

***The Amulet of
Dušan***

***an erotic size
novella***

by Jay Philia

Content Notes

Erotic content includes:

Oral sex (fellatio and cunnilingus)

Male/Female anal sex

Male/Female vaginal sex

BDSM, femdom, and submissive male elements

Hourglass expansion (ass expansion and breast expansion)

Non-erotic content to note:

Mentions of war, racist nationalism, settler colonialism, and other geopolitical violence

Interpersonal and societal misogyny

Use of syringe

Corruption and misuse of scientific authority

Mental anguish, grief, and brief mention of terminal illness

The story does not contain gore in the sense of “gruesomeness depicted in vivid detail,” (Merriam Webster). It does, however, contain fighting, a brief depiction of blood, and a murder. Or perhaps two...you shall have to decide.

EUROPE

OCTOBER, 1885

The scientific community buzzes with excitement over the recent discoveries in cellular theory. The discovery of the growth and division of cells, deemed mitosis, has transformed humanity's understanding of intraorganismal reproduction. The discovery of the plant organelle that turns sunlight into energy, the chloroplast, has shed light on the foundational phenomenon that is photosynthesis. Thus bustles Europe, a peacefully productive community of nations, nestled safely between the Napoleonic Wars of the early nineteenth century and the World Wars of the twentieth.

Yet bloodshed is never truly paused on this continent. The might of the metropolises has travelled far, with the European powers exacting unimaginable violence through the banal evils of settler colonialism in Africa. Trouble has also begun to brew closer to home. Due to the mounting tensions between the Principality of Bulgaria and the Kingdom of Serbia, war now seems not simply inevitable, but imminent.

It is not merely monarchs and great men who sew the strands of history, however. Sometimes those on the fringes fold the fabric. Scientists and spies, rebels and rogues—all have their role to play. The question is, will our players ultimately choose peace, love, and creation? Or will they descend into war, hate, and destruction?

I

"You're!" the man scoffed, his pince-nez glasses falling off his nose.

"A woman?" said the woman, one hand clasping her corseted bosom in faint shock, the other accentuating her bustle.

"Well, yes, your letters, they never said—" the man started to say.

"Would you have hired me, if you'd known I was a woman?" she interjected.

"Well, it is rather improper. You have your reputation to look after, this is a serious and lengthy trip," he said.

"I'm well aware. You've read my letters. You know I understand the importance of your mission, as well as the scientific intricacies that it involves."

"All aboard! Last call to Dover!" The train attendant bellowed, his walrus mustache dripping with phlegm.

The man hesitated. "You must actually be useful," he said.

The woman ducked down and back up again in an instant. She outstretched her arm.

"What's this?" the man said.

"Your glasses. See? Useful already," she said, and started to walk towards the train. The man fumbled with his pince nez and struggled to catch up with her.

"Wait! We'll, we'll have to pretend to be married," he said.

"If you insist," said the woman with a wink.

"I'm serious, they'll talk, they'll ask questions. This all must be done in a way that doesn't arouse suspicion."

"Who's talking about becoming aroused?" she turned and smiled. The man blushed.

"Tickets, please," said the attendant.

"My husband has them," said the strange woman. "This is our honeymoon, you know." With that, she boarded the train.

The man presented his tickets and followed her onto the train and into the compartment she'd quickly slinked into.

"Now really, this truly is quite unusual," he began.

“Sit down,” said the woman. He opened his mouth in shock, but then did what he was told.

“Your real name is Twyman, correct?” she said.

“Of course, Dr. Benjamin Twyman. Is your real name not—” he began.

“For the purposes of this trip, no. My name is Mrs. Dr. Twyman. But you can call me Kata.”

“I—right.” said Dr. Twyman, with an eye to the door.

“Now, we’ll be in Dover in a couple of hours. From there, the ferry will take us to Calais, where we’ll catch a train to Paris, and then on to Stuttgart. From there, your letters were less clear. Where exactly are we meeting this associate of yours?” Kata seemed to say all of this in one breath.

The doctor struggled to catch his in response. “That’s the problem. I’m not entirely sure. Until recently he was a professor at the University of Stuttgart, but now...” Twyman trailed off.

“They’ve gotten rid of him, haven’t they?” said Kata. The train had started to move, and smoke billowed up and clouded the windowpanes of their compartment.

“Well they certainly haven’t killed him!” Twyman said in alarm. “But yes, the University dismissed him. I...well, nevermind.”

“What?” said Kata. Her green eyes were wide and clear. Frizzy, combed bundles of red hair parted towards each of her oversized ears. Her elegant purple dress belied the boorishness of her Slavic tongue. She leaned forward, her knees almost touching his as they sat across from each other in the quaint cabin.

“If this is going to work, we are going to have to trust each other,” she said. Twyman thought this was rich, coming from a woman who was clearly quite skilled at lying. But then again, she seemed to have a point. And how much harm could one woman do?

“Well,” he continued. “I’m afraid that the University of Stuttgart may have had a point in dismissing him. I’m afraid that all of this may be for naught, and that we may be heading on this adventure only to be met by a...by a deranged madman!”

II

Twyman stared wide-eyed at Kata, clearly expecting his words to have garnered a bigger reaction. Kata did little more than blink at the man in the black three-piece suit. The things she’d seen—let alone heard of—could peel wallpaper.

“If you’re trying to scare me off, Doctor, you’re going to have to do better than that,” she said.

“No, not at this point,” Twyman replied. “I do need an assistant. If even half of his claims are correct, we owe it to science to experiment.”

“Then tell me everything. Your letters were...rather cryptic,” Kata said. The doctor hesitated, before pulling a pipe out of his breast pocket.

“Very well,” he said, expertly stuffing the bowl with tobacco. “Do you?” he started to say, and with something of a flourish, Kata whipped out a matchbox.

“Useful again,” she said.

“Indeed,” said Twyman, and he struck a match and lit the pipe.

“Well as you already know, I’m a biologist. Dr. Wolfram Kürbis, the man we are going to meet, was my mentor,” he took a long draw from his pipe and continued. “As a professor, in class, he was an absolute genius. Not at teaching, mind you. He had no patience with the students. But you could just tell, just see...his aptitude for biology was par excellence, as they say. He inspired me. He inspired dozens. If I were a gambling man, I’d wager to say no one alive knows more about cell theory than he does,” he puffed several plumes of smoke.

“Then why,” Kata asked, “was he expelled from the academy? I thought the German university system was the finest in the world?”

The doctor’s eyes grew dark. “Are you familiar with the Hippocratic oath?” he asked.

Kata nodded.

“Do no harm, as it’s so often boiled down to. There’s more to it than that, but anyway. We are not medical doctors, of course, neither Dr. Kürbis nor myself. But we still have ethical obligations, dammit,” the doctor drew another long breath from his pipe.

“There was talk, whispers, really, for ages,” Twyman continued. “Certain experiments gone wrong. Students who had signed up as laboratory assistants and gotten more than they had bargained for. Even I had seen...” he trailed off and looked out the window as the train sped along the English countryside.

“So yes, I was not terribly surprised to hear of my mentor’s fall from grace. If anything I’m surprised it took the faculty that long to...” Twyman again trailed off.

“So then,” Kata interjected, adjusting herself, “why are we here? Why has he summoned you?”

The doctor glowered at Kata and expelled a puff of smoke.

“He didn’t summon me. I am not someone who can be summoned. At least, not for nothing short of King and country, I can’t. But yes, he urgently entreated me to visit him. He was quite frantic. He kept claiming that he had discovered something new about cell theory, something concerning the chloroplast. A true breakthrough, something that would change the field, change the world, forever.”

“And you believed him?” Kata asked. Her eyes were wide and steely.

“Miss Kata, if you’d seen the man at his peak, as I have, you would have no doubt of his powers, of his prowess. Again, few things surprise me about Dr. Kürbis. Not his being sacked, and certainly not his breakthrough. His mind is a thing to behold,” said Dr. Twyman.

“And his heart?” Kata asked.

“He has none.”

The travelers sat in silence. The doctor finished smoking his pipe and closed his eyes.

“And why now, do you suppose?” Kata asked suddenly. Twyman opened his eyes. There was something off about her tone.

“What do you mean?”

“Why the sudden breakthrough? Did it happen after? After his expulsion?” Kata asked.

Twyman’s eyes twitched in thought. “No, the breakthrough happened first, then he was expelled. Why do you ask?”

“Nothing, Doctor. Except that I feel there is something you are not telling me.”

“That’s strange, Miss Kata. I feel as though I could say the same thing about you,” Twyman said.

The two were at a stalemate for a moment until the doctor continued. “Well if you must know, Dr. Kürbis did obliquely mention something about a new—”

“Tickets, please!” A high-pitched male voice shouted from down the hall.

“Again?” Dr. Twyman asked.

“Wait a minute,” Kata scowled. “You don’t give your tickets when you board a train. You present them *on* the train.”

“On the train? But they’ve already taken ours!” The doctor’s eyes were wide, and his pince nez once again wobbled atop the bridge of his nose.

“Tickets, please!” the voice sounded closer.

“They’re not supposed to *take* your tickets! You’re not supposed to *give them* your tickets, they’re supposed to punch holes in them!” Kata said, and with a whirl of her purple dress she rose to the door and quickly poked her head out.

“This is not the same man. You idiot! That mustache man, he... you gave our tickets to some fiend!” Kata said, swatting at the doctor.

“Ow, OW! Well, but he’s the man we gave our luggage to!” said Twyman, growing red in the face.

“Forget it, it’s not our luggage anymore. And we’re about to be thrown off the train!”

“Tickets, please!” said the squeaky, tinny voice. The door of their cabin started to open.

In an instant, Kata jumped atop Twyman’s lap. She scrunched her face against his and grabbed one of his hands to firmly cup against her breast. She placed his other hand atop her bottom before using both of hers to squeeze him in a passionate embrace.

“Oh, husband! Ravish me now! Right here! I cannot wait ‘til gay Paris, we must do it now!” Kata screamed.

With a *rrrrrii-clang!* the door to their cabin thundered across the track and closed shut.

“Tickets, please...” wobbled a strained voice from further down the train.

Kata stood up and wiped the smeared lipstick from her cheek. The doctor’s pince nez was nowhere to be seen. The same could not be said of something else, a rather large something else, which was slowly extending down the side of Twyman’s trousers.

III

“I can assure you,” said the doctor, shuffling his legs, vest, and suit jacket in a feeble attempt to hide the obvious, “that that was a strictly biological phenomenon.”

“Quite an interesting use of the past tense,” said Kata, staring down at Twyman’s groin.

“It...” the doctor reached over to grab a newspaper that wasn’t there. He reached up to grab his luggage that he then remembered was stolen. “It will go down in just a second,” he muttered.

“Just a second? And how does your wife feel about that?” Kata asked with a smile.

“I...I’m not married,” he said.

“Hmm,” Kata said, sympathetically, before “well, you are now.” The doctor scowled before focusing his gaze at a random point on the wall.

“You know,” Kata continued. “There is another way to calm your little critter.” She smiled wider.

“What?” said the doctor, raising his voice. “Absolutely not! That is absolutely out of the question. Good...good lord. Miss Kata—if that even is your real name, and I highly doubt it is. The deal is off! You have deceived me. You have insulted my honor, questioned my very dignity!” The doctor stood up momentarily and then thought better of it.

“You said yourself you need an assistant,” said Kata, taken aback by the doctor’s fury, though still gazing at his groin.

“Yes, a *real* assistant. A *male* assistant. Not some prevaricating prostitute!” The doctor was beginning to re-assemble his pipe when he realized he lacked a light. Kata ruefully crossed her arms. The doctor bitterly placed the pipe back in his breast pocket.

“So what, you’re just abandoning me?” said Kata.

“I don’t even know you,” said the doctor. “We’re not actually married. You can still take the ferry to Calais,” at this the doctor took from his other breast pocket Kata’s connecting ticket for the Calais ferry and tossed it toward her side of the cabin.

“Or not. Do what you will. You are not my charge,” he finished.

Kata bent over and picked up the ticket, which had only managed to flutter halfway across their tiny cabin.

“And yourself?” Kata asked.

“I can’t see that that’s any of your business. We are strangers, you and I,” Twyman said.

“Hmm,” Kata hummed. The train hummed along as well. The two sat in silence for the next couple of hours as the sun set.

“Dover station!” squeaked a voice as the train came to a stop.

Dr. Twyman stood, his erstwhile erection long since flaccid. He gave a stiff nod to Kata and left the compartment. Kata followed with a huffy exhale.

Outside, the dregs of sunlight glimmered atop the slightly choppy waves of the English Channel. Dr. Twyman presented his tickets at the ferry ticket office, then boarded

without a word. Kata did the same. The doctor didn't give a second thought to them being the only souls on board. Kata sensed something was off.

"Ferry to Calais, leaving now!" bellowed an unseen voice. The sun had just slipped beneath the waves and darkness marred their vision. Twyman had sat so needlessly far from Kata that they could not lock eyes with each other even if they'd both wanted to.

The English shoreline had just disappeared from view when the same voice bellowed out:

"Is there a doctor on board! Come down below, quick!"

Twyman hesitated for a moment, before launching himself out of his seat and towards the cabin door. He swung it open and disappeared.

Kata instantly followed him. She opened the cabin door and was shocked to find that the doctor had already descended the flight of stairs and could not be seen. A single gas lamp lit the cabin, and Kata moved discerningly down the rickety steps. She stepped into the center of the cabin.

"Doctor Twyman?"

"GAAAAAH!"

Kata jumped out of the way as a man ran screaming towards her at full speed wielding a knife. She realized it was the same walrus-moustache man who had stolen their tickets. Missing Kata, the assailant instead tackled the doctor to the sole of the ship with a crash, pressing his knife against Twyman's throat.

IV

Cruliiik!

Seemingly out of nowhere, and faster than either man could see her do it, Kata had pulled out a deringer and cocked it. She pressed the steel barrel against the base of the assailant's skull.

"Български боклук, предполагам?" Kata said, in a language the doctor did not recognize, let alone understand.

The man, the great hulk of a man who sat atop the doctor and seemed to be crushing every bone in his body, laughed, pounds of fat wobbling as the doctor struggled to breathe.

“Можете да ме научите на смърт, но никога няма да познаете победата,” replied the man, in what appeared to be the same language.

“Don’t kill him, Kata, good lord!” said the doctor.

Kata sighed. She barked out what seemed to be an order, and the oaf shifted his weight and stood up from Twyman, nearly breaking one of the doctor’s ribs in the process.

“Do you know how to tie a knot?” Kata asked, and Twyman realized she must be speaking to him.

“Tie...a knot?” the doctor asked.

“You either let me feed him a supper of lead, or we tie him up. We’re not going to let him steer the ship now that we know he means to kill us, are we?” Kata spat. Twyman realized with a somersault in his stomach that the ship had been captainless for the last several minutes.

“Yes, and we must tie him up *quickly*,” Kata said, deringer still pointed at the assailant.

The doctor swiftly looked around the cabin floor until he found some thick rope in the far corner. While Kata locked eyes with the mustache man, gun in hand, Twyman fumbled with the ropes until they were decently secure.

“That’ll do. We’ll barricade the door in a moment. For now, we’ve got some captaining to do,” said Kata, who quickly strode up the stairs.

“Do you know how to steer a ferry?” The doctor said to Kata as they ran towards the ship’s wheel.

“No idea,” said Kata as she grabbed the wheel’s handles at ten and two, her deringer having disappeared into some pocket or another.

“Aren’t there supposed to be multiple people manning this, however did this happen?” said Twyman. His pince nez had long since vanished, not that either of them could see much anyway.

“Don’t you see?” said Kata, spinning the wheel as the ship took the crest of a wave. “This is all a setup, Doctor Twyman. Your secret little project between you and Dr. Kürbis is not so secret.”

The doctor shook his head. “But..but who outside of the academy would care about such things as this? Cell theory and chloroplasts?”

“You said yourself that what Dr. Kürbis has discovered could change the world. And besides,” Kata continued, before the doctor could interject. “There is a great deal

happening in Europe right now, Doctor Twyman. A great deal more than what some scholars in Britain or Germany may be aware of.”

With that, the newfound pilot navigated the coarse waters in silence. Twyman thought it wise not to interrupt.

Before long, a light shone from an approaching shore.

“Do you suppose it’s Calais?” Twyman asked.

