

Power of the Moon

By Vez'Roth

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The moon was high tonight. It was perfect; full and bright shining down upon Kendra's pale skin. Far too much time spent inside studying and far too little outside doing had made her complexion paler than ever. The wood around her was lit as well brushed over with a faint, silvery glow. Kendra's heart quickened at the thought of what she was going to do. Would it work? Could it work? The internet was full of bullshit and lies but this... ritual? Prayer? Incantation? Whatever it was seemed to be pretty in-depth. Nobody had commented on it, and she had only stumbled across it during a research paper on Native American religion and spiritual practices. It could be complete bunk but her Anthropology professor had encouraged her to give it a try. It would bring help her get more in touch with the culture even if they were long dead.

A tribe lost to time. Kendra couldn't find anything more about the ritual or the names involved. Supposedly it was a call to a goddess of the Hunt and the Moon. Kendra had linked the moon and hunt immediately, the Roman goddess Diana shared the same area.

The ritual called to be performed on the new moon but Kendra didn't think it would matter. The purpose was to call her back from her resting period and bring back the full moon and its light once again. It was a small, dirty window into the past life of another culture. Kendra was fascinated; she loved ancient cultures. Why they died off and what they believed. The most interesting parts had always been the religions. The pre-Christian "pagan" religions were the most intriguing to her because they were around for so much longer than the Christianity, yet fell to the way side in only a few hundred years to be subsumed completely by Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. What had made them so vulnerable? So many questions but there were so few answers.

She reached the site she had marked out after a short walk. The ritual said that it was important to perform it in the "Land of the Hunt." Kendra couldn't really find much about the tribe that originally worshipped the goddess, but had figured that there were only two possibilities for a hunting ground. Either deep in the woods or across the open grass plains and because she didn't want people spying on her she picked a small patch of forest in a park a few minutes' drive from her apartment complex. It was secluded and off marked trails so nobody would see her performing the rite. She slipped off the backpack she had taken with her to perform the ritual. Inside was a blunt-tipped practice arrow she had

taken from her school. Originally she had expressed an interest to the Archery Club and they had loaned her a cheap bow and arrow set. She next took out a javelin broken down into several pieces from her backpack and reassembled it. Another item “borrowed” from her school. She was going to return it when she was done and her professor had promised to back her if anything happened.

There was a circle of small, smooth stones that she had carefully collected from a nearby creek and laid out. The circle was as close as she could get to the ritual’s specifications without assistance. It called for a circle as tall as the priestess, and as wide as she could reach. When she lay down and marked off the points that she could reach it felt very much like DaVinci’s “Vitruvian Man”.

She picked up her bow and set it gently inside the circle then set her arrow next to it. She stabbed the javelin into the middle of the circle and then stepped out one more time to strip. She felt a little strange with this part of the ritual, but what the hell? If you’re going swimming might as well jump in. Out of her backpack she took out a sarong and stripped everything off. Her shirt came off first and her wheat-colored hair bounced a little, bound in a ponytail. She kept it bound tightly; otherwise the frizzy mess would try to strangle her to death. Reaching back she unclasped her bra and uncovered her small breasts, nipples crinkling in the cool night air and causing her to shiver slightly at the exposure. Unbuttoning her shorts they slid down her narrow, boyish hips and rear along with her underwear showing off a barely controlled thatch of pubic hair. She wrapped the sarong around her waist and stepped back into the circle. The ritual had called for bare breasts and a loincloth but Kendra figured the sarong was close enough.

A little uncomfortable with what she had to do next she took up her bow and nocked an arrow. Taking a deep breath she paused for a moment then let out a guttural bellow, from the diaphragm and pointed the bow to the sky. Pulling the string back as far as it could go and let the arrow fly at a slight angle so it didn’t come back and hit her on its return. Then she began then invocation:

“Miakoda!” She shouted into the empty night air.

“Your priestess calls to you! Give my tribe your blessing.

To speed you on from the darkened moon to the night sun I stand in the circle of your faith.

To aid you in your hunt I gift you an arrow drenched in the blood of my own kill. (It wasn’t actually her kill, but rubbed in what was left from a steak she had bought.)

