



The Lost Diaries OF Mary Todd Lincoln

The Carriage Ride

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October 21, 1845

This time I thought I had everything figured out
an excuse was easy and my dear husband was
away on business as he is often. Though
I miss him dearly it is for the best as
what was to happen he wouldn't understand...

A CHILL WAS IN THE AIR IN THE LATE OCTOBER EVENING. THE LEAVES TUMBLED FROM THE TREES. TO MOST OTHERS, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT FOR A CARRIAGE RIDE THROUGH THE WOODS. BUT NOT FOR ME.



*I WRESTLED WITH TROUBLED THOUGHTS
AND A BUILDING DREAD.*



*IT WAS THE NIGHT OF A FULL
MOON. THERE WAS NO CHANCE
FOR PEACE FOR ME TONIGHT.*



*I USED TO
LOVE THESE
BRIGHT FALL
EVENINGS...
NOW, THEY
WERE A
NIGHTMARE.*

THE CARRIAGE ROLLED TO A STOP AND I COULD HEAR THE DRIVER UNHOOKING THE HORSE. GOOD. HE WAS FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS, LEAVING ME ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS. I JUST HOPED THAT TONIGHT I WOULD NOT HURT ANYONE. ALREADY, I FELT WARM, ENOUGH TO REMOVE MY SHAWL. THE MOON MOCKED ME.



BUT SOON ITS QUIET
JEERING TURNED TO
PUNISHING SCORN AS
PAIN LANCED THROUGH
MY BODY, MAKING ME
CURL AND GASP!



I COULD FEEL MY FINGERS BEGIN TO QUIVER AND SPASM WITHIN MY DAINTY GLOVES. MY NIGHTMARE HAD BEGUN.

AND BEFORE MY EYES, THE SEAMS TORE FREE AT MY FINGERTIPS, GROWING, THICKENING NAILS NOW VISIBLY EVIDENT.



AND ONCE FREE, MY HANDS TWISTED AND GREW SO QUICKLY, CRACKING AND POPPING!

AND I COULD FEEL MY HEART HAMMERING AS MY BODICE GREW TIGHT!





I RECALL
NEXT MY
HANDS
TORE MY
GLOVES TO
SCRAPS OF
FINE
FABRIC!



AND OH,
HOW MY
SIDES HURT
AS MY
BODY GREW,
TEARING
MY DRESS!