“I’ll wager it is. It is more or less a straight shot from Dover,” said Kata. “You should go check to make sure our prisoner is still...disengaged.”

“Right,” said Twyman, remembering that they had forgotten to secure the door.

“Oh and doctor,” said Kata, as the doctor turned around to face her. “I’m presuming this means our grand adventure is back on? After all, I may have insulted your honor, but I have also just saved your life.” The doctor started to smile, when he felt a *whoosh!* of air fly past him. The mustache man, free from any ties that bind, rushed towards Kata and bashed her head with some black, dark object. Kata fell to the deck with a sickening *splat!* She did not move.

“My first mistake was to not kill this кучка first,” said the Mustache. Twyman could infer that the word meant something ruder than “lady.”

The Mustache grabbed a handle of the shipwheel and spun it wildly, causing the ferry to turn recklessly. Twyman lost his balance and fell face first into the rough wood of the deck. Mustache ran towards him and struck, the unidentified object just missing his shoulder as Twyman rolled to his right. The doctor hopped upwards and dashed to right the rudder. Faster than a jackrabbit, the doctor pulled the trick back on the Mustache, righting the ship so fast as to cause the villain to collapse.

“GAAAH!” said the man, dropping the object, which Twyman could now see from the brightening lights of land, was a microscope. His microscope.

“You cad! You *did* take our luggage!” Twyman said. In a rage, the doctor ran to the Mustache and kicked him in the head, before the thief grabbed the doctor’s shins and pulled him back down.

The Mustache crawled to the doctor and punched him once, twice, three times in the head before the doctor wriggled out of his overcoat and hopped to the shipwheel.

The Mustache got up and rammed into the doctor again, pushing him towards the bow. Twyman’s head was spinning quite fast now, his vision blurring. He could see Kata lying

near the wheel and stepped towards her when the Mustache punched him again, forcing him to the very edge of the ship.

The doctor took a step forward and then collapsed. He made to get up when all of a sudden a deafening scrunching sound enveloped all of them.

SCREEEE-UNCH!

Steel hit wood as the unpiloted ferry crashed into the port. The entire front portion of the ship dislodged and plunged Twyman and his assailant into the murky depths below.

V

The crash jolted Kata awake, her head throbbing. The decapitation of the bow had pulled the entire ship downward into the channel, and freezing waters lapped at Kata's purple dress. She saw a black figure begin to sink underneath the collapsing pier. She forced herself to her feet and without hesitation jumped into the sea.

Instantly her lungs constricted, the icy waters shocking her system. The cold felt like a thousand knives had surrounded her body and were stabbing her incessantly, and her dress weighed her down tremendously. The crashing sound continued, dulled by the water. Kata swam fervently towards the figure, which she saw was the doctor, barely conscious. She grabbed hold of his arm with one hand and swam with the other. She could see the shore but was fading fast.

She broke the surface of the water and took deep breaths, but it didn't feel like enough. She kicked as fast as she could, lungs burning, screaming, breaking. Not a second too soon did her boots kick against sand.

Kata collapsed, grunting as she crawled a few meters to dry land, letting the doctor be hit with water up to his chin. She cursed in her native tongue and scanned for the thief.

"I don't see him, doctor, but we must be vigilant," she said. The doctor said nothing but breathed deeply.

"We should board our train to Paris," Kata said, standing even though every cell in her body told her to rest.

The doctor spluttered and coughed and slowly tried to rise. Kata lent him a hand and he took it.

"That's twice I've saved your life," she said.

"Thanks," the doctor coughed again. Twyman looked back at the ferry as it slowly sunk into the sea.

“You don’t suppose—” he started to say.

“Our luggage is gone. I said so earlier,” said Kata, who’d started to move towards Calais.

“There was...I had a lot of unpublished research in there. A lot of scientific instruments...” the doctor protested.

“Dr. Kürbis will have all of those instruments and more. And besides, he is a smarter man than you,” said Kata, moving faster.

The doctor groaned meekly, then hustled to catch up with Kata. The pair climbed a handful of rocks and found themselves on a main street. Twyman checked his breast pocket to discover his pair of Calais to Paris tickets were soaked, but still somehow legible.

“Good. Then our only trouble will be to avoid the gendarme. They will doubtless have questions,” said Kata.

“That not only we have the answers to,” said Twyman, regaining his strength. Kata said nothing but sneered slightly.

It was early enough in the evening that Calaisiens were still walking the streets. They gave Kata and Twyman looks but no trouble. Every polite nod of Twyman’s was met with a scrunch of the nose and an offended eyeroll.

“The French really are quite snobbish, aren’t they?” Twyman said.

“To be fair, doctor, we’d make a strange sight even in Timbuktu,” Kata said. “Look, there’s the train station,” she added, nodding at the building across the street.

“Embarquement immédiat du train pour Paris,” a nasally voice called out.

“Just in time,” said Kata, rushing into the building and over to the platform, her sopping dress dragging behind her.

The two showed the attendant their tickets. He grimaced but nodded. In a whirl they boarded, the train disembarked, and the same attendant entered their cabin to punch holes in their wet ticket stubs.

“Bizarre,” the attendant practically spat as he slammed their cabin door shut.

After a few moments on the train both Kata and Dr. Twyman started to relax, enough to notice that the both of them were freezing.

“Look at you, you’re shivering!” said the doctor.

“It takes one to know one,” said Kata.

“I...I didn’t mean it as an insult. I know I’m freezing too. Our adrenal glands...the rush of excitement has ended so now—” Twyman started to say.

“I’m well aware,” Kata interrupted. “I’m also well aware that unless we both strip down, and wring out our clothes, they will take twice as long to dry, and we will look like very conspicuous fools when we board our train in Paris,” said Kata, who had already started to unclasp buttons.

“I..” Twyman started to protest, then stopped, realizing that the ferocity of his shivering made it hard even to talk. He instead began to unbutton his suit jacket and vest, turning his back to Kata to at least suggest a modicum of modesty.

“And be careful with your head, you may be concussed,” said Kata, draping her bodice atop the luggage rack.

Twyman seethed as he fumbled out of his pants.

“I highly doubt you know more than I do about such things,” he said.

“I don’t think you know how to take a punch,” said Kata, unclasping her corset to reveal the thin, nearly sheer camisole beneath. She stood in her bloomers, camisole, and nothing else.

“As a gentleman and a scholar,” said Twyman, unbuttoning his dress shirt, “I’ve never had to take a punch before.”

“Well I don’t know if you’re a gentleman now,” said Kata.

“I daresay—” said Twyman hotly, turning around to face Kata. He froze with a gasp. Kata’s bloomers were thick and frilly, but barely went down to her knees. Her camisole, however, left even less to the imagination. Her breasts, which he could very nearly see, were small but shapely, and her cold nipples protruded clearly.

“You say? Or do you dare?” said Kata, moving closer to the doctor. The doctor swallowed audibly.

“I, I,” the doctor stuttered, as Kata moved closer still. They were of nearly identical height, Twyman short for a man and Kata tall for a woman. His lips were a mere whisker’s length away from hers.

“Shh,” Kata whispered. She leaned in all the way, and the doctor and the spy began to kiss.

VI

“Mmm,” Kata exhaled, her tongue enveloped by the doctor’s. The doctor stumbled backwards into his coach seat, as Kata abandoned her camisole and exposed her breasts. Their lips met again as they moaned in harmony. Kata guided the doctor’s hands to her breasts and he squeezed them excitedly.

Kata pulled at the sides of Twyman’s underwear, and the doctor sat up just long enough for her to pull the fabric down to his knees. His warm cock jutted up in an instant, stretching up to meet Kata’s skilled hands. She cradled the shaft in her palm as Twyman continued to grow, peaking at an impressive length. She began to rub his shaft with one hand as she swaddled the back of his head with the other.

Twyman’s hands left Kata’s exposed bosom and made their way to her bloomer-beset backside. He squeezed. Hard. Kata moaned and rubbed his cock harder. Twyman shot out a jet of pre-cum from his slit, and Kata quickly pulled herself away from their kiss to place her mouth over his eager cock. The doctor gasped.

Kata’s ass was now out of reach, but he didn’t care, her mouth was so skilled and so swift. Up and down went Kata, her wide, flat tongue massaging the thick, throbbing shaft.

“Mmm, mmm, mmm,” Kata moaned, greedily, hungrily, longing for his cock and his seed with every fiber of her being.

Twyman’s ass-sweat stained the booth leather as fog crept up the cabin windows.

“Y–yes,” the doctor said, his eyes sealed shut. His fat cock had never been pleasured before, not like this. Kata sucked with wild abandon, tongue sliding every which way, fitting all of him deep inside her throat as she gulped and gagged and glutted herself.

The doctor’s legs began to spread and twitch and Kata knew he was close. She slid her tongue around the bulb and glans of the doctor’s cock. She slowed down, sped up, and slowed down again. She cradled the doctor’s balls in the palm of one hand while she pressed the other hand against the doctor’s pecs.

“A—Ahhh!” the doctor cried out, a surprisingly high-pitched yet guttural yell. He slammed his right hand against the wall of their cabin and punched the leather seating with his left fist. His balls seized up and his shaft stiffened as great gobs of startlingly hot semen barreled out of his slit. Wave after wave of his seed blasted against the back of Kata’s throat. She gulped, and gulped, and gulped gobful after gobful as he writhed about in excruciating pleasure. Only after swallowing his last drop did she lean back and gasp for air, releasing a hiccup as she sat back against her splayed legs. She smiled and sighed, a single rivulet of semen running down her chin.

VII

The doctor then did something Kata could not even imagine: he fell asleep. She knew he'd had quite a release—the back of her throat was still sticky with his semen. Still, as tired as she was, she could not imagine relaxing enough to catch a wink. After all, Kata doubted very much indeed that their mustachioed assailant had drowned. He may even be on the train with them now.

Kata's eyes flashed to the door of their cabin. She rose and quietly peeked her head out the cabin door. No one. Just as quietly, Kata closed the door and began to wring out her and Twyman's clothes, forming a small puddle. She unlatched and propped open their window, and carefully held out her skirt and taille, the fabric fluttering wildly as the train sped towards the city. She clutched her clothes and reflected on what lay ahead of her.

After a tedious length of time—the cold October air quite inept at drying—Kata got dressed, just in time to see the lights of Paris flicker in the horizon.

"You had better get dressed, Doctor. As liberated as the streets of Paris are, I presume they still expect train passengers to arrive fully clothed," Kata said, loud enough for the doctor to jump awake.

"Good lord," the doctor said, who immediately covered his now flaccid penis with his hands.

"It's a bit too late for modesty now, doctor. Or don't you remember?" Kata said with a raised eyebrow.

Twyman turned red and started to dress.

"My clothes are still wet," he grumbled.

"Yes, well, you decided to snooze instead of airing out your clothes, doctor. And I am not actually your wife," said Kata, throwing the doctor's pants at him. Twyman glowered and finished dressing in silence.

Nearly the instant that Twyman poked through his last button did the train come to a complete stop.

"Gare parisienne!" cried out a voice.

Kata ran off the train without waiting for the doctor. She took several steps onto the platform before turning to scan the entire length of the train.

"What's your hurry? What are you looking for?" asked the doctor, trailing behind.

“You’ve never been in mortal danger before, have you, Dr. Twyman?” Kata asked, a strictness to her tone.

“Why, besides tonight, no. Have you?” asked Twyman. Kata didn’t answer, but focused her gaze on the disembarking passengers.

“Embarquement sur le quai trois, train pour Stuttgart,” a voice rang out from several platforms over.

“Stuttgart, that’s us,” said the doctor. Kata frowned, unmoving. The doctor stood and squeezed his hands together. The Calais train had all but emptied out.

“I...I really think we ought to go,” said Twyman. The last Calais passenger, a large elderly woman whose ragged shawl covered her face, was hobbling off the train. Kata clicked her tongue and darted towards the stairway. The doctor paused a movement and then ran to catch up.

“Embarquement sur le quai trois, train pour Stuttgart,” an attendant repeated.

“Just what exactly were you looking for?” the doctor asked as they descended the stairs to the third platform.

“You don’t really believe our mustachioed associate drowned in the English channel, do you? An accomplished fighter like that, not knowing how to swim?” Kata asked snidely.

“Billets, s’il vous plaît,” a finely dressed attendant asked. The doctor showed him their tickets and boarded the train.

“Well I, I suppose not,” said Twyman. “But why didn’t he attack us on the train?”

Kata scowled as the two of them entered a cabin and closed the door behind them.

“I’m not sure,” she said. “We were certainly distracted enough.”

The doctor turned red and looked out the window. It was dark, nearing midnight. The nearly full moon added a blueish tint to the train station.

The finely dressed Frenchman entered their booth and punched their tickets, before speaking to the doctor for a moment.

“Oui, c’est bien,” said Twyman. The Frenchman nodded and left.

“Of course he should ask the man what he thinks, nevermind me,” said Kata icily. “What did he say, anyway? Not that I don’t speak French, it’s just...not in my top three tongues.”

“He wondered if we wouldn’t mind sharing our compartment. Apparently the train is rather full, and there’s an elderly—”

Just then, the door to their compartment slid open and in hobbled the shawl-covered crone.

“Merci, merci,” she said shrilly, before settling in a heap beside the doctor.

Kata stared in revulsion at the crone, before scowling at the doctor.

“It was the gentlemanly thing to do,” said Twyman.

“Again, you are no gentleman. And now,” Kata said, adding in hushed tones, “we can’t talk freely.”

“You are a paranoid woman,” said Twyman, as the train groaned away from the station.

“And you are a naïve man,” said Kata. The train had all but gained full speed.

“I am an esteemed biologist. I can assure you that among my vices—which are few—naivete is not one of them,” said the doctor. Their hackles had risen but their guard had lowered.

“You think you are the only one in this cabin who understands biology?” Kata seethed. The train barreled down the track. “Your ego truly know no bounds, you ca—”

Kata was silenced instantly, the wind knocked out of her as the shawled crone launched a body blow against her.

“Egads!” the doctor yelped.

The crone used her body to press Kata tightly against the wall of the train compartment, while slamming and shattering the glass of their compartment window with her elbow. Kata struggled but could not get free, managing only to knock the shawl away, which revealed the face of the mustachioed menace. Kata screamed as the Mustache grabbed Kata with both bulky arms, lifted her up, and hoisted her head-first out of the train window.

VIII

The doctor lunged forward and grabbed Kata’s ankles in the nick of time. Kata twisted herself around and pulled herself up by the sheer force of her abdominals, clasping at a rail near the base of the roof. She managed to pull herself towards the top of the train.

Crack!

The Moustache turned round and broke Twyman's nose with a punch that felt like a battering ram to the face. Twyman collapsed onto the carpeted compartment floor. The Mustache spat onto the doctor's face, causing Twyman to close his eyes and shudder in disgust.

"First, I kill the кучка," said The Mustache, repeating the slur from earlier. Something about the vandal's husky voice and cretinous contempt made Twyman's blood boil in a way it hadn't earlier.

"Then," said Mustache, stomping his foot on Twyman's chest and knocking the wind out of him in the process, "you will lead me straight to it."

The Mustache then trampled over to the window, shedding layers as he did so. The man was far less fat than Twyman thought, as shawl after coat after shawl—most of which Twyman presumed to have been stolen—was tossed onto the floor. Twyman struggled to rise but still could not breathe, and when finally the rogue had removed enough of his layers, he managed to squeeze himself through the train window and grapple onto the roof.

Twyman clenched his fists and forced himself upright. Blood trickled from his crunched cartilage down his chiseled chin. Squeezing himself through the window, he squashed every instinct in his body and followed the bloodthirsty Bulgarian onto the train top.

"Kata!" he said, head peering onto the track as he climbed. Her deringer pointed directly at The Mustache's face.

"Oh, set aside your moralism, Doctor," Kata screamed above the roar of the train. "You've seen what this beast is capable of."

A crash of thunder roared from nearby. Storm and train would soon surely meet.

Twyman strained his biceps and mounted the top of the Iron Horse. The locomotive seemed to wobble far more from this position, and the doctor struggled to maintain his balance.

"You're talking about murder, Kata!" he said, gingerly planting himself between Kata and The Mustache. "You can't just shoot someone!"

"Sometimes, murder is justified," Kata said.

"On this, we agree," said the rogue, brandishing a knife. The skies belched another bellow of thunder as lightning blinded the trio for a moment.

"How charming. But you should not have brought a knife to a gun fight," Kata sneered.