To guide your path,” She ripped the javelin from the dirt and raised it high, “I strike with my spear from the sky,” She thrust it quickly in the air then lanced it hard back into the ground. At the same time she could hear her arrow clattering through the trees, “To the ground!”

“Miakoda, I praise your name, your strength, your speed, and your power! I ask that on this Black Moon you rush towards the time when your light will look down at us with blessing to our hunt, our health, and our safety.”

Kendra's pulse was racing. She felt like she was on fire. The words sounded a little absurd when they were written down, but with everything going on? The stone circle around her, naked under the moon, the arrow, and the javelin? Everything came together so that she felt like she could lift mountains race through the woods like a wolf, stalk the night like a cat, or slip through the water like a shark. It was incredible.

Suddenly she heard something and her heart nearly stopped. She spun around and brandished the javelin, trying to look threatening but realizing that with her chest bare, standing in a stone circle, at night, in the middle of the woods she looked more foolish than threatening. She went quickly from empowered to embarrassed and pathetic.

Behind her she heard something slipping through the woods, but she thought she saw dark creature dashing through the trees. "Come out! I've got a... a... a weapon!" She stammered looking at the javelin hopefully. She knew that one threw it, and it was still reasonably sharp but not much more than that.

The moon suddenly vanished behind cloud cover that had not been there only a moment ago. Kendra was paralyzed, too scared to pack up and run, too fascinated to want to go anywhere in the first place. Was something actually happening, could the ritual have actually worked?

Thunder rumbled in the distance and the wind began gaining speed and force quickly. The trees were shaking and creaking around her then with a bang and flash a series of lightning strikes hit around the outer edge of her circle causing her to stumble and scream before falling to the ground. If she had not been blinded by the strikes or deafened by the following thunder claps she may have noticed that the lightning had hit exactly where her hands and feet had been touching while she organized the dimensions of the stones.

Suddenly, like she stepped into the eye of a hurricane everything stilled. The wind continued to tear at the surrounding trees, whipping them back and forth viciously. Lightning ripped through the clouds in a stunning display of unleashed fury but Kendra remained untouched. She stood in the calm center, surrounded by insanity. Her vision flickered and flashed, between the after-images left by the lightning strikes around her circle and the continuing pyrotechnics higher in the sky. She wasn't sure what she was seeing but it looked like animals from across the world hunting and killing. Deer were going down to packs of wolves, lions were stalking zebra, and humans were following herds of buffalo.

Then, as suddenly as it began everything ceased; the trees swayed slowly in the much calmed breeze and the lightning above halted, the echoes of thunder rumbling off into the distance. Kendra's vision began to clear and she saw a woman standing before her. Tall and thin with her breasts bound tightly by a leather halter, she held a bow in her left hand and a spear in her right. Arrows in a quiver across her back and knives in sheathes strewn across her body while on her hips was a pair of hatchets polished and wicked looking. Her eyes were striking, one totally black and darker than the night sky, the other pale white and glowing like the full moon. Slightly lower around her throat was a necklace of animal teeth on a strip of leather with two disks as the centerpiece; like her eyes one was white and

shining, either mother of pearl or well-polished ivory, the other could only be made of obsidian with its mirror-like finish.

Kendra breathed. She hadn't realized she'd even been holding her breath while she was looking at this strange woman. It was hard to concentrate though, this woman radiated power in a way that Kendra had never known. It wasn't that she was stunningly beautiful because she wasn't; she looked more fierce than beautiful. The woman's black hair seemed long, but was tied into innumerable black braids that ran down her back like dreadlocks. Her skin was the color of mahogany and her cheekbones were high and sharp. Her body was toned, like someone who spent a lot of time in the gym, muscles rippling in her exposed midriff, and down her powerful legs.

"It has been so long since I was last called." The woman said, seeming to look down at Kendra even though they were close in height.

Kendra stood there shirtless and dumb; unable to speak only barely able to breathe while the power of the woman's voice thrummed through her. She had spoken in little more than a whisper but Kendra felt as though she had been standing next to a speaker with the bass maxed. Her skin tingled.

The woman looked Kendra over and the faintest hint of a smile appeared then vanished to be replaced by a stern look. "And *never* have I been called by someone so... pale."

