging onto me for dear life! The crotch pouch only just barely covered my loins as it flared and filled with fur that started climbing up the hardening belly muscles that even now turned into a twelve pack, and continued right into a fourteen pack.

Chest muscles separated as they rolled outward, tits quickly filling in the fabric of the chest brace right before secondaries and tertiaries grew. But very rapidly did the primaries fill the seemingly stretchable band across the chest, pushing the secondaries downward to swell outward, bulging voluminously out into the open along with the first pair of tertiaries.

The thickness and strength of both labial muscles folded the leather of the crotch covering between them... there was a seam in the crotch of the panty right in the middle of the V-shaped pouch for a reason apparently, and it decided to go the only place where it could go:

Inward.

But nonetheless as my back hunched and neck bowed, pushing head forward and the voluminous muscles on me just kept billowing and billowing, I saw Jena step back. “Oh my.” She gasped as I snap-growled and shook my head to shake my mane free, ears slapping to the sides of my head while forearms and feet lengthened, toes and fingers spreading and thickened, belly bulging outward now as its abdominals reached twenty-four and its lats reached eight in number, pectorals becoming two pair as their individual muscle chords billowed into hard ropes beneath thickening and stretching flesh.

I smirked at Jena as she diminished beneath me, my back arching as it deepened, bottom rising, spine deepening as it lengthened and thickened, arms unfolding as claws ejected like switchblades one at a time from each finger.

Thighs billowed thicker and thicker, the chords and bundles of wiry muscle rolling outward, either thigh becoming thicker than the layered muscles of my navel, calves billowing wide and forelegs becoming crisscrossing bundles of superior musculature. Neck flared to shoulders and throat deepened as they both grew longer still, my mane growing voluminous and bushy, the mass of it standing on end in bundles and spikey clumps from off my head in the form of waves and waves of heavily laden fur.

The Velcro straps came undone, loosening the tension on the elastic straps as I continued to grow taller and more bulbous, torso flaring wide, wider, wider still before it tapered sharply into my narrow belly and then flared again into either hip. Muscles continued to push outward, vaginal muscles flaring just outside the panty bottom as the hip straps dug into both my flaring hips and the seat wedged tightly against anus and the base of my curling and thick bushy tail.

Muscles alien to the human body bubbled outward from me as my sides just sloughed off to the sides, broadening and deepening body before my chest just hinged upward to lengthen the deeply curving belly, the back blossoming and billowing outward with violent pops and explosions of muscle before my primaries even slipped out from within the already widely stretched chest strap that had spread so much it was sheer in coloring, leaving the six largest tits I had wobbling free and unbound.

The metal bits of the harness jingled as I barked happily and began to pant, and striking a female muscle-builder's pose, I planted fists on hips, pushed my arms forward and jut my chests forward, standing proud and tall more than twice Jena's height... and she was more than a head taller than me to begin with!

"M-mama... H-how... how did she get so big?" Jena gaped. "She wasn't this big the other day."

"I thought this might happen." Jana mentioned and switched the way her legs were crossed before folding both hands on her knees. "Jena... this be what happens when a fem recycles her own body fluids."

"Recycle? Mama you don't mean..."

"I do mean that." Jana said with a smile. "But methinks that young Min here has accomplished more than I be even thinking she be achieving."

I relaxed and looked to my new adoptive mother. "What do you mean, mama?" I asked, my voice having dropped an octave or two from the utter thickness of my chest.

"Min... how many did ye find when ye went looking fer yer path?" Jana asked and Jena looked from mama to me.

"Three. An Eagle, a Wolf and a Bear. Well... I met the Eagle again; the Bear and Wolf were already there."

"I see." Jana asked and fingered her supple lips in thought. "Jena... carry on wit' our new recruit here. "I be having some business work t' do, an' I need t' gather Minevera's final school work so she can graduate wit' her class in the spring." And Jana hopped down from her spot. "Run 'er thru th' preliminaries so's we can see where she be at physically. An' Jena... I want her t' be able t' match ye."

"Match... me? But mama..." Jena began but Jana was laughing, which made Jena and me look to each other.

"I not be replacin' ye, Jena... but fer too long, me team has only had one leader. Ye be th' head o' th' team, Jena... a shinin' example o' one too, but even ye be no' infallible. Ye must swallow yer pride, Jena... Th' team needs fer ye t' have a second."

And Jana gave Jena and then me a hug. Well for me... it was like hugging my thigh because I was so big... but then she left, leaving me and my eldest sister alone.

"I don't understand. Did I do something wrong?" I asked her.

"No." Jena said tersely and turning to me, she looked up at my expression as I wrung my hands and then she sighed. "Ok..." she said and palmed the air before her with both hands to calm herself before she took a deep breath. "You ever seen a dog sled team before, Min?"

"On TV. I watched the Iditarod Races a few times..."

"Well then take notes... because this will shortly become your life, Min.

“There are two principal configurations for a team. Ours currently is the first. With us, you have several paired dogs,” and she used her index and middle fingers next to each other to point out several pairs of dogs in the air before a sled and I nodded, rubbing one hyper-muscled arm, causing my tits to jostle and bunch as I did while I indicated that I understood. “And at the front of the team is the lead dog... me.” and she removed the middle finger and just pointed with her index finger and I nodded again that the lead dog ran alone in the front. She sighed then and then continued. “The other configuration is the exact same thing... except at the front of the team instead of having one lead... there’s a second lead, so there are *two* dogs in the front.” And she held up two fingers to show me and I nodded again.

“But why does mama want me to be as strong as you are? Am I going to be an anchor dog or something?”

Jena groaned and ran her hand through her hair, scruffing up the short locks. “No... as a matter of fact... she wants you to be paired... um... with me.”

“At the front?” I blinked and sat down before Jena to put us more at equal height.

“Fourteen dogs are stronger than thirteen.” Jena mentioned. “And a second lead dog is in case something happens to the actual lead dog. Also... mama is a bit superstitious. She thinks that thirteen is an unlucky number and that we’ve been trying our luck for so long keeping it at thirteen, so there’s one lead dog,” she pointed at herself. “And one Pathfinder.” And she pointed at me, and I blinked at the correlation that mama’s concept of a Pathfinder was a sort of Shaman... Shamaness in my case. “Apparently mama thinks that running fourteen without a Pathfinder is more unlucky than thirteen without a Pathfinder for some reason, but what this means now,” she folded her arms beneath her gifted bodice and looked at me sternly. “Is that from this moment on, I’m going to work you harder than anyone else here.”

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Jena was true to her word. All that day she got me into my human form, and she had me do physical tasks while wearing nothing other than my harness, my suit, and a two sets of fluorescent booties on feet and hands that were little more than overly large socks.

“Your human form is weaker than your hybrid form. These tasks are a breeze if you learn them in your hybrid form, which is why we’re having you do so in your human form. The stronger you are as a human the stronger your hybrid form will be. The same goes for coordination and dexterity. You think football and hockey players have it easy... they have no freaking clue what real exertion is.” She hopped down and began doing pushups with me. “Come on! Come on! If I catch up with you you’re going to suffer... come on! Get to a hundred!”

I groaned, sweating badly as I heaved toward eighty. I was stronger, true, I had the upper body strength, yes... but I’d never done a hundred pushups across my entire life let alone in one day. I was surprised I did one... ecstatic I did ten... but a hundred?”

“Come on! Endurance is key... you must have endurance... this is a race, this is the longest hardest damn race left in the world. Hildalgo has nothing against the Iditarod. You think three thousand miles across a desert is bad on a horse? Try twelve hundred miles over hilly and mountainous terrain in arctic weather with ice and rocks that are like razor blades. Heat makes your muscles loose, and there’s a lot of heat in a dessert, and so long as you have enough water you can make it across a dessert.

“Here water freezes, piss freezes before it hits the ground, the blood turns to slush in your veins, you slow down because you can’t freaking move and if you ever stop moving... you’re dead! And that’s on a good day!

“Here there are blustering winds that only drive the temperature down, here there are snow storms and blizzards and arctic lows that make conditions even harsher. Now hurry up! I’m already at eighty!” She said without breaking a sweat or panting to talk to me as I came around the bend of ninety. She did eighty pushups in the time it took me to do ten! “A mountain is only a few miles across, but when you go up ten miles and down two miles, you can bet that it isn’t so simple as going over a damn sand dune.” I was trying harder, my arms trembling as she pumped out the last ten in no time and stood up. “Push! Push! You’re a woman! Women give birth to children... that sort of pain is nothing to this! You’re strong! Stronger than a man because of it! Push! Push!” she planted a boot on the center of my back and forced resistance for the last five. “Push!” and... one hundred... and I collapsed face first into the floor.

When my arms couldn't move she worked my legs, when my legs couldn't move she worked my mid-section, I was hooked to chains and ropes and told to pull bales of hay across the barn on skids. Despite that I had about ten percent body coverage from my suit and harness I was still nevertheless sweating like a stuck pig.

"Water..." I gasped.

"No water." Jena said and squatted next to me. "You need to learn to not need water... or learn to bite the snow as you run."

"Bite... the snow?" I gasped.

"Get a mouthful of ice or snow... let it melt in your mouth as you run, drink that way... but you can't take too much or you can't breathe quick enough. Dogs get water up to only three times a day, usually only once a day during a race, and that's only at rest stops. Oh we get to eat like queens at those times, three square meals all at once... and you'll eat it too. You should see Camille wolf down her food. But no water... not this time. Next time yes but not this time. Stops create delays, so the less you can stop the better. And speaking of stops... either you learn to hold it till we stop for rests, or you learn to go to the bathroom while running."

I actually looked at her wide-eyed when she said that and she laughed at me and pushed my head into the dirt.

"Count your lucky stars!" she laughed and let me up after a brief head tussling. "Unless you're the lead dog..."

"...The view never changes..." I said in exasperation.

"Exactly. Drink your spit, and..." she grabbed me by the harness and one-armed me to my feet. "And keep moving. Swing your arms, shake your legs, but keep moving. You only stop moving when you rest, and at stop isn't at rest... so keep moving." And I began swinging my arms and shaking my feet... ballistic stretches she called it as I got some spit up and swallowed that.

And training continued for most of the day until evening.

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Jana exhausted me. I was a supernatural creature with supernatural strength and endurance and she *exhausted* me. I learned the term '*full-body-exhaustion*'... it's where you can't even move your lips, and if you had to go to the bathroom just then... you'd just let it all out cause you couldn't control yourself. I wanted to sleep but there was more for me to do yet, and I had to go meet Jana.

I was dressed in a jacket and my harness, still walking in booties as I walked an erratic pattern toward the woods where I could see a fire in the distance... but even as I walked that way, a bald eagle flew into my field of view and shrieked at me.

"What? I'm going..."

Eagle stood fully erect on his branch and looked right suddenly and following his gaze I paused at the sight of Jake... with his shirt off.

My lips immediately pursed as I looked at his muscular back... he had an Alaskan tribal tattoo all over his right shoulder, part of his back and chest and down his upper arm. It looked... kind of like an... an eagle.

Stepping into the second barn that he was in as he used a shovel to dig a rather large hole, I approached him from behind and stood there for a moment till he paused and wiped the sweat off his brow, removing a bandanna from over his mouth. It was then that he turned and saw me standing there.

The way I was standing, and how deep into the hole he already was, it placed his head at my crotch level. He stared at the elongated V over my loins before he dragged his gaze away. "You must've blabbed to the others. I heard them talking when I came down for breakfast, and then they all just giggled whenever I'm around. Thanks... thanks a lot for making my life more of a hell in this mad house."

"I didn't tell them." I said and he turned to look up at me now. "Some of them overheard your conversation with mom last night. I'll take some of the blame though if you want me to..." I was cautious as I sat on the edge of the hole, and his gaze dropped immediately toward my body and he swallowed saliva that must've been building up in his mouth before he looked away again. "...It was my fault some of that came about anyways. You wouldn't've had the conversation unless the subject... um... came up."

"Oh... it came up all right. I swear I'm going to go gay because of all you fems... just to spite you all. And not just some sorta gay, like: *'Is he or isn't he?'* No I mean candelabra on the piano super-Liberace gay."

"You'll make whoever you fall in love with happy." I smirked.

"Stop... being so *agreeable*..." he groaned and ran a hand through his shoulder-length hair, looking down at his bulging groin as it indeed did bulge. I felt a blush as I watched it round outward a little.

"Why is that wrong?"

"Because you're just like the others. All you want is to possess me so you can have... this." And he gestured with both hands at his groin and I pursed my lips in mild annoyance. But I had to remind myself of the differences of boys and girls.

"Males and females come to different conclusions, Jake." I told him, and hopped down into his hole. "You think all we want is... this?" and I gestured at his groin, and apparently it knew it was being talked about because it suddenly bulged enough in his pants to snap the top button of his fly open before he quickly pinched it shut again. "But you got it wrong: we don't want that... that is just a second... maybe a third."

"Then what do you want. Fuck... what do you want?! Just say it! Why do I have to try to break out a slide ruler and a book of psychology just to figure one of you out? Let alone fourteen of you? Why are women so damned complicated?!"

I stepped forward and touched his sternum first... and the electric sensation must've been felt by him too because he did a bit of a back roll as I added the other hand and then stepped up to his moist... sweaty... muscular... I shook my head to clear it and stood there before him, breathing in his smell, feeling that strength of his, that electric energy that he and I had with each other.

"We want this." And I fingered his heart. "We can't have you tearing your chest open and handing us your still-beating heart now... so we want you... second. Your affection... your love comes first. This... comes third." And I settled forward and pressed my crotch against his groin, feeling its girth expanding slowly till I heard the top button snap again. "Strong arms to hold us, passionate lips to kiss us and whisper sweet things to us, a strong, steadily beating... hnn..." I sighed and slid my arms around his chest and pressed my ear to it, my breasts mashing against his sternum as I felt that groin of his bulge and bulge against my loins. "...heart to rock us to sleep at night."

"That's... not... how it seems to me."

I smiled and looked up at him, letting him feel the press of my bosom as I pressed it closer to his rosy chest.

"Of course it isn't... not with all *this* working against you." And I giggled before grinding my pussy as it moistened and swelled against his equally growing groin and heard another and another snap from his pants as his shorts then bowed out and I made a mild yelp of surprise as that nutcracker of his actually lifted me up onto my tip toes. It was that strong?! "Forgive me for telling you this, Jake, but you're thinking. You're just an average guy thinking like any other guy thinks."

"And how's that?" he asked me, face somber as he looked into my face. The shade of blue that his eyes were made me almost swoon to look at them.

"Sex... isn't everything in the world... it only feels like it." And I kissed him on the cheek before turning to climb out of the hole... inadvertently showing him my half-naked bottom.

When I was out of the hole and dusting myself off, I turned slightly to see a stupid look on his face as he stared at my backside. With the harness on, my butt must've flossed that back piece like dental floss on a walrus. Snapping my fingers to get his attention I brought my hand up to my face and pointed at my eyes with two fingers.

"Hey... I'm up here." I smirked, and the whimsical, boyish look on his face made me chuckle before I sauntered off, making sure to rock my hips with each step like a metronome.

I was sure he was checking that backside out again, because no sooner than I reached the door to the barn than I heard another snap from his button fly. Once the door to the barn was closed, only then did I tug the excess cloth out of my butt before heading the rest of the way to where Jana was waiting for me.

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Jana was waiting before the fire, sitting on a swept bare portion of the ground that had been warmed by the fire. She was naked underneath a heavy fur blanket, I noticed as I collapsed to a second fur set out for me.

"Sorry I'm late, but..."

"Shh..." she said and I quieted myself. "Strip."

Raising an eyebrow at her, I nonetheless sighed and began to strip, getting naked. I had to keep a mind that I shouldn't worry about nudity any more. I've already ruined one set of clothing, and I don't know how well I could continue ripping out of clothes all the time. Taking the time to remove the jacket and boots, and then the harness and bikini suit, I sat upon the fur that was kitty corner to Mama Jana.

"Everything." She said without looking at me, and I blinked, wondering what she meant, and then remembered that I was still wearing a collar.

Removing it, the warmth of the fire blasting against thighs, breasts, belly, face and crotch, I set the collar aside and felt the supposing sensation of all that feral, chaotic strength in me form a connection like a rising tower of lightning that linked sex, heart and head in one continuous flow. For a human to experience these things was... distracting. I'd still not gotten used to it, and with the open channel to my power it... aroused me. It was all I could do to not touch a part of myself.

Mom took a handful of something from a pouch that was hidden in her lap and threw it into the fire, and suddenly it burned blue, casting an almost eldritch light over the forest.

"Me child," Jana managed and rose to her feet, and suddenly I saw that there were lines glowing on her body. They were tribal, Inuit markings, visible only in this light. "Do ye wish t' be my child?" she asked and actually walked through the fire to stand before me, naked as the day she was born.

The body of a mature Lycan like her was very different than the one I had. Lycans weren't flawed like human beings were. As a human being I'd been short and un-sprouted, with more frailties than I could shake a stick at, but as a Lycan our bodies were nearly perfect. But a mature female like Jana... she was easily the most perfect ten I hear the boys speak about as if it were a legendary body type.

Jana's breasts were large and rounded, full, the pair engorged and capped with puffed out areola and full, thick and mature nipples that were used to nursing young. She had a muscular woman's body that showed off the superb skeletal and muscle structure of what many might call a *'perfect woman'*, only with a more exaggerated musculature that might set that *'perfect'* part off a bit in most people's minds. What nature and the wild called perfect in a woman's body wasn't what mankind called perfect.

Men would take one look at her, her daughters and even my musculature and call us ugly or disgusting... but looking at her shorn, hairless, superbly built form I rose up on knees and pressed my head to her firm abs.

“I never knew my real mother... or my real father. I grew up all my life without a mother figure... I only had an emotionless matron and patron telling me what to do. I would love to have a mom. I’d love to have sisters.”

“What about a brother?” Jana asked quietly.

My eyes opened, and me not realizing I’d closed them as I embraced my new mother, feeling her long fingers sliding through my hair to comb it with her nails.

“Mom... I don’t want to know Jake as a brother. I want to know him... as something else.” I said and looked up at her and I saw the biggest smile I’d ever seen on a person’s face as she looked down at me.

“I understand. It be what all me daughters want I think.” She told me and then taking a step back, she lifted a finger and her nails turned into claws before she sliced open her palm a little... enough to allow blood out. “But nevertheless, I want t’ unite ye bloodline with mine, Min. Worry not about disease or sickness; we don’t get diseased or sick. This be a blood pact, it links us in spirit if not in body. Let men’s laws only worry about something so silly as names.”

“What do I do?” I asked her.

“Give me ye hand.” And I lifted a hand, and taking it, she used her claw to cut the palm... my blood seeped out, and she immediately planted her hand in mine.

For a tenuous few moments, we were a conjoined body. Her heart pumped blood into me while mine pumped it into hers, and if I closed my eyes I was certain that we felt each other’s bodies, as if they were an extension of each other.

And then Jana was removing her hand from mine and the sensation was broken.

“Ye be on fire with emotions.” Jana breathed. “It be utter chaos! This will be difficult.”

I looked to my palm as the comingled blood seeped back into the wound and the wound closed itself. But I felt a little of mom growing in me now... adding her strength to mine.

“What will be difficult?” I asked, and she gestured to me, showing me that like her, I too was covered in lines.

“Ye be decorated thrice over, child. I... be never knowing of any person t’ ever be watched over by *three* spirits in the beginning of their paths as Pathfinders. Eagle, Wolf *and* Bear! Amazing totems, child, it be a sign o’ th’ times I guess... so few able t’ speak t’ th’ spirits, they be getting’ desperate. But th’ chaos... it needs be tempered first before it consumes ye. We shall begin ye lessons this night.”

“What lessons?” I asked and Jana smirked.

“T’ be a Pathfinder o’ course.”

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I stumbled back to the dorm that night, tired as all get out, exhausted physically but also mentally now... maybe even spiritually, and having this burning between my legs that demanded it be invaded by a penis... oh Great Maker I felt so numb.

Nearly stumbling down the stairs, heading toward the dorm to a nice warm bed, I opened the man-sized door that was a whole lot quieter than pulling open the big cargo door and stepped no more than a couple paces inside when a couple pairs of hands grabbed me and hauled me right back out of the dorm.

“W-what? Hey!” I gasped and looked from side to side to see Mishka and Purdy, both of the teams anchor dogs, the strongest of all us bitches, man-handling – excuse me – woman-handling me right back up the stairs. “Hey what’s going on?”

At the top of the stairs they turned me around, their massive arms holding me tight as I was turned toward Jena and held fast as Jena stepped forward and applied a tiny little lock to the collar around my throat. Once done she gave it a tug, and then grabbing my hair and one arm while Purdy and Mishka released me into her rough care and then rid me of both boots and coat, Jena hauled me right out the back door and to the nearest snow bank before shoving me face first into it.

“Winter training starts now.” She whispered into my ear and then let go of me.

I rose and sputtered, trying to rid myself of the snow before I heard the door to the house close and the locks engage. Blinking and turning with a snow beard on, my body instantly shivering from the cold and the exposure, I hurried to both feet and scrambled to the door and tried the knob, hauling on it and banging on the door briefly right as the lights in the house shut off.

Shivering and bunching up, barefoot with only maybe ten percent body coverage, and that being nylon and leather straps mostly, the rings and metal bits jingling lightly only absorbed the cold and grew colder. I hurried around to the doors to the front of the house, to the attached shop and to the sheds... all of them were locked.

This was serious... they'd just locked me out of the house, but Jena said that this was training. I was going to go into hypothermic shock in fifteen minutes unless I did something about it. My mind raced.

Thankfully Alaska trained its high school students to do two things: What to do during an earthquake, and what to do when caught outside and needing shelter. True... that was left to what to pack your car with... I was just glad I wasn't in Prudhoe Bay; a port/refinery on the northern edge of Alaska, where people start their cars in August and don't shut them off till June to keep the engines from freezing... and that was *with* anti-freeze in the radiators. Nevertheless, though I didn't have a vehicle emergency pack handy at the moment, I did remember some of the other tasks one needed to do.

Keep moving, and if you can't move then you need to share body warmth. Share body warmth with what though... there's nothing out here that...

I paused as my mind suddenly focused on the barking.

Rolling my eyes and groaning at the aspect, I hurried across the yard to the kennels.

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A light awoke me, and yet I was marginally toasty warm. Sleeping in the cold, with your head and feet cold but your body warm tended to stick me into a deep sleep, almost a hibernation sleep. A hand jostling me awake made me lift my head from the deep fur of the husky I was spooning for warmth. I'd found a blanket here that was meant for the dogs to keep them warm and blinking bleary-eyed up at the people above me, I saw Jena and Sheila standing before me, Jena was wearing jeans and an opened jacket that only just covered her nipples, while Sheila was dressed to watch over the shop. She was cradling several books in her arms while the light from the lamp in Jena's hand had turned her glasses into mirrors.

“The cold isn't forgiving.” Jena mentioned. “As a matter-of-fact, it's downright unmerciful. But most of all it's unexpected. The cold often takes you in the last possible moment, it catches you when you least expect it and you're at your weakest. You need to know how to survive it. The barometer can drop dozens of points in a matter of hours in this state, especially north of the mountains, and you could be dealing with warm air melting snow one moment, and then a polar low the next.”

“I could've died.” I told them as I rose, feeling my breasts wobble, the pair fat with milk now from lactation. That was an annoyance; my teats ached to be milked. No wonder mom had such perfect breasts. With hers so full all the time they were firm self-supporting orbs.

“We were watching.” Sheila mentioned as she fingered her glasses back up to the top of her nose. “But the point of all this is that you couldn't know about it. Scientifically, you were in a controlled environment. If something were to happen, we would've come for you.”

I groaned and stood up and the husky whined for the loss of warmth. Sighing I dropped the blanket over him and he laid back down with a groan before I stretched long and deep. I was still exhausted, my mind numb and I couldn't feel parts of my body.

"So what now then?" I groaned and smacked my lips.

Jena shoved a compact morsel of food in my hand, a biscuit with fish and gravy... that was stone cold. "Time for breakfast." She smirked.

"But... it's cold." I said and even Sheila sniggered at me.

"Get used to it." Sheila mentioned and I looked to Jena to explain.

"Cooking fires take time to build and light, and gas stoves weigh the sleds down. Even the small Acetylene or Butane stoves a musher is required to take with them take room. Fires are for emergencies to notify air support for the mushers and their teams. The only warmth you get is at the relay stations and sometimes even that is little more than going from freezing cold to just cool. Since there are no fires and no heating sources... your meals on the trail are served cold."

"And sometimes raw." Jena added.

"And often frozen." Sheila also added.

I looked down at the morsel, and then looking defiantly back at the two of them I tore into the makeshift biscuit, licking my fingers even that I was so hungry. I missed dinner last night after all.

"Like it?" Jena smirked.

"Oh yes... it's the most delicious thing I ever tasted!" I said, not being sarcastic.

"Good..." Jena smirked. "Cause today... you're going to eat so much you just might puke."

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And so my training began in earnest.

My water came from five separate meals from that point forward, the meals small but laden with fat and protein amidst working out all day long while wearing nothing but my harness and a set of booties for my feet and hands. I was meant to tear muscle, I was meant to rip my body apart from the inside till bones creaked and even cracked and my flesh got stretch marks and my muscles were worked till they didn't have enough fibers in them to support them.

I was hooked to chains and ropes again on a rudimentary machine made of pulleys, in which the other girls of the pack worked in the barn off my efforts. I became the engine to a hay bale system of getting bales of hay purchased from the farmers up into the loft of the barn for storage. They loaded the bales on a platform and I pulled the bales upward where others offloaded them periodically. If it wasn't bales of hay it was bags of food, if it wasn't bags of food it was pails of food storage... and all of this was being done while I was in my human form.

"W-wouldn't... wouldn't this be easier... if I were in my hybrid form?" I asked.

"Of course it would be." Jena mentioned as she pulled on a rope to angle the overhead crane holding the pulleys into position so Mishka could unload them. "But that would defeat the purpose. Your hybrid's strength is based upon your human form, and it's an exponential rate of growth, Min. The higher the base attributes are in your human form, the more ridiculous the growth is in your hybrid form."

"But shouldn't I be wearing a... a weight belt or something?" I asked and Mishka laughed.

“If you were a human you should be.” Sheila mentioned as she came up to me not for the first time with a measuring ribbon and marking things down into one of her books. “Lycanthropes heal themselves at an accelerated rate far and above that of a human being. It’s called a *‘Healing Factor’*. With a human being’s Healing Factor typically considered a one on a rising scale of efficiency, the least a Lycan’s Healing factor is at is a fifty, and those are the slow healers.”

“So I heal fifty times faster now?” I asked as I leaned forward on hands and toes, trying to keep the weight up by driving myself forward. It was murder on arms and legs and core.

“It’s a little more complicated than that. It’s the speed at which your cells divide. When you got billions of the little buggers dividing at the same rate, each degree of one’s Healing Factor increases exponentially. So two heals four times fast, three heals nine times fast...”

I did a mental calculation. “And fifty... heals twenty-five hundred times as fast.”

“Correct.” Sheila beamed at me. “Awesome... another smart girl in the bunch.”

“Hey!” Jena and Mishka called down from above.

“Sorry.” Sheila managed bashfully to her much larger sisters. “But regardless, a wound that takes seven days to heal for a human translates to a hundred and sixty-eight hours, which translates to ten thousand and eighty minutes which thusly translates to six hundred and four thousand, eight hundred seconds. Dividing that by twenty five hundred times you get almost two hundred and forty two seconds which translates thusly into four minutes.”

“Damn.” I blinked, and then walked backward to lower the lightened platform now that it no longer had weight on it.

“Now tell her what that means in regards to strength training, Sheila.” Jena stated and hopped down from the loft, dropping nearly three stories to meet us on the ground level.

“It means that when you forcibly tear and rip muscle, if you were a human being then you’d be laid up for days if not weeks.” Sheila stated then. “But since you’re a Lycan, your muscles and bones knit and compress, harden and toughen along that twenty five hundred times base, and even at pure muscle exhaustion your body will repair itself very quickly. Rest an hour and you’re good to go for more, only now you have renewed muscle mass and bone density to be stronger and tougher than ever, able to take more.

“To a T, *‘That which doesn’t kill us makes us stronger.’*”

I blinked in surprise. “Are there limits? What’s keeping us from becoming titanesses?”

“Comparing Mishka and Purdy? Nothing.” Jena mentioned. “We’re like humans in that regards, where we have similar humanly limits, we just reach them sooner. But they’re Anchor Dogs. It’s their duty to hold the team or the sleigh in place with their weight and their strength in case of slippage, so unlike everyone else, they train mainly on strength and endurance instead of speed. It’s their legs that get the sled rolling mostly... we just tug them along and more often then not they’re hopping along the ground while we pull them and the sled along.”

“Our jobs are easy.” Mishka said from above, her monstrous pectorals bouncing as she showed off how incredibly muscular her arms were. The sleeve of her shirt even ripped over her bicep.

“Slippage?” I asked, worried now.

“We run across frozen rivers and ice flows, as well as narrow mountain ridges.” Sheila mentioned. “Though the sleigh has two anchors and a break, it’s also for the dogs to keep the team from toppling over the edge. That’s what Anchor dogs are for. Sure they slow us down a little, but it’s dangerous to run the trail in some places without a good pair of anchor dogs.”

“Anchor dogs, wheel dogs, forward dogs, lead dog...” I said and rubbed my forehead. “It’s all so much.”

“Don’t forget Pathfinder...” Jena mentioned and I looked to her.

“What does a Pathfinder dog do then?” I asked and Jena stared at me as if I should already know the answer to that, so I looked between her and Sheila looking for an answer.

“We don’t know.” Sheila mentioned. “There are no Pathfinders in any team. Only mama knows what a Pathfinder is and she’s not telling us anything about it. As far as we know you’re the position next to the lead dog. It’s nothing special... it just usually means you’re a fast runner on any other team... something to balance the lead dog.”

I stood there, a little stunned at that revelation. “That’s it?”

“Well... we aren’t the typical sort of team... other teams aren’t Lycans in disguise... but...” Sheila began.

“Mama has something planned for you.” Jena replied. “If you want to know more then you can ask her when you meet with her tonight.”

I groaned and slumped a little. “Don’t I get to shower at least? I’ve been wearing this damn harness for two days straight now.”

This time Sheila and Jena both smirked at me. “Get used to it.” Jena mentioned. It took a month for one team to cross the finish line once... expect to be wearing that thing for at least two weeks straight.”

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Later that night...

“Mom... what’s a Pathfinder?” I asked quietly, and Jena opened her eyes amidst our attempted meditation.

“One who find’s paths.” She replied simply and I stared at her... looking for more.

“That’s it? All this mysticism just for someone to find a path, mama? Why aren’t I called a Tracker or... Someone Who Can Smell Real Good?”

Jana smirked and then relaxed from her poise.

“Min... a Pathfinder be a person who find’s paths. But what be a path?”

“Something you walk down to get to some place?”

“Of a sorts... but ye can use a path t’ describe more’n just a trail in th’ woods. A person that walks a sort o’ way, acts a sort o’ way, has a clear an’ concise direction in their life is said t’ be on a particular path. A path t’ success, a path t’ failure, a path o’ peace, a path o’ violence...

“Pathfinders, in days o’ old, would sojourn when a boy or a girl neared their day o’ adulthood, when it came time for them to be a man or a woman. They’d journey t’ a sacred mountain an’ commune with th’ spirits... ask them what path should this other person walk. The spirits showed th’ Pathfinder what path that person should walk, an’ those paths be represented by a totem.

“Bears love and protect, Wolves hunt and lead, Eagles give guidance and wisdom...”

She looked at me directly, meaningfully too, and I couldn’t help but think that she used those three totems in particular to reference me.

“What of other totems?” I asked.

“Otter be playful an’ brings humor for happiness, Fox be mischievous an’ tricky, Owl be inspired, Elk an’ Caribou be noble an’ bring unification between peoples, Crow be devious at times, sometimes selfish, but in times o’ famine, they be th’ best t’ know where t’ find food. T’ not walk one’s path means t’ anger th’ spirits... an’ dire consequences can come o’ doing so.”

I nodded. “So... ah... what do I do for the team?” I asked her.

“Simple... ye find paths.” Jana smirked. “Now concentrate again... ye need to contact yer totem spirit or spirits before this night is over.”

I sighed and then concentrated again, or tried to. I think I fell asleep more from the day’s exertions than from any form of summoning of a totem. But nonetheless... I dreamed of an eagle before Jana woke me up.

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For a week it went like that. Get locked out of the house, live like an animal at night, coddle a dog or two at night, work out during the day and then learn the ways of a Pathfinder at night while at the same time consuming five small meals that were served cold, meaty and gooey. After a week of this I was a bit punchy in the head and having been locked in human form for that whole time... I was also a bit twitchy. But what was more was that according to Sheila, I’d put on more than fifty pounds! Muscles had grown hard, and they stood on end even in a relaxed state. Strong powerful thighs, meaty muscular arms, hard ten pack of abs with six lats... I was *ripped!*

And I enjoyed all that strength. I didn’t feel weak anymore, didn’t feel like some damn dude would just show up and push me around... I was Minevera! Hear me howl!

My hair had also lengthened past the shoulders, becoming fuller and softer... like dog’s hair. I smelt like a dog too... and with my sex playing tricks between my legs whenever I had a moment to concentrate on it... it made me rather horny. At the point, I was in the mental state where I didn’t care about certain things. My tits had been leaking milk and aching for days now, and now that Jena had given me a break, I stood straight and began to unlatch and undo portions of the bodysuit and harness around me, letting my tits hang out in the cool open air as I massaged them lightly, squeezing and kneading them while my face took on a slack stupid look to it because of how mind-numb I was. Almost immediately spare milk slipped from the nipples that I wiped free and licked off my fingers, my sex throbbing as I then hefted a tit and bent my head downward, kissing the nipple and then sucking from it to get it to start to flow before supping from the milk that leaked off them.

Like I mentioned, I really didn’t care who came in and looked upon me at that time, I was drunk with fatigue both mental and physical and one can also say spiritual... at most I’d only gotten four hours of sleep over the past seven days. So with breasts out, one in my mouth, I then stuffed a hand down the leather pouch covering my sex, the fingers sliding against the sexual lips and the tongue of the clitoris. In my mind amidst its clenching and releasing I thought it was a sucking mouth, so I gave it my fingers to suck on and suck on them they did, making me moan and sigh nasally as I perspired in the chill of that barn.

But lo, in this precarious predicament, I heard an Eagle warble, and looking up to the window I saw Eagle looking down at me with his big beady eye... right before the door opened to the barn, and none other than Jake entered, turned, and stopped when he saw me standing there... hand down the panty of the suit I wore, other hand holding a fat tit aloft as I paused in sucking and let my lips part in order to nipple on the hardened and muscular nipple.

“Ah... ah... um... I... I should leave shouldn’t I? I’ll leave.”

And as he turned I let the tit fall from my mouth and bounce with a mild sloshing sound. “Jake...” I sighed, blushing deeply as my breasts reddened with how deep the blush had suffused my being. “I’m so glad to see you.” I moaned, and hurried over to him, and when he turned to me I pressed firmly against his chest and smelled the hollow of his throat, rubbing my naked breasts against his chest as I began to grind his lap with mine. I was so mindlessly horny... almost animalistically horny as I blushed even deeper. “I’ve been cold for so long... please keep me warm.” And I wrapped my arms around him and stuffed my hands in his back pockets to grip his tight ass.

My arms slid inside the folds of his jacket as I stuffed my hands in his pockets to keep them warm, the warmth in my breasts felt so grand as I smelt deep his scent. Before I knew what I was doing, I was licking his chest with my tongue, tasting his flesh and kissing it before laying my head down against him again.

“Min... you... you’re not in your right mind. You shouldn’t... we shouldn’t...”

And then I reached up, grabbed his collar and I kissed him.

If touching him was electric, kissing him was atomic. “Hmm...” I sighed nasally, lifting a leg and wrapping it around his butt as I ground my sex deeper into his groin, feeling it expand into my loins as I then ducked my head and embraced him tightly, and I felt so horny I wouldn’t’ve been at all surprised if his erect cock burst through his pants and undershorts, penetrated the seam of my suit’s bottom and shoved his dick right up inside me.

“Hold me.” I moaned, feeling my claws lengthen as I shred his shirt in the midst of clawing at his back.

“H-hold you?”

“Mmm... yes. Let me just... get warm... and take a nice...”

I’m not sure what happened from that point... cause I’m pretty sure I blacked out just then.

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When I awoke it was with a warm wash cloth over my head and my naked body in a lukewarm tub filled with Epsom Salts. Groaning, pulling the washcloth from my forehead and looking around, I found the room darkened and lit with candles.

“H-hello?” I said aloud, and then winced as my brain began to throb with a headache. I started to shiver that I felt so cold, but then a figure strode into the bathroom and squatted next to me. “Mama?” I moaned as Jana’s face came near and she smiled motherly at me.

“Pushing it a bit too hard, child? Or did me boy really make ye swoon?”

“I don’t know... what happened?” I groaned, feeling every joint and muscle in me aching.

“Apparently me boy found ye with ye harness undone and opened, and ye were looking fer warmth from him. Ye fainted right in his arms.” She clasped her hands and fluttered her eyes. “I hope he can do that to me other girls.” Jana said and blushed at the thought of it all before palming her cheeks. “Acres an’ acres o’ grand-puppies!” she squealed.

“I don’t remember anything... I was standing there, and there was Jake, I said something that sounded like the wah-wah-wah from the adults speaking in a Peanuts cartoon, and then I blacked out. I don’t even know what I was doing with my harness undone.”

“Ye were cold. Ye were hungry an’ aching, an’ so ye went to me boy fer warmth... ‘nough said.”

“Ah... I must’ve embarrassed him to death...” I moaned and sank into the tub till my head was submerged, but Jana gripped my hair and pulled me out again.

“‘Nough o’ that now. What be done be done. Now I want ye to get ye core body temperature back up.”

“At least that damnable week is over.” I sighed and planted the washcloth over my forehead again.

“That week is, but not th’ next.” Jana said, and I immediately removed the cloth again and turned to stare at her.

“What? There’s more?!”

“Sure’n there be... Ye be in th’ house because it be more convenient t’ get yer core body temperature up instead of wrapping ye up in a sled’s blankets like ye would’ve been out on th’ trail, child o’ mine.” Jana smirked. “Once yer core temperature be up, ye be going straight out into th’ cold again... but... perhaps with a bit o’ a modification t’ yer suit. Yer first hazing be two weeks long, child. Later it be three weeks, then four, then five... count yer lucky stars that ye’ll be dealing with th’ five weeks as spring approaches.” She smirked. “But ye need t’ be able t’ take the cold, live in it as if ye be a part o’ it.”

“Oh man...” I groaned and sank into the bath water again only to be pulled out yet again.

“I said none o’ that now!” She said sternly. “An’ remember, don’ be turning th’ water on hot. If ye do, yer flesh will start t’ break like a frog onna cheese grater.” I winced in surprise at that. “An’ that also doesn’ keep ye from going in t’ shock either. Finally, if ye warm up, ye’ll just have t’ get cold again, so try’n not t’ get too warm.” She smirked and I just laid back and closed my eyes... get a little shut eye and try to at least get a bit warm.

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So there I was again that same night, I got maybe an hour or two more of sleep, but I only warmed up a little bit before I dressed in the suit and harness and went right back out into the cold to sleep. It was particularly freezing that night as I padded across the yard in my booties and entered the kennels. Gripping a blanket off the hook and wrapping it around my shoulders, I headed for the stall in the kennels that I’d been using, being careful not to step in poop while the dogs looked up at my entrance. Petting one and she wagged her tail, I went to sit in the stall, and then roughly fell sideways into the straw.

“It’s important for you to stay dry.” I was told before coming out here. Oils on your skin work well when trapped in fur, but not when trapped on flesh. Flowing air against moisture in the winter doesn’t work so well in comparison to the summer. They both cool you, but in the winter it’s a bad thing.”

While I’d been in the tub they’d added a few more sheets of that sheer cloth to my suit. They overlapped now, their design meaning to actually hem and cover all my breasts in a hybrid form... save for my belly nipples, but in my human form it was more of a one-piece instead of a two-piece.

Apparently, this is like the suit that only Mama and Camille wear.

But picking at that suit, looking at the conditions I was in, expected to run the freaking Iditarod eventually, a task that was daunting even for a musher who mostly did nothing more than just hold onto the sled, I was beginning to think that maybe I was better off being just a girl in high school.

And then I heard a creak of the door being opened, and blinking I looked up, hearing jingling bells with every foot fall approaching my stall, and I sat up as for the barest moment, I saw Eagle standing there with his fancy mask and headdress. He stood there gloriously, full of light, but as I blinked my eyes and shook my head, the light faded to that of a hooded lantern, and the person holding it was Jake.

I blinked up at him as he set the lantern down, and before I knew what he was doing he was taking his turtle neck sweater off, revealing that taut man-candy body of his decorated by that ornate tattoo across his back and arm. Suddenly I thought this life might not be so bad after all. I mean the plusses were just as bad as the minuses, and with the minuses being expected to run the Iditarod... you could tell how much of a plus Jake really was.

And then he knelt and taking my hands, made me cross them over myself, placing hands beneath my arm pits.

“When you’re cold, your chest and your belly come first; everything else will take care of itself after that.” He told me. “Bundle up, preferably with another animal. Sharing of body heat... will take care of the rest.” And he slid in against me, and this time it wasn’t like that fever dream I had earlier – or was that really a fever dream – this time it felt real... electric...

And he laid back in the hay, pulling me to him as he held me, keeping me wrapped up in the blanket. His heart and his breathing were like a lullaby... and soon I fell asleep in his arms.

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Jake was gone before the morning when Jena came looking for me, by then a couple of the dogs had curled up with me to keep me and themselves warm. The look of disappointment on my face was apparent because even Jena commented on it.

“What’s the matter princess? The pea under your mattress keep you awake?” she joked. “You better watch yourself or else you’ll wind up just like Camille.”

“No it was just... a good dream.” I replied and Jena smirked at me and opened up my breakfast... a cold biscuit stuffed with bits of meat and fattening gravy.

“Well eat up, dust yourself off... we got some serious weight training today.”

And she left me to myself as I sat and ate the morning meal for myself. I sighed... and hoped for another meeting with Jake.

But just then there was a fluttering of wings and a warbling of an eagle, and looking up, I saw Eagle looking in on me briefly before he flew away.

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Hazing weeks are what they called this. Everyone went through it... and I do mean everyone. Camille went through it even, and she spent no time in mocking me for my weakness for having to be let in till Pax lazily made mention that Camille already had to be let inside the house three times by this time. But that didn’t stop Camille from still trying to berate me... but thanks to Pax’s simple statement as she listened to her stereo; her mocking didn’t sting so bad.

Pax to me seemed like the sort of person who didn’t speak much, but when she did it was to make something absolutely profound. With a few words she already quelled what might’ve been weeks of Camille’s teasing me.

The routine continued over and over again, repeating the same thing every day. Jana actually called this training course to be more strenuous than what the U.S. Military used to train their Rangers for winter survival. The U.S. Government used Alaska as a training ground for that very reason. Though many training courses were in the south where it was warm and often wet, Alaska got to see a multitude of air force bases, tank training... and of course wilderness survival. In all the U.S., Alaska was considered so wilderness as to be apt for the training of it.

I was trained on more than just weights though... there was form control, which was a form of muscle control which allowed me to shape change... Jena removing the lock and collar from around my neck only for these purposes. I was to learn how to change into a lesser Hybrid form, which was larger and stronger than my human form, with teeth and claws and enhanced senses with a little fur but without the Sasquatch look to me. Then there was also the form I needed to learn to change into most of all in order to compete in the Iditarod, which was my wolf form... or dog form.

If I were to admit to it, I thought I looked like a rather attractive Husky. Black fur that slowly washed into gray and then white decorating my form, with powerful haunches and a thick neck, a tight butt and powerful thighs and hindquarters. But as a surprise, I was fitted with a collar, just a regular dog collar, and I had to go to town like this with Jana as she took me to the vet to get me my papers. All dogs had to be registered with the Iditarod Trail Committee.

On the way there I had to ride in the back of the truck like a dog was supposed to, so I got to feel how that cold felt against your fur... and I actually have to tell you... when I was furred, it really wasn’t all that bad. Now I know why dogs stuck their heads out windows... all those smells!

Now... a thing on Veterinarians...

Ever bring your pet into a vet, and watch what they do to a pet? Now, imagine you’re the pet. Sadistic bastards... I do *not* like thermometers laden with gel shoved up my butt!

“Oh stop complaining, t’was only a thermometer. Humans do that t’ small children all th’ time.”

“Yeah but I don’t remember having one shoved up my butt when I was a baby,” I ruffed as I got to ride back inside the cab. I was still in dog form, but Jana and I were still able to hold a conversation. “And what was all that about spaying me?”

“He be a vet, he was only doing his duty, child. It be what he supposin’ t’ be doin’ whenever a bitch comes in t’ his shop. Imagine Jake’s shock when they wanted to neuter him.”

I grumbled nonetheless till we got home... and the training continued.

I might’ve lost my mind through all this if not for the fact that Jake came to me in the middle of the night a couple of times. His dog form had more black in his coat than mine did, and he was able to sneak easily through the night. Even the coldest night made me feel warm with him against me. But also he was showing me a thing or two on how to keep warm that no one else bothered to tell me. But one night... the night before I was to return to the house for a week of light duty with real food and a real bed, he kissed me.

Well... it was a little more than him kissing me, it started out that way but it didn’t finish that way. No... we didn’t go all the way, but I think some making out and light petting went a long way. But I don’t think I was ever more receptive to a boy than at that moment... but then Jake wasn’t a boy now, was he? He was a man, a grown adult man... not one of these over privileged pups from high school wearing designer clothes and worrying about stupid nonsensical things. But then again... I wasn’t just a girl anymore, either.

Jake helped provide for his family while at the same time going to the branch of the University of Alaska here in Fairbanks. I didn’t know what he studied, I didn’t know what else he did, but I knew he was a boy struggling to be a man, and a man was far more preferable to me than a boy was now.

So then it was that thought that wound me on my back, thighs spread wide, with only his pants and the crotch pouch of my harness keeping me from getting laid for real for the first time. The feel of his hands on my face and breasts weren’t groping... like some boys thought you had to be, like you had to squeeze the tit so hard you made it pop. He understood that a woman was soft and gentle no matter how strong she looked. It was a few scant moments perhaps before we would’ve made love, and I was oh so ready for it...

But then a door opened and someone started calling my name.

“Minevera?! Minevera!?!?” the person called, and Jake moved away from me, hopping out a side door right before Jena, Purdy and Mishka arrived, Jena armed with a rifle, Purdy a shot gun and Mishka with a three-fifty-seven magnum. “We heard banging and Sheila thinks she saw a prowler! Are you ok?”

“Sure...” I said immediately. “But who would be so foolish as to be prowling around here?”

“If there is a prowler,” Mishka mentioned, stressing her I’s as E’s and rolling her R’s. “They don’t know what sort of women inhabit this place.”

“Dogs are hundreds of dollars apiece, and sled equipment can bring a really big snatch of change.” Jena mentioned and dangled the rifle in one hand.

“And you are a scantily-clad fem that cannot defend herself.” Purdy mentioned in her gruff German Accent.

Her implication couldn’t be missed. We were females after all... they feared me being taken advantage of.

“I saw no one.” I replied, but Purdy was testing the air with her nose.

“What is that I smell?” she asked. “It’s... a man’s scent.”

I decided to cover. “Could it be Jake’s? He was in here earlier.” It wasn’t a lie, but I left it to them to make assumptions that he must’ve been here hours earlier not moments earlier.

“Ah... Jake...” the three of them sighed in unison before recovering and looking fiercely at each other. Obviously Jake was still a matter of selfish desire among my new sisters.

“Maybe you should come inside... just in case.” Jena mentioned.

“I will not. I am not going to start this damned two week of friggin’ cold and finish because some guy creeping around!”

Jena, Purdy and Mishka all smirked at me as one. “That’s good.” Mishka smirked. “It’s the sort of mentality that will help you finish the race. After two weeks of running you’ll be thinking that same thing if you know what’s good for you. Thoughts like that mean you are strong! Like Mishka!” and she thudded her chest.

“No! Like Purdy!” Purdy thumped her flat chest. “No one is as strong as Purdy!”

“No! No one is strong like...” Mishka began but Jena stepped in between them.

“I swear... you two butt heads more often than a pair of bleating mountain goats. Get inside.” And she sent the two of them back to the house and exhaled an elder sister sigh. “All right... you can stay, but take this.” And she threw me the rifle. “Safety’s on, it’s a bolt action.” And then she turned and closed the door to the kennel behind her, and I sighed before looking around for Jake, who as soon as they left poked his head up in the window.

“It’s best I leave.” He told me as I got up and went to him. I felt more and more impassioned with every step I took till I was before him, and as if the two of us planned to, as if it was destined to, we kissed deeply; he leaning over the window to do so while I stood there quietly. His lips on mine were just as atomic as ever, and soon he was unclasping the bindings of my harness to feel my breasts again as I pushed my pelvis against the wall beneath the window.

And then he broke from me, raced across the yard, and with a single bound he leapt silently to the second story roof to where his room was – I didn’t know we could do that in human form – and he disappeared into his room.

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I didn’t sleep all that night, and when morning came and I was looked in on again by Sheila this time, she led the way up into the house. The lock on my collar was removed, the collar was dropped on my bed with the harness and I walked right into the shower room to where I stood with hands palming the wall and warm water pouring down my back and chest, dripping off erect nipples while I stood there slowly getting warm like they told me to. Every now and again I’d turn the heat on the knob, get used to that temperature and then turn it up again amidst squeezing or sucking milk from my tits... and feeling the trickle of nectar leaking from my loins.

So yeah... after having been up that night with a near sexual encounter and thinking of Jake all that night, I rubbed one out. ... ok... I rubbed a few out. If I were to go upstairs and face him while I was this tense I feared that I might jump his bones right at the table.

Two weeks of sweat and grime and unmet sexual expression were pouring off me, and lifting my face to the spray of the water I imagined I’d be using the entire heater’s allotment of hot water before I got out of this shower. I wanted to be toasty... and then I was going to put on that nice wool sweater and...

...And my ears twitched as I heard a grating sound... over the water it was barely heard but shortly thereafter there was a metallic click, and opening my eyes slowly, I saw now that there was one fixture between the knobs that was missing its tiny center plate. A smile slowly spread across my face as I turned slowly and then returned back again, feeling erotic now that I was the girl on display, and looking down at the hole, I lowered two fingers and placed them in the hole, only to feel a pair of man’s finger’s touch mine on the other side.

“Like what you see?” I sighed... but then the door to the showers opened.

“Oi! Min!” Anna called, the rosy, wiry little blond-haired, blue-eyed polish girl called in as I immediately removed my fingers and the plate over it clicked shut as Jake fled his peep hole.

“Yes?” I called back

“Breakfast is getting’ cold!” and Anna, with all her boundless energy, traipsed right back out of the shower and up the stairs.

I sighed... the peep show no longer on, but I did want a nice warm meal, so shutting off the water, I dressed in just that turtle-neck sweater and a pair of sweat bottoms with some nice warm wool socks and went off to breakfast.