“And you,” The Moustache said, and in one quick motion, seized the doctor and stuck the knife at his neck, “should not have brought collateral.” The ghoul threw his head back and hacked out a laugh that echoed over the roar of the train.

“Is this what you call déjà vu, doctor?” The Mustache said. The doctor winced. “Now,” the knife-wielding kidnapper continued, “drop your gun.”

“Here’s why I won’t do that,” said Kata, clearly stalling for time. As she spoke, she took a series of small steps. The villain matched her, all but dragging the doctor with him.

“You,” Kata said, dragging out her words, “clearly place some sort of value on his life, while I do not.” The trio had scuttled about in a half circle, Kata somehow balancing in her boots. Kata now faced the direction of the train, her eyes focused on something far ahead.

“You lie,” said The Mustache. He pressed the knife tighter against the doctor’s neck, nearly drawing blood. The doctor grimaced and squeezed his eyes shut.

“I lie, I tell the truth, who knows?” At this, the woman pulled loose from some hidden pocket a strange kind of knife that the doctor recognized from his brief travels in India. It was a Haladie dagger, with a handle in the middle and a blade at both ends.

“But is this something you are willing to bet your life on, задник?” Kata said. The hot breath from the assailant’s nose told Dr. Twyman that whatever word Kata had used, it was not a compliment. Kata ducked up and down almost instantaneously, and for a moment, Twyman couldn’t figure out why. Then, shimmering in the moonlight, he could see the glint of the Haladie dagger, which Kata had clearly stabbed into the train top.

“What do you mean?” The Mustache said, as Kata took one step forward, then two, then one final half-step. The Mustache matched her every move and dragged Twyman along with him.

“What if I were to tell you that in approximately 60 seconds, this train would enter a tunnel? And that anyone who chose not to jump flat against the roof of the train would run afoul of Mr. Newton’s Laws?” As Kata said this, Twyman couldn’t help but smile. Whoever this woman was, she had clearly acquainted herself with not only biology, but physics.

“I would say,” The Mustache said, the grunt of his voice pulling Twyman back into the deadliness of the moment, “that you are a clever little shit who only *thinks* she can outsmart a trained member of the Bulgarian Guard.”

“Suit yourself,” said Kata. For a moment all three train hoppers stood still, Kata’s gun still aimed at The Mustache’s head and The Mustache’s knife still aimed at Twyman’s throat. Only the lumbering of the train against its tracks pierced the silence of the night.

“Now!” said Kata, who ducked down instantly, grabbing the wrist of the doctor and all but pulling him down with her.

The two of them lay flat, their bodies pressed tightly against the cold steel of the train. The Mustache had let go of his prisoner with little resistance, and Twyman could not help but feeling as if this had all gone too smoothly. What if Kata and The Mustache were actually in cahoots? What if Kata was not as clever as she thought, and they were now two prone fools at the feet of their weapon-wielding assailant? Kata’s deringer, he presumed, was now pointed nowhere near its erstwhile target.

“Ha!” Rang out a filthy, phlegm-filled laugh from above. “You have miscalculated, and now I have the high ground. I see no such tunnel. Doctor, you shall lead me to my birthright. But first, time for the Serbian to—

THU—SPLAT!

Before he could finish his threat to Kata, the train approached a tunnel, which hit The Mustache square in the back. The force was enough to launch him several feet up and over the crouched bodies of Kata and Twyman, and he landed with a sickeningly wet sound.

Complete darkness engulfed them as the train barreled through the tunnel. Far above them, muted, roared more thunder. Finally, moonlight broke through as the train breached the tunnel’s base.

Twyman blinked and blanched as he turned. Biologist that he was, the doctor barely managed to stop from retching as he took in the sight of The Moustache. Their former assailant had landed forehead first into the Haladie blade, and his blood now flowed forcefully off the side of the train as raindrops splattered from the skies above.

IX

“I suppose you’re right, Doctor, I can’t just shoot someone,” said Kata dryly, standing up quickly as if shot from a spring.

Twyman’s head began to spin, and he dared not stand up.

“Come doctor, I don’t want my clothes getting wet. I doubt yours ever fully dried,” said Kata.

“You...murdered him,” Twyman croaked. His stomach curdled further as the rain grew heavier.

“Yes well, he has twice tried to murder us...that we know of. So I’d say him being murdered only once is getting off pretty easy,” Kata said with a smirk. She held out her palm to help Twyman up.

“No!” said Twyman, refusing her hand. “No, I. Who are you? What is this? What is going on?”

“Must we have this conversation now? Here?” Kata said, her tone an admixture of exasperation and condescension.

“Yes!” Twyman said, who went to stand and slipped back onto his knees.

“Let us calmly reënter our train cabin, and I will explain,” said Kata, as a mother to a toddler.

Twyman grimaced but said nothing. Kata helped guide him to the edge of the train and held onto his hands as he lowered his legs into their compartment. The moment Twyman disappeared back inside, Kata uncrouched and made her way back to The Mustache. She stood over the body of the unknown soldier and said a quick prayer. Pulling the man’s head out from the knife, she proceeded to roll his body towards the edge of the train, grunting from the effort. She gave one final, heaving thrust and with a *splat!* the corpse flew and hit the craggy hillside. The woman quickly cleaned and pocketed her knife, caught her breath, then agilely lowered herself back into the compartment.

“So,” said Kata, smoothing out her dress. The doctor continued to glower. Silence stretched tautly between the travelers.

“You are a monster,” said Twyman finally. He said it with a low, smooth coldness.

“I won’t waste my breath trying to change your mind,” said Kata, which made the doctor blink. “But what I will say, Doctor, is that you are naïve if you think you are not implicated in this.”

“Implicated? How? I hold no legal association to this—” Twyman spluttered, before Kata cut him off.

“Shut up about the law, doctor. Neither you nor I are lawyers. Besides, the law and the good so rarely intertwine,”

“You—”

“Hush. Doctor, whatever it is that Dr. Kürbis has discovered has obviously attracted some unwanted attention. And with war—”

“War? What war?” said Twyman.

“You know very little of the continent, Dr. Twyman!” Kata said with a shriek. The doctor looked stricken and sat a little lower in his bench. “You know very little,” Kata repeated, in a softer voice, “beyond your England, your France, and your Germany. But it is coming, Doctor. War is on its way.” Kata stood, a sober stare forming across her stiffening face.

“With that in mind,” Kata continued, “Doctor, I must ask that for now, you set aside your self-righteousness, your tantrums, and your ego.”

The doctor began to sit up straight and Kata iced her tone once again.

“If Dr. Kürbis is as...ethically creative, as you say, and if the continent is nearing war, as I know, then we have no choice but to continue our mission as stealthily as we can, trusting only each other, and science.”

Dr. Twyman stared silently at Kata for a while. He looked out the window and blanched when he saw that blood had started to drip down the pane.

“If I am to, as you say, set aside my tantrums,” the doctor said slowly, “then what I ask in return is my ability to trust you. I need to know—”

“I—” Kata began.

“You needn’t share your entire biography,” said Twyman. “I have no doubt you wouldn’t give it to me. But I must know that you are in it—in *this*—for the right reasons. I will set aside my...ego, as it were, if you give me your word that you are in this for pure purposes, for the sake of science.”

“Yes, I am,” said Kata.

“So am I,” said Dr. Twyman.

The two locked eyes and shook hands as they lied to one another.

X

The remaining time aboard the train seemed to stretch like taffy. Twyman sat in silence, nursing his surly stomach, whose pangs only worsened when Kata unfurled a kerchief and mopped the blood off the exterior windowpane. After hours that felt like days, the train pulled into Stuttgart station.

“And now,” Kata said, stepping off the train, “we’ve no earthly idea how to find him, do we? Unless, I suppose, we trounce on over to the University and make some suspicious inquiries about their recently disgraced biology professor?” Kata swept the station up and down with her eagle eyes.

“Well, but he did know I was coming, surely he thought to come to the station to retrieve us?” Twyman said, squinting in vain without his pince nez.

“Yes, far be it for the absent minded professor to forget logistical details,” Kata scowled.

Just as she said that, however, a figure made their way through the crowd. Though cloaked and hooded, the bitter cold morning of Germany in late October was enough to not arouse the suspicions of any passersby. Twyman’s eyes widened and Kata quietly slipped a hand into a pocket.

“Dr. Benjamin Twyman,” croaked a voice beneath the hood. It was a statement of fact, not a question.

The doctor blinked, and something flashed across his face that Kata couldn’t register.

“Who are you?” Twyman asked.

The man upheld his cloaked arm, and a white square protruded just enough for Twyman to grab it.

“The calling card of Dr. Kürbis...I was not aware he had an assistant?” Twyman said. The cloaked figure nodded. “Even though he’s lost his position?” Another nod. “Very well. Um, I’m afraid we’ve lost our luggage. Hopefully the doctor has another pair of glasses for me, I won’t be very useful without them. Er, so I suppose you have a carriage, then?”

Another nod from the figure, and then a cloak-billowing about-face as the man made for the exit. Twyman and Kata exchanged a look before starting to follow. The figure stopped abruptly after just a few steps, turning round again.

“You,” croaked the voice accusatorily, “are not Dr. Benjamin Twyman,” the figure stood in the direction of Kata.

“I am his assistant,” Kata said curtly.

The figure moaned and shook his head. “A female assistant? Dr. Kürbis will be most displeased.”

He said nothing else, but merely turned and marched forward.

Kata and Twyman struggled to keep up, if mostly due to the influx of travelers arriving for their morning trains. The sun shone bright as the three left the station, but patches

of fog still gathered at odd spots. The figure led them to a black covered carriage drawn by a single black horse. He immediately climbed aboard the front box seat and grabbed his whip.

Twyman scoffed before opening the door for Kata.

“How hospitable,” she said, more with a nod towards their chauffeur’s rudeness than Twyman’s manners.

“Indeed,” said Twyman, after climbing in opposite Kata and slamming the door.

Thump-thump! Twyman hit the side of the carriage and the horse started trotting.

They’d barely begun moving when Twyman’s stomach rumbled.

“You’re not going to start retching again, are you?” Kata asked.

“No it’s not that, I’m...starving,” Twyman said, and both travelers realized just how long it had been—and how much they had seen and done—since their last meal.

“Surely Dr. Kürbis mustn’t live too far out? And who is this man?” Kata said.

“I’ve no idea. Where Dr. Kürbis lives, that is. As for that man...I’m not sure,” Twyman said.

“Not sure?”

“Well, something...something about his voice seemed familiar, but...I highly doubt...”

Kata didn’t press further, but let them both sit in silence, interrupted only by the occasional gurgles of their stomachs. They looked out the carriage windows and saw that they had departed even the outskirts of town. They were snaking through the Black Forest, rising higher and higher up an inclining, fog-covered trail. Once more, time seemed to stretch, and the travelers only felt hungrier and warier with each passing moment.

“The poor horse,” Kata mused after a spell, as the incline grew steeper.

“I doubt it takes this journey very often,” said Twyman.

“They must go into town for food. What do they eat?” said Kata. Before Twyman could venture a response, one sprouted up before their very eyes.

They had arrived at a sort of clearing, with fields in lieu of trees on either side of the trail. In the fields grew pumpkins. Great, big, burnt-orange pumpkins, straining at the vine

and impossibly plump. The pumpkin fields stretched back as far as Kata's eagle eyes could see, green wisps wrapping round ochre ovals atop ridge after ridge.

"Those...those are the biggest pumpkins I have ever seen," said Twyman, mouth agape. They were all perfectly round, and nubbed with thick, pointy stems. For a split-second his mind's eye flashed back to fondling Kata's breasts. He frowned at the absurd thought. He couldn't understand how pumpkins could grow so large. Let alone human breasts...

"Is...is this what Dr. Kürbis has been doing with his time?" Kata asked, snapping Twyman back to reality.

"I'm...sure they've been central to his research," Twyman said without certainty.

"Oh my," Kata said.

"What?"

"I think we've discovered where Dr. Kürbis lives," said Kata. Up ahead, jutting up high above the fields, stood a castle. Spire-tipped towers seemed to touch the sky, while a massive wall hugged the perimeter. The closer the carriage took them, the more details Kata could make out: the square towers sidled into the wall, the dry moat surrounding the perimeter, the massive wooden drawgate bridge. Most impressive of all was the center of the castle, where a tremendous glass dome perched above an even larger base building.

"Good lord," Twyman said. "I had no idea. Dr. Kürbis must be nobility."

"Would they have really dismissed a nobleman from the academy?" Kata asked.

Twyman shuddered. "The transgression must have been..." he trailed off, just in time for the carriage to come to a stop. The two heard their driver climb down from the box seat. Twyman went to open the carriage door when it sprung open.

The cloaked figure stood holding the door ajar, mountain mist swirling at his feet. The man then drew back his hood. Twyman gasped at the sight, and Kata screamed in terror.

XI

Orange. All of it. From his small, lobeless ears, to his triangular chin, every inch of the man's exposed flesh was orange. Even the whites of his eyes could no longer be described as such: from sclera to iris to pupil, each was a darker gradation of orange. Orange lips, thin and chapped, orange nose, small and squat. What wasn't orange was his hair, but only because he had none of it. His smooth scalp shone like a candle against the dim sun, and indeed the overarching effect of his pigmentation was to turn his face into a living jack-o-lantern.

“L–Landon?” said Twyman, the first to regain his composure. “Landon Lamble? Is that you?”

“Dr. Landon Lamble,” croaked the man.

“Of course, of course. Dr. Lamble.” Twyman said. Kata had stopped shrieking, but still stared in horror at the man’s face.

“If you would follow me,” Lamble said, turning towards the turrets.

“Y–yes, of course Dr. Lamble,” said Twyman. He turned to Kata. “He’s...an associate of mine, we were friends at University.” Twyman stood and climbed out of the carriage, and Kata slowly did the same.

“I have laid out a luncheon for us all,” said Lamble, as the three walked with varying degrees of fortitude towards the open drawbridge.

“That’s very kind,” said Twyman, and Kata smiled meekly. They walked over the drawbridge and ascended a set of stairs. Lamble opened a great door with a heave and creak, and they entered the castle. Darkness enveloped them instantly, before Lamble procured a candle and lit a match.

“Dr. Kürbis keeps the castle dark. He is rather ill today, and will likely not make an appearance until dinner,” Lamble said, leading them through the dark, luxuriously carpeted hallway to a side dining room. The assistant crouched by the fireplace and fumbled until flames burst forth, then took Kata and Twyman to their seats at a long oak table.

“In front of you,” said Lamble, his orange scalp shining even more from the flames, “you have pumpkin soup, servi frais, and freshly baked pumpkin bread. I will join you momentarily, but if you would excuse me, I must attend to Otto,” with this, and a billow of his cloak, the man disappeared into the darkness.

Kata and Twyman sat and looked down at their plates. Hungry as they were, nothing could appeal to them less in the moment than a meal made entirely of pumpkin.

“Who is Otto?” Kata whispered.

“Knowing Dr. Kürbis’s political proclivities, I should venture to guess that’s the horse,” said Twyman, stomach grumbling.

“So, you know that...man?” Kata said, hesitating to use the word.

“Well, I did,” Twyman now lowered his voice to match Kata’s. “We were classmates, until his mother grew ill. He and his brother, Logan, were favorites of Dr. Kürbis,”

“I thought you were his favorite?”

“No, I...Dr. Kürbis respected me as a biologist. And clearly still does. The Lamble brothers, they revered Dr. Kürbis, and clearly still do. Or one of them does. Perhaps Logan finally wised up,” Twyman said. “Oh hell,” he added, and grabbed a slice of pumpkin bread and shoved it into his mouth.

“Wait! Don’t you suppose that’s what turned him orange?” said Kata.

“You’re letting your fear get the best of you, Kata. Mmm,” Twyman added in delight, reaching for another slice. “No, all the pumpkin bread in the world wouldn’t...good god...turn his eyes orange. That had to be an experiment. A wicked experiment.”

Kata’s nerves subsided enough for her to slowly, then ravenously, swallow the soup.

“In fact, I’d daresay that...*that*,” Twyman said, mouth full of bread and at a loss for words to describe the scholar’s skin, “I’m presuming that’s what caused the University to finally put their foot down, and what caused Logan to finally pull the wool from over his eyes about Dr. Kürbis—”

“My brother,” interjected a croaking voice from the doorway, “respected the great Dr. Kürbis until the day he died.” Twyman and Kata both shivered with a chill, close as they were to fire. Landon Lamble swept into the room and took his place to the right of the table’s head, several seats down from the guests.

