

Pawed Patrol

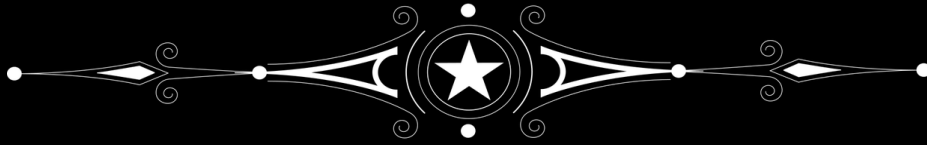
Commission for Araymba

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: female werewolf TF, splitting, male to female TG, human to anthro cat TF, hyper muscle and breasts

Read at your own discretion.



"Car thirteen! Come in thirteen!"

Cassie made sure to get every reflexive curse word out of her system before picking up the radio receiver. There was only eight minutes left until hitting one A.M. which marked the end of her shift. So, of course, this would be the perfect time to call in someone's crap.

"This is car thirteen," she spoke into the device. Taking a second to brush some stray brown hair out of her eyes, the young cop added, "I swear to god, this better be good, Cliff. Over."

The clear venom in her tone only made the dispatch on the other end laugh. "We got some calls about a disturbance going on around the west entrance of Riverside Park. A crazy cat lady riling people up or something. Mind taking the sponge with you for a drive by before heading home?"

"Ten-four! En route." Cassie fought the urge to throw the receiver in her angry scoffing. The deduction from her paycheck after the last broken radio was a great deterrent for at least some of her casual rage. "Always happy to waste my damn time chasing off homeless people in the middle of the night. They better not be drunk, cause if I have to take some loser into the station instead of going to bed there will be a murder. I swear, Kyle."

The rookie sitting in the driver's seat had been so engrossed with texting some friends that he'd almost missed his cue to answer. Three weeks in and he learned right fast the only thing worse than listening to one of his partners tangents was being her direct target. "Getting violent with random people isn't going to get you home faster, boss. Lots of people got it worse off."

"Then they can get a damn job like we did. Now drive. Sooner we mace some vagabond the better."

"I don't think..."

There was a deep breath before Cassie turned enough to stare at him with both eyes. There was no more anger showing in her expression. All he got was the cold, hard look of a statue void of emotion. The atmosphere inside their cruiser could have dropped twenty degrees far as Kyle was concerned. The only thing scarier than a screaming bear was a calm, thinking one.

"You haven't been out of diapers long enough to think for me," she said, tone flatter than her emotions. "Now drive."

"Yes, ma'am!"

A quick turn of the keys and Kyle fought to punch the gas too hard with his shattered nerves. There was still a quick squeak of sliding tires in their turn out of the empty parking lot. Granted Cassie seemed to silently approve of his rapid pace. Knowing his luck this was going to be another slight for her to threaten embellishing on his evaluation report next month.

He was grateful the senior officer kept themselves to a grumbling lump in the passenger seat over their short trip. Much as Kyle wanted to vent his own frustrations about their patrol being extended at the last minute, it was more for the sake of getting away from Cassie than simply being off work. The last time someone implied their desire to ditch her cold did not end well for them, according to bullpen gossip. Such a lose-lose situation was not worth the twenty-six dollar an hour. He was counting the days when he'd be done with this initiation period and could transfer to work somewhere that didn't involve threatening him every five minutes.

"The fuck is with all the cats?!"

The question rocked Kyle out of his casual driving just in time to see the dozen shadowy figures run through the light of their high beams. He quickly eased on the brakes, bringing their speed to a crawl while even more started to cross at a leisurely pace. Domestic cats of varying breeds were scattering off into the city streets like some kind of feline swarm.

Rounding the corner brought Riverside Parks gated entrance into view. Seeing even denser clusters of cats gathered around nearly dropped Kyle's jaw into his lap. Having countless eyes fixing on the slow approaching car, shinning in the few street lights, sent his spine shivering. Even Cassie seemed at a rare loss, pressing her face against the door window to try counting even more cats hiding out beyond the park fence.

"Should we call for back up?"

