



The Lost Diaries OF Mary Todd Lincoln



The All Hallows Eve Party

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-3 SOLO TF IMAGES

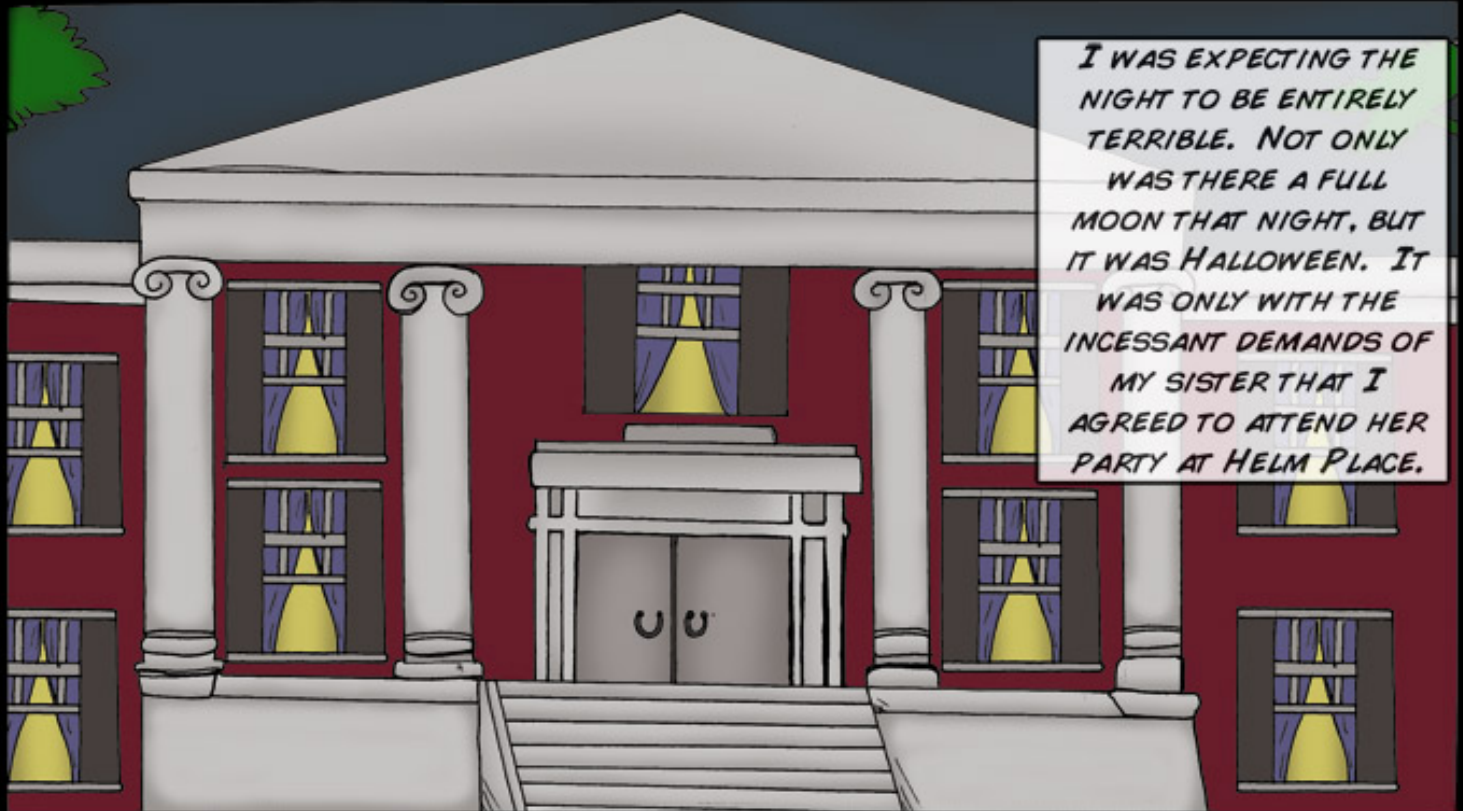
-6 SKETCHED PAGES

PREVIEW OF BITCHES



November 1st, 1840

Last night was All hallow's Eve
The night when the boundry between Good and
Evil is at its thinnest. For me i deal with that boundry
every month. The Full moon brings about the
Evil inside me. Last night i almost inflicted that
darkness on the innocen. Against my better judgement
I attended a All Hallow's Eve Party....



I WAS EXPECTING THE NIGHT TO BE ENTIRELY TERRIBLE. NOT ONLY WAS THERE A FULL MOON THAT NIGHT, BUT IT WAS HALLOWEEN. IT WAS ONLY WITH THE INCESSANT DEMANDS OF MY SISTER THAT I AGREED TO ATTEND HER PARTY AT HELM PLACE.



BUT I FOUND IT... A SURPRISINGLY ENJOYABLE OCCASION. ESPECIALLY THANKS TO DEAR ABRAHAM... I MUST ADMIT HE IS QUITE THE CHARMER...



WE HAD NOT KNOWN EACH OTHER LONG, BUT I FOUND HIM SO INTERESTING TO SPEAK WITH...