Still Kendra gaped. She had gotten far enough to make her mouth move but she looked like a fish out of water because she couldn't form the words until she squeaked, "Miakoda?"

"Who were you expecting woman?" The goddess (?) thundered, her eyes flashing dangerously at Kendra. "Perhaps you were expecting the Coyote to appear before you? Or maybe you were hoping for someone else? Zeus? Athena? Diana? Or perhaps you sought Hades himself? Maybe you were looking for Ywh? Could it have been the Thunderbird you sought? Perhaps, Shiva?" Miakoda, --because it could have been no other-- stepped closer to Kendra as she rattled off the names of deities from across the world. "One does not call for Miakoda expecting someone else to arrive."

Kendra couldn't believe the words she was hearing. But she saw so much, heard so much. Her head was still pounding and she wasn't sure she trusted her eyes since the lightning strikes had hit so close and her ears hammered from the anger of the woman before her, "You... You are the Goddess Miakoda?"

"The children of the North were always a little slow," Miakoda sighed heavily. She tossed her spear aside which vanished suddenly in a puff of white dust. "Yes, little girl, I am she. I am, what the humans call, Miakoda."

"What the humans call?" Kendra tried to stand up and was surprised to find the Goddess offering her a hand, "Thank you," she muttered. Once she was upright the goddess looked her over, from head to foot. Shaking her head in disappointment she looked around Kendra's shoulder at the ponytail and huffed in disapproval. Then Miakoda walked around the confused young woman, looking

her over touching her sometimes. Kendra was feeling incredibly self-conscious but did not, or could not bring herself to move even if she did feel like she was being examined like something to be sold.

"How much time has passed? Have you all lost so much?" Miakoda asked, coming back to stand before the student sounding sad, and the power of her presence made Kendra want to cry. Kendra wanted to know more but the goddess seemed ready to move on to a new topic, "Who are you called, pale girl? What is your name?"

"K-K-Kendra." She shivered in the chill air, shirtless and wearing only a sarong she was growing cold but didn't have the spine to complain.

"I know there is more than that. Do you have a... what did they call it? A role?"

Kendra looked confused for several seconds before she figured it out. A lot of last names had an entomology that went back centuries usually meaning what their role in society. Which could be why "Smith" was such an incredibly common a last name. "Oh, a last name!" Kendra fairly shouted she was so proud to be of help.

"If you say," Miakoda said once more gazing skyward. The clouds had cleared by this point and the full moon was bright in the sky it seemed so much larger now.

"My full name is Kendra Alicia Montelione. It's French for--"

Miakoda interrupted her, "Mountain Lion." At that word Kendra could feel a thrill rush through her body, rather unexpectedly from the tips of her toes to the top her head and everywhere in between. "I am aware of the meaning of your name." The goddess looked back at her with a broad smile on her lips, showing appropriately perfect teeth. "Come, we should walk... Mountelione," Miakoda smiled broadly at the word and continued, "You appear cold and movement will help warm you." She took Kendra's hand and led her out of the circle.

"Yes... so, can I ask you a question?" Kendra ventured, as she followed Miakoda to the paved paths that twisted and turned through the park.

"That was one. But you have my permission to ask more." The goddess fairly purred as she fell behind Kendra for a few steps and followed carefully behind. She pulled the scrunchy from Kendra's hair and allowed the long, straight, black waves of silk smooth hair to settle evenly across her back and just past her butt.

"You mentioned so many others. You even spoke of Diana, who is the Roman version of... of... well, of you." Miakoda made a rude sounding noise at this. She helpfully caught Kendra's sudden stumble as they walked, the young girl was not used to walking barefoot and her C-cup breasts were jostling around freely without the constraints of a bra. "Do they all exist? Are they real?"

Miakoda had taken off all of her weapons by this point, discarding them as they meandered slowly through the park path, "Yes. They all exist. Some more so than others..."

Kendra halted, and had the temerity to grab hold of Miakoda's arm to halt her as well, "How... How is that possible?" She loosened and re-knotted her sarong over her curvaceous hips, what would it do to go flashing a *goddess*.