He regretted the question soon as Cassie peeled her face off the glass to stare at him.

"Are you fucking serious? What? You got an ugly cat allergy or something? Park this damn thing and come on. Last thing I need tonight it you being a pussy again."

The deep breath Kyle took his nose went ignored. He wasn't surprised Cassie had already undone her belt and jumped out when they were only going five miles per hour already. She could have at least closed the door behind her while he pulled up to the curb and switched on the old flashing blue lights.

That somehow made the hoard of cats even more freaky while he climbed out. It was the flashes of shinning eyes from across the street that made him realize they were completely surrounded. A thought that brought his hand to the gun at his hip, but then

he thought better of it. No one was doing anything threatening yet. If anything, he was getting an overwhelming sense of bored curiosity from most of the animals.

Not to mention three hundred against one did not sound like a fun fight. His so-called partner was already storming deep into the park, prompting the young man to give chase once the car had been properly locked. There wasn't much scouting for Kyle to figure out where the raging brunette was going. The only other person visible at this ungodly hour was another woman sitting by the community fountain in the parks center. Much like everything else, the marble statue depicting some wolves were covered in perched cats, along with plenty more all along its round marble base.

"Alright, what the living hell is going on here?" he heard Cassie shout before reaching the figure.

They were certainly a lot smaller than the fuming officer, perhaps even scrawny by comparison. It was hard to tell under the thick furry robe they wore. Kyle almost pegged such simple clothing as someone down on their luck, but as he got closer even in the dank lamp lights he could see she was almost pristine clean. Their scruffy tomboy hair must have been recently been dyed to shine a grass green color.

The fact there was law enforcement getting dangerously inside her personal space didn't seem to faze the woman. She continued stroking two tabby cats at once, whispering something into their alert ears that Kyle couldn't make out. When this apparent conversation concluded, she then stood and addressed Cassie with a wide smile.

Kyle had to do a double take at the way her teeth flashed. It wasn't their perfect white shine that threw him off. He could have sworn that she'd been sporting a full set of sharp fangs. Such silly tricks of the light was exactly why both cops would have preferred to go home.

"Hello, officers!" this robed woman, by contrast, practically shouted her greeting. Both hands waved about in a frantic gesture only coffee could energize. "What brings you out here so late?"

"That should be our question!" Cassie snapped. "This park closes at ten PM. We've received over a dozen calls about noise complaints about cats causing countless in property damages. Some people might have even gotten hurt."

Kyle gave her a side eyed stare fighting to keep his face blank. Somehow he doubted Cassie cared about anyone not her being hurt. The exaggerated list of potential arrest charges probably steamed from their mutual desire to just be done with their job soon as possible.

It took him a second in his silent condemnation of his superior to notice the homeless woman was staring at him. Green eyes seemed to glow in the faint light of lamp post, creepily reminding him of the many cats observing their presence. There was no apparent regard for Cassie's increasingly angry line of questioning while their eyes

met and bore into each other's soul. Kyle was not liking the idea of suddenly being judged himself.

"Hey!" Cassie finally got tired of being ignored, shooting out a hand to grab at the woman's shoulder. It didn't even get close before the woman's hand grabbed them by the wrist, tossing it aside with enough force to send Cassie staggering back two steps.

A feat that left both cops thoroughly surprised. Training habits kicked in, causing both of them to start palming the handles of their guns. But the woman continued to smile at them in a friendly aura.

"I'm not sure what you're talking about, officer twisted panties," she said, addressing Cassie for the first time. The unexpected nickname had the brunette sputtering in a way Kyle almost found hilarious. "I haven't done much to hurt anyone. Not unless you want to count Bob and Frank here."

The cops looked down to where she gestured to the two cats she'd been conversing with. They looked back with their intent stares, one giving off a soft meowing noise. It might have been mistaken as some kind of plea. A clear sign Kyle really needed to get to bed.

"Clearly you are in need of serious help, ma'am." Cassie got over the casual insult faster than Kyle expected. Granted, the honey tone she took on was not a sign of this cat lady's future prospects. She took some cautious steps forward with both arms raised in an attempt to regain ground. "What's say we bid goodnight to your army of friends and escort your somewhere safe. Do you live around here? What's your name?"