“I’m...sorry for your loss,” Kata said, setting down her soup spoon.

“Don’t be,” Lamble said, with a tinge of contempt. “He sacrificed his body for the good of science. For the great wisdom and vision of Dr. Kürbis. He died working on the same project that Dr. Kürbis has summoned you here to work on.”

XII

Dr. Twyman slammed his fist against the table. “I can be summoned by no man!” he shouted.

Kata jumped at the noise but Lamble simply smirked.

“And yet, here you are, in Dr. Kürbis’s castle,” Lamble croaked.

“Well, this clearly was a mistake,” Twyman huffed, standing up. “This entire venture, a waste of time. Come, Kata. We’re leaving.” Kata merely raised an eyebrow in response.

“There are no more trains back to Paris today,” Lamble said. At that, Kata jumped up.

“There, you see, Dr. Twyman?” she said. “No more trains today. We do apologize, Dr. Lamble.”

Lamble scowled at Kata as he would a rogue horsefly.

“I think Dr. Twyman is tired from the journey. We haven’t truly slept in quite some time,” Kata continued, unabated. “Perhaps we could rest some until dinner. Dr. Twyman, surely we haven’t come all this way to not at least hear Dr. Kürbis out?”

Twyman’s nostrils flared, but he stared into the fireplace and simply said “If there are no more trains...”

“I shall show you to your room...sss” said Lamble, spitting the s in another dig at Kata.

“Wonderful, thank you Dr. Lamble,” said Kata.

The orange figure grabbed a candle and led the pair up a spiral staircase to a second story corridor. He opened a broad oak door with a creak and kindled a fire in the hearth next to a large, four poster bed cloistered behind red velvet curtains.

“This will serve as your lodgings for however long you are with us, Dr. Twyman,” said Lamble. “There are plenty of extra clothes laid out. *Male* clothes.”

Scowling at Kata, he simply pointed to the room across the hall. Then, with a sweep of his cloak he scuttled down the corridor and out of sight.

Twyman and Kata couldn’t help but laugh.

“He detests you,” said Twyman, walking into his room.

“He fears me,” said Kata. “Which is as it should be.”

Twyman’s face darkened.

“We mustn’t stay. This is a madhouse,” he said.

“Dr. Twyman, have a seat,” said Kata, pulling aside the velvet curtains and patting the bed. Twyman scowled and stuttered for a moment, then did as Kata told him.

Kata bent forward, leaning so close to Twyman’s face that his breath landed on her nose.

“We have a mission,” said Kata. “We must discover what Dr. Kürbis has discovered.”

“But,” Twyman started, but suddenly Kata moved forward and kissed him. He practically melted in her mouth. His appetite finally sated, he now hungered for something more. Kata pushed the doctor onto his back, clamoring on top of him. She grabbed each of his arms by the wrists and slammed them against the red cotton coverlet.

“Mmm,” he moaned. Kata felt him grow against her thigh. She didn’t think it would be this easy. She kissed him again, her face pressing his into the bed. She suddenly hopped up and he gasped.

“Undress,” she said. Disoriented, the doctor sat up slowly and began to take off his clothes. He was barely undoing his dress shirt while Kata had already slipped out of everything but her bloomers and camisole.

She grabbed the doctor by the neck. His eyes widened with fear and confusion. She kissed him again, a swift, violently passionate kiss.

“Undress *faster*,” she whispered.

“Y-yes,” he said. He didn’t understand what was happening, but it was like a latch was opening inside him for the first time, a key unlocking a secret he didn’t know he had. He didn’t want anyone telling him what to do, but he *needed* Kata to command him. He suddenly scrambled to rid himself of his pants, his socks, his shirt, his undershirt.

“Undergarments too,” Kata said, still covered herself.

Twyman grabbed the waistband of his ankle-length underpants and pulled, his cock popping up instantly. He fished the fabric tubes from off his feet and looked up at Kata for further instructions.

“Lie on your back, in the center of the bed,” she commanded.

Twyman breathily did so. Lying flat, cock pointing up, Kata could see he was nearly shaking.

Kata crawled onto the bed, leaving the curtain open. The fire crackled and warmed their exposed bodies, shedding a frantic, flickering light against their eager, angled frames.

Knees bent on either side of Twyman’s legs, Kata nestled close to the doctor’s swollen shaft.

“Take off my top,” Kata commanded. Twyman shifted and sat up. He reached forward and pulled up the camisole as Kata lazily lifted her arms. He handed it to her. She flung it towards the fireplace and then pushed Twyman back against the bed. He landed with a puff of air.

Careful not to touch Twyman’s cock, Kata maneuvered herself forward, plunging an exposed breast into his open mouth. The tit was smaller than even a sugar pumpkin, but Twyman sucked at it all the same. He moaned as his scrunched-up lips pulled and pulled at the nipple.

“Mmm, good boy,” she said. She could feel his cock swell further against her bloomed-backside, a dab of precum shooting out.

“You’re a hungry boy, aren’t you?” she said, suddenly standing up, crouching to avoid the canopy top.

“Mmmm...yes,” said Twyman, gasping for air.

“Take off my bloomers,” she said. The doctor grabbed hold of the cotton on each side of her and began to pull them feverishly. She swatted his hand and he gasped.

“Not so fast,” she said. “Relish it.”

He slowed, peeling the fabric down inch by inch. Slowly her pussy came into view. He gulped and blinked at the sight but kept pulling patiently. She lifted one leg up and out of the garments and then the other, hands hugging the canopy top to steady herself. He handed her the bloomers and she tossed them aside.

She lowered herself. Slowly, agonizingly. Her knees bent with grace and precision as her legs enveloped the doctor’s head. She squatted and sat, pushing the lips of her thighs against the lips of his face.

“You’re hungry, doctor, I suggest you eat,” said Kata.

Twyman didn’t need telling twice. His tongue flew from his mouth and lapped at her pussy, pressing with surprising force against inner lips. Kata let out an involuntary scream and Twyman stopped.

“No, more,” she said, stroking Twyman’s hair. He resumed with a vengeance: licking, kissing, spitting, slurping. Clit, lips, pussy, clit. Kata moaned and heaved and rocked. Twyman grunted as he feasted, groping her rear as he swallowed her hole whole. All too soon, Kata exploded, unleashing a volley of squirt that the doctor gulp, gulp, gulped down his gullet. Kata’s thighs convulsed and she collapsed in anguished ecstasy.

XIII

Deep, dream-dense sleep paralyzed them both. Kata stirred first, waking hours later to a chill-cut room and an ember-littered hearth. She rose, stoking the fire and tidying herself up. In lieu of her twice-worn ensemble, she chose a three-piece black suit from the chest of drawers.

“Not too mannish, is it?” Kata asked. The doctor groggily mumbled an inaudible reply. “I suppose it is, but it’ll have to do,” she said.

“Come, doctor,” she continued, walking over to the bed. “It must nearly be time for dinner, and I doubt our orange friend takes too kindly to tardiness. Nor, I imagine, does Dr. Kürbis.”

Twyman stirred into consciousness.

“Yes, yes of course. Though really. This all seems quite messed up,” he said.

“Yes, yes of course, truly terrible. If anything, we’re only staying to give Dr. Kürbis a piece of our mind,” said Kata.

Twyman blinked and nodded, not quite ready to rise.

“Oh, and doctor, there was something, something you said on the train. Our first train, to Dover.” An expression stirred in Kata’s face as she said this. Something Twyman couldn’t quite place. Her face seemed casual enough, but something in her eyes—something raged in them more fiercely than the fire in the hearth. Something Twyman had seen in Kata’s eyes shortly before she’d killed The Mustache. Suddenly, the doctor felt quite exposed.

“We were interrupted, of course. The first of many interruptions in our little series of adventures...”

Now something truly didn’t feel right to Twyman. Her tone had veered from casual to friendly—saccharine, even.

“You had mentioned,” Kata said, “that Dr. Kürbis had something new. Did he tell you any more details?”

“N-no. As I...” Twyman gulped for air, suddenly quite flushed, “as I said on the train, Dr. Kürbis was quite...oblique in his communications. I didn’t even know where he lived, remember?” Kata’s demeanor smoothed over almost instantly, which if anything made Twyman more nervous.

“Of course. Well, we shall have to get to the bottom of this,” she said, rising from the bed and moving towards the chest of drawers.

“Well, I daresay, you make it sound as though you’re in charge of this operation. I am the doctor, and you are my hired personal assistant,” he said.

“Of course, doctor,” said Kata.

“Whatever we may get up to in...in the bedroom or, or, or in traincars, why, that doesn’t change the dynamics,” he said, sitting upright.

“Of course, doctor,” said Kata. She grabbed a suit and placed it on the bed beside Twyman.

“Get dressed, doctor.”

He did as he was told.



“I’m glad we’re only on the second story of the castle,” said Kata, as they approached the spiral staircase. “I should hate to try to find our way back to the dining hall from some faraway tower.”

“You are quite inappropriately dressed,” croaked a voice from below. Lamble stood with a candelabrum that was festooned with 13 lit candles. The lights again made him look like a walking, talking jack-o’-lantern.

“Yes, well, this is all I could find. You see, our luggage was stolen,” said Kata. Lamble merely grunted and turned around.

“Follow me,” he said. “Dr. Kürbis will be down for dinner shortly.”

The three entered the dining room and approached the table, which Lamble had already set. He placed the candelabrum at the center.

“Now, when Dr. Küris arrives,” Lamble croaked.

“Let me guess, we are to treat him like royalty?” Twyman interrupted. Just then, a series of small, sharp *cracks!* sounded out, like the sound of wood against metal. A tall, arched figure emerged from the shadows to stand in the doorway.

“Nein!” rang out a voice. “Not like royalty, but like an old friend,” and into the hall stepped Dr. Wolfram von Kürbis.

XIV

Long white wisps of thick clumped hair shot out of his scalp like spikes on a mace. Rivulets of wrinkles formed deep furrows across his ashen brow; liver spots littering the ridges like a miniature version of his own pumpkin patch. Crow’s feet and caterpillar eyebrows crowded out his eyes, which shone like blood-shot emeralds against the dancing firelight. Messy mutton chops camouflaged sunken cheeks, while ink stained collar flaps covered bloated jowls. A mothly brown blazer stretched across his wiry arms to his cane-clasping hands. Matching trousers flopped halfway down his spindly legs, disappearing into the gaping maw of his mud-covered jackboots.

“Benjamin, my boy, how are you?” Dr. Kürbis said cheerily, walking over to Twyman and shaking his hand heartily.

“Hello, Dr. Kürbis,” said Twyman coldly. The elder scientist either did not notice Twyman’s chill, or chose to ignore it.

“How vonderful that you can join my—” Dr. Kürbis started to stay, then stopped at the sight of Kata. His bushy brows marched up his forehead and then just as quickly retreated into a scowl.

“Dr. Kürbis,” Lamble began, his voice so heavy with apologetic reverence he may as well have said “my liege.”

“I tried to warn you,” Lamble continued, “but you had given me strict instructions as to not disturb—”

“Nonsense,” Dr. Kürbis said. Suddenly, his green eyes seemed to match the flames in intensity. “No, no problem at all. Very interesting. A female assistant, Benjamin? Very interesting indeed,” he said.

“The name is Kata, and it is an honor to meet you, Dr. Kürbis,” Kata said, offering her hand. The scientist blinked twice then shook it.

“Please, let us all have a seat and eat. Vat are ve having for dinner, Lamble?” said Dr. Kürbis, as the four found their seats.

“Pumpkin gnocchi,” said Lamble. Twyman and Kata grimaced at each other.

“Vell, I must say, Benjamin,” Dr. Kürbis said, as they all began to eat, “I vas not sure if you vud come. But I am most grateful zat after all these years, you still listen to your professor,” Dr. Kürbis said. Kata could guess that the table slam was coming, but she still jumped at Twyman’s *thump*.

“Yes, well, clearly, Dr. Kürbis, coming here was a mistake. I hear you finally did it. You got someone killed with your mad science,” Twyman said bitterly.

Dr. Kürbis’s eyes darkened and he took a sip of wine. “Vat happened to our dear friend Logan vas a great tragedy, of course,” he finally said. “But as you know, science is not without its risks.”

“Risks that must be ethically mitigated! You are foolhardy, Dr. Kürbis! You always have been. A genius, perhaps, but reckless with the lives of those around you!” Twyman’s voice had raised at least an octave and over a dozen decibels.

“You are too emotional, Benjamin,” Dr. Kürbis said calmly.

“And you are morally insane!” screamed Twyman.

“How dare you insult the good doctor in that manner!” Lamble said, raising his voice as well. “What he has—” Dr. Kürbis raised his left palm, and Lamble was silenced instantly. The German chose his words carefully.

“Dr. Twyman, you are a scientist.” Dr. Kürbis had lowered his voice so much that Kata strained to hear it. “Your hypothesis is zat my research is needlessly reckless, is zat fair to say?”

“Among other things, yes,” Twyman replied.

“Among other things. Vell, a good scientist must experiment, receive and record data, in order to test his hypothesis, yes?” Dr. Kürbis continued.

“Yes,” Twyman said with a scowl.

“Vell, I invite you, tomorrow, to skip your train—stay just one more day vit us, and see for yourself vat my experiments have been all about. Experiment. Test your hypothesis, Doctor. If your hypothesis is correct, then of course you can leave, move on vit your life, forget I ever wrote to you.”

For a tense moment, nothing but the roaring fire filled the silence.

“That is very generous, Dr. Kürbis,” said Kata, startling the three men with her speech. “Dr. Twyman, we’ve come all this way, don’t you think we ought to at least see what Dr. Kürbis’s experiments are all about?”

The three stared at Twyman in anticipation. “Fine,” Twyman finally said with an acidic whisper.

Dr. Kürbis raised his glass. “To science!” he said. All three joined in the toast, but Twyman silently seethed.

XV

Later that evening, a different fire crackled in a far, high corner of the castle. Dr. Kürbis lay in bed, a green velvet nightcap atop his head and a book between his hands. Lamble stood beside the door, arms tucked diligently behind his back.

“I do not know zis Kata, nor do I trust her,” Dr. Kürbis said. “You are to guard ze amulet tonight, and indeed, every night, for however long zey remain.”

“Yes, Dr. Kürbis,” croaked Lamble.

“Howefer, you are also to treat her viz ze utmost respect. She may be ze key to our experiment. Or at least, ze most villing participant. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Dr. Kürbis.”

“Gut, now go. Make sure to bring zem to the laboratory by 11 o’ clock sharp. Ve must start ze process at high noon for peak efficacy.”



Just before sunrise, a door creaked open.

“Who’s there?!” shouted a gravelly voice.

Soft footsteps. A silent, shadowy figure entered.

“I’m warning you!” The gravelly voice continued.

Cruliiik! The intruder’s only response was the cocking of a deringer.

At this, the attendant cocked his own gun in response. The footsteps paused.

“That’s right, you’re not the only one who’s armed!” croaked the guard.

The footsteps resumed, but in retreat, and the door creaked open again as a shadowy figure ran across the dew-dampened courtyard.

XVI

“Ze chloroplast,” Dr. Kürbis began, “has long been my fascination.” He, Kata, Twyman, and Lamble stood in a semi-circle in the center of the observatory. Harsh rays of sunlight entered the glass dome at every angle, and an enormous, tapered tube ran from the center of the ceiling straight down.

“Vy?” the German continued “Vy do mammals not have it? Zis all-important part of ze plant cell, the fulcrum of growth. Vat if ve—” here the man grinned, “Vat if *I* could figure out not only vy this is, but how to change it? Vat if I could not simply discover life, but create it?”

“You fancy yourself a modern Prometheus, don’t you, Dr. Kürbis?” Twyman sneered. Lamble shot him a look, but the German merely smiled.

“Ve live in a fascinating age, Dr. Twyman. Don’t you vish to be a part of it?” Dr. Kürbis asked.

“I certainly do,” said Kata.

“Zat’s ze spirit!” said Dr. Kürbis, as Lambie forced a grin.

“Now, ze crux of my discovery is this: I have found how to transplant a functioning chloroplast into ze human cellular structure,” Dr. Kürbis said.

“That’s impossible!” Twyman scoffed.

“It *was* impossible,” Dr. Kürbis said. “Until I *made* it possible.”