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My chores started up again, but still were light. I had to study now for finals at school so I could graduate with my class, while at the same time learn more of these magical skills of a Pathfinder. That’s what the first day inside entailed... as if I could focus on that. I kept thinking of Jake’s kisses. It’d made me dizzy even until now... and his hands upon my breasts...

Crossing both legs I decided to take a short break, maybe get a little more sleep, but when I got down to the dorm in the basement, I was dismayed to find that nearly every last one of my sisters was already there. But... why were they all gathered around one of the two tables in the center of the room.

“What’s going on?” I blinked at this array.

“Shh!” they all said at once and then promptly returned to what they were looking at.

Now my curiosity was piqued. Approaching the table and leaning over a couple of my sisters in the back, I found myself suddenly looking at one of the most unexpected video ever:

Jake... naked... taking a shower and...

“Ho-lee...” I managed, seeing exactly how long Jake’s ram-lama-wing-wong-ling-long-ding-dong really was... “I-it’s down to his knees! How does he hide that?!”

“Shh... we know...” someone hissed and all eyes went back to watching the feed, to which it appeared as if Sheila was the owner of the laptop and the wireless system that was bringing us this voyeurism.

Eventually, however, all suds were washed, all recesses were cleaned, and Jake left the shower with a drawn out “Aww...” from all the fems here, and with the peep show over, they all left and went their separate directions, leaving Sheila alone again. Her popularity among the sisters lasted only so long as she could provide these few moments of showering of their favorite meat cake.

“Sheila... you surprise me.” I said quietly and sat next to her. “How did you hook this up?”

“Um... well...” and she blushed very, very deeply. “I decided to clean his room for him while he was away... as a present... and at the time I... just so happened to have this little mini camera I bought from a military surplus store, and... well... I slipped it into a fixture in his shower. It’s got a fiber optic cable and a battery and a short wave antenna and... and... you’re not interested.” She said and shrugged her shoulders.

“Sheila... you’re the smartest person in this house. Don’t mistake people’s misunderstanding for boredom. Just try not to talk over their heads.”

“Ah-k.”

“And this is very bold!”

“I... I got another one. It’s looking down on him as he sleeps. I... I think I like that view better.” She blushed even deeper. “It makes me feel safe knowing he’s in the house.”

I smiled a little for her. "Me too."

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And it came on a night in which I couldn't sleep. You get used to a bale of hay, and now you're in a nice warm bed and suddenly it's too hot for you. You kick the sheets off and now you're too cold. You put on your largest shirt and lie there and now you have thoughts swimming in your head of this great... big... dick in your mind's eye... and not to mention that you feel on fire on the inside, with the thrumming, strumming, throbbing, pulsating heart in your chest pounding thump-*thump*-**Thump** in your chest. You imagine the owner of that throbbing maleness above you, pressing your legs apart with his knees as he positions himself, and then...

A hand clamped down on my mouth and silenced me, and I gave off a muffled scream and turned to look at the owner of the hand, only to fall dumbstruck at the sight of Jake there. He lifted a finger to his lips to tell me to be quiet and then beckoned for me to follow, and lending a hand he helped me down from my bed.

He led me out of the dorm, careful to close the door to it quietly, and I followed quietly up the stairs and out the house, across the yard and into the barn where the sleds and the tack and harness were kept.

"Jake... what is this all about?" I asked when I was sure we were far enough away from prying ears as he slid the door to the barn shut.

He didn't look at me immediately; he just palmed the door with one hand.

"I... don't know." He admitted. "I didn't think past this point... I'm surprised it got this far, really... I honestly didn't think I would get to you at the back of the dorm and out again let alone this far." He managed a weak chuckle.

I smirked. "Surely you had an idea of what you wanted with me if you got to this point. Jake, it's past midnight, we're in the dark, it's cold, no one's awake, whatever it is you wanted you wanted to do with me... so... what?"

"Truth is," he said and turned partially to me, looked at me so intently in the dim that I could see his eyes shining in the darkness from a stray bit of light. "I wanted to see you."

A smirk rose up on my face. "Just see me? But you can see me in the morning."

"No I can't. Not when you have a mother and thirteen other fems who want your attention every waking hour while I'm here..." he sighed. "I haven't been thinking. I mean... I can't think, I can't sleep, every waking hour I just see... Tits and ass and pussy. It's enough to drive a guy nuts. But the truth is, when I'm thinking of things like that, I also I can't stop thinking about... you."

My lips pursed and my eyes widened a little in surprise, and approaching him, dressed only in panties and an over-sized shirt that hung off my breasts, and he stepped forward and took my hands in both of his automatically without needing to be bidden to do so.

"I want to kiss you." He told me.

"Kiss me?" I smiled, and stepped forward, and held his hands back. "Just to kiss me?" and he nodded vigorously, looking into my face and eyes. "Sure."

And at that moment he seemed like a young man in high school, trying to present himself to a girl, so he did the lip moistening lick with his tongue, and letting go of my hands he moved them to my face to cup it, sliding his hands against my cheeks. But unlike a young man, Jake cradled my face instead of grasping it, he bent, he pressed his lips against mine and...

Atomics.

The passion that rose up from this was immediate, and a simple kiss became lip sucking with a little tonguing. The teats upon the cones of my breasts erected so fast and hard they twanged, and my labial muscles swelled, spread and disgorged its clit within a matter of moments. I'd never become so sexually aroused and ready in my life, I'd never felt so ready, so willing to receive a mate.

A woman's body was a guardianship by her. She protected and guarded the objects of her femininity religiously... her breasts, her bottom, and most especially her sex were guarded at the utmost. To allow anyone else to see them let alone touch them other than herself was an extreme level of trust, an extreme level of acceptance. Even to allow a doctor into those places was an extreme measure of trust... so then... in that instant that he kissed me, my guards fell, my defenses obliterated and I let him in, literally giving this body to his desires... whatever he wanted!

We whirled, my back planting against the sliding door to the barn as we kissed and kissed, arousal becoming keen and proliferate as I palmed his chest... and shortly thereafter he palmed mine. His hands slid from my face, caressing the long muscular neck I had that led into the broad traps framing it, down over broad feminine clavicles and chorded womanly chest muscles that sloped into the conic swells of milk-filled glands of my breasts. He cupped the pair, massaged them both, his thumbs sliding back and forth over the cloth of the shirt I wore as milk began leaking from me, and I sighed as each twanging caress of my breasts made my mind explode with wave after rising wave of pleasure. My loins moistened into a trickle as they clenched around the clit, my heart massaging me as his fingers and hands caressed and felt.

My arms wrapped about his thick neck as his went downward, feeling each rib downward till his hands curved about the outer slopes of my hips and then backward to cup my bottom, and at that moment his lips began to move downward, kissing cheeks and neck as I swooned in his arms, holding on for dear life, fingers gripping his bare back as I wrapped a leg around his. This last action pressed my sex against his, and I felt... I felt... oh Lord!

Jake's blessing of sexual power... it was more than any man I even heard rumored to have. He could've made a life as a porn star with it, but instead he was quiet, he was withdrawn and led a simple life. Nevertheless, I felt his groin billowing beneath my sex, nads swelling, penis erecting, and gasping, looking down over the swells of my enlarged breasts and their erect teats, I saw his maleness swelling steadily outward... swelling larger and thicker, disgorging from his loins and pushing the elastic waistband outward, bowing the sweat pants outward and gapping that elastic deeply as it engorged right over my pussy.

My navel churned and rolled, readying its innards for the impending invasion while his nads and growing staff grew right within the bowl of my pelvis and thighs, and holding onto his shoulders I saw his maleness erecting out of the elastic band of his sweats!

Swallowing, turning my head to his kisses, lifting my chin, bearing its throat to him as he licked and kissed it, I then traced two paths from his shoulders, over his chest and erect nipples, down over his ribs and abs and then using only a pair of index fingers slid them up and down along his shaft. It leapt even as his hands slid underneath the lip of the seat of the panties I wore, gripping my bottom, cradling me till I climbed up onto his hips, till quite studiously I was carried to one of the waiting sleds, one of the longer ones. Jake took a great blanket and threw it over the arms of the sled's basket, the part of the sled between brush bow and handles, the part where people and equipment are stored within, and laying me down upon it as he sat on the edge of the sled, his hands grew more erotic as they traced their way up into the shirt I wore, feeling my naked flesh now as his fingers traced their way up to either of my breasts.

My eyes rolled back in their sockets, back arched deeply as my legs spread for him feeling his bare hands on my naked breasts for a few moments before his fingers caressed their way downward again, only this time he laid kisses on ribs and navel, pelvis... and gripping the straps of the panties guarding me and pulling them down my legs, his kisses were soon landing upon my sex.

He paused only so long as to remove my underwear, and then bowing over my loins, holding me by the sides just beneath the ribs, I felt his mouth kiss the lips of my sex, right before I was probed by his tongue.

I couldn't help but release an audible moan that time, gripping the blanket I was laying against while my loins grew wet from his tongue licking and the nectar leaking from me that he lapped up with a tongue that was growing into a dog's tongue; broad-headed... and very, very wet. My nails scraped his back; a hand gripped his hair as I closed both eyes and bit my lower lip. Unlike when I was with Amak, which was in spirit, this was real! This was intensely electric, as if he was made for me from the very beginning of the universe. We were meant to do this, it was necessary, and if we didn't then it felt like the whole of creation would unravel. He made me shiver, he made me whimper and shake, he got me sopping wet, nearly to orgasm even... and then he was rising, pushing my shirt upward, ever upward and off up over my head.

And there I was... naked... naked and ready. So sitting forward I helped him off with his sweat bottoms, seeing that bulbously thick and lengthened man-horn of his still steadily expanding. I swallowed, surprised it took a male so long to get aroused... but it was impossibly growing, muscling, growing heady with throbbing veins, and I bit my lower lip in the thought of being penetrated by that.

But with him naked, and me naked, both of us strenuously aroused, he leaned toward me, bracing himself with either hand gripping the gunwales of the sled at first till he wrapped me with one strong arm. I had a hunch that I'd grown stronger than he was in my human form, but that was just a moment of comparison before he cradled me, kissed me and I grasped hold of his prick with both hands.

Though my arms were strong, that horn of his was as hard and as sturdy as if it were the horn of a rhinoceros. I could barely shift it... and it kept... growing... bigger!

Stroking its length, going from massaging its flared head to cupping his balls as we made out, I kept trying to leverage the powerful thing, put it in me... get it in me... "Nf..." I moaned, whimpered, till finally he gripped himself, handling it easily with one hand... angled it...

He was new at this, tried for me but missed a couple times, but when that hot head met my hot vaginal lips... and then he started to push...

For several long terse moments I lost myself. I couldn't remember who I was, I couldn't remember what I was, where I was... nothing... the only thing that existed was him and me coupling at an impossibly slow rate, our loins joining like that as I felt the two lips of mine fold open, spreading wide and then straining wider! Wider and wider still! The throbbing, beating and pulsating strength and power of his male form invaded me, penetrating deeper, distending my navel as it arched higher and higher, pushing parts of my insides aside as each muscle rib strummed the chords of the two vaginal lips, the clit bobbing up and down over each ridge as well. He wasn't even fully in when I orgasmed... and hard, the balloon popping in my bowels and flooding my inside with slippery yet sticky fluids that allowed his passage into me to be only slightly eased.

It was an intense mixture of pleasure and pain, and I screamed so loud and hard that the sound that escaped my throat was little more than a choking whine as my arms and legs moved to wrap and hold onto him to me. He pulled my butt cheeks apart to ease the penetration, and that invasion felt like it went on *forever!* Forever and ever... penetrating to the very womb of my body, till finally, with a light tap, he slid into me to his hilt. The pain of this sexual experience was debilitating, mind-destroying, so erotic that despite that this was my first time the pain of the hymen ripping was barely even noticed by me.

And then he bit me.

As a human... that right there would've frightened the hell out of me, but my mind translated the bite into something even more erotic instead for some reason. I gripped his hair even as his teeth penetrated my skin, those teeth growing into fangs even as he began to suck and swallow, and I felt myself burning as I blushed across the cheeks, across the breasts, in my loins and bottom, right before I orgasmed even harder! Just like a vampire or something he was lapping at my blood, drinking it before he came up and swallowed deeply with a snarl, his teeth glistening red with my blood as he gave off a growling bark and thrust to my deepest depths, and I gasped, faint as I saw his ears long and his nose black and eyes wide with long fangs in his mouth. Deep lamb chops and wild hair decorated his head while a tuft of black hair had grown between his usually bare chest muscles... and I whimpered as I felt that cock in me growing still, lengthening longer, and wider, nads swelling as they rested against my loins and bottom...

He was changing, I saw as he bent and licked my throat, licking me like a dog might with that lengthened and broadened tongue while he alternated by cradling me, gripping the gunwales and massaging my tits, and I moaned low and shivered as the girth of his invading cock was so grand it was spreading my opening to the fullness of my pelvic bone.

When its girth began to hurt me was when I began to shift as well, almost as if by automatic, my ears lengthening, bones thickening, muscles bubbling while from between the layered vaginal lips and the thick meat penetrating them, our comingled love juices were leaking from me.

Nails turned to claws, teeth to fangs, ears lengthening as my chest expanded and bulged with growing mammary goodness. Ten more nipples clenched along my bodice from chest to navel, with the pectorals separating into a layered pair of two immensely chorded sets.

Tail bone turned outward and lengthened and warming white, gray and black fur rose up all over my bodice as he now dipped his head to suck from my expanding breasts amidst rocking into me, stirring me, throttling me and I gripped his growing mane and held him to my chest as I panted and groaned.

We gripped hands tightly as I sighed and moaned, his penetrating slides moving in and out, in and out with this notching sensation of stress and release, stress and release over and over again from my tight pussy lips and clit rolling repeatedly about his cock. Muscles popped and billowed rapidly in me as my back heaved, and soon I was pressing against the gunwales. Fearful not to break the sled, and heeding an instinct in me... I attacked him.

My motion flipped him onto the floor before the brush bow while the engorging power of all this feral chaotic wild power rippled in me, dull thuds echoing from inside my body as muscles popped, my breasts compressing against his chest as I quickly outgrew him, back arching and deepening as it rose into a muscle hump, and snarling, opening my jaw as it pushed outward, teeth lengthening, I snapped my head downward and bit him back, clamping my jaws around his trapezoidal muscle tasting the passion-enriched blood that was in him, and feeling it explode inside me. My hips rocked and rolled as I rode him like he was a saddle horn, and the race of the two of us growing made pressure inside my loins that was intense!

The small-large, big-small throbbing and deepening, penetrating growth of his maleness kept surging deeper and deeper into me while I grew over him, legs spread wide as they engorged and billowed, tendons standing out like pistons on a car, butt muscles rounding outward and rippling with individual muscle fibers, my cunt disgorging washes of ejaculate as I felt my innards rolling and clenching, clamping down on that invasive cock.

My mouth opened as I showed him my fangs that were dripping with saliva; long teeth that were sharp and pearly white parted as I gave a low bark at him and licked those teeth and lips with a long and flat tongue briefly before I rolled and snarled and then snapped my teeth around the tightening bridge of his neck and shoulder and began to engorge myself on his blood. Immediately a surge of erotic-hot blood lanced into my mouth as I swallowed his blood repeatedly, gorging myself on his life blood and tasting the tangy, acidic masculine power rushing into me.

And then I reared and snarled as he had, teeth reddened and hot as they dripped with my mate's blood on them before I swallowed the last and arched at the same time as orgasming a flood onto his lap and loins, thrusting my ever expanding tits out into the air before me. The four largest bounced and rolled away from each other, splattering milk every which way as I humped, swallowed more, licking the blood off my teeth and then lowered my gaze to him while we rolled and cajoled our loins together.

He gripped my body as it grew in his hands, his fingers tightening about me as my belly bubbled with additional abdominals, chest muscles rolling outward and tits surging and growing into bowling balls and then medicine balls and then beanbag chairs. His blood in me was strengthening me, making me grow larger, faster, making muscles unfold to new thicknesses as I rode that cock, panting with eyes closed so as to better feel that sensation.

I felt muscles exploding and sloughing off, being forced aside as bones flared and thickened, my tail rolling outward and coiling above my tightened bottom, and amidst my humping maneuvers I was thrown sideways now, laying spread eagle on my back as my chest deepened and my back thickened so much it lifted me to an incline, and opening one eye as I gripped the front of a tit and the nipple inside it, I saw Jake pounding that pussy as he too billowed, his cock once again becoming increasingly tighter inside me as it deepened, his strokes lengthening as his throat deepened and I looked upon his hybrid form for the first time.

I'd seen him as a dog, I'd seen him as a human... this was the first I'd seen his hybrid form. He was lean still, leaner than me, as his body unfolded from the inside, expanding with a titan's growth nonetheless, but as he grew, it was like all his body's strength and power was forced into the tip of his horned spear that was penetrating me, invading my powerful loins as if they were nothing in order to pleasure me.

And he humped... and he pumped... and he blew my insides in!

Stretching out before him, feeling his hands tweaking my nipples and breasts, he even jacked himself off before I reached down to help him, massaging his cock as he tried to get off in me. I imagined it'd take time as I neared the end of my transformation while he still grew and enlarged himself, till sure enough his strokes started to shorten, he gripped my hips, and then with one forceful thrust he pressed against me, eyes wide, teeth gritted in a snarl that leaked frothing saliva onto my bodice, and then...

I moaned low as that first lance of semen was ejected into my body... followed by an explosive second, and then a reactor splitting third, and soon a thick, milky fluid bubbled and frothed from me as he came and came... my belly distending as he filled it, the pressure growing beyond his or my ability to hang on and he slipped out.

At first there were several long streaming lances that leapt from his cock and splattered my abs and the undersides of my breasts before he gripped his head, panting as he humped his hand while sticky ejaculate slipped between the fingers. Not knowing what I was thinking I rose and lifted him, planting him on my ribs first so that he sat on my tertiaries, right before I stuffed my nose in his hand and caught the head of his cock in my mouth before pressing my breasts around his cock, massaging that long red-hot growth of his between them as I drank deeply of his seed.

It was instinct, I didn't know why till I swallowed the first tangy and buttery wash of his man-milk. He began to fuck my mouth as I drank deeper, and I... *absorbed*... strength from him. Thighs, chest and back, forearms, biceps and triceps engorged as neck thickened and my body grew ever the larger and larger still, beating and pulsating with ripping and expanding muscle. But then again this sexual act was doing the same to him. Jake's nursing and licking of my pussy had added to his sexual power as it just kept growing in my mouth, and I learned that as a part of a Lycan's body... they generated fluids as quickly as they healed... so my milk and his '*milk*' lasted for a long... long time.

## Chapter 9: Teammates

Stealing the blanket, wiping up our juices and leaving the barn doors open when we left to clear the funk, we retreated into the forest where we continued our lovemaking – pardon the expression – *‘Doggy Style’*.

My smaller mate embraced me from behind as I leaned against a tree, feeling him cupping our conjoined sexes with one hand and caressing my front and belly with the other. Afterwards, with me leaning against the tree, and *me* exhausted, we were front to front as he sucked from the milk of my body as he humped my aching pussy even more. It was an ache, but I liked the ache.

Those who said that males had no staying power obviously had never met Jake. Seriously... Ron Jeremy never had this much energy. He worked me into exhaustion...

As such... all that lovemaking had made us both rather dirty, and thankfully with Alaska being so volcanic as it was, Jake showed me a hot spring no one else knew about where we could bathe each other. Amidst cuddling and kissing... and that only led to more lovemaking. A part of me thought it was weird, me laying at the edge of the spring, breasts in the water, Jake throttling my pussy while he licked my back, while the other part of me thought that it was one of the most comforting moments in my life.

Around four in the morning though we had to return to the house where we kissed... and kissed again... and very nearly made love right then and there for a fourth time. Jake was a dog with a bone... to coin a phrase, and he was rather energetic with it. It was a tumultuous thing to separate from each other in that moment.

And then I was struck with an odd moment. This is what I wanted, this is what I sought for... what all the fems in the house save for his own mother have sought for with him... and I got it! I was triumphant! But... what about more... what about something deeper? I wanted to tell him I that I loved him, or at least I was pretty sure I did... but I didn't want to frighten him. I feared he might have a fear of commitment. So instead...

“Thank you... for tonight.” I told him.

“It was a pleasure... literally.” He smirked and neared again. “I'd... like to do it again sometime. Though perhaps... dinner and a movie first? I feel that the only thing between us shouldn't just be sex.”

Perhaps commitment wouldn't be a problem.

“I agree.” I smiled, biting my lower lip.

I felt... girlish, as if I were the girl that the hot guy at school had sole interest in, but then he kissed me, and then entered the house, and I smirked impishly at his butt. Naked still myself, with shirt and panties gathered over one hand, I made my way into the house to go shower before anyone else woke up.

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“Oi! Someone left the barn doors open last night!” Joey announced as she came in from outside with an armload of wood for the wood burning stove.

“Tsk! Is anything stolen?” Jena asked.

“Looks like just a blanket...” Joey replied and planted the wood by the stove in the kitchen.

“Never mind a blanket.” Jana announced as she entered the dining room at that moment. “If someone be wantin' t' break in t' steal a blanket in this cold, then they be welcome t' it. Now off with ye all, get t' yer chores.” Jana mentioned as I rose to go place my plate in the sink and again do the dishes in preparation of cleaning the kitchen when Jana caught me by the arm, and once the last of her girls was out of sight she gave me a peck of a kiss on the cheek.

“What was that for?” I blinked.

“Fer making me boy a man.” She smirked and my eyes went as wide as dinner plates.

“H-how did...”

“How did I know? Child... ye can wipe th’ evidence off an’ dull th’ scent t’ human noses, but ye canno’ remove th’ change onna spirit’s form... or the comingling of spirits that happens when a boy an’ a girl mate. When a person makes love their spirits shift in opposition to the gender they make love with. Me boy be decidedly male this morning, an’ ye be decidedly female, an’ ye now share strengths with each other. Doesn’t take much o’ a Pathfinder t’ determine what path th’ two o’ ye took last night.” She smirked with a wink. “Just remember... I want grand-pups!” she announced and patted my belly before leaving and I stood there dumbly.

Suddenly I was struck with a far more serious part of a relationship, and I wondered at that moment, couldn’t help but wondering actually:

What would it be like to be the mother of Jake’s child?

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Jana managed to get me set up as a Post Secondary Enrollment Opportunity Program student on the premise that I was over eighteen and could get an internship. It qualified for business and math courses so long as I did certain rudimentary tasks. By the time it came time to graduate in the spring, I would have high school and college credits underneath my belt.

Jana was a person who could stretch a dollar; I saw... getting one thing to count for several other things was just a step away from that. On the premise that I was learning a business, and a detailed business at that, I was also taking the equivalence of Women’s Studies – how could I not be at the moment – Inuit American Indian studies – based upon the lessons of becoming a Pathfinder qualifying as a study in Mysticism, amidst occasionally minding the store and so on, which as I mentioned was Business and Math.

Just like everyone else at The Lodge, I was taught the basics on everything during my light duty days that week... the premise is so that I could get an idea of all aspects of this business. I was taught how to groom the dogs and check them for basic problems. One dog had been chewing on his harness and got a sliver of steel stuck between his teeth and we had to pull the sliver out with a pair of needle nose pliers. I was likewise taught how to make each of the harness pieces for each dog, and later spent a couple days making a basic sled to sell, under supervision of course. Mine was a short sled, meant for training or hobby mushers with a small group of dogs.

It was on a Friday, with my sled complete, that I was to take out and ‘*exercise*’ the dogs.

“So... what are we doing here? Do we just hook them up to a harness and let them run around the yard?” I asked hopefully, following Chinook this time.

“No, eh. These dogs are athletes! You don’t just let athletes run around a short track with a leash.” Chinook laughed and opened the tack and harness shed. I looked at the shed’s collection and assortment of harnesses with names on them, and with arms opened I was given six harnesses and the bow and tug lines and so on for all six dogs.

Chinook directed me in harnessing each of the six dogs I was being assigned to exercise, till one of them, a tough white male with icy blue eyes bit me.

“Ow! He bit me!”

“Bite him back, eh.” Chinook laughed. “He needs to know you’re the musher, not him.”

“Bite him?” I blinked as the dog barked loudly at me. “How?”

“However you like... let him know you’re the boss!”

No... I didn't bite him, but what I did do was get on all fours and stare at the dog like Jana did. The big white dog barked at me, but after a moment or two lowered his tail and whined, backing up and laying down on his belly. Still staring him down, I hitched him up and hooked him to the lines.

"Wow, eh. I thought mother was the only one that could do that."

I merely nodded and stood, lifting my hand and the six dogs all looked up at me expectantly. Good... fine... I was the boss... now what?

"Now no matter what... don't let go, eh. Dogs aren't as smart as you and I are, and if they lose their musher they'll just keep on running till they kill themselves."

"Thanks... for the info." I grit out and gripped the handle and balanced on the runners – the two skids behind the sled a musher stood on – and Chinook called out "Ye-hah" and both teams leapt forward.

Chinook was handling sixteen dogs while I had only the six, and there were a couple times where I thought I was going to be thrown, but they passed. Once I got the feel for it, the rush of the trees as the dogs ran as fast as dogs could go, pulling me and the short sled along behind them... I actually began to enjoy it.

As was mentioned before, The Lodge was located right off the Iditarod. If not for the fact that it was a place harboring sixteen lycanthropes, Jana might actually set herself up as a relay station... but then again The Lodge was really early along the trail, so even if she were a relay station, it wouldn't be a place where mushers would stop by all likelihood.

Regardless, by the time Chinook found a turnabout and led the way back to The Lodge, I wanted to go again.

I was dreading the next period of hazing though, which was steadily coming up on me. Wilderness survival was a must for a musher, and it was expected that the dog would know it instinctively. So the next three weeks meant that we were going to go deeper into the forest, wherewith I would get to spend three weeks with Jena... adversely, it also meant I wouldn't be able to see Jake for three weeks as well.

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There was a sauna in The Lodge... it was a common fixture in a lot of Alaskan lodges and large homes like this one. It was a simple luxury that could be supplied inexpensively by a brazier with hot coals and a log wooden box sealed with tar or some similar sealant. This one was big and it took three days to get it heated with slow burning coals used to heat a collection of rocks sitting on top of a wood burning stove. It had a good interior too, made of smooth wooden slats on two tiers, and the day before I was going to go out into the cold again I wanted to feel the warmth. So with a room filled with the haze of steam in it, I laid naked on a towel on one of the upper tiers, resting on arms and breasts and enjoying some music from a small MP-three player I'd borrowed from Sheila.

Sheila had been quickly becoming my friend, and while Sheila was a friend Camille was an enemy. Every sisterhood probably had this sort of thing... you get enough females in a group and their synergy started working off each other, but invariably there was a fem in the group each woman had as a dear and everlasting friend, and there was one fem who became a complete and utter bitch that one hated.

This was my life though... I had family, I had a mother... and... I had a lover now.

It was even as I was thinking these things that I felt a hand alight upon my bottom, cupping the firm and smoothly rounded mass and rising I viewed Jake coming to sit with nothing but a towel on behind me.

"Hmm... hey." I smiled and I lifted my legs so he could sit behind me, my breasts wobbling heavily with their thick glandular development that were each wrought with heavy creamy milk at the moment.

"I'd been hoping I could take you to a movie before you left, but it was all for naught. I'm going to miss you though."

I turned onto my side, his hand moving from bottom to thigh as I did, his other massaging my feet, and I smiled genially at him. This was the direction I wanted his words to go. I wanted him to keep going in that direction... keep walking down his... I stopped in that thought, blinking in wonder at the fact that I'd thought it, but nonetheless I completed the thought.

...keep going down that path.

"Miss me? How much will you miss me?"

He smirked. "I'll pine for you and howl at the moon at night so you can hear me in the mountains." He told me and slid his hand down to my calf while still working the sole of one foot. "Not that I can escape you anymore."

"Not that you could..." I was confused. What on earth did that mean? "Jake..."

But then the door opened and I straightened with another wobbling of tits, right as Camille entered and opened her towel to reveal her primp and precise feminine form in all its glory. I was jealous of her that she could look so beautiful, and I hated her because despite all that fine beauty she was still a bitch beneath it all. Her fine hair wrapped with a damp towel she looked up and gleed.

"Oh! I didn't think there would be anyone else here. Hi Jake."

She didn't even acknowledge my presence! Ooh! I fumed that she'd interrupt this moment.

Her body was so perfect, a twelve on a scale of ten, with full rounded breasts, full rounded hips, narrow belly and trim arms and supple legs, she was graceful, fine... and a *bitch!*

Jake said nothing as Camille made a show of sitting, turning to lay down her towel and bending over directly across from us so Jake could see her behind and sex. She then turned and showed off the wobble of her breasts as she sat and made a show of arching one leg far higher than was necessary to cross it before she laid back and rested her arms on the tier above her.

"Oh that hits the spot." She mentioned and then withdrew a bottle of oil that she'd brought with her and proceeded to rub the oil into her flesh to make it glisten and shine... and then stopped. "Tsk... Jake... be a dear and rub this into my skin? All this humidity is bad for you lest you open your pores."

I looked to Jake, tried to will him not to, but nonetheless... he was a gentleman. So he rose, slipping from beneath my legs and stepping to Camille, and I watched in agony as Jake had to lay his hands upon that bitch and rub her oils into her body till she was glistening and slippery. She made cooing sounds and sounds of pleasure when he got to her breasts and lower belly, and then she laid down and got a free massage out of it.

"Hnn... Jake your hands are like magic." She said and rolled onto her back, breasts wobbling about as she lifted one knee and let it fall open to lie against the tier above it. If there ever was a more inviting display to a man... "Hnnn... You can touch this body all you want with hands like that."

"Th-thank you." He blinked, and I glared at him. Perhaps I shouldn't've, because Camille caught on it.

"Your hands are magical, Jake." She said and took one of his hands and pressed it against her fat tit. "Do you know how much I admire you?"

"Y-you do?"

"Of course." She murred and then sat up and arched her body, legs wide. "We aren't brother and sister... not really-real." She said in a simpering way, guiding his hand about her tit, rubbing it about so he got a good feel of it. "But the truth of the matter... the real truth... is that I've been infatuated with you." She grabbed his bottom and felt it as she rubbed her bodice against his hard abs. "If you want me... someone to keep you warm at night... you only have to ask." And she giggled and eyed me from underneath Jake's arm.

"Camille, I-I'm honored... and I'm... I-I'm..." Jake managed, trying to get away from her, but he was only doing it half-heartedly.

“Take me... I’m all yours.” And she pulled Jake’s towel open and I rose immediately.

“That’s it!” I barked, my face contorting monstrously as my body spasmed in a partial transformation, ears extending to points and face pushing forward to better support fangs. “You get your damn hands off him you bitch!”

“Why Minevera... whatever is the matter? It’s not like you have claim on our dear adoptive brother.” She giggled and maneuvered herself, planting kisses on Jake’s body, her breasts pressing about his dick, and I don’t know what angered me the most at that moment, the fact that she was doing this or the fact that Jake was allowing it, but I surged to my feet, stumbled down the levels of the wooden tiers, pulled my knuckles back on one hand as I pulled Jake forcibly aside and then swung with my drawn back hand.

There was a crack, a burst of blood and a scream of outrage from Camille as I knocked her sideways.

I was raised with sixty other children, half of them boys. I was used to rough and tumble... so perhaps I was a bit of a tomboy, so regardless, I knew how to scuffle.

“My face!” she shrieked and then she turned on me, and with Jake thrown back and Camille and I changing right then and there, the pair of us bubbling with muscle, expanding tits, feminine ferocity tearing through our lovely faces, we began to claw at each other, stumbling out of the sauna and rolling around on the concrete floor just outside of it.

“You bitch!” I snarled.

“Cunt!” she bellowed back, her voice distorting.

“Whore!” we called each other at the same time.

But as the fight drug on, Camille was rapidly finding out that I’d grown a lot over the past couple weeks, my muscles bulged thicker than hers, my height grew greater than hers, and soon I was outweighing her by more than twice over, and I think it truly struck her as I gripped her by arm and leg, gave her a brief helicopter ride and then threw her hurtling against a wall, breaking the drywall and heaving her into the concrete retaining wall.

And then I howled, deep and bellowing, my eyes wide and pupils dilated to the edges as I snapped and popped with even more strength from the rage, and leaping across the distance that divided us, I grabbed her ankle and pulled her to me, slapped her up into the ceiling and down into the floor. I wasn’t thinking at all, the rush of strength and power had charged my brain, and I was lost in a bloodthirsty rage. I wanted to kill her, I wanted to...

A sucker punch landed on the side of my head, dazing me and knocking me sidelong onto my side, and when I looked up I saw Mishka popping and snapping with strength, her clothing ripping from her body as she transformed while cracking her knuckles. Jena and several of the others were descending the stairs in a hurry.

“Stay down.” Mishka stated as I shook my head and rose slowly, I didn’t care that she was there. I wanted Camille, I wanted to rip her guts out, and bellowing another howl, I surged for Camille who turned and cowered before me while Mishka threw herself into harm’s way. “Great... MAKER! S-she’s berserking! I can’t hold her!” Mishka shouted before I threw her off, and reaching Camille I got a couple more hits on her, bloodying and bruising that pretty face of hers even more before two more bodies threw themselves against me, pulling me back while a third forced my hand open.

I was held back by Mishka and now Purdy, their combined strength now enough to hold me as I howled while Jena poured something all over a rag and shoved the rag in my face.

The wave of smells hit me like a dump truck filled with bricks, and the explosion in my mind as I breathed in the fumes sent a sickening, lurching leap in my face that the wild power in me shrank from... and the rage subsided and I calmed, muscles deflating, breasts shrinking and leaking their milk in squirting jets as I slowly slumped in the arms that held me which soon shifted immediately to hold me with two half-nelsons. I tried fighting the smell, shaking my head to try to kill Camille, but the feral instincts shunted

away, leaving a weak human being in control of this great titaness's body, and unable to handle all that power, that body began to deflate and fold back in on itself, and I slowly became human... right before I passed out.

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<THIS IS ME... UNCONCIOUS> → ‘.^.’

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I awoke in a great big bed, covered with a blanket, and feeling very, very weak. Everything ached, like I'd worked out and the lactic acid still permeated every sinew. My bones felt like they'd all been twisted as I awoke groggily, feeling sick with the flu despite what Jana said that we don't get sick.

That truck filled with bricks feeling still permeated my head, and as I moved I felt a jingle against my neck, and feeling upward I felt a collar around my neck, a tightened collar this time, with a lock on it. But not just a tiny lock or a thin collar, this was a heavy leather collar with studs of silver in it that tingled against my skin and a great big pad lock, the kind they show being shot with a gun and it still held its lock.

"How d' ye feel, child?" a gentle voice asked, and looking through the darkness I saw a pair of eyes watching me, they were yellow and shining through the darkness, but the voice couldn't be anything other than Jana's.

"Mm... mom. I... how'd I get here? It feels like I dreamed my way up here."

"Very well ye did, baby." She said and rose and moved to me, and she pulled me closer to her. I was wearing panties and a shirt now. "Ye've encountered th' darker side o our species, Min, one that I hope none of me babies ever have to find, but ye be a wild creature deep inside... more'n most I think. We be feral creatures, though as dogs we be tamer than our cousins, but nevertheless, there still be instances that can bring th' rage out o' ye."

"Mm..." I palmed my head. "Rage?"

"Ye got angry, baby." She told me and pushed some of my hair out from away from my face. "Ye got angry enough where th' wolf in ye took over, an' th' human side pretty much said: *'be back inna hour'*. Sheila calls it *'hulkin' out'* after her comic books, but we as a species call it th' Rage... or Berzerkin'."

"I... remember someone... using that word." I shook my head. "I can't remember."

"Nor would ye. Ye know those stories o' th' Wolfman? They's be turnin' into a monster an' when they wake up they canno' remember how they got there or how they got covered with blood? Those stories came from our kin. It... happens. Anger be a bad, bad, *bad* thing for us, Min. Ye know ye must avoid it, but when it comes... it's so... addictive. It be givin' ye such power! Such strength... all ye wanna do is use it, but it makes ye do bad things Min."

"K-Kill. I... I wanted to kill her. I wanted to... oh no..." I was on the verge of tears as I realized what might be, but Jana covered my lips to silence me.

"No child... she still be alive. Though hear tell from me boy Jacob I think she be getting' what she deserved for tempting ye. Which brings me to another subject, child..."

"This secret relationship ye have with Jacob... ye either need t' turn a blind eye t' it when me other girls wish t' flirt and privy t' Jacob's desires... or ye an' Jake need t' come clean about it."

I shrank from her. Neither of those choices were desirable... both were dangerous.

"I don't want to do either of those things." I told her and she exhaled a sigh that only a knowing mother might.

“I know lass, but ye need t’ decide with Jacob which o’ those things ye want t’ do.”

I fidgeted and looked to her. “H-how... how did they stop me anyways?”

“Wolves Bane mixed with ether.” She told me. “I keep a supply of it around just in case. An’ this...” she rubbed a stud on my collar that glinted. “Be silver. Lycans have a adverse reaction t’ silver, even if it be touchin’ their skin. But fer ye, it appears as if it only irritates ye. T’ others even skin contact can burn them with fire. We need to kill th’ rage in ye, child, in any way that we can, an’ though th’ wolves bane an’ th’ collar be helpin’ that... Min, if not fer yer sisters, ye would’ve killed Camille. In that light I need t’ force a decision on ye an’ Jacob. I be believin’ that ye both should fess up t’ th’ relationship. It be makin’ yer lives easier if ye be gettin’ it over with.”

“But...”

“No buts child. There be no reason fer ‘*buts*’ in this conversation.” She held my face and made me look at her. “Inna fit o’ rage, ye nearly killed a person. Notwithstanding that Camille can sometimes be iritatin’ she still be me daughter an’ she still be yer sister. Any buts ye might come up with only be supportin’ that feral beastie inside ye... do ye understand?”

I nodded... slowly.

Jana kissed my forehead and then let go of my face before standing up and exhaled, running a hand through her hair. “I didn’ know that rising so many girls could be so tiresome... but this not be th’ first fight I be stoppin’, an’ it probably not be th’ last. Oh... an’ by th’ way... ye need t’ come up with a decision before ye an’ Jena leave tomorrow.”

“Aww... I still gotta leave?!”

“Sure’n ye do.” She smirked. “Ye stay here ye work, an’ ye work t’ support th’ team, an’ ye be part o’ that team. I be sending Jacob in t’ ye inna bit.” And she left me alone.

When there were two people in love with the same person it was called a love triangle. So what was it called when there were fourteen women in love with one guy?

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Camille’s face had visible but fading bruises, and as we entered the room we growled at each other, but I was glad to see that she was wearing a collar too. The whole family was here now, well almost... we were waiting for Jana here in the family room.

“I’m telling you... there’s no way she can be that strong unless something happened.” Sheila was telling several of our sisters.

“Like what? Sex? With who?” China mentioned.

“Do I *need* to spell it out for you? There’s Camille...”

“Uh-huh.”

“Naked.”

“Ya-huh.”

“And there was Jake... also naked.”

“Oh.”

“And Min... naked also...”

“Ohh...”

“And what do we girls fight over more than anything else in the whole wide world that would make us kill each other over the cause?”

“Ohhh! You mean that... that...”

“That I was defending my guy.” I said aloud and all eyes including Camille’s turned to me. “Yeah... I think you call it a mating. We mated. Lovemaking... sex... whatever you want to call it... and I just couldn’t let this... that...” and I pointed at Camille with an accusing finger that despite my collar nevertheless grew a claw on its tip to punctuate the point, and then I growled at her, baring my teeth. “...Disgusting SLUT! Touch Jake!”

“Slut?!” Camille scoffed.

“Slut! Look at you. You have perfect hair, perfect body, perfect walk and poise you used to have a perfect face...” I said and Camille snarled as Jana slid quietly into the room beside Jake who was stunned into silence at the moment. “Well not now in any ways” I smirked. “But...you may have it again...” Camille growled louder. “...But look what you do with it. You think you’re *so* much better than everyone else on the planet because you have these things. Well... beauty is fleeting!”

“For humans maybe!” Camille shot back, and she and I became the focus of a shouting match across the room. “But I’m a Lycan... and I’m French! Beauty is forever... doubly so for me! But you’re just a silly, ugly American.” And she stuck her tongue out at me and folded her arms beneath her great big bosom.

It was like a ping pong match, the others were just looking back and forth between us as the blows were shot back and forth. Her comments of calling me an *‘ugly American’* went completely by Pax, Chinook, Brianna and Cecelia, all of whom were considered American... The insult would sting even Jake! She only cared to try to hurt me.

“Never judge a book by its cover.” I said quietly and Camille turned furiously back at me. “Guess that goes for all of us then, doesn’t it you stupid frog.”

Camille rounded on me. “What... did you just call me?” she said dangerously.

“A no account, cowardly, disgusting... FROG!” I barked out and Camille snarled as several of the others got in between us, I merely stood there as Poly and Joey shoved Camille back till she controlled herself. “Look at you. Just look at you. You’re... freaking... *beautiful!* Yes... all right... you’re beautiful. You’re sexual... you’re erotic even, but inside you’re a cold-hearted disgusting *bitch!* And I’m not referencing the fact you’re a female dog, I’m calling you a bitch-bitch... you’re a bitch’s bitch. You exemplify absolutely every last beautiful thing on the outside but you are equally ugly on the inside. You are the most ugly person I’d ever known... and believe you me... I’ve know a few. I went to public school after all. Every shallow, pedantic, self-absorbed, shit-brained, blond-haired, blue-eyed *BITCH* that ever populated middle and high schools in the world, you’re her. Oh you are so her. You’re mean just for the sheer sake of being mean! That’s the kind of bitch I’m calling you.”

“It doesn’t matter... I’m pretty.” Camille said and stamped her heel and turned her back on me with nose up in the air.

“Typical.” I smirked. “Even your mannerisms are arrogant and conceded. Well if you’re so beautiful Camille... why are you here... with us dogs?”

All heads snapped to me, shocked that I’d bring that to light, and then they snapped to Camille as her shoulders hunched.

“Apparently you weren’t *that* beautiful. What’s the matter? Not prize enough to be married off to some European Wolf Prince? But wait... what’s this... you’re not in Europe. You’re not the princess of some great Pack... you’re in the middle of Alaska, an *American* State, changed into a *DOG!* You’re an outcast... they looked at you, picked you from the littler, and cast you off because you weren’t pretty enough, you weren’t good enough, you didn’t fit the right parameters of *perfect* in someone’s mind. They booted you out, and God bless Jana for taking pity on you, else wise you wanna know where you’d wind up?”

Camille’s shoulders trembled, but I carried on.

“Ghetto trash.”

“**SHUT UP!**” Camille screamed so loudly that one of the picture panes cracked in the room. “I’m pretty... I’m beautiful...”

“You’re an ugly stuck up frog-bitch! Honestly... I don’t care how you look... outside.” And I waved my hands over her. “You are rotten inside... perhaps that’s what they couldn’t stand. You had this bitch in you and they smelt it out and cast you aside as if you were nothing... trash... *garbage*.”

“The truth of the matter is... the proof of the matter is... you don’t even have a reason to be the way you are what you are.” Camille was crying, and it felt... satisfying. I wanted her to cry, felt she needed to cry partly because of the hurt she caused, but there was something else inside me, guiding these actions. It told me she *needed* to cry. “So here I saw this tainted, ugly, disgusting, conniving, disreputable creature trying to play for Jake’s affections... you’re not worthy of him, you can’t have him... you’re a slut! You’re not worth his time. The fact that you *dared* to touch him... touch the man I... fell in love with... fell for the moment I saw him, I couldn’t, wouldn’t let that happen, and something instinctual in me had to punish you for the deed. It was instinct.” I shrugged. “Everyone else in this room has admirable traits... strength,” I gestured to Mishka and Purdy. “Intelligence and Wisdom,” Sheila and China. “Kindness,” everybody. “But you... apparently the only traits you think are worthy of mention are that you’re beautiful,” I held up a finger and set myself at a jaunty poise. “And that you’re French.”

“Pshaw... is that it? What about Chinook... who’s French-Canadian... or Cecelia... who’s Creole, French-American. Or are they not worthy of being... *‘fully French?’*” and I lifted my hands and made the quotation mark gesture with the index and middle fingers of both hands.

Camille was looking around the room now, hiding behind her hands at the looks her many sisters were giving her. I was right... and they all knew it.

“Worthy of Jake? Worthy of this team? Not a stuck up frog like you.”

And the tension in Camille snapped, and whipping on her heel with a sob she stormed out of the room, and I exhaled a slow breath of air through my nose. The silence in the room was more than apparent, and then the eyes turned toward me.

“Well me girls,” Jana clapped her hands together to get our attentions briefly. “Ye have some things t’ discuss. Excuse me while I be go a mama to poor Camille. She be needing a shoulder right now that someone was finally able t’ break her abominable ego. So talk amongst yerselves whilst I go take care o’ that. Ok?” Jana beamed and then left me alone, and no sooner than she left than all my new sisters turned toward me again and took a close step forward. Some of their bearings told me with sheer body language that they were now angry with me.

Now it was my turn to shrug my shoulders nervously.

“Uh... hi.” I grinned, but then the grin faded.

One by one... they each eyed me, turned their back on me, and then left the room silently till only Jake and I were left. Again I exhaled a sigh, embracing myself till I felt Jake’s hands on my shoulders before he moved into my back. As humans he was slightly taller than me, it was very different as hybrid forms.

I felt his lips on my cheek before he whispered into my ear.

“We need to fix this.” He told me, squeezing my shoulders.

“I need to fix this.” I replied.

“Why just you... we both drove a wedge into this team. I was long the wedge left in the Y of a tree. Eventually that wedge would break the tree in twain. Even without you here... that tree would’ve broken in some other way, and all that’s happening now would be happening between two other of my pack-sisters.”

I blinked in sudden realization and turned immediately. “Jake... that helped.” I told him and he blinked back at me.

“It did?”

I threw my arms around him and kissed him on the lips, lingering for the taste of his passions that he hastily returned to me. “It did. But now this is a matter among sisters... no boys allowed.” I smirked and he cupped my face, holding it as his face became somber.

“I understand, but before you leave... you love me?” Jake asked and I smiled slowly at him.

“Yes.” I told him. “I know it might be weird only after a couple of weeks... but... I think I fell in love with you the moment I saw you.” I paused, swallowed, and dared to present the question. “A-and you? Do you love me?”

“I’m sort of obligated to now.”

“Obligated to?!” I scoffed and he held up a hand.

“A moment.” He told me, and fingered a spot on my neck with his thumb... the place he bit me. “Lycan customs aren’t like human customs.” He told me. “The sharing of blood unifies two people.”

“Like the blood brother – I mean sister – trick mom used on me.” I said and he nodded.

“Between two of a like gender, it means a mutual adoption. Your blood and her blood comingle now, and you are bonded in spirit and body alike. With her being far older than you are, that means she becomes your mother... and you become her daughter.” I nodded. “But the ‘Love Bite’...” he said and fingered my neck again.

My mind began putting two plus two together, finding the correlation, and when it did... it hit me like a bomb shell, and covering my mouth I gasped in realization at what’d already been done. If two like genders shared blood like Jana and I did made us at least sisters, or in that case mother and daughter, then two opposing genders especially if we were mating at the time, could mean...

“We’re... married?” I asked and Jake nodded.

“For me to bite means affection, for you to bite back means a bond... beloved.” He said and caressed my face and lips now.

“Ohh... this has become a whole lot more serious than I thought.”

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I stood before the doorway to the dorm for a quarter of an hour, trying to gather my thoughts, and then taking a deep breath, I reached up and took hold of the door knob and pulled the human-sized door open, walking into the dorm and letting the door close on its own. Immediately I became the focus of everyone’s eyes as I steeled myself, folded my arms beneath my breasts and looked back at them all.

“So... this is it, huh?” I asked them. “All of a sudden Jake and I share a wonderful time together, and suddenly I get to be the one shunned pariah?” No answer and I exhaled a sigh and began walking toward my bed. “It makes me wonder though... if I’d never come here, if one of you were successful with Jake, would you all be treating that person the same way you’re treating me?”

It was an undeniable logic.

“So sure... he and I mated. We made love... and I sure as hell am not going to apologize for it just because I did it before anyone else did.” I turned on them fiercely and my chest wobbled from side to side briefly. “But ask yourselves... if the person next to you were to do what I did, would you be shunning them as well? Would you turn your backs on them? Probably.” I smirked. “So thanks for welcoming me to the family.”

And I kicked my shoes off and still wearing both sweat bottoms and tops I swung up into my bed and crawled under the covers before promptly rolling on my side to show my back to them.

I felt strained as I laid awake, hearing them moving around behind me, and I half expected a knife to be plunged into my back. But regardless, the lights were shut off one at a time till the whole room was dark, and during the night, I still laid awake, listening to my sisters.

One thing was for certain, though, was that no one slept that night. The way a person breathed while they slept was long and drawn out... no one was breathing that way. Everyone was thinking that night.

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Hours later, the door to the dorm was opened and I likewise opened my eyes slowly as a subtle shaft of light entered the dorm room. Someone was walking barefoot toward me, or near to barefoot at least... I could hear the jingling of metal till a hand lowered onto my muscular arm and gently shook me.

Turning I saw a fem in the dim as I sat up, and after focusing on her for a moment I saw that it was Jena.

“Get up... time for your next hazing.” She told me, and held up my suit and harness in one hand.

Sliding out of bed, I slipped out of the shirt and sweats and folded them quickly, placing them both on my bed before taking the suit and dressing quickly in it, its bangles and metal bits jingling lightly while I secured it and my harness about me. Jena then led me out of the dorm and shut the door, to which she handed me my booties, pink booties with little ties for the feet, but likewise gave me a few more pieces of equipment.

One was a pack like thing that fit and attached to the harness, another was a thick dog collar that she fit about my neck after removing the silver one I'd been wearing... the new one loose but not too loose, and then locked it with a little lock instead of a big lock. She did all this silently without uttering a single word, and then gestured for me to follow.

Up the stairs we went picking up a couple of those cold meat gravy biscuits that had become a staple of cold weather living for me, and then out the front door.

“Hold.” Jena stated and I stopped, and much to my surprise as I stood there, trying not to shiver but feeling a realm of goose bumps rising over my flesh, Jena approached and hooked a heavy nylon line to the center of my back... that same line was connected after about three feet to a similar line, which was thusly connected to a similar line on her back.

“What's this?” I asked, but then Jena shifted forms to a lesser hybrid. Long elfin like ears that furred over, feral features with wide eyes, an added foot in height and about a hundred extra pounds in breast, muscle and bone weight.

She grew a lot, more than the others did, and when she transformed she too developed ten more nipples, but she barely developed secondaries... so little that the stretchable chest pad actually still hemmed both her primaries and secondaries in. A tail grew from her behind as the seat of her suit flossed her bottom more, and reaching up she adjusted my collar a little.

“This is a light inhibitor collar.” She stated. It doesn't work as well as the full inhibitors that you've worn before, and it essentially lets you assume a lesser hybrid form, which I suggest you assume.”