"Tch!" The woman's lip jerked to one side in a disgusted grunt. That friendly aura evaporated for one of foreboding. One even worse than Cassie on a bad day. "I'm Sorsha, and I'm perfectly fine here with the lovelies of this city, thank you. Not like you're really planning to help me out here, eh? Cassie? I'm well aware of the poor boys you locked up this afternoon for having the gall to spill your coffee."

"Wha...there's no way you could know..." It was rare to see Cassie off guard. To see actual fear flash, however briefly, on her face was something else. Yet true to her nature, it got squashed immediately. "I have no clue what you're talking about, Sorsha. We're going to need you to calm down."

Oh boy. Here we go with the faux escalation tactic. Same thing happened to those poor teens after Cassie got too distracted by an online meme and plowed into one of them. Kyle really lost his lunch at the way she made them squirm offers to repay her for the coffee and uniform cleaning. Best he could offer them while being handcuffed and stuffed in the back of their cruiser was a few hallow reassurances.

"This will be a good lesson for them," Cassie had said after they'd released the boys sobbing into their parents' custody earlier this evening. "They'll probably never break the law as adults after that. I'd bet money on it."

She'd never bet money on something as twisted as that.

"Pathetic!" Sorsha's sudden snap made Kyle jump. She was once again looking past Cassie invading her personal space and directly into his soul. The frowning of her brows suggested she wasn't liking what was there either. "See, this is why I can't stand cops. You're way too eager for an excuse to taser me so you can get on home to some cheap wine and that shitty streaming show of yours. No wonder you can't find a man when you hate yourself this much and pistol whip those that can stand to be around you. Figuratively and literally, I might add."

Anger once again wrinkled the otherwise smooth skin of Cassie's face. This time it stuck like a permanent injury.

"I've heard far worse insults, ma'am. Now if you don't have a home to go to, we are going to have to take you in for trespassing. It's illegal for you to stay here tonight."

"Yeah. Don't get me started on that bit of public abuse." Sorsha crossed her arms. The look of smug condescension seemed to almost dare Cassie to close the last bits of inches between them. "You really think this is a fine way to spend any of our time when I'm just minding my own business?"

"You are, technically, breaking the law, ma'am." Kyle had no idea why he felt the need to pipe in. The way Cassie was losing her cool so easily to Sorsha's heckling had him almost sympathizing with the senior officer that just six hours ago threatened to bash his face into her locker door.

The way Sorsha's eyes pierced through the darkness towards him made the small gesture of support not worth it.

"Right. And we really don't need comments from the whipped pussy back there."

"Hey now..."

"The only thing worse than someone that's failed so dramatically in life they have to lash out at everything are the ones complacent in their actions. Let the adult and brat here talk, pet."

"Welp. I've had about enough." Cassie gave her giggle that made hardened officers shiver while pulling out a pair of handcuffs. "So that's a count of trespassing, encampment on public property, and we might as well throw in resisting arrest for good measure. That should set you up with a hefty fine and a few nights in a cell. Turn around and put your hands behind your back."

Sorsha did neither of the things demanded of her. Kyle couldn't believe it at first, but the robed woman's eyes took on an actual glow. Her emerald irises brightened like lamps until they appeared to be emitting waves of fire. That sure got Cassie retreating, both hands holding up the cuffs like such a thing could be a shield.

"What the fuck are you?!" she demanded, confidence cracking with each word.

"Fuck off with this shit, you bitch," was Sorsha's answer. Though the way her voice projected sounded more like it was being Cassied on the wind than from her throat. "In fact, let's just make you something a bit more fitting of the title for a while."

Several things happened at once. Sorsha raised a hand in her closing statement, which also had a ball of green fire emitting out of its palm. Kyle's instincts sent him into reaction mode, whipping out his stun gun and firing at the same time the flames leapt from Sorsha into Cassie's chest. Cassie, for her part, tried ducking out of the way, only to be tripped up by several cats that'd gotten behind her in the exchange.