... SO MUCH SO THAT I NEARLY LOST TRACK OF TIME. IT WAS ALREADY DARK... THE MOON WOULD BE UP SOON.

I TRIED TO EXCUSE MYSELF, BUT ABE INSISTED ON ESCORTING ME HOME. AND TO MY OWN SURPRISE, I FOUND MYSELF ACCEPTING.

THANK YOU FOR BEING SO UNDERSTANDING ABOUT MY EARLY DEPARTURE. I WAS FEELING A BIT UNWELL. BUT YOU REALLY DO NOT NEED TO SEE ME HOME IF YOU WISH TO ENJOY THE REST OF THE PARTY.

THERE ARE DARK FORCES AT WORK. I COULD NOT BEAR TO NOT SEE YOU HOME SAFELY.

I COULDN'T HELP BUT CHUCKLE AT HIS CONCERN, BUT HE LAUGHED WITH ME.





*BUT MY LAUGHTER
FALTERED AS I
NOTICED THAT THE
BRIGHT FACE OF
THE FULL MOON
HAD BEGUN ITS
ASCENT. MY TIME
WAS SHORT.*



*WHAT WOULD HE THINK OF
ME IF HE KNEW THAT I
HARBORED ONE OF THOSE
DARK FORCERS WITHIN?*



*BUT THANKFULLY
BEFORE LONG WE
WERE STANDING AT
MY DOOR. I HOPED
THAT HE COULD NOT
SEE THE SWEAT ON
MY BROW.*



*AND... I HESITATE TO WRITE
THIS NOW, BUT THEN HE PLACED
A KISS UPON MY CHEEK, AND MY
CHEEKS MUST HAVE FLUSHED
THE MOST SCARLET COLOR!*



AND THEN - I DARE SAY IT,
BUT I PLANTED A KISS OF MY
OWN ONTO HIS CHEEK, TO
RESSURE HIM, OF COURSE,
THAT IT WAS NOT HIS
AFFECTIONS THAT HAD
FLUSTERED ME SO. I WAS
FINE, I MERELY NEEDED REST.

ARE YOU
WELL...?



I TURNED TO WALK INSIDE, DROPPING
MY MASK OF A COOL DEMEANOR FOR A
MOMENT. I TRULY WAS FEELING ILL -
BUT NOT FROM ANY SICKNESS.



BUT I MUSTERED MY CALM FOR A MOMENT
MORE TO TURN, SUMMON A SMILE, AND BID
HIM A GOOD NIGHT. THERE WAS SOMETHING
SPECIAL ABOUT HIM, AND I COULD NOT BEAR
THE THOUGHT OF OFFENDING HIM.

*BUT THE MOMENT I SHUT THE DOOR, A
DIZZY SPELL WASHED OVER ME, AND I
LEANED UPON IT FOR SUPPORT. I NEEDED
TO DISTANCE MYSELF!*

*BUT EVEN AS I HURRIED TOWARDS THE CELLAR,
IT WAS ABRAHAM ON MY MIND AS OPPOSED TO
MY CURSE. MAYBE I HAD FOUND SOMEONE AT
LAST THAT COULD TRULY GRANT ME HAPPINESS.*