“Now,” the man continued, limping to a side table topped with test tubes and notebooks. “Zere has been some unfortunate casualties along ze way, of course. Our dear fallen Logan, as vell as...Landon’s skin,” he pointed to Landon Lambie, who glowed like a walking human candle, caught as he was in the dozens of refracted beams of sunlight of the observatory’s glass dome.

“But I haf perfected ze process,” Dr. Kürbis declared. “Ze cellular transplantation vill now result in zero pigmentation alternation, but instead, in growth. Growth purely from sunlight! Or at least, zat is my hypothesis. Zat is vat ve are here to test.”

Twyman was at a loss for words. He hemmed and hawed and stuttered and spluttered until finally, “You truly are insane! This, this is why you sent for me? To fall victim, to serve as a guinea pig in another of your morally dubious—no, morally deranged schemes!?”

“I’ll do it,” said Kata. Once again, all three men turned around, shocked and slackjawed.

“Very gut, Miss Kata,” said Dr. Kürbis. “Ve can commence right away.”

“W-what? She is *my* assistant, and I say this is outrageous! We are not—” Twyman started.

“As you mentioned earlier, Dr Twyman,” Kata cut in, “you are not my charge. And, much like Mary Shelley’s creature, I do possess free will.”

“A literary lady, very gut,” said Dr. Kürbis. “Though of course I prefer our new, *German* philosopher, Dr. Nietzsche. But!” Dr. Kürbis slammed his cane against the brick floor of the laboratory. “Enough discussion! Let ze measurements begin!”

“Measurements?” said Kata, as Lambie hopped over with a soft tape measure.

“Jawohl! Ve must of course get starting measurements, just before we transplant the chloroplast, to measure progress. Now, undress.”

“What? No, this has gone too far,” Twyman started to say.

“Of course,” said Kata, in response to Dr. Kürbis, and she began to strip herself of the man’s suit she had donned. Twyman protested further, but Kata shot him a look. He crossed his arms but closed his mouth.

“Very gut. Yes, all ze vay, please, ve must get an accurate measurement.” Dr. Kürbis calmly coached Kata out of her clothes, while Lamble stood by patiently.

Kata slipped out of her bloomers and camisole, stark naked in the center of the glass dome, the frigid October air budding her nipples. Lamble, with a surprising degree of quiet dignity, took the woman’s measurements.

“..and bust, 32 inches...and hips, 35 inches,” concluded Lamble, as Dr. Kürbis scratched out the measurements with a fountain pen.

“Very gut, Miss Kata. Now, I shall utilize my device as the sun approaches high noon to activate the cell sample, and ve shall insert it into you,” said Dr. Kürbis.

“Insert it? How?” Kata said, for the first time sounding nervous.

“Oh, don’t vorry, I have sterilized ze syringe. Ve will simply inject the sample into a fatty deposit, ah, in zis case, your backside,” said Dr. Kürbis. Twyman grimaced, nestling his brow into his fist, but Kata nodded.

The sun rose to its apex, and Lamble adjusted the massive tapered tube in the laboratory’s center, which Kata figured must serve as a sort of magnifying glass.

“Pumpkin sample,” Dr. Kürbis commanded, and Lamble strutted forward with a microscope slide, a barely visible cluster of yellow-orangeish cells in its center. Lamble placed the slide in a small aperture near the bottom of the tube, and instantly the cell sample began to glow green.

“Gut, gut, thirty seconds more,” said Dr. Kürbis, a pocket watch in his spare hand.

It took Twyman a moment to realize it, but Kata’s face had changed drastically. Her eyes had widened entirely, and, cold as she must have been, he swore she almost seemed to be breaking a sweat. Her nostrils flared and her lips tightened.

“Now!” Dr. Kürbis roared, wresting Twyman from his gaze. Lamble grabbed the cell sample from the tubular instrument.

“And now...” Dr. Kürbis said. He placed the pocketwatch into his blazer and began to raise a shaky hand. He frowned and looked at Lamble. “You had better make the transplant,” he said sadly. Lamble nodded inscrutably and grabbed a syringe from the side table.

“Feel free to lean against the table, Miss Kata,” said Dr. Kürbis, and she did so. Twyman remained incredulous as to how shameless she was with her naked body, with her bits—as small as they were—wiggling and jiggling and free.

Lamble grabbed the slide of the now-liquified yellowish-orangish sample. He inserted a portion into the syringe and walked over to Kata.

“Bottoms up!” said Kata loudly, and Lamble blinked. He applied alcohol solution to a plump patch on her left buttock, and then poked her with the syringe. Kata, nor anyone else, said anything as the orange-skinned assistant inserted the sample, retracted the syringe, and applied a bandage to the area. Lamble set down the syringe and looked over at his master.

“Vell, Miss Kata, how do you feel?” Dr. Kürbis said.

“I feel fine,” she said, “but I do have a question.”

“I am sure you haf many questions. Let’s start vit one,” he said calmly.

“Why pumpkins?” Kata said. In spite of himself, Twyman found his mind swerving from anger and disgust to sheer curiosity. He also couldn’t help but compare Kata’s small but shapely posterior to the massive mounds on the castle grounds. Why indeed?

“Zat is an easy question to answer,” said Dr. Kürbis. “Ze pumpkin can grow to tremendous sizes at tremendous speeds. For instance, did you know zat, under ze right circumstances, a pumpkin can grow 50 pounds in a single day?”

XVII

Not quite naked, Kata stood in camisole, bloomers, and boots on the edge of the grounds. A cloudless day, she braced against the autumn chill, too proud to shiver. Twyman stood at her side, fully clothed.

“As Dr. Kürbis has explained,” croaked Lamble, “the crux of the experiment is to see if you are able to exert yourself using only sunlight as energy. If the chloroplast transfusion has occurred successfully, then you should be able to work a day in the field without ingesting food. Dr. Twyman, as a gentleman, will assist you. I must go in to prepare dinner.”

Kata nodded, and Lamble and his cloak fluttered back to the castle.

“I must say, this isn’t the scientific breakthrough I had imagined. If it even works,” said Twyman.

“Only one way to find out, isn’t there?” said Kata, crouching down to cleave a pumpkin from its vine.

“Yes, well. There’s something more sinister going on, I just can’t put my finger on what,” Twyman said, angling the wheelbarrow for Kata.

“Yet you’re always so quick on the uptake,” Kata said snidely, dropping the gourd into the tray with a dull thump.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” said Twyman. The sun beat down enough for him to remove his outer coat.

“It means hand me those shears, if you’re going to have me do all the dirty work,” said Kata.



Sweat dripped from every pore of Kata’s body as she gulped down her third pitcher of water since returning to the castle. Dr. Kürbis had taken ill again, and Kata had briefly rested while Twyman shared a swift and silent supper with Lamble. She refused Twyman’s offer to sneak her some pumpkin lasagna, claiming it would ruin the experiment.

“I’m really not hungry,” said Kata, back in their quarters that evening.

“Good lord,” Twyman said with astonishment. “Then the old maniac is...right.”

“We shall see,” said Kata. “It’s been a day. I’ve fasted for far longer. And besides,” she said, shooting Twyman a look, standing beside the bed bootless, wearing merely her sweat drenched camisole and bloomers, “when I said I wasn’t hungry, I meant, not for food...”

An electric shock flashed across Twyman’s face as his whole mood seemed to shift. “Oh?” was all he managed to say.

“Undress,” Kata said with a snap. Twyman’s body shook and Kata could already see him start to throb.

“What are—” Twyman started to say, but Kata placed her palm against his lips.

“Nuh uh, no talking. Undress,” she said. Twyman breathily nodded and undid buttons and belt, a clump of his clothes accreting atop the hardwood floor. His cock jutted up once again, a small dollop of precum already glistening astride his slit.

“Lie on the bed,” Kata said curtly, as if she’d said it a dozen times before, instead of just once. Twyman did so and Kata jumped on top of the satin sheets.

“Tonight, we do it,” said Kata, removing her sweat-stained undergarments herself.

“Haven’t we—” Twyman started.

“We’ve just fooled around,” Kata cut him off. She stood naked over him, her dripping cave directly above his dripping cock.

“O-oh,” said Twyman with a breathy realization. Kata then crouched down, down, down, her softness enveloping his hardness.

“Ooooh,” Twyman exhaled, in an even breathier, more primal realization. Kata moaned too, then began to grind and swivel. She clamped against Twyman’s shaft as she hopped up and down, squealing all the while, juices flowing, Twyman groaning, bedsprings twanging. They did not last long; with a roar, Twyman filled her with his load, and Kata splashed his shaft an instant later. Twyman grabbed her rump in the frenzy of his orgasm, his eyelids fluttering with a start as he did so.

“Kata, Kata,” he said.

“Yes, yes, good job,” she said, purring with a honey-thick voice, only half-conscious.

“No, Kata, you—you’re *bigger*,” Twyman gasped, both hands firmly grasping both cheeks. “Your...rear is *swollen*. And, and,” he spluttered, looking halfway up, “so are your breasts. You...you’ve *grown*!”

XVIII

“Bust, 34 inches. Waist, 37 inches,” croaked Lamble, retracting the tape measure from Kata’s naked buttocks. Each cheek bulged out with a fullness that was slightly but noticeably larger than the day before. Her breasts were much the same, just as round and taut, but extending ever so slightly further past the rest of her front than they’d done previously. It was as if a dollop of plumpness had been added to each of Kata’s curves.

“And those are ze only changes?” Dr. Kürbis said.

“Yes, Dr. Kürbis,” said Lamble.

All four of them stood in the observatory as the sun’s rays rose. Kata still had not eaten anything, though she continued to drink tremendous amounts of water.

“Und how are you feeling, Miss Kata?” asked Dr. Kürbis.

“Perfectly fine, Dr. Kürbis,” said Kata.

“Hmm,” Dr. Kürbis mused, “zis is not vat I expected.”

“Not what you expected! You—you have *altered* her physiology!” Twyman spluttered. “This stops now. This is *beyond* reckless.” The louder his voice grew, the smaller his clout seemed to shrink. “I suppose,” he continued, “you have not considered *anything* regarding antidotes, or reversals, or what-have-you?” he said.

Dr. Kürbis flashed a patronizing smile. “My dear Benjamin, how little you remember of how fully I prepare. Look over here.” The old man hobbled to the side and pointed with his cane to a row of delicately labeled glass vials lining a shelf near the towering, tapered magnifying glass.

“I have perfected—zat is to say, my hypothesis is zat I have perfected—mechanisms for reversing the effects of the chloroplast transfusion. After our dear Logan perished, I of course implemented exacting safety protocols. In fact,” Dr. Kürbis reached out and grabbed a bottle. “One need only throw ze bottle near ze endangered person, and ze vapors will immediately get to work reversing the effects of the transfusion. Should I, Miss Kata?” He thrust his hand into the air as if to throw the bottle towards her.

“No,” said Kata, prompting an exasperated groan from Twyman. “I feel perfectly fine. I should hate to end the experiment early for no reason, even if the preliminary results are...” she placed her palms flat against her breasts “unexpected.”

“Very gut!” crowed Dr. Kürbis. “Let ze experiment continue!”

XIX

“Unt she did not attempt to steal ze amulet last night?” Dr. Kürbis asked. He sat at his rolltop desk in the corner of his observatory. The sun neared its peak.

“No, Dr. Kürbis,” Lamble said.

“Hmm. Vell, we must not let our guard down. We are using her—for science—but she thinks she is using us. How amusing. She vill try again, of course, so be constantly armed. Unt one last thing, Lamble....”

“Yes, Dr. Kürbis?”

“Watch the papers carefully. Something is brewing. It might implicate us all. Unt, if my suspicions are correct—as zey so often are—news will soon break zat vill make Kata *snap!*”



As one pairing of scientist and assistant schemed inside the castle, another did the same outside. Clouds occluded much of the sky, but beams of sun still radiated down into Kata's altered cells.

"Because," Kata said, fishing her bloomers out of the pinching valley that had become her callipigious crack "while they think they're using us, we're actually using them."

"We are?" said Twyman, twisting a pumpkin off the vine.

"Well," hedged Kata, sensing Twyman's hesitation. "We're gathering more information."

"No, this..." Twyman paused. "How does doing precisely what they want—Dr. Kürbis thought he could befuddle me, of course, 'test my hypothesis.' Which is to say, do the experiment, nevermind the moral costs! How are we...we must stop this, Kata! This is clearly not going as Dr. Kürbis planned, as...fascinating as the results are!"

Kata stood tall and stretched, letting her breasts splay out against the fabric of her camisole. "I've just...gotten so *big*, don't you think?" Twyman stared transfixed for a moment, then shook his head.

"You...you, you beguiling woman!" Twyman said. "You can tempt and tempt but...No! I'm in charge here, you are *my* assistant, and I say we've had enough. This is madness!"

Kata blinked, racking her brain. "But Doctor, what about all the starving people?"

"What do you mean?" Twyman asked.

"Why doctor, don't you see?" Kata said, grabbing the gourd Twyman had loosed. "If this experiment works, can you imagine the good it will do, all around the globe? One inoculation, and all the starving urchins and elders and paupers of the world, they can eat without food! No more soup kitchens, no more bread lines!"

"I...I suppose," said Twyman flatly.

"Just imagine," said Kata, dropping the pumpkin into the wheelbarrow. "Your name on the cover of *The London Times*, 'DR. BENJAMIN TWYMAN CURES WORLD HUNGER.'"

His eyes glazed over, his face lighting up in such a way that Kata had only seen when he was approaching orgasm.

"No I, I doubt..." Twyman mumbled.

"It could happen. It could absolutely happen," said Kata. And, in spite of himself, Twyman smiled. Kata smiled too. Her wheelbarrow brimmed with pumpkins, but she'd also rooted out Twyman's carrot.



Twyman couldn't decide whether their evening entanglements or morning measurements thrilled him more. As the sun began to set, the pair would trudge back to the castle with their final wheelbarrow of pumpkins. Kata would rest and hydrate, while Twyman would wine and dine. Then they'd fuck.

In the mornings, Twyman would stifle the stiffening between his legs as Lambie read off the new numbers, the demonstrable, empirical evidence not only of Dr. Kürbis's scientific genius, but also of Kata's widening, thickening, embiggening roundness. The days formed a sort of metronome: one click in the evening of euphoric release, in which the two physically discovered how much larger Kata was; the other click came the next morning, the thrilling quantitative precision of how much butt and how much boob she'd grown. Click, click. The cadence clicked into place and everything outside the castle seemed to disappear. Their mornings and evening rituals precluded all else, and the slog of pumpkin farming all afternoon took much time but little headspace.

Click! "35 inches bust, 38 inches hips" *Click!* Kata's pussy smothered Twyman's face

Click! "38 inches bust, 41 inches hips," *Click!* Kata slurped up Twyman's cum

Click! "44 inches bust, 47 inches hips," *Click!* Kata rode Twyman like a horse

Measure, grow, fuck. So it went for days.

XX

One morning, Kata measured at 52 inches bust, 55 inches hip. That afternoon, Twyman couldn't concentrate worth a damn on the pumpkins. Kata's ass had simply grown too awe-inspiring to avoid. As it gained mass, it had lost none of its shapeliness. If anything, it had grown rounder, more pronounced, curving out and back in at beautifully precise angles.

He could certainly find nothing to complain about, but her bloomers were a different story: if cotton could talk, every stitch and seam would be screaming in agony. The once loose fabric now strained tautly, hugging against her flesh, which jiggled and wiggled every time she crouched to grab a pumpkin.

Her front wobbled too, with Kata's breasts straining her camisole even more than her ass strained her bloomers. The two spheres pushed tightly against the fabric so much it rendered the straps superfluous. The pressure from her plumpening mounds of fat held up her top, pulling the entire garment forward so that the back of it dug into her shoulder blades.

At this point, neither Twyman nor Kata could quite understand the science behind the experiment. The only parts of Kata that grew were the bits of her that, for modesty's sake, remained clothed as she exposed herself to the sun. She seemed to swell at a fairly steady pace, with daily variations strictly tied to the sun. The Stuttgart sun almost always had to work its way through the chronic cloudscape of the Black Forest, such that Kata's newly injected chloroplasts had little to work with for much of the day.