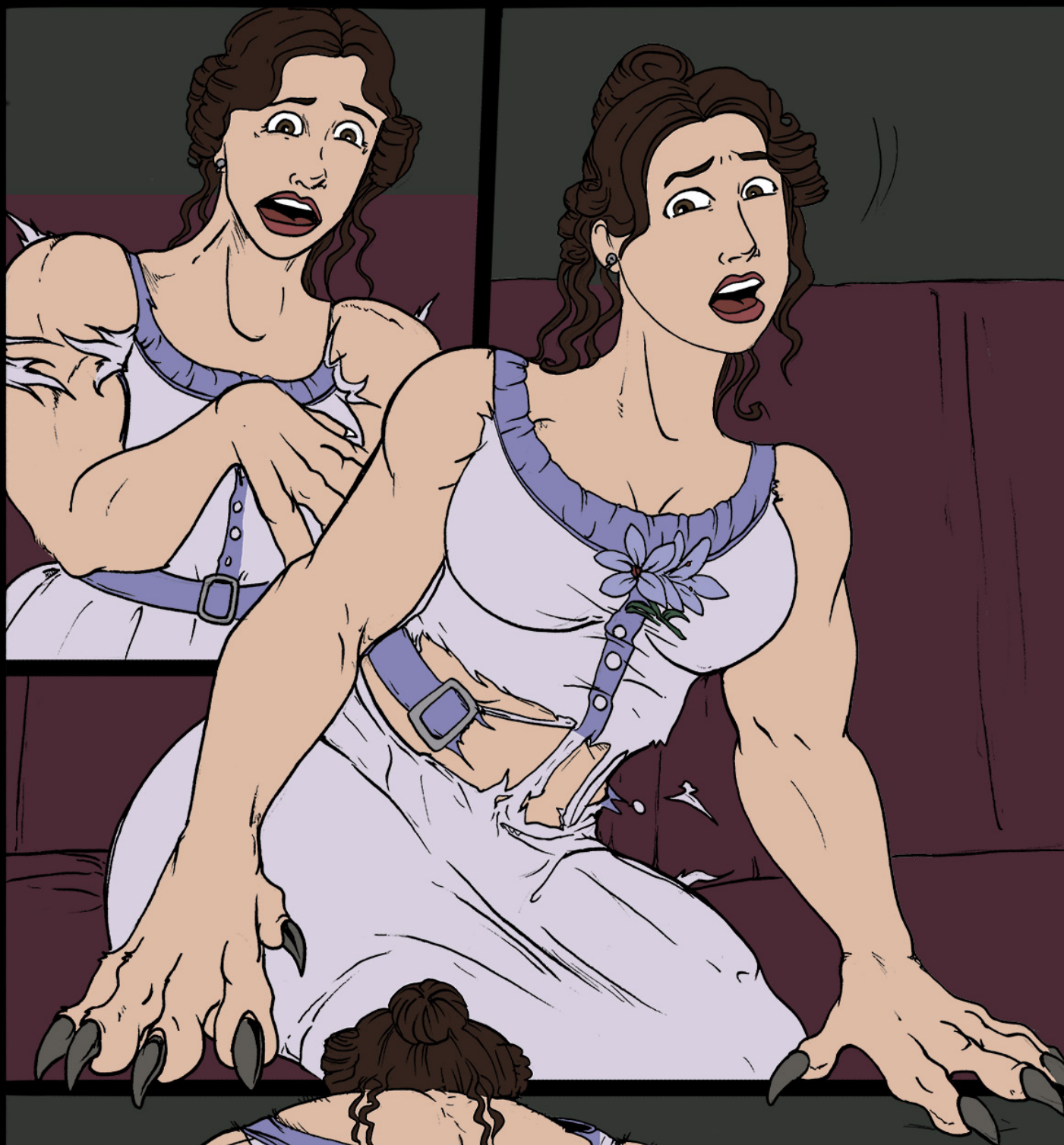


AND EVEN
MY PUFFY
SLEEVES
COULD NOT
CONTAIN MY
GROWING
SHOULDERS!



MY MOST COMFORTABLE SLIPPERS GREW
TIGHT ACROSS MY TOES AS THEY, TOO, GREW.

BUT EVEN THOUGH THIS WAS FAR FROM MY FIRST CHANGE, FEAR STILL GRIPPED ME AS I WATCHED MY BODY PAINFULLY DEFORM. MY BEAUTIFUL DRESS, PERFECTLY FITTED TEARING TO PIECES AS MY BODY ITSELF GREW AND CHANGED. AS IF IT WERE A REMINDER OF HOW MOMENTS AGO I WAS SO DIFFERENT.



MY BODY GREW LONGER, TALLER AS THE SEAM BETWEEN MY BODICE AND SKIRTS SEPARATED COMPLETELY, REVEALING A HARD, MUSCULAR MIDSECTION AND THE BOTTOM OF MY CORSET.





AND STILL I GREW
LARGER STILL.
MY LEGS SWELL-
ING IN MY DRESS...
PULSING AND
GROWING.

CLAWED NAILS AND
GROWING FEET
TEARING THE TOES
FROM MY SLIPPERS.
MY TEETH GROWING
TO POINTS... MY
EARS...