I did, but it was hard. I had to push it, feel it, find pathways through interference between the power in my bowels and the control in my head. But muscles and upper body flared... flared wider than Jena's, and likewise I had a deeper chest and back with larger breasts, but her arms and her legs were thicker in comparison to mine... but we were of like height.

I exhaled a breath of relief when I finally pushed the change as far as it would go, my suit tight against me now with the modifications to it flaring apart to cover primaries and secondaries in separating layers of wraps to cover the sensitive nipples, while my bottoms deepened from crotch to ribs in a lengthened harness as my tail wagged, and I gave a light bark of relief as well as I looked at both

arms and the two thickened pairs of breasts I had hemmed in with their now two stretchable chest wraps. It was clear that I'd have to get my arms to thicken... and my legs if I were to appropriately match Jena.

"So what do we do now?" I asked, warm now thanks to all the added fur on me.

"We walk." Jena told me, and started forward. The chain linking us together clinked and I started walking with her, and together we left The Lodge, stepped down onto the Iditarod Trail and began to walk it.

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We'd been walking for a long time. Other than an occasional "This way" or "Come on" or "Let's go..." Jena said nothing else to me. A single glance to her face told me she was thinking deeply. The sun rose and was setting now. With a desire to break the silence, I tried some small talk.

"So this is the Iditarod Trail. Mm-hmm... nice... it's nice. I like it."

"This isn't the trail." Jena mentioned at last and I blinked at her.

"B-but... I thought..."

"Fairbanks is about two hundred and fifty miles away from the real trail, and even then, the trail that we're heading to only applies every other year. This is a trail mushers use for training, and snowmobilers use for fun."

"But everyone told me that the real trail..."

"It's... a added distance... officially unofficially a part of the trail, but it's probably not been used in years."

I thought for a moment on something she said. "Only every other year?"

"Yeah... One year the trail goes to the north from Ophir, the next year the trail goes to the south of Ophir. When it goes to the north, the turning point is the town of Ophir, in which the trail follows along the river... here." And she gestured to the sparsely ice-covered river.

"So then we..."

"Look... could you be quiet. I don't feel like conversing at the moment." Jena cut me off.

I looked to her as we walked along.

"Don't feel like conversing, or don't feel like conversing... with me?"

Jena fell silent.

"I see. So you're going to shun me too." I fell quiet but kept glancing at her before I spoke again. "Look... you might not want to talk, then you'll at least listen. Yeah... sure... I'm the new girl. I'm the new girl and I'm the one who got to Jake. There were fourteen of us going for one guy... there'd have to be some bad blood somewhere in there. Someone was going to feel slighted, and like I told the others last night, whoever that was would probably be treated just like you're treating me now.

"We're sisters now... we're family... and just because I mated with..."

I heard a metallic chink and paused, and turning I saw Jena several paces behind me now, her end of the chain that had linked us till now off her D-rings.

“Jena... what...” and then I stopped as I heard ice crack, and looking down, I found that Jena had led us right onto an ice flow. When I looked back at her, she lifted a foot and stomped, and the ice cracked beneath her foot and shot through the ice, weakening it... and with a violent crack I fell right through the ice.

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<This is me... flailing for my life> → \_)\0/\_

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Water freezes at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, or zero degrees Celsius. A body goes into hypothermic shock when it falls below ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit or thirty-five degrees Celsius. The temperatures in Alaska in winter could commonly fall below zero... and as a life-minder, river waters were running waters, and required even lower temperatures for them to freeze. Combine that with the fact that most rivers in Alaska were considered artesian in nature... glacier or mountain run off... river water could easily be the temperature of freshly melted ice if not colder.

Essentially... at this temperature... a person had fifteen minutes to live unless they did something to bring their core temperature back up.

To explain the sensation, imagine a burning sensation, with every square inch of your flesh being poked by pins and the pins being quickly driven right down to your bones. You feel your eyes burning even worse as you try to see, and your every muscle is trying to seize up from the cold at the same time as your mind's survival instincts kick in telling you to keep moving. The freezing-movement counter reflexes make your joints pop while your lungs crush from lack of oxygen.

You look up and see a hole that you fell through, and luckily I fell straight to the rocky bottom of the river so a squat and a flail upward allowed me to burst through the hole and land on the ice above with both arms. Your next instinct is to take a breath of air, not withstanding that, believe it or not, the water was actually warmer than the air. Water freezes instantly to your face, forcing eyes mostly shut as you flail for a grip, but wet ice is slippery, and despite that you can long-arm yourself up, you don't have enough leverage to pull yourself up against the undertow of the river pulling you back down.

Your next instinct is to scream for help, but at that temperature all you manage to do usually is exhale a guttural gasp as your body starts shutting down all its non-critical functions in order to preserve your vital organs. Blood turns into a slushy in your veins, your heart slows, and you grow so numb that you can't even tell if you're touching anything at the moment.

Your body starts to shut down.

Panting, looking up through blurred vision as I blinked, trying to clear the ice from over my eyes, I saw Jena there before me as she carefully squat before me at the water's edge... a good ten feet away.

“H-help... help me!” I gasped.

“No.” Jena answered. “You help yourself. You seem good at it, so it shouldn't be too hard for you.”

One's mind, given the circumstances, arrives at a conclusion. She unhooked us, led me over thin ice, caused me to fall in... the only reason was conclusive.

“M-Murderer!” I coughed at her. “I c-can't b-believe y-you w-would d-do t-this... Just because of Jake!”

She rose and looked angrily down at me. “Is that what you think? Well if that's what you think then get up here! Let's see how much fight you have left in you. Come on... I'm right here.” And she gestured toward me, bringing her fists up to fight.

I scrambled, tried to rise but my muscles just wouldn't work and I slipped back into the water.

“Is that all the fight you have in you? You’re giving up already? Just a little contention and you give up already? Pshaw... you’re not worthy of this team, you’re not worthy of Jake, you quitter. Just slip into the water and die already.”

I snarled at her, gripping a hand and then heard the ice scrape, and looking down at my hand, I saw and remembered that I wasn’t human... I had claws. So lifting one hand, I stabbed with four fingers downward into the ice, and those fingers broke through the ice, giving me a hand hold. I swung the other hand down and did the same further forward, forcing my arms to work. One hand then the next, hauling my furry butt out of the water, getting a leg out, feeling the punishment of the air freezing the water to my fur in clumps while some of it at least sheeted off me.

Upward, dragging my other foot out as I crawled forward along the ice, dragging my poor sensitive tits against the water-covered ice till I was near the shore, and standing up my foot went through the water, but I was at the shallows now and it barely went down, but I nonetheless fell forward onto the ground.

“Get up. Get up bitch! Get up and face me!” Jena bellowed and I looked up at her, snarled, and dragging my foot out of the water, I pulled myself up to her and lifted my fists before I swung at her.

The cold made me sloppy, and Jena lazily shoved my fist aside, throwing me off balance and then shoved on my shoulder, pushing me away so that I stumbled and nearly fell. I turned and swung again, but she knocked that arm out of the way too, and I swung one more time and spun with all my might to try to connect. My wild blow turned me and I fell to the snow and laid there heaving.

“Get up... Get up Minevera... or you’re going to die.” Jena said quietly.

I looked up at her lazily, bleary eyed. It felt so good to be laying there. I wanted to sleep and she slapped me across the face, the stinging pain woke me just as wide awake as the plunge in the icy river was.

“Ah!” I shouted and tried to right myself, tried to get up but my muscles froze.

“Get up you bitch! Fight!” and she slapped me on the other cheek, this stung more than the first one did. “Fight!” she slapped me again. “Get up and fight!” and she slapped me again, and I screamed up at her, my muscles spasming as I drove an uppercut at her, connecting with her chin this time, knocking her on her back as I forced myself upward, hands on knees.

Jena rose partly. “That’s it... keep moving. You need to keep moving, don’t stop or you’ll die.”

I blinked at her and shook my head, water spraying everywhere. Wait... what was she doing?

“Are you going to fight me or what?” I snarled and lifted my hands, wobbling on my toes.

“Maybe later. Now shake your body... shake it hard.” She told me and I shivered and coughed hoarsely.

“W-what?”

“Shake damn it! Or you’re going to die!”

And like a dog shaking her body, I shook mine, breasts wobbling and rolling while the thicker fur flung water in long sheets that clinked against rocks and trees as it froze, turning to snow and ice as they froze before hitting the ground. I felt warmer now that all that cold water wasn’t immediately up against my body.

“Arms under arm pits, hug your breasts to you tightly.” Jena said as she got up. “Hop from one foot to the other, shake, move every bit of yourself that you can.” And I began to pace back and forth, hopping, dancing on my toes. “Now strip.”

“What?!”

“STRIP!! Strip or you’ll die!” And I stripped. I was confused. Was I supposed to be fighting her or what?! “You need to make a fire. Gather wood, there’s flint and tinder in your pack.”

“Flint and tinder? I never started a fire in my life!”

“Do it!” she shouted at me. “Dig under the snow next to a tree for leaves to burn.”

She directed and I found myself doing, and trying to light a fire with cold fingers was hard. I could hardly hold onto the flint and the scraper to make sparks, and after dropping the flint for the tenth time I just said: “To hell with it!”

And leveling my hand toward a pile of sticks and leaves they lit on fire. Jena took a step back.

“H-how...?”

“Mom’s lessons.” I told her shivering. “She taught me to... HEY!” Jena had come up and scooped snow up and threw it on the fire.

“No! No cheating! You need to be able to do this like I tell you. What if you don’t have access to your magic, what if you can’t summon whatever it is that was... what if you need to make a fire using only tools. Now do it again.”

And so I did. Clearing the snow, I did start a fire the hard way. I was able to get it burning, added logs.

“Back to the wind, scoop snow from around the fire and pile it up before your back, give a wind breaker. Don’t let melting snow put your fire out.” Jena told me, and I followed her instructions.

Soon I was in a ball, rubbing my chest and breasts as Jena, apparently satisfied what I’d done, opened her harness and suit enough to pull me to her fur and embrace me. Her breast and body were warm, and I clung to it tightly, gripping the fur on her sides with both hands as I shivered so violently I feared my bones shattering.

“W-what... what w-was that a-all about-t?” I whimpered, colder than I’d ever been before in my life, and actually pressing to Jena because she felt just as warm as the fire.

“Not too close to the fire or you’ll singe your fur. Without your fur you don’t have protection against the cold” She told me, and wrapped her arms and legs about me. “What if, Min... you were out here alone? What if you fell through the ice? How would you survive?” she asked me but I remained silent, too cold to speak. “This is also cold resistance, Min. I doubt you’ll ever feel colder than a plunge into the water like that. You’ve been burnt by ice, and burnt once twice shy. You must be careful out here in the winter wastes. Caution over risk... always.

“You need to know what it’s like, and there’s only one real way of experiencing it.”

“D-did everyone... do this?” I asked.

“Everyone.” Jena assured me. “Now shut up and get warm. You’re close to a fire so you can sleep now if you want.”

I did. Funny... how lots of the lessons I learned about this new me were done right before or right after I lost consciousness.

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I awoke on the lukewarm earth, curled up in a ball. Jena was across from me as she poked at the fire with a stick, her breasts bound up again in her suit and harness.

“You’re awake... good.” She told me and rose, picking up my own suit and harness that was now dry again before she tossed it to me. “These are dry now, should be warm enough to wear.”

She waited while I dressed, and I have to tell you, being as cold as I was, and getting some nice warm fabric, even on nylon and stretchable fabric on your sensitive bits felt good. I’d been feeling a nasty draft up until then, but once I’d clasped the last clasp, belted the last buckle and readjusted all the Velcro release straps, Jena handed me my pack, the thing was now empty. Now that I saw

it... there was surprisingly very little inside it. There was a multi tool, a few mini flares – pull the string and pop, up went a bright flare – a single army grade blanket that was as thin as tissue paper, strong as thick nylon fabric, could be wadded up into a tight space but could protect you in sub-zero weather, and a little canister of matches, fishing line and so on.

A survival pack.

“Where’s the food and water?” I asked Jena and she smirked as she stooped and picked up a hand full of snow.

“Your water.” She told me. “As for food... follow me.”

I followed, but no sooner had I donned the pack and stepped in line with her than I heard a metallic click again, and looking back found myself reattached to Jena via that pair of tug lines.

“Um... mind explaining that now?” I asked.

“We’re partners,” Jena mentioned and started forward and I felt a tug that forced me forward as well. “You will spend twelve hundred miles with me this close to you. We run together, we pee together, we eat together, and this...” she tugged on the line and I felt my back jerk. “Is our umbilical to each other.”

“Now let’s get us some food.”

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“This... is food?” I asked as she tossed me a fish that she’d plucked right out of the water all Bruce Lee style.

“That is food.”

“Aren’t we going to cook it first?”

“Heh... you baby. You ate cold meat gravy biscuits for two weeks last week; you’re not prepared for cold sushi? Fires are for emergencies. We don’t have time to cook on the trail, and the only hot meals you’ll get are the mandatory eight hour layovers at a relay station... and often then you’ll be eating kibble loaded with suet and shredded meat if not just plain slump.”

“What’s slump?” I dared to ask.

“It’s what you’ve been feeding the dogs.” She smirked and I stuck my tongue out. “It’s a Restaurant’s slop bucket.” She answered and snatched another salmon straight out of the water. “Now eat your fish.”

I looked down at it, and the gasping fish looked back up at me. “But... it’s still alive.” I complained and Jena eyed me for a moment before taking the fish from me, wrenched its head off with a solid jerk of her snapping teeth and ate it, bones, brain, eyeballs and all and gave back the rest to me.

“There... now it’s not.” She told me harshly. “And more meat for me.” And then she held her fish up and bit its head off before using her finger claw to tear the underside of her fish open, wrenched the bones out and tossed them aside, peeled its skin off, using her claws to cut tail and fins off before she wolfed – pardon the pun in regards to us – down the rest of the fish and then eyed mine hungrily. “Look... if you don’t eat it I will and you’ll go hungry.”

I screwed up my nose and smelt the dead meat as its blood seeped out over my hands, and lifting it I took a tentative bite out of its skinned flesh. Well... it was salmon, and salmon was one of those fish in the world that was coveted for its taste. Even as sushi it was tasty, but then I had to pick the skin out and spit the bones...

“Too many bones.” I said and then hocked and had to reach in my mouth to pry a bone out.

“Here... like this.” And Jena showed me how to bone and de-scale the fish using my claws so I could eat it in chunks. “Mama smokes salmon right before a race. Cooks up loads of elk and caribou and salmon... you can smell it for miles.”

“Hmmm... that sounds like it smells delicious.”

“Smells like road kill.” She smirked. “But oh the taste...” she swallowed a mouthful of spit as I bit out large chunks of the cold salmon. “It’s nearly an orgasmic taste, and smoked with hickory... oh... ahrlll.” And her tongue lolled out as she began to fondle a tit, and at first I thought she was going to orgasm, but then she was opening her chest straps, disgorging her breasts and like I’d done many times before, she upended one tit and sucked from it. I blinked as a little of her own breast milk leaked from the corners of her mouth. She smirked at my expression. “We’re females.” She smirked. “We got breasts; we may as well use them. Either tit holds a concentration of warmed milk that will keep your chest warm... and in a pinch it’s a nutrient rich warm drink. Don’t draw too much though; otherwise you won’t have as much warmth in your chest. Same thing when you go pee. Be aware that when you do, you lose eight to twenty ounces of fluid that’s helping to keep you warm.”

“Oh... it’s not the fact that you sucked from your own tit that I found odd... it’s just that... well... I thought I was the only one that had that oddity. We haven’t had babies yet... so... how do we lactate?”

“Cubs. We call them cubs.” Jena mentioned and quickly siphoned from her other tit another mouthful. “Through whatever strange mind that the Creator of the World is, we Lycans, thanks to our healing factor, generate body fluids at an increased rate. Not waste fluids mind you... our bodies can only generate so much of that, but other fluids definitely. So mature females like you and me... we generate milk from the moment our breasts come in... even despite that we don’t have the hormonal need that other mammalian species require to generate lactation, nevertheless we cream and make at least a little milk. When we do have a cub... then the breast changes and we generate even more. Some females... like mama, never lose that trick even when they stop nursing, and their breasts have an added lactation ability in preparation for nursing more cubs.”

“Oh... so that’s why... um... never mind.” I said and went back to my chewing as Jena closed her breasts up in her harness again.

“So that’s why... what?”

“I-It’s nothing... I don’t want to hurt your feelings.” I said quickly. Jena and I were talking now, and I knew this might deaden the conversation. Having to spend three weeks out here and no speaking might drive me mad.

“It’s out now... What?” Jena said with hand on hip.

I shrugged my shoulders nervously, but went into it. “So... that’s why... Jake seems to have endless cum and I orgasm wetly at least a dozen times.”

Jena stared at me, lifted an eyebrow as I grinned sheepishly at her. To me, she obviously looked like she forgot that little fact that I’d mated with Jake. She inhaled once and then exhaled through her nose and turned to walk off... till the linked chords between us stopped her as I bounded slightly with a jerk from the motion.

“Oh fuck me.” She groaned and gripped the chain and gave it a jerk and I bounced again. “Damn chain.” She groaned.

“Jena...” I ventured.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Well I do!” I scoffed and then scarfed down the rest of the fish. “I love him!” I told her as I surged to her side, but then I paused and looked at her distant face. “But so do you...” I said aloud, and saying it aloud made me accept it. “You all do, don’t you?”

The look Jena gave me was angry... it was angry and... it was stressed, she looked to be on the verge of tears.

“Yes!” she shouted at me so loudly that birds escaped the trees around us. “Yes I do! Why you? Why the hell did he choose you?! I was there when we were both kids! I grew up with him, I was the one mama suckled side-by-side with him, why the hell wouldn’t he

want me?" she did start to tear up and the tears froze on her cheeks. "Why?! I mean... what have you got that I don't have? I'm a champion! I'm the team leader! I'm the eldest; I'm his age for crying out loud... I'm strong, I'm beautiful, I'm smart... every bit as much as you... so what is it that you've got that I don't? Why you... and not me?!"

She huffed and puffed and if there was a door in front of me she would've blown it down.

"Perhaps... he came to me because I'm not something you are." I suggested and she staggered back in surprise till the chain linking us jerked on my back again.

"What then?" she demanded.

"I was new. I was different... and I... he... didn't see me as his sister, at least not yet. I think he saw me as a potential lover."

Jena groaned in frustration and sat down roughly, balanced one fist and elbow on the cheek and knee on the same side and pouted.

"Great. Just great. I'm a sister. We can't get past the implied incest part that really doesn't matter because we really aren't brother and sister to get to the lovers part. Maybe I should start calling myself a foster sister or something. Foster sisters get laid by their foster brothers all the time..."

I paused in thought, licked the last of the fish off my fingers and then squatted beside her.

"I know a secret the rest of you don't know. A secret about Jake. You want to hear?"

"What does it matter?" she asked. "You won, we lost... that's it. I can't complain; I was the one that celebrated his choice. I can't complain lest I be a hypocrite now."

"Well..." I began, and then conspiratorially I leaned forward and cupped a hand to her high tapering and furred ear and I whispered into that ear to make her listen. "Jake likes watching you all shower."

The reaction on Jena's face was slow, but it dawned on her what that meant and she looked at me directly. If he looked at them naked, that meant he desired to see them naked. Even on a curiosity level, if the sister thing were *really* a problem, then he might've done it once or twice and gotten wierded out by it. But no... he spied on them all naked... and liked it.

"How?" she balked, but there was hope in her voice and eyes.

"The cellar is right next to the showers right?" I asked and she looked away for a moment, running through a mental schema of the house.

"Yeah... I think it is."

"Well, in the cellar there's a brick wall that was constructed between the shower wall and the cellar wall. There's a brick he pulls out, and a fixture to one of the shower heads he removes, and it gives him a view of the entire shower room save for the corners nearest to the cellar wall. He watches you all wet, naked and covered in suds. Quite the catatonic look he gets too. When I caught him I think it was right before he would've whipped it out and pleased himself from the sight."

I sat back like Jake did, hands clasped between knees as I stared like I was staring through a peep hole and Jena gave off a short bark of laughter, not believing and hoping to believe that it was true.

"Or at least that's how I caught him. Believe me... he watches you all, all right... but at the same time he's rather tired of all the attention you all give him. I think the other reason why he latched onto me was that I tried being his friend first."

"How do you know what he wants anyways?" Jena asked, looking at me for advice now.

“I grew up with thirty other boys and went to public school, Jena. Believe me... I’ve seen his type and what he likes and doesn’t like. He’s one of those quiet intellectuals who likes to be left alone mostly but yearns for company. So he finds a girl that shares his interests, a girl he can hang out with, then he’ll open his heart to them. All you have to do is walk in.”

Jena looked side-long at me, pursing her lips briefly.

“So... um... how is he in... you know... bed?”

“Oh you know... he’s hung like a baby.” Jena’s brows knit together since, thanks to Sheila’s cameras, we’d all seen his unit, and then I smirked at her. “You know... seven pounds, nine ounces, twelve inches long. When he penetrates you... you choke on it.” And Jena’s eyes went wide and I laughed as I rose to my feet and stretched. “And I don’t know how he does it... no male I know does this, but when he gets aroused, it’s like he grows several pounds heavier... all right there.” And I pointed at my crotch. “It’s like... you saw his picture off Sheila’s computer, right?” she nodded slowly. “Quintuple that.” And Jena spasmed and palmed her loins with both hands to protect it.

“Great maker. How’d you take him?”

“Carefully... very carefully.” I laughed and tugged on the chain for her to get up. “Come on leader... two hundred and fifty miles is a long way and I don’t think we should spend it here.”

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It was actually five hundred miles if one considers the round trip. Three weeks in the wilderness with only Jena and me together while perpetually linked together like we were. We ate together; slept together, walked together... we even had to piss in each other’s general vicinity, all because of that linked chord.

There were times that we bumped into each other when we were tired and testy and got into a shoving or snow fight, and on occasion as we ran together, that chain got caught on something and yanked us both back flat on our asses. The first couple of times it happened we laughed it off, a few of the other times it got into a shouting match. We spent more than one night not talking to each other...

But Jena taught me to hunt and skin my own food, and luckily a dog’s tongue and stomach were more resilient and more palpable to raw meat. She likewise taught me how to make shelters, an igloo, a lean-to and a burrow, and every step of the way till we actually got to Ophir was lesson after lesson after lesson... and at the same time... it was training how to run together.

“So... you did this before right? All this? The leash thing and running through the wilderness?” I asked her while we actually splurged at Ophir and built a fire to cook food.

“Yes and no. Mama is a musher. Musher’s give commands, so to get me used to this; she took Jake and me out into the wilderness for a month one day out of the blue. Jake and I were less than teens then, and here we were living off the land, doing this and that. This...” and she gave the tug lines we were joined by a tug. “...is as new for me as it is for you.

“An Iditarod sled team can only have a maximum of sixteen dogs to it and a minimum of twelve to start. For the longest time we’ve been running with an odd number of dogs and we’d been sitting at thirteen dogs for the longest time now. I think I told you about the front of the team though right?”

“One or two dogs?” I asked and she nodded.

“I’ve been in the front ever since mama first raced us. I’ve never had a partner to run by.”

I stared at her. “Never? You’ve always been just the one dog in the front?” and she nodded back at me.

“Maybe I’m getting old... maybe I screwed up recently or...”

“All right stop it.” I scoffed. “Mom didn’t do this because you screwed up; mom did this because I arrived. I have to go somewhere, so if not me it would’ve been one of the others you’d’ve had to’ve run next to. So unless another fem shows up in the near future that we can train like you’re training me... I don’t think that’s going to change.”

“Hmm,” She smirked and checked the tenderness of her rabbit. We could’ve probably have taken down a larger animal, but then we’d’ve had to carry the meat. “I’d always hoped I’d grow old enough to go to college and move away before that happened I guess. But you’re making good time in your training, Min. There’s a chance you can run with us in March.

“Huh... run twelve hundred miles. God, I never thought myself capable of it.”

“Supernatural strength and endurance.” Jena mentioned with a smile and flexed an arm. I was amazed at how many times over her bicep engorged as she flexed it like that. I flexed too... and felt the veins throbbing through its mass and we both laughed.

“We start back tomorrow...” she told me then. “But before we do... we’re going to stand on the actual trail. Mama says that you should get to know the trail, let it become a part of you before you run it. She’s weird like that.”

“Maybe... but then a Pathfinder should find the path to run upon shouldn’t she?” I gleed, and again we laughed, and ate our dinner together with some idle banter.

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In nineteen-twenty-five, Nome Alaska had been stricken with a diphtheria epidemic. The nearest storehouse of anti-toxin was located in Anchorage, nearly twelve hundred miles away. Pack ice kept the steamer ships from sailing around Alaska from Anchorage to Nome, the vastness and the power of winter storms also made the flimsy airplanes of the time unable to make the trip across that distance of land either. Railroads hadn’t been laid to that distance as of yet, and so the only hope for Nome was a disappearing form of transportation called sled dogs.

The Iditarod trail, intersecting the town of Iditarod Alaska, was a main thoroughfare across Alaska for mushers and dog teams. These dog teams became the only hope for the dying town of Nome Alaska.

So transporting the diphtheria anti-toxin by sled dog became a story of legend among legends in the state of Alaska. The Iditarod Sled Dog race was commemorated to honor that very real legendary occurrence of bravery and union between man and dog, and to honor above all else the stalwart spirit of the sled dog.

When Jena and I got to the actual trail, during the night since mushers and snowmobilers still ran portions of the trail, I felt something... tremulous... work its way up into me, and walking out into the center of the trail there was an electric feeling in the air, like someone had just turned on an ionizer. And suddenly standing there, I had a vision... and I saw a spectral team of musher and dogs racing along the trail, dogs with tongues lolling out, Inuit Malamutes and Siberian Huskies, rushing headlong toward and through us.

“D-did you see that?!” Jena gasped, but I didn’t answer, I lifted my hands and felt streamers flowing down the trails glance against my fingers, right before a strong wind blew against us. Those streamers dragged against my fingers and extremes, right before another team and still another team rushed down the trail, passing by and through us. “What is this?” Jena asked, full of fear, but I was too deep in the spiritual sensation that was flowing through me. I felt warm, glowing from the inside, and closing my eyes I could still see silhouettes of the world, and a century’s worth of dog sled teams rushing back and forth along the trail, speeding by us and compacted all within a minute’s time.

And then I was being shook.

“Min! Minevera!” the voice exclaimed and I focused upon it, smiling stupidly as I found myself laying in the snow as a gentle snow fall fell upon us. Behind Min was the face of Eagle in all his finery before he withdrew with a fluttering of wings and I sat up.

“I-I’m fine.”

“You didn’t look fine.” She was panicky. “W-what was all that?! What happened?”

“Spirits.” I recalled, and digging my clawed and furred hand into the snow of the trail, I pressed it into my face. “A century, maybe more of mushers and racers and dog teams... This place is saturated with their spirits so greatly that they linger here... memories... echoes. Struggle, triumph... It’s like where the lights touch the mountain... only focused differently. Hnn...” I sighed nasally and hugged myself like I was wrapping myself in a warm blanket.

“You’ve gone loopy.” Jena mentioned and fell to her knees beside me, waved her hand before my face and snapped her fingers before I looked at her, and seeing the look on my face she asked very earnestly. “What’s it like?”

“It’s like... a warm blanket.” I smiled stupidly, drunk on the sensations here, and then laughed as I laid in the trail like I was waiting for a lover.

Closing my eyes made me... *see* things that weren’t there. This trail was used by more than just humans and dogs. Powerful entities journeyed through here, the spirit of the land had aligned to these trails, and it felt so... *invigorating!* Especially when I felt as if I were being laid upon Nannuraluk the bear’s lap while at the same time Amak knelt between my thighs and...

“We need to get you out of here...” Jena managed, and taking one of my arms lifted me up onto her shoulders into a fireman’s carry.

“Noo...” I moaned, my body throbbing from the pulse of the land striving into me, but in a short distance that flow of energies that became like a wall of golden light in my mind’s eye faded like a disappearing aurora borealis.

Jena set me down and I groaned, aching suddenly from the loss of such energy.

“Hey... you ok?” she asked me, tapping my cheek with one hand to get my attention.

“Yeah...” I groaned and looked toward the trail, right before a couple of snowmobilers rushed by. “I don’t understand what I saw.”

“Hell... I don’t understand what I saw.” Jena agreed. “What did I even see?”

I hugged myself and turned to her with a small smile. “Spirits.”

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The spirits of the Iditarod Trail had opened me up to something... it was a throbbing, beating sensation. I’d become aware of it, felt it flow through the land and connect to me with each step like my feet and the lands were making electrical connections that completed a circuit. Inside me was a capacitor, storing that energy, and it grew and grew.

One night I was looking at my hands while Jena was starting a fire on a particularly cold winter’s night... we’d hunkered down in a dip in the terrain so the wind could flow over us, the trees protecting us and keeping our fire from being seen... should Jena get it to light.

Jena had showed me the importance of fire... and because of that importance, some mushers carried a miniature acetylene torch so they could make fires quickly without having a need to fumble for matches or flint and tinder. She determined that a fire would be necessary on a night like tonight... it would be cold... cold... *cold*.

“Damn tinder isn’t lighting.” She shivered in the dim as the wind howled over our heads.

My fingers twitched, and I felt the well of spiritual energy that’d been building up in my chest flow down veins and arteries... electrifying nerves and steeling muscles. Exhaling a long breath then, I twitched my fingers one last time, and suddenly a pinpoint of red light appeared over my hands and it grew brighter and brighter, and Jena, noticing the light, rose and looked at it.

“Merciful moon.” She gasped, right before the pinpoint blossomed into a curtain of waving light, and I laughed as it danced over my hands before I added washes of green and violet.

I laughed again, making the lights dance as Jena rose to watch them.

“I thought... only mama could do that.” She voiced quietly before I collapsed the lights and made them go away.

“So did I.” I mused, and then with a gesture the fire Jena was trying to start roared to life and I hugged myself before laughing again.

The fire wasn't what was really making me warm at the moment... instead it was the spiritual light inside my bosom, like a warm blanket and a hug embracing me like I was a child in my mother's arms.

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Three weeks is a long time to be gone from home. It felt even longer when you were walking through a forest like Jena and I was, and a five hundred mile round trip was definitely a long distance to travel.

It was now December, and The Lodge had been decorated while we were away for Christmas as we neared it.

“Merry Christmas seems to be in order.” Jena mused.

“Merry Christmas.” I smiled, and Jena palmed my back briefly before I heard the metallic chink of the tug line being undone from behind me.

“And that's it...” she told me and reached behind her to undo the tug line from her back. “You've got a week till your next period of hazing... but consider that you've just gone through the worst of it.”

“Then what's next after that?” I asked as we headed for the back door, shifting forms together even that we'd become that in touch with each other during this experience.

“A month of endurance and strength training in the cold. Weight Trainers wish they had our training regimen, and I'll tell you that you're going to get cut.”

“Cut?! Someone's going to knife me?!” I asked and Jena started laughing.

“No... cut as in ripped.” And she flexed one of her imperious muscles, twisting the arm to show off the fine detail of the muscle striations there. “There'll be a lot of team training, but the good news is, is that you've passed the survival stuff, now you get the mild comfort, so you get to live in the ice house, as we like to call it.”

And we entered the kitchen, dressed in our suits and harnesses as I picked the excess fabric out of my butt.

“They're back! They're back! They're back!” Anna said excitedly as we entered. “Did you bring me anything? Huh? Didja-didja-didja?” and she bounced before us.

“Sure kid...” Jena smirked and tussled her mop of blond hair. “Two Lycans in their lesser hybrid forms were able to walk into a store at Ophir and buy ya a souvenir.”

“Then where is it?” she said gleefully and Jena rolled her eyes before leaning over the smaller fem who looked like she was in her teens to me.

“I was being sarcastic Anna.” Jena told her. “You know our laws. We can't reveal ourselves to the humans.” And Jena tussled Anna's head again as she looked disappointed before Jena righted herself and began undoing her harness. “I'm going to take a nice long bubble bath, and then sit in the sauna for about an hour... provided that it's heated up. How 'bout you?”

“Nap maybe... I don't know. I'm tired but I'm wide awake... I can't really explain it.”

“You’ve exerted yourself over a long period of time but now you’ve reached a second wind that’s keeping you pumped with endorphins. Mishka lives for that feeling...” Jena yawned. “I’m on a love-hate relationship with it myself. But see you tomorrow... I gotta relax.”

I nodded to her as she stepped off, unlocking and opening her suit and harness as she walked upstairs to the rooms reserved for mom, Jake and the lead dog, but once she left Anna stood there looking up at me. It became disconcerting after awhile.

“What?” I managed, but Anna turned on her heel and hurried away, leaving me to sigh to myself. I’d hoped that the others would’ve felt slighted less after three weeks, but knowing my luck they were even more sore about it. “Time to face the music, regardless... so I stepped down the stairs, the parts of my harness jingling on my way down as I stepped to the dorm room doors and opened the smaller one before stepping inside.

Anna was already here, whispering into the ear of Joey, who was her partner in the pack like Jena was to be mine. But when I entered the varied commotion in the room died down. I took a deep breath and sauntered toward my bed, and at the end I began to undress from the suit and harness, getting naked.

Grabbing a towel from my locker and wrapping it about my shoulders, I turned and found everyone staring at me. I looked at them all and then gave off an exasperated sigh.

“Ok... what? What is it? It’s been three weeks... surely you all can’t still be sore about this.”

“No... we’re just wondering why you’re still here.” Brianna stated. “You’re the mate of the Alpha Dog now... that makes you the Alpha Female. Why aren’t you upstairs with Jena? One would think the two of you would be sharing a room now, don’t’cha know.”

“Alpha...” I started but groaned. “This is a dog thing that I don’t understand yet isn’t it?” No one answered. “Let me see if I got this right then. I... make love with Jake, the only male in the house...”

“The only male for two thousand miles.” Sheila corrected and I nodded to her.

“The only male for two thousand miles... so obviously our Jake is considered the Alpha of this pack.” There were many nods now.

“What do you mean ‘*our Jake?*’ mon?” Poly asked with her Jamaican accent.

“Because he’s ours... all of ours. I’ve been thinking about it... I’ve been talking about it with Jena... we... came to a conclusion. For any one of us to hog Jake all to ourselves would be... cruel. And wrong. If... If Jake is ok with it, but only if he’s ok with it... then I’m willing to share him.”

That got my new sisters somewhat excited, looking at each other.

“As for this Alpha Female thing... That’s a pack title. You wanna call me an Alpha if it makes you feel better than fine, but this is a team, not a pack, and mom has given the team leader her own room, not the Alpha Female. So, till mom offers me a room of my own, or shacks me up with Jena... this is my bed, and this is where I’ll stay.”

And I started toward the shower rooms, and no sooner than I reached the door than there was a rapid commotion out the opposite door.

Poor Jake... what did I just do to you?

## Chapter Ten: The Wild Pack

It was as I was heading to the sauna... needing a good core warm up that I passed Camille.

She and I stood there; she clothed me naked with only a towel around my shoulders and my muscular and buxom bodice glistening with moisture from having been fresh from the shower. She didn't say anything... she just turned and walked away and I continued on my way as well.

She didn't look angry, or sad, or annoyed, or haughty... it was like all emotion had just bled from her face since I'd left and come back. In my mind, any detraction from what she was is good.

Opening the sauna and getting hit with a wall of moist heat that made me sweat and breathe deeply, I slid inside and shut the door, and after my eyesight acclimated to the difference in light, I found a peculiar sight.

Jena was naked and laying on her chest and stomach, but her head was laying on Jake's lap as she wrapped her arms about his head. He was stiff and blushing deeper than the heat of the sauna should be causing... and... he was pitching a tent as he tried his best not to touch her.

He mouthed a *'help me'* to me as I climbed up to him, and leaning into his side and palming his chest, I kissed his cheek and pressed against him with my breasts cleaving to the sides of his arm. Tilting my head and lifting a hand to keep my words from reaching Jena, I began to whisper into his ear.

"They all love you." I told him and kissed his cheek. "We all love you, you know. You're the only male for thousands of miles that they can be with." He turned to me and I kissed his lips and arched myself, letting him feel my tits on his skin. "You have fourteen women who want to be with you, Jake... but if you want to only limit yourself to one of them... I can't stop you. But... I won't help you either."

Jake's eyes went from me to Jena and back to me again.

"Y-you mean I have to..."

"You don't *have* to anything." I told him and hugged his arm, kissing his cheek again. "But... I understand. You need not feel obligated."

"Feel obligated?!" Jake whispered harshly and then winced as Jena cooed on his lap. "How would I not feel obli-obli... oh Great Maker." I looked down and smiled as Jena rubbed her cheek against his groin and it erected harder. He hissed and sucked air as it grew and grew, unfolding the towel around him as it rose to a new height.

I also noticed that his claws were sheering curlicues out of the wood

"What the hell am I supposed to do-ooo!" he groaned a little higher, half howling outward as Jena rolled, now displaying her fine bodice and pressuring her face against his groin. "H-hold it together... h-hold it t-together..." he panted but nonetheless he grew fully erect and a wet spot was appearing at the top of his dick through the towel.

"You shouldn't feel obligated. You should want to." I told him, palming his chest and rubbing him from chest to belly repeatedly.

"Y-you don't understand w-what you're – hah – asking." He panted. "Lycan males a-aren't like human men." He groaned. "Females heat... Males rut... and I... Oh-ooo-oooooo." He tried howling, panting, and I blinked as I heard the sound of grinding dried weeds, the impeccable sound of tensing tendons, but what was causing the sound wasn't his jaw or fists like that sound usually comes from, but rather it was his penis.

I only realized this as it erected so much it pushed the towel off of it and right onto Jena's face, its tip risen to his sternum, the head flared and its length reddened and underbelly bloating and flaring from beneath the muscular ribs of his maleness. The blue and red veins webbed the muscular ribbing as its underbelly thickened and bulged like a croaking frog, and at the base, so large that they

pushed his legs apart, his balls had swollen powerfully with semen, so powerfully they weren't like sacks of wrinkled elbow flesh, but rather firm fleshy orbs like a woman's tit that were bluing from a need to climax.

It was at that moment that Jena rose and threw the towel off her.

"Ew. Pew. This thing smells like... like..." and she stopped, paused, turned slowly and lowered her gaze to the erect member projecting from Jake's pelvis. "M-Merciful Moon!" she gasped at it. "Oh my God!"

"Told ya." I smirked. "There's small, medium, large, extra large, black, Ron Jeremy, Caligula... and then there's Jake."

"That's no prick... that's a Saturn Five rocket!"

"P-please d-don't look at it... oh-ooo-oooooo." Jake groaned and the thing surged upward again getting both of us to spasm backward in surprise.

"Jake... you've been holding out on me... mmm..." Jena murred, and moved.

She slid from off her seat and then onto his, straddling his lap with one leg folded to his side and the other leg braced on the tier below as she sat right in his lap. She pushed her sex against his and gasped, very nearly swooned as their sexes touched.

"Ohhh~" Jena moaned and grew instantly aroused as she palmed her belly, her innards obviously churning as she grew aroused, milk leaking from her tits. "Jake... you're so... so *powerful*." She groaned and rubbed her pussy against his groin, her lips spreading open to his girth as it stiffened and hardened, her breasts rising high above his chest. "I can't take it anymore!" she moaned and kissed him, lifting the other leg upward to his other side as she humped his rod, trying to get herself pierced on it... and the passion... the erotic passion of this as Jake's maleness leaked a priming charge of seed before he gripped it with one hand. I reached in and having to use both hands, I wedged that powerful member of Jake's into position, and in one of her attempts to sit, his erection penetrated her.

Once the connection was made, once the union of male to female was created, Jake's shyness bled away instantly, and immediately Jena's sounds of pleasure uttered from deep in her throat as Jake gripped her bottom, spreading it, allowing for a reduction of pressure as her vaginal lips were forced apart from the voluminous girth of Jake's sexual power.

And it was powerful! More powerful than several of us females in the pack put together... and that was saying something. He wasn't stronger than most of us, or taller than most of us, he didn't become some hulk like most of us... but nevertheless... that sexual power was many times greater than some legendary men in the world... all through *history*! Sexual men, the sorts of men that women all over the world coveted for their faces and demeanors and bodies and had fantasies about.

It wasn't long before I was backing off from their shared exuberance, and it was Jake with a tit in his mouth pounding my sister's and teammate's pussy that I decided to leave them alone.

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I closed the door behind me and laid against it, my body glistening in its feminine power and beauty, my breasts heaving as I panted from having just got out of there.

"Hey..." and I froze, looking up, seeing Joey, Pax and Anna standing before me, Pax nude, and Joey and Anna with their towels wrapped up to their chests. "What's going on?" Joey asked.

"Ah... the Sauna is ah..." I lifted both hands and gesticulated, making mashing motions with either hand before me. "Closed! For... repairs!" I grinned, but the grin faded as I got the feminine discerning look from my sisters. Guys can't pull this look off... so don't try. It was the pursed lip narrow-lidded eyes that guys just couldn't do right. But when I got it from two of my three sisters – Pax was in her usual '*don't care*' mode while she made mild dancing moves with her ears stuffed full of iPod ear buds.

"Closed for repairs?" Joey smirked. "Ok... what's *really* going on?"

And just then a clawed hand slapped against the window pane of the door, that hand rapidly swelling with feral strength and claws before it dragged a smear against the window.

“Whoa,” Pax prompted in ways that only Keanu Reeves had ever been able to manage before her. “What was that?”

“Nothing!” I grinned and covered the porthole. “Absolutely nothing, nothing to see here, just move along.” And then the door lurched open and I closed it, grinning and sweating now.

“Ok... what’s going on in there?” Anna mentioned. “Can we see?”

“Absolutely not!” I shouted and then winced. “Sorry... I mean no.”

Pax lifted her nose. “Smells like... sex.”

“Sex?” Anna and Joey said as one and I rolled my eyes.

“But then that means...” Joey managed and then began to bounce. “Jake’s in there!”

“But you’re not...” Pax commented and that brought up Joey and Anna short.

“Wait... who’s he with?!” Anna gasped and I deflated and just stamped forward.

“Jena ok. Now off with you three. Off-off-off. You leave them alone so the Sauna is taken for now till they’re done.”

“Why can’t we join?” Pax commented and then blew a bubble from her bubblegum.

“That’s for Jake to decide later.” I sighed. “Right now it’s special time... go... steam up the shower room or something, it’ll be pretty much the same thing only wetter. Now go.” And I hurried them away.

Taking a deep breath as they finally sauntered off I tugged down the edges of the towel around my shoulders. We were fems... and if there was one thing that a fem knew how to do was gossip... and it was almost a sure thing that everyone in the house would hear about this in less than an hour. So... to give Jena and Jake their own time together, I hurried and dressed... and stood guard.

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The world of Lycanthropes was vastly different than the human world. In the human world, fidelity was considered the utmost cornerstone of a relationship. In the Lycan world, however, with our need to carry on our family lines so important, with such a tiny number of us in the world, infidelity had to be cast out the window in cases where one gender so heavily outweighed another gender in a place. I had to learn that at the same time as Jake did. I knew he was taking it as responsibility, honor and obligation, or at least in part... but...

I learned that males had a monster between their legs that had its own head and when it was alive it controlled them.

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Mom was teaching me more of the Pathfinder’s ways. The journey to the actual Iditarod Trail had infused me with a remarkable understanding of the power that was in me.

Everything had a spirit, everything had energy, even things that we considered to be lifeless like rocks had energy. But then there were other things that have had their energies changed, processed. Those were things like flashlights and light bulbs and pagers, cell phones, computers, cars...

“There was a young woman an’ her family that came through here about a year before ye arrived, Min” Mom was saying while I was sitting before a roaring bonfire, my impeccable hybrid form billowing thicker than ever as my muscles strained with the flow of the

spiritual energies flowing from me to maintain such a vast array of auroras. “Her name be Tanya. She be warped by men. They did things t’ her that changed her spirit... warped... twisted it, shoved her t’ th’ far side o’ th’ scale no Lycan before her ever been. Her magic be the magic o’ men... ‘cept she no be needin’ devices t’ use them. Microwaves, electricity, light... she an’ her whole family be attuned t’ th’ changed spirits o’ th’ world. Net spiders, radiation, that be their magic. It be possible to control these things o’ man, she shown it be true, but that be an exceedingly rare thing t’ have.

“This...” and she waved her hands through the aurora’s I was twisting and folding before me. “Be th’ natural power o’ th’ world. But ye be twisted too.”

“Twisted?!” I exclaimed and the Auroras collapsed around me.

“Aye. Twisted... but perhaps that not be so bad. Ye be a Malamute, a dog. There be other Dog Packs in th’ world fer sure, but they be considered mutts an’ mongrels mostly, usually castaways from other clans that populate th’ cities instead o’ th’ wild. We be the only pack o’ dogs that inhabit th’ wild instead o’ th’ cities. One foot in th’ world o’ man and one foot in th’ world o’ th’ wild. Ye being born a Malamute, th’ original sled dog o’ th’ native Indians o’ this land, not a dog, not a wolf, but both... and neither... ye have given me hope at least, that the gap between wild an’ man can be gapped.

“And ye be a Pathfinder t’ boot.”

“I still don’t see why I’m so important. Why is that so special? I mean I can do magic... yeah... that’s special right there... and kinda cool, but... what’s so special about being a Pathfinder?”

“Ye mean t’ tell me ye haven’t figured that out yet?” Jana smirked at me. “A single person pulls at all other people around her. Haven’t ye seen *It’s a Wonderful Life*?”

“Who hasn’t?” I replied with a smirk. “They play it every Christmas. It’s probably playing right now.”

Jana nodded sagely. “Ye be a Pathfinder. All those lives that were pulled and affected in that movie, when that person be gone then ye can see how much their lives be changed by it. Now increase that effect, child. Yer very presence changes people’s paths. Ye pull them along behind ye and they be havin’ no other choice than t’ follow ye.”

“Like... a dogsled team.” I said with sudden clarity.

“Right!” she said and helped me to my feet. “And at th’ front o’ th’ team next t’ th’ team leader be th’ best place fer a good Pathfinder.”

How do I know I’m a good Pathfinder?” I asked Jana as she waved at the fire and it went out as assuredly as a flip of a switch shuts off a gas fire.

“It be dependin’ if ye be influencing people about ye positively, or negatively.”

“And what am I doing?” I asked and Jana smirked.

“I don’t know. What are ye doing? Do ye think ye be doing good things, tryin’ t’ live a good life? And improved th’ lives o’ others?”

“I believe so.” I replied. “Well I mean...”

Jana barked with laughter, her impossibly massive White Wolf shape keeping stride next to me, her height towering over me by nearly a head, her snout longer and more pointed and she walked with the power of the whole forest behind her... and forests in Alaska were *huge*...

“Ye be meaning what ye did t’ me boy. Excuse me... t’ me grown male, Jacob?”

“Sure... I think. I mean *he* seems happier. Jena is happier, everyone else is happier... you seem happier than he is happier...”

“But ye be questionin’ whether ye be happier?” she asked me and I nodded as I stopped.

“I had dreams as a little girl. Find parents that would adopt me, finish school, go to a good college, find the right guy and start a family.”

“Life be what happens when ye be makin’ plans, child.” Jana mentioned. “Suren’ this never fit in yer dreams, eh?” she asked and pinched a scruff of my loose fur and skin on my arm and shook it a bit. “Wearin’ a differen’ skin? Bein’ claimed by three spirits an all and bein’ chosen t’ do their work?”

“Yeah... something like that.” I managed wringing my hands. “I feel like I made a mistake sharing him. I want him all to myself.”

“Suren’ ye do, child. Think about me! I’m his mother, an’ from th’ moment our babies are born we want t’ cuddle them an’ nurse them... we want them all t’ ourselves an’ never ever share them with anyone. But babies grow up, an’ we must eventually share... an’ even eventually let them go.”

“But *mom*...” I groaned. “We humans don’t share husbands.”

“Ah... but ye an’ he not be husband an’ wife. Ye an’ he be mates, an’ in a wolf world, a virile male must be th’ sire to his tribe should he be th’ only one. Wolves be instinctual an’ territorial, an’ dogs be no exception!” she said, raising a finger as I opened my mouth to make that very point. “I want him t’ have th’ joy o’ only one mate, child, like I did. One mate means ye don’ have t’ share yer love with others. I’m glad he chose ye first, yer babies will be virile an’ strong, able t’ live in this harsh world. An’ the Maker be merciful, I pray He give me grand-babies.” She murred and stroked the washboard of my belly. “But fer now, I be leavin’ ye two alone.”

“We... two? Who are you talking about mom?”

She gripped my shoulders and nodded her snout in a direction, and following that I saw Eagle gripping the branches of a tree at my head height.

“Yeah... thanks.” I said and Jana let go of me, giving me a loving kiss on the cheek before walking off.

“You... how long have you been here?” I asked setting a jaunty pose with one hand on an über-wide hip.

*‘I have always been here.’* Eagle replied and readjusted his position with meticulous poise, opening one four talloned claw and shifting it sideways before repeating the motion with the other claw.

An Eagle’s grip was so strong they had to actively think about opening their talons to let go of a thing they’d taken hold onto.

“You have? Then how come you don’t show yourself all the time? I could use some guidance; you’re supposed to be one of my totem spirits. And for that matter... where’s Bear and Wolf?”

*‘Look harder.’* Eagle told me and then looked me in the eye once I’d neared enough. *‘Your adoptive mother can see us well enough, why can’t you?’*

“Blah-blah-blah... look... I have a problem.”

*‘Doesn’t seem so to us.’*

“I have a problem ok?! I want a guy but I have to share a guy with thirteen others. How do I get what I want and at the same time get everyone else what they want?”

*‘A human from your world stated it best, I think. You can please all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time...’*

“I know the quote. P.T. Barnum.”

*‘Then if you know the quote then why are you asking the question?’ Eagle asked and then gave a warbling chirp at me. ‘You are one of the people that you must satisfy. So what does it take to satisfy you? What must you sacrifice to gain satisfaction?’*

“More than I’m willing to do now. I keep Jake all to myself, and I upset thirteen others...”

*‘Fourteen.’* Eagle corrected me.

“Fourteen?”

*‘You didn’t count your Jacob in number of people you would upset. What does he want? Do you really know him that much? You’ve only known him for...’* Eagle lifted a claw and counted off his talons before looking at me slyly... which was a trick for an Eagle. *‘Six weeks?’* I pursed my lips at him. *‘I’ve seen humans make and break ‘eternal’ relationships in less than a day, Minevera. What kind of relationship is this that you have created with this Jake?’*

I exhaled a sigh and hugged myself, the motion pressing my six uppermost breasts upward.

“Is it too much to hope for a happily ever after?”

*‘No. But what are you willing to sacrifice to obtain it?’*

“Why do I have to sacrifice?”

*‘Because that’s how you think about it. It’s a way of mind, Minevera. What if... instead of thinking that you are sacrificing, what about thinking that you are always gaining? You can either ‘sacrifice’ having sole companionship with your Jacob, or you can ‘gain’ several female bond-mates.’*

“Bond-mates?”