Still, the doctor and the spy dug in, content with—and aroused by—the ongoing results. Dr. Kürbis and Lamble stoically celebrated the continued effects of the transfusion alongside their guests, a pair that seemed to be growing into a couple. Some small and shrinking part of Kata remembered her mission, her royal duty, but an ever-expanding part of her focused on the erotic thrill of her burgeoning body. Twyman's moral affront to the entire endeavor had dulled too, an opiated headache that distracted him with infrequent throbs of his conscience. What they most looked forward to each night was ravishing each other; Kata taking the reins and Twyman heeding without hesitation.

Such was Twyman's rush to mount the mattress that particular evening, that he missed Landon Lamble's words of warning, his singular comment in an otherwise silent dinner.

"There is a meteorological anomaly," Lamble croaked, "that Dr. Kürbis has coined 'Zweitenaltweibersommer.'"

He continued, to unlistening ears: "In essence, tomorrow Stuttgart will have the sunshine equivalent of summertime Spain."

XXI

"I—*unnf*—I can't. I need your help, Ben."

Twyman opened his eyes and stretched across the bed, slowly realizing that Kata had just called him by his first name for the first time. He eked out a smile before drawing back the curtain and sitting up.

Kata stood by the fire, naked except for her pair of bloomers that she was desperately struggling to pull up and over her ass. She'd clearly grown even more, despite yesterday's particularly aggressive cloudcover. She had a knuckle-tight grip on the waistband and was pulling up strenuously, but this merely seemed to accentuate her twin mounds of flesh. It was like she was propping up a fleshy, shiny, heart-shaped pillow, her cream-colored skin now covered in sweat from the exertion of simply attempting to clothe it.

Twyman stood and draped himself in his undergarments before approaching Kata.

"How...do I?" he asked, standing behind her.

“Well, push!” said Kata.

“Push?”

“Push my buttocks *in*, as much as you can, while I pull my bloomers up,” she said.

Twyman placed his hands against the fleshy heart pillow. A pulsing warmth spread to his palms, not to mention his groin. He grunted, heaving the flesh against itself as Kata pulled up. Slowly, the pounds upon pounds of round, soft butt disappeared into their cottony chambers. Twyman slipped his hands out methodically as the fabric climbed upward, finally releasing fully as the waistband frills crowned her upper crack. The garment truly looked painted on; he could not imagine it lasting much longer.

“Now for my camisole,” said Kata.

“How should I?” Twyman started.

“Push them in!” said Kata, lifting up her arms and her top, her breasts splaying freely.

He didn’t need telling twice. He cupped what he could of the two smooth orbs, dimpled with oversized areolas and thumb-thick nipples. What had been squalid plums a fortnight prior had blossomed into thick, rich, far-more-than-a-handful spheres that Twyman could only compare to the fruits that members of the House of Lords would so often import from the West Indies. How he wanted to place more than his hands on them...

Kata slipped her slip over her head as Twyman pushed hard against her soft, squishy masses of fat. The couple’s hands pushed and pulled, finally covering Kata’s chest.

“You realize, of course, that we shall have to do this all again in ten minutes, after my measurements?” said Kata.

“I’m looking forward to it,” grinned Twyman.



“53 inches bust, 56 inches hip,” croaked Lamble, indeed roughly ten minutes later. Dr. Kürbis had not yet appeared for the day, so Twyman recorded the numbers, his eyes scrunched up against the parchment to make up for his still-unreplaced pince nez.

“You’ll want to stay particularly hydrated today,” said Lamble, handing Kata a pitcher of water before excusing himself to check on Dr. Kürbis.

Kata drank deeply, then the two wrestled again with breasts and butt and bloomers and bodice. They left the empty observatory and climbed down the steps of the castle.

“My god,” said Kata. A wave of humidity hit her, and immediately Twyman tore off his outer jacket.

“It’s good you hydrated,” said Twyman, and the two began to trudge to the only relevant corner of the nearly gourdless grounds.

Snip, twist, clang! They fell into their typical pattern of cutting the vine, loosing the pumpkins, and tossing them into the wheelbarrow. The sun beat down on them fiercely, and before too long—

Riiip!

“What was that?” Twyman asked, wiping the sweat from his brow. He looked over to Kata. “Oh,” he added.

Kata had just crouched down to grab a gourd, and the seam of her bloomers had ripped straight down her crack. Blobs of buttoflesh squeezed through the crack, forming what looked like a pair of massive, sweaty, vertical lips.

“Mmmm,” Kata moaned, biting her lips as she delicately rose back up.

Twyman felt a twitch of his cock. Her growth had turned them on before—day in and day out. But never had it been so dramatic. So obvious. So *fast*—

“Oohoo!” *Rii-riiip!*

Kata moaned again as her ass jutted further outward, ass-cheek lips cleaving her bloomers in two as they swelled. The second, double-rip had now exposed nearly all of the squishy, fleshy goodness of her backside.

“Guhhhh...Awwwwd it feels so goood to groooow!” Kata squealed. She slapped herself, a palm for each half of her rump, smooth flesh rippling like the surface of a lake. Twyman surmised that each of Kata’s cheeks now surpassed the size of most of the pumpkins they had plucked. He licked his lips and had to stop from reaching for his cock.

Kata turned to look at him, grinning ear to ear. Twyman’s eyes widened: her chest! Boobflesh seemed to be pouring out from every corner of her camisole, her nipples nearly jutting through the fabric.

“God, Ben, I’m so fucking...Unnnnf!” Kata began, but before she could finish, she moaned and a torrent of boobflesh leapt forward on all sides, further overwhelming her struggling slip.

“Mercy,” Twyman said, cock springing forward and fully tenting his trousers.

Kata suddenly walked to the wheelbarrow and—eliciting a gasp from Twyman—grabbed a handle with each hand, lifted it up, and, with an inhumanly strong swing, chucked the half dozen pumpkins from within. They whizzed through the air to land with loud, squelching thumps a dozen yards away, broken gourd carcasses strewn about like autumnal roadkill.

“What?!” said Twyman. “What are you doing?”

Giving no answer, Kata upturned the wheelbarrow, positioning its leg to face hers. She bent forward, grabbing the leg rail for support, and jiggled her fleshy gourds, moaning as they wobbled.

“Fuck me, Ben. Fuck my massive ass!” she wailed.

“K-kata, no, you—you, we,” Twyman stuttered.

“No, Benjamin. FUCK ME!” Kata yelled, and just as she did so—

Riiiiip!

Even more butt spilled forth, casting aside its cloth casing like so much nonsense. The back of Kata’s bloomers now solely consisted of a thin, frilly strip of waistband, which did little more than hold up its front side and highlight her massive, glistening backside. This finally caused Twyman to snap.

“Fuck,” he spat, stripping his trousers and underwear. His cock sprung up like a Jack-in-the-box. He was throbbing, turgid, and, with Kata’s latest spurt of growth, dripping with pre-cum. He messily loosed his clothing off his still-shoed feet and marched greedily over to Kata, ready to mount.

“Slap me, Ben!” said Kata. Dr. Twyman would’ve hesitated, but Ben simply pulled up his sleeve, swung back his palm, and—

Plat! “Ughnnn!”

His coarse, calloused hand sunk into her massive, glossy globes as she groaned. A red shadow imprinted and then began to fade.

“Now fuck me!” Kata’s voice was smooth and soft, but a primal harshness echoed through her throat.

Twyman grabbed hold of Kata’s still-slender waist with both hands, pointing the dripping tip of his cock between her glutes. He stepped forward, bent his knees, and thrust.

Kata gasped as the hardness of his cock met the softness of her butt. He had far to travel still, inch after inch of his staff working wonders like Moses, parting the cream-colored sea of her cheeks. Pre-cum streaked across sweat-stained skin. The sun throbbed.

“Mmm, guh, fill me,” Kata said with a low, wavering voice. Twyman grinned and groaned. A lesser cock than his could not have won the task, but his aching girth dug deep as an oil derrick. At last, pole met hole.

“Yes,” Twyman breathed. He snatched two handfuls of ass and pulled Kata’s cheeks further apart, shimmying closer. Then, he bolted his hips forward.

“Ahhh!” Kata cried out. His oozing cockhead entered her gaping asshole; his thick shaft ramming her insides and his thick thighs slamming her backside.

They moaned in unison, Twyman’s fat cock piercing Kata’s fat ass with wild abandon. In and out he thrust with lust, the rattling of the wheelbarrow joining the moans, the pants, the slurping and slapping and shucking of their bucking, fucking bodies.

“Ehh, Ehh, Ehh,” Twyman hissed. He squeezed the mounds of buttoflesh with primal force, yet the sweaty skin slipped through his fingers. Or rather—

“K-kata..you’re...growing!” Twyman wheezed between thrusts. It was true. Squeeze as Twyman might, Kata’s buttoflesh was fighting any effort at containment. Buttoflesh grew between his fingers, buttoflesh grew against his palms, buttoflesh grew on either side of his hands: buttoflesh grew, and grew, and grew.

Twyman pressed, Kata plumpened. Twyman thrust, Kata moaned. But not only was Twyman approaching climax, he was nearing the end of his strength. Only by holding back her mountains of mass could the horse-hung doctor hope to reach hole. He squeezed and strained as buttoflesh poured forth from Kata like water from an overboiling pot.

“Yesss-more-bigger!” Kata howled.

“I...can’t...” Twyman grunted, and suddenly it was all too much. He lost his grip and all of Kata’s massive, ripening rump broke free, slamming into Twyman cock midthrust. It was like nothing he’d ever felt before: like the force of a thousand soft, sleek pillows crashing into his shaft; the excruciating pleasure sent him over the edge and into orbit.

“Guhhhh!” he cried, and the dam burst forth—a geyser of jizzum spewing from his slit into her hole. Twyman’s whole body spasmed as he shot rope after rope up into Kata.

“Uh-ooooh!” she lilted, her knuckles whitening around the rail of the wheelbarrow. A splatter of liquid on metal, and Twyman could tell they’d both reached orgasm. Kata kept moaning, and Twyman felt the fleshy grip around his girth tighten further.

“Kata,” he said, voice and vision still slurred from climax “y-you’re growing f-faster!”

Kata simply howled louder in response. Buttflesh indeed oozed out faster, clamping down on Twyman’s cock. He heaved himself loose, using the still hot semen to ease his escape. Her gourds grew still, surpassing a size Twyman thought broke biological limits. Kata stayed bent over the wheelbarrow as her cheeks swelled. Her butt stopped growing within seconds, but by now it was roughly the size of the wheelbarrow itself.

Twyman stared in wide-eyed wonder at the monster-buttocks before him. Kata unclasped her hands from the rail and rolled into a sitting position with a *fwomp!* and a dustup of dirt. Even with Twyman standing and Kata sitting—each leg splayed across the arc of a colossal cheek—Kata now towered over the doctor.

“Surely you’re not spent yet, are you Ben?” Kata said. Her face was severe. She held a crazed, lustful expression that Twyman hadn’t seen in all their prior fucks.

Twyman looked down. He’d shot his load but was still harder than the stones of Kürbis castle.

“Good,” said Kata, also eyeing his cock. “Because I think *these* need some attention.” She pointed to her breasts, which strangely hadn’t grown any further. Boobflesh still strained at the seams, but her camisole hadn’t cracked—yet.

Kata arched her back to splay her chest outward as the cloudless sky placed its sun at center stage. Fat, sopping pussy lips poked through the dregs of her bloomers, which Kata reached down with one hand to *riiip!* off and cast aside.

“Mmmm so much easier,” said Kata. Her pussy freed, Kata used her hand to furiously rub her clit, the *shuk! shuk! shuk!* sound of her frenzy filling the air.

“Yesss,” she said, as her chest began to sweat and swell.

Twyman cock had hardly stopped spasming from his orgasm, and he stood, still erect, staring up at Kata’s wild hedonism.

Shriiip!

Kata’s glistening curves swelled further outward, but Twyman couldn’t place where the rip was coming from—until he remembered the back of her top had been pressing into her shoulder blades.

“God I can’t stand it!” roared Kata, who reached to rip off her camisole, momentarily abandoning her sopping slit. Just as she started to do so, her breasts tumbled forth in a fit of growth, boobflesh overcoming fabric with a loud, long *SHRIIIIIIP!* paired with a louder, longer “GHNUUUUUUH!”

Her shredded slip ripped in two and slid to the ground, and out, out, out rushed her round, widening orbs, nipples piercing the autumn air. The boobs stopped with a wobble, peaking at an unbelievable size—Twyman figured each one was as big and round as his old history professor’s standing globe. He could hardly hope to cup an areola now, let alone an entire tit.

Kata looked down and grinned again, her heaving breaths causing her chest bags to flop about like sand-filled balloons. She smooshed her tits together, palms mashing the malleable flesh to make a single, double-nipped mass of sweaty, squishy skin.

“How do you like ‘em now, Ben? How ‘bout I rub your cock with my massive—*uughn!*” —her breasts flew forward even further— “tits!”

Twyman said nothing, nodding his head up and down like a dog.

“Well come up then!” she said. Twyman moved towards her, his cock still stiff and skyward. Given the outrageous size of her glutes, his head now reached the pink, puffy lips of her dripping pussy. He could feel the heat of her loins and he ached to enter them, but he knew he had but one round left in him, and *he had to have those tits.*

Kata outstretched her arms, her left hand still dripping with pussy juices. Twyman gripped tightly and Kata pulled him up, Twyman scaling her ass like a human mountaineer. In truth, Kata did all the work—she seemed to lift him as though this full grown man was little more than a sack of potatoes. He wrapped his legs around her waist and tried to find a place for his arms but couldn’t. It was awkward. It nearly seemed that they had missed the window for this particular form of fun—so massive was her rack, her ass—her whole self. But Kata persevered.

“Grip my waist as tight as you can,” Kata instructed. Twyman nodded. Kata bent forward and lowered her unwieldy globes to cradle Twyman’s cock.

“Gahh!” he shivered. He’d barely left his refractory period, and the sensitivity of his shaft blended pain with pleasure.

“Shh, shh, shh, it’s ok,” said Kata. She again bunched up her boobflesh, cupping the frontmost part of her tits to surround Twyman’s girth, slowly raising the mass up and down. Twyman opened his mouth wide and exhaled in low, quiet bursts. Kata began to moan as well, rubbing her titflesh faster and faster along Twyman’s sticky shaft.

“Huh, huh, guh, neede...” Kata said, and, without warning, she dropped her ball of titflesh, and, grabbing hold of Twyman underneath his armpits, she loosed him from her waist and held him in the air.

“Baaah, wha!!!” Twyman screamed. He could not understand how most of her body was still his size, yet somehow ten times stronger. Not hesitating a moment longer, Kata proceeded to ram Twyman’s cock into her pussy.

Schluk! Schluk! Schluk!

His cock, and by extension he, had become her plaything. She held onto the man tightly with both hands, plunging him in and out of her slit with furious rhythm. He cried out, but in truth, it was mostly in pleasure. Oh, how he wanted to fuck her tits more, but clearly, she had other ideas. And besides, Kata was in charge—and he knew it.

Plus, given her ridiculous proportions, his head nearly slammed into her exposed cleavage with every thrust forward. Come morning knew he’d have a headache—and neckache, and damn near full-body ache—but he didn’t care. He was enraptured in a fantasy he didn’t know he’d craved, living out a dream he’d long ago forgotten.

“Huh, huh, huh!”

Schluk! Schluk! Schluk!

Her pace quickened, and Twyman felt like he had embarked on some new-fangled amusement ride. Just before his vision started to fade, Kata gushed a flood, and Twyman joined her. They moaned in unison and ecstasy, pussy juices flowing down her legs and glutes, and gobs of semen shooting up her slit.

As they roared, her breasts swelled further still: with a *smap!* the unfurling flesh hit Twyman square in the forehead, but continued growing unabated.

“Mmgh...mmm!” Twyman tried to speak, but titflesh silenced and suffocated him. Kata’s eyes were still closed in orgasm, and any attempts to swat away the boobflesh only seemed to encourage faster growth. Her heaving breasts pushed Twyman out of reach of her arms, and Kata dropped the doctor. He quickly clung to her taut, dinner-glass nipples, and with a *speeluch!* his cock was loosed from her pussy from the sheer force of her embiggening boobs. Sweat beaded at her still-swelling buds, and Twyman’s hands slipped. He wasn’t far from the ground, but his post-coital haze stopped any sort of reflexive landing. He hit the dirt hard with a *thump* and did not move.