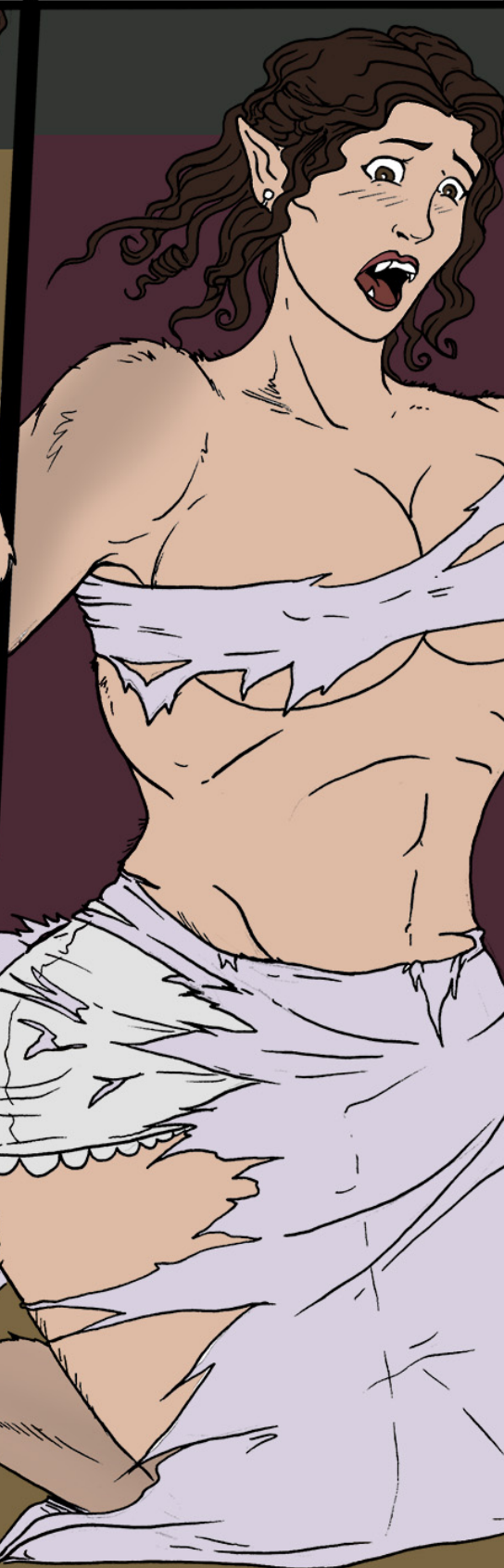
ANOTHER SPASM OF GROWTH SENT ME TIPPING FORWARD, MY LARGE, STILL CLUMSY BODY I HAD YET TO ADAPT TO AND MY CONFINING CLOTHES SENT ME SPRAWLING ONTO THE FLOOR OF THE CARRIAGE. MY CORSET FELT SO TIGHT AROUND MY WAIST, EVEN A FEW OF THE CLASPS BROKEN. MY LEGS CONTINUED TO GROW TO MATCH MY THICK TORSO...



AND I WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS
MY FEET TURNED BEASTLY!

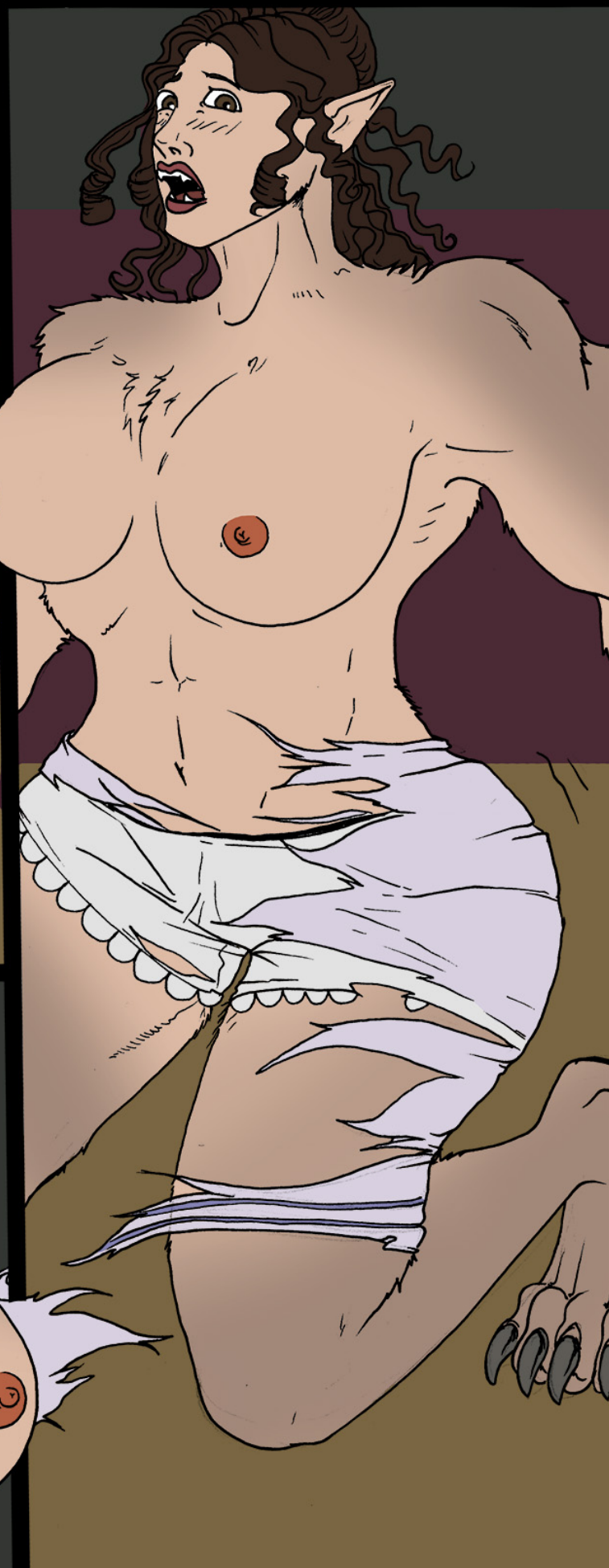
THE STIFF, STRONG CORSET BINDING MY WAIST FINALLY
SNAPPED LOOSE ENTIRELY, JUST THE BAREST STRIP OF
FABRIC FROM MY DRESS HIDING MY NOW VOLUPTUOUS
BOSOMS. I MANAGED TO GET TO MY KNEES...