*‘We animals do it... not eagles mind you... but animals do do it. Wolves in particular. A bond-mate to you is a person closer than a friend, closer than a sister, closer than a loved one. A bond-mate is one in whom you’re willing to share food, den... and mate with. In the wilderness those are three very precious things, Minevera. An understanding of that might help you start thinking instead of gaining thirteen competitors for your den-mate’s love... that instead you can be gaining thirteen bond-mates who’s traits can only make you, him, each other... stronger than ever.’* He spread his wings wide and grand, and nodded to me with another warble. *‘Think about it, Minevera, and consider are you gaining... or loosing?’*

And he flapped once and soared right up into the air like a shot, turned on his tail and swooped away into the darkness.

I sighed and turned and then gave a start at Jake standing there before me.

“Jake...” I greeted my smaller mate. “I... didn’t expect to see you any time soon.”

“Didn’t expect... why?”

I looked away. “I... assumed... you’d be busy... w-with my sisters.”

Jake stared at me for a moment, and then approached further, taking hold of the wide birthing hips that I’d developed since changing, which were only exaggerated now that I was transformed into a hybrid form. It put the objects of my sex squarely before his face with me standing like that.

“So... you think I’d be doing nothing more than banging their brains out that I wouldn’t come see you too?” He asked me, and I tensed, took a breath and finally nodded.

“That’s a lot of women to please, Jake, I understand if…” my voice trailed off as he pressed his chest against my loins and his ear against my belly, hanging his arms over my hips to embrace me in the best way that he could. I looked down at him from between the flaring orbs of my breasts that framed my view of him with their tremendous sexual power as he stepped back and looked up at me.

“I have been busy.” He admitted. “I grew up with most of them… others came in as budding girls amidst their transformation into adult females. Can you imagine the stigma that was going on in my head as I was surrounded by so many females as they blossomed right before me? I felt like the only bee amidst a grove of flowers, Minevera, only that I couldn’t do what I wanted to do with these budding creatures because they were my sisters. And lo and behold another one, a fourteenth one, is thrust into the family and my mind tweaked a little bit more because there was yet another gorgeous, erotic female that I couldn’t touch because my mother supposedly adopted her and made her my sister too.”

“You thought I was erotic?” I asked and he stepped back and gestured at his groin, which was even now bowing out his pants.

“Does this thing lie?” he asked me and I blinked at him. “Min, I was going mad when you happened upon me looking upon all my sisters nude and showering. Absolutely mad! You probably caught me just a few short minutes before releasing some knuckle children while viewing all my sisters… naked… and wet… covered with soap suds.”

“I thought as much,” I mused.

“But then you opened a door for me.” he said quickly.

“Me?” I blinked and pointed at myself. “What’d I do?”

He smirked. “You let me realize that though they are my adopted sisters… they aren’t really my sisters. There’s no union of blood that I should fear here. They are half-sisters at best, each of them from across the globe… and besides… we’re Lycan not human. The rules for Lycan are a little… different.”

“Different? Wait…” And I sat before him, my lowering to my rump sounding like a tree falling in the woods. “…What do you mean different?”

“Wolves are led by a male in every case, Min… only when there are no males are they led by a female. I never understood why my mother kept giving me such a place of honor at the table, but I think she’s making preparations where I’d eventually replace her as the head of the pack. I’m considered an adult now, and I fear that moment is coming… she’s just… waiting… for something. What I don’t know, but…” he stepped before me, standing between my legs as he pressed his hands to the tops of my primaries, caressing the thick tufts of fur there as he smiled warmly to himself. I heard a groan as his erection grew… and was it me or did he smell like cherries at the moment? I loved cherries. “You… changed… *everything*.”

“How did I change everything?” I asked him and his view lifted from my breasts to my face and his hands moved to cup my deep throat and then palm my broad and flattened cheeks and jowls. He was so small with me like this, like he was a child.

“You… got me to love you.” He told me and my lips pursed and he laughed before he kissed my wolf lips. The electric feeling of his kiss made me shiver, my fur standing on end a little before he withdrew, and we stared at each other before I heard the snap of his button fly coming undone at the top. “But damn me you awakened a monster.” He groaned and looked down at the same time that I did and I saw his groin flaring, the swelling orbs of his nads filling with seed and his pecker growing outward just as another button snapped.

“How did I do this to you?” I smirked and we looked back to each other.

“Your kiss and your… remarkable pussy…” Another snap. “Awakened a sexual power in me that is studiously waking up.” Another snap. “I’ve been having transformation accidents like I’m a pup again, and as such a development has happened since you and Jena went on your recent hazing trip.” Another and another snap, and his underpants were filling outward and stretching the waistband as I saw the rest of his body thickening subtly, lamb chops growing down his cheeks as his ears lifted and pointed with a flip of motion. “It was a last straw when m-my… my pheromones attracted every female at school. S-so-ooo-owooo…” he shook his head and his mane

of hair spontaneously thickened while he tried to cover his howling tendency when he was aroused. “So... mother removed me from school till I can... till I can... oh damn...”

He stepped forward and stood there closing his eyes.

“I-I’ve got to get through this. I’ve got two heads and only enough blood to run only one of them at once.” He chuckled and I bit my lower lip and smiled. “I have... been making love... to my sisters. I have gotten to each of them, at least once since Jena. But I... but I want... I want you m-m-ooo-ooo-re...”

Jake arched and thrust his bulging chest forward, and I blinked as I felt the surging tip of his cock sliding along my belly, inserting itself between the warmth of my fur-laden tertiary breasts.

“S-so-ooo-ow warm.” He groaned and gripped my shoulder fur and held on, eyes still closed as he now began to fur up. “No!” and he shook his head and his eyes snapped open, and I saw the icy wolf-blue eyes of his. “I want you... I want you! You are chief in my mind right now and I don’t... I don’t want this... damned... damned...” he snarled right before I heard the crunches and groans of his muscles popping. “No... hold on... hold...” and I cradled him, and kissed him immediately, right before his penis surged upward into the secondaries of my chest now.

He was beginning to smell like strawberries now, and I could feel the smell affecting me. I was growing aroused too. What the hell was happening?

“Jake... what do you mean?” I asked. “What’s different with Lycan and humans that you were talking about?”

“O-O-Ooo-organizations...” he panted. “O-o-ooo-of the f-family.” He groaned; his pants and shirt tightening about him. “I... I am the only male here. It is duty, it is o-o-ooo-obligation t-to-ooo to be mate to all of y-yo-ooo-u.” he panted. “B-but I choose... I cho-ooo-ose... my alpha. Oh Great Maker!” and I blinked in surprise as his groin suddenly surged a third time, and leaning back I saw his maleness, and I swallowed at the sight of it.

It was throbbing, arched powerfully, riddled with veins and muscular ribbing, it’s underbelly girth fatter than anything with two oval-shaped fleshy orbs beneath it that was now being decorated with fur. It’s base was so enormous it filled the whole of the base of his pelvis, enough to press against his muscular thighs.

“A-and I choo-ooo-se... you-ooo for m-my Alpha.” He panted, and I swallowed as I watched it seem to swell several centimeters larger, the head flaring, the underbelly bloating so much that it was greater than the girth above, and then shaking my head I looked to him directly as he picked at his clothes... trying to pry them off him.

“W-what did you say?”

“I want... I want you-ooo-ooo... f-for... for my... my Alpha.” He groaned and gripped himself.

It was too big for even his hand to fully encompass. As far as I was aware from a growth artist and writer named Pendragon, few males had a girth greater than the circumference of index finger and thumb. For a man to be built like Jake was... well, he was a mutant or something! That penis grew like ten times larger than what it was in a relaxed position... where the hell did he hide it all?!

I felt myself salivating as my legs flopped open.

“R-really?” I sighed as he pulled open his snap up shirt and threw it away before he attacked my mouth with his, gripping my face with his hands, and the passion... it made me swoon.

“I want...” he groaned, jerking his shaft with one hand, his voice dropping an octave as I slid my fingers along his dick, stroking the thing that was slick with sweat and deepening into a beet-red coloring. “I want you. I *want* you.” He barked and panted, his tongue lengthening as it lulled out over his teeth.

I had no idea what was happening to him, he was going mad, and he was taking me along with him. His hands raised to the branches above us. His fingers tightening two long branches together and making them creak, and the further down his transformation he went the more that that hardened cock grew and flared and distended and bloated. Even now, even with me fully transformed; my bodice so great and powerful I stood a full head taller than even Jake did, I feared that partially transformed dick from entering me.

It made me fearful of him, but more desirous of him... the pleasure he could reap from me promised to be greater than anything I'd yet felt from him. I arched too and leaned forward till my breasts rested on his broadening shoulders as I bent to comb his growing mane with my fingers as he kept his eyes partially closed amidst panting heavily, my hand sliding into the back of his pants to feel his tightening and muscling ass even as I fingered the stub of a tail growing out of his spine.

"I lo-ooo-ve you." He howled low in his throat, Adam's Apple pushing forward as his neck thickened, his heels rising out of his boots as he changed, and bending my head I kissed him as the scent wafting off his body maddened me too.

"I love you too." I sighed, starting to blush so much that a reddened glow shone through cheeks, muzzle and breasts while my loins engorged and folded open, already growing dripping wet.

We kissed, we kissed again and licked each other's faces as he began to descend my body with licks and kisses, and panting myself now I rose as he kicked off his clothes to stand naked now, his fur pushing out of his body while his kisses kept descending me as I rose to feel his kisses descend lower and lower. My hands rose to higher tree branches that I hung from; arching my bodice as he gripped my ass and opening his mouth began to kiss and lick my pussy, sending me into gasping throes of passion that made me blush deeper. The branches creaked beneath my fingers as I thrust my tits upward into the air, my loins clenching in a rolling maneuver from sternum to pussy and he lapped the juices that leaked from me.

He continued there till his growth made him rise, and when he rose again with his transformation he rose steadily up my body again, caressing me as he grew, and when it came to the point where his sternum met my sex, so too did his arching, powerful cock. It invaded those loins, throwing the gates of my womanhood aside like they were weak things instead of the powerful vaginal muscles that they were, and as he grew so too did he penetrate me. I whimpered as those labial muscles flared wide, wider, widest for his surging girth, that cock pushing me open right to the pelvic opening of my bones, distending belly muscles while he played, kissed and sucked from each nipple as he rose up to me. And finally he buried his bone in my hole – to coin a dog term – and once again gripping my bottom and prying it open to allow for smoother passage of his shaft, kneading the rounded folds with both hands while my tits flared over his shoulders and the secondaries under his arms as he began a rhythmic rise and fall – thrusting up and sliding downward – as he and I kissed and kissed and licked and kissed.

My tertiaries, all eight of them, including the swollen top pair, all rubbed against his body and numbing my mind as he humped me in a mindless daze, his loving seeming animalistic to me in its forcefulness, but his lips kissing me showed me his loving intent.

When he came into me... he filled me so much that I actually developed a bit of a pot belly from it. But from there it didn't end, from there it only got more intense...

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Entering the house naked, Jake's penis deflated and hanging from his pelvis – I loved the way it bounced off either of his thighs with his every step when it was flaccid like that – he and I entered the kitchen with several of my sisters already there.

"Jake!" they all greeted in a symphonic unison.

"Oh shit." He whispered though his teeth only loud enough for me to hear. "Ladies... g-good evening."

Immediately Anna and Joey, China and Pax surged to their feet to him, ignoring the fact that he and I were holding hands, and I couldn't help but frown that he'd so easily been taken from me.

"We love you, Jake." Joey nearly sang the words as she fondled his chest, rubbing her pert little breasts against his chest through the thinned shirt that she wore. "Come stay with me tonight."

“No me!” China whined.

“Speak not hereto to my sisters, my honored lord. Come hither with me and I shall be your priestess and goddess and lead you unto paradise!”

We all blinked at that, and then all eyes turned to Pax. None of us could believe something so profound had just passed her lips.

“That was... very poetic Pax.” Jake swallowed. “I... I would love to bu...”

“Oh great!” they all sang and began dragging him off and I sighed as I leaned against the table, feeling his fingers slip from mine.

He was about to say *‘I’d love to, but...’* but... but... damn it. He and I were going to go to his bed... bathe together maybe and... and I stopped, realizing that I wasn’t alone, and turning I saw Camille sitting there. She was smoking a rolled cigarette.

Now... Lycan don’t suffer the ailments of humans. Lung cancer, and tar in the lungs were things that were just expelled and repaired by our healing factors. That was if we smoked conventional tobacco... Camille appeared to be smoking something different... it smelled vaguely of something the U.S. Government might call *‘illicit.’* That too was something that didn’t affect us. It took a lot, I found after I drank a six pack of beer all to myself, to give us a buzz.

She and I stared at each other for a prolonged moment, neither of us having so much as spoken to each other since the incident three weeks ago. True I was out of the house for most of that, but even despite that she’d recovered from me nearly killing her, her face it seems just as lovely as ever, she had this sad look to her, and now she’s turned into a cigarette-smoking Frenchie. How cliché.

“What are you looking at?” she asked me.

“You tell me. What exactly am I looking at, other than all the characteristics that make French cowardly arrogant hypocrites in the face of the world?”

She scoffed and put her cigarette out. “Talk about hypocrites, arrogant American...”

“Obviously you don’t understand the definition of the word, French Frog.” I said and faced her directly. “In the dictionary under arrogance it says: *‘See the French’*. As a side note, you can also find references to the French under Hypocrisy. Obviously your beating hasn’t improved your demeanor, so since you still have your ass up over your head, do you really want another go at it again? Do you really want to try to challenge me one more time, or do you want to slink away with your tail between your legs again?”

Camille hesitated and then turned, and was at the door to the kitchen when I shot out: “That’s right... the only war you ever really won unaided was against yourselves. Hopefully you take that hint, Camille.”

“And what’s *that* supposed to mean?” she snapped and rounded on me, and I deliberately stepped to her to get in her face.

“It means that you’re at war with yourself... think about it as the French Revolution. You have this... prissy princess attitude that I’m willing to bet that everyone in this house utterly despises. I for one sure as hell do, and you use that tone of superiority over me again I’ll have to put you in your place. But then there must’ve been something, somewhere inside this sorted, crass, despicable creature that you are... that mom saw was worthwhile. *Somewhere!* I’d hate to believe that she’s wrong... but I sure as hell can’t see it at the moment.

“That other something are the revolutionaries wanting to overthrow the monarchy that you strangely keep trying to maintain. Well if you want to maintain that royalty sense in you that others of your own kind cast off and threw away... literally to the dogs that we are... then you’re not of them... and in my book you’re not of us.

“But if you cast off that friggin’ pretty-pretty French princess motif that you got going there then perhaps you would be accepted more... hell... maybe you and I can even be friends. Till then... you stay the hell away from me, and you most certainly stay the hell away from Jake or I swear I’ll smack the bitch out of you again.

“Now if you’ll excuse me... I have to wash Jake’s love juices and sweat off me before I get dressed for bed.”

Camille was trembling... partly from rage, partly from the anguish of what was obviously rolling around in her mind, but seeing me staring at her, getting that hard stare-down from me, ever so slowly she looked away and stepped out of my way.

Quite calmly I stepped right passed her, heading to the dorm in the basement to go shower, leaving her standing there, head bowed and dejected... right before a glittering tear slid off the tip of her nose and fell to the ground.

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Late at night, I found Jake in his room, alone... used and thrown away perhaps, or perhaps he came here after he’d exhausted my four sisters and... well... escaped. He was laying in bed in the dark, but quite awake when I stepped into his room dressed in a pair of sweats.

Entering his room and closing the door behind me, he looked up at me quietly, and once he did, I crossed my arms before me and pulled the sweat top hoodie up over my head, one tit and then the other rolling from inside before I tried to sexily slide from my sweats like the girls do in those soft-core cable porn movies. I had no idea how successful I was in the act, but stepping forward to his king-sized bed; I slid in under the covers and laid on top of him.

“Please... no more...” he groaned as I kissed him.

“No. No more.” I said sweetly before I laid comfortably against his naked body, his abused penis warmed by my loins and muscles as I just hugged him. “Just rest.”

He was quiet for a moment.

“Y-you don’t want sex?” he said it like it was an incredulous thing.

“Sure I do... but you don’t. But I do want to lie with my mate tonight, keep him company. That’s what an Alpha should do at least on occasion, isn’t it?” I rose and let my tits roll to be beneath his chin. “Surely you don’t expect me to continually remain with your harem.” I smirked.

“That’s not funny.” He said and I laughed and resumed the embracing again but he rose a little. “I mean it. It’s not funny. Harems are... well they’re nothing but kept whores. I’m certainly not that sort of guy... am I?”

“Aren’t you sure of who you are?” I asked him, enjoying the beat of his heart... which was powerful and steady.

He paused and was silent and then laid back down. “Not for a long time now.” He told me. “I grew up without a father, the only male in a house hold of females. No one was there to teach me how to shave or how to drive a car... my mother had to tell me what an erection was. You can imagine how awkward that was.

“Everything’s become so... *confusing*, Min. What am I supposed to do, what...”

I rose to kiss him again, and he kissed me back before I laid back down on his chest with a sigh.

“Just shut up and relax,” I chuckled. “What will be will be.”

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I have to tell you, many young women dream of being woken up by their prince charming. To be lying in a beautiful bed and to feel his lips on yours as he kisses you awake. Oh such a wonderfully romantic thing to feel... and I still hoped to feel that sensation.

It was something completely different to be woken up as you orgasm... a sensation I'd had once or twice with a wet dream, but it was something very different when you wake up from your butt being squeezed and forced open and a big, hard cock thrusting repeatedly into you pussy.

Jake was apparently very, very mindful of sex right now... his wet dream actually coupled us during the night, and his wet dream became my wet dream. He was partly wolfing out too, his features lupine at the moment as I descended and gently kissed him awake.

So my dream became his, but what a switch, I was Princess Charming and he was the Sleeping Beauty. But my kiss did wake him up, and he was still thrusting for a few seconds as he stared at the ceiling amidst my smiling at him right as I felt his cock do the clench-swell-clench of ejaculation, and he gave a couple light thrusts to discover that definitely he and I were joined.

"Oh crap." He moaned and collapsed into the bed before I bent to kiss him again. "Even in my sleep I'm humping everyone."

"It was a lovely way to wake up, Jake." I said and kissed him again and he half-heartedly returned the kiss. Each successive kiss I gave him though brought forth more and more enthusiasm. "But perhaps we should get ready for breakfast." I said and then moaned as I slid off him with a slurp-popping sound and drained some of our shared juices onto his navel.

Together we moved to his personal bathroom... only he and his mother had their own private bathroom, Jena technically had her own but it was a shared bathroom for all the rooms on that level. But nevertheless, Jake sat and stared contemplatively at the throbbing partially-erected manhood projecting from his pelvis, the thing still wet with our juices while I sat on the edge of the old-style tub basin on clawed feet and ran water for us both. When it was warm enough, I started the shower and then drew him in with me before I began washing him.

But to see his eyes on me, to... *feel* like I was sexual to him, desirable, made me feel so phenomenally aroused myself. It was only a matter of time before I was back against the wall, arms wrapping his head to my bust, one leg arched about his waist while he was thrusting repeatedly into me amidst making love to me with his lips.

Recently though... I felt that each time that he entered me that he thrust higher and higher levels of erotic feeling into my loins, feelings that lingered longer and longer. I felt erotic through the course of the day, and at times it was hard for me to concentrate on whatever it was I was doing whether it was my chores, school work or work for The Lodge.

But we fems were beginning to receive quite the distraction.

"Coke break." Sheila whispered to me as she hurried by.

"What?"

"Coke break... come on!" and she dragged me along to one of the sheds, where Jake was working.

The whole team practically was already there as they pressed their eyes to open spots in the slats of the wood to pry a peek inside the barn. Some of them, Joey and Anna were on the shoulders of their larger sisters to get to higher eyeholes. When I finally found a space for myself amidst the jostling fems to see what the heck was going on, to which on the other side of the peep holes we all got to see Jake on the inside as he checked his watch and then began to take his shirt off in the cold weather which was relatively warm inside a barn where the hay was acting as a mild insulator. His body, coated with sweat glistened as his nips hardened in the cold, and then he opened a coke bottle by twisting its top off by pressing the cap to the inside of his forearm to cause friction in order to twist the cap off before he settled back and drank from the bottle.

Everyone here swooned, and I rolled my eyes at this debacle, but strangely... I couldn't look away.

Especially with a groan he tugged on his pant front and the snaps down the groin all came undone. I'd learned that Jake, as a male, had different needs as a Lycan than a female did. As such we could take the tugging wedgie of cloth into our front cleavage till the pants ripped open around it. But guys have got all that external sexual organs there and all of its super sensitive flesh... so when a guy transformed, they needed that relief on the groin quickly. So Jake wore the stretchable Speedo shorts or the flimsy boxers that would give way easily, and likewise had snap button-fly pants with breakaway sides. But as such... he'd been growing in maturity lately,

enough to where with me hardly knowing him that even I could see a little loss in that boyish face. That... and he needed new pants apparently.

...Perhaps it came from mating with so many of us, but I'm getting off track.

Regardless, because of his groin being so worked, it had grown in strength and thereby in size. Because of that his pants must be tight, so looking around, he exhaled a groan and fished that great big sausage of his out and let it dangle over his nads. That cluster was a lot smaller when he wasn't aroused, but when he had a hard on... he was a super male! It was like a nerdy Clark Kent transforming into Superman!

"Oh there it is..." Joey groaned and licked the wood as Jake leaned back, rubbing his groin with his fingers while drinking his soda.

That lasted till Jake got to work again distributing the hay and rifling through the storage, carrying things to and from the barn and the store.

Some people journeying from a skiing vacation from Fairbanks to Anchorage stopped by because they thought the place was quaint, and their two daughters accosted Jake as he was depositing more product to sell in the store.

"Can we take him home with us daddy?" the eldest said as she smelt his bare chest... for you see Jake only put on his wool-lined jacket when he moved to and from the store... and he was sweating profusely.

"No girls, we need him here." Brianna said, a little testily through her grinning teeth that frightened the girls enough to let him go. "Thank you for letting our Jacob get back to work, don't'cha know."

And so it went. Day after day it went, me learning to be an extra special creature in the guise of a simple human woman inside the edges of the human world. Jake's affections for his teammates, and me most specifically... kept rising... literally at some times. Entering our collective pussies was making his maleness stronger and stronger having to work against the might of thirteen – I assume thirteen, because Camille had been so distant lately, even from Jake – females like us. We were strong, we were powerful, and our Jake was seemingly coming to peace that he was the sole masculine entity among us. And everyone had different stories about our developing Don Juan.

"He took me onna romantic walk through the forest, to th' top o' th' mountain," Poly was saying while covering her blushing cheeks. "And there he had this nook in the mountain where a hot spring were, and a picnic set with wine an' every-ting. Oh it was the definition of being wooed!"

"He like totally read poetry to me for hours." Pax said before she blew a bubble with her gum. "All while listening to Mozart and Vivaldi and... what... it was wonderful! It's like he knows me... totally knows me, like, you know? It was a totally tubular mind-blowing experience."

"Was that before or after he boned you." Joey smirked.

"Before.... And After. And after again." Pax smirked.

"Yeah... he did me in the women's bathroom of a Sea Wolves game, eh."

All eyes turned to Chinook for saying that.

"That's not Romantic!" Cecelia mentioned.

"Not to you maybe." Chinook smirked. "But I'm Canadian, eh! Sex at a hockey game? Duh! It was orgasmic! And the Sea Wolves scored right when I did."

And so on.

Camille nonetheless sat apart from us, just idly combing her hair. I kept thinking she was probably mentally repeating: *I AM a pretty girl, I AM a pretty girl, I AM a pretty girl*, over and over again.

My next stage of hazing was being delayed... mom's orders. Christmas and New Years needed to be celebrated after all. Christmas and New Years at the orphanage had always been a pound cake for desert and we could stay up till midnight. Only the younger children got presents, and those were whatever was available at nickel and dime stores or the Toys for Tots program. Christmas and New Years at The Lodge... was celebration. Egg Nog, a great big Christmas Tree, and with the multicultural backgrounds of my new family, there were even Kwanza and Hanukah symbolism here. China, hailing from Japan, worshiped Christmas in a mixture of Shinto and Christian religious beliefs. A small shrine had apparently been built by her, hand-carved even, of little representations – Anime Style – of baby Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the three wise men and the shepherds amidst different kinds of animals. This little nativity scene functioned for her as both a nativity and a shrine.

The store was closed down for these last two weeks, everyone was doing light duty, some were doing a little follow up school work – like me – and Jake... well... he was trying to placate thirteen different women. I think he was even trying to Placate Camille, but she was being unresponsive at the moment.

New Years Eve was... well... who the hell am I kidding, it was an orgy. We all woke up in the morning with mild hangovers – we drank that much – and all of us naked in haphazard ways. I'll tell ya... that was one crazy party!

But the holidays passed, and soon it was getting onto the next period of my training.

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Sometime after midnight I was hauled straight out of my bed by several hands, and propelled up the stairs while I was forced to wake up and thrust barefoot out into the cold.

“Ah damn it. Not again! Couldn't you wait for me to brush my teeth?!” I started to growl, but turned facing several of my sisters who were all dressed in their harnesses and suits. It was Jena who stepped forward and literally began barking at me, and I'll tell you what, that first bark is made all the more frightening when she went from human to lesser hybrid with a spasm of growth.

“Don't you talk back to be, ya little bitch. You have fifteen seconds to get out of those clothes and into this harness,” she brandished my harness in one hand. “Before we rip your clothes off you and force you into this thing.” She jangled the harness and I snapped to, pulling shirt and undies off before slipping into my harness as they all counted in unison out loud for me. I'd just managed to get the chest straps closed when they reached fifteen.

“All right ya little bitch...” Jena snarled at me and got into my face, close enough for our chests to press firmly against each other. “Cause you are a little bitch... you will remain a little bitch till we get done with you. You're scrawny and weak! Now jumping jacks... ready... set... go!”

Exercising on a cold body right after you woke up was cruel. Getting blood pumping through your veins though... that was a slap in the face that woke you up, and Jena worked me to muscle exhaustion. That's really something for a Lycan to experience thanks to our healing factors, and once I'd collapsed to the ground and couldn't move, I found that my sisters picked me up and unceremoniously threw me into a simple wooden shed with a rolled up bed roll on dry ground.

At least there was no wind.

“Rest up. You get to start working again in exactly... and I do mean *exactly* eight hours.” And they slammed the door on me so that the shed rattled, walking away while laughing.

I weakly rolled onto my back, and then regretted it as I rolled onto my side and slid into a fetal position.

“Man... now I know why they call it hazing.” I groaned.

“This is the life you find yourself in now, eh?” A manly voice replied and I managed to turn, feeling my muscles doing strange things beneath the skin as they spasmed and trembled.

“Who... Jake?” I blinked and then groaned as I forced myself upward. “What are you doing here?”

There was a rattle and he moved forward, and I blinked in surprise at the fact that he was wearing a harness with a pair of loose chaps and a long loincloth around his body.

“The first night is always the hardest, but it’s done for good reason.” He told me and then embraced me, sitting on my lap as he pulled me into his rosy body. Oh he felt so warm, so strong and I just leaned into him as I trembled from the rippling musculature in me.

“H-how can this be beneficial?”

“Imagine all the mushers and their dogs at a relay station.” He told me and I nodded, and cooed as I felt his lips touching my face and neck, his fingers caressing my furred lesser hybrid body as he found out the nipples upon my bodice and caressed them. “Now imagine that one of those mushers secretly gets his or her team ready and dashes off before anyone knows they’re gone. A shout goes out when someone notices, and suddenly you have to wake up from a dead sleep and you’re required to run within minutes of waking up.”

“That sounds like it sucks.” I moaned as he unhitched my harness a little to push the chest guards up over my breasts, caressing the swollen cones with one hand before he unfurled the bed roll with one hand and folded it open, laying me on the bedding, continuing to unclasp and unhook my harness and suit, peeling the crotch from my loins which were getting wet and ready for him. “But what are *you* doing here?”

“The rules state that you need to be out here in the cold... doesn’t say anything about anyone else being out here with you.” He smirked, and then proceeded to massage and caress and cajole me, rubbing my sore muscles from the tips of every finger and toe upward and inward, using a warming lotion he’d brought with him. “This first day will hurt... even for a Lycan. What was just done to you would take a human days to recover, if not more than a week. But what it has done to you is torn your muscles asunder, and as they heal they’ll only grow thicker, stronger... tougher.”

And his fingers slid all along the taut Achilles Tendon I had, tracing it from heel upward behind my calf, curving around to the inside of my inner thigh and ending right at my ripened pussy with its distended clit and thickened inner labial curtains between the swollen outer labial muscles. But as he followed that tendon to my love mound, I could feel its thickness throbbing against his fingers, thickening millimeter by millimeter outward, rolling to greater and greater thicknesses as the muscles around that long tendon seemed to roll outward. He was absolutely right! I was growing stronger in this moment of weakness... but then in this moment of weakness his fingers found my sex and caressed the twin muscles with two fingers, pressured my clit with another and lifting it so that I moaned and whimpered and whined like a dog against his touch.

“Oh... ngh...” I moaned and bit my lower lip, hooking a hand into his loincloth to where I felt his penis tip with my fingers and moaned for him. “S-so... so I’m growing... stronger even now.”

“Impending of much rippage.” He told me as he slid back, and palming my knees he lifted them and flopped them open, and immediately I arched myself as he pulled on a tie beneath his cloth and his maleness spilled out, distending as it filled with blood and seed, and leaning forward with its tip dragging against me, he bent and fit his hands into mine... and kissed me. “Any little exertion during this healing point will cause you to grow stronger yet.” He told me then after kissing me...

He looked cute with a blush.

“Massage helps you as well.” He told me, bringing both my hands above my head as he began to caress my sides and massage them as well, forcing muscles to stretch as he landed more kisses on my neck and breasts, and I arched deeper, feeling his erection rising along my navel.

“And here I am barely able to resist you.” I moaned quietly as he slipped his knees beneath mine.

“Of course you can’t...” he smirked down at me, his wolfen face partly hidden by the curtains of his hair. “You can’t resist me... just like I can’t resist you.”

And with a few arching, sliding motions, he penetrated me, and I shook and shivered beneath his grasp, and even more so from that monster of his swelling inside me. Veins crept through my body, throbbing in tune with my heart, and with every pulse of that heart beat I felt muscles swell, bones groaning while that powerful member probed deeper and deeper, pressing open my vulva to its furthest extent.

A female Lycan like me, with our phenomenal healing ability, healed the skin damages of stretch marks. The things that happened to a female’s loins after consistent lovemaking made the folds droop and become undesirable in a human repaired itself shortly after making love as a Lycan. Instead, the labial muscles that tore only repaired themselves and grew stronger, returning our loins to a state that was very nearly near to being a virgin again. Only our loins were stronger, able to stretch more, take more... and with my love’s loins penetrating mine, the stronger my loins got the stronger his got... and his was being worked out in the sexes of nearly every last one of my sisters.

And while making love, working me even further by working muscles in me that the exercising didn’t work, massaging me, stretching muscles as they healed, I felt the individual chords upon me stretching as they rounded outward, thickening and billowing after every pulsing beat of my woman’s heart, while the sexual power of my love, absorbed from all my sisters and then re-deposited into me, added his sweet nectar to my body only to be absorbed by me, making me stronger and surer.

Jana had explained that to me, on how Lycan shared strengths with each other by drinking each other’s fluids and absorbing their fluids through sex. Breast milk, ejaculate, blood and so on... the traits of the Lycan spread through them all, and Jake wanted to love me the most. I got the incredible gifts that my sisters possessed, so I strengthened like Mishka and Purdy, my tendons tightening like Anna and Joey’s... gifts from all my sisters absorbed by our busy little bee pollinating all our flowers.

And as he bowed over me, worshiping me like I were a shrine, I moaned and felt my breasts heave, the pair swelling, thickening atop thickening chest muscles that flared wide from the shoulders and clavicle bones thickening. Felt muscles coiling through me as my weaknesses dissolved, strengths became stronger and strengths I never had were then deposited into me into a subtle degree.

I gurgled as my hips widened and thighs bulged to either side of Jake’s flanks, feet thickening while I moaned and felt him stirring my insides with that monstrous dick of his. He pinched a thickening clit of mine as my sexual power grew, and even the nipples lining my navel pushed outward in little pads of mammary development, and then rose atop less than A-cup breasts. Belly muscles bowed outward as my whole upper body flared wider, back muscles billowing thicker as I took to flexing my arms to my sides, pumping the biceps higher and thicker, calves flaring as I made light howling sounds while Jake’s long wet tongue licked the milk leaking from my breasts.

And then his hands were moving me, folding me as he took one of my knees – in my state of mind I had no idea which one – and he lifted it, twisted it over his lap and then flipped me over onto my front while my tits continued swelling in this lesser hybrid form. Forearms flared and shoulders rounded outward as he now began to do me doggy style, gripping my tail with one hand as he humped me, thrusting into me, kissing my shoulders and back as the muscles there bubbled outward and my rounded bottom thickened along with the thighs.

I panted, hyperventilating and saw the chords and tendons in my arms thickening, rounding outward and flaring, while the claws on each finger lengthened as they dug into the cold earth. Fatigue combined with erotic sensation combined with muscle growth and the fact I’d not fed yet steadily numbed me, till with one tantric eruption from my Jake into my loins, I passed out.

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**<This is me passed out from over-orgasm>→ @.@**

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A hammering fist on my door awoke me and I groaned, clutching at the earth before me. I’d been covered, and there was no longer a great big strong strapping he-man humping me anymore, and my suit was secured around me again.

“Hey you in there. Come out here right this instant. Your eight hours are up in thirty seconds.”

I groaned again and smacked my lips, smelling the chilled smell of sex in this semi-warmed hut from our sweat and stank. Jake was gone, and there was light through the cracks in the hut, so getting up, taking my time to check my suit was securely fastened about my body, I came to my chest wrap and stopped when the clasp wouldn't close. I tried again and again but it just wouldn't clasp! Thirty seconds must've passed because the door was yanked open just then, and Jena was there with Purdy, Mishka, Anna and Joey.

“Hey I thought I told you to...” Jena began but broke off as I strode out into the light.

The lower chest wrap was hemming in my secondaries nicely, but at the moment I was adjusting the straps to my chest wrap so that the clasp would close. For that matter, I needed to tighten the harness and suit in a few other places.

“Crikey. What happened?” Joey gaped, the spry little tan dog that she was gazing up at me.

“What happened to what?” I yawned and stretched before I actually did close the clasp on the chest wrap.

“To you!” Jena blinked.

“What happened to me?” I retorted; a little tired to be dealing with this. “What on earth do you all mean?”

“Bigger!” Purdy and Mishka said at once, their burly girth like two hulk-sized she-hulks – and no, that wasn't stating the same thing, She-Hulk wasn't nearly the same size as her cousin – as they towered over us all by at least a head.

And in the light of day I chanced to look down at my bicep and saw the heaving muscle there, and flexing it watched as it started expanding twice over, thrice over, five times over, then eight times over, and lifting that arm I blinked as the longer I flexed the more supporting muscles billowed similarly to allow it to flex even larger! The minute growth made my harness and suit groan as the supporting muscles of that bicep spread into chest and upper back, and studiously my flank even bulged grandly outward all to hold up and support that tremendously massive and chorded bundle of bicep that flared the fur there and fanned them all wide.

“What on Earth...?” I began and then heard an eagle warble; and looking up, saw a bald eagle fly away before I relaxed that arm and shook it out, the muscles quickly deflating back to normal.

“Only Mishka, Purdy and me can do that...” Jena blinked at me. “H-how... were you always able to do that?”

“No. And I don't know how...” but stopped as Anna was snuffling my crotch. “...Hey. Excuse me!” and I tapped her on her head

“Jake.” Anna sniffed. “I can smell him.” And she scritched at my hardened belly muscles and licked them. “And taste him.”

“Jake was here?” Jena blinked. “You and him...” she gesticulated with her hands in a coupling maneuver or two.

“Well... yeah. Not much I could do to resist him at the time... not that I would if I could.” I smiled stupidly in remembrance of that man's sexual power easily overpowering my own.

“Can we even have sex while we're on Hazing week?” Joey blurted out then.

“Mama never said no-thing about it.” Mishka mentioned.

“It's never come up before, Mishka darling.” Purdy added.

Jena took a deep breath through her nose and then exhaled it.

“All right. Till I can talk to mama, no sex till I can find out whether or not we can.”

“Doesn’t seem to have harmed her none.” Anna giggled and Joey joined in on the giggling.

“We’re supposed to be training our new teammate here!” Jena barked and the others stiffened, even I did. “All right kiddo. You are going to be exercising... *a lot!* And unlike your previous hazing week, you’ll still be cold a lot, but the good news is that you get to eat a lot. You’ll eat so much in this first week I won’t consider you having eaten enough till I get you puking all over yourself. Now then... link up!”

“What... what do you mean link...” I began as I saw Joey and Anna and then Mishka and Purdy connecting tug lines attached to their backs to each other, right before Jena attached a similar paired line to my back. Only this time, all the tug lines were all connected by a single lead line that linked all six of us together! “...up.” I groaned. “So we’re back to this again.”

“Why Minevera...” Jena tugged me in close... she and I were of like size and strength now... “I didn’t know you cared. Now move!” she barked again and set the pace with Anna and Joey followed by Mishka and Purdy.

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The six most important places on a dog team were two big strong dogs for the anchor dogs like Mishka and Purdy, two fast pace-setters, the forward dogs like Joey and Anna, and then the leaders, which would be Jena and me. It wasn’t to say the other members of the team were any less important, but my position as a pack leader was to guide everyone and everyone else follows Jena and me. So it’d be better to say that the six most important positions to *me* were me, my partner, the pace dogs and the anchor dogs.

Jena purposefully tripped me up so that I landed face first then tits second into hard roughage, and just because they were following us, I felt Joey and Anna, then Mishka and Purdy land right on my back.

“Ow...” I groaned through tears. “... Why for you do that to me?” I groaned looking up at a smirking Jena as my sisters got off me.

“So that you understand what it’s like if you make a mistake. There are twelve dogs behind you normally. You trip up; those twelve dogs *and* the sled are going to plough in right on your ass.”

“An object in motion tends to stay in motion unless acted upon by a force equal to or greater than its own.” Joey said automatically.

“And that object will tend to be your ass!” Anna said gleefully and she and Joey giggled while the two bigger girls with the flattened chests from their sheer unmitigated upper body strength smirked at each other with great big arms folded before them.

“Point taken.” I groaned and spat out some snow, and as I got up Jena tripped me again. “Hey! Now what was that for?”

“Look out for feet.” Mishka chimed in. “You have six feet to look for: yours and the two of your partner’s pacing you.”

“So don’t make me keep track of eight feet.” Jena told me and offered a hand to help me up.

“Any more examples you want to show me right now? Dunk my head into a toilet and give me a swirly or something.”

“Only after we scrub your hair with cooking grease.” Purdy added and she and Mishka guffawed like only big people could, that hearty and loud ho-ho-ho sort of laugh.

“Well don’t just stand there... we got a ten-k to run!” and I was shoved forward, sent tripping over my own feet as I staggered back into a run with them.

Mind the trail; mind your partner while running. How dogs do this automatically was beyond me.

Keen not to feel the four behind me from falling on me again, I kept mindful of Jena’s occasional foot dashing out to trip me. She caught me one more time, and the four girls behind me made a show of landing on me hard, and I heard four distinct “Whoops” right before a fifth from Jena joining the – ahem – dog pile landed on me too.

I didn't get tripped up ever again.

Within moments of returning to the base camp, there was a big pot there with Cecelia there with a cooking hat and smock on.

"Ah... cookie! What's for breakfast?" Jena greeted, and I noted a bit of sarcasm in her voice as Mishka and Purdy flanked me.

"Oh you'll love it! From the finest restaurants in the city of Fairbanks..." Cecelia began and Purdy and Mishka promptly took me by either arm and they both thrust me down onto a spot right before one very large bowl. "...We've got... slump!" and she ladled in some of the most foul looking refuse imaginable... and it was cold.

"Slump. Uh-uh... hell no." I began and tried to rise but Mishka and Purdy pushed me right back down as Jena saddled in beside me, accepting a big ladle full of slump in a similar bowl, and then lifting it she drank and swallowed whole the little cuts and bits of the chunky things floating in the milky-white soup it floated in.

"Ah... slimy... yet satisfying." She said and placed the bowl on the table. "This is a hard lesson we all learn, Min. You are not getting up from that spot till you eat... all of that." And the longer you wait, the more you make Purdy and Mishka angry..." the pair growled at me on queue. "You see they want to eat too, and while they're holding you in spot, they're not getting any."

"How... how can you eat that slop? I mean I got shit on a shingle in the orphanage... and it literally looked like bird shit on a roof shingle, and that slump doesn't look anywhere near as appetizing as that stuff did."

"It's an acquired taste, really." Jena smirked and eyed Anna and Joey as they both dipped their heads into their bowls and lapped noisily at the slump. "Now eat... and remember... the longer you wait... the more it'll hurt."

"The more what will... ow..." and Mishka and Purdy clenched my traps in their strong grips, pinching nerve bundles and immediately made my fingers numb.

"Wanna eat!" Purdy shouted at me.

"Wanna eat now!" Mishka followed up.

Smacking my lips, I gingerly reached out and took the metal bowl in my clawed hands, and lifting it, wrinkling my nose, I decided that it was better to get it over with. Children who didn't take their medicine got their noses pinched till they opened their mouths and were force-fed the medicine. I learned that one real quick. Not eager to repeat a similar experience, I lifted the bowl of slump tilted it back... and drank... rapidly.

I cannot describe to you what it tasted like. It's like asking a person to describe sweet or to describe bitter or sour. You just can't. You have to taste it yourself, and then someone has to say '*That's slump*' and you will associate that taste with slump. The reason why I cannot describe it is that there was a little something that I didn't know yet... and that was the fact that as the tongue changed as a Lycan shifted forms, the taste buds changed too. They became sensitive to other tastes, and though as a human, slump might be the foulest tasting thing ever... like drinking a bowl of snot laden with chunky bits... to a dog, slump was quite... appealing.

Soon I found myself guzzling the slump, lifting it up and licking the bowl for more as Purdy and Mishka just let go of me to enjoy my meal.

"S-slimy... yet satisfying."

"That's the Egg yolks." Cecelia smirked as she dished Purdy and Mishka up.

"I can't believe I'm asking for this, but can I have more?"

"No you cannot have more." Jena barked and I jumped. "To your feet!" and I leapt to my feet. "Jumping jacks, ready, set... go!"

And I did jumping jacks till Purdy and Mishka, who took their time, finished their meal.

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“Mush!” Jena barked into my ear as I struggled against the harness about my bodice and shoulders, that being connected to a tug line and that connected to a fully laden sled. My muscles strained as I tugged, panting, bowing my back and digging in with the claws on hands and feet and *pulled*.

There was a distance I was to haul this amount of weight drawing the line taut as the sled slid across the snow behind me. It felt like I was dragging it right along rough ground, but once the rear runners crossed the line Jena barked at me again.

“Stop!”

“What... the hell... is in that Sled?” I panted. “It feels like I was hauling a car.”

“You were, darling.” Purdy announced with a smirk and I blinked at her.

Purdy then yanked the tarp from over the top of the sled and I blinked at what I saw: an engine block, broken frames, metal shell pieces, a couple of doors...

“Is that a VW bug?!” I gasped and pointed at it.

“Most of one.” Jena admitted and slapped me on the back. “Congratulations! You just hauled a car!”

I laughed to myself, and looked down at my hands. I hauled a car! A couple months ago I’d never so much as think I was strong enough to do that... but nonetheless I did it! I hauled a whole car!

“Heh... now do it again, little bitch.” Mishka laughed heartily and Jena snapped her fingers and pointed in the opposite direction I’d come.

Groaning, I took the arduous act of single-handedly turning the sled in a half circle, and then hauling it back.

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A week later...

Muscles groaned, I could feel the rippage as I took one step after the next on all fours, arm, leg, leg, arm, leg, arm and so on... keeping that base as muscles clenched, banded, tore, healed, bulged further and rippled with hard tendons and chords like piano wire and bridge cable over a fattening layer of flesh and thickening winter fur. Every step I took was near agonizing, but every step surged through my body as I sweat profusely, my tail wagging happily nonetheless as my feminine body grew stronger and more sexual day by day.

“Again.” Jena told me and dropped a cinder block onto the sled.

Panting, rolling my eyes, I snatched a handful of snow from the ground and stuffed it in my mouth, the heat in my mouth melting the water so I could drink it while I felt like I was ploughing a field of corn as I turned the sled attached to me and faced it the other way.

It was snowing, which was making things harder as my tracks covered up again and the trail I just cut had to be cut again. But nonetheless, with a layer of cold snow over my head and back I stepped one step after the next, over and over again, flexing myself to make myself grow faster.

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In my human form I stood in just my suit and harness on a scale, finding that I was now weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds. That was very much to do for a guy, but I was a woman... but then women don't have bodies like I do. It was the figure of an Olympic female muscle builder... only I had a pair of great big boobs too.

Thighs bulged from exertion, waist narrow and tight, bodice wide and thick, made thicker with the P-cup breasts that swelled over my chest and strained the new chest wraps hemming them in, those wraps having to have been replaced twice during this hazing month. Calves bulged and neck and traps were thick, and lifting an arm I watched it bulge and mount, the bicep as thick as a soft ball... and that wasn't even really trying to flex it. I was sure I could get it to the size of a bowling ball if I really tried to flex it.

"Your body will slim down again once it gets used to itself." The lone male's voice in this wilderness around me said as his hands slid about me, immediately cradling and cupping one of my breasts and the other sliding inside the V-shaped satchel guarding my sex. Feeling his fingers hooking into my slit as his other hand moved to deftly release the clasps on my gear; I sighed nasally and arched into his probing hand

"I'm not supposed to have sex you know." I told him.

"That's sex... I promise that we don't need to have sex at all to have pleasure." He murred and I turned only to have him unclasp my chest straps and release my breasts. "I missed you. Jena has you out in the field so much I hardly get to see you anymore." He told me and kissed my lips briefly as his hands began to make light circles about either areola, getting their nipples to erect and to harden so fast and hard that milk squeezed from their ends.

I sighed and hugged his head to my chest. That electric sensation was there now whenever he touched me. Even the gentlest of touches formed this path between us that energized me. And with a studious nuzzling of my face he kissed me again.

A burning rose now in my breasts and loins as he continued to undress me, pulling the seat of the suit that had invaded my bottom from in between the swollen gluts to slide his fingers in between them, ticking the base of my sex as the suit and harness fell to the ground.

"Oh Jake..." I moaned and felt his lips alight upon one breast as he sucked from it, drawing its milk out as I arched.

Despite that all this began as light petting, it eventually led to fingering, and regardless of the rule that Jena had imposed I was soon being penetrated by his hard on as he sucked all the excess milk from my breasts, getting me to moan and groan and tense, shivering and twisting on his piercing manhood in no time.

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"I told you no sex! You're supposed to be training." Jena said with arms folded beneath her bosom.

I was still blushing lightly, my arousal still poignant. "S-sorry. He's hard to say no to."

"Especially now." Sheila admitted as she stood by with her overly large glasses now seeming to be the right size now that she was in a lesser hybrid like Jena and me.

Jena was able to see that I'd made love with our Jake again. I was aroused, and I'd put on a few more pounds in sexual might and physical strength... so much so that I rippled as I walked, but I also had to resize my gear again.

"We've unleashed a monster, Jena." I told her. "Now that he's been shown that it's ok that he can show love to all of us, he's doing just that."

Sheila's jaw clenched as she chewed on the inside of her cheek as she paced for a moment before turning her attention to us.

"Min... I know you don't know everything about our world yet, I know you don't recognize the signs, so we'll just come right out and tell you."

“Tell me what?” I blinked.

“Jake’s scent reeks of a growing rut.” Sheila stated then. “He’s growing sexually potent to a climax that’s going to take us all up with it. I advise that for the sake of the race we need to... accept Jake’s love, but be resistant.”

“What matter is it if he’s rutting?” I asked. “It’s not like...”

“It is like that.” Jena told me suddenly. “Male ruts trigger female heats. Female heats generate pregnancy, and being pregnant while running the trail is not something to take lightly.”

I folded my arms and then smirked at them. “So we have to not have sex with our sex crazed lover eh? I’ll tell you what,” I smirked. “If you can stay resistant to that boy for longer than a minute I’ll do your chores for a month.” Sheila blushed and sighed. “As such, Jena... it’s been more than a week. Did you even ask Mom if it was ok or advisable for us to be boned by Jake?”

Jena became rather shy at that moment and tapped her finger tips together. “Ah... well... no.” she admitted and I crossed my arms and stared at her with one raised eyebrow discerningly. “Ok... I’m jealous! Most of us are. You’re his favorite Min, and we want our share of him to. With you out of the picture...”

“Didn’t stop him in the slightest. I told him I wasn’t supposed to be making love to him, but... oh who am I kidding... I’ve never felt so weak against anyone before... and I weigh perhaps fifty pounds more than he does in human form, and perhaps half a ton in my hybrid form. And his hands...”

“...Oh his hands...!” Sheila agreed.

“... His hands.” Jena nodded, and as one we three went into a blushing sigh. It was Jena who recovered first. “Ok enough!” and she slashed her hands through the air to silence the issue. “He’s an obstacle that I order everyone...”

“Even you?” Sheila admonished.

“...Even me, to avoid if possible. Everybody’s training, and this is our on-season. The New Year is passed and the Iditarod is less than three months away. We should be... we should be... oh Great Maker here he comes.”

And we turned as Jake approached us. He paused in a direct line with Sheila and kissed and hugged her, then kissed and hugged me, and then taking Jena’s hands, he began leading her away.

“Oh... oh my.” She blushed.

“Jena...” I warned.

“Back to training! Both of you! Paired hauling exercise go! Oh... oh... oh Jake.” She murred as Jake swung her into his arms and made off with her like Prince Charming making off with his princess.

“You heard her.” I smirked to Sheila. “Let’s get hooked up.”

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And so it went.

Though I didn’t puke from eating on the first week, I did on the second. Bets were passed, and apparently there was a pool as to when it would happen. Sheila won.

The purpose of the engorgement was that while training I had to eat five meals a day. They weren’t banquet meals, mind you, but they were meals... enough to account for anyone else’s lunch or dinner. It was loaded with fat and protein, the purpose of which was

to get energy stored in my body and likewise provide the protein to aid my healing factor. From the start of the training to the end of the hazing period, I literally put on a hundred pounds, and came out weighing two hundred and eighty pounds in my human form.

I got to the point where I could bench and leg-lift at least three hundred pounds in that form as well, and I worked out every day, ripping muscle, empowering my strength, and almost daily... I got a... um... a hot beef injection from Jake.

But on top of all this hard training, and less than eight hours of sleep – sleep schedules were no more than six hours, one to eat, one to wake and six to sleep during a mandatory eight hour layover at a relay station – I was still training with Jana in the ways of a Pathfinder. She seemed to be accelerating my training too. The six hours sleep was nonetheless causing mental strain on me. It was a requirement that I understood, cramming eating, preparation and sleep in exactly an eight hour span, for in the past certain overzealous mushers would push their dogs too hard and the dogs would suffer injury, stranding the musher in the wilderness.