"Belief is a power that humans cannot comprehend. To believe in something, to create rituals and structure around that belief is what spins a god together. Our images are shaped by the power of human belief. We exist because humans, at one time or another said we existed and believed fervently that it was true. We do not cease to exist, however, because humans stopped believing in us. Instead, our power wanes. We grow to become... less." Kendra tried to scratch at an armpit nonchalantly, if she had known beforehand she would have shaved! She fairly burned with embarrassment even as the hair was disappearing.

Miakoda continued walking through the forest as she spoke and Kendra was forced to jog quickly to catch up, cursing herself for not grabbing at least her bra when her DD's began bouncing wildly around and she had to clutch them gently to keep from hitting herself in the chin.

"For example, Zeus many centuries ago was amongst the most powerful of us. Human ritual and prayer could call to him and he would deign to answer because he wanted more from them. Ignoring them one time, would simply make them try harder the next which would only serve to increase Zeus' power." Miakoda waved her hand in the air and created an image to go along with her words as they spoke and with a shimmering dust there became a picture of a man, holding a spear that looked like a lightning bolt wearing a tunic pulled up to his waist because a woman was down on her knees before him. It seemed as though she was doing more than just praying.

Kendra nodded in understanding. "So is that why you see God work in 'mysterious ways' and completely ignore the pleas of parents with a kid with cancer?" She squirmed and switched from foot to foot, it felt like something was crawling up her legs! She didn't want to scream but reached out for a moment and placed a hand on the Goddess's shoulder while hopping and quickly swiped a hand down her now perfectly smooth light-brown leg, hoping that whatever it was had flown off.

"You are far smarter than I initially believed... Montelione," The name rolled from Miakoda's lips like honey, and Kendra could feel herself warming up. The walk was doing her good she could feel a little more comfortable, warmer but it was a different kind of warm, "Ywh was spun together as a mastermind. He is easily the most successful amongst us. Many worship him and all by different names no less! But he feeds and grows. It will be a long time before his powers will wane." Miakoda sighed at the thought, shaking her braided head seemingly disgusted. "Small gifts doled out after much begging, all for short term goals. Even so, with the belief of his children Ywh has become truly vast. My children asked for little, yet received so much more than others. The others are so often formed from the basis of human desire."

"You are different then?" Kendra queried, removing her sarong entirely for a moment. Something had happened to it and it began to itch so as they walked and wandered she gave it a vigorously flap, away from her goddess of course, then retied it higher on her thinner waistline at a bit

of an angle so it hung seductively over one hip higher on one side than the other. Her untamed pubic thatch blew away when she had shaken out her covering.

"I do not prey on their greed, if that is what you wanted to know. They saw the moon disappear, and they wanted it to return. They were afraid that if they did not pray to me that the moon would not come back. It would, of course. I am sure you know that by now but at the time they didn't. I satisfied... other desires for my children. They wanted protection from their enemies and I provided that. I did *not* condone the destruction of other tribes. Those that tried to use my gifts for aggressive purposes were punished first by their own tribesmen then; they received further punishment by me. They wanted assistance in their hunts. I helped, by pulling back the clouds at times to give them more light to see by, but I did not feed them. They spun me, and they spun a helpful goddess, not a nanny or destructive creature like Ares." Another rude noise at the mention of Ares whom Miakoda obviously held little regard for.

Without a word Miakoda began to move at a jog and the park began to flicker past. At first Kendra was unsure of the pace but was able to keep up well enough after she adjusted her bra; it had started to dig in a little. Black and lacy with white accents she thought it was quite a daring number that helped press up and together her F cup breasts. Shimmering a little she adjusted her matching thong underwear as well which seemed to have begun riding up a little on her round, toned butt. The sarong was, of course, long forgotten.

"As time went on I changed from the original weave and was given form. I was their Huntress, sleek and powerful, accurate and deadly, beautiful in *their* eyes. Their own culture changed slowly around me. Women gained prominence for a time and were given a semblance of equality; holding both religious and positions in the tribe as hunters. But then a sickness fell over my children as has fallen over so many others. I heard their calls less and less, and was grieved by their loss, but I could do nothing to help. I was a huntress, not a healer and they knew it. They had let their other gods fall to the wayside in favor of me. Their healer both mortal and divine had become too weak to help and with so few left, the other, more aggressive tribes wiped my children out." Miakoda looked sad.