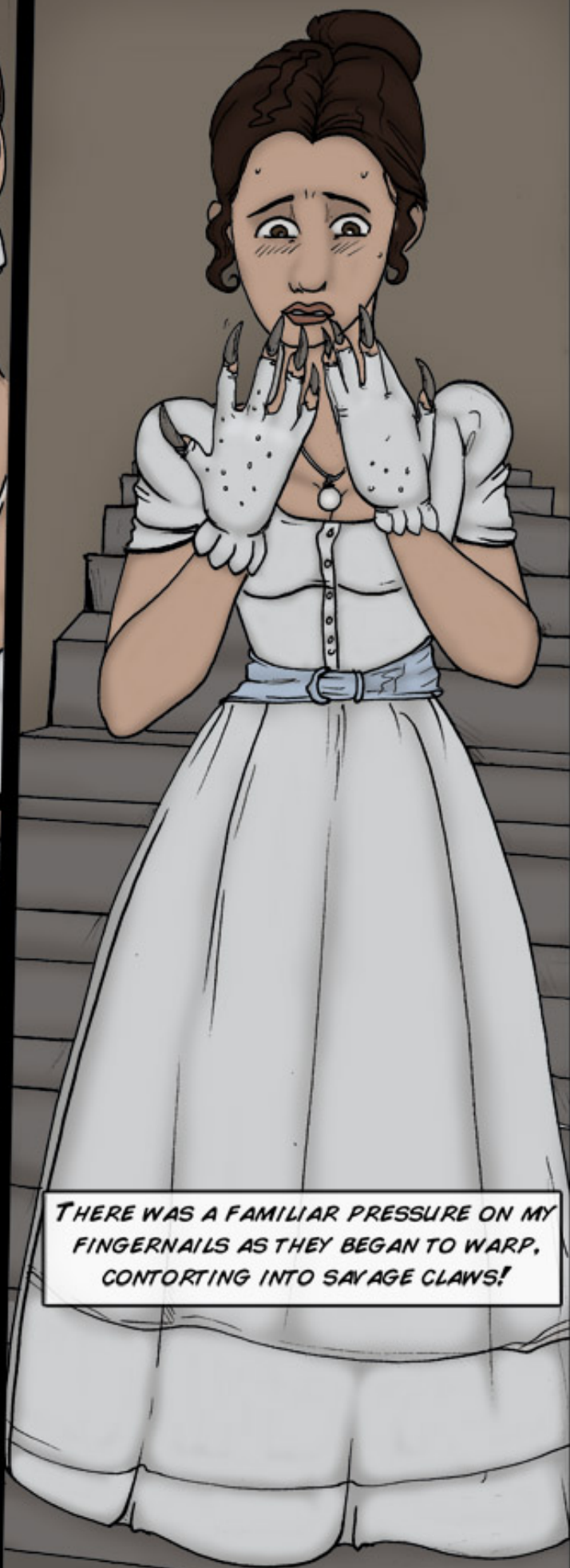


*BUT ON MY WAY DOWN
THE STAIRS, THE
FAMILIAR PAIN SET UPON
ME - INTERRUPTING MY
THOUGHTS - IT LANCED
THROUGH MY BODY.
THE CHANGE HAD BEGUN.*

*I BROUGHT MY
SHAKING
HANDS TO MY
FACE. IT
ALWAYS BEGAN
IN MY HANDS,
AND ALREADY
THEY WERE
PULSING.*



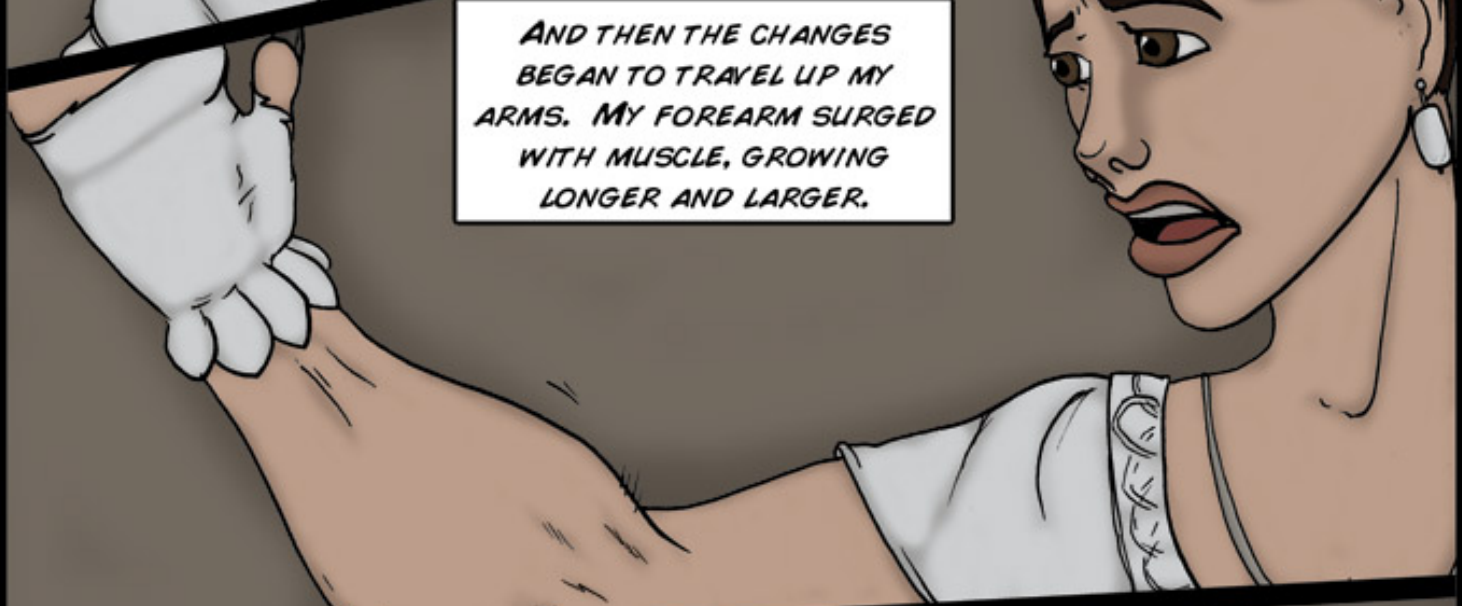
*AND WITH A SURGE OF GROWTH, MY FINGERS
TORE THROUGH THE DELICATE LACE OF MY
GLOVES.*



*THERE WAS A FAMILIAR PRESSURE ON MY
FINGERNAILS AS THEY BEGAN TO WARP,
CONTORTING INTO SAVAGE CLAWS!*



MY HANDS GREW BY
THE MOMENT, TEARING
MY GLOVES APART...



AND THEN THE CHANGES
BEGAN TO TRAVEL UP MY
ARMS. MY FOREARM SURGED
WITH MUSCLE, GROWING
LONGER AND LARGER.