But it was Jana who finally pulled all of us together in the third week, and by all of us, even Jake was there, and even she had a suit and a harness on.

“Me pretties, it be brought t’ me attention that ye been... shall we say... interactin’ with each other. Jena be believin’ that it be a detriment t’ yer trainin’, but th’ truth o’ th’ matter be that I find nothing better’n fer ye all t’ be interactin’. A team that be sharin’ its strengths be a stronger team, an’ interactin’ be th’ best way t’ get stronger an’ tougher for this race... as some of ye already been discoverin’.” We started looking at each other, and the average amount of weight we’d all put on is about fifty pounds per fem. Jake seemed to have filled out, and lost some of his boyish features over this time, grown taller and filled out more... and when I mean fill out... a lot of us would be meat gazing as we say that. He was lean but broad-chested, stronger than half of us in human form, but only a few of us in hybrid form “So fer now, we be setting in t’ our newest exercises. With Minevera joining our team, which allows me t’ train two o’ ye.”

“Mama... two of us. But who’s the other one?” Jena asked. “I thought Min was the only one who needed to be trained.”

“Nay... there be another. So Jena, ye will form one team with Anna an’ Joey, Mishka an’ Purdy, an’ Pax an’ Brianna. Min ye be forming th’ other team with Sheila an’ Camille, Chinook an’ Cecilia, an’ Poly an’ China.”

“Ah... mama?” Cecelia raised her hand. “How do we be havin’ two teams when dere only be one musher?”

“Two mushers.” Jana smirked and slapped her son who seemed just as surprised as the rest of us were at this turn of events. “Since Jena’s team be th’ more experienced team, he’ll be learnin’ from them. Minevera, since yours be th’ younger team, I’ll be teaching ye and yer team. Later, on ye all’ll have the feelin’ o’ runnin’ together, we’ll slap ye all together in preparation fer th’ Iditarod.

“Now get t’ it. Min, ye’ll be commin’ with me now. We needs t’ choose a sled fer ye t’ run.”

I swallowed and nodded, and stepped in line with Jana as she led the way toward the barn, leaving everyone behind. I looked sidelong to her a couple times and then opened my mouth.

“You’ve taught me enough to see the path, mom.” I told her. “Jake is going to run us in the Iditarod, isn’t he?”

“Yer foresight be servin’ ye well already, child.” Jana beamed at me.

“You’re going to send fourteen fems out with the one lone male in our group they’re all in love with to be out on the trail for two weeks or more? Alone? Without supervision? Isn’t that unwise? I thought winning the race is important.”

“It not be winning th’ race that be important, child. Me wisdom stretches further than yers does, child. If ye could see far enough t’ understand why I be trainin’ me boy so late, then stretch yer eyes a bit further an’ see why I be sending him at all. Then ye’ll know th’ wisdom that I have.”

“And what wisdom is that, mom?”

“Ye’ll just have t’ either look an’ see or wait an’ find out.” She winked, and led me to the tack and harness barn.

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I'll admit that running solo at the head of the team was harder than it looked. True I didn't have to watch out for anyone's feet, but if I ran into some brambles I was sure to hear from it... especially from Camille, though she kept swearing in French.

"Sorry... sorry..."

Camille uttered something at me in French under her breath.

"All right... I said I'm sorry... now speak in English or I'll assume you're saying bad things about me and I'll slap your face off for it next time you do."

Camille scoffed and looked to Jana who merely smirked and shrugged her shoulders.

Jana's method of teaching was letting me make mistakes and only later reviewing with me what I'd done wrong lest I actually asked for what the problem was. Nevertheless, we were making progress... I think.

The secret of the Wolf Pack's speed, at how they were able to continually win within the top five spots of the race, usually in the top three, were because in Hybrid forms we had longer legs, stronger legs, and could outpace a normal dog that were smaller than us. The reason why this team didn't consistently come in first was because that would look suspicious... and suspicions led to inquiries, and inquiries led to problems with the authorities.

Above all, the secrecy of our kind had to be preserved... and whatever needed to be sacrificed to maintain that secrecy was the law, whether it be property, money, success... or lives.

There was practice in transforming to different forms as a group... transforming as a group while in motion, while walking, jogging and running, shifting from our relatively small dog forms – yeah... dogs that weighed over a hundred pounds – to our human-sized hybrid forms and thusly to our massive greater hybrid forms and back again. There were commands I had to learn... I had to learn, no one else... they just followed my butt. Well there were *some* commands they needed to learn, but the bear's portion was all me baby. For all that week everything was unification and working as a team, and race, race, race. Get this time, beat that time, haul more weight and more weight and still more weight. Run with booties, run with jackets, transform mid-run and stick the landing, hard turns steep inclines and so on. Everything was teaching the muscle memory to do all this.

And at the end of the day, when everyone went to bed or had free time, I was memorizing the path of the trail while still learning from Jana these mystic powers of the Pathfinder.

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"That be all fer today." Jana mentioned as she rose from her blanket, a fur blanket wrapped about her shoulders.

I gave an exhale and let my arms drop... they shook decidedly from channeling so much energy through a collar around my neck. The same collar that kept me from shifting forms easily likewise kept me from using my magic powers well. Controlling the flames of our traditional bonfire and making them dance was exhausting this way, and I was panting heavily, almost choking to get a breath in.

"You be exhausted love." Jana mentioned to me, and even laying her motherly hand upon my shoulder was too much for me to bare and I sank straight to my knees.

"I can... I can... I can..." I panted and then swallowed a dry mouth. "I can... take it."

"Could you have taken this when you were a human?" she asked and knelt before me, a lovely goddess of a wolf mother, her breasts wobbling with all their primal might and feminine glory as she caressed my face.

I looked at her and still panting, I shook my head and she smiled.

“I’m nearly ashamed.” She told me and caressed my lips and then my cheek to calm me. “The woman in whose loins you sprung from must’ve been a great woman. I dare not consider myself strong enough to bare such a woman like you.” She smiled motherly at me.

“B-but... but you bore Jake.” I commented. “It takes quite t-the man... to... to please so many women.”

“Aye... like his father he be. But nay... I wanted t’ bare a girl. But Jake’s papa went an’ died on me. But nevertheless, I be getting’ fourteen daughters all t’ me own.” She beamed and embraced me, and I was so tired I just leaned into her naked bosom. “An’ I wish t’ make ye an offer child.”

“W-what offer?” I asked, catching my breath now.

“I be havin’ power in me yet t’ give. Ye be a grown woman now, an’ a human child t’ boot, but we be Lycan, an’ th’ greatest gift a mother can give her daughters be t’ sup from th’ milk o’ her breast.”

You know how in movies when the camera focuses on something. At first it’s out of focus and thereby out of sight and out of mind because it’s blurry, and you don’t pay attention to it, but then the camera shifts and blurs out everything else save for that one thing it’s focusing on. Something small, something you usually don’t pay attention to. That happened for me in that very moment to Jana’s thick nipple, firmed and erect, hardened and mature, strengthened from the mouths of her son and adoptive daughters as she gave them suck as infants and children.

Like I mentioned before, Lycan shared strengths by sharing body fluids. The most potent way was through the blood, which was through biting. It was also how two Lycan’s mated or adopted. A blood sisterhood between me and Jana made me her daughter, sharing a love bite with Jake made us mates in the eyes of other Lycan. It was imprinting and the utmost sharing of strengths.

There were other methods as well, but the second most potent was through the mucus membranes, and in particular it was the ejaculate from sexes... followed by the breast milk of a female. I looked to her breasts as I leaned back, swallowing a dry mouth again.

“What’ll that do to me?” I asked.

“Put more o’ th’ wild in ye, child.” She smiled. “But o’ all me daughters... even me son... this milk,” and she hefted her breasts, cradling each in one hand for me. “Be containing gifts that ye an’ only ye can aptly absorb from me. These teats be knowing th’ mouths o’ each o’ me wee cubs, whether they passed from me or not. As an infant they gain nourishment and the strengths to survive this cold, but as adults... ye be becomin’ more receptive t’ other things within th’ milk.

“An’ look at ye. Ye be ready t’ pass out from thirst, child. Take these gifts from me. Carry them proudly as me daughter.”

I stared at her breasts, I stared at them some more, and then almost against my will I leaned forward, and parting my lips with my own breasts wobbling like the fruit of a tree beneath my chest, I bent forward and began to drink the vanilla-sweet milk of my adoptive mother’s breasts.

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Visions assailed me as I trembled, laying against Jana’s body beside the fire. A passerby might think that this was some lesbian love fest in the woods by the fire, but then they would be sorely mistaken. But what was happening as I gripped her sides and mashed my face into her breast, my long muscled navel that was thick and hard from all my working out, developing a muscularity that would make the She-Hulk jealous, I drank fiercely from one breast, draining it and moving onto the second, unable to stop myself as my eyes dilated to their widest points.

I saw... I mean I saw so much... so much that it was all a jumble, hard for me to discern or see. I saw faces, faces I knew, faces I didn’t know, rushing in on me while inside my chest I felt a power growing.

The fire beside us twisted like a reverse tornado of fire, the fat part in the fire and the pointed base up in the air, spinning its sparks off at the top as it rose higher and higher. Strength that wasn't physical, or at least not entirely physical, surged into me, and the totems of the world swirled about us to observe this. My muscles tightened and breasts expanded, my loins moistening as my head continued to swim.

But as I drank her milk, I felt shoulder blades flaring, chest muscles condensing as breasts engorged so much that my own milk leaked from me and spilled onto her body. I swallowed and my spine thickened with a series of cracks, skeletal structure reshaping itself, hardening and condensing as the muscles of this body curved and arched and tightened, condensing firmly into tighter and tighter compacted frames.

A swirl of wind blew in that encircled this place, stirring up the snow in the same direction as the fire, and sheets of multicolored light arose while Jana gripped my hair, and I sucked and sucked till there was no more, and coming up for air I gasped long and hard, thrusting my breasts up so fiercely that they bounced and wobbled firmly, milk shaking off the hardened nips before I folded backward and cupped their fronts, experiencing a sort of climactic ejaculation from either nipple that was just as erotic as climaxing from my sex as the milk ejected from me into the backs of my hands and seeped down my bodice and arms.

"Oh..." I moaned to myself and massaged those tits before upending one to my mouth and sucking it off, feeling my loins trembling.

With a drop in power the sheets of light disappeared and the swirling wind of snow and fire dropped back down to nothing as the winds suddenly stopped, and I moaned and stuffed a hand between my legs, fingering myself and whimpering, crying tears of pleasure as I shivered from the muscles of my body rounding about this feminine body.

"I burn..." I cried.

"Aye, an' ye will." Jana mentioned and laid the furred blanket across my shoulders as I switched to my other tit, sucking off its fore milk. "Ye've been granted great strengths, me child... an' great responsibilities go with them. I be leaving ye here. Shut th' light off when ye come back t' th' house."

And Jana rose, naked but without her blanket now, leaving me there as I immediately fell onto my side in a fetal position, eyes closed, the collar around my throat glistening. Something was welling inside my bosom and my loins, and it burned... it made me dizzy and sick, but in a good way. It was like all my guts were being stirred up inside me as the muscles and bones around them clenched like I was being held by a giant fist and slowly squeezed... the impurities drawn out of me with only the power growing in me keeping me from collapsing under my own strength.

Every heartbeat fueled that fire in me, and I laid there for goodness knows how long, suffering through that pleasureable change.

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I felt transformed... converted and changed, purified maybe, my body heaving as I rose, the fire dying now and was nothing more than little flames as I stood human and naked in the darkness lit only by the fading fire. Hard, heaving muscle shaped this body; firm, large breasts capped its chest, wide birthing hips flared from a long and narrow waist.

The Lycan were called '*The Undying breed*'. Our bodies aged far more slowly than humans did. We matured quickly, sure, but once we were mature than age slowed drastically, with damages from aging being repaired by our ridiculous healing factors. I'd learned that centuries could pass before I would die naturally.

This was no longer the body of a young female Lycan, a body that had the promise of eventually growing old and wrinkly and saggy and then dying... this felt like the body of a woman that could live for a millennium or more. It was a body of flawed perfection. I know that that's an oxymoron, but it's a term that I could only describe for such a work of art that this form was now; like polished marble and stone wrought by one of the old masters like Bernini and Michelangelo.

Wait... where the hell did I hear those names? I massaged my head, feeling my awareness... *expanded* somehow. I was aware of more things. Like I'd just been downloaded with information and knowledge. Great... passing of knowledge through milk... what was next?

But the more I thought about it, the more I believed that Jana must be a powerful Lycanthrope... very powerful. Just how old was she? I always wondered why she spoke with a Celtic lilt.

Turning to the fire and leveling a hand toward it, spreading the fingers like a sorceress might in a book or in fantasy art, I focused on the flames and they shrank and snuffed themselves out. Even the coals stopped burning and grew cool. Nevertheless, with a sweep of my hands like I'd seen Jana do, the wind of the world swept in and threw thick washes of snow onto the remains of the fire.

I smirked triumphantly to myself. I'd even done this while collared...

I'd hardly been able to make a flame flicker or light or make more than a breeze to ruffle a sheer skirt before now. Jana had granted me more potency that was for sure, and stooping to pick up blanket and fur and wrapping them about my bodice that had become soft and silken, I stepped lithely back toward the house.

I felt triumphant, energetic... powerful! I was a Shamaness of a bestial nature of a creature that the world thought of nothing more than as a myth. Quite a difference than the little woman I was nearly three months ago. But as I walked along I began to slow, feeling... something... in the forest. Something that shouldn't be. And turning I looked and gaped as a lumbering shadow reared before me and roared.

A bear? A bear in the middle of winter? Why wasn't it asleep?

I gave a cry of alarm and ducked as it swept with its great and powerful arm, sweeping its claws before it to rip me open, and I tumbled out of the way, rising upward, naked with a wobbling of enlarged tits.

"You wanna go? Well let's go!" I shouted at it and began flexing, trying to transform, but after a few moments when I didn't, I grunted and then looked back to the black bear as it lowered and bounced onto its haunches, and then roared at me. "Crap! Shit! Why am I not... eek!"

The bear trundled forward and I tried to escape but a bear was a beast of nature. It's lope could outrun a human being easily, and it only needed to lope a couple of times and sweep with its paw to knock me flailing to the side. Rolling over with tits wobbling and rolling again, I lifted a hand and made a bright, bright flash of light, and then rolled away, trying to escape back to the house now that the bear was blinded. I could see the lights in the distance through the trees, but with another roar I heard the slapping loping sounds of the bear before it gathered me up and knocked me down. With saliva dripping from its lips it roared at me again, and I tried pushing it off, my arms strong but not strong enough for a bear in this form. I couldn't change, couldn't transform.

It put a paw on my middle and pressed and all the air was thrust from me as I felt my ribs crack. I tasted blood as the bear reared, lifting a paw to swipe at my head, and I tried to scream as I saw death coming, feeling a weird sense of *déjà vu* thanks to all those visions I saw while suckling from Jana, and the bear swung.

But a great furred body slammed against the bear, sweeping it up and relieving the pressure on me so fast that I almost passed out from a mixture of pain and all the oxygen rushing into my head. Turning to my side, I found that there was a negative side to having such a profound healing factor... and that was when a painful wound painfully healed. Ribs snapped back into place one after the next... and I felt each one pop. A lung refilled, internal wounds healed by the time I rolled to see a massive form fighting with the great bear, and rolling in the cold snow that was so cold it burned, I saw...

"J-Jake..." I groaned as Jake grappled with the bear, and threw the monster in a swinging motion toward a tree, which the bear impacted hard.

The bear got back up, shook its great head, and then roared again, and rearing he drew a paw back and Jake thrust himself before the paw, gripping it and holding it back, gripping the other paw before he twisted, collapsed and then rose in a heaving motion to flip the bear over his head. The bear fell and bounced, rolled before Jake threw himself onto the bear, gripping its head in his claws. The bear bit his arm, scraped at him with his claws, before with a mighty jerk Jake snapped the bear's head, and I heard the sickening sound of the neck of such a powerful creature breaking.

Jake rose, wobbled and tipped to one side before he caught himself against a tree and straightened, his own blood dripping off his claws.

“Jake!” I cried and forced my weakened body to rise, getting to my feet as I hurried to him. He looking like a furry hulk, his clothing ripped and shredded across his body, he immediately palmed my whole head to his belly, where I got a good look of more wounds. “Oh you’re hurt... are you all right?”

“I should be asking you that question.” He mused quietly and fingered my face with a thumb.

“I’ll heal.” I told him and then stepped back. “Oh this is my fault. I was so tired that I couldn’t change and... and...” and Jake lifted a claw tip and lifted the collar hanging from my throat. “... and I’m so *stupid!*”

“You’ve been working pretty hard...” he said lazily... almost sleepily, and I looked up at him discerningly, seeing him wobbling.

“You’re not ok, are you?” I gasped and started checking him out.

“Don’t worry... it’s just a scratch.”

“That’s what the black knight said and he was missing his arms and GREAT MAKER!” I shrieked as I saw his back, which looked like he’d been break dancing on loose gravel. “You transform this instant! I’m going to carry you back to...” but Jake gripped the scruff of the dead bear and began to walk with it while at the same time he scooped me up in his other arm. “...Jake... you’re in no condition!”

“I... will not... be weak.” He groaned and stepped forward. “I refuse to. Not with all you... all my girls... every day... being strong and... and... *strong.*”

“Jake it’s cute that you’re trying to be a gentleman but now isn’t the time for you to have a hurt ego.”

He smiled down at me lazily as he dragged the bear behind him and cradled me in one long arm.

“You misjudge me for a human.” He smirked. “We are Lycan; we are made of true silver of the Moon and stone of the Earth. We are not like the dust like humans. I’ll be...” and he paused in his step and wavered for a moment. “... all... right.”

And trudging in his step, he walked me back home.

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I got Jake inside, washed his back as it healed rapidly, applied bandages and helped him into bed. His sweats felt weird on me, but I needed to wear something. It was mildly sexual at the moment that the rather baggy crotch of his sweats that contained his groin was over my sex.

“You’re my hero, you know?” I told him as I finished wrapping his arm in a bandage.

“Every hero needs a princess.” he smiled at me. He’d become so charming recently. Confidence coming from being the playboy of the entire Wild Pack.

“This being said with your hand on my butt.” I smirked, but I bent and kissed him. “But thank you nonetheless.” And I rose before him, standing in his sweats.

“I must say that I do feel rather comfortable... though I wonder if any of the spare beds have any pillows.” He told me.

It was true... I stole every pillow in the house that was spare and propped him up so that he laid at an angle. But then I saw a vision... a path that was opening up for me even as we talked. It was so clear. We were making small talk... pillow talk – per se – and I saw moments before he did as he reached out and pressed his fingers against my crotch.

Despite that I was wearing a man's clothes... I filled them out tighter than he did, and as he pressed his fingers against my vulva I found myself swooning nonetheless, clasping that hand deeper into my sex, and by his mere presence alone I grew hard and firm as I grew aroused with a gasp. Never before had it happened so fast in my entire life, and I sighed as my innards moistened, the water balloon inflating in my bowels from my loins preparing for penetration and eventual orgasm. He leaned slightly and cupped my tit and I sighed again as his fingers found my hardened nipple through the fabric covering it.

As the path proceeded, the pre-warning became shorter and shorter, my life a shaking, dizzying echo of itself before it merged into the now, my path no longer avoidable apparently.

"I don't think I've found myself any more aroused than seeing one of you wearing my clothes and actually filling them out better than me." He told me, and the last of the echoes faded away in his voice as I lifted a leg and slid onto his lap, as helpless with his affections as I was in human form with that bear.

We kissed... kissed again, and I felt a new path developing from this moment that felt like... destiny.

He was pitching a tent beneath me as he slid his hands beneath the sweat top, fondling my breasts with both hands as we kissed several times more, and gripping his prick between my legs I rubbed the sheets of his bed against it, stroking him for a while till he'd erected into that great rhinoceros horn of his. And then dragging my hair along his chest and pulling the blankets and sheets back that I'd piled him high with, I pulled those sheets back off his groin as it swelled into the basket of his pelvis and strong rosy thighs. I rose and removed his sweat top, and his prick leapt for a moment at the sight of my breasts before I tossed it lightly at his face, chuckling.

Our lovemaking began by me lowering myself, and with both hands from the strength of his penis, I pried it backward and fit it between my breasts, and it took the strength of both arms to hold that prick back as I bent my head and began sucking deeply from the flared head that was so big my whole mouth with its supple lips couldn't hope to take it. I sucked and I sucked, swallowing priming charge and sucked the climax out of him as he caressed my face and breasts... milk leaking from my tits onto his navel.

Like I mentioned... milk carried the powers of the Lycan... and this was the first time that I actively drank man milk...

What did it do to me? Well I was already stronger than him... faster than him, there was very little of that I gained from him, but what I did garner was a flushing of the loins, a swelling of the breasts, an engorgement of my sexual powers, that after I'd drank as much as I could, my breasts so thick and full from the action that they were leaking milk profusely as they swelled from blood engorgement in arousal and milk engorgement, as I reared and rose from his cock as it spat a few times onto his chest, I gurgled and palmed my belly and wet his sweats. He didn't care... he merely peeled them from me, tugging them down from off my legs, touching my sex and fingering the slit as he helped me out of them... right before he promptly pulled me to his face, and gripping the knobs of his bed, I felt him truly explore my womanhood with his lips and tongue while gripping my butt, licking and tasting and drinking from me and showing me the true pain of pleasure.

And all of this long before I mounted him... and he drank freely from my breasts.

## Chapter 11: The Iditarod

It was sounds that awoke me, and opening one eye lazily, not remembering the last time I slept so soundly, I saw Jake standing beside the bed and taking off his bandages. Despite having just had a fight with a bear, his skin was once again smooth without so much as even a scar.

Lifting myself and yawning deeply as he stripped off the last bandages, I had the ability to rise and palm his chest and press myself against his bare skin... right before I reached down and cupped his junk.

Though Jake wasn't nearly as strong as some of us fems, he was chiseled like a marble statue of David, and then some. A ropy pillar that all of us could hold onto... and unlike the Statue of David... he had a wang that could choke a donkey.

I discovered that day after I'd snuck down to the dorm room and washed and cleaned myself that a certain air of intensity had risen in the house. My newfound sensitivity to paths taken by others made me feel it, for it was a path that practically everyone in the house was following. That intensity that they bore into me was an awareness that the race was approaching, especially since that race was less than two months away. It was now the end of January, and the race heralded and began on March fifth.

From the moment breakfast was done with all chores speedily done, everyone going about their daily chores without complaint and those who couldn't do their chores fast enough were helped by others till the house was in order. The store was closed for training and the lot of us geared up and continued our training.

Mushers had been coming for the dogs that The Lodge stored, and a rapid and massive influx of money from kennel fees from those mushers were paid for the care of their dogs. Jana had made an arrangement that if you didn't pay, she kept the dog... and with certain dogs being on champion dog sled teams, worth nearly a thousand dollars, just breeding the animal provided a pedigree that made any pups they produced hundreds of dollars each. The title "Iditarod sled dog" to a Sire or a Bitch made any pups made by them quite spendy... and quite the catch for people in the continental United States who wanted a prestigious animal like that.

And now everything became a routine... intermixed with the occasional disturbance. On rest days, Jana brought each of us for drug testing and veterinary checkups... required for any race team wishing to run the Iditarod. Being that this team has run the Iditarod often enough, we only needed to show that the team was in order and healthy to compete again. All of us passed of course... there was little doubt actually.

But now my training no longer involved strength training... now it was all endurance. Run longer and longer and longer... shifting training, leadership training, teamwork training, and above all... trust.

My team kept growing by twos, till eventually by the end of February, we were running as a whole team. It took a couple tries to find out which side of Jena I should run on... and it eventually was decided that I should run on the right. But also during the month of February, the second week involved us pulling a single sled, at first with Jake riding in its bed as Jana mushed, but the following week Jana rode in the bed and Jake mushed. By the third week of February, we were a full team, fourteen fems tugging a fully laden sled with all the gear necessary and required for a successful race, and then for the last week before the race... we rested, but nevertheless, we were also geared and tethered with our partners. Whatever we did that last week, it was done in close relation with whoever we were to run with... and on some occasions... that involved being with Jake.

So... imagine the scene... Jana and I tethered together, nearly naked and stepping in together in unison into Jake's bedroom as just enough of our harnesses were undone for him to pleasure both of us at once. I'll have to admit... it was the first time for me too, and I actually kissed Jenna and made out with her for Jake's pleasure as we both sloppily licked his dick mashed between our breasts.

Three days before the race we all slept together in a pile out in the sheds, getting use to the cold.

And then it was the day of the race...

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At about midnight of the second, we all worked together, hooking up a trailer to the back of one of the trucks before loading the trailer with a fully loaded sled and all our harnesses. Everything was triple checked, before I and my sisters piled into the back of the trailer and Jana and Jake closed us in. A dome light was made available for us to read or whatever, but no one really used it. This was go time and everyone pretty much collapsed dead asleep the moment the truck took off and engaged itself onto the highway, heading toward Anchorage where the start of the race began.

I was nervous though. Damn nervous... and I laid awake going over the turns and such in my head for the race. I don't know why I needed to be... Jena was here, she knew everything, but there were butterflies in my stomach and my girl parts were playing tricks on me. They were... stirring... they felt weird. I'd not been a Lycan for more than four months... so I was unfamiliar as to what these stirrings meant. It's like they were under pressure or something. I remembered pressing in on the nipple of one of my fat mammaries, pressing in on it repeatedly till Jena smacked my head.

"Stop touching it... you'll go blind." She groaned and turned over to go back to sleep as I laid there with head on someone's middle and feet on someone's butt.

I didn't bleed anymore... my menstrual cycle had apparently either been modified or removed completely... and good riddance to the damn thing, but I feared not being able to have a child someday and I was afraid to ask about it. Regardless, during that whole trip south, I felt my loins and breasts... *tightening* somehow.

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Somewhere during the long trip of many hours I awoke from a hammering on the door and Jena hissed into my ear, "Change to a dog." She said, and I followed suit from what my sisters were doing so that I was a dog before the ramp lowered, revealing a light dawn rising. Dawn rose earlier now as spring approached, and it was perhaps about eight in the morning.

As dogs we stepped down off the gangplank in twos and went to go '*obediently*' stand by a runner line where Jana attached all our tug lines to it. Fourteen dogs, all poised in dog show fashion, heads high, resting on our rears with forelegs extended, and not barking their heads off like certain other teams that were already here apparently were.

There were cameramen and women taking pictures of us, and there were also newscasters covering the race chattering before cameras. I suddenly felt rather self-conscious.

"What well-trained dogs," someone commented, and Jake remained by us as Mom went and parked the truck and trailer somewhere.

A race official came about an hour later, commented that he was surprised that Jake would be the musher and not Jana like they expected as he handed over promotional gear.

"My mother has decided I'm apparently old enough and skilled enough to run the team this year." Jake commented as he donned his bib and race number. The official made a few notes on a clip board and then proceeded to the next team. Jake then approached each of us and attached tags to our collars with his number.

I for one enjoyed his hands on me as he secured the tag next to my dog tag that was etched with my name and home address and phone number. It was a proud moment for me as Jake gave each of us some hugs, some kisses and words of encouragement.

Eventually it came time to go to the race line, and so we were hitched to each link of a tug line to the sled, and with Jana staying behind, Jake clicked his tongue and we pulled him and the sled toward the starting line.

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"Remember... don't burst all your energy." Jena barked to me in dog-speak. "This is a show; the traditional start is just all of us setting off from the official starting point. There's no rush to get to the Campbell Airstrip. We're all held up there for the second start anyways. So jog, don't worry about who's ahead of you or even if we're last."

I nodded with a great shaking of my head as the race officials walked by making sure each team was ready to go.

And then in a pang... I felt a burst of inspiration hit me.

“We need to be first.” I blinked.

“What? Didn’t you hear me? There’s no need.” Jena barked at me.

“You don’t understand! We need to be first!” I barked at her and she blinked at me and looked back at Jake who couldn’t hear us at the moment.

“Mushers ready!” an official remarked.

“And I’m telling you, no we don’t!” Jena demanded. “I’m the team leader! You will do what I say or...”

“Go!” and there was a gun shot from a starting gun, just a blank but it made lots of noise, especially in my ears.

My heart thudded and I yanked forward even before Jake had a chance to yell ‘*mush.*’ Jena gave off a yelp as she was dragged forward with me, and having no choice but to match my pace or else topple unto the ground, we leapt ahead so hard that the sled jerked forward and we almost lost Jake. My ears flattened, my tongue lolled out, my lupine muscles began to pound and heart began to beat and pulse and ripple into action.

“Slow down!” Jena shouted at me as my pace pulled the team along behind me, and I took longer and longer strides as the sled leapt forward ahead of the other mushers.

“Hey Rookie! Keep that pace up and you’ll kill your dogs before you get to the airstrip!” someone shouted but Jake only gripped hard. I was glad he didn’t apply the break at all, he just let us go.

We were running, my ears filled with the sound of my heartbeat and the cheers, but my mind was drawn forward, my spirit following an urge that was absolutely irresistible as the world began to shake as my precognition as a Pathfinder and the present began to merge. The world shook and trembled just like that night with Jake more than a month ago till the world shook to me and then with a clear snap it solidified.

And we ran and we ran, not slowing even in the slightest until all the other mushers were left far, far behind.

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“What were you *thinking?*” Jena barked at me and I cowered with my tail between my legs. She was furious. “I told you! I told you that we didn’t *need* to run fast! Look at your sisters! They’re already tired because of you. This will cost us... The Airstrip was only twenty miles – *twenty miles!* – from Anchorage. We have over eleven hundred miles to go!”

“I-It felt right, Jena...” I told her.

“Bullshit!” she snarled, showing fangs while I glanced at my sisters, seeing them panting amidst eating their provided meals. “J-just... just sit there and shut up and...”

Jake approached us now, a tray of sticky biscuits that he began feeding to each of us as he checked harnesses and tug lines that were now attached to hooks in the stalls we were waiting in. When he came to Jena and me, he fed us both a biscuit and then leaned in close, making a show for the other mushers here.

“I just spoke to a race official. They had to plan for something that doesn’t often happen this year. Because of an accident on the trail due to an avalanche, they’re having to release us in a staggered way. They’re basing it off of our times in, so first in, first out.”

Jena turned immediately. “You can’t be serious Jake.” She said and approached. “That’s just... just...”

“Serendipitous, I know.” He said and rubbed my head. “We were very lucky to arrive first this year. We’ll have a good head start in front of everyone, and anyone behind us will have to play catch up. If we can maintain the lead, we can actually come in first this year.”

“Great... excellent... now I can’t berate Min for exhausting the team for no apparent reason.” She said as I looked back at her smugly. “Just a feeling, huh? Well next time... why don’t you share those feelings with me, Min... so we can be united in a decision?”

“Done!” I barked and Jake rose to return the plate he’d brought our meal biscuits on. “So what now? Shouldn’t we be running? You guys told me something about Willow and stuff...”

“Now we wait for mama to show up.” Sheila added. “It’s impossible for dogs to travel from here to Willow because of the terrain. Occasionally you can travel over the river provided that it’s frozen, but thanks to the Pacific air flow and the warm winters around Anchorage...”

“Oh just tell her already, Sheila.” Poly groaned and rolled onto her back. “We all know you’re smart, so get on with it already.”

“Ok... well I... um...” Sheila began and lowered her head.

“We can’t travel it, I understand Sheila... thank you.” I replied and then laid down. “So we wait then...”

“We wait.” Jena yawned. “I suggest... we rest as much as we can after that lively twenty mile sprint.”

“Good thing we’re supernatural creatures!” Mishka barked and I smirked and closed my eyes to have a short nap while we waited for mom to arrive.

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The Willow restart was a pole position, with our team in the first. The officials sent us off with about a minute of separation apiece... A winner of the race was declared based upon total time, and the lowest time of all got to be the winner. We already had one benefit... with us coming in first into the Campbell Airstrip, our total running time was that much less than any of the other mushers because of this little avalanche issue in Willow...

So instead with us at the front of the line, we set off at first at a trot till we were out of sight of the racers and then we dashed forward for several miles before slowing to a fast trot. Supernatural endurance even in dog shape was a wonderful boon. Our healing factors repaired damage to torn muscles and ligaments and cleansed them of the lactic acid.

As a girl, it took me ten minutes to run the mile in Physical Education at the school. As a Lycan, even in my lesser hybrid form, I literally could run a mile a minute... sixty miles per hour.

Helicopters with camera crews hovered over the race, so we couldn’t shape shift yet, and all for the better I thought. The race track was beautiful here, flat, lightly hilly... the trees covered in hoar frost. I never really sat and appreciated this land till now. It was beautiful.

Overhead a bald eagle screeched as it – or should I say, he – circled us.

After the first few dozen miles, after multiple checks behind us to make sure we weren’t being followed and there was no one up above us...

“All right... Wild Pack... HO!” Jake shouted.

That was the particular command that told us all to change. I’d love to be able to appropriately describe to you all what it was like for fourteen super powerful fems to transform in unison, muscles bubbling, bones cracking as they realigned, and all of us rose and arched from running on four feet to running on two feet, but the transformation allowed for longer legs – the front legs were just for

maintaining balance during strides anyways – and soon we fourteen kicked forward to even faster speeds through the winding forests of spruce and pine, and with this straight away... we were able to leap well ahead of everyone else.

When it was officially announced that Jake was going to be the musher by Jana, I think all of us secretly decided that we were going to make his first musher's experience in the Iditarod as a finish first!

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We didn't break till well after the second relay station of Yentna Station, over fifty-two miles of distance just from Willow to there, and we were half way to the next station of Skwentna, and additional thirty four miles, before we pulled over for a quick rest spot.

It was stressed to me that I should pee and whenever when I could rest, because we didn't stop till Jake told us to stop and there would be no holdovers to go to the bathroom in a race where every second literally counts. Every hundredths of a second if you want to get technical. We were each fed from the biscuits that Cecelia had spent a week preparing. They were cold and nearly frozen, but they were just packed with calories and were hearty enough, when combined with all the other food we got, to keep us filled and energetic enough to continue.

But now that we were paused, I was beginning to feel that pressure in my chests and loins. I sat there with hands cupping my primaries and arms squeezing my secondaries while my loins burned.

"Is it normal to feel... I don't know... a burning like this?"

"Burning?" China mentioned. "What kind burning?" China's English was sometimes broken when she was hybrid.

"I don't know... pressure? Tightness?"

"Not used to running sixty miles before resting?" Purdy teased and she and Mishka laughed.

"No, I most certainly am not. Did any of you feel this way when you ran this race for the first time?"

No one answered and I nodded and kept quiet.

Jake was inspecting a map with Sheila hanging on his arm and pointing at places on the map. I and most of the rest of us had no hand at topographical maps, so it was the duty of the musher to come up with a trail and it was up to the lead dog and the Pathfinder to find the path through that trail. We... just needed Sheila to explain to us what the symbols on the map meant.

"All right my pretties..." Jake called out at last and Sheila hurried to hitch herself back up to the team. "We've past Rebel's Roost and are home free to Skwentna. We can save some time if you all don't mind running across the river beds."

"We're all for it Jake!" Anna cheered, the spunky little fem that she was, like Joey, was perhaps just a few graduals of caffeine short of going psycho hose beast at the moment.

Her cheer was carried up by others, but I felt a tinge in me that told me it was a bad idea, but in relation to the general upheaval of everyone else, I kept my mouth shut. So instead we all got ready, and leaning forward as one when he yelled '*Mush!*' the sled started moving forward with Mishka and Purdy doing most of the starting motion before the wheel and forward dogs added their might into it, Anna and Joey then adding pace, while Jena and I led the way.

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It was Joey who twisted her ankle on the rocky river beds as we were running through it. We had to slow our pace to a dead stop for awhile while it healed. Running while healing a moving ligament could cause it to heal wrong. I bit my lower lip as her ankle was bound up tightly with the medical gauze here while several of us were shivering from the cold of running through icy water and now having to pause. If we were to run straight through then it wouldn't have been so bad... but now we were paused and the icy wetness on our feet was getting to us.

“What’s up?” Jena asked me once the *Veterinary*’ action and report were handled.

On the Iditarod, the dogs’ wellbeing often took precedence over even the musher, and a veterinary log had to be kept and shown at each way point. I supposed it wouldn’t look good to have a dog show up with a bandage around her leg and no report in Jake’s log to go with it.

“Huh? What? Um... nothing.” I replied to her and then looked back to Joey as she wiggled her leg and nodded to Jake that she could run on it.

“You look like you’re to blame for that. Accidents happen.”

I was silent. It was something bad, just like I felt. Because of this we’ve lost time tending to Joey’s leg, and we’ll lose more time as we have to slow down to let her leg heal properly now.

“All right, slow and steady girls.” Jake mentioned and we pulled again, heading for the direct route out of this wandering flood plain of the river.

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Joey’s sprain cost more time because the vets at each way station wanted to inspect her. We made it to Skwentna and enjoyed a brief food drop before moving on through the dark toward Finger Lake where our next food drop would be. It was here where some of the other mushers caught up with us while the vets were looking over Joey’s ankle. We were still ahead... we had to rest at certain points for a minimum of eight hours per travel day.

“It’s my fault.” I said quietly.

“What’s your fault?” Jena asked. “Stop blaming yourself for that.” And she gestured with a paw. “It’s a mistake for a leader to blame themselves for accidents.”

“Yeah... accidents... but what if you saw the accident... or at least felt the accident... and you said nothing?”

Jena stared at me, her ears rising atop her head. “Min... what are you saying? That you saw her accident before she had an accident?”

“Not see, but feel. I felt that our choice to run across the river bed was a bad idea, but I thought it was just me being nervous. I chose the wrong path.”

“Don’t be silly. No one could predict accidents. Not even with our fabled women’s intuition.”

“Mom can.” I told her and laid down. “She’s been training me for the better part of three months... apparently I didn’t pay enough attention.”

“What do you suggest we do about it then?” Jena asked me.

“In a word? Make her ride the day in the bed of the sled.”

“And that will make it all better?”

I was silent and closed my eyes. I could see these things better when I closed my eyes. “No. Not right away... but it won’t make it worse.”

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So after exactly eight hours of rest, Joey was picked up by Jake and secured in the bed of the sled even as snow roiled in from the north. We were leaving quietly so's not to wake up the other mushers. Joey complained and reassured Jake that she could run, gave Jena and me some nasty looks as Jake secured her into the bed of the sled.

"I hope you know what you're doing. A sprained ankle isn't a serious injury for us."

"Trust me like I trust you." I told her, and Jake took the hand holds of the sled and whispered 'mush' and we trotted out onto the trail and set forth into a run.

Twelve dogs actually pulling the sled were required to finish the race. We were down to thirteen now, and that'd slow us a bit, but I was confident that listening to my gut would lead us right.

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Thirty miles from Finger Lake to Rainy Pass, and here the trail quickly got harder as we had to weave around random things sticking up out of the trail. Most mushers don't attempt this trail in the dark, and I was given brief visions of what Joey might've experienced trying to mitigate debris on the ground with an ankle that she ran on all day yesterday with a healing sprain. We were attempting it at first in the dark, but if our timing was right, then the daylight would rise right when it got really bad, but to make matters worse for us, the snow kicked up into a hard horizontal blizzard... gale winds that pelted us broadsides with snow. We paused midway to Rainy Pass to put our jackets and booties on... the jackets perhaps to be worn for the rest of the race now since they also carried certain personalized gear for each dog to carry.

For me, it was the same exact stuff I carried when Jena and I went out alone into the wilderness together.

The trail suddenly got exceptionally difficult here as we began walking rather treacherous terrains as we followed the rivers to the next checkpoint, and as we ran I kept thinking of how this trail would've affected Joey. It was her left leg that was injured and she ran to the left of Anna. That would've put an enormous strain on her leg, and a misstep would've hauled our mid section of the team outward over short drops that would slide us all into the river.

Jake locked his anchor in place and used just the brake to steer the sled for this entire part of the trail.

Eventually the terrain went downhill leading past Rainy Pass Lodge and finally to the check point where we used a much needed break and more food.

Joey, like I mentioned, just like Anna, were two hyperactive fems. And Joey was getting bored... As such, for the next forty eight miles – give or take – there were some steep climbs and falls in the terrain as we made our way through a place called Dalzell Gorge, breaking at the summit of a large hilly area before moving downward toward Rohn. It was here that we stopped for the day... for the next stretch of trail was a doozy.

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"She looks like she's definitely improved. No strains at all. Probably wise of you to take her off the line, Jacob." The Vet stated. "Working her on that leg over the past stretch of the trail could've been bad. But given this she'll probably be up right in time for the trek to Nikolai." The vet smirked and slapped Jake on the back and Jake grimaced.

"What's wrong with Nikolai?" I asked once the vet and the race official had left.

"Not what's wrong with it, but rather what's wrong with what's between us and it." Chinook said between mouthfuls of slump.

"Is it bad?" I asked nervously.

"The badest... nastiest stretch of cold wilderness the good Creator ever placed on the Earth!" Joey barked and danced on her hind legs as Jake brought her bowl of food before he put it down.

“Oh you’ll love it! It’s awesome!” Anna added as Jake sat down beside us and ate some cold fruit cake.

Like us, a musher needed to keep his strength up, and a few bites of a fruit cake were a meal that kept well and were loaded with calories for energy.

“If only those two’s enthusiasm could meet the rest of us. I hate the Nikolai push.” Jena said quietly, forepaws crossed. “At least you girls have the presence of having experienced it before. Except Min of course.”

I watched as Jake decidedly took only the one mouthful of cake and chewed it slowly.

“Is that all you’re having?” I asked him as I rose and pranced over to him, sitting down beside him like an obedient dog.

“You’re all doing all the work. All I do is hold on and steer the sled between sporadic fits of running behind it all to lighten the load and help push” Jake replied. “This cuts down on the amount of food we carry by several pounds. While you girls get to glut, I have to fast... count yourselves lucky,” and he massaged my head with his fingertips and I leaned into his hand before placing my muzzle on his lap. “The Iditarod is one of the few places on earth where a Dog is worth more than a man.”

“Oh that’s not true.” “Not true.” “Don’t count yourself low.” Several of my sisters yipped and barked at his comment and I opened my eyes to him and made a decision. My teats – all lining my belly now – and my sex hidden inside its pocket, were all tight now... erect was perhaps a better word for how they felt now, and there was the sensation of the balloon feeling in my loins. It wasn’t inflated yet, but it was there... flaccid. It was like the longest arousal I’d ever felt in my life.

But nevertheless, later that night... I resolved to do something for Jake.

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My sisters were asleep when I opened my eyes and genially shifted forward, looking about for any of the officials who were up at all hours of the day. I doubted that any additional mushers would be coming in at this hour, so I shifted forms to that of my lesser hybrid form in which I had opposable thumbs to undo the hook to my tug line.

A wolf’s stalking ability was based upon smell and hearing, and as I snuck about to the musher’s tents, I found Jake’s tent sure enough. The design for his tent was originally funded by the United States Department of Defense, it was a quickly deployable collapsible tent made off of a similar design of those plastic toys that could compact into tight little star-like things that could fit in your hands, but then could hinge open into great spheres large enough for a person to fit inside them.

That’s right... it’s a military grade piece of equipment based upon a child’s toy.

The designers of the tent essentially cut the toy in half, made it a dome instead of a sphere, lined the collapsible slats with strong lightweight fabric that could act as a windbreaker, and likewise replaced the plastic rods with strong, hollow, titanium steel rods interlinked with hundreds of grommets. Jake’s tent was the civilian version of the same military-grade tent, only his was designed to be used by arctic researchers... you know, the people who go to the arctic and sub-arctic poles and camp out on ice shelves to do research? What a job! So camouflage in the case of his tent was replaced by fluorescent orange, a color that definitely didn’t exist anywhere in nature in that abundance, so it was easily seen, and definitely was a color that had absolutely no purpose being surrounded by winter white.

The international color of *‘Help me, I frickin in trouble.’*

Though it was a thousand dollar two-man tent, it was a thousand dollar two-man tent that weighed a fifth the weight of other two man tent’s, so it cut down by several pounds how much weight that was needed to be pulled by us. When you think that only a couple of pounds aren’t much, try carrying that same couple of pounds for twelve hundred miles.

But crouching beside the zipper to his tent, I zipped it up and peaked inside before I was seen, but when I entered it was to see something... humorous.

“Is that your sock?” I blinked with a smirk.

I’d heard of guys who did that, but I never thought I’d see one use it like that.

“Min! Jeeze... don’t you knock first?”

I chuckled. “How... like this?” and I rapped the silk-like wind breaker and only made sounds like the wind blowing against it and Jake deflated. “Besides... it’s not like I’ve not seen it... or seen it in action. Tell me Jake... you remember the first time you blew your load all over my tits and I licked your man-milk off them with my great... big... wet... tongue?”

Jake stared at me with pursed lips.

“So this is what I get... teased? You don’t see me pointing out that you have baser desires and play with yourself when no one’s looking.” He told me as I crawled to just before him and removed the sock which hid a plastic baggie.

“Are you saving it?” I blinked in surprise at him.

“Easier to dispose of.” He replied with a raised eyebrow at me. “You know... all the dogs around?”

“That’s why we love you, Jake.” I smirked and began to massage his erection with my long clawed fingers in this form. “Even with fourteen highly erotic women, you still have to masturbate.”

“It’s not that... this is my... well it’s my... time of the year.” He began to grow flustered as he started to pant and tense from my stroking hands.

I blinked up at him mid-rub. That sounded just like a woman saying it was her time of the month. “Jake, you’re going to have to bridge a gap for me... I’m new to this game and I’m not sure I follow you.”

He rolled his eyes and grasped my hands to get me to stop. “I’m rutting ok?” he said tersely and then sighed. “Sorry...” he apologized and leaned back, letting go of my hands. “I’m a little tense. You know the whole saying that if you’re not the lead dog...”

“Then your view never changes?” I smirked and nodded. “I don’t want to imagine what it’s like, but at the moment Anna gets to look right up my behind.”

“Well how do you think I the musher feels? I get to look at fourteen behinds... all of which belong to fems I’m in love with, and all of which I’ve seen naked from time to time and... oh...” and his erection spasmed in my hands, pushing my fingers apart so that the column of bloated manflesh reddened and pushed my fingers further apart. “...Ha... ha...” he breathed and cupped one of my hands. “Th-that feels nice.”

“Then perhaps we should do something about this.” I suggested.

“Heh... I was doing something about it before you interrupted me...”

“Well then... perhaps... since you have a willing partner...”

“No... no sex. I’m sure this is ma’s joke... having me do this now. She knows I rut at this time of the year... every year! That’s why I was always told to stay back and mind the store. And you want to know what else?”

“What?” I laughed at his expression.

“Before I left, she told me, made a point of taking me aside and told me, *not* to have sex with any of you. Not till after Ophir apparently... told me it’d *injure* whoever I did it with. He closed his eyes and exhaled.”

“Ok... so no sex.” I smirked, and unclasped my chest clasps, releasing the realm of twelve decreasingly-sized breasts lining my chests and belly.

The sound made Jake aware and he rose but I pushed him back down, and curling up around his feet, my lesser hybrid form just strong enough over his human form that as I gripped his prick in my hand, wedging it backward with one hand, I kissed and licked his prick with a dog’s wet tongue.

“All we’re missing is some peanut butter.” I smirked at him and he chuckled, but then tensed as I kissed his head, and ever so slowly let my blackened lips spread about his erection, dragging the sharp teeth behind them against his flesh.

In this form I had a deeper mouth, a wider and stronger jaw... thick enough to actually part enough so that I could actually suck on his dick from base to tip and lick it energetically with my tongue. It wasn’t long till I was swallowing down that tangy sweet seed of his, draining the insanely distended sack of his dry. Through the sucking though, he’d nearly passed out from the act as I let him screw my mouth through my breasts.

One thing down... now onto the real reason I was here.

As a hybrid, I was seven feet of feminine power... and everything in me was that much more powerful than a human. My muscles, my tendons... and... my sexuality. And though a breast was a sexual thing, there was an ulterior reason the Creator gave them to us females, and cupping one, massaging it, I inserted it into his mouth and he opened his eyes to me as I settled against him with all my doggy fur to keep him warm.

“Drink... you should have more in your belly than just a mouthful of pound cake.” I smiled and caressed his hair.

Sighing he did drink, and drank a lot. I stayed with him until he was full and had slipped off to sleep before I went to join my sisters in doggy form.

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I’d had less than four hours of sleep before I was being nudged awake, and groaning, lifting my head, I yawned and shook the sleep out of me

“Hey... get up!” Poly was telling me tersely in a whispered voice. “Time to go.”

“Already? But it feels like I just got to sleep!” I moaned and felt a paw press to my face.

“Shh!” Poly growled lightly into my face and then looked around her. “We don’t want to wake the other mushers... the whole point is to get a bloody head start. Now get up and come on.”

I yawned again and got up, following her to where the others were each receiving a biscuit from Jake, but after giving me my biscuit, he rubbed my head lightly and then hooked me up to the lead line.

“Hey... why does Min get a head rub.” Joey yipped.

“Shush!” Jena growled and Joey fell silent.

Jake quickly checked all the lines and then donning his goggles and head wrappings, he whispered out ‘*Mush*’ and our team slid out quietly at first, and then once we were far enough away from The Lodge, he called louder ‘*Mush!*’ and we skipped forward into a run.

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I laid down the moment Jake called us to a stop and immediately closed my eyes as I laid there in the snow. The snow was falling on us now, flaking in heavily and quickly covering my strong body that had already been caked on by a mixture of snow and ice. It

combining with the snow below me with my fur was creating an insulating barrier of warm air that made me want to really just fall asleep right then and there, but a quick slap on my rump woke me up again... wide awake.

“Oh-how! What the hell was that for?!”

“Stay awake! This isn’t a sleep stop, it’s a rest stop. You sleep at a sleep stop and you rest at a rest stop.” Jena mentioned, currently a hybrid now.

I uncurled as I changed yawning and smacking my lips.

“I’m sorry... I’m tired. I didn’t get as much sleep last night as I wanted to.”

“Oh really? And what was keeping you awake?” Joey mentioned slyly with eyes narrowed.

“Or who?” Anna added and the two spry little dogs folded their arms as they stood side by side before me.

It was amazing how pairs of us, those who ran with each other adopted the traits of each other. Mishka and Poly were grand examples of that. They were even cleaning their ears with a finger and standing jauntily in the same way at the moment.

I rolled my eyes and sat up before yawning and stretching again. “Who do you think was keeping me up last night... Jake and I...”

But suddenly I was being hauled to my feet and in the next moment I was looking into the rictus snarl and flattened ears of Jena.

“You had sex?!” Jena snarled at me. “You stupid bitch! You’ve just maybe cost us...”

“Heel!” a voice commanded, and all of us, through some strange mental spasm of instinct, literally fell into a long line, side by side, chests out, shoulders squared and heads held high, while Jake walked the line, coat open to reveal his broad furry chest as he changed to his lesser hybrid form. He wore a red bandanna around his neck, like those stylish dogs in dog parks... and though it looked like a dickey, it nonetheless made him look far more dashing that way.