XXII

Her proportions had barreled past absurdity. No measuring tape of Lamble's could hope to stretch wide enough to measure her bust or hips. Vast expanses of flesh formed each of her four sweaty spheres: breasts that jutted out longer and wider than the length of her arm, and ass cheeks that did the same. She had to struggle, grunting and groaning and heaving, to roll herself up off her own ass. Her feet carried her weight, surely through some miracle of the mad science into which they'd all enmeshed themselves, but if her rear had grown much larger, or was at all flabby instead of perfectly taut, tight, and round, then she reckoned she'd be dragging it along the ground as she walked.

Instead, Kata was able to gently pick Twyman up from the dirt and nestle him between her breasts, his body splayed across her flesh and his tuchus tucked into her cleavage. She'd planned to go in anyways, if only to rehydrate, but Twyman's fall truly made the matter more urgent. What if he'd gotten a concussion?

After just a few steps, however, Twyman stirred, and Kata stopped to assess.

"K-kata?" he said, drearily.

"Ben, you're alright!" said Kata.

"Yes, yes of course. Oh, put me down, please, as much as I love..." and he motioned at her tits.

Kata squatted, her rump flattening against the earth as she scooped the doctor from her chest. He steadied himself against her titflesh and took a deep breath.

"You had a bit of a fall," Kata said quietly.

"Yes I know, I'm, I'm perfectly fine. But Kata, now that...we...we've had our fun," Twyman said, blushing slightly. "We simply must go in and tell Dr. Kürbis. This is quite serious, truly. As...attractive as all of this is. I feel that we're playing with fire—"

"Again with your Prometheus warnings," Kata said, rolling her eyes.

"I'm *quite* serious Kata," Twyman said, his tone harsh. "We've...we've had our fun...truly...but we, we must also be careful. We must at least come in for today. Rest. Recalibrate."

"I'm thirsty anyway," was all Kata said, and, after Twyman had put his trousers back on, they trekked towards the castle. The walk took them several minutes, and as they walked they realized—the sun still at its peak—that Kata was growing more.

Kata breathed in and out slowly.

“It feels so good,” she said.

“I’m sure it does,” Twyman said with a dry gulp of his throat. The growth was much slower than her post-orgasm bursts, however, and the couple soon stood at the castle steps.

Whether due to his injured head or focus on finding Dr. Kürbis, Twyman missed the object sitting on the center of the first step. Kata grabbed it quickly and tucked it between her tits. They climbed the steps, Kata having to squeeze together first her breasts and then her ass to just barely make it through the front door, wide as it was.

“Didn’t Lamble say he had to go into town this morning?” Kata asked. Her tone was off, something Twyman couldn’t quite place.

“Y–yes, I think so. If that’s the case, I shall have to go fetch Dr. Kürbis. I—” Twyman paused, realizing he didn’t even know where the man’s private quarters were. “I shall just have a quick search. I think you ought to stay here and rehydrate.”

“Oh course, I shall just stay right here and hydrate,” said Kata.

She did no such thing. The second Twyman disappeared, she unfurled the newspaper from her cleavage and read the headline again:

SERBIA DECLARES WAR ON BULGARIA!

She skimmed the story in seconds and then ran, her breast and buttocks flopping wildly. She ran down the steps and out the door and towards the observatory.



Twyman ran too, though his head throbbed. Something about hitting his head seemed to jerk him out of his sex-crazed stupor. The whole experiment had gone too far, really. He should have seen that sooner, but those tits...that ass...

Twyman blinked rapidly and tried to focus. After several wrong turns and a bit of deductive reasoning, he opened a door that seemed like a good guess. He set the lit chamberstick on a desk, knocking over several loose chess pieces. He tried to place them back into position as he caught his breath—he’d run up several flights of stairs and was in some far, high corner of the castle.

An unmade bed was tucked in a corner, next to a still ember-lit fireplace. Perhaps Dr. Kürbis had only just felt good enough to get out of bed? Perhaps he was now in the observatory?

Something caught Twyman's eye as he turned to leave. A black, leatherbound journal rested atop a pillow at the head of the bed. Twyman hesitated, then swiped it.



Lamble sat astride Otto, who pulled a wagon full of supplies from town. The journey had been far swifter and less successful than he'd imagined. So many of the items on his list: plums, raspberries, even maize, he was surprised to learn were actually imports from the Balkans, and simply unavailable due to rising tensions there.

Horse and rider had thus just crossed onto castle grounds. Lamble scanned the nearly barren pumpkin fields for the houseguests. His heartbeat quickened as his scan lengthened. Then, in the far corner, he could see a small pile of broken, rotting gourds, next to an overturned wheelbarrow. Nerves and heat colluded to form beads of sweat across his orange-hued forehead, and he gave Otto another whack of the whip to hasten his trot.

He remembered his master's warning: "news will soon break zat will make Kata *snap!*" One thought raced through his skull as he raced to the castle: *had he forgotten to hide the morning newspaper?*



Dr. Kürbis knew Kata's role in his larger experiment was nearing its end. At one point or another, she would remember her mission. Or simply swell too large. No, it would have to end, and soon. And he couldn't have her ruining everything. She would either blab, or worse, incite mutiny against him. Ben Twyman was certainly a stooge to self-righteousness, and even Lamble had his limits. No, this had to be carefully done.

His genius had worked it all out. He knew they'd been fucking. He knew that today, with his predicted "Zweitenaltweibersommer," would be the day she'd truly grow something fierce. They'd fuck to exhaustion, then come to rehydrate, walking right into his trap.

Even he, the great Dr. Kürbis, was stuck on the next part, until Lamble mentioned how low on supplies they were running. Of course! Lamble wouldn't stomach murder in cold blood. But in self-defense—however poorly staged? No question. Lamble's loyalty would wipe away the doubts, and the blood.

So go to town! Get wheat, get butter. Hell, get maize, get plums, get raspberries! Oh, we need so many supplies. Stock up. After all, he *trusted* them now. Even if he had to rest late into the morning, the amulet need not be constantly watched. And while he was truly rather ill, he would simply have to work through the pain and sneak to hide the morning paper as Lamble left for town—then place it front and center for his houseguests to

return to. His contacts in the Balkans had helped him glean the upcoming developments. War would erupt any day now, and with it, so would Kata. What luck that the conflict should erupt the same exact day as the heat wave—that was the only piece outside the control of his machinations.

The old man sneered as he made his way to the observatory with his loaded pistol. The board was set, the pawns would soon move. Once this game was won, nothing could stop Dr. Kürbis from executing his master plan.

XXIII

Clic-clash!

Several dozen small square window panes shattered and fell to the floor. Kata couldn't help it. The door to the observatory was simply too narrow to fit her figure. She'd had to barge in sideways, thrusting her colossal bits like cannon balls, forming two rounded holes in the glass wall, a scraggly 'S' shape of open air now adorning the doorway.

Clunch!

Kata stepped over the shards and made her way to the towering, tapered magnifying glass.

"Looking for zis?"

Kata jumped, her massive bags of flesh heaving up and crashing down against her.

There in the corner sat Dr. Kürbis. In one hand, he held up a glittering necklace, pure gold encrusted with one large emerald. In the other, he held up a pistol pointed at Kata.

"The Amulet of Dušan! You *did* steal it!" Kata exclaimed, seemingly more taken aback by a piece of jewelry than the loaded weapon. The old man merely laughed.

"Vell, you give me too much credit, Miss Kata. I haf many, many associates. Many, many former students. It is easy, ven I vant something done, to send a note and to get vat I vant." Dr. Kürbis was also extraordinarily nonchalant, in his case about the barrel-sized bust and buttocks of his houseguest-turned-hostage.

"I *knew* it!" she hissed, her hands forming fists. "You had no right! To steal what is our sacred Serbian birthright!" Kata's eyes shrunk to seething slits, the same shade of green as the amulet glaring back at the old man.

"Hah!" spewed Dr. Kürbis. "Zen you are very naïve as to your own history. The Bulgarians haf had as much right as the"—here he practically spat the word— "*Serbs* to ze Amulet of Dušan. But of course, since neither of you swamp-infested Slavs rose to ascertain ze

singularly powerful cell-altering properties of ze amulet, Deutschland has! Und with brains, und brawns, ze world vill be ours!”

Clunch!

Dr. Kürbis and his captive whirled round. Lamble stood in the doorway, horsewhip in hand and eyes agog at Kata’s mounds of flesh. Dr. Kürbis turned white as a sheet but spoke first.

“Lamble! Thank God you haf come back early! She has betrayed us all, and tried to steal our source of power! You vere right not to trust her, Lamble. She is a wicked, wicked woman!”

A stunned silence held back everyone’s breaths. Neither Kata nor her captor seemed to know where Lamble would land. Dr. Kürbis knew his plan depended on his acquiescence. The British press could be bought off about one freak accident slaying a scion of the Lamble family. But two? With Lamble on board, his claim to self-defence could stand up in court even against the might of Twyman’s reputation. Without him, it was all over.

Lamble calmly walked over to Dr. Kürbis and held out his pumpkin-colored palm. Dr. Kürbis started to quake in fear, tears falling down his face, as he surrendered his weapon. Kata breathed a sigh of relief.

But then, his grip tightening around the handle, Lamble turned to point the pistol directly at Kata’s forehead. Kata gasped, and Dr. Kürbis bent forward with a loud laugh.

“You always doubted the *greatness* of Dr. Kürbis,” Lamble croaked, stepping closer to his target.

“You must have heard him!” Kata yelled. “He’s a maniac! World domination...he’s a modern Napoleon, a German Atilla the Hun!”

“Her fury und mania knows no bounds, Lamble!” said Dr. Kürbis.

Lamble scowled at Kata. “Germany,” he said. “Unlike the Slavic slop of *your* ancestors, is a civilized country of unparalleled art and culture. It would *never* produce a modern Napoleon. Dr. Kürbis is concerned first and foremost with the welfare of all nations. His life’s work shines like a beacon with the light of Truth. It is the highest Truth of all, the advancement of science!”

Kata stared down the barrel of the gun, realizing it was all over. She began to breathe in fits and starts. What would become of her, of her cause? Surely she could overpower them, but no amount of breast or butt could undo the damage of a bullet to the brain. What could she do? And where on earth was Ben?

Lamble cradled the pistol with both hands as sweat poured down his forehead. He'd dropped his horsewhip, but had not had time to undo his cloak. The observatory was sweltering in the rare November heat.

"You," Lamble continued, rage seeming to build throughout his broiling body. "Would murder all this, would destroy all our progress, would SPIT IN MY BROTHER'S GRAVE!" he was yelling now, his gravelly voice and harrowing volume sending shivers down Kata's overworked spine.

"All," Lamble continued, his voice now low as a whisper, which was somehow far, far scarier "for a piece of *jewelry*?"

"It belongs..." Kata said, her voice shaking but her eyes wide and unblinking, staring past the chamber of the pistol and into the eyes of the man wielding it, "...it belongs to the sovereign Kingdom of Serbia."

"You little—"

Clunch!

All three jolted their heads to the doorway, in which stood Dr. Twyman.

"Landon no!" Twyman yelled, arms raised high, a black, leatherbound journal clasped in one hand.

"She has betrayed us, Ben, all of us!" said Lamble, orange eyes practically popping out of his skull.

"Landon, put the gun down!"

"So you're with HER then, AREN'T you?"

"Landon,"

"AREN'T YOU!!!"

Silence struck again, while Twyman took a deep breath and tried to calmly catch Lamble's eyes.

"I'm not with her, Landon, I'm with you," said Twyman slowly. Kata winced. She presumed it was just a negotiation tactic, but she was still stung by Ben's words.

Lamble wiped sweat from his brow with one hand, the other ever steady with the pistol, still clocking Kata.

"If you're with me then you are with Dr. Kürbis," said Lamble.

"I'm with science, Landon," said Twyman calmly.

"So is he! So am I!" said Lamble, his raspy voice rising once more.

"I go where the evidence takes me, don't you?" said Twyman obliquely.

Lamble paused. He furrowed his brow.

"Evidence?" he croaked.

"He is a traitor to our cause, Lamble. I begged him to come earlier, before dear Logan died!" Dr. Kürbis wailed, with immediate regret.

Lamble whirled to face his master with a fiery fury in his face. It seemed his rage, once uncorked, could now target anyone.

"DON'T YOU SAY HIS NAME!" Lamble roared, pistol pointing downward. Kata thought to grab it before realizing how ungainly she'd become.

Twyman waited with baited breath for Lamble to turn back to him.

"What evidence?!" he croaked seconds later, pistol now pointing at Twyman. Twyman gulped and offered Lamble the leatherbound journal, which he grabbed with a jerk.

"It's...it's all in there," Twyman said, shaking. "*His 'Master Plan'*," he nodded towards Dr. Kürbis. "I'm not with her, Lamble, I'm with you. She's a spy. A Serbian spy, look at the last page."

"I could have told you that," said Landon, yet still he looked, flipping the pages with one hand.

Kata choked up. It wasn't a negotiation tactic. Twyman had discovered her secret identity, and was disowning her. Disowning the two of them.

"But look, read it, it's his notes, you can see, you know his handwriting," said Twyman, who knew it just as well from years of chalk-and-talk lectures during University.

"I knew he was political, Landon, but I had no idea just *how* political." Twyman continued talking, a calm, measured tone somehow smoothing over Landon's rage. "Landon, he, he's wicked, Landon. Evil. Nietzsche's Übermenschen, he—he wants an army of them, of chloroplast-transplanted super-soldiers, to dominate the African colonies, to dominate all Europe. It's not about science, Landon, it's about domination. It's all might over right. Your brother would have hated it, Landon. What was his favorite verse of scripture?"

Lamble turned a page, a single translucent tear streaking down his orange cheek.

“For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Lamble said, barely loud enough to hear.

“Ben,” Dr. Kürbis pleaded quietly, “you misunderstand. I vant vat is best for ze world. A modern world, an orderly world. We, we could solve world hunger, Ben, no more breadlines!”

That Dr. Kürbis’s lines echoed Kata’s earlier entreaties made both Twyman and the Serb’s stomachs crawl. But this paled in comparison to Lamble’s rage.

“NO YOU DON’T!” the man screamed, sweat and spit flying from his face. “PAGE 88: STRATEGIC STARVATION, A NECESSARY SACRIFICE?!” Lamble dropped the journal and gripped the gun with both hands, pointing it at the center of Dr. Kürbis’s forehead.

“Landon don’t!” Twyman shouted. “Turn the other cheek!”

“I’ve turned my cheek, Benjamin!” hissed Lamble, gripping the flaps of one of his orange cheeks with one hand, pistol square on Dr. Kürbis with the other. “BOTH OF THEM!” Tears streamed down those cheeks, as the man’s face stretched out, his mouth widening in a desperate howl.

“My brother, Ben. My brother! He knew mummy had cancer. We thought Kürbis could cure it! Could cure it all. It was reckless. And now mummy and Logan are dead. Dead!” Lamble was openly weeping now, face planted in one hand, the other losing grip on the gun.

Kata fought back her own tears and seized her chance, springing forward and plowing into Lamble with her breasts. The man screamed and fell backwards.

Thud!

Clic-clash!

The gun fired as it flew from the Lamble’s hands, the bullet bursting through glass. Lamble screamed again and curled into a ball, whimpering as he rocked back and forth, utterly despondent. Dr. Kürbis reached for the gun but Kata beat him to it, the pistol pointing square at his face once again.

“Kata,” Twyman started.

“Hush, Ben, you know little of this world. And you certainly know little of mine.”

Now it was Twyman’s turn to see red.

“I know enough to have seen you kill a man, you two-timing bitch!” said Twyman, cheeks flushed. He thought that would get her to point the gun at him this time. She’d

already stabbed his heart, why not shoot his brain? Instead, Kata simply gripped the gun tighter, pointing it square at Dr. Kürbis.

“Ben, do you remember what you first said to me on the train? When I asked why Dr. Kürbis had summoned you?” Kata said stiffly.

“No one summoned me,” Twyman started, “no man—”

“No man can summon you, yes, so you said. With one exception. What was it?” Kata seemed to have stepped into the role of a deranged governess, proctoring a lesson in memory retention while wielding a loaded pistol. Lambie continued to cry, still rocking back and forth in a ball on the ground.

“I..what? I..” Twyman stuttered and scowled.

“For King and country,” said Kata. “Nothing could summon you short of King and country. Well nothing short of King and country has summoned me here, Ben. Your perverted mentor has stolen the sacred Amulet of Dušan. It has belonged to the Serbian sovereign for half a millennium. It was my royal duty, my royal charge, to retrieve the amulet by any means necessary. And that’s what I intend to do.”