I HELD MY ARMS AWAY
FROM ME, AS IF DISTANCE
COULD FORESTALL THE
SPREAD.

BUT I KNEW IT
WAS USELESS.
ALREADY I
COULD SEE FUR
BEGINNING TO
BRISTLE ALONG
MY ARMS.



I COULD FEEL MY BODICE GROWING TIGHTER, MORE RESTRICTIVE, AND MAKING IT MORE DIFFICULT TO TAKE DEEP BREATHS. ONCE MORE, I TRIED TO HURRY, RESUMING MY DESCENT INTO THE CELLER. BUT THEN ANOTHER WAVE OF PAIN SET UPON ME, CAUSING ME TO LEAN ON THE RAIL FOR SUPPORT.



AND I WATCHED IN HORROR AS ALREADY THE CHANGES REACHED MY SHOULDERS. I WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE MY DRESS.



THE TOP BUTTONS OF MY BODICE WERE NEXT AS MY SWELLING BUST POPPED THEM FROM MY DRESS.



I TRIED TO HURRY DOWN THE STEPS, MAKING THE FINAL PUSH TO THE CELLAR, BUT AS I DID I COULD FEEL THE PRESSURE BUILDING IN MY SHOES.

AND MY HANDS UNDERWENT ANOTHER GROWTH SPURT, DESTROYING THE REST OF MY GLOVES.



AND WITH A PAINFUL MISSTEP THANKS TO MY ACHING FEET, I MISSED A STEP. I TRIPPED FORWARD WITH A SHOUT AS I FELL THE REST OF THE WAY TO THE CELLAR.

THE FALL HURT... BUT LESS THAN I EXPECTED. THE CHANGES HURT WORSE, AND ALREADY IT HAD TOUGHENED MY BODY.

I WAS MORE HUMILIATED BY MY SPILL, LANDING ON ALL FOURS LIKE THE ANIMAL I WAS BECOMING.

IN MOMENTS, MY ARMS GREW AGAIN, TEARING APART MY SLEEVES.

I ROLLED TO MY BACK....

... AND PUSHED MYSELF TO A SEATED POSITION AS I CONTINUED TO GROW AND CHANGE.



I COULD FEEL MY TORSO SWELLING AND STRAINING AGAINST MY CORSET AND DRESS. EVEN MY SPINE WAS CRACKING OUTWARDS.

MY TOES TORE THROUGH MY SHOES, BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS ROCK BACK AND FORTH, SEIZED BY THE PAIN THAT HAD GRIPPED ME. MY VOICE CAME IN STRANGLING WHIMPERS BEFORE MY BODICE FINALLY GAVE WAY, MY CLEAVAGE SPILLING OUT.





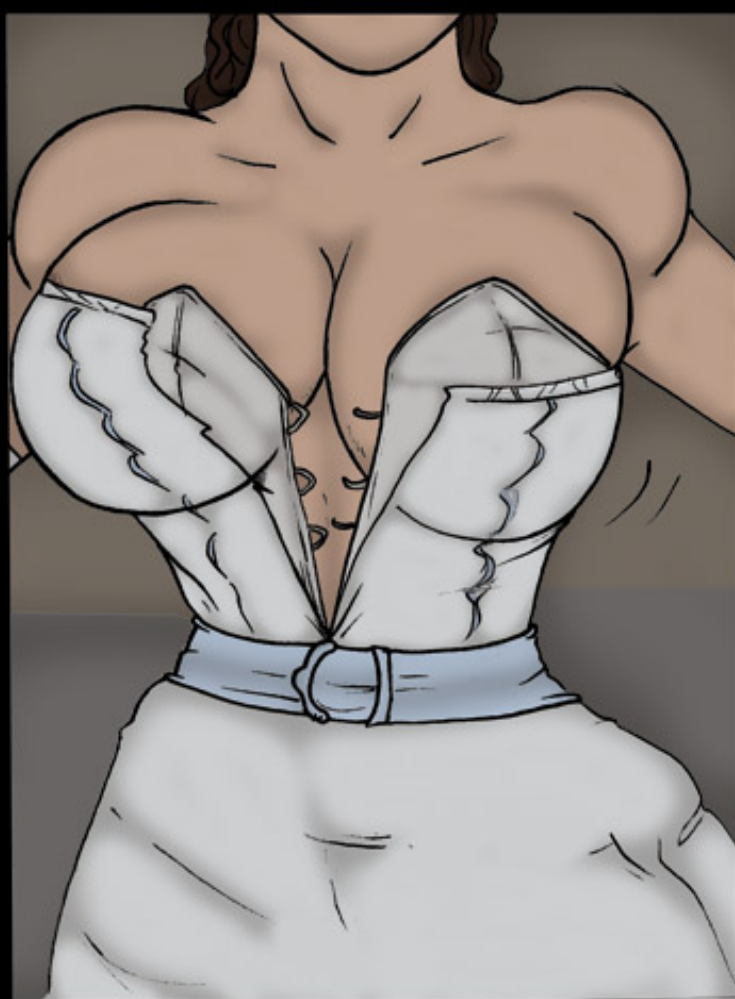
BENEATH MY SKIRT, I COULD SENSE MY THIGHS THICKENING WITH MUSCLE, MAKING MY UNDERGARMENTS STRAIN AND TEAR...