I was nonetheless very startled that a simple command could make me snap to like that, military style even, especially since I was never trained to do that.

“No... we did not have sex.” Jake was saying as he distributed biscuits from a cooler. “Minevera aided me in something private, and it will remain private and personal... lest you’d like me sharing with all your sisters the very specific and very private manners in which...” he paused and turned to face us mid-way down the line. “In which I’ve loved each and every last one of you since the moments you arrived.” He continued, ending with me. “I’m a little tired at the moment of this damned competition you all seem to be having with each other over me.

“*Don’t you touch him, ’he’s mine, ’I will fight you for him*’... and so on. Frankly... I am rather sick and tired of the possessiveness.

“Min was in tune with my... emotional... needs last night, and helped me to deal with them. The rest of you thought nothing of me, only to keep your sisters from me. But ask yourselves this... with me being the only male in two thousand miles, with fourteen very eligible and fertile females... do any of you have any idea as to why I never wanted to be around you?” My sisters started looking at each other... but I understood why. “Because I couldn’t stand... the constant... incessant... bickering over me.

“Well... **I am not a toy!**”

His voice left him in a loud commanding bark that echoed loudly off the trees and the mountains, and snow fell off the trees as some birds that stayed during the winters fluttered angrily while the loud slump of an avalanche in the far distance announced how powerful his howl had become. His fists were clenched, his jaw set, and it took a moment for him to relax. “Now eat your meals...” he mentioned, and returned to the sled to remove his fruit cake and take a bite out of it before returning it to its folded up handkerchief and putting it away and stomping toward the sled. “We leave in five minutes.”

We fems ate our gooey biscuits, all of us trying not to look at each other while at the same time throwing worried looks toward our musher. I licked my hands, and didn't look at anything but the snowy ground about my feet till it was time to leave.

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The first twenty miles from Rohn had been difficult, perhaps better now that Joey was running with us again, and it was after that first twenty miles that we'd had our little rest stop. The next forty to fifty miles were much easier in comparison to the first twenty. For the first part we were running along the south side of the Kuskokwim to the Farewell Lakes and up to the Farewell Burn.

The next leg was about thirty miles long to Sullivan Creek where we took another break. No one talked to each other there either. Mishka, Pax, Chinook and Sheila all tried to approach Jake, but he turned his back on us shortly after arrival at the lake upon distributing the food. Those of us who did reach out to him got little more than just a light rub against his body that he didn't let linger.

Nothing could've hurt us more other than being denied his touch, and many of us were whimpering for him before long.

It was clear that he was in a foul mood right now; and at the moment only I knew why. A glance to the unsightly bulge in his pants told what it was that was bothering him, and when it came time for bathroom breaks, he was the first to go and the last to return. It wasn't hard to figure out what exactly he was doing behind that tree.

The remainder of the trek drew us from the lake to a little town called Nikolai.

Being a city girl... dog... whatever... myself, Nikolai was perhaps the teeniest, tiniest little town I'd ever seen. A Native American village, it's major significance was primarily from how it functioned during the Alaskan Gold Rush and of course on a year-to-year basis as a relay station for the Iditarod.

It was night time when we arrived at the town, the team pausing just long enough for Jake to zip up his coat and make himself like a musher while we all turned to dogs again. And after a team meal of fish scraps instead of slump this time, Jake left us all behind on his hitching line as he promptly stepped into the camp shacks to warm up and have a meal.

"I'm going to go talk to him." Cecelia mentioned, as she got up.

"Hold it right there." Jena demanded and Cecelia stopped. "How is that going to look, a half-naked fem walking in there wearing a one piece sheer sectional suit and a dog harness? Wait for him to come out and go to his tent."

"If he goes to his tent." Anna mentioned. "I wanna know what happened between him and Min."

There was a pause of silence as I laid down, exhausted at the moment, and feeling my girl-parts strumming enticingly at the moment for some reason. I've never run so long or hard in my life. Training hadn't been this strenuous. I had no idea if this were some weird reaction I was having to running so long, but it got me panting. But by the time I opened an eyelid, it was to see all my sisters looking at me intently.

"So do I..." Jena mentioned quietly, and I groaned and lifted my head.

"It's a private matter." I told them.

"Oh... look at me. I'm Minevera and I have secrets that I can't tell anyone else..." Purdy began, and I snapped my jaws at her.

"Private for *him!* Meaning that since he let me know about it, it's none of the rest of your damn businesses!" I was showing fangs, and that surprised everyone. "Lest he wishes to trust one of you with what the problem is, you all can go stuff your heads in the snow. Now shut up and sleep." And I promptly placed my head down and closed my eyes.

“Or what... we’ll have an accident or something?” Camille mentioned, speaking for the first time to me in weeks now. “Oh glorious Pathfinder... enlighten us with your heavenly inspiration from the spirits. Do you see misfortune in our futures if we don’t get some sleep tonight?”

I opened an eyelid and looked at her with an icy blue eye.

“Yes.” I said simply, and then curled into a ball for warmth.

“You heard her... get to sleep. That means leave Jake alone. If he wishes to... *confide* in us... he... he will.” Jena said and I heard her lie down.

One by one the others followed suit... but I wasn’t sure as to how well they were going to sleep tonight. I wasn’t really sure I was going to either.

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We started as early as we could across the next stretch of the race. Currently we were in the lead. Other mushers came in after us last night, but they have to delay again... we left once again in the silence of the early morning when it was still dark, only breaking out to a run when we were well outside the populated town. The relatively flat lands leaving Nikolai led across rivers, lakes and swamps that had been mostly frozen over at this point, and we made it across this uninteresting stretch of flat land rather quickly.

The winds were picking up and the snows were heavier, but luckily, Jena and I were able to pilot a smooth and direct path between all the icy lakes. It was like she was the pull and I was the drive, a pilot and a navigator working in synergy.

No one was speaking to anyone else, and the only sounds we heard were the jingle jangle of our tack and harness, and the controlled breathing of each of us. We were able to make it to McGrath, yet another small town that dotted the interior of Alaska that served as the next leg in the race in only four hours. It was here where we rested briefly, and it was confirmed that we were well-ahead of all the other mushers, but the officials were warning Jake that there were severe storm warnings according to the weather services. It was of course our choice to continue, but they urged extreme caution.

After feeding us, and getting to Jenna and me, he spoke to us for the first time since Nikolai.

“Shall we keep going ladies?” he asked simply, and we both barked our acquiescence.

So after getting our meals and resting, we went onto the next leg of the race, which would be Takotna.

This trail was quick, we were able to break out into a full run on this one, but we had to simultaneously shift between human and lesser hybrid forms repeatedly because of the number of snowmobilers who were trying to pace along the leaders and cheer us on. Nevertheless, thanks to the falling snow and a back wind, we made it to Takotna very quickly in just under two hours. The race officials told us that it was a record time despite the weather, or rather thanks to it possibly. After a short rest, we even pushed forward to the next leg of the race.

The next leg to Ophir Alaska was a run that followed a road that was typically not ploughed in the winter, but it was a road nonetheless. Once again, snowmobilers paced along us and likewise cut the trail for easy running, and because it was a traveled road, we had no choice but to remain as dogs for its entire length. It was longer than it was from McGrath to Takotna, but thanks to the trail in this case it went just about as quickly, maybe slightly longer.

Ophir was an even smaller than any of the other towns we’d been in, but just like many other bush towns, it still nonetheless had an airport.

Alaska was the highest concentration of privately owned airplanes to people in the United States, every eight individuals owned at least a small single-prop, two-seater plane, with float planes – referred to as ducks – being the most popular. It was quite possible that the air-bus, bush pilot and private tour services in Alaska altogether made more here than the major airlines did.

We took a break at Ophir and had a meal all together, with Jake sitting with us at least, resting his legs from standing on the running boards of the sled for so long. A musher was still considered an athlete based upon two very unique things they needed to train for: grip and balance for one, but also long distance running for the other. When they weren't resting on the backs of the sleds, they were running behind it to lighten the load... or just helping to push up steep inclines. It was harder than it looked to balance with two boots on slippery runners despite that those runners had notched metal guards to add grip for the boots. It was why, despite that his lesser hybrid form was heavier, that Jake tried to do that trick on his bare feet. His toes could grip the runners better than a pair of boots do.

Regardless, with all of us sitting about quietly, it was China who moved forward to rest her head on his lap and he just went to scratch her head mindlessly while he slowly chewed and savored the pound cake he was eating. Shortly after China came Poly and Mishka, then Joey and then he got lickings from more than one of us that brought laughter before he got dog-piled. A couple of passers-by, a race official and a townsman of Ophir, pointed and chuckled, commenting that he must really love his dogs.

"You're right... I do." Jake said quietly, and after extricating himself and setting us up, we were about to go to the next leg when a race official approached us.

"Jacob MacDougal!" the official called and Jake, who'd just finished placing his face wrappings and gloves lifted his goggles and pulled his face mask back off.

"Yes sir?"

"It's my duty to inform you Jacob, that though I cannot tell you to stay, I would urge you to."

"Why?"

"Well... you have nearly sixty miles to Cripple, and the weather's getting worse, son. No matter how much you want to win this race, the other mushers have minds to wait out this storm. Your next closest competition is still in McGrath. Have some sense, son. This race isn't worth braving this storm."

Jake looked ready to believe in him, and I felt that... pulling sensation in me again. I whined and then tugged at my tug line and Jena shoved me sideways like a hockey check.

"Shh... Jake needs to show he's in control of us. It's bad if he can't show that at all times, especially to a race official."

"But we need to go!" I barked loudly. "W-we're almost there."

"Almost where?" Sheila asked from behind us.

I whimpered. "I-I don't know, but I know we have to get there and there's very little time!" and I looked back at Jake and whined.

"It looks like my girls want to run." Jake said and reset his face gear. "Don't worry... we'll see you in Cripple for sure! Mush!" and I excitedly yanked forward and the rest of the team followed as we dashed off.

"Just be sure that you don't get crippled to get to Cripple!" the race official shouted after us as we dashed off into the wilderness.

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Already today we'd run for eight hours. Despite the weather we were making some phenomenally good time. I think that was me... I could feel the trail now, feel the spirits of yore energizing me up my legs, into my bowels and setting a burning sensation in my loins. It was tantalizing and erotic and it churned my innards studiously. I had that aroused excited feeling in me at the moment. Twelve nipples lining my chests and hardened abs erected and throbbed while I continued running unceasingly, and I think I was feeling so much of that energy that I was subconsciously throwing it into each of my sisters.

"Min! Are you sure about this route?!" Jake shouted and I looked over my shoulder.

“I’m sure! It’s a short cut!” I shouted back.

Everything on this trail looked the same. The same hills, the same lakes and streams and swamps, nothing could be called a landmark.

“Are you sure Min?!” Sheila added. “We never came this way before! The winds and the hills... are you surely sure?!”

Sheila was the smartest of us. That was more than clear. She was the one who always had the tidbit of information that most people would find inane and useless at the wrong time, but at the right time... it was pivotal... like now. Before I arrived, Sheila had acted as the navigator.

“I’m sure! We have to get there! We have to get there quickly!”

“Get where?!” Jena shouted at me over the wind and the snow that was caking us. “Min... where are we going?”

“I... I don’t... I don’t know.” I told her just loud enough for her to hear, but regardless I felt a sudden tug at my back as the sled suddenly got heavier, harder to pull, and my sisters were slowing down, which meant that Jake was applying the break.

We slowed and came to a stop, with the pleasureable burning of muscle in my legs. I swear I’d put on at least a dozen pounds, all in my legs and arms, which bulged powerfully and thickly, with huge tendons radiating from the tight V-shaped wedge of the patch over my sex.

The crunch of boots signified Jake’s movements behind us.

“Sit down Min.” I heard him say as he approach as he dropped gooey biscuits for each of us into our waiting hands. The caloric rating of these things must be enough to stop the heart of anyone who wasn’t an athlete.

“I-I’m good.” I panted, and then there was a yank on my tug line as Jena forced me back onto my rump.

“Sit.” She said sternly and now that I was off my feet I had no choice but to rest. I was feeling the fatigue now.

It was well into the night, most mushers needed bright head lamps to show themselves and their dogs where they were going, but in the case of us Lycans, who could see well enough in the dark without head lamps, we were able circumvent the extra weight of a head lamp and/or a sled lamp.

“All right girls.” Jake mentioned over the sound of the wind. “We’re more than seventy-five miles ahead of the next closest team. Take a break... Just... take one. I’ll... be right back. I gotta go.”

And then he set off to a nearby stand of trees. After a few moments I heard a metallic chink and turning I saw Jena rising to her feet and stretching her back, but her tug line was no longer attached to the lead line.

“Leave him alone...” I told her.

“You went to him before... now it’s my turn. You just get some rest.”

“You just be aware that what he wants... you can’t give him while we’re racing.”

“What makes you think he wants that... here?”

I stared at her for a moment. “When you interrupt him... don’t be so surprised at what you find him doing.”

“Min... he’s a guy... he’s been staring at our asses for the past several hundred miles.” And she squatted before me and leaned in to my ear. “And I’ve lived with him longer than anyone else has. Mama separated him and me when we were kids for a reason. Now that I’m grown I know what that reason is, and I know that he’s rutting.”

I blinked at her as she rose and turned, and I sighed as I took to licking the slime of the gooey, gooey biscuit off my hand.

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Jena came back first... and shortly afterward so too did Jake, looking far more relaxed. Jena said nothing as she approached, but I noticed her gumming her lips and occasionally licking her teeth... and her fattened breasts looked smaller and more pert as she sat down beside me and hooked herself up to the chain again. Most of the others were laying curled up in the snow for warmth, taking a short nap of at least an hour while Jake took out his cooking equipment – required by race standards – and hooked up a propane stove with a large pot, brought some water to boil and cooked some packaged soup.

We all had to drink from the same hot pot, but we all got a little added warmth in us... it was also the most that Jake had eaten the whole race... though if I were correct, he'd just gotten a belly-full of Jena's breast milk.

There was a benefit of all Lycan females lactating even despite that we'd not ever produced young... so an all-female team was a boon since we carried our own food in our ample chests... but that also made me an even greater added boon thanks to my full secondaries and tertiaries. Though there were others of my sisters older than me, I was the furthest developed of all of the girls here. I had the largest breasts and the most breasts, so it wasn't long before our hyper-metabolic spry and wiry little sisters in the form of Anna and Joey were sliding in close to me asking for some when they saw that I still had milk left. In the spirit of the race, and the fact that our fastest runners were still hungry, I sacrificed my milk for their betterment.

It felt good having mouths upon my teats, even if it were those of my sisters... but suddenly... I had this image, this mental image of cradling a baby to my tit and I smiled lovingly at the image as the cold and blustery winds and frozen landscape melted away, and I was in a rocking chair, nursing my child.

The image passed time for me quickly, for before I knew it my sisters were leaving my tits as Jake was securing the cooking equipment back into the sled's cradle while my sisters were getting to their feet and stretching. Dogs didn't know to stretch, so we couldn't stretch before running before, but now that we were way out in the wilderness with no signs of any other life, we could at least get that in... so I stretched myself this time.

Soon enough, Jake called "Mush!" and we were off once again. But I felt the burning in me still, and despite the chill, I was breathing a little quicker, a little deeper, and I was still being plagued by a hearty and wholesome but rather distracting arousal.

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I was strengthening, the burning was flaring me to the point where I had to loosen straps and Velcro pieces, my breasts were engorging quickly even despite after being drained, and even my tertiaries were peaking out of my fur. I was what the porno's called *'hot and bothered'* and only the crisp cold kept me from smelling as such. The chill in the air had dropped sharply all of a sudden, and the fur I had over me wasn't at all fully protecting me anymore, but nonetheless the heat in my breasts and loins was counteracting the chill to the point where I was sweating from the warmth.

The final hours to the Cripple checkpoint landed us into an old airfield with old buildings and work machines like bulldozers. The buildings weren't being used but there were old army tents set up here and shelter for us *'dogs'* to sleep in.

"Holy shit! You made it, boy." An Official slapped us on the back. "I can't believe you're that crazy kid. You ran all this distance in that white shit?!" and he gestured at the wild snow blowing sideways around us.

"I didn't, they did. I just held on." Jake chuckled. "But where can I stable my team? The warmest place you got!"

"Good man, thinking about your dogs before himself. Right this way, we'll get some nice warm food into your team, I'll show you to your tent and then you can join us in The Lodge for a nice hot meal."

And so we were shown to a hastily constructed kennel which was a large pavilion with erected walls for team stalls. We were of course the only ones here, and after feeding us some kibble – that was an odd taste I'll tell you what – the lot of us just dog piled for warmth and went off to sleep without any complaint of who was sleeping on who.

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“I was being nudged awake, and blinking with my eyes open, I saw Jake there as he took my tug line off its hook. Getting up and yawning, I was about to ask him what was going on when he covered his lips and I nodded as he led me away from the others by the tug line like a master would lead his pet dog.

I know some people had that as a fetish, being naked and on a leash as they walked on hands and knees... that was subjugation, and I hated those fetishes... this was a necessity for appearances and Jake wasn't the sort to find thrills in it any more than I was.

I was led around to where the wind was blowing, so where no one else would be when he knelt down in front of me and scratched me between the cheeks and ears. Oh that felt so good, and I closed my eyes feeling my girl bits being properly cooled by contact with the ice beneath my rump. But then he spoke to me.

“Min... I need to know... what's this draw you feel?”

“D-draw?” I moaned and opened my icy blue eyes. “Draw! Yes! We need to leave as soon as we can. We need to go!”

“I need to know you're sure about this. Are you doing this for the team or me... then I'll have to say no. What's drawing you?”

“I... a feeling I believe.”

“This is no time for women's intuition, Min.”

“Hey, I led you along that short cut. We did pretty good there.”

“Yes... but... Min the storm is pretty bad. We've been running in a blizzard and I can't help but feel that something bad is approaching. It goes against every instinct I have, and Jena mentioned when she... um...”

“When she serviced you?” I asked and Jake blinked. “Jake... you're a guy... we're girls... we understand what you need. But what did Jena mention?”

“She thinks that we're going too far. She has the most experience in this. She was running the team when the team was just her and a bunch of regular dogs, before we ever started running the Iditarod. She sees it, and thinks it's a mistake to continue till the weather is better. I need to know... what do you need to get to?”

“I don't know.” I admitted. “But I feel this feeling in me that states we have to get there... and it's close.”

“Close? Closer than the finish line?” and I nodded.

“We *have* to get there.”

His face compressed and he sighed. “If not for ma...” he sighed and then rose and I rose with him as he returned me to the stall with my sisters.

“If not for mom... what?”

“Before she sent me off... she told me to listen to you and Jena. Right now... I have the two of you on two completely different paths. So... I need to make a judgment call before morning. The trip to Ruby is the longest path of all... and I don't want to take that journey lightly.”

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Several hours later we were being woken up again. We were fed, harnessed, and we were riding out to sign out at the checkpoint where a race official, a woman this time, slid out from inside holding her fur-lined parka cover over her head.

“Are you insane?! It’s a blizzard outside! The weather service is warning that this storm is only going to get worse! Don’t be dumb! Get your team back inside, put your feet up, have some cocoa and wait this crap out!”

“We’ve waited the required eight hours. My team and I’ve decided. We’re leaving! Mush!”

And before anyone else could disagree I leapt forward, and my exuberance drew everyone else right along with me. I was so sure that this was the best course of action that I wanted everyone to follow me. I was sure of it!

“Come back! You’ll kill yourself and your team in this snow!” I heard from the race official, but it was too late... we were gone.

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I was pushing us toward dangerous speeds in the snow, we were making good time, true, but that was based upon the fact that there were old mining roads that were still traveled by dog teams and people who still hunted and trapped up here. I’d learned that the distances that I’d memorized before coming here was that they were the old route distances before the year two-thousand, in which on that year there was a change to the official Iditarod Trail.

The leg from Ophir to Cripple had been lengthened and the leg from Ophir to Ruby had been shortened. Funny... I didn’t think we ran that far yesterday... but we did run a ridiculous distance, and now there was more than a hundred miles between us and the other racers.

But right now we were running hard, faster than even in my mind that I thought was safe, but in my mind, there was also the pull drawing me forward and it was very, very hard to ignore. Two things were happening to me as I was running... well three things. First and foremost was the arousal... which was becoming paramount in my mind, so much so that I was beginning to grow numb from it. I was panting and gasping, sweating despite the pelting, icy cold that was scraping me from the left now that we’d turned north since Ophir. The second was that now I was beginning to feel the pulse of the approaching future. The path was alive, and I could feel the radiant spirits around me, drawing me, riding on me, massaging my sex as I ran to the point where I was creaming, and massaging my breasts and arousing me. I ran with eyes half opened, paying attention to the spirits more than the actually physical trail. The third thing was the sheer unmitigated power of growth surging in me, to the point where comparing myself with even Jena, that I was growing thicker than she was.

That growth only added to my arousal, the feeling of growing stronger and stronger, and the stronger I got the faster I got while muscles rolled outward into thick cable-like tendons and piano wire-like sinews. I felt like a machine, I felt like I was made of iron, and with breasts engorging with my arousal as well, I was panting from the compression on my chests till I loosened the Velcro straps yet again while running.

Those feelings fought each other for dominance in my mind... till the approaching sensation of the impending future began to mix with the present. It began an hour ago with a heartbeat, and I saw the world shake and shimmer about me as I saw the echoes of the world between present and future. Excitement rose in me as the pulses came faster and faster, matching my heart beat and increasing my heart beat. It pounded in me with every footstep and every beat of my heart, growing closer and closer.

“Min! Minevera! We need to stop!” Jena said and gripped my arm but I threw it off. “The team is getting tired!”

“Almost there! Almost there!” I panted and leaned into my harness, and despite that there were several team members who I thought were stronger than me, nevertheless the whole team was yanked forward because of me.

“Then it can wait!” Jena shouted at me. “Slow down!”

“No!” I shouted back, feeling the world rippling now. “We’re so close... we’re almost there... We’re almost...”

And there was a loud cracking, like a shattering of something while I was paying so much attention to the rippling of the time stream as future became the present. I was paying so much attention to the effect that I didn't pay attention to the veering of paths, I didn't see the danger that I had a full five seconds to choose to avoid then.

The cold did something to trees. No matter where you were in the world, the cold would twist an old tree in on itself, twisting it and turning it into a gnarled form. It was like taking a rubber band and twisting it over and over to near breakage, where any little trauma would set the reaction off. Even in the summer, just a rock thrown at the tree that was changed as thus would make the hardened sap in it shatter the tree like a bomb that splayed shrapnel of wood in every direction with enough force to kill a man with a pepper spray of wood splinters.

With the forest in such white-out conditions, I didn't see this tree approaching, I didn't see it there till Jena slammed face first into it. With the speed we were going and the tugging forward we were doing, she hit its bark head first and just crumpled against it, and then just like a powerful time bomb that was waiting just for us, the tree exploded.

Jena took most of the damage, and I was sprayed with a porcupine's quill-length of wooden spines all up and down my left side, while the spray from the rest of the tree splattered against my teammates.

But all that forward inertia had just come to a complete stop, and with Jena striking the tree, I was yanked backward right as Camille and the rest of the team piled right into my back.

There was much swearing I heard in multiple languages, but the cracking and breaking didn't stop with the shattering tree, and I was dizzy from daze and from the fact that the world was still shimmering around me. I'd never been more disoriented in my life.

*'Watch out Minevera!'*

The voice in my head was unmistakable. Eagle?! But the cracking sounds grew louder, and suddenly I felt a jerk to My side that pulled me sideways.

"Sink Hole!" one of my sisters cried and I felt myself being jerked out from under the pile sideways.

It was Jena sliding into it, her dead weight drawing us sideways out of the pile and downward into the sink hole.

I turned and felt for a body, too dizzy to see, but I felt fur, something to grab onto right as it jerked downward, and I flailed with an arm and dug the claws of my free hand into the ice, but my fingers came almost immediately free as the ice broke and I and Jena fell deeper into the icy chasm that could literally sink for hundreds of feet before finding a bottom out here in the wilderness. For a tenuous moment, the world vibrated around me, shaking in so many different paths I couldn't see anything... but then something grabbed me and jerked. There was a final loud crack and a scream from one of my sisters, and with a snap the paths scattered from me and the phenomenal echoing effect left.

Jena hung beneath me by her curling tail gripped firmly in one hand. She and I were both wrapped up in tug lines and lead lines in precariously painful ways. I'd been saved by one of my sisters, and when I looked up I gasped and stared in awe at the fem who'd reached out to save Jena and me.

"Are... you... all... right?" Camille asked me through grit teeth. Her arm holding us looked strange.

"We are. I got Jena." I said in return.

Camille was being held onto by Sheila, Joey and Anna by her other arm, and that was all I could see of the rest of the team. Snow kept cascading in and pelting me in the face and chest, and we kept slipping inward. Looking down, I saw the sharp edges of the ice sheets below that had melted and heaved open repeatedly during the winter to form the typical walls of ice razors that would cut us to bits as we fell.

"How do we get out?" I panted; tightening my grip on Jena's tail till my fingers could no longer feel anything. I was holding up over a thousand pounds with just one hand, but that must be nothing in comparison to Camille. "I can't let go of Jena to get a better grip."

“M-My arm’s broken.” Camille responded, gritting her teeth. “Dislocated at the shoulder when the two of you yanked on it.”

“Sorry...”

“Not as sorry as you’ll need to be to get out.” Camille growled. “You... you need to sink your claws into my arm, Min!”

“What?!” I gasped, staring wide-eyed up at her, one half of my field of vision being filled with red at the moment. “I can’t do that! You don’t heal from my claws!”

“I will heal... eventually... with scars... but scars can strengthen you. You showed me that Min! Now... Sink... your claws... into... *my arm!* Before you pull us all in!”

My feet scraped against the ice for purchase... but she was right. Most mushers would anchor their sled and then cut us loose, but we weren’t a usual team. As such, Jake appeared then and started tugging at Camille’s other arm to help pull us up, and her arm stretched at the muscular shoulder even more greatly to the point of ripping open skin and blood seeping down her arm.

“Do eet nao!” she shouted in a heavy French accent now as she howled in pain, and biting my lower lip I clenched my hand about her wrist, sinking a thumb claw between her forearm bones, and all my other claws into the back of her wrist. She screamed, but she screamed back at the others. “Pull!”

I could imagine Purdy and Mishka, their backs straining as they tugged on all fours, perhaps in full hybrid form to pull our lighter bodies out from the hole, and Camille whimpered and cried tears that froze instantly to her face as we were hauled outward little by little. My toe claws scraped again as I peaked over the edge of the chasm, and saw the rest of the team pushing against our weight which combined was far greater than that of the sled, and as I exited Jake slapped Anna and Joey’s rumps and told them to pull with the team. True... they weren’t the strongest of the bunch, but arms and legs were much better at pulling with claws digging in frozen earth than pulling backward on an arm and slipping their toe pads on ice.

When I was up and had purchase, I extricated my claws from Camille’s distended arm while Jake moved to help me pull Jena out and then the lot of us dragged ourselves and the sled out of the chasm.

Jena was eviscerated, peppered with chunks of wood that had splattered against her whole front. She was bleeding profusely as the team dragged us out of the snow even further.

“Jena! Is she...”

“Make way!” Sheila shouted and removed her jacket with its back pouch.

I palmed Camille’s ankle as the team collapsed after saving us, and she and I shared a very brief glance at each other before she hugged herself, and with a loud crunch that got a bellowing howl from her, she reset her own arm before snarling in pain.

Sheila waved a mini-light from her back pouch in Jena’s eyes back and forth and then tried the other one as my vision continued to redden.

“She’s in shock.” Sheila announced. “She needs warmth and shelter!”

“Anna and Joey... get firewood,” Jake commanded. “Everyone else build a shelter... there... by that hill and those trees.”

Automatically everyone unhooked from the lead line and took to their tasks, the majority of the team digging holes like dogs would to pile a great big mound of snow while a pair of the girls patted the snow down into a mound and a third started to dig into the mound they were making while Jake and Sheila carried Jena over to the shelter.

“What about me?” I asked.

“Don’t joo tink ye did enough t’ th’ team?” Cecelia scoffed suddenly, so angry at me that her accent appeared.

Suddenly several of my sisters rose to growl at me and I shrunk.

“You’re injured, Min, and…” Jake began but a blast of wind tilted him briefly as he steadied himself. “...And...” he didn’t finish.

“And?” I shrugged, but I felt a hand fit itself in mind as I was yanked downward with surprising fierceness.

“And sit down and shut up so I can inspect you.” Sheila mentioned.

It was an utter transformation in attitude for her. She was normally so timid, but when there were hurt people at stake, she became demanding and direct. She told me to look in various directions with one hand beside my head as she shone a light in my eye, and when I looked upward and to the left, suddenly her hand moved and plucked a thick splinter out of my eye. I howled immediately and covered my face as it bled.

“Serves you right.” Sheila yipped. “What the hell were you doing leading us like that? Now go sit over there while I tend to Jena’s wounds.”

And I went and sat over there, suddenly seeing the weight of what all this had happened. I’d caused this. This was my zealotry that led to this. This... this was my fault.

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Sheila worked for hours with a pair of tweezers from the first aid kit searching through fur and plucking splinters from Jena’s body. She had her glasses on now, using them to see, and luckily the moment a protrusion was removed Jena’s body it healed. Jake bandaged Camille’s arm with wrappings from my claw marks, which sadly would not heal normally because it was another Lycan that did the damage.

I felt drawn to several paths at once right now, but I was too scared to follow any of them, and whenever one of my sisters looked at me, it was with an intense growl. I didn’t know what to do, didn’t know what I should do, and occasionally the world shimmered around me and I just closed my eyes and huddled, still bleeding from the pain of the splinters in me.

And then there was a light whine and I turned to see Joey beside me, and looking at her, blinking at her, she and her near-twin sister Anna moved toward me and with just their fingers and teeth began pulling splinters out of my body and licking the wounds. I didn’t stop them, despite the prickling pain, but nevertheless, it was good that not everyone hated me. Strange... these were the two that had suckled from my breasts.

“All right... I can’t stand it anymore, eh.” Chinook said on the opposite side of the fire in our large shelter later. “Isn’t anyone going to say anything?”

“About what, Chinook?” Jake asked quietly.

“About her, eh! She’s bad luck! Pathfinder my fuzzy butt... she led us right into a worst case scenario. Sheila never navigated us into a damn briar.”

“Sheila also wasn’t a lead dog.” Pax said dreamily, listening to her iPod... which was apparently important enough to her to keep in her emergency supply pack.

“No... Jena was, eh. And now look at her. We’ve experienced injuries before, but never this bad. It all happened because of her!”

Poly, China, Brianna and Cecelia were all nodding to Chinook. Mishka and Purdy, obviously crowded as they sat beside each other, were watching the conversation like it were a ping-pong match.

“I just want to know why? Why did we have to get here so fast only to sacrifice Jena so that we could narrowly escape falling into a sink hole?”

I sat there, and now all eyes were on me. Even Jake’s.

“I... don’t know...” I answered quietly.

“I’m sorry? I know I’m named after a hot wind, eh, but what was that? I don’t have *that* good of a pair of ears.”

“I said I don’t know!” I replied. “I felt drawn... I felt like we needed to get... here.” And I pointed at the ground with both hands, the ground having been melted clear to show the moss and grasses that laid underneath the snow. “Whatever it was, why ever it was, we had to be here, now.”

“So we’re here... now... what else oh illustrious leader?” Chinook scoffed. “Or was it your design to knock Jena out so that you could take control of the team?”

“Chinook!” Jake barked off and Chinook cowered briefly by being yelled at by him.

There was an inbred psychological issue here that I realized then. We were all mentally bound like a pack of dogs, and in that mentality was that the alpha male held command, and we cowered when he barked... when he barked... which wasn’t often at all.

“Isn’t it true?!” Chinook barked.

“No.”

I blinked. I was going to answer that... but it wasn’t me who spoke. Now all eyes turned to Camille as she cradled her arm.

“No... it is not true. Someone so selfless wouldn’t be so selfish.”

“Why do you say that?” Pax asked in her usual dreamy tone.

Camille was quiet for a moment and then turned to face our sisters. “Someone so selfless... to help someone so selfish... wouldn’t be so selfish herself to willingly take our leader away just to take the reins of a team she’s not prepared to lead.” Camille said quietly. “That’s what I believe.”

“Why do you believe that?” Pax asked as calmly as if this were just passing conversation.

“Because I was that selfish person she helped.” Camille said quietly and then laid down into a ball. “Minevera has my support... if my support is worth anything now.”

The quiet in the chamber of snow became poignant and the only sound was Sheila plucking splinters and the crackling of the fire.

“Well screw that, eh. I can’t be in the same shelter as her. I’m leaving.” Chinook scoffed.

“No...” I said and petting Joey and Anna, I got up. “...I’ll leave. This is my fault, and I’ll take responsibility for it. If you can’t be here with me in it... then I’ll leave.”

The world shook suddenly as present and future collided, showing me a path out even as I took it, and so I crawled out of the shelter and out into the cold.

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I was sitting in the snow, my suit and harness undone to the point where I could seek out the remaining splinters and pull them out one at a time. A stand of trees protected me from most of the wind, and the white out conditions were so intense that everything was

blocked out from view more than a few feet from us. It was an incredible storm, one that I'd never experienced before. This is one that should shut the state down even.

I plucked out the last of the wooden spikes and dealt with the last problematic thing, so slipping from my harness and suit and hanging them on a tree beside the shelter, I took a wad of snow and cupped it against my naked sex and just breathed. My sex burned with arousal, it's lips swollen and spread open, its clit fully erected and tugging the inner folds of my vulva out with it, while the juicy, sticky nectar leaking from me melted the snow even. Every breath I took escaped me in what I could've sworn was steam and not just chilled water vapor, and all my teats were born to the cold that they were so erect.

*'You seem to be in a poor state.'*

I snapped my head upward to see Eagle perched in a tree above my head.

"You. I heard you earlier. You warned me about the chasm but not the tree... why?"

*'Because it needed to happen.'* Eagle replied quietly, the intense winds ruffling his feathers. *'Your powers led you here, but you've not developed them enough to look past the end of your own nose. The present clouds your vision of the future.'*

"So then how do you expect me to block out the present while looking into the future? Close my eyes?"

*'Exactly.'*

I stared at Eagle. "Surely... your grasp of understatement is utterly impressive."

*'Then prove me wrong, Minevera.'* Eagle replied simply. *'This was a lesson that you unfortunately had to have. You had glimpses into the future from time to time, and by letting yourself over to the power you were able to circumvent any heinous error. Your intuition serves you well, you need to trust it. If you don't...'* he looked to the shattered remains of the tree already being enclosed by the snow.

"So this really is all my fault." I stated.

*'Was there any doubt?'*

"You're not helping."

*'You're not asking me to help. You made a statement which required an answer... and the answer was 'yes', empirically a yes... so therefore you need to learn its lesson properly. Half a truth is still half a lie, and spirits cannot lie. If we were to then we would deny our own existence and fade away.'*

I looked up at Eagle as his eyes bored into me. "Help." I said and bowed my head in shame of this situation.

*'I'm sorry? It's my eyes that are piercing, not my ears.'*

"Please help me. I need help... I need... help from the spirits, anything that they can offer."

*'It's about time you asked. We've been having to teach you passively... now we may be active in our pursuits.'*

"What?"

*'Tonight... you will be visited by three spirits.'*

"I thought Christmas was three months ago."

*'No... this is not in regards to that. Spirits still help regardless as to what time of year it is... and I'm assuming that your experience will be phenomenally different than the one Charles Dickens envisioned.'* I blinked at Eagle that he would know of the story let alone its author as the storm slowed briefly and he spread his wings. *'I am the first spirit. I have guided you to this point. Now heed the direction of the second spirit that shall come after me.'*

And with a single down sweep of his wings, Eagle swung straight up into the air and disappeared immediately into the snow driven wind.

I sat there, looking up at where he'd disappeared while the snow continued to pelt me.

"I wonder how long till I see the next spirit then. Is it like once an hour or... eek!"

I'd chanced to look down from where Eagle had disappeared to see a hulking polar bear standing before me. She was so mighty and so huge that at her shoulder she was as tall as I was even with me in my lesser hybrid form... and I was an Amazon in my lesser hybrid form, a towering furred fem over seven feet high! This bear was a walking snow hill!

*'Sooner than you think my child.'* A familiar voice said into my head.

"Nannuraluk?"

*'The very same,'* she said. *'Forgive me child if I may seem irritable. I sleep for a long time normally during this time... and I've been woken twice for your benefit.'*

"I am very grateful, Mother Bear." I said immediately and she sat roughly onto her rump with enough weight to stir snow off the nearby trees and make me bounce in place.

*'I am very glad.'* She panted and her eyes seemed to smile. *'I despise the ungrateful, and I would hate to think that I chose the wrong vessel for my power. My strength have you already absorbed a little of, my child, but none of my power. It is lost on you that a bear and a wolf have both decided to share you... let alone with an Eagle. it has been a very, very long time since I've agreed to share vessels with Tikaani, Amak and their ilk.'*

"Why?"

*'Amak accused me of being slow and lazy, and Tikaani has not made apologies for her cub. We have had angry discussions whenever we meet... but it was Eagle who spoke peace between us so that we could both exist in you.'*

I sat cautiously before her, and noticed that the snow was slowing in its fall till it was an almost imperceptible fall. Sound in the world sounded dull. It was like time was slowing down.

"I am grateful... truly. Without your collected help, I would've died on that mountain top. You've all given me far more than I ever have had before." I paused and hugged myself. "It's too bad that I seem to be mucking it up now."

*'Stop thinking like that. You haven't mucked it up yet. Family without contention on occasion isn't a family. It's the contention that draws us together, and allows our love for each other to grow.'* She placed her paw on my shoulder and head, but maybe she misjudged the weight of her paw, or I did, but it culled me sideways right into the snow. *'Oops... sorry.'*

"It's ok." I said and got up.

*'Nevertheless, you will receive more of my power.'* Nannuraluk replied. *'Jana is a wonderful Shamaness, and she has found peace with many totems... but she has not yet found complete peace with me because she follows Amak and is unwilling to do what I wish which is in opposition to Amak. But you follow Tikaani... and I have less qualms about Tikaani. Eagle in his wisdom and guidance has deemed that I speak with you first, I would teach you of the ways of the bear.'*

"I am willing." I replied quietly and Bear nodded.

*'Then receive me,'* and she pressed forward with her nose and I palmed it automatically with a hand, and suddenly what felt like years of instruction of me being at her feet spanned that time of stopped time.

A bear is the example of love, she is a mother above all else. Her cubs are the most important things to her, and their protection is her utmost power. She heals, she is powerful, she is strong but she is also a healer. When crossed... she is fierce.

I actually felt years pass by in that such a quick passage of time, that by the time that this contact ended I felt that much older. I had to remember what I was doing before now as the snow started falling again. I remembered the race.

"I feel older."

*'You will feel older, but you aren't older.'* Bear told me. *'I have imparted knowledge and strength unto you. I have strengthened your heart as well. If you are the dog-woman that I know you to be... then you know what it is that you should do now.'*

I sat there and thought, I saw the paths, and like Eagle had admonished me to do, I closed my eyes, and saw the multitude of paths before me, seeing them as images of moving light... like the Aurora Borealis. They taught stories they did. I found the best path and opening my eyes I nodded.

I swear, it was like a perfect Zen thing I was doing.

"I will." I told her and she nodded in return and rose.

*'I will be watching. And by the way... I smell that you are ripe and receptive. Be wary of that. Like the bear in you now, your body readies itself for comingling with your companion.'*

"Ah... k." I replied and blinked, I had no idea really what she was talking about as she turned and walked off into the snow like a great... big... lumbering... ..thing. Damn it she was huge!

A white creature in a white snow would disappear quickly, but as she walked off wisps of light started rising off her, and with every step more and more of her disintegrated upward with the light, till shortly enough the last of her rose up like golden smoke and dissipated into the wind.

I rose so quickly my breasts bounced then, and I took two steps before slowing to a pause, and that fire in my loins returned with a vengeance, but likewise my bowels twisted and clenched from my loins to my throat in a squeezing, clenching, tightening motion that made the bubble in me expand to fill me almost to the point of popping. I felt erotic as my middle cramped like I was having menstrual pains but soon released their vicious clenching, leaving me briefly dazed and euphoric. My senses were filled with my own scent as I smiled to myself, feeling... emotions I'd never felt before sliding into me as I cradled my belly before crawling into the shelter.

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"Great, eh! I thought you were going to stay outside. Too cold for you miss city slicker?" Chinook said angrily.

"You leave Min alone!" Joey yipped.

"Yeah." Anna yipped as well.

"With Jen down, Chinook," Pax said as she tapped a foot and bobbed her head in tune to her music. "Min is the Alpha."

"Wait... what? Min... the alpha?" Jake blinked. "You mean you all think..." Jake grimaced and as I crawled in, I crawled to him and gave him a quick kiss on the lips.

“They call me alpha because I was your first. If you choose another... I don’t mind.” I said and then crawled to Jena, who was now under all the layers of clothes and blankets that we had. I swept all that aside to reveal her nude hybrid form.

“Hey!” Sheila barked. “She needs to be kept warm!” and Sheila approached, gathering up the blankets to lay them back over Jena as I knelt at Jena’s head.

“She needs help you don’t have the tools or training to do.” I told her, and placed my hands about Jena’s jowls.

“Oh yeah... and what do you think you... can... do?” Sheila’s words trailed off as my hands lit with blue Aurora’s, they danced like shimmering disks between Jena’s face and my hands, and as I exhaled, golden light escaped my lips and entered Jena’s mouth and nose.

Jena coughed, gurgled, and then belched up red and black motes that rose upward and I caught in one hand while everyone watched in awe at what I was doing, and once all the motes writhed in my hands, I threw them at the fire and the fire exploded angrily with red auroras that arched in an angry flower before quickly fading.

“Chinook...” I said and Chinook blanched and jumped in her spot, breathing quickly in surprise.

“What, eh?” she gasped.

“Come here.”

There was a pause but it was Mishka who reached out and shoved her sharply forward, and now that she had the appropriate urging, I pointed at Jena. Lay with her... but give her your tit.”

“Me? But why me eh?”

“Because you’re the one who feels helpless like she can’t do anything for her beloved sister.”

Chinook stared at me. “H-how... how do you...” but she fell silent as I shook my head.

“Her mind will heal more quickly now, but she will still need to ride in the sled when we leave. Your body warmth will be better than the warmth of just blankets, and your milk will help her physically.”

And I turned and began to crawl out of the shelter again as Chinook was part way to positioning herself. “But...” she said immediately. “H-how... what was... ah, why...?”

“I don’t know how, what or why, Chinook. I just do. I will be outside.” And then I left.

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The blustery snow kept all things hidden beyond a few meters from me. I was so hot inside the cold outside didn’t bother me at all... it was like a sauna for me actually. The cold weather felt better actually. I was staring forward as sheets of falling snow swirled about me, till at last a wash of snow passed before me and coughed up a white wolf. She and I regarded each other as the wind slowed and with it so too did the snow, till the world stilled and the snow became a suspended particulate in the air.

Tikaani came before me and sat, and to regard her I slid off my own perch, a random boulder, and sat in the snow before her.

*‘It is against my nature to be last in anything,’* She said without preamble. *‘But it was Eagle’s wisdom for me to be heard last.’*

“I understand. I’m sorry you had to wait for my benefit.”

She harrumphed, which sounded like a gruff ruff from her. *'You are not a stupid child, for a stupid child would've died long ago. You are exceptionally brave and you have survived in various wildernesses and through adverse conditions, so you are worthy of my patience, however short that it is.'*

I remained silent.

*'What is it that you wish from me?'*

"I need your help. I am lost and I have gotten my team lost. Please help me with your wisdom."

*'I am not the wise one. For wisdom you should seek Eagle. I do not look into the future. That is also Eagle. I do not look into the past, for that is Bear. I am Wolf, and as a wolf, my realm is the now.'*

I tried to keep the humor from my face. Truly, I was being visited then by the ghost of the past, present and futures. The only person missing now was a Bob Marley.

"What should I know now then?" I asked her. "I must learn if I am to save my pack and my family."

*'You need to learn more than that if you are to save your family, cub, but saving your pack is a different thing.'*

"I'm sorry... but what's the difference?"

*'You will learn,'* she inhaled deeply. *'Soon enough.'* and she smirked lightly. *'But all of this could've been avoided if only you called on me before now. I've been waiting for months... and I hate waiting. The sheer fact that you are the first in decades who've made contact with the spirits was the only thing that held my patience.'*

"I'm sorry... there was so much that I didn't understand... still don't understand. I need your help to learn and understand them."

She nodded with a deep bob of her head.

*'Then know my knowledge, and learn that which is important for the now... for the now leads to the future.'*

Again I pressed my hand to her nose, and again there were years of learning, all flushing into my brain like a bucket full of acid – the drug not the corrosive – and a shimmering of paths and how to track them to the future assailed me.

Wolf was feral; she was wild, in touch with the whole world in the immediate instead of the future. Humans were strange to her, for they constantly looked back and forward, reeling from past mistakes, worrying about future mistakes too much to realize that the immediate was paramount to surviving from the past or the future. Nevertheless, Wolf could track anything... even in a frigid cold during a furious storm, for she stood against the storm and defied it.

She was mother, she was fierce, the pack was everything, the family was in the pack, but the pack overall was more important. She would kick a weakling out of her family for the benefit of the pack. If she hadn't enough milk she would kick a pup out of the family for the good of the pack.

I understood then why Bear and Wolf contended so much against each other. Their views were so different.

But Wolf thrust into me how to track to the future, how to find the right path, how to guide my pack in the direction it needed to be, but also, she instilled something in me, and as I came out of that training sensation I moaned and bent over myself, cradling my belly as it twisted and knotted both erotically and painfully now.

*'You are ready for him now.'*

"Ready... for who? Amak?"

'No.' but she licked my face and nuzzled my cheeks before running off, disappearing like Bear did.

"Min?" and I blanched at hearing Jake's voice, and I turned and rose, but tripped over my own feet and fell against him as he caught me, and suddenly I smelt everything on him that allured me, drew me, and I felt that bubble tremble inside me, needing to be popped.

"Jake..." I moaned and buried my face in his chest, smelling that deep fur. Even despite the cold, blustering wind, he smelt like cherries and strawberries... and chocolate.... "...I'm so glad you're here." I almost moaned the words.

"Min, you left so suddenly, we were... I was... worried."

"Hmm..." I sighed and pressed the bowl of pelvis and thighs against his groin, and reaching under the flaps of his loincloth I found his furry butt and gripped it as I instinctively gave him a standing lap dance, rocking my pussy into that heady groin of his.

"M-Min... are you..." but then his nostrils flared as he smelt me, and then buried his face in my mane, smelling deeper and suddenly his groin bulged. "Min you're..."

"Shh..." I groaned and pressed my hand against his mouth. "Let's not talk about my problems... let's talk about yours."

"But y-you... you're..."

"Very aroused."

"I know." He groaned and I pried his loincloth back, helping his prick to unfold from its accordion shape inside so that it wouldn't erect so much, and suddenly it began to arch upward, stretching his loincloth outward as the blood streamed into that maleness.

"I can't stand it any longer... I need you my love." I whined and rubbed my body against his, and he only went:

"Goo..." and erected harder, arching deeply as I pulled the ties of his cloth and it came undone.

My fingers closed about his rod as I stroked it, and I came to stand with legs apart and on tiptoe, pressing my breasts into his face while the juices of my loins leaked from me. "And you need me..."

The world started shimmering and shimmying, there were paths before me but I saw only the one that led me to the reason the spirits led me to this point in the first place. This was why I had to get here, this was why there was so little time, this was why Jena had to suffer, it was because of this moment we were leading to. I took his hands with mine and gripped them and he gripped back, his prick telescoping as I moaned and arched myself, baring my sex for him in all its hot steamy glory as vapor rose from it.

"This... this body... is yours!" I moaned softly and bore my throat to him, showing subservience to him.

And he simply reacted instinctively. His jaws closed about my throat, his teeth did sink into the flesh and I gurgled from it, but this was a love bite, it was brief and showed his dominance. Despite that I was the larger, the faster and the stronger, he was the male and I was the female. In this world, the instincts in us both supported that matter. And after this came a formal mating... the deepest form of intimacy, and still holding onto each other's hands as we kissed passionately, I leaned back, holding onto him for support as his mighty horn rose, and as it did we both positioned ourselves for penetration, and when penetration came, I bit my lower lip and leaned in as I slowly slid onto him to the hilt.

The pads of my femininity clenched down around his shaft, the inner folds creating a sheathe for him to keep fluids inside my body, my clenching clit riding atop his heaving masculinity as it bulged and expanded, telescoping inside me deeper and deeper than ever. My anus clenched and I gripped his back and butt, lifting a leg to change the contours of my innards to tantalize myself and him further.

"Deeper..." I moaned, feeling the world shivering even harder as his and my movements echoed first in hundreds of directions, then dozens as time passed. "Ngh... *deeper*... oh!" I moaned as he rocked and thrust, lifting my toes off the ground as he impaled my pussy on his spearing mass. My vaginal lips were spread to their fullest before they began the twanging sensation of being stretched

and pulled wider, his meat pressing against my pelvic bone even that it was so great. My claws dug into him to hold on as I rocked and rolled and churned as the bubble in me began to leak and my innards clamped hard around him to hold us together tightly. Now our paths that shimmered around us were few, less than ten, less than five... so few I could quickly count them. Less than three, less than two... and then...

Nothing in my life had felt so erotic, so mind-splitting and life changing than feeling us both climax right as future and present collided. It made my loins burst with fluids as a solid jet of his seed lanced upward into me, filling my insides to every contour and every crevice as he lifted me up in his surprisingly strong arms, my legs wrapping his hips as he gripped my bottom open to penetrate deeper. I gurgled as he sucked the cream leaking from my breasts and he jabbed and pushed and shuddered briefly, and then pushed and shuddered again as he climaxed. The mixture of our juices leaked from me and formed long streamers that were blown away from us in the wind while all that seed sloshed and mixed, splattered and then... I bent my head and bit him and I orgasmed again... and again... my innards clenching over and over massaging a second and then a third... eventually a ninth orgasmic explosion from him as mine rapidly climbed over a hundred while I lapped up the blood from that love bite.

And then we collapsed into the snow, my hot milk steaming against my body as I arched as we humped, our juices crystallizing between us in the cold into a foam-like crystalline froth that broke off as we made love.

And deep inside me... something glorious happened. Not an orgasm, nothing erotic or sensual... it was like a ping... and my whole mind, body and spirit changed instantly as something deep... very deep inside me came alive with an energy more grand than any aurora I'd ever held in my hands.

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Sheila had fished out a device of some sort. It must've been a pretty pricy thing since it had the overly large antenna to it that allowed for satellite connections. There was a streaming color image on its screen that she was watching as I entered with Jake following me. He licked my pussy and kissed my butt twice on the way in since you had to crawl through and igloo's entrance before we slid into the warmth of the interior of the snow shelter.

"Now that we're all here, we have problems." She announced and pushed her glasses back up onto the top of her nose with a finger. "We're in the middle of a Polar Low."