Fire engulfed the screaming police officer while Sorsha fell to the ground writhing in a funky dance from the electric shock. Kyle quickly dropped his discharged weapon and rushed to Cassie's side, only to be surprised she was not actually burning to death. While she flailed about frantically swatting at her cloths, the green embers didn't so much as singe her uniform.

Not that it did anything to stop the screaming.

"Cassie? Cassie!?" Kyle grabbed at what parts of her weren't on fire, trying to avoid the eerie lights while getting his partner to calm down. "Stop! I can get these out!"

Turned out he didn't need to do much. After a while of failing to get Cassie under control, the flames on her chest began to fade. It was hard to tell with her panicked writhing if they were dispersing or actually sinking through her clothes and into her body. Kyle didn't really like to think about the latter.

"What the fuck was that?!" Cassie bolted upright so suddenly it sent Kyle falling backward onto the paved ground. She didn't seem to care about that, slapping at where the green embers were going out before feeling up other random parts of her body.

Kyle kept a cautious distance while crawling back onto his feet, lest he get a backhand strike to the face, accidental or otherwise. "Are you okay, ma'am?"

"Do I fucking look okay to you!?"

It wasn't the hysterical shouting that made Kyle cry out. When Cassie turned to gawk at him in a mix of anger and desperation, he took in a dead on look at her face. The officer's eyes glowed with a bright inhuman energy much like Sorsha's had. The right's iris had changed to a gleaming bright gold, while the left burned a fiery red.

Then there was the matter of Cassie's fangs. The very structure of her face had changed, teeth shifting into a mouth full of sharp points, being pushed out with a nose that was turning a dark shade of black. She reached up to feel the skin turning puffy and rough like wet leather. A sudden spasm made every joint in her fingers crack, reeling them back.

"Oh my god!" Cassie screamed holding up her hands to watch her nails grow out. Tips curved into thick claws. "What's happening to me?!"

"Ouch. That's really not good." Sorsha suddenly speaking so casually beside Kyle nearly sent him falling to the ground again. She remained focused on observing Cassie's hands while the fingers themselves grew thick and meaty, the skin bubbling into rough pads on the tips and palms. "I'm so sorry. My spell got a bit miscast."

"Then stop it! Ah fuck!" Cassie arched her back, falling across the paved walkway. The sounds of her bones snapping filled the near silent park, making her limbs contort in odd ways. It was when the hem of her shirt untucked that Kyle realized she was growing bigger. "Please! This is so weird! I won't arrest you. I promise."

"The hell is happening?" Kyle demanded, stopping himself from making a grab at Sorsha when she jerked around to stare at him.

"Well, because some impulsive jerk grew a pair and shot me full of fifty-thousand volts things went a bit wacky."

"Oh shit! Oh shit!" Cassie tore open the front of her blouse, not caring for the buttons or modesty. Not only were her breasts considerably larger along with her torso, but were rapidly growing a dense coat of short hairs.

Fur! A rich pelt had begun breaking out in various patches all over her exposed skin, spreading like spilled paint for the rest of her. It didn't take long for the humans and cats watching to notice a perfect split in the pattern. Her right side, even with her face, was a snowy white, while her left turned black enough to easily hide in the nights darkness.

"Please help her," Kyle said, surprised he could even find the words while witnessing this horror unfold.

Sorsha just clicked her tongue, her gaze softening. "I'd love to, honestly. The spells gone completely out of my control thanks to our little tussle. Think of it like poking a hole in a paper bag full of mashed potatoes and then trying to stuff it back through the hole."

Both police officers felt their brains shorting out for the briefest of moments.

"That's the best analogy you can think of?" Cassie snapped back first, mostly trying to scratch at her jeans where the fur itched against the tightening denim. It mostly resulted in claws tearing the legs apart, allowing thighs way more muscular than this morning to bulge free. "Or are you just a psycho speaking from experience!?"

"Don't question my love of mashed potatoes!!" Sorsha shot her a raspberry in turn. "Point is, I can't fix anything about this, even when the process finishes. Like I can't even tell what's about to happen. Seriously, I really hope you don't explode."