I HEARD A SCREAM BEFORE I REALIZED IT WAS MY OWN. THE CURSE HAD SPREAD TO MY FACE - MY EYETEETH GREW AND STRETCHED ALONG WITH MY EARS.



CORD BY CORD, I COULD FEEL THE BACK OF MY CORSET'S GIVING WAY.

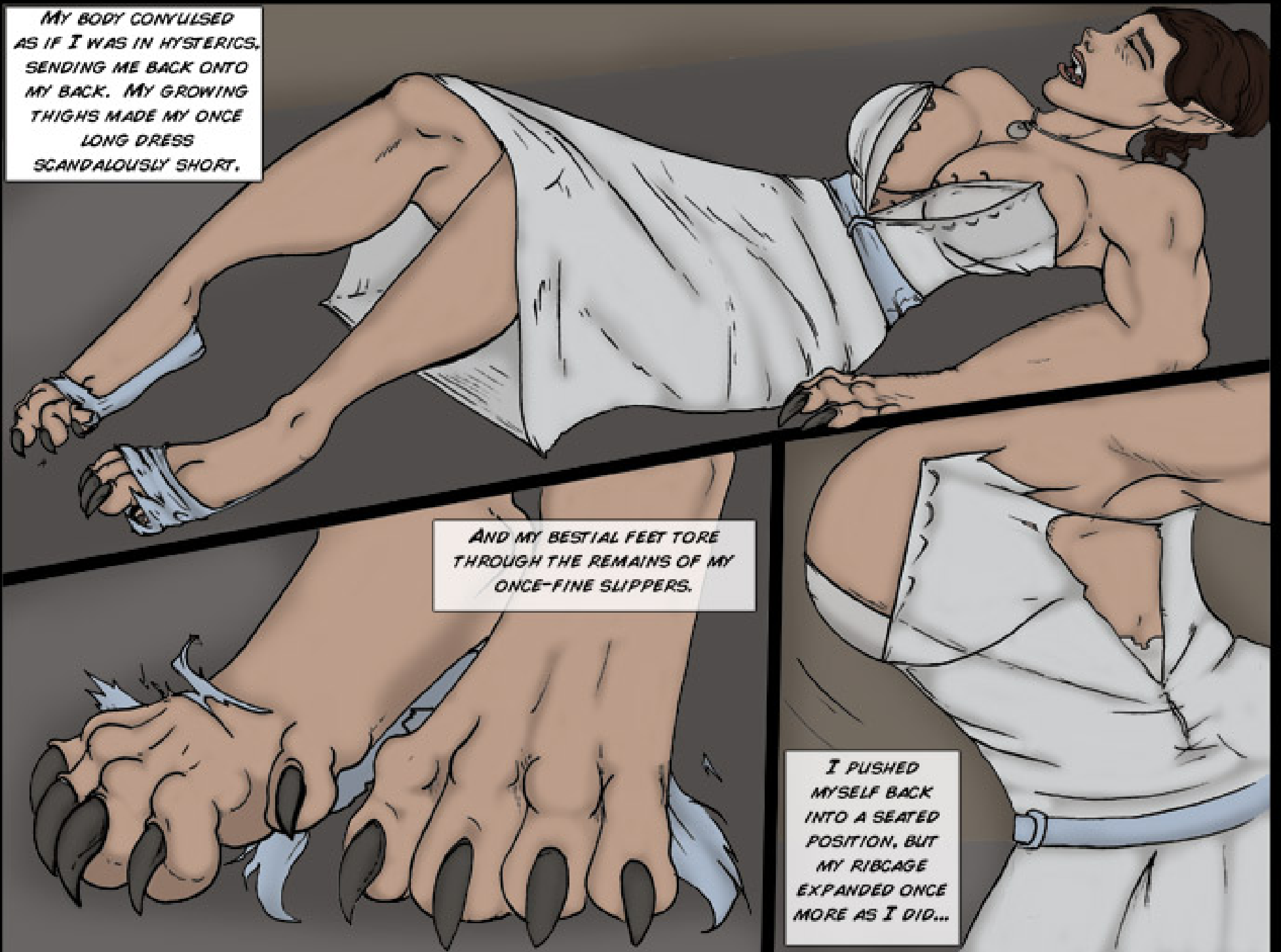


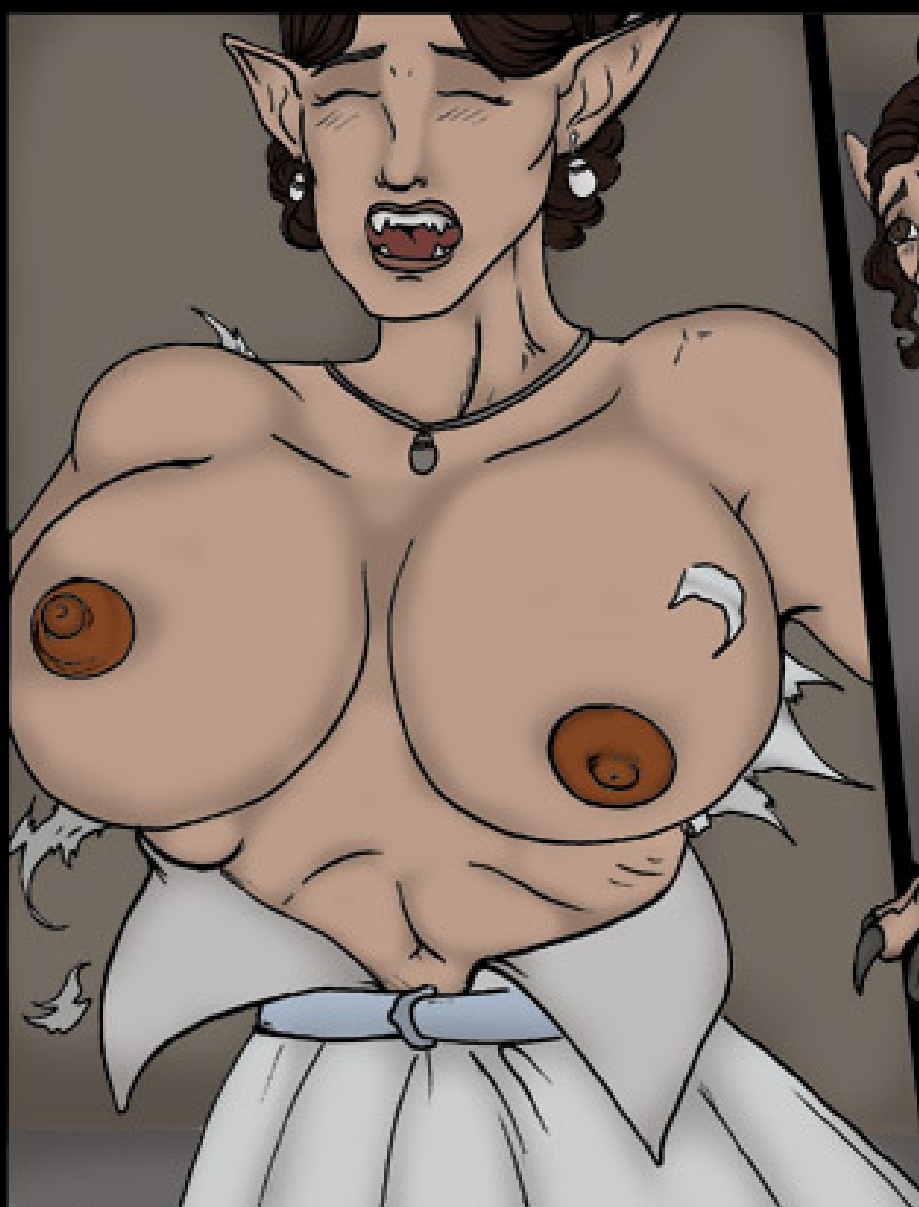
AND SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE FASTENS GAVE WAY IN THE FRONT OF THE CORSET THANKS TO MY GROWING BUST.

MY BODY CONVULSED
AS IF I WAS IN HYSTERICIS,
SENDING ME BACK ONTO
MY BACK. MY GROWING
THIGHS MADE MY ONCE
LONG DRESS
SCANDALOUSLY SHORT.

AND MY BESTIAL FEET TORE
THROUGH THE REMAINS OF MY
ONCE-FINE SLIPPERS.

I PUSHED
MYSELF BACK
INTO A SEATED
POSITION, BUT
MY RIBCAGE
EXPANDED ONCE
MORE AS I DID...