"In English!" Poly gasped.

"Also known as an Arctic Hurricane." Sheila corrected, and therein we all understood.

"So... what? Are we stuck here for weeks?" China asked.

"Days maybe... at the most." Sheila corrected. "Polar lows are fierce but brief, and some can be hours long, others days long, but the blizzards that exist prior to and after a polar low will cause just as much havoc. There will be no movement in this."

"So what's the good news?" Camille asked then.

"The good news, is that so long as we're grounded... so's everyone else. I can't get a radio or a cellular signal with all the weather." She said and shut off her device before stuffing the thing into a protective hard case and shoved it back into her emergency pack.

"Worse news." Cecelia mentioned and came in behind us. Jake and I looked at each other and then her and she looked at us significantly – she saw us all right – but then she addressed the team. "Ruby was going to be our next drop point." She mentioned and she opened the cooler that she'd brought in from the sled. "We have one round of biscuits left for each of us, there's that and the provisions Jake carries for himself..."

"A single pound cake and some packaged soups." Camille added.

"...For the lot of us." Cecelia finished.

“Animals don’t come out in this unless they’re starving.” China replied. Hunting and trapping will be scarce.

“We have our breast milk.” Joey exclaimed.

“But we need meat.” Purdy added.

“What do we do?” “What should we do?” “What can we do?” various voices arose, and eventually my sisters started looking at Jake and me. We were the alphas after all.

“Ok... Save the biscuits. Drink liquids sparingly. We’ll have a lunch tomorrow, and if it lasts that long we’ll use the meal packets at lunch time for each day. Once the packets are out we’ll quarter the biscuits. Pray that the storm blows itself out by then.”

“Won’t they come looking for us?” Anna asked. “The race officials?”

Sheila shook her head. “We’re on our own. Their best bet is to send Iron Dogs after us,” Iron dogs were snow machine trail cutters used in the Iditarod. “But they won’t risk more people for just one musher and his *‘Dogs’*. Best bet... they’ll light a red lamp and pray for us. I suggest we pray too.”

I thought, and thought hard on what else could be done... and a thought or two rose up in my head, but before I said anything, I had to follow a path. But first... I shifted over to Sheila.

“Sheila... That gizmo have GPS on it?” I asked her.

“Well... officially we’re not supposed to have GPS other than those that transmit only, so they can watch our progress on the internet, they frown on us having one that can receive but I still carry one, so yeah.” She was back in timid mode, but I nonetheless slid in beside her and placed my arm around her shoulders.

“I need you to pull it up for a sec, try to get our position.”

“S-sure.” She managed and pulled out the device, pulled it up and began fidgeting with it. “Here we are. It’s accurate to a meter. I wish the GPS signal was as strong as the cellular signal was, but the GPS is like it is because the military has to use it sometimes too.”

I fingered a blue line on the topographical map she showed me to the southwest. “Bless you spirits.” I said quietly.

“Huh?”

“Nothing.” I said and got up. “Purdy, Mishka, Sheila and Camille, you’re all coming with me.”

“We are?” Purdy and Mishka asked me in unison. Like Anna and Joey, they were two very close partners. They had to be. It was largely their strength as anchor dogs that saved the team today. “Yes. The rest of you shift to human forms. Smaller bellies get filled more easily. Keep Jake and Jena warm, keep yourselves warm, and above all keep that fire strong. Break trees down if you need to, but keep that fire strong.”

“Where are you going?” Chinook asked.

“To get food.”

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“Min... China is our hunter!” Sheila said as she shivered in the cold, standing before Mishka’s who’s thicker fur and girth protected her from the cold wind better. “If she says that animals don’t come out in this they don’t come out in this!”

“Sheila, hook to Camille,” I said as I latched onto Sheila’s harness. “Camille hook to Purdy, Purdy to Mishka.”

“Why does Mishka get to be in back?” Purdy complained.

“You both are,” I said as they followed my instructions. “Forgive my newness to the sport, but when you run a single line of dogs then the two strongest are in the back.”

“But the strongest should be in the back.” Purdy complained.

“The strongest is in the back!” Mishka said and flexed her mighty arms.

“No you’re not. I’m the strongest!” and Purdy flexed, showing off muscles she strained to look bigger.

“Are not!” “Are too!”

“HEY! SIT!” I shouted and the line immediately sat before me and I blinked. “Holy crap I can’t believe that... I mean... good girls! Now stand!” they got up. “Will you two stop arguing? I place Mishka in the back, I placed Purdy in the back, and you are both in the back. It was completely random, no particular order, now... shush!” they nodded. “I need anchors... you two are anchors, so you’re coming with.

“Sheila’s here because I need her knowhow. Let’s face it... you’re smarter than any three of us, Sheila, and I need you to tell me stuff.”

“Then why am I here?” Camille asked timidly.

“Because I trust you with my life... especially now.” I replied, “Now this way.”

And I led them to the nearby trees and instructed them to break off several thin branches from the birch trees. They did, and I took one branch myself, and closing my eyes, focused on the powers inside me and felt the surge of power. With my eyes closed the world was a world of shadows, lit by glorious images of bright colors that were my sisters, a flying squirrel in a tree, a rabbit in its hole. But from within me churned a power and beautiful Auroras of multiple colors rose up out of my hands as I shaped the wood. It curled and gnarled, twisted and bent as it lengthened, and inside a hook at the top of the thin staff... I placed a plume of light, and opening my eyes, I smiled at the beautiful thing I’d woven.

I used red... red was seen best against blazing white.

“Sheila... which way is the South-west?” I asked and Sheila looked around, panning her hand this way and that, using whatever mental references she had and then pointed.

“That way.” She directed and I led the way away from the shelter till it was just starting to disappear in the snow before planting the hook with the red northern lights in it.

One by one I took a branch from them and shaped it, putting a red light in it like a flare, and finally got to a frozen stream that was rushing by. It was here that I pulled out the spare lead line that I’d secured from the sled and then hooked it to Sheila before I detached my tug line and attached it to its other end.

“Sheila... where are the fattest fish?” I asked her.

“T-they would go deep. The deeper the better... probably right against the bottom so that they don’t freeze. Min... that’s a depth that we can’t get to with spear fishing. We can’t even see them.”

“I know.” I smirked. “But where would they be?”

“There,” she pointed at an eddy.

“Good, now all of you... hold the line.” And I dove in.

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<This is me... being insane> → \*O.o\*

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The first time I entered winter water, I was lured in and forced to fall in it by Jena... just to teach me a very valuable lesson. I remembered thinking to myself then that I'd never ever go into cold water so long as I should live.

So much for that...

The water still burned, scratched at the eyes, it stung the air in the lungs, and some of you are wondering why I just did this. Wolf demands that the pack comes before family, comes before personal need. Bear demands that family comes first... before personal needs. Sacrifice would normally be required.

But Wolf teaches how to resist the cold... and Bear teaches how to survive in cold arctic water. Bear fishes in waters that would kill a grown man in under five minutes, she teaches how to slow the heart so that it is about a beat per minute, and she teaches how to not breathe because with your body functions slowing down so much... you don't need to. She teaches you to swim lazily to conserve energy, and she teaches you how to find fish in the cold while your cubs remain on the shore nice and hungry for the fish you must provide.

I waded in the water, being dragged like a worm on a hook, crawling along the river bottom with fingers and toes, opening my mouth wide, and then felt a mass slide into it. Shortly thereafter I burst from the river with a great big fat salmon in my mouth that I spat out onto the shore.

"Keep that from falling in!" I shouted and Camille picked it up immediately and clutched at the wriggling thing. "More later."

And I dove again. Again and again... pulling out fish nearly on every dive. Salmon, Rainbow Trout, Dolly Varden, enough for a week before I hauled myself out away from my team before I shook myself and sent water that transformed into pelting icicles in every direction in less than a second. Holding myself and shivering against the remarkably colder air, I scrunched the warmth of the milk in my four largest breasts to me and began moving.

"Amazing! This should last us a whole week!" Sheila began holding up two large fish by the gills. "This is incredible, you defy all logic still being alive and..."

Camille shoved her way past. "Now's not the time." Camille bit off. "Mon Dieu, she's going to freeze to death with your mouth blabbing on like that."

"Th-th-th-thank... y-y-you... C-C-Cam..."

"Later, now this way."

The lights in the sticks winked out as I passed them, and once inside I was stripped of my harness and suit as I shrunk to human and wrapped in a fur blanket. My thanks was having Joey and Anna clamp onto my sides for warmth, their naked bodies braving the cold that I'd braved to get food for everyone. But Huzzah! We'd survive.

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So... what does one guy and fourteen fems do all alone in the wilderness in a tight little shelter for entertainment?

Well... we were resting, we were relaxed, we were with each other... and here is the most virile male ever known... so... yeah... we did him... rotten... and often. Sometimes two or three at a time. Poor Jake... he went outside just to have some time alone, and even then he got company from one of us after a few minutes.

Jena awoke after three days but complained of neck pains.

"I'm surprised you weren't rendered stupid by that blast to the noggin." Sheila mentioned as she checked Jena's neck for broken bones. Of course there weren't any, but accidents in healing still happened. "You're gonna be riding shotgun to Jake for a little bit, Jena... I hope you know."

"I can only assume." She groaned and then laughed but winced as it hurt her.

I came over to her next and laid against her to keep her warm.

"I'm sorry. This was all my fault." I told her, but she nonetheless placed a weak arm against my side to hold me back as she laid there doing little more than breathing, but then I felt her tense.

"Min..." she prompted and I rose.

"What? Am I hurting you, do you need something, anything... I can get it for..."

But she pressed her fingers to my lips to shut me up. "Apology accepted, but... come closer." I did. "Why do you no longer smell like you're in heat?" she asked softly, and I blinked and rose immediately.

"W-why would I smell like I was..." I began and paused. First of all, I'd never been in heat, so how would I know what it smelt like? Second of all, if I smelt like I was in heat to Jena, then I must've been in heat. But if I smelt like I was in heat and I had sex with Jake, who was in a rut, and I no longer smelt like I was in heat... "Oh... fuck." I groaned and reached for my belly but Jena caught my hand with surprising quickness despite her weakness at the moment.

"Not now." She said and her eyes fluttered with fatigue and the pain of moving so quickly. "Do not let on that you are. It's still very early, but a pregnant mother shouldn't be running this damned race. Regardless it cannot be helped. How many others has Jake sexed?" we looked sidelong only to see Camille getting the dicking right now.

"Truthfully? All of us. We've been stalled for the past three days thanks to an arctic hurricane."

"And me?" she asked.

"He wouldn't... not while you're sleeping."

Jena exhaled softly. "Then listen to me. I am in heat, Min. That's what a rut does... it triggers heats. So you drank all that passion enriched man-milk... just like I did. I've been trying to resist it, but... ngh... it hurts." She wept then. "I can feel it rising in me now."

"What do you want me to do?" I blinked at her.

"Nothing... it's inevitable. Just... get us moving as quickly as you can."

"We can't... not with the storm."

"Then in the next lull... we need to move. Am I clear?"

I stared at her and then tucked her in. "No. Not for a couple more days now."

"Damn it... I'm the team leader!"

"But you're injured, so now I am. Now lay there... shut up... and take this nourishment." And I stuffed my tit in her mouth to quiet her.

Jen nursed like she thought her throat was cut, all while I laid against her, and palmed my belly.

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The storm broke on the fifth day. Joey came back into the shelter all excited and when we left the coverage of the shelter it was to find the last traces of the storm blowing itself out. Curtains of snow were just finishing in their fall and after they fell the glorious blue sky and a dazzling sun appeared high overhead.

“Harness up. We’re leaving.” Jake said after a moment. “We’ve got a race to win.”

Jena was fitted with a collar, and as it was tightened I watched incredulously as it forced her down into dog form. Jake himself picked her up and set her in the sled, covering her up so that she’d be warm in the blankets while the rest of us fitted ourselves into our harnesses, finished the last of the fish, doused the fire with snow, but as I approached the line as the girls hooked up, I was suddenly presented with something I hadn’t thought of before.

With my teammate incapacitated... that meant that I was the sole leader of the team. I stood there at the front of the lead line in my lesser hybrid form, my body straining my suit and harness from the added growth I’d done in the past few days, gaining the feral ferocity of Wolf and the muscular fortitude of Bear. I just stared at the lead line Sheila held out for me till Jake himself picked it up, and taking my tug line, hooked me up to it.

“You’ll do fine.” He told me and headed to his place on the sled as musher.

Turning around, eyes forward, I swallowed and waited for the inevitable command of “Mush!” and we thirteen leapt forward to complete the run to Ruby.

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There was excitement as we ran in on Ruby, decidedly the largest of the bush towns we’d yet run through. There was a red lantern hanging on a hook here, the significance of it was that it was hung whenever a team was off the trail.

Traditionally, one was hung in Nome, at the race’s end, and it remained lit until all racers were accounted for. For one to be hanging here meant that they lit it for us, more than likely, in the hopes that we’d yet arrive. As we came in though, there were cameras and media rushing out along with race officials, paramedics and vets as we reached the checkpoint amidst a plethora of questions.

As such... the Race officials delayed us considerably while Jake got mobbed by reporters. Jake wasn’t the sort to take the constant press of the press, so I began barking at them... others followed suit, and soon the whole team was barking and yipping and nipping at the press till they all hurried away. Oh we let the race officials, vets and paramedics inspect us all right. We needed them to see that we were all healthy and well fed, but regardless they produced quality nutritious food. Blood samples were taken from all of us and run in a field lab, but all-in-all, the red lantern was extinguished.

“Excuse me... but when can my team be underway?” Jake asked as a reporter tried to sneak in for a report, and I started growling at the man and he turned right around and slunk off.

Normally that sort of behavior would indicate that we weren’t under control... but the vets, who knew of animal behavior, remarked that we were only growling at the reporters, and though it was done jokingly, the race officials having no love for the press either, it was allowed and the reporters were warned to stay away from our team.

The Race official that Jake was addressing scoffed. “You want to leave?! Kid... you’ve just been lost in an arctic hurricane for the better part of a week even! Your nearest competition is still three checkpoints away, and you want to leave?”

“I and my team are medically able, are we not?”

“Well... yes... but listen to reason...”

“Ever hear about the race of the Tortoise and the Hare?” Jake asked. “I won’t be lulled into complacency like the Hare was. My team is fast and ready, and though my usual lead dog is temporarily out of commission, she will recover. We’re well-fed and well-rested... we’ve been resting for five days rather comfortably might I add. I want permission to leave.”

The official was obviously looking for a reason to delay us longer, but he obviously couldn’t find one, gesticulated for a few moments and then sighed. “Well... all right. If I were you I’d take a day of rest...”

“We’ve been resting...” Jake said again. “Now we’ve gotta go.”

“Very well... you may leave. Just be prepared to be a media event when you do.”

“Do me a favor then... tell those reporters I want to give an interview in ten minutes at the lodge house.”

The official smirked. “I’ll do that. Take care kid; this lantern will be waiting for you at the end of the race.” And the official held up the old fashioned oil lantern with the red glass shields that was extinguished when we arrived.

The reporters were keenly distracted as we took off down the main street to the cheers of those watching, and heading down the city streets and cutting west along the river after crossing, we headed west to Galena.

Officially... Ruby was considered the half-way marker on even numbered years like this one at just over six hundred miles.

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The trail to Galena was easily marked and quite obvious. Snow machines had flattened out the trail and there were pegs showing a wide berth that led mostly down the frozen river. We couldn’t run as fast as we wanted to because of the ever present annoyance of snowmobilers and helicopters from the press corps... they followed us over the next six hours all the way to Galena.

Upon reaching Galena and checking in and taking a break long enough to feed us, our last food drop having been in Ruby, we had new biscuits for our team to eat, rest for a short while before we turned south again toward Nulato. Jena often slept according to Jake’s shouted back updates whenever anyone requested it, and so far my powers of being a Pathfinder weren’t needed in light of the obvious trails that led right down ploughed streets in Ruby and now Galena as we left toward Nulato.

Like the run to Galena, Nulato was a straight away across a frozen icy river, probably the same one that I went diving into earlier upstream.

In just over four hours we reached Nulato, and it was here, after twelve hours of racing that the race officials called for a required eight hour rest from us. Gladly... my legs were killing me... but aside from my legs I also worried about something else... the baby that was now adhering to the inside of my womb. For its sake, I ate everything that was set in front of me that day.

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“Jacob MacDougal.” The Race Official said as he approached. He had a female vet in tow as Jake rose after tending to us.

“Yes?” Jake greeted.

“We have a very serious matter to discuss, young man.” The official replied.

“A serious matter? In regards to what?”

“Your team. For you and your team’s safety we ran medical tests on you and your dogs in Ruby. You’re healthy, but our concern is actually for the fabled all-female team of the Wild Pack.”

“Sir... you’re worrying me needlessly. What’s the problem?” Jake asked in a combination of anger and concern.

“Are you aware that four of your dogs are pregnant?”

I blinked... four of us? I looked back to the team as several heads rose in surprise from their attempted sleep.

“P-Pregnant?” Jake blinked. “No sir... no I didn’t. I mean... I mean I...”

“Alright son... calm down. Luckily we checked on pre-medical checks taken at the race’s start. According to those checks those dogs were not pregnant at race’s start. True it takes a bit before screening can detect hormonal changes in the dogs, but there are two questions we have... and answer me truthfully... I know when a musher is lying to me. I’ve been doing this longer than you’ve been alive after all.”

“Yes sir.”

“Firstly... did you allow any of your dogs to mate prior to race start? Though not a rule, after this we’re thinking of making it a rule.”

“No sir... I did not.”

“Second of all,” the vet interrupted. “Were your dogs ‘*attacked*’ by any feral wolves during your time of being lost in the wilderness, Jake MacDougal?”

Jake paused, and the two eyed him for the pause before he finally answered: “No.”

He was eyed discerningly... but he spoke the truth. They would not detect the lie. It was impossible for a human and a dog to copulate after all, so even if they did think of him having his way with us, they would dismiss it as impossible that he’d impregnate us. And after all... Jake wasn’t a wild wolf... despite that he sometimes acted like one.

“Very well.” The official sighed and then ticked two things and then signed something on his clip board.

“The race council will meet about these issues, Jacob. Expect revisions to the race rules for next year. Because there are no rules, we will allow you to run with your dogs in this early stage of pregnancy, but we urge you to consider dropping out of the race.”

“On behalf of me and my team,” Jake said. “I can readily say that so long as we’re not being forced, the hell with that option. We’re in the lead and nearly done with this race. At this stage m... I mean their pups are still microscopic if it was as recent as you say. Placental safety is still ok even in a runner.” The vet opened her mouth and Jake lifted a hand. “And I will retire them from training till the cubs are born after the race.” Jake finished and she shut her mouth. “Will that be all?”

“Yes Jake.” The vet said. “Just take care of your dogs.”

“And again,” the official said. “Next year, pregnant dogs will be disallowed from racing... even if it happens mid-race like this.”

“I understand...” Jake said quietly and then wrung his hands. “Which dogs... did you discover the pregnancies within?”

Jake was handed a file that he looked at the names therein. “Thank you.” He said and the official and the vet left.

Still staring at the names, he stepped toward us and sat down roughly before looking at a now wide-awake team.

“Mom told me to keep my wick dry...” he sighed.

“Well?!” Joey yipped excitedly. “Which of us is having pups?”

Jake opened and closed his mouth repeatedly... after all... he’d just learned that he was going to be a father, four times over.

“Me.” Sheila stated timidly.

“Me.” Camille followed.

After a pause I sighed and rose up to sit on my haunches. “Me.” I added... and the longest pause ever, before the fourth and final “Me.” Was spoken.

But it was a surprise... for in that case... it was Jena who spoke. “I wasn’t servicing him... I was serviced by him.” Jena said quietly. “He looked so much in pain and his hands were so enticing that one day and... well... he was upset with us and I was trying to make peace...”

“You got knocked up first?!” Camille gasped in mock shock, lifting a paw over her mouth. “Mon Dieu!”

We started laughing as Jake took to scratching Camille and Jena where she still laid in the sled. “I was torn. I almost dropped out.” He told us. “I thought of the little ones you carry. You girls know your bodies far better than I do...”

“I would disagree!” Polly said and we all laughed again.

“But... if any of you four want to drop out, we only need twelve dogs running to cross the finish line. I didn’t want to make the decision and drop out before I knew your minds.”

We knew what he was suggesting... and more than one of us half-swooned that he’d think of us first like that.

“It’s still early.” Sheila admitted. “If it was a month or two into the gestation, then no... but here it’s less than a week. We can finish this race in a few days. I vote we keep going.”

“Keep going.” Camille voted.

“Keep going.” I voted.

“I’m still out anyways,” Jena said with some humor. At least for another day... I’ll try my legs after tomorrow, but regardless... I vote that we keep going too.”

“Then we keep going. But the moment I see that any of you, especially you four, are having any problems... I’m pulling the team out. Agreed?” We nodded and he sighed. “You know... I think I’ll sleep here tonight. I’ve grown accustomed to resting with my team after all.” We all laughed, but regardless the lot of us moved to dog pile our Jacob.

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We were awoken by a flash, and groggily we all woke up as several more flashes lit the small chamber.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we’re here with the lead musher and his team. What a phenomenal race Jake... after getting lost in an arctic hurricane, you still had the presence of mind to carry on. What do you attribute to your success?”

Jake looked down at his watch and I started growling.

“Well let me see here. Looking at the time, it appears as if I’ve been asleep for only two hours. Are any of you familiar with sleep deprivation effects on a musher?” Jake asked in a warning tone, and the reporter was taken aback.

“No, but I’m sure our watchers would be glad to hear about it.” The female reporter replied with a grin that was far too white.

“Well, you see, race rules state that I must rest myself and my dogs for a required eight hours after certain periods of time. With feeding, un-harnessing and re-harnessing my team, that leaves us with about six hours of sleep. You reporters have just woken me and my team up in what’s supposed to be ‘*uninterrupted*’ sleep.” And Jake lifted his hands to do the quotation marks gesture. “Essentially... you, your crew, and the stations and news organizations you all work for have just actively interfered with a musher and his team that are running the Iditarod Race. Alaska’s and perhaps the world’s hardest race.”

Mishka and Purdy, Joey and Anna and me all began to growl; curling noses and raising hackles. Jena gave a loud bark.

“I will be making a report to the officials that...” Jake looked at the emblem on the camera. “Channel Nine News... have done this act, and make my suggestion at the Race Council, supported by my mother no less, who’s lodge is a well known contributor to the race, that no reporters be allowed at checkpoints and may only approach mushers before or after race start and end.

“Now... the lot of you... get the hell out of here before I sick my dogs on you.”

And the whole team began barking loudly, which obviously stirred the race officials who came hurrying out of their lodge fearing dog fights, only to find a news team scurrying away from the kennels. From across the way, we saw the race officials actively shouting at the reporter and her team.

And then I felt Jake’s hand feather through the fur of my midsection and Camille’s as he looked at nothing in particular. “Disturb my girls and babies will they...?” he said quietly, and I moved from within the dog pile to rest my head and a paw on his lap, Camille readjusted herself against his side so she could get his hands more on her belly instead of just her side, and the dog pile settled down around our *‘master’*.

Now this... was a Kodak moment.

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“The Race Officials would like to apologize to you and your team for the disturbance last night.” A female race official said as a vet looked over Jena, checking her eyes for signs of continued shock while using a pen light.

“I trust that measures are taking place to ensure that I or my team isn’t bothered while we’re trying to sleep again?”

“A race Official in Nome is speaking to BBC, CNN and Fox News officials as we speak but not mentioning the offending party. The offending news syndicate has agreed to pay a rather hefty fine, to which your lodge will see a donation if you’re willing to drop charges and allow them to at least film mushers between race start and race end if not directly interview them. Also, if a musher wants to give reports, then the reporters must be approached by the musher, not the musher approached by the news team.”

“I’ll let my mother decide that, but my decision will stand dependent upon whether or not I get another camera pointed into my or my team’s faces for the remainder of the race... and how hefty of a contribution our lodge gains for this remarkably inconsiderate disturbance.”

“We’ll let them know that.” The official said with a smirk and Jake signed out on the sign-out sheet.

“By the way... how close are our nearest competition?” Jake asked as he donned his facemask and goggles.

“They’re trying to catch up with the leader.” The official smirked. “A couple of them ran through the night and are now in an eight hour layover in Ruby. I think they were more stunned than we were that you continued on after that arctic hurricane.”

“I wasn’t... and I shouldn’t.” Jake said with some humor. “Mush!”

And the team leapt forward, heading south to Kaltag.

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I was constantly trying to seek the path, utilizing the renewed powers I’d been granted by the spirits. We were running on the Yukon River, frozen over like most rivers were in Alaska during the winter. Only the most tumultuous of rivers kept from freezing over in this land’s winters. Towering thousand foot cliffs lined the river here on one side, and we were essentially forced into the river in order to run properly. Here was a perfect time for training myself on how to use the powers of a Pathfinder, so while we ran... I dared closing my eyes.

Immediately the world faded and the present became that *'now'* that Wolf spoke of. Our team was unified, a golden image in my mind whenever I looked back, all of us being a single waving aurora that sparked with every one of our many feet striking the ice as with me at its head, I absorbed the phenomenal spiritual energy of the trail. So much competition of years of the Iditarod Race, so much need from centuries of mushers both native and white man running these trails with their dogs, carrying mail, carrying supplies that were desperately needed, but none more so that the original reason the race was run... the run of the diphtheria anti-toxin from Anchorage to Nome. Twelve hundred miles of incredible desperation... all of these sensations fueling speed up into our team, making our passage freer, faster.

Until I felt the first flash of deviating paths.

With my eyes closed the world in shadows, I saw the trail diverting up ahead without really forking. These were paths... one path led further toward a future where victory was possible, the other path...

I had only a few seconds warning before I leapt sideways to avoid it, and automatically the team compensated, following my lead as we narrowly missed a section of open water. If we hit it, the whole team would've plunged right through the ice and slid head-first into the icy river, dragging Jake and Jena with the sled right along with us.

With a snap the future and the present solidified and the path carried forward, echoing backward toward the present where we ran, and panting with excitement, I surged forward and the team raced forward faster than ever.

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"That's the second race record you broke. Three if you want to count actually continuing the race after surviving that hurricane."

The official was petting me as I munched on a biscuit, and Jake was signing in. Again, a vet was looking in on Jena.

"Great conditions this year I suppose. The next leaders still on their eight hour?"

"You got two hours at the most before they can set to the trail again." The official mentioned. "I swear they would've gone right past Ruby to Galena if we let them. But we pointed out that their dogs looked really tired, and so did they, so we forced them to wait. You have three teams behind you now stopped at Ruby, the rest are at Cripple."

"Let's see them try to catch up with us at Unalakleet." Jake smirked. "By the way, we narrowly missed a very large patch of open water on the river about twenty two miles out of Nulato. Could've been a river wash out."

"We'll look out for that and get it marked. You just take care of those dogs."

A vet was now looking over the health of Camille, Sheila and myself... and it wasn't hard to know what they were looking out for, especially after they kept tugging at the thigh tendons and stroking our taut bellies.

"My word... I've never found a dog so firm and strong. What do you feed them?"

"A specially made biscuit by a specially made woman." Jake replied and scratched Cecelia's head.

"Here's my email address honey... I'd love that recipe if she's willing to give it up."

"I'll ask, but I'm sure that it'll remain a Lodge trade secret." Jake mentioned, and the moment she looked away he crumbled the email address up and stuffed it into the nearest trash receptacle when no one was looking.

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It was ninety miles to Unalakleet, descending from the protection of the mountains to the coastal areas. Unalakleet was a coastal town that resides right smack dab at the end of the Yukon River, right at its delta. During the winter, this was also where a major inland

wind that slapped us right in the face after our second break. There were cabins that served as rest areas that were currently maintained and manned by the Iditarod Trail Council, and there were a couple people at these locations with some food for us all and some roaring fires going. The trail was marked mostly by reflective disks that even in the dark stood out like sore thumbs in the wilderness, showing major avenues that had been cut for millennia from the original natives to the snowmobilers now.

After that second stop, though, the wind blew in with a vengeance, and for the second time I closed my eyes and felt paths... many paths. The migrating snow drifts were making rolling hills that soon swallowed the markers of the trail, both permanent and temporary, and though there was a cloudless sky and the moon was partially full, we could no longer see the trail and it's packed snow made by the Iron Dog snow machines. But I saw the path and ran the path, weaving through the drifts even as they migrated, easily cutting between the wind and the berms, ears flat against my head as all my personal senses deadened for living in the immediate and the now.

The wind slowed us down, but we still nonetheless got past this entire length in eleven hours... and after having ran for more than twenty hours, race officials when we arrived in Unalakleet told us that they were going to impose a mandatory eight hour rest period. All the better, cause to use a common vernacular...

My dogs were barking.

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I dreamed that night, dreamed of Eagle as he perched before me. I awoke and felt my arms automatically cradle something, and seeing him standing there in his cloak and headdress and mask, he was smirking down at me.

*'You appear to be settling into your role more solidly now.'* He mentioned to me.

"What role?"

*'Well several of them really.'* And he nodded downward, and I saw that in my arms... was a baby.

It was genderless and nearly featureless, but it was nursing gently from my breast, a tiny little hand pressing against the fatty gland to grip the fur. I blushed and gasped slowly, and then something struck me and I looked immediately up at Eagle.

"Why are you here?" I asked immediately.

*'To impart wisdom upon you.'*

"Wisdom? Like Wolf and Bear did?"

*'Partly. Your sight is limited, Minevera. You need to see further than what you do.'*

I stared at him. "This isn't serendipity. Something's wrong... isn't it?"

*'That remains to be seen, Minevera.'* He replied and reached forward and placed his fingers about my face like some weird Vulcan mind meld. His wisdom was simple, and it wasn't like years of training... it was a far seeing ability... to look to the future further than any other creature could. The gift of the Eagle Eye. *'The best way to avoid a situation, Minevera... is to see it coming. You and three of your sisters carry spirits that are being woven into new bodies. You are their leader and their guide, so the responsibility will be seen to rest squarely upon your shoulders.'*

*'I've done the best that I can for you now. The rest is up to you.'*

And I awoke with a gasp, looking around the kennel location which was constructed inside an old warehouse. I was breathing quickly in a mild panic as I looked around for danger, and closing my eyes I *'looked'* again... but found nothing. Regardless, it was a long time before I finally settled down and laid my head on my paws.

I would be a fool to ignore so much as even a veiled warning from Eagle like that. He saw trouble coming... and I intend not to let it pass us by... or worse... smack us in the faces dead on.

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Jena was trotting around, barking and shaking her head.

“I feel great!” she barked. “Hook me up! Hook me up! Let’s go!”

Jake helped her into her suit and harness, and I watched all this with trepidation, feeling... off... about it. It came to the moment where she’d be hooked up to the lead line when I snapped a paw out over the eyelet at the end of the lead line.

“No. You’re sitting this first run out.” I said immediately.

“What?” Chinook gasped. “Jena’s ready for the run and you’re not letting her? I knew it; Min is trying to get the lead...”

“Quiet Chinook!” Jake and Jena said at once and she fell silent. “Min,” Jena continued. “What do you see?”

My eyes looked back and forth and I closed my eyes and shook my head. “A feeling.” I told her.

“Like the feeling with Joey?” Jena asked and I looked up at her.

“Yeah... only stronger. You shouldn’t run this first leg, sister. For... more than one reason... and for many other reasons I cannot foresee right now.”

Jena eyed me but then shook her head up and down. “Fine... I trust you then. I’m not going to be so foolish as to not trust your intuition again.”

“But... her intuition got you injured in the first place,” Poly mentioned.

“And for good reason.” Jena said as she hopped into the cradle of the sled. “If not for her, we wouldn’t be in the lead, we wouldn’t have survived that escapade with a hurricane, and we wouldn’t have three sisters aside from myself pregnant with our man’s offspring. After all that, I don’t want to think what could’ve gone wrong if she hadn’t been there.

“This could’ve been the race that none of us would’ve returned from.”

That silenced any further arguments as Jake zipped Jena up in the cradle of the sled. We pulled out to the sign out point, heard that our competition was gaining on us with a dangerous fervor, with the leads now paused in Kaltag. That meant at the most they were a day behind us now.

Our next stopping point was Elim, a good hundred and thirty eight miles away to keep our lead strong. From Elim, it was four final jumps to Nome and the finish line, but regardless... Eagle’s warning for this first leg was prominent in my mind as we rushed from Unalakleet, heading north from the town practically right along the shoreline.

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There were many long miles on the final approach to Shaktoolik that ran right along the coast. We’d had to go inland to go around a giant rocky crag that was so high it could very nearly be classified as a mountain, and coming back, we ran past a fishing village where the Inuit and fishermen there waved at us as we passed, and Jake waved back as a courtesy.

But as we found a well-cut road thanks to the Iron Dog snow machines, I began to feel the hackles rising up on my hind quarters.

“Whoa... Whoa...” Jake called as he applied the break, and my sisters began to pant as he came to a rest, the waters of the Bearing Straight breaking against the nearby shoreline. Regardless... I felt the approaching wave of the future coming at us... not as a reflection of the present nearing the future... we already were on the path, we just had to run it, we already were in danger.

“All right girls... just a nice little meal and...”

“Jake... get on the sled.” I said in a panic.

“Min... we need a break.”

“Get on the sled now! Now! Now! Now! Right fucking now!” I said in a panic, eyes wide and pupils dilated, the fear on my face got several of my sisters to cower as Jake planted the food back, zipped it up and got onto his runners as I jerked forward. “MOVE!” I cried, pulling the whole team along as some of them dug in by instinct.

“MUSH!” Jake called, and the instinct to follow the commands of the musher took my sisters and they mushed.

I skipped forward and pulled, looking left and right for the danger.

“On our left!” China called, and my eyes bulged as I saw an icy tidal wave approaching. Not a big one, but nevertheless it would definitely cascade over the road we were on high enough to freeze the lot of us to the bone.

“Hee-yeah! Mush!” Jake shouted and we all kicked forward as quickly as we could, ears back, sprinting forward, legs burning even for supernatural creatures like us.

“SHIFT!” I shouted and as one we shifted into our lesser hybrid forms. “SHIFT!” I called again, and now the whole team shifted into greater hybrid form, a shape we hardly assumed during this run because of the people who might be watching, but towering she-muscle running on all fours gave us all near cheetah speeds.

And the tidal wave cascaded onto the road with a deafening roar, the swell flooding behind us and spreading water that froze the moment it settled, leaving jagged shards of ice penetrating upward into the air wherever they slid in. And some of these were heaving icebergs... I swear I saw a polar bear roar as it was tossed with the ice chunk it was riding in over the road.

Jake hopped off his runners and ran behind the sled, lightening the sled and being pulled along while his running was purely for balance to keep pace. With him still human and no longer on the sled, the team got just a little added speed as the wave cascaded behind us, rolling over the road like it was Alaska’s version of Hawaii Five-Oh.

The wave started to diminish, but it did so slowly as it spread out into the mainland, and we ran and ran and ran endlessly. And I closed my eyes, summoning the glowing northern lights from the earth as it rose up in me and then immediately chained to my sisters and mate, we had to stay up... we had to keep running... keep running...

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Shaktoolik was in sight as we shifted down to dogs amidst outrunning the wave, the lot of us exhausted as we rolled in, and the last of the wave cascaded across our feet and chilled us to the bone. Huge concrete bulwarks protected the town from most of the fury, but it wasn’t hard seeing the ridiculous swell that beat the shore of Alaska repeatedly. Walking forward to get out of the water, I panted heavily, drool coming off my dog’s tongue as I got us to the icy snowy area out of the freezing water, and I collapsed solidly to the ground and passed right out.

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<This is me passed right out> → @.@’

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When I awoke, it was to feel myself cradled, wrapped in a blanket and secured, and lifting my head and looking out, I found myself behind the whole team... in the sled alone right before Jake. He was looking forward, and looking in that direction I saw Jena lightly trotting as we surged across a great expanse of ice now. Sighing I put my head down and for once, just laid back and enjoyed the passing scenery... what little of it there was here. There wasn't so much as a shrub out here, and everything was bleak and level and monotonous. The perfect sort of time for me to lie down and have a nice nap.

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I was being hooked up next to Jena for the next couple of legs of the race amidst being thanked. No one doubted my sight now... if I wasn't aware of that wave, then we would've all been killed. Even Lycans like us, silver bullets aside, could still be killed by extreme conditions, and Alaska was nothing but extreme.

I'd ridden in the basket till Koyuk, and now was our final run for the night toward Elim, and with the majority of the other mushers well behind us, probably reaching Unalakleet by the time we would reach Elim, we'd be able to race one final day to Nome with nary any problems.

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Eight hours passed of uninterrupted sleep. For our first run together, we have maintained first place for the whole time. Who would've thought that an arctic Hurricane would've actually aided us?

When I awoke after a dreamless sleep, it was to find Jake in a turtleneck sweater looking out at a gently falling snow. Yawning and getting up, I looked around and then dared to transform, slipping my hands underneath that sweater to press my hands against his belly. He winced briefly.

"Oh! Cold hands."

"The better to suck all the warmth from you!" and I mock chuckled and pressed against his back and looked out at it. "So this is it?"

"This is it. Just over a hundred miles now... and we'll be at Nome."

"Provided another arctic hurricane doesn't strike us." I murred and nibbled his neck before licking it. "You don't smell like you're rutting anymore."

"Sharing love bites and impregnating four fems does that for a guy." He returned, and I urged him to turn and I pressed against his front now, cradling his head to my ample chest being that a seven foot tall furred fem was much taller than a six-one guy. "Pity... I'm kinda in the mood for some love." I remarked.

Jake kissed me. "Not now, beloved." He told me in this very rare moment that we were alone.

"Am I?"

"Hm?"

"Am I your beloved? What about everyone else? What about Jena? Or Camille? Or..."

"Or... Or... Or..." Jake sighed and cupped one of my lower breasts, prying the elastic chest guard out of the way so he could caress the swollen areola. "I know you don't have the instinct to do this, but the others asked me who my Alpha was. One by one, they came to me and asked. I told them that it didn't matter to me; they didn't want to hear that. They asked me in essence to judge my own heart and pick my favorite out of all of them." He looked at me. "I have... deep... personal affection for all of them, Min, but with you it went deeper somehow.

"I mean, when I touch you... just like this..." and his fingers spread and I cooed at the electrical and energetic sensation his touch instilled. "I feel like I'm touching a creature of fire, I feel like I'm getting burnt just by doing this, but it's a warm burn... I like it.

“I like it too.” I giggled and held his hand to my fat tit. “I feel like I’m being charged with electricity when we touch each other. Before I became... this...” and I gestured to myself. “I never believed in fate. Now I know that there are certain paths that are taken, and my path was preordained to come to you long... long before either of us were even born.”

Jake smiled at me and cupped my face with both hands now. “I like the way you make me feel.” He told me then. “You don’t have ridiculous expectations of me, and only around you do I feel... like me.” He sighed. “That must sound stupid of a reason to place all my affections on one person.”

“Not all of them...” I smiled and then shrugged before looking at the dog pile behind me before wagging my tail. “Just a little bit more than the others maybe, but not all of them. Just think... we fourteen are willing to share one male for some reason.”

“I thought it was because I was hung longer than a baby elephant’s trunk.”

“Oh no...” I looked from side to side and grinned. “Well... not entirely. I mean that’s a plus on top of you.” I grinned wider and gave a exhaling gasp of humor and he smirked at me. “No... we all love you for you... it’s just... you and I didn’t have that brother-sister block in front of us first... that’s perhaps where it went deeper with us. I feel sorry for the others really... but that doesn’t mean I want to give up what I already have.”

“Then marry me.” He said and I blinked, startled. “Marry me, be my wife, put it on paper for the humans to assume that you and I are actually mated...”

I pressed a finger against his lips, to quiet him. “I agree... most emphatically do I agree, but on one condition.” He blinked at me. “Before you and I make the union legal... I want you to ask each of my sisters what they think about it. I won’t do it so long as even one of them is against it.”

He smirked again. “Just think... in the olden days I’d just have to ask your father for your hand, and I could take as many mates as I wanted.”

“But these aren’t the olden days, my father’s long dead, and the United States has illegalized polygamy.”

“Nothing is as I wanted it to be. I wanted to grow up, take a wife, and live happily ever after.”

“I had a similar wish.” I smirked.

“You wanted a wife?” he chuckled and I scoffed.

“I said a *similar* wish! Same thing... but with a husband... a *husband*.” In which he laughed softly and held up his hands.

“I know... I was just teasing.” He chuckled.

“Look at us... we’re already acting like a couple in a... what the hell would this be called with fourteen women all separately in love with the same guy?”

“A love pentadecagon.” A voice said and we turned to see the entire pack watching us. It was Sheila who’d answered. “Or a quindecagon... or a pentakaidecagon.”

“I’ll label that under useless information from Sheila.” Purdy sniggered.

“Better learn the word,” Jena replied. “Cause we’re in it. Let’s just hope mom doesn’t adopt anyone else.”

“Or if he does let’s hope it’s a guy.” Poly said.

“Or guys! Plural!” Mishka added.

“Here-Here!” several voices chimed and Jake and I chuckled openly at the conversation.

“Well since we’re all awake...”

“Couldn’t help to be,” Anna joked. “You both woke us. You should talk a little softer.”

“...Since we’re all awake...” Jake started again, looking around for more interruptions before continuing. “Then let’s get rolling.”

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*“Rollin’-rollin’-rollin’... Though the streams are swollen, keep them doggies rollin’, RAWHIDE!*

*“Rain and wind and weather, hell bent for leather, wishing my boy was by my side.*

*“All the things I’m missin’, Good vittels, lovin’, kissin’, are waiting at the end of my ride.*

*“Move em’ on, head em’ up, head em’ up, move em’ on, move em’ on, head em’ up, RAWHIDE!*

*“Cut em’ out, ride em’ in, ride em’ in, cut em’ out, call em’ out, ride em’ in, RAWHIDE”*

*“Yee-yah!” Jake shouted at the end.*

*“RAWHIDE!” we all shouted to end the verse.*

And so it went...

Militaries used songs called a cadence, a song the soldiers sung as they ran to keep them in tune. Ok... so our cadence wasn’t like those used by militaries, but for a bunch of dogs like us, that was an insanely appropriate song, and this was after a series of actual cadences led by Pax of all people. She was apparently addicted to Dance Dance Revolution Music, and an artist named Captain Jack had remixed several military cadences used by the United States and gave them over for the game manufacturer of DDR to use.

We were in high spirits, it was true... we were more than a day ahead of the next leads and were proceeding with a quick jog out of Golovin now toward White Mountain. One of the shortest of all the sections of the trail, we were making good time... we should be able to complete the entire section without resting, provided that there weren’t any distractions.

So then... imagine our surprise when up ahead, someone was standing right smack dab in the center of the trail.

Normally this would’ve been problematic... if that person were human. We slowed as we approached this person, the singing failing, but when we got near I saw that this individual was wearing laced chaps, a vest, a long loin cloth, pure white fur and...

“Are those saber teeth?” I squinted and felt a jerk at my back as the team suddenly stopped, and looking back at them, the look of fear on their faces was absolute. “What? What’s wrong?” but then I jumped as a multitude of Lycan, only these were cats, slid from the surrounding forest, rising from snow drifts and aiming arrows in drawn bows at us.

“Whoa!” I jumped back and stared at all the glistening silver heads. “What the hell...” and Jena clamped both hands over my mouth.

“Shush! Just shut up! Don’t change; try not to breathe even...”

“W-what’s going on? Who is that... guy?” I asked in a hushed whisper and turned, but only found that the white feline with the saber teeth had somehow closed the distance from where he stood to where I stood without placing any paw prints in the snow.

He leaned in to me, with even his lesser hybrid being eight friggin feet tall! He smelled me deeply, and then stepped sideways, smelling us while in his hand he held a traditional Indian axe, a thing laden with silver spikes and honed edges, my sisters cringing before this powerful male before he got to Jake.

“You have four pregnant females with you Jacob of the MacDougal tribe.” This imposing creature mentioned. “Quite the forced run you’re doing.”

“It’s the race, Great Lord. The race we run every year. We were under the understanding that you wouldn’t interfere with it.”

“Are you doubting my promise?” the larger cat replied, and Jake made a motion to look around poignantly.

“The evidence of all your warriors taking us prisoner like this, and you standing in our way states that you are.”

This taller cat stomped forward and leaned over Jake, the difference in height and mass all that much greater being that Jake was still in human form. “You have your mother’s impudence.”

“And I hear you have twice your father’s arrogance.” And the cat lifted a hand to back hand Jake but held the blow. Jena, Sheila and Camille reached forward and gripped my arms and held me back, but this creature noticed the motion and turned. “Hey!” Jake shouted immediately, and with a few motions unzipped his clothes and toed off his boots and transformed as this cat approached me. “Hey pussy I’m talking to you!”

There was a clattering of wood and metal as every arrow turned to Jake, the great white cat stopping immediately in mid-step.

“Jake...” Jena whimpered under her voice, and I looked from her to our Jake as this towering creature turned, stepped back, and this time the back hand did come.

Jake spat blood out, bent, picked up a fang and pushed it back into place, but nevertheless rose to his full height against the cat.

“Heh... I can’t believe how much of a coward you are. You’re pretty brave with a crowd of warriors with drawn weapons and a weapon in your hand picking on someone who’s obviously not a fighter and is nearly half your body weight.” Jake said and got struck again, this time he was shoved to his knees.

“Don’t.” Camille hissed into my ear as she and Jena had to hold my arms to keep me from leaping to him.

“Bullying around a bunch of dogs, most of them female, four of them pregnant? Oh... wow... you’re really, really strong.” Jake continued.

And the white cat lifted Jake up to which Jake spat blood right into his face and smiled at the monster and with a festering growl, that monster thumbed the bloody spittle from his cheek.

“You have no idea what you are tampering with boy.”

“Right now... I’m tampering with a bully and his cronies, a bunch of *pussies!*” Jake shouted. “All you do is bully, bully, bully. You aren’t braves, there’s nothing brave about what you do. Look at me, I’m half your mass even in a transformed state... and I dare to stand up to you. And what is that? A great big pussy... who picks on women, and boys.”

And the newcomer opened his mouth and roared a piercing, screaming roar at Jake. There was something about that scream... it tipped off instinctive sensations in me, made me shiver in fear, and all my sisters whimpered and cried from it as well while Jake hung there in his hand.

“You foolish... boy!” the newcomer bellowed now that Jake was in a state of shock and fear, the cat’s words spitting spittle in Jake’s face. “The land is in upheaval! We are trying to STOP it from breaking apart!” and he shoved Jake to the ground, releasing him. “I am the briar that is keeping you from moving forward! How dare you defy me! I gave you my word, and here you mock it!”

“All... All I know...” Jake choked. “Of you... is your constant bullying. You always bullied, bullied your way into lands you cannot hope to control, bullied your way into other lands, killed and murdered for more power... like my father.” I felt my sisters tense at that.

“What... did you just say?” this newcomer warned.

“My mother told me how my father died!” Jake bellowed and rose slowly to his feet. “She told me your father killed him! Your pride has done nothing but bully us! And when we didn’t toe the line... your father killed my father!”

“You cur! How dare you make such accusations?! My father was a man of honor... and your father killed him! My patience is the only reason why your mother, fat with you in her belly, was the only reason why I didn’t kill her! What do you know of the truth from a liar like her?”

“You take that back! My mother is no liar! She speaks only truth!”

“Bah... truth from a cur? A dog? You’re not even proper wolves! The land would...” But the world rumbled suddenly, and we all wobbled briefly. The newcomer looked about panicky, and then lifted his axe. “I’ve had enough of this. I was being merciful to you, but you will turn right around...”

“Over my dead body!” Jake snarled. “I swear to the spirits on high, that if you turn us around, it will be with me clenching your damnable throat beneath my fingers!”

“You... you...” the newcomer snarled and spat, screwing up his gums to show his saber teeth and fangs all the more, and then casting aside his axe, he clenched both fists and brought them up. “You will regret your insults, boy...”

Jake bounded to his feet, lifting his fists, and the two leapt at each other and...

“Stop it!” I screamed and flung my arms out, tearing them from my sisters’ grasps, and wave upon wave of curtains of light flung from me, more than I’d ever kept in form at one time... and sheets of towering light barred the warriors on either side, while another formed a shimmering curtain between Jake and this... this... whatever his damn name was, and the two of them just slapped against the wall of light and slid down either side of it to the ground making what might’ve been considered comical in a different circumstance.

Really... it sounded like cartoon characters sliding down a slick window.

“That’s enough!” I shouted, my voice amplified as my eyes burned blue. “I don’t know what caused this feud, but it’ll stop right... *now!* I will not have my baby growing up having to look forward to some stupid battle with... with... what the hell are you anyways?”

“Cats!” Anna and Joey said in unison.

“Whatever! You’re both making enemies of each other. You will stop... *now!*”

The power of Eagle was in me at the moment... truly I felt possessed by him even, and I surged with that peacemaker’s energies to stop this battle. And then I gestured with index and fore finger of both hands to either side, and I tried to pull the bows from the hands of the warriors, but when they yanked back, I instead pulled the arrows. They weren’t ready for that, and they came to me in a scattered jumble that I made point downward and join into a bundle before I jammed them into the ground before I dropped the lights.

The place was particularly vacant at the moment without the lights, and Jena stepped behind me and palmed the peak of my back to keep me upright when I wavered.

“I’ve never used my powers for anything but peace, but so help me God, if you don’t start explaining to me what’s going on, I will find ways to break you with them.”

The silence and the loss of the dazzling lights was palpable, till there was a whistling sound in the air and a blast of wind rolled down the trail. I turned and saw a being approaching; hobbling on a gnarled staff, a little bobcat man who's staff was actually taller than he was. When he neared, the space in his staff lit with a multitude of colors to simulate a miniature ball lightning.

*'Then, child of the sky, perhaps I can explain.'*

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The one who talked to me in my mind was called Wind. He was a spectacular Shaman of considerable age for a Lycan. He looked... old.

The white Lycan with the saber teeth was called Windigo. The very name caused fear. Windigo was the name of a Inuit legend of a creature that would punish the sinful men by slaughtering their families and eating their hearts. He certainly frightened my pack and my family.

We were walking off the trail now, stepping inland.

*'The spirits have answered my call, they have sent you. Your totems are many and strong for one so young; and in a dog no less. This is quite... interesting.'*

"I am really cranky right now. That Windigo fellow was about to maul me, a pregnant female, before our Jake stood in. Those two seem to have a history. What's the big idea about stopping us at gun point, I mean arrow point?"

*'In his urgency, Windigo loses all wisdom. He is prideful at times but a wise and courageous leader.'*

"Seems like a dick to me."

*'You aren't the first to think so.'* Wind stated with a wry smirk, and then held up a hand and I fell silent. *'Questions must be laid due to the urgency at hand, child. You are a child of the sky, a Spirit Talker as we call them.'*

"Mom calls me a Pathfinder."

*'And such is her word for the skill and concept. It fits each of us differently, child. But the matter at hand is one of certain urgency. The land must be stilled, and for a very long time we've done without the aspect of the wolf at our circles. Perhaps a Dog is just as good. We need your strength to aid us.'*

"M-My strength? But I'm just a beginner."