Kata wobbled closer to her target.

“My mission,” Kata said, speaking strictly to the German, “has been to acquire the amulet, and to spare life if possible. So, which way will it be, Doctor. Will you hand it over now, or only after I’ve blown your brains out?”

The amulet, which had not left Dr. Kürbis’s right palm this entire time, glinted against the rays of the sun as he loosed his grip. Kata snatched it an instant, then positioned her gun back to the man’s forehead.

“Kata no!” said Twyman.

“Of course, the directive was given before our King knew just how wicked you were. Guilty not only of unforgivable theft, but of unspeakable evil!” Kata hissed.

Twyman noticed that since touching the amulet, Kata had begun to swell even further. Slowly, but noticeably, her ass and breasts moved outward. It gave him an idea.

“You great European powers spit on the sovereignty of the smaller nations,” Kata said, her voice like ice. As she continued her monologue, Twyman quietly crept towards the shelf lined with Dr. Kürbis’s concoction that would reverse the chloroplast transfusion. Surely shrinking her down to normal size would be enough of a distraction to disarm her.

“That is why you must pay!” Kata intoned.

Twyman figured it was now or never. He lunged forward and grabbed a vial, tossing it towards Kata.

Cl-clash!

The glass vial shattered at Kata’s feet, and a plume of purple vapors shot up and surrounded her.

Of course, without his pince nez, Twyman’s vision truly was quite terrible. While meaning to grab the vial labeled “decelerator,” he had in fact grabbed the one labeled “accelerator.”

Kata coughed and spluttered, dropping the gun and the amulet reflexively. A deep, squeaking sound, like that of a palm rubbing against the skin of a pumpkin, filled the air. As the vapors disappeared, Twyman saw with a gasp that it was the physical sound of Kata’s expansion.

Squeeeeeeeeeek!

Her hourglass figure ballooned outward, the speed of her swelling ratched up to a thousand.

Squeeeeeeeeeek!

More and more her plump, cream-colored quartet of pumpkins exploded in size. Kata’s feet were no longer the appendage that touched the ground. Her ass *thwumped* heavily down, each cheek now dwarfing a horse carriage and plumpening still, lifting up her legs. Her breasts landed with a thudding *plat-plat* against the floor of the observatory, nipples wider than Twyman’s waist and longer than he was tall. Kata’s bum raised her up and over as her breasts grew out and away.

Thud!

Crash!

Cla-clash!

The monstrous mounds of flesh pushed and felled and flattened everything in their path. Lamble jumped up with a scream, and all three men ran towards the door.

Kata, far from panicking, wailed and writhed in ecstasy, juices dripping in spades from her slit.

Inches became feet became yards. Her boobs slammed forward and up and with a deafening *cla-clash!* broke through the northern, upper part of the observatory's glass dome. Her ass slammed up and outward, bursting through the southern, back glass.

Her swelling slowed, then stopped. She sat, outside and atop the observatory's remains, every one of her four luscious lumps of plump, fleshy roundness bigger than her entire home in her homeland. Kata sighed as a straggling stream of pussy juices flowed down the vast expanse of her buttocks. She looked down at Benjamin Twyman, the man she still loved, who stared agape at the woman who now couldn't fit into any train station in Europe, let alone a train car. Dr. Kürbis and Landon Lamble stared up in shock and horror, but they seemed so small to Kata, literally and figuratively. She only had eyes for Ben, and Ben certainly only had eyes for her, all of her.

Kata knew that Ben, even if he could never forgive her for the crimes of her career, must surely be enraptured by her size. She wondered, as well read as he was, if he held the same thought she did. She thought not of Mary Shelley, or Freidrich Nietzsche, nor of the many wordsmiths of her native Serbia, but of Shakespeare. Surely a good Brit like Twyman had read the first line of his first sonnet. Kata closed her eyes and whispered the words aloud in bliss.

"From fairest creatures we desire *increase*."

XXIV

"...und nun zum Leichenschmaus," said the officiant, before stepping down from the pulpit. Twyman looked over at Lamble, whose German was far better than his.

"It means 'funeral feast.' It is a German tradition," the man croakily whispered.

"I hope we needn't stay for it," was all Twyman said. His voice was low and flat.

"No," Lamble said curtly. "God knows we shouldn't have come."

The two men rose from the wooden pews and shuffled hurriedly past the shambling mourners of Stuttgart Cathedral. Several people gasped in shock at Lamble's orange skin, uncloaked and exposed, but he simply pursed his lips and carried on.

"We needed to come, Lamble. We mustn't arouse any suspicions," hissed Twyman, once outside. The two gripped their overcoats fiercely against the harsh mid-November wind, which bit at their noses as they stepped onto the cobblestone street.

"Though of course," added Twyman as an afterthought, "we did nothing wrong."

"We did everything wrong," Lamble moaned.

“Dr. Lamble!” hailed a pot-bellied man. He ran from the Cathedral towards the pair. Twyman inhaled sharply.

“Dr. Lamble, my name is Gustav Helwig. I am Dr. Kürbis’s attorney. I am of course sorry for your loss,” said Helwig. He outstretched his hand and Lamble shook it. Helwig then nodded curtly at Twyman, who nodded back.

“Dr. Lamble, do you have a moment?” said Helwig, glancing back at Twyman.

“This is my associate, Dr. Benjamin Twyman. Anything you need to say can be said with Dr. Twyman present,” Lamble croaked, and Helwig hesitated a moment before speaking.

“Well then, Dr. Lamble, I am here to inform you that Dr. Kürbis had no natural heirs, and his last Will and Testament stipulated that you, Dr. Landon Lamble, are to receive his estate. Unfortunately due to some ongoing...” once again the attorney glanced over at Twyman “ahem, ongoing legal matters, there is not much left in the coffers of Dr. Kürbis’s inheritance. But the estate is yours, and all the contents therein, what’s left of it anyway, after the terrible accident.” The lawyer bent his head down and pursed his lips in an unconvincing display of grief.

The three shivered in the cold for a moment until Lamble finally responded.

“I don’t want it,” was all he said, and he turned and hurried back towards the carriage.

Twyman and the lawyer exchanged wide-eyed glances before scrambling to catch up.

“Dr. Lamble, I’m afraid you don’t understand,” wheezed Helwig, holding onto his Homburg hat. “Kürbis castle is *yours*. It is your inheritance. You don’t get the title, of course, the von Kürbis line has now ended. But the estate is now in your name!”

“No,” said Lamble, before mounting the box seat.

“I..don’t understand. Sir, please see reason!” Helwig cried.

“If you want a ride, Benjamin, I’m leaving *now*,” was all Lamble said.

Twyman looked back at the lawyer, who seemed both crestfallen and confounded. Twyman raised his eyebrows and smiled meekly in sympathy before climbing into the carriage. Lamble cracked his whip at Otto immediately, and the two sped off.



The fire crackled in the dining hall as they ate their dinner—sans pumpkin—in silence.

Twyman struggled for words until finally jumping in.

"You can't refuse an inheritance simply because the man who owned the castle last was evil. This castle was clearly here long before...*him* and will simply run into disrepair and ruin without a caretaker!"

Lamble set down his fork and knife. The fireplace spilled reds and yellows and whites across the orange hue of his face. He took a sip of wine.

"I shall go back to Hampshire," said Lamble. "I may have lost my mother and brother to a madman, but I shall abandon my father no more." Tears flowed down his cheeks as he spoke. Twyman conspicuously turned away from the un-British display of emotion.

"You can have the blood castle, if you wish. I can meet with Mr. Helwig tomorrow and sign over the rights to the estate."

Twyman's head cocked back over to Lamble, who took another sip of wine. Twyman didn't know what to say.



"And initial there," said Helwig, a stubby, hairless finger marking the spot. Twyman penned a *BT* and Helwig grabbed the large stack of papers and placed them into his leatherbound briefcase.

"Congratulations, Dr. Twyman. You are now the official owner of the Kürbis estate. Now, I simply must get back to the office." A curt nod to Twyman and Lamble, and the lawyer marched out of the dining room and towards his carriage.

Lamble went and pulled a chair close to the fire. He stared deeply into the flames. Twyman pulled up a chair and joined him.

"She'll come back, you know," Lamble croaked. Twyman was shocked.

"I'm not saying I...approve..." Lamble continued "of whatever it is there is between you. But clearly I should be the last man alive to throw stones." More tears. Twyman frowned.

"You'll need her, too. An estate like this is not easy to run. I did the work of five men...and several women. He ran me into the ground. Like one of his many, beloved pumpkins..." Lamble seethed, his tears joined by a grimace.

"She won't come back," said Twyman. "Her love of Serbia is greater than the affection, if any, that she had towards me."

"That may be true. It may not be. But if the amulet is truly broken, then she's failed at her duty." Here Lamble's voice turned even lower than normal. "My father was an army man, Ben. He's shown me how...unforgiving...the army can be. I imagine the Serbian army

would be even more so, especially now that they've lost the war. If the Bulgarians didn't kill her, her own country might've."

Twyman gulped and pressed his hands together.

"All that to say," Lamble said, standing, "if she's survived, I have little doubt she will come back here to you. Now, I must go. My train leaves in an hour. If you take me in the carriage, you can ride back with Otto. Oh," Lamble paused, yet another glimmer in his eye. "Otto, he loves apples. Please feed him apples. He cannot *stand* pumpkins."

Twyman stood with a laugh, and for the first time in many years, Lamble's face lit up with a genuine smile.



"Any questions?" asked Twyman.

"Professor!" the hand of a scraggly sophomore shot up from the middle of the lecture hall. "Is it true that you were there the day Dr. Kürbis died, and that's why you have his castle and his job?"

Twyman's hand formed a fist, his chalk breaking in two and falling to the floor.

"Baseless insinuations such as that will NOT BE TOLERATED," Twyman yelled. He slammed his palm against the chalkboard, which read SCIENCE AND MORALITY.

"This new course," he continued, "is all about the ETHICS of our discipline. It is a serious, rigorous exploration of a *deeply* necessary topic. Class clowns and gossips will not be trucked with. In fact, I think that's about all for today. I expect you here next week, reading read, notes taken, and ready to LEARN about the topic of the course, not your instructor's personal life." The class murmured, unmoving. "NOW LEAVE!" Twyman said, slamming his palm once again against the chalk board. The horde of students quietly stood and filtered out of class, a mixture of shock and shame on their faces.

Twyman turned to erase the board. He could hear a pair of footsteps approaching him.

"I can assure you," said Twyman " I am in *no* mood for any questions about the course. They shall have to wait til next week."

"My question isn't about the course."

Twyman paused, his breath caught, his hand frozen as it held the eraser aloft. That voice...he daren't turn 'round.

“My question,” the voice continued, “is why haven’t you set aside your tantrums, despite me *clearly* instructing you to do so?”

“Kata,” Twyman whispered. He turned around and it was true. She stood disguised as a male, complete with trousers, jacket, and a charcoal mustache.

She furled her finger, summoning Twyman. He melted into her arms and wept despite himself. She was essentially as uncurvacious as the day they’d met, so effective was the emergency decelerator tonic that Twyman and Lambie had concocted on that fateful day.

“There, there,” cooed Kata, rubbing Twyman’s back. Suddenly Twyman jumped up.

“But, what happened? The war, Serbia, the amulet!?” he spluttered.

“Shhh,” said Kata. “We mustn’t discuss it here. Do you know a place?” she asked with a smile.



“So then, aren’t you in mortal danger?” Twyman asked. The two were in their old bedroom—Twyman couldn’t stand the thought of moving into the space once occupied by Kürbis. The fire roared as they nestled in a post-fuck embrace.

“Well, not really,” said Kata. “The Serbian army is in absolute disarray after the loss. There is talk of deposing the King. The Royal Guards were furious that I failed my duty...” here Kata stared into the fire, her voice softening. “I was furious at myself of course, too. Furious for failing my mission. Furious for leaving you. Furious for...falling for a cause that...now seems morally grey, at best.”

“Essentially, I am an outcast, for at least as long as the current regime manages to hold on. But even then, I don’t know if I want to go back,” Kata paused at this, and Twyman nearly interjected.

“I need to find a new purpose,” she said. “My old true north—serving ‘the sovereign state of Serbia’...feels hollow. It will always be my homeland, of course. But for now, I’d rather serve myself than a crown.” With that, she reached over to Twyman’s sticky cock, and served herself a second helping.



“Finally, ladies,” said Kata, wiping sweat from her brow as the bonfire crackled. “Should a rogue attempt to grab you from behind,” she said, miming a demonstration, “simply *drop* all your weight on him. He’ll collapse with you, which will give you the chance to punch him in the fucking throat.” The half-dozen women tittered at the swear.

“Now, go home to your husbands. Or your wives!” Kata said, and the women tittered again, talking amongst themselves as they boarded the carriage.

“We won’t need anything else tonight, Elsie. Just board up Otto when you get back,” said Kata.

“Very good, Miss Kata,” said a broad-shouldered, widowed hausfrau, who closed the carriage door and mounted the box seat.

Kata climbed the steps of the castle and made for their bedroom, but not before swiping a couple of delicately labeled glass vials. She took the stairs two at a time and barged into the room to find Twyman calmly reading a book by the fire, pince nez glasses balancing atop the bridge of his nose.

“Done with your lesson?” he asked, closing the book.

“Yes, they’re really catching on quickly. Elsie’s taking everyone home,” said Kata.

“What a miracle we’ve found her,” said Twyman, placing the book on the shelf.

“I certainly wasn’t going to do the domestics,” said Kata. She held up the vials and Twyman gulped audibly.

“Are you ready, Ben?”

“Y-yes,” he said. Kata pulled out a new instrument from some hidden pocket: an extra horsewhip from the stables.

Wh-tch! she cracked the whip.

“Yes what?” said Kata.

“Yes, Miss Kata,” Twyman said.

“Good boy,” said Kata. “Now strip me of my clothes. Down to my undergarments.” Kata set the vials down on the bookshelf, and waited while Twyman met her command.

“Good,” said Kata, standing in camisole and bloomers. “Now, you know the drill. My job is to command, your job is to serve. My job is to grow, your job is to worship my growth. Understood?” *Wh-tch!* she again cracked the whip.

“Yes, Miss Kata,” said Twyman.

For the couple had recently made another scientific discovery, thanks to their newly refurbished laboratory. While the Amulet of Dušan had indeed been irreparably destroyed many months prior, replicated batches of Kürbis’s concoctions were still able

to unlock and retrigger the chloroplast transfusion buried deep within Kata's cellular makeup, even without the sun. Thus, while no one could solve world hunger—nor create an army bent on world domination—Kata could engage in erotic expansion to her heart's content. And with the decelerator easily on hand, the outside world, hell, even Elsie, would never know. It would stay their secret.

"Now!" said Kata.

Twyman grabbed one of the vials, double-checking the label using his pristinely polished pince-nez. He uncorked the stopper and threw a dab onto Kata, which she rubbed across her skin.

"Guhh," almost instantly, her singularly powerful cells went to work. Her breasts and buttocks rose, pushing against her fabric.

"More!" Kata commanded, and Twyman obliged, flicking the vial so that another dollop of purple, vaporous liquid spilled across her skin.

"Ughnnn!" Kata moaned, and her flesh spewed forward faster, cleavage flopping over and under her camisole and her bloomers straining against her ass cheeks, tauter than a storm-battered sail.

"More!" Kata commanded, and Twyman flicked. Her soft, silky skin roared forth, an avalanche of flesh cascading as she dropped the whip to the floor.

Riiip! Riiriiiip!

Her camisole ripped and slipped off her gushing tits, and her bloomers splayed as her rump fattened and thickened and shredded its constraints. Kata commanded Twyman down on the floor and ripped off his trousers, exposing his rockhard cock dripping with precum. She tore off the sopping front of her bloomers and mounted his member, humping and riding and groaning as she grew. Twyman gripped the vial in one hand and balled his other hand into a fist. He knew this was just the beginning.

"More!"

Flick!

Kata's nipples flew forward, thicker than capscrews, while her bum barreled across Twyman's thighs.

"More!"

Flick!

Her areolas grew wider than dinner plates as her buttocks flew past Twyman's knees.

“More! More! More!”

Flick! Flick! Flick!

Kata kept commanding, and Twyman kept complying, and more, more, more they both got. 💜