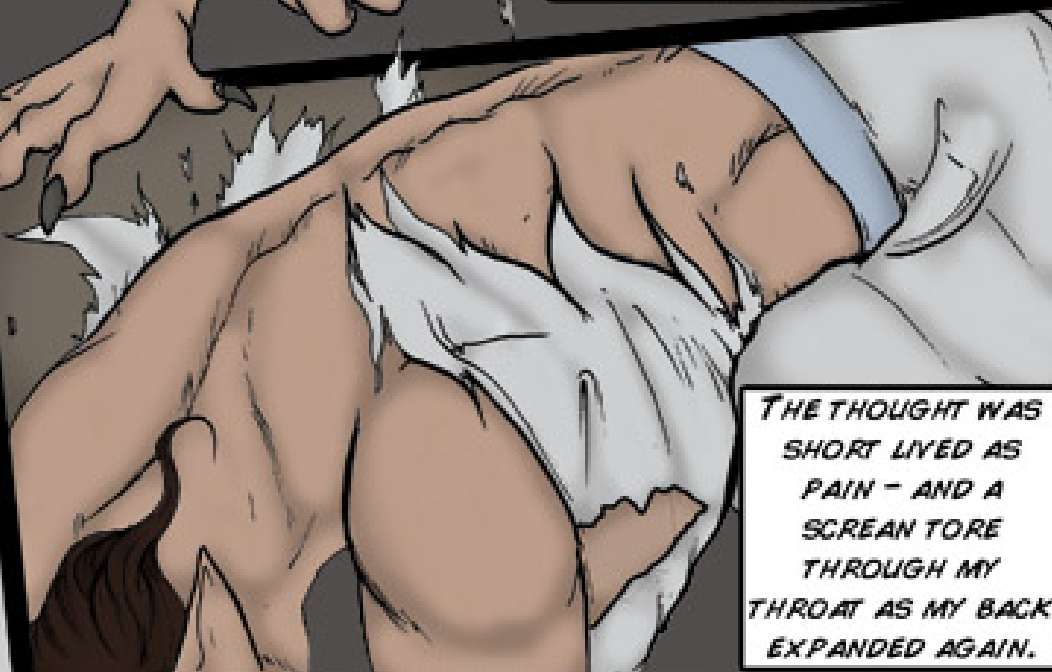




HORROR AND SHAME WASHED OVER ME AS MY BODICE AND CORSET FINALLY ENTIRELY GAVE WAY, EXPLOSIIVELY EXPOSING MY NOW ENORMOUS BOSOMS. ONLY MY BELT STOPPED THE ENTIRETY OF THE BODICE FROM FALLING AWAY FROM ME.



I SPILLED FORWARD ONTO MY HANDS AND KNEES LIKE A BEAST. WHAT WOULD DARLING ABE THINK OF ME IF HE SAW ME LIKE THIS...?



THE THOUGHT WAS SHORT LIVED AS PAIN - AND A SCREAM TORE THROUGH MY THROAT AS MY BACK EXPANDED AGAIN.

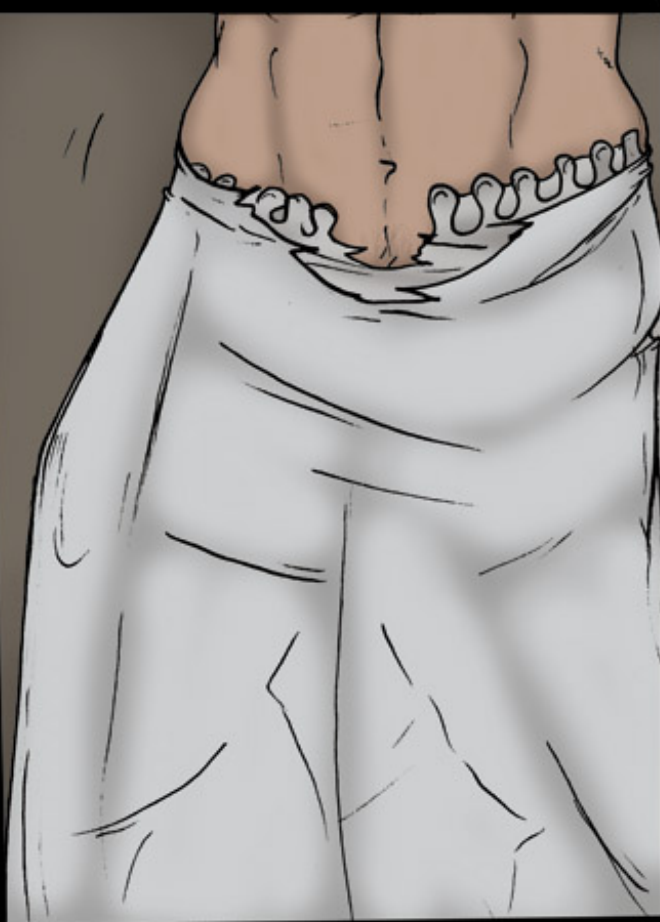
I HATED TO LOOK, BUT I COULDN'T STOP THE MORBID CURIOSITY AS I CAST A GLANCE OVER MY SHOULDER IN TIME TO SEE THE BELT GIVE WAY TO MY NO-LONGER SLENDER WAIST, MY ABDOMINAL MUSCLES AS ROCK HARD AND SCULPTED AS THE MOST ATHLETIC MAN.



I COULD FEEL MY ONCE VOLUMINOUS UNDERGARMENTS GIVING WAY TO MY THICKENING THIGHS AND BOTTOM.

STUMBLING, SHAKING, I MANAGED TO RIGHT MYSELF - ON TWO LEGS - LIKE A PERSON. BUT I HARDLY RESEMBLED THAT ANY MORE.

MY SKIRT RIPPED OPEN FURTHER, EXPOSING MORE AND MORE OF MY LACY BLOOMERS IN FRONT AND IN BACK.