"I'd like to not do that either, you stupid...aaah!"

Another hard crack made Cassie undulate into the air. Loud snaps and more tearing saw her hips expand drastically in girth, blowing open the sides of her jeans. A

broken belt slid off forgotten as she bucked the air several more times. The muscles of her exposed midriff rippled under the contrasting fur, developing into stiff definitions all the way down and across her legs.

On the final air hump Cassie gave off a sharp bark that barely sounded human. She rolled over into a rising position on all fours. Legs stretched out their full length, raising her fluffy, barely covered by split jeans and tight panties, butt towards Sorsha and Kyle.

"Aah! ARF!?" her rear bounced with the sudden arching of her feet. Shoe toes ground into the asphalt with a renewed series of cracks and pops that threatened to make Kyle's stomach turn. For a second it looked like she was forcing the footwear off, but as the heels slipped free and began rising further away from the ground he realized her bones were still changing, lengthening. Softer pops could be heard like popcorn going off with the fronts swelling against the tight nylon. Their cheap quality was no match for the massive paws that tore through into the open ground.

"Grrr! HRRRCKL!" Cassie couldn't really think about what was going on with her lower half. Drool rained down in rapid drops between her splayed paw-like hands. Everything about her mouth was getting difficult to move like it should. Tension pulsed through her jaw, forcing her teeth to protrude out beyond her lips. A second later, her face itself started pushing out, moving her rounded black nose further away from her eyes. Lips caught up to wrap back around many large, vicious fangs, though they were now part of a thick snout unbecoming of a human.

"There's got to be something you can do?" Kyle said, unable to take his eyes off the way Cassie's butt swayed in the air. What little pants remained there was starting to tent thanks to a sudden growth pushing out a thick bundle of fluff from just above her glutes.

"What part of frazzled magic is hard to understand!?" Sorsha snapped back, throwing both hands in the air.

"Pretty much all of it?"

"Exactly!" The robed witch nodded in affirmation to his complete confusion. "You'd need something a lot more powerful than my sideshow act to sew her back together. And I'm sorry to say I don't know of any genies around this city."

"Any wha..."

"GRAAWWW!" Cassie's bulking body shook as a mighty tear blew the rest of her pants from her backside. The large bushy canine tail that swished free generated a gust of wind across Kyle's face before it relaxed into a gentle hang between her stiff legs. Like the rest of her, it was impossibly split even between black and white fur. "AH AH AAARRRROOOOOWWWWWW!!!"

Before Kyle could so much as open his mouth to question Cassie's state, the massive monster she'd become suddenly rocked her chest forward, pushing against the

ground with head rocked back in a howl that deafened the officer. Tension snapped the taut straps of her bra, setting free breasts much larger than she'd been and rendering her truly naked.

"God. Damn. It." Cassie's gasping words came out in barely coherent growls. Her body shivered and heaved with heavy breaths, refusing to come out of her feral stance on altered animal hands and feet.

It took Kyle a few moments for the ringing to leave his eardrums and hear much, anyway. The sight of a fluffy canine like woman, naked and built like someone that enjoyed their weight lifting, left his mind swirling.

Cassie looked back over her shoulder at the pair, eyes heavy with fatigue. Her muzzle flapped a few times, tongue flopping about unable to control its much larger size trying to form words. When that failed she seemed to simply give up, collapsing onto her side in a daze.

"You made her a werewolf?" Kyle could hardly believe his own words, in spite of the evidence collapsed in front of him.

"Actually, I was trying to make her a normal German Shepard since police dogs and all that." Sorsha frowned over at him. "Turns out having a bolt of lightning jammed up my ass can really mess up a spell."

"How dare you! We're just trying to do our job here and what? Are all these cat's people you just got annoyed with on a whim?"

"Not as many as you'd think. Besides, what's got your panties in a bunch? She's never been the nicest person to you on a good day."

"I..." No counter point could come no matter how hard Kyle tried. Maybe it was the whole absurdity of the situation that got his temper flared. He wasn't sure, but seeing Cassie as a quivering half-human certainly didn't feel like the best outcome in the world. "She still didn't deserve this. You better put her back to normal before I..."