The forest had gone flickering past so quickly that they seemed to be on fast forward. Miakoda and Kendra leapt over fallen trees and across rivers and were racing so quickly that they seemed to be made of wind. Lights could be seen through the trees in the distance and Kendra was a little nervous at the idea of getting too close but followed close behind her goddess, dodging trees and keeping pace with almost no effort.

"That's... terrible. I am so sorry." Kendra was forced to shout over the sound of the music in the club. She was touched by the story but the throbbing pulse of the bass beat was so loud that only by yelling could she be heard. She wished desperately she had a pen and paper handy, or a tape recorder. To speak directly with a goddess, to go to a club with a goddess! She really hoped that Miakoda liked her dress; midnight blue and long on one side, nearly to her ankles but cleaving sharply up to the other, ending at only her mid-thigh. Her breasts of course --easily her most noticeable feature as large as they

are-- were proudly displayed by the deeply plunging neckline. She had caught her goddess glancing down that cleavage occasionally through the night and felt a surge of heat each time she did.

"However I have not been deaf, or blind. I had a lot of power built up before my children perished. I have been watching, and I have been changing. People still offer whispers to the moon at night. They might not be speaking directly to me but I have been hearing them, nonetheless. I've been gathering those whispers." Kendra slipped a little closer to the goddess to hear her better and to try and give her a chance to comment on the spicy perfume she had worn just for the occasion. She had been throwing occasional "come hither" looks to the goddess all night with her green eyes that few could resist but nothing seemed to work. The music had switched from a simple bass beat to a pounding, rhythmic drumming that set her pulse racing. She shifted her weight in her heels, dark blue chased with silver loops and whorls with stiletto heels that threaded up to her muscular, gymnast's calves.

"Listening to those evening whispers for so long has caused a change in me. I am still the Huntress, but I am also more now."

Kendra looked confused at this. "What do you—" She began but was caught off.

"Kendra Alicia Montelione, you are of my sphere and I lay claim to you." Miakoda whispered and stepped forward.

Kendra was broken out of her trance for a split second, not long enough to do anything, but long enough to realize that something had happened, had been happening for some time now, something she didn't quite understand when the goddess placed a hand that was suddenly holding a silvery sphere, just above her navel. At the same moment Miakoda snaked her arm out and wrapped her fingers around the back of Kendra's neck and pulled her in for a strong kiss.

Kendra was going to struggle, wanted to push back against the goddess but the sphere sent a warm tingling through her belly and Miakoda broke the kiss but kept pressing. "There are some universal truths, some humans have discovered them, and others have forgotten them, Kendra Alicia Montelione. There is power in a name Kendra Alicia Montelione. To know someone's name is to have True Power over them Kendra Alicia Montelione." She kept pressing and the ball kept going, sinking into her stomach slowly. "Amongst the gods there are spheres. You are part of my sphere, Kendra Alicia Montelione" Every time Miakoda said Kendra's name her pulse quickened and she felt increasingly aroused. She didn't know what was going on, only that she felt hot, sexy, she wanted Miakoda so badly.

By this time the glowing ball was gone and Miakoda's had was pressed tight against Kendra's abdomen, but she was also snaking her hand up towards Kendra's incredible breasts. Kendra was breathing quickly now. A flush had spread across her chest and her nipples were standing rigid, visible even through her dress. She could feel a warmth spreading across her entire body, moving out from where the sphere was pressed into her body and outwards; up to the top of her head, out to her fingertips and down to the soles of her feet. Miakoda was softly, but insistently groping Kendra brushing aside the dress carelessly and reaching inside to cup and fondle her breast, pinching one of her rock solid nipples.

“Kendra. Alicia. Montelione.” Miakoda spoke each word like a hammer. “You are now my Avatar.” Kendra screamed out as an orgasm seemed to flood every erogenous zone she had. Her panties were soaked; her nipples were singing a counter chorus to her throbbing clit. Miakoda had given up all pretenses and had pulled the straps to Kendra’s dress down and leaned into suck on and tongue alternatingly on her raspberry colored nipples. Her palms, neck, shoulders, every part of her body seemed to be demanding its own solo act for the orgasm of her existence until her mind could take no more and she passed out.