*'Nevertheless... we urge you to aid us.'*

"Why... What's so important?" I asked and Wind turned and paused before me, and lifting his staff and stamping it downward, a billowing shaft of hissing steam leapt upward into the air... and it was then that I realized that we were walking on a broken stream of mud or slag or..."

"Lava flow." Sheila gasped and looked down and then immediately tried to step off of it but couldn't because one, she was tethered to the rest of us, and two... the flow went for miles. "We're standing on a sub-surface lava flow!" she whined.

I looked back at her as she tried picking up her feet again, the others trying to follow suit now, while Jake and that Windigo fellow kept a good distance from each other.

*'The humans have words for it, but there is a river of fire leading to a lake of fire nearby... we are attempting to call unto the spirits to calm this land before... well... the land can be quite vengeful in its anger. Windigo respects the land, and it's perhaps his desire to protect it that made him act so... abrasive.'*

“He and Jake nearly strangled each other to death.” I said with pursed lips.

Wind sighed. *‘He is chieftain. It is his anger over the loss of my daughter and most recently his warder that has him in such a state. He is angry and confused and fears for our future. I am old, and there are no young men for our tribe to replace me... or him. That... and he has a belief in where a female should reside, and if she doesn’t reside there, he grows very frustrated.’*

“Let me guess... barefoot and pregnant working in the kitchen.”

*‘...Or the tent, but yes. The females have gotten independent lately, following my daughter’s lead and the lead of some recent tigers from a far off land.’*

“Wait... Tanya, Anya and Peter?”

Wind stopped and turned to me. *‘You know... No... of course you know. The world churned to the will of the Queen of Tigers. Even the venerable Windigo is diminutive to her.’*

“Damn. She must be huge.”

*‘Truly... if I were but a younger man... but... never mind. We’re here.’* And he gestured with his staff, and I saw a roaring fire, in which around it were several different kinds of Lycan. Some I never thought would exist either.

Hare, Badger, Wolverine, Crow, Eagle, Falcon, a Mountain Lion – which was the only female over there – and a big ass Kodiak Bear. And by big ass, I mean... holy shit, is that a furry mountain over there?

With this Wind character here, a Lynx, all the major predators in the area were accounted for... everyone that is except for... wolf.

They were all sitting in a circle, and to the naked eye I couldn’t see what they were doing, but closing my eyes revealed something enigmatic and spectral. Their circle was a plume of lights and spirits, a plethora of totems swirling about, with the ground dancing with lightning sparks that rose out of the ground in a gigantic, medicine wheel that, as I turned in a full circle, spread for miles in every direction, while here there was a plume that rocketed upward into the sky like an antennae of spiritual energy that twisted on itself straight toward heaven.

I saw the energies... they flowed toward the center... siphoning off the anger of the land.

*‘You can see it... can’t you?’* Wind asked me and I feathered my fingers together and nodded, biting my lower lip.

“That’s... a lot of power.” I replied opening my eyes. “How can someone as young and untrained as me help?”

*‘Every little bit helps, Minevera.’* Wind spoke into my head. *‘But the help you bring is based upon your breed. Windigo and his pryde, all warranted to those that came before him, has done far too well in their war with your people. For peace, the wolves have moved aside... leaving these lands entirely. The closest wolves we can contact are thousands of miles away in any direction.’*

*‘We’d have to cross the sea or pass far to the south or east to find any wolf... but even then they are not a part of this land anymore... but... you are.’*

“Why is the land angry anyways?”

*‘For many reasons. Some think it’s The Windigo over the past few generations being at war with the wolves and having driven them out. That is Kodiak’s thought.’* And Wind gestured to the large mountain of fur as Wind continued guiding me into the circle... he seemed to be taking a roundabout way to it though, but he knew of something I didn’t so I just followed. *‘He is by far the eldest of us all, and of all of us, he’s the most in tune with the land.’*

*‘Windigo, the current Windigo, is taking that statement pretty heavily. It weighs on him, and with each passing year the spirits seem to take away more and more from him.’*

“Your daughter and his Warder...” I stated and Wind nodded.

*‘It would take a fool not to see that our tribe weakens, and for the land to be angry with him... with us... that is why we must appease the land, or else all upon her will suffer. Animals, Humans and Lycan, and this...’* he gestured at the angry plume of swirling energies. *‘Is just the start.’*

“But I have no idea how appease the land! I mean, I’m just running a race. I was totally human not four months ago. What do I know?”

*‘There are totems in you... so you know something. That, I hope, is enough. For a wolf, even a dog, to join our circle, can show the land that there is hope for healing. Understand that we’re not asking you, Minevera... we’re begging you to please... help us.’*

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Kodiak was easily the biggest thing I ever saw in his greater hybrid form. I’d transformed into my greater hybrid form upon approaching him out of instinct, and when I stood before him I tried to change again and got what felt like a nasty full-body Charlie-horse in the attempt. His claws were like swords, his muscles groaned when he moved, but his eyes were kind and bright, and he had a smile for me as he cupped the whole of my head. Well... head wasn’t enough to call palming me... it was more like my head, neck, shoulder and the top of my arm. Yeah... he was that friggin *huge!*

“Child... chosen child.” Kodiak spoke in a low rumble that made me feel like I was in the epicenter of a small localized earthquake. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

“F-for me? Why me?”

“The spirits gossip of a child of man becoming a child of wolf twisted into that of a dog upon the moment of your rebirth. The Spirits’ wisdom cannot be argued. Not of wolf, not of dog, but both and neither.” And his great paw lowered to my multi-layered abdomen. “A child-bearing child. How interesting.”

“I don’t understand... how am I supposed to help... this?!” I asked and indicated the gathering of people around the fire.

“Sit... we will guide you.” Kodiak stated and gestured beside him.

Wind took a position that was directly opposite me. I sat, and felt, not listened, to Kodiak’s direction, and closing my eyes as he began a mumbling chant, suddenly the world spasmed away from me, and I was offered a glimpse of something new. Not the world of shadows and light, not the real world, but rather something in between.

And then I found out the real danger. We were sitting on the lid of a boiling pot or perhaps a pressure cooker that was building up pressure. And if it popped... oh my. A volcanic explosion would indeed crack the land here, melt ice, create mud flows and cause utterly phenomenal damages! Nome and the towns between here and there would be cut off, wildlife would die, and the ash would literally cover the land.

Kodiak drew from me, and like each member of this circle, various plumes rose from each one, pillars of earth from Kodiak, wind from Wind, Fire from that mountain lioness and so on, till it came to me. My pillar was light, dazzling arrays of northern lights that erupted like the petals of a rose around me where I sat, and then projected a twisting stream directly upward into the air, and then just like that there was some sort of final pillar for an elevator formed from each of us and I was yanked upward to a new plane of existence and placed on my feet, but the only others that seemed to come with me were Wind and Kodiak.

“What is this?” I asked, hearing my voice echo as I looked around at an endless land that was bare dirt over flat, barren land as far as the eye could see in every direction.

“The spirits have brought us to them. Patience... they will make themselves known.” Kodiak stated quietly.

And sure enough they did. It began as a flame, a green flame, that soon rose to a conflagration, and from within it rose a figure that I would've said was Eagle, only that his feathers were more plentiful... and green. As was his mask and headdress, as were his robes as the flames died and this new being stood in our midst.

I saw Kodiak bow his head, saw Wind thrust himself to the ground, but not knowing what I should do, I tried curtsying.

"Minevera of the Wild Pack." This new being spoke and I curtsied lower. "Welcome... I am Ghost Dancer."

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"Great Spirit of the North." Kodiak spoke. "Why have you summoned us here?"

Ghost Dancer turned to Kodiak, and then turned again to Wind. "It is the will of the spirits to punish the Cat for their sins." Ghost Dancer spoke solidly. "The Windigo has long since been the enforcer of the land, but the last Windigo has fallen, and his bastard son corrupts his station.

"It is all that we can do to find balance, that we must pull a child of man, with the mote of the noble breed of the Wolf in her blood, and convert her. Our blessing goes to her and to her pack, and with the changing times being what they are, for now; wolf must be called *'dog'*..."

"Great Ghost Dancer," I heard a voice, and realized it was Wind speaking. Apparently he could speak with his mouth in this place. "Truly my tribe hasn't fallen so far."

"No... not entirely... but punishments must be given, Wind of the Cat. We spirits are patient, but generations have passed, and still the Wolf remains missing from these lands, Cat has bloated fat and lazy, and the other Lycan of the world have chafed under the pressure.

"Kodiak..." and Ghost Dancer turned to the bear and Kodiak bowed his head again. "You shall hear our words and bear witness to them. You will relay them to the other elders and those elders will carry my words to the other tribes."

"I understand." Kodiak spoke.

"Wind... understand the seriousness of this. I have been called by the Spirits of the Land, the Sea and the Sky, they all plead to me to re-balance a land that has been thrown off-balance. The sins of the father must be paid by the son. We have taken your daughter away, she who bears the Windigo in her, and she shall take the breed of the Windigo completely from these lands. An enforcer in this enlightened age is no longer needed. We shall not contend with the spirits of the West, who have accepted her as their own."

"M-my daughter?"

"Yes. With your death, your tribe shall be without an elder. Your line dies with you, Wind. This is not a punishment to your family, but a punishment to Cat. You have served us well for ages, and you will be honored, but Cat will suffer without an elder for a generation for their crimes."

"But... what crimes? What are we guilty of that would warrant us these punishments, Great Ghost Dancer?"

"These..." Ghost Dancer stated and waved his hands in a broad sweep, the feathered robes he was wearing unfolding with pinions of green light spreading wide like the great wings of an eagle, and before our very eyes he disappeared to be replaced by a scene in which a white tiger or lion with great big saber teeth stood before a male wolf of impeccable size.

"We only wish to live in peace!" the wolf-man said. "We mean you no harm. We've traveled the world and found ourselves a home here for the first time in centuries! For the first time my mate is with child!"

"We don't care." The cat replied. "This land has been cleansed of you stinking wolves for a generation. These are in my lands, my protectorate. You are not wanted here."

The image shifted and it was another view, only the wolf-man was now a dog-man.

“I tell you to leave peacefully, and yet you remain, and instead you... *debase* yourself and your mate! The only creatures more detestable than wolves are the stupid, despicable creature men care for called dogs!” the cat with the saber teeth said.

“But we are no longer wolves. It shouldn’t be an issue now. Let us live here! We will live in peace. What are we, two dogs to your pryde that numbers in the thousands?”

“A festering blight. Two can easily turn into hundreds if not thousands. This land had been plagued by war because of the wolves, and I will not see it plagued by your kind again. Leave these lands! Do not make me tell you again.”

Again the scene changed, and this time it was a bloody one of scattered blood.

“I warned you.” The white saber-tooth said with a growl, his body stained with blood.

“Our guests! You murdered our guests, you harmed my wife!”

“Wife!” the cat spat. “She is a female! How can you dignify her station to be equal with a man by entering into that man-made ceremony with her?”

“Such arrogance! They were old friends! You murdered them. We weren’t gathering against you, it was a damned Christmas party! Don’t you understand that? This was a celebration of religion! What you did was equal to one of us entering into one of your medicine lodges and murder everyone therein!”

The cat sneered. “I gave you ample chances. Now your mate and your unborn will die for your arrogance.” And the white turned, and the dog-man whirled and there was a bang, a shot from a pistol and the white cat spasmed and gripped his chest.

“Silver? War! This is war! I’ll see... urk...”

The Dog-man spun the cat and fastened his fingers around the cat’s throat, the cat jabbed a knife that glittered with silver into the dog-man’s side as they sank to their knees together, before the cat began to choke the dog-man. They strangled each other to death.

And then the scene vanished and Ghost Dancer returned, folding his robes again before turning to Kodiak.

“Remember... tell that story.” Ghost Dancer stated, and then Kodiak nodded before fading from view.

“Cat... and wolf... have forever been in opposition. All over the world do they oppose each other without fail. Their hopes for union were always ruined by one side or the other... most often both.” Ghost Dancer spoke to us both now. “Kodiak is even now speaking to the other elders before either of you have the chance to speak differently.”

Wind sank to his knees. “I was there... I... arrived only to find the battle... after it happened.” Wind said. “I was wrong... no! Mighty Ghost Dancer, this sin was perpetuated by my ignorance. I must be punished for it. Don’t harm my people.”

“Windigo must nonetheless make amends.” Ghost Dancer stated.

“What may we do to make amends? Our tribe is great, Great Spirit...”

“It is great by feeding off the blood of your cousins!” Ghost Dancer raised his voice and what appeared to be clouds overhead shattered with angry lightning and thunder that pelted the land everywhere. I winced deeply from the chaos. “Or have you not seen that the males of your pryde have become so scarce?”

“I-I have. It is a concern to us.”

“The seed of your males will thin. That is our decree. The bloodlust in them will be quelled. If you take responsibility for its present state, Wind, then you will deliver a message. Failure to do so will mean that your tribe will fall further than our original intent.”

“I understand Great Spirit. What do you ask of me?”

“Windigo... will step down as chieftain.”

“The mighty Windigo? Step down? But who will lead in his stead?”

“The eldest female of your tribe.” Ghost Dancer said, and Wind’s mouth worked repeatedly as he looked to say something. “The Windigos for generations have thrust the might and power of your own females as secondary to the tribe... tertiary even at times. Centuries have passed where their worth has been quelled, and so our favor shall pass unto them for at least a generation. Do this... and we shall send an elder... but an elder of the feminine... not the masculine. The Tribe of the Cat will be led by a calmer head.”

“What of Windigo?”

“Make him Warder...” Ghost Dancer stated simply. “He has lost favor with us. The sins of his father’s, father’s fathers have been carried on by him. The chain breaks with him. He will accept this punishment or we will take everything from him. His child, his mate, his strength, his dignity... and then his life.” Ghost Dancer lifted a finger to make this his point. “He will step down... or he will fall,” And Ghost Dancer pointed sharply at the floor. “But whatever he chooses, he shall no longer have any say in the path of his tribe.

“Do you understand my words?” Ghost Dancer stated, and Wind nodded.

“I understand... Great Spirit.” And Wind bowed his head.

“Then go.” And Wind was dismissed with a wave of Ghost Dancer’s hand, and then the Great Spirit turned to me. “And now for you.” I curtsied again. “What strange mannerisms... but... as this world changes, so must we all.”

“Forgive me... I’ve... been in the company of spirits before, but I don’t know what’s proper on how I should act.”

“Humility as well. This is good. Where Wolf has fallen, Dog has arisen. Even we spirits are usurped from time to time by matters of fate. We’ve been presented with a substitute, and we mean to make every possible use of it, Minevera of the Dog. This is a world of Man now, and the Dog is their creation... but Dog is of the Wolf... and in a time unremembered even by we spirits, Wolves arose and went to walk with man, swearing by their tails that they would watch Man, and protect Man, and thus Dog was born.

“Dog is the most appropriate creature to take up the mantle of the Wolf for these lands... for you stand with one foot in the past and one foot in the future... you bridge a gap between mankind and beast more appropriately than any other Lycan in the world has thus far.”

“Um... thank you?” I managed and he smiled... well... smirked really.

“You will produce a son.” He told me and pressed his fingers sheathed in green and very ornate fingers covers against my belly. “Your pack is blessed now by the spirits. We shall not make you as great as the Cat is now... we see now that such blessings are a mistake. Their numbers will be culled and spread... thinned for a time. But in turn, your numbers shall be strengthened and flared.”

“My adoptive mother will be glad of that, Great Spirit.” And I curtsied again, but I felt his hand grip my muzzle and lift me again, and looking at him his deep green eyes, like emeralds, focused on me with Eagle-like attention.

“I have a gift to give you... Wisdom... and Strength as well as Power.”

“I dare not reject such a gift, but... why?” I asked, blinking up at the great man of green feathers. “Why me? Why am I so special? I was just a girl before all this. Four months ago I was absolutely nothing special.”

“You were... but then you weren’t. You didn’t know your parents, but they carried the strength of the Lycan hidden within their blood. Both of them. In you it grew potent enough for us to tap, to activate, so when we did, strengthening it as we could, even we were surprised that you became a Dog and not a Wolf.

“There are things that go above the knowledge of even Spirits, Minevera, but we’ve existed for a long, long time, and we know The Creator’s serendipity when we see it.

“Powers greater than us have deemed that you become a Dog, and for your safety, there was of course only one pack, one family, where you’d be safe from the will of other Lycan. It was miraculous, even to us, that that pack was nearby to where you were orphaned. We didn’t even need to prod for Jana to accept you into her pack... and serendipity fell into place like... oh what was the game,” he paused to think. “Dominos!

“Even the arguments of us spirits were quelled... I watched as so much serendipity fell into place over and over again... Eagle quelling the impossible arguments of Bear and Wolf, their desperation necessitating that they work together... your potency in tapping into the power of the Spirits of the Sky... and so on. You are a receptacle and a focus... and... even the child in your womb... all of it...” he smirked. “The level of serendipity is almost sickening in how obvious your life has been patterned.

“We spirits, even I, either can aide it... or be washed up in it.

“So I have a gift. Nothing grand, nothing special... my avatar to the far south has the brunt of my influence, but for you... I think... a little something extra.” And he lifted his hand and spread the fingers. “As you will. I trust in your wisdom as to whether to accept it or not.”

I lifted my hand, but hesitated.

“Who am I to argue?” I asked, and then placed my palm in his.

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Seasons passed, months, years... and I gasped at the flow of such raw... unmitigated spiritual energy. It was chaos ordered as I absorbed it, and there was so much of it that I was surprised that I could. But nevertheless, I collapsed to my hands and toes, balanced on all fours with my primaries pinched together over my biceps, secondaries resting on thighs and toes as I trembled and shook.

Between my legs it began as a swelling of the labial muscles, an erection of the clitoris, a thickening of the labial minor muscles that formed curtains off the clit. My sexual power was growing wildly, becoming as wild and as passionate as any woman’s heart was. It was a pair of loins that deepened and lengthened some, more perfect of a lock for Jake’s surging loins.

Nectar leaked from me there as a plume of more secondary power flooded my chests, pushing into the mammary glands I possessed and swelling them till they became firm orbs against their chest muscles as they filled the subtly drooping sacks of flesh and light fur first, lifting the first three pairs and then filling them, expanding even the belly breasts into rounded bands of mammary that engorged with thickening and sloshing milk. The primaries became like medicine balls, their areola swelling outward out of the fur, their nipples thickening and lengthening into things like the nipples on a baby’s bottle before all twelve of them started leaking from each teat before my whole body began to change to support this newly acquired sexual power.

Hips widened, legs strengthened, chest muscles rolled outward, the creases between muscles deepening dramatically here as the cable-like chest muscles flared, pinching in the center, and rolled outward; further compressing my tits to make the nipples ache. Ribs thickened and barreled outward, engorging and flaring as they rounded my chest even more and pushed my back outward into bubbling lumps of heaving, surging feminine muscle while my mane billowed off my head and back. Long tendons and chords joined by a webbing of veins lined in thick fur swelled even further from my back and head while my belly sunk beneath that surging ribcage that formed a cliff over abdominals that were steadily growing greater in number.

All my nipples on that belly were pushed upward in favor of each added pair of abs I gained then, my lats growing into six pairs instead of five as they feathered with the ribs which feathered into a pair of dorsal muscles that flared and rippled wide like a pair of fanning wings.

Clavicles pushed forward, deepening the peak of the chest as layered pectorals rounded out even more, throat deepening, neck muscles thickening, trapezoidal muscles flaring with my heaving back while the breadth of either shoulder spread my bodice wider. My four tits flared from each other as I reared and gripped the sopping wet cunt between them even as I orgasmed in a burst and a wash of nectar splattered my hands. Biting my lower lip while facial muscles thickened and smoothed, ears lengthening and mane growing broad and flaring larger than ever into a wild realm now that practically hid my ears. Those features were becoming more wolfen than dog, like Jana's were... it made me look more like her daughter.

My navel lengthened as spine thickened and more abdominals slid into place while my back rounded and spread, my pussy lips engorging to press against both inner thighs that were thickening as the bundles of chords thickened and likewise bulged outward, deepening the creases between each. Quadriceps separated with each rounded muscle pushing outward separately from those quadriceps, the muscles of my legs separating each from the main mass, and some growing so strong that they even created long tendons between them. Those thighs continued to bulge and separate, thicker than my middle that was deep but narrow, and I groaned as the column of womanly muscles from sex to sternum churned and twisted inside me. The bubbles in my loins grew and popped repeatedly, and I gripped my pussy, so thick it filled the whole of my hand as it leaked and spat in sprays and jets and explosions every few seconds.

Not being able to take it, I sighed nasally and gruffly exhaled groans through my nose as I began to finger myself, icy blue eyes rolling back in my head even while I massaged one tit in my great hands.

My back rolled outward even more then while toes and calves flared, forelegs rounding thicker as they bounced and bubbled with separating chords of muscle, my calves creasing while my butt expanded with the bowl of my hips widening further and pelvis deepening.

In this bent-leg squatting position, my butt was deep and rounded, definitely feminine, but with a shaking rise as I arched back and forth, tits wobbling and milk shaking off their teats while I plunged my lengthening and strengthening fingers deeper inside myself, those butt muscles creased and rippled into thirds that bunched into broad arching strands of muscle. Thighs front to back deepened greatly, forelegs and calves bulged insanelly as my back rolled outward yet again to accent the waves and spikes of my mane, muscles shoving at other muscles, pushing them aside before my arms sloughed off to either side of me, widening me greatly and allowing the chest and belly to deepen even more while my back pushed out from within all that muscle.

Still I bubbled with strength, back deepening before I pulled my fingers from within me, licking the silken sweet nectar off them even as both arms trembled and shook... right before they erupted with might, exploding violently double and then triple their previous sizes... as thick as thighs, thicker than belly.

Holding up one of those arms as I sucked the finger-licking sweetness of my own loins off the one hand, I clenched the free hand and watched as the whole arm seemed to unfold even further now as flexing caused the new arm muscles to grow with strength. The rounded biceps lifted, the triceps pushed backward to counterbalance them in thickness and strength, forearms lengthening as they widened while veins stood on end and throbbed down its length. Shoulder muscles spread and rounded outward, creasing repeatedly and almost unendingly while joining the pectoral muscles' rippling chords as they spread from the center of the chest, into the rounded and heaving shoulder muscles and then backward into the shoulder blades, each chord thickening deeper and thicker and pushing my muscles even further apart.

But that was nothing when I actually flexed that arm intently.

The bicep exploded, separating in half, the veins thickening and jostling greater and grander while the billowing ball of the bicep grew immediately to melon-sized, then bowling ball, then basket ball... and it still grew! Greater and greater it went as it pressed against my tit, the individual muscles rippling, coalescing and bulging as they were stressed, and pulling my fingers out of my mouth and palming a bicep that was rapidly growing into medicine ball sized masses to equal the size of my top four breasts, only I found that that bicep was as hard as a concrete sphere wrapped in bridge cables, I held that flex and flexed my other arm, and immediately pressed both thighs together as an orgasmic explosion lanced from my legs to splatter my thighs with hot sticky moisture that smelled deeply of my feminine power.

I grew taller, wider, deeper as my other arm flexed like the first had, and twisting myself and posing myself, getting my new muscles to flex, they only flexed wider, thicker, grander and greater!

Tail thickened as I panted, needing a dick in me something fierce now as I moaned and finished bubbling with strength, taller than Ghost Dancer was even as I spasmed backward, breasts separating from each other as I trembled, and shortly thereafter... I felt frozen like that for a moment before parts of me distended to allow for the muscle to grow thicker and larger. All that only allowed for my tits to swell to even greater heights!

Once this transformation was done though, suddenly a plethora of entities, totem spirits, appeared in their animal forms before being lifted into the air around me, they swirled around and around me before diving for me, their multi-colored powers plunging right into my chest and each giving me a different surging sensation of power till the last, a version of Ghost Dancer himself, plunged into my chest and I was snapped back to reality to be plunged backward against the ground... right as the anger of the land released itself.

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I saw with only half-aware eyes as a lava burst erupted from right below the tower of light formed by our energies. It rose in a column a dozen feet wide and ejected straight up into the air to nearly a thousand feet in height! Jagged spines bristled at its base in every direction like a slow-motion explosion effect as they cooled rapidly in the cold. There were screams of fear as the column of lava slowed and cooled rapidly, solidifying immediately into a hard column of rock, right before the force and power of the earth thrust column after column of rock upward to fuse with the first, colliding with the central pillar in shorter and shorter erupting bursts that flared in a star shape from the center, before the whole column was shoved further upward and cracking the earth for a mile in every direction to erect this... this... thing!

And then above the tower appeared green curtains of aurora that descended from the heavens, and for a brief moment, the curtains coalesced into a giant green bird of light as lightning split the sky and the auroras burst with red to disrupt the image, while beneath me... the earth cooled and the land itself flattened as if exhaling a great sigh.

Looking down between my legs, I saw a spine of rock that had burst from the ground was pressed directly against my loins. I collapsed backward and exhaled a sigh... feeling the ground beneath my back cooling as the fury of the Earth, released in this sudden volcanic explosion to form this pillar of rock, the cracks in the stone still burning an angry red.

Nevertheless...

“The spirits have spoken.” I exhaled in a moan and closed my eyes, and with a loud lumbering thud, Kodiak stepped near.

“The spirits have spoken.” He agreed... and that was that.

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Dawn was approaching after my brief rest. We'd lost hours in this... debacle.

“Jacob of tribe MacDougal.” Windigo fidgeted. “I... was wrong.”

“Oh... that must've been a bitch to bite out.” Joey sniggered quietly as she sat on my thigh.

I'd grown so large she was like a teen sitting on my lap. I was nearly Mishka's and Purdy's size now... though it was evident that I was stronger... especially with the changes to my face. Like Jana was... I was equal parts wolf and dog now. Jena was helping me put on my suit and harness.

“This thing is going to have to be let out some.” Jena mentioned to me as she hummed lightly, while I watched Jake and the venerable Windigo, Wind only paces behind Windigo.

“My Shaman has told me truths I didn't know. My... f-father... did *murder* your father. My grand f-father... *drove* the wolves from these lands. I've been left to bare their shame... and... make amends for it.”

Jake's arms were folded before his chest as he stood there... easily more the man than Windigo was. I mean... how could you argue with Jake's third leg. It was like an ocean liner's block and tackle if he hit you with it.

"You admit it now?" Jake asked with raised eyebrow. "After... all this bullshit?"

Windigo looked back to Wind who nodded and then turned back to the smaller Jake. "I... admit... their failing yes. And I am ashamed for it and how I've acted."

"We want to live in peace." Jake told him. "Our lands our tiny, nothing more than our Lodge. When we need more we do dealings with man, and if there is any other tribe who has qualms with that, then they may speak with us."

"The tribe of Man is the only tribe that you must contend with, Jacob." Kodiak stated. "Your realms are the wilderness closest to the cities... no tribesman here will argue with those claims. Be aware that there may be an issue if you start trying to purchase lands out in the middle of nowhere."

Jake smirked. "Like I'm going to argue with a Kodiak Bear on that." And Kodiak stepped forward and offered a hand and they grasped forearms. Well... Jake palmed his forearm, Kodiak gripped his arm.

"It is an accord then." And Kodiak leveled a staff toward the pillar of rock as the light of the rising sun struck it. "This is a promise by the spirits. This pillar serves as an accord of our peoples. May it, like the peace, never be broken. For if it does, then the tribe that broke it shall be cursed by the Land, the Sea and the Air, till Alaska herself will not harbor you in her boundaries."

The other elders had separate words with Jake, but Jake finally raised his hands after like the third one. "All right... my apologies everyone, we will entreat you at our Lodge... but right now we've lost the better part of a day here, and right now we have to get to Nome as quickly as possible. Girls... suit up!"

"Women!" Cecelia crowed, but nonetheless took her position and hooked up with the sled as the others did.

"Womens that are teh hotness... mount up... please and thank you, with a cherry on top. A moment Min..." Jake said as I was striding toward the lead line and the team, having converted into my lesser hybrid form which was now half a head taller than Jena was.

"Yes?" I began but when he was near he swept me up and kissed me on the mouth, and I swooned, actually swooned in his arms.

"I want you in the worst way right now... but we got a race to win."

"Mm... race... win... yeah..." and he helped me up leaving me dazed as he took the musher's spot.

"Mush!" he called once I'd hooked myself up to the lead line and I spasmed forward as we angled south west toward the trail.

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When we arrived at White Mountain, Jake signed in and made the excuse that we ran into some trouble. Wildcats had diverted us – hey, it was the truth – and we had to camp in the wilderness with a big fire. It was well known that single wildcats won't contend with a full team of dogs unless they were sick.

The delay was a double-edged sword. On the one hand, it allowed the other leaders to reach Elim, which placed them forty-six miles behind us. The other edge of the sword was that reports of Wild Cats would be sent to Elim and Golovin, which would require diversions and delays for the others.

Jake argued that since he camped for eight hours and he'd only been on the trail for two hours that he didn't need an eight hour layover, but nonetheless the race officials still checked each of us dogs over.

“Wow... this lead dog must’ve been still a bit of a pup. I only see pups grow this much in so short of a time. She might even make a good anchor dog.” A vet commented.

“She’s fine where she is.” Jake smirked and took to feeding all of us. We hadn’t eaten since before last night after all. But the checks were passed and we were finally released and allowed to sign out, hurrying out onto the trail. Jake’s words of the tortoise and the hare were brought to mind as we surged out of White Mountain toward Safety.

This trail was mountainous and heavily wooded, and the trail markers had been blown down in the recent storms, but closing my eyes, I felt the surge of the trail, and we ran following the spirits of old that still ran this trail.

“Crikey... is Min running us with her eyes closed?!” Sheila gasped.

“You haven’t noticed yet?” Jena smirked over her shoulder as I smiled. “Don’t worry Min... I won’t slam you head first into a tree or anything while you’re doing that.”

The laughter was good hearted from that comment.

This trail could become abysmal and insane when the wind blew or there was a storm... sheer drop offs and dangerous curves could topple a team... especially as we neared the coast again and came to a cliff face four hundred feet high. The cliff soon carved downward to sea level as we came to the Safety checkpoint. After a brief break, we were offered a meal, a couple hours rest, and then there was the final leg of the race straight down an un-ploughed road into Nome.

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Cameras were everywhere, live news casts filmed with bright flood lights on and a plethora of people from Nome itself and from all over the state, Russia, Canada and other parts of the world lined both sides of the streets to cheer us on as we ran down the last several blocks to an archway in which the traditional red lantern hung. This time, the red lantern wasn’t for us but rather for the last person in the race to arrive. It was lit when the race began in Anchorage and remained lit for the entire duration of the race till the last musher and their team came in. In as such, that glorious red light was like the Olympic Torch.

The roar and the cheers and spiritual emotions from thousands of fans of the race multiplied as we rushed down the street, and crossing beneath the archway there were screams and hollers, whistles and horns, scattered trailers and confetti. Each of us dogs were fitted with laurels of papier-mâché flowers, Jake was given a trophy and a bottle of wine while the spasm of photographs lanced all over the place.

Jake made sure we were taken care of; there were presentations, awards, and a brand new car! No really... like I mentioned earlier in this tale, Dodge was one of the official sponsors, and Jake was presented with a brand new Dodge Truck.

It was a moment of glory that I wished that I could convey properly... but then again... you’d have to be there.

## Chapter 12: Off-Season

During the next nine months, a few special changes occurred.

The prize money and the new truck allowed us to sell one of the old trucks. The funny thing about a truck that was won during the Iditarod was that Sheila got the bright idea to put it up for sale on the internet. You'd be amazed at some of the people who'd be interested in a nearly ten year old truck that was awarded as a prize for the Iditarod. Some guy from California actually flew to Fairbanks to purchase the thing, but that was only after a heinous bidding war online that marked him as the winner. As such, he purchased that ten year old vehicle – under the prospect of restoring it – for nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

Since Jana ran kennels here, while the purchaser of the truck was here he also purchased three of the spring pups, a male and two females, complete with the breeding rights and patience of pedigrees that ensured that these dogs were bred from dogs that ran the race. For eight hundred dollars apiece, it and the car and everything else he bought actually did breach the quarter of a million dollar mark, especially after he raided the store and bought what we called a musher's starter kit: Jacket, goggles, snow pants, scarf, gloves, food packs, runner, lead and tug lines, collars, harnesses, a short sled, and so on.

The guy had a serious interest in sled dog racing. He was starting a museum or something, and was training to run dogs across the Sierra-Nevada Mountains.

Jake had become remarkably active now that the sister-brother complex had been conquered, and as such, within three months from the finish of the race, he'd impregnated three more of us – namely Poly, Anna and Mishka – before he and I were actually married. It was a big ceremony, and thankfully before any of us was showing said pregnancies. It was before graduation time even... it was nice to have a husband... and a diploma... and a bun in the oven.

Camille... quieted down a lot now that she was carrying a child. Jana mentioned that some females were just bitches till they got knocked up, though Sheila remarked that her partner probably had some psychological issues causing much of her poor attitude. The rejection of royalty, being denied her life-long mission and then discarded for failure did things to a person no matter who they were.

Over the next several months, what I could only refer to as ambassadors arrived from the different tribes of Lycan in Alaska, making treaties and accords with us, solidifying our place in the land here. They seemed very eager to do so as well... though as a change, even upon the first one, Jana, who'd long since been the leader of this family, or pack... or whatever, deferred everything to her son. Jake... was blind-sided by that, but as Cecelia explained to me, it meant that Jana considered Jake old enough to be the pack's alpha and not just the alpha male. Not that I could blame her... even when I arrived I saw the slow transition she was doing to push him into a place of leadership... I think his interactions on the trail proved it.

Well... that... and as I rubbed my swelling tummy, he'd more than solidified his position by ensuring a lineage.

The most surprising were from the cats themselves. There were two entourages actually... the first included Windigo. Apparently his apologies and placating attitude wasn't enough at the Rock of the Accord, as the other Ambassadors had called it, and he came to apologize to both the son and the mother of his father's enemy for depriving them of a father and a husband. Their gifts, though tribal and simple, like warm furs and blankets and things, was a peace offering that just this once since Jake was made the alpha, Jana accepted on behalf of the pack.

“Do no make th' mistake o' yer fathers, Windigo. Their mistakes led t' a trail lined with blood. Come in peace... go in peace.”

The second group of cats, were actually from a bit further away... Central Russia to be exact.

A family of white-furred cats arrived, and remarkably, they were accepted just like family here. It was two sisters and a brother namely the Tanya, Anya and Peter I'd heard so much about. Peter and Jake seemed like instant friends despite one was a cat and the other was a wolf, and they were all accompanied by their mates and family. There were many babies in the house then; with the first four of us nearing delivery for our own babies... it was nice to get a little experience...

Peter was as spry and as lean as Jake was... though... he wasn't as largely built *down there*. But Peter had the most beautifully alluring wife, who I learned later was the fem that Ghost Dancer had spoken of. The Daughter of Wind, she carried the trait of a

Shamaness and of Windigo with her with her long saber teeth just starting to grow. She was so beautiful I fell in love with her instantly. I would've been interested in romantic love if that option were open. She carried two babies with her, her breasts fat with milk. But remarkably... like Wind, she was absolutely mute, but unlike Wind, she'd yet to learn to talk with her mind, so she spoke with her hands and Peter translated. Imagine the blush on Peter's face when we girls wanted to talk about motherhood with her, but thankfully, Anya, the sister to Tanya, was able to translate instead and let Peter and Jake go do their thing.

Anya was... sexually powerful, and, pardon the expression, she was built like a Russian Brick House. While sitting her breasts were so large that they settled in her lap, and her hips were obviously the child-bearing sort. But between her hips and shoulders was a narrow, very muscular waist and those tits were counterbalanced by an incredibly powerful and muscular back. She possessed a muscularity that was only necessary to support her incredible chest. But she was poised and dignified, and much given in culture and a knowledge of the world. I thought her hair was beautiful... so white that it glittered blue like those lamps of fiber optics where the plastic changed color with the color of the light shining through it.

Tanya, accompanied at the moment by a Russian Blue, a cat she referred to as Ivan, was the fabled queen of the Siberian Tigers. I had never, in my life, met a more impressive woman. Her strength was so grand it burned within her. She was tall, muscular, voluptuous and sexually powerful even in her human form. There were Olympian *male* body builders that didn't have strength like that... it was like she were a female Atlas... on steroids! But with tits...

Tanya was still womanly enough to still be considered feminine, and she possessed incredible power in her... so much so that I could feel it as she approached the house in their rental car from a mile away. Like us, the greater amount of strength and power had shat itself upon the female side of their family, though the male side of their family wasn't as physically diminished as our Jake was – though Jake still had a really big penis.

Their men, Daniel their Warder and mate of Anya, and Dmitri, the King of Tigers, were built like siege tanks. Especially Daniel. They might've had a few problems with a bunch of young love-sick fems, but they were stalwart males who were dedicated to their wives and lovers.

"We're on a social trip." Tanya had announced. "We had to head to Minnesota, talk about their tiger program at their state zoo, and then to Japan so that we might attend the wedding of one of our good friends." Her cat meowed then. "I know Lee's not going to like Anya coming along." She spoke to the cat and he meowed again and Tanya rolled her eyes. "Sorry... it's a personal matter for our friend. But regardless, we have a bit of a parting gift. I don't know when we can make another social call, Jana, but I hope that this will help." And she reached into bosom and pulled a folded check from inside.

On the check was a sum from The Swiss Bank for ten million dollars.

"S-so much... but why be ye be giving us so much?" Jana gasped.

"We were in a bad way when you took us in, Jana. That sum doesn't even begin to tell you how grateful we are."

After their departure, and since my training was now considered complete – I was on the dark side now, as Joey said it, she was apparently a Star Wars geek – and my pregnancy making me round with a rather energetic young male pup in me that like to kick, I had a chance to sit down and speak with Jana. It gave me a chance to learn how old she really was.

"I be born a Celt, child. That be an old term that ye may not be knowin' but it be the term that the Irish an' th' Scotts used t' be known by for a long, long time now. I remember th' wall that divided Britannia in half."

"A wall? What wall?" I blinked.

"Wait... mama," Sheila leaned in, counterbalancing herself with her own swollen belly. "The *Hadrian Wall*!?" Sheila asked incredulously.

"Th' very same." Jana smirked and Sheila in wild shock entered the room fully to interject herself into the conversation.

"Mama... that's... that's impossible!"

“Why? Why is that impossible?” I asked.

“Well... most of the world doesn’t even *know* about the wall, but it’s one of the most famous walls in all of England. Min... it was built by the *Romans* when England was still a part of their empire!”

I blinked. “Wait... but that would mean... mom... you’re more than a thousand years old?”

She smiled smugly at me. “An’ I don’ look a day o’er fifty, do I?” she asked and flipped her hair and Sheila and I both shook our head solemnly. “Jake’s papa an me... we were on opposite sides o’ a confrontation. I be th’ chief o’ th’ Celt warriors, he be o’ th’ Roman Centurions. Then, our kind still be known by men, an’ we walked ‘midst their kind. It be a massive battle, me daughters, one that saw all but we two dead, an’ for days he an’ I fought each other.

“I be swearin’ that be th’ longest stint o’ foreplay I ever did experience.” She sighed openly, obviously aroused at the thought. “One thing be leadin’ t’ another, an’, well... it be th’ only moment in history, perhaps, where both sides defeated each other simultaneously.”

“He ravished you mama?” Sheila gaped.

“Well... it be unknown who be ravishin’ who first, but ye get th’ idea.” And then she sighed. “But... for th’ undyin’ breed that we were, somethin’ be keepin’ me from acceptin’ his seed in me. We wandered the world for centuries, pups, th’ better part o’ two millennia even... before we be settlin’ here. For th’ first time in me life... I felt life stirrin’ inside me womb.

“This land be sacred t’ me fer that matter. It snagged me up an’ drew me in t’ it, an’ I was able t’ bare Jacob here. Jacob’s daddy an’ me wouldn’ leave this no’ even if Windigo an’ his entire tribe be beattin’ down our door. Which they nearly did”

It revealed something to me though. Lycan were indeed called ‘*The undying breed*’ for a reason. I was considering a hundred years, maybe two... but Jana was the better part of two millennia in age. Damn... she probably was around when Christ was doing his thing.

Eventually, however... the results of our passions had to come to pass, and Jena was of course the first to go into labor, though Sheila followed soon after... the same day even, and their daughters were born within hours. My son was born a week later while Camille followed several days later... perhaps because she loved being pregnant so much that she wanted to delay the actual birthing. The only thing she loved more than being pregnant was being a mother to her newborn daughter.

Really, it was like the Wicked Witch of the North got laid and then turned into Glenda the Witch.

Personally... there was something about the healing factor in a Lycan that made labor... pleasureable. And there I was with a little one who looked up at me and depended upon me to be changed, and held and nursed...

It was true. A woman’s being really does change when she becomes a mother.

But after the first pups were born... we were introduced to a rather interesting twist and surprise.

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I’d gained about fifty pounds since giving birth, and with some women, that would be considered a bad thing... for me it was all in breast weight and water weight from added lactation, but it also came from added physical muscle and skeletal mass to support this chest. Even while pregnant my training with Jana had continued... almost exclusively even, and now that my son – Joseph MacDougal, this story was brought to you by the letter J, heh-heh – was born, something in me had awakened and the powers that were in me just absolutely cascaded outward, and now I was easily the largest and strongest of all my sisters... but not by much.

The problem is, is that since giving birth, I hadn’t been able to go shopping for new shirts – luckily I didn’t need bras, those would be a few hundred dollars each if I need them – but unfortunately none of the shirts in the house really fit me very well. My suit and harness needed to be remade, and all the clothes I could wear were tight on me. The jeans I was wearing now I couldn’t button across

my powerful abs, and I was wearing Jake's fur-lined jacket that kept my upper body warm, but did nothing to hem in either of the weighty tits as I chopped wood, Joseph giggling and bouncing in his baby seat while I chopped a chord of wood.

Fall had come again, the leaves of the birch trees turning shades of orange and red and yellow while the sap in the trees was flowing. It made great syrup that we had buckets and buckets of by now. Cecelia was in the forest, recently knocked up too, gathering sap for more maple syrup that we could sell in the store.

Pausing in my post-natal exercise, a perhaps unneeded trait being that my belly had collapsed into its current rock hard abs in under an hour after pushing Joe out – just wish I didn't have that nasty instinct to eat the afterbirth – I paused, exhaling a breath while the bared flesh of my skin glistened in the fading evening light.

My hips had widened, which was another reason the top button of my pants didn't stay shut, I had to use a belt to keep my pants up, whereas the straps of the panties I wore arched high over both hips while the crotch of these pants cradled and separated my labia slightly to show off exactly how powerful of a woman I was. But while I paused, hefting a tit and sucking some of the milk-caused ache out of it – I really needed Joe to get hungry again soon – I felt hands slide over my hips to cup my crotch, and I smiled as those masculine fingers slid and enticed the labia and clit into arousal, right before those fingers began to unzip those pants downward.

"Jake... the baby isn't out more than a week old and you already want inside me?" I chuckled and lowered the heavy tit before turning to him.

He'd been sexually the siphoning point for fourteen very strong and very capable women, and he'd finished putting on his adult masculine weight. When I met him I thought he'd had it all... not quite. Having seen sights of his father thanks to Ghost Dancer, he looked a lot like his father... especially now that he's let his side burns grow out.

"Mama tells me that a female Lycan's vulva, canal and womb heal within an hour after child-birth." He told me, fingering my nipples first, then my abs and finally slipping a finger down the front of my panties and pushing downward till he could touch my clit. "I don't know about you, but I miss making love to you wife."

I smiled at him, he and I were of like height, but I many times stronger than he was... but that was ok. All his strength was in his junk, which suited me and my sisters just fine. Regardless, the thickened chest, the hardened eight-pack and its flaring lats had a hard, lean ropy look to them.

"Jake... the baby's right there... and I've got an axe!" I said and brandished it.

He only needed to touch my hand and I released the axe enough for him to take it from me and lodge it into the chopping block with a single one-handed stroke.

"That's not an axe... I'll show you a real axe." He smirked and began to caress and cajole my naked breasts, and I cooed, arching and pressing against him, lifting my chin as he licked and then kissed and finally nibbled lovingly on my throat.

I was just beginning to swoon, coo and moan as passions rose, missing that huge cock in me too... when I felt a pang in my head, and opening my eyes I saw a new trick of my powers... which showed me someone's path approaching mine.

"Jake..." I began but he continued, fingering down the flap of my panties, spreading his fingers against the shorn, naked labia before I nudged him and lightly pushed him away. "Jake someone's coming." I said and quickly made myself presentable... as best as I could anyways.

Closing the jacket did nothing but cradle my milk-laden breasts... and I could only zip it up half way. A paw mark on my breast was a recently received emblem from the spirits to signify how much of a Shamaness I'd become.

But down the driveway road that was littered with falling leaves and pine needles from fall, a man came walking up the road. Instincts took me and I went and picked Joseph up and cradled him to me as this young man with spiky hair arrived, carrying a huge duffle on his back laden with traveling patches of all sorts all across it... and there was quite a number of them.

“Heyas.” He greeted. “Forgive me... but is this home of the Wild Pack?”

“It is... but who are you?” Jake greeted, holding me and our son.

“Name’s Steven. You can call me Steve, Stevie... or whatever’s your fancy. I’ve just walked all the way from New York City to get here.”

“Here?” I asked. “Why here?”

“To prove a point. To prove that I can be a member of the team.” Jake and I looked at each other briefly and back to him as he swung the duffle off his back. “I met Paul in Vancouver and we...”

“Paul who?” Jake asked.

“What?” and he turned. “Oh you pansy. Get out here!” Steve said and placed his bag on the ground, and from behind a tree approached another young man who looked as lean as a bean pole. “Me an’ Paul want to join your team.”

Jake stared at them, blinked once and then cleared his throat.

“Our team is a special one... Paul and Steve... what... *evidence* do you have that you can be a part of our team?”

“Ah k... wasn’t suspecting that we’d have to try out right away.” And Steve smacked Paul in the chest, and as one they changed.

The interesting thing was that the pair of them were already dogs! Steve had this lop-ear look to his canine form, light gray mostly but he had a good pair of haunches. Paul, was a light brown, and had a lean, long-legged look to his shape... and by long-legged; I mean he looked like a canine version of a grasshopper that decided to stand up.

“Paul doesn’t speak much...” Steve said and Paul waved a rather large paw. “I don’t even think he speaks at all. Writes real good, listens even better, a bit shy for my means, but he keeps good company. Poor boy hailed from south of the border.”

“Mexico?” I blinked.

“Oh wait... no... wrong border. Argentina I think.”

“Damn... talk about a long walk.” Jake blinked.

“Yeah... I thought *my* walk was long. But I saw your team win the Iditarod this year... Paul... he’s been walking for years it seems to get here.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Well... in central park, there’s a statue.” Steve said.

“I know that statue.” Jake replied. “Never been there, but I know of it.”

“Right-o. It’s more of an inspiration to a dog than it is to a human. I’m a good runner, and I’m really nimble... you gotta be able to Parkour.”

“Parkour?” Jake asked.

“Only way to enjoy yourself in New York without being seen is to jump from roof to roof... or free running. French thing actually... they call it Parkour. Anyways... I am really nimble and surefooted... good jumper too.”

“I bet...” I blinked. “Able to leap across buildings in a single bound?”

“Almost as good as *over* in a single bound, eh? Not quite Superman though...”

“What’s his story then?” Jake asked pointing at Paul.

Paul lifted his hands and pressing the thumbs together, moved his hands back and forth like a bird flapping.

“I don’t know... something about a bird.”

“An eagle told you to come here.” I asked and Paul nodded vigorously. “Go figure. I know an Eagle too.” Paul beamed at me.

Jake and I exchanged a knowing glance and then we grinned at them.

“Well boys, guess we can try you out for a bit. We’ll put you into one of the guest rooms. A couple rules though... rule number one: every one works. Rule number two: You two stay away from the sisters while you’re on probation.”

“Sisters? Now many sisters are there?” Steve asked and the door burst open and Purdy stuck her head out.

“Boys!” she said and disappeared inside, a few moments before a half dozen feminine bodies nigh attacked the pair of them.

“Damn.” Paul said and Steve pointed at him.

“I thought you couldn’t talk!”

Paul smirked and shrugged, but nevertheless, little by little, the pair were pulled inside.

Joseph cooed at me and I smirked at him before unzipping the jacket and disgorging my tits before holding him so that he could nurse.

“Yeah I know, lil’ Joe. If you’re lucky... those two will distract my sisters enough so that you won’t have to go through what your daddy did.”

“So that’s already decided? Those two joining the team?” Jake asked.

“I’d like to hope so, Jake... but you’re the musher. But one thing’s for certain... those two traveled a really long path, and those paths even converged to get here. It’s... serendipity.”

Jake smirked, and cradling our little baby, helping him to my tit I sat down there on the chopping block and just rocked my baby to sleep as he nursed. And later... we went to go meet officially with the new *brothers* of the team... after that is they found out exactly what they were getting into. Thirteen sisters, after all, is quite a number to be privy to.

<The End>

**Cast of Characters:** *The characters listed below are the major characters of the story.*

Jana MacDougal – Mother – Musher – head of the ranch and the Wild Pack, Malamute-arctic wolf mix, amber eyes that turn yellow when she’s a dog.

Jake – Son – only male member of the Wild Pack... very well hung, Malamute, blue eyes that turn icy blue.

The Wild Pack:

- 1> Purdy – Daughter – Anchor Dog, German, so strong she’s sacrificed tit for pectoral strength, Chow
- 2> Sheila – Daughter – Forward Dog, England, wears glasses, very intelligent, veterinarian and doctor, built for running speed, Husky
- 3> Mishka – Daughter – Russian, Anchor Dog, Siberian Husky
- 4> Camille – Daughter – France, Forward dog, kind of haughty and stuck up trill later in the story, Klee Kai

- 5> Pax – Daughter – Californian-American, Wheel Dog, wears sunglasses to hide her mismatched eyes and chews bubblegum. Perpetually has a music device about her ears, plays five instruments, Malamute
- 6> Chinook – Daughter – Canada, Forward Dog, talks like a feminine McKenzie brother, likes beer, Eskimo Dog
- 7> Brianna – Daughter – Minnesota, Wheel Dog, Malamute
- 8> Joey – Daughter – Australia, wheel dog – endurance runner, Australian Ironman – Woman – champion, Klee Kai
- 9> Poly – Daughter – Jamaica, mid-dog – endurance runner, Husky
- 10> Cecelia – Daughter – Louisiana-American, Black-Creole, cook and master chef, Malamute
- 11> China – Daughter – Japan, hunter and tracker, Siberian Husky
- 12> Anna – Daughter – Poland, forward dog, smallest of the girls but very fast, blond haired and blue eyed in her human form, Klee Kai
- 13> Jena – Daughter – Lead Dog, definite leader, alpha female till Minevera arrives, continues being the team leader even after, Malamute
- 14> Minevera – Daughter – The star – malamute – became the Pathfinder of the Wild Pack and the new Alpha Female, Malamute