... ONLY TO HAVE THE NOW
STRAINING FABRIC OF MY
SKIRTS BURST APART OVER MY
WIDENING HIPs!



I PAWED HELPLESSLY AT MY BESTIAL BODY, KNOWING WITH DREAD THAT THE WORST WAS YET TO COME. BEFORE MY EYES, THE LAST OF MY BODICE TORE!

FOLLOWED BY THE REMAINS OF MY SKIRT AS THE LAST OF THE STRAINING FABRIC GAVE WAY, LEAVING ME JUST IN MY UNDER THINGS THAT HAD BECOME SCANDALOUSLY SHORT!



I BRACED MYSELF AGAINST THE CARRIAGE SEATS AS MY LEGS CONTINUED TO GROW - LONG, LEAN AND POWERFUL. A FORMING TAIL BLOOMED AT THE BASE OF MY SPINE AS EVEN MY KNICKERS TORE APART AROUND MY BACKSIDE AND EVEN THE PART OF ME MOST SECRET. THERE WERE NO SECRETS BETWEEN THE MOON AND I.



I STILL CANNOT SAY IF IT IS A BLESSING OR A CURSE THAT MY FACE, MY MIND IS ALWAYS THE LAST TO DEPART ME ON THESE NIGHTS. THAT MONTH AFTER MONTH I MUST WITNESS AND REMEMBER THE PERVERSION THAT OVERCOMES MY BODY. THAT I CAN FEEL THE INVASION OF THE BEAST INTO MY MIND ITSELF, PERVERTING MY DESIRES AND TURNING THEM INTO HUNGER AND HATE.



BUT... I ALSO REMEMBER JUST HOW STRONG I FEEL.. INVULNERABLE AND INDOMINABLE AS THE MOON CALLS TO ME, BIDDING I RUN FREE AND WREAK HAVOC ON ALL WHO STAND BEFORE ME. THAT EVEN THE STURDY-BUILT CARRIAGE COULD NOT CONTAIN MY FURY AS I TORE FREE OF ITS CONFINES AS IF IT HAD BEEN NO MORE THAN PAPER WALLS.



THE LAST I HAZILY REMEMBERED OF
THAT NIGHT, I STOOD, A MONSTER,
ILLUMINATED BY THE MOON AND THE
FEELING OF FREEDOM.



..when I woke up, I was covered in blood and naked.
I later found out that the carriage driver was found
torn to pieces. The Beast that I became took
up his scent and hunted him down. Even with my
best plans innocents are hurt...

Mary Todd Lincoln