Miakoda held her up from falling for a moment before lowering her gently to the ground. They were back in the forest, back at the circle Kendra had made. Miakoda lifted her face to the moonlight then vanished in a puff of white dust.

* * *

Kendra’s eyes fluttered open, “What? Where? What happened?” She muttered touching a hand to her forehead. She was no longer in the club with the pounding drumbeat, she was in a bedroom. Lush and well-appointed with furniture all in dark colored woods. The massive four poster bed was grandly laid out with enormous, plush pillows and a deer pelt was draped across it. A fireplace crackled cheerily at one end, and above that was likely the head of the deer whose skin adorned the bed.

Kendra stood up, her body back to normal. Her skin pale and white, her hips narrow, her breasts once more unremarkable and her hair had returned to a frizzy, unkempt, and unbound blond. She had never seen nor heard of this room before. What had happened? “The ritual!” She shouted as it all came back in a rush. A goddess of the moon and hunt, something had happened and thinking about it too hard caused her head to pound.

“So, you are awake.” A voice, stated from behind her. Sultry with tones like velvet, Kendra felt her heart quicken at the sound, her nipples stiffened immediately and her chest flushed red. Her body knew the sound even if she did not.

“What?” Kendra turned around to face the speaker, feeling weak in the knees.

“I observed that you are awake. My Kendra Alicia Montelione,” The woman responded.

“Miakoda,” Kendra muttered, looking at her quite confused. Her head was hurting again as she looked the woman over. This was not what the goddess had looked like before. She had been tall but not curvaceous, not like this woman; from her shoulders to her mountainous breasts, down her trim, perfect waist flaring out into incredible, womanly hips. Legs that seemed to go on forever with toned, smooth muscles. She was topped by a head of straight, raven black hair that ran down her back and past her rear end like an inky river. Her eyes had changed as well, from the empty white and black orbs to a bright, emerald green. Her skin color had lightened, but only slightly, from the previous rich mahogany to a softer coffee & cream color. It all came together to make Kendra’s jaws drop to be hearing her name spoken from this... goddess of a woman made her entire body sing.

"I was just waiting for a moment where I could talk to you, my Avatar. My Kendra Alicia Montelione," The goddess took a step forward, even clad in the blue dress on those insane heels she moved like a hunting cat. Her eyes were hypnotic, shining brightly in the reflected fire from the hearth.

"To me, G...G...Goddess?" It was growing tough for Kendra to speak. She could feel herself falling into those eyes, and as Miakoda got closer she could smell... cinnamon. Her goddess smelled faintly of cinnamon.

"Of course you, Kendra Alicia Montelione have been given a great gift. You are my Avatar here on Earth. During the heights of my power I will occupy your body and will experience life... such as it were. During those times you will come here, and you will be well taken care of." The Goddess explained carefully, tenderly stroking Kendra's hair which changed from its previously unmanageable wheat colored frizziness to brilliant blond waves.

"During those times when I am lessened you will return and will be gifted. As my Avatar you are entitled to many benefits." Miakoda brushed her hands across Kendra's face and her complexion improved immediately. Her skin tightened and glowed, immediately followed by a positively adorable dusting of freckles across the bridge of her nose and under her now brilliant, crystal-blue eyes which were shadowed by long, thick, inviting eyelashes.

"The least of those benefits is my direct protection. I offered it to my children in years past, and I now extend it to you as well, Kendra Alicia Montelione." Miakoda ran her hands across Kendra's shoulders and down her arms to hold her hands gently. Her body's pitch rose and the singing reached a crescendo when the goddess spoke her name again and she would have fallen to the floor from the unexpected orgasm had not Miakoda effortlessly held her up. Kendra's own breasts ballooned outward and upward, but not nearly as far as Miakoda settling at a firm, round, and proud DD. Her boyish hips flared dramatically to be immediately topped by a thin, toned core.

"You will become 'God-Touched'."

"What... what does that mean?" Kendra managed to gasp out, as she rode the waves of bliss echoing from every erogenous zone, all singing in perfect harmony now. She couldn't feel it, but all of the hair below her neck shrank and disappeared. Her once pale body became luminous, healthy and glowing rather than pasty and unhealthy from lack of sun. Her white skin seemed to glow softly of its own accord.