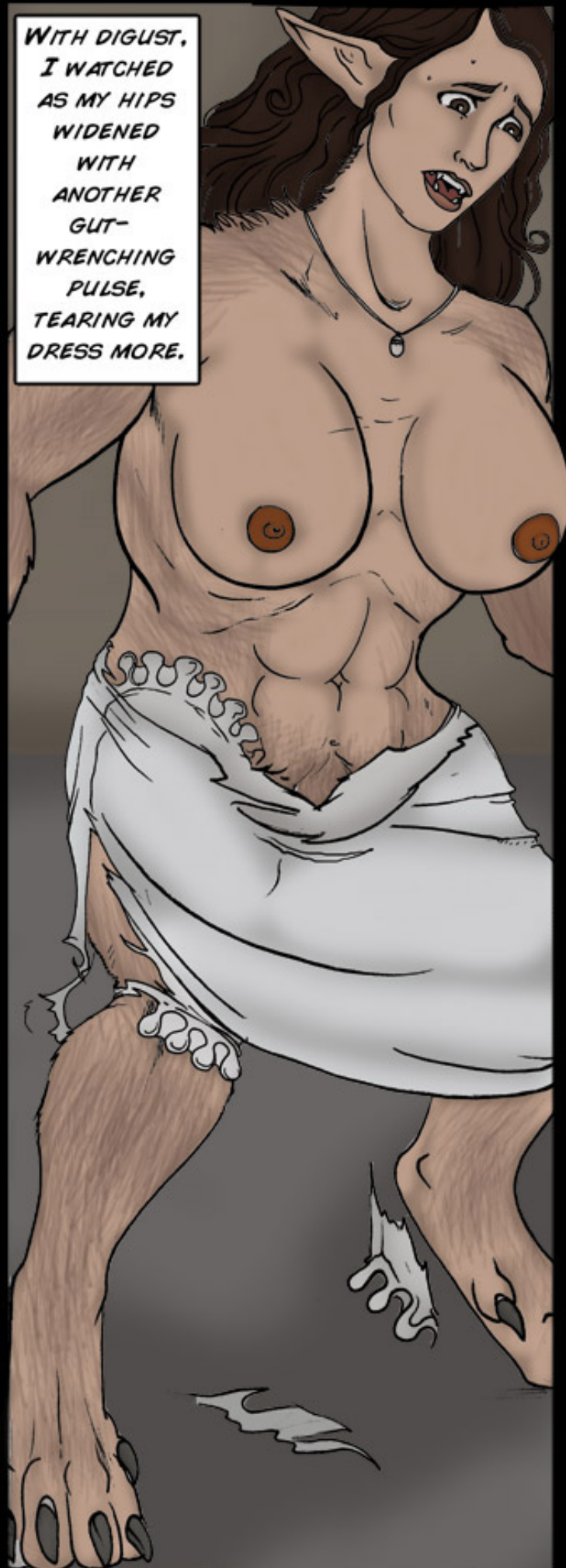


*MORE AND MORE OF MY
REMAINING
UNDERGARMENT WAS TEARING
WITH EVERY SMALL MOVEMENT.*

*I LOOKED DOWN
AT THE PILE OF
SHREDDED
CLOTHING THAT
HAD ONCE BEEN
MY FINE DRESS...
AND THE
HULKING BRUTE
OF A BEAST I
WAS BECOMING -
NOT FIT FOR
SUCH FINERY.*

*MY HAIR - ONCE
CAREFULLY AND
PAINSTAKINGLY
PINNED, NOW
SPILLED FREE. MY
EARRING HOLE
HEALING OVER.*

WITH DISGUST,
I WATCHED
AS MY HIPS
WIDENED
WITH
ANOTHER
GUT-
WRENCHING
PULSE,
TEARING MY
DRESS MORE.



BUT NOTHING WAS AS
TERRIFYING AS WHEN THE
CHANGES REACHED MY
FACE.... ROBBING ME OF
MY VERY SELF. MY
BROWS AND CHEEKS
POPPED...



... AND MY FACE
BEGAN TO PUSH OUT
INTO A MUZZLE AS
MY NOSE AND CHIN
CRACKED AND
POPPED FURTHER
OUTWARDS.





*MY FACE
CONTORTED -
I COULD FEEL
IT... SMELL
IT... MORE
THAN SEE IT.*



*I COULD FEE A
TAIL
BRUSHING
BEHIND ME... I
KNEW IT WAS
ALMOST DONE.*



*IT WAS LIKE I WAS
BEING PULLED INTO A
DEEP SLUMBER AS THE
BEAST TOOK HER
TURN... THE WORLD
SPIRALED AWAY.*



*I... HAVE NO MEMORY OF
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.*

*BUT I DO
REMEMBER... THE
POWER. THE
STRENGTH OF
THE BEAST...*



*FEELING AT ONCE
BOTH ANGRY AND
FREE - NEEDING TO
WREAK MYSELF
UPONM THE WORLD.*



*I HAVE ONLY VAGUE
MEMORIES OF RUNNING...
THE NIGHT AIR IN MY
FUR...*

... AND HUNGER...



*EACH TIME IT HAPPENS, I WORRY.
SELFISHLY, I WILL NEVER WAKE AGAIN.*

*BUT THE MORNING
SUN ROUSED MY
FROM MY BEASTLY
PRISON.*



*AND I KNEW, AS I
SPOTTED DRIED
BLOOD ON MY
FINGERS, THAT I
NEEDED TO WORRY
FOR MORE THAN
JUST MYSELF...*

..I have no idea who or what it is i attacked.
I pray it wasnt human but i may never know.
May god forbid if i ever hurt anyone i love such as
my dearest Abraham.

Mary Todd Lincoln