"That you may learn over time," Miakoda smiled softly at her. Kendra's clothing changed from the dumpy sweatshirt and jeans she wore to the ritual. First the shirt disappeared entirely leaving her breasts bare, but only for a second. A yellow satin bra quickly covered her enhanced bosom and pushed them together and skyward creating a deep, inviting cleft on her chest. The bra was immediately covered by an orange shirt at least a size too small as the buttons popped into place automatically but the top three slipped their holes.

"Yes, my goddess." Kendra's body had stopping singing and settled into a gentle hum now. Everything else had vanished and was replaced almost immediately. Her underwear was turned into a delicious yellow thong with cut high on the thigh and plunging deeply between toned buttocks. Swiftly appearing over that was a pair of pale orange pants. On her feet a pair of darling red heels that elevated her gently into the sky.

"This is my final gift to you, Kendra Alicia Montelione." She held out a hand. In it was a necklace, laced through a strip of leather was a pair of disks; one pale white made from mother-of-pearl and ivory, which sparkled with a rainbow of colors as the fire light flickered. The other disk was blackest obsidian, polished smooth and bright. "This is your mark as my Avatar. You may never take it off." Miakoda leaned in to Kendra and kissed her firmly as she tied the leather strip around her neck. Cupping the back of her head gently she kissed more insistently and the mortal woman moaned pressing forward, reaching up and grasping at Miakoda's breasts.

Miakoda broke the kiss with a gentle lick at Kendra's lips which turned a vivid, sensual crimson and turned up slightly at the corner into a "cupid's bow" pout. Kendra was feverish, she was shaking. She never had been kissed like that. Her body continued to hum insistently but she felt like she was on fire! "Please, more! My goddess, please, take me! I... please!" She was stumbling over her words. She was losing control, trying to pull the clothing that had only seconds before appeared back off her overheated body.

"Eventually my Mountain Lion," Miakoda whispered but held up a steadying hand. "But for now, it is time to awaken."

"Awa--?" Kendra looked confused then everything turned black around her.

* * *

"IT'S FRIDAY! FRIDAY! FRIDAY! Good morning everyone! It's Friday again, the weekend is just around the corner and--" Kendra reached over and slapped her radio sleepily trying to quiet it.

"Shut up! I don't have to be anywhere today!" She grumbled and stretched, scratching at her sides, trying to remember the dream that seemed to have slipped through her grasp. She looked down at her bed, it was soaked! Whatever it was, it was a doozy. Her nipples were poking through the oversized flannel shirt—a remnant of a boyfriend long since gone-- she slept it. The scratchy fabric was getting distracting, and she pulled it off and looked down at her breasts. They felt different, bigger? She cupped her sweater stuffers and bounced them a little, trying to test the weight. No, they felt as huge as ever.

She got up and stretched broadly, feeling incredibly feline as she yawned and stretched her arms high towards the ceiling shaking her long, flowing blond hair and arching her back and falling into a backbend, lifting her legs into a handstand, then smoothly transitioned into a backbend again before returning to her feet, feeling a bit more awake.

“Did I...?” She shook her head again, trying to remember why her alarm was set so early as she looked herself over in the mirror, admiring the reflection with a little vanity. She glanced around her bedroom, trying to see if she had left anything out as a reminder of what Friday was supposed to be for. Books were left on the chair by one window, but they were all for her Tuesday and Thursday classes. She had started off school wanting to do something with Anthropology but never got into it and had switched so a business major instead. Kendra was the top of all her classes, despite her looks she was often the smartest woman in the room.

“No, not class,” She looked around and into her open closet maybe she had somewhere to go? Dozens of outfits lined the racks, from casual wear of tank tops and yoga pants, to her club wear of skirts, tops and dresses. Even her work wear was in there which mostly consisted of button-down shirts just a size too small to help emphasize her amazing breasts.

She made a rude noise and then paused, confused, that sound seemed familiar. Like she had heard someone else make it before. Then she pushed it out of her mind, her head which had started to hurt slightly as she thought about it. Pulled one of her vibrators from her bedside drawer and slipped back into bed. “Maybe I’m just too keyed up; it’s too early to get up anyway.” She glanced at the clock reading 8:30am and started circling a raspberry colored nipple gently, which began to sing its delight immediately.