"You got to be kidding me!" Sorsha cried amidst bursts of laughter. the sight of Kyle reaching for his side arm was apparently the funniest thing she's seen all night. "Don't even try pulling the tough guy act now, Kyle."

"How do you know my..."

"I turned your bitch into a bitch. You think I don't know the basics of what a pussy you are?" Sorsha brushed some green bangs from her eyes, resting the hand on her hip. "I really am sorry for the irreparable damage of that spell, but if you still think being law enforcement gets you anywhere here, it's going to get nasty. And this time, I'll do it on purpose."

Their eyes met, boring into Kyle with their green glow again. Shame he was in too deep now. That creepy factor of her wasn't about to make him back down with his

partner in such a state. Fingers tightened around the cold grip of his gun, drawing the weapon in one easy motion.

"GAH!" He couldn't get the pistol halfway raised before it suddenly burned at his hand with the fire of a hot coal. Pain reflexes sent it clattering to the ground while he cradled his fingers.

"You've always been a pussy, Kyle." Sorsha spat in the cop's direction. "Suddenly acting the brave young man when it's too late to do either of you any good isn't going to change that. Especially not when I'm done with you."

"No. Wait!"

The spell launched from Sorsha's hand just as the please left Kyle's mouth. There was little he could do to stop being struck in the stomach with a surge of energy shaped like a javelin. Flimsy police shirts could do nothing for protection. It's pointed tip drove right through to his belly button.

Although the impact rocked him back a few steps, there was surprisingly little pain. He stared down at the two-foot spike of green energy lodged in his abdomen, too scared to try grabbing at it. Looking back up at Sorsha in hopes of an explanation, he was stunned again to see the woman had turned and was strolling at a leisurely pace towards the park's open gate. The army of cats also dispersed in various directions, losing interest in the show.

"Get back he...hrrrk!"

A punch struck Kyle in his gut, bringing attention back to the giant spike lodged down there. He gulped at empty air watching the thing wiggle as if being manipulated by invisible hands. Slowly, the chunk of energy drove itself deeper past his clothes and skin, yet didn't pierce through the other side of his body. His insides tingled and convulsed, being forced to welcome the witch's parting spell despite his efforts to resist.

"Stop it!" he cried as if that could halt the process underway. Reaching to grab at it proved futile. His hands passed right through the spike with only a static tingle of resistance. And in the process he noticed the other things going on. "Oh, sweet mercy. No!"

Kyle flipped his hands around and back, stupefied at the grey and striped fur growing on them. Their structure itself thinned and lengthened, becoming refined with a look of sensual grace. Nails popped off the ends of feminine fingers in his wiggling. Tips split open into developing sheaths, hiding newly growing claws to take their place.

"What's happening to me?!" he cried, though Sorsha was no longer anywhere to be seen. Worse was the way his voice cracked and rose in pitch with each word. Now thinner hands clasped at his throat, feeling soft fur blossom around the skin while the lump of his Adams apple melted away. "Oooooooh nya!"

He'd meant to groan, only for a surprisingly feline noise to escape with his breath. A tension in his waist rolled into a hard shift around his hips, forcing Kyle to struggle standing while his stance changed. Claws scratched all over his uniform, no longer caring about their sharpness thanks to fur breaking out in a rash across his skin. It was all a wild patch of greys, browns and whites. The typical ones of a local tabby cat, he realized.

"Hnngh!" he gasped through grit teeth when his hips snapped. Bones grew, pushed out of place and settled into differently aligned sockets. He grasped at either side of his flanks, feeling palms get pushed away with the development of very wide, child bearing curves. Seams in his pains groaned in protest with excess fats piling on his butt, giving rise to a hump that insisted on wiggling with every step he took.

"Oh my god!" he cried, and then realized his voice lacked all traces of masculinity. "Oh my god!"

Pained snarling whipped Kyle around, renewed fear suddenly dawning at the werewolf ten feet away. Cassie was making no move to attack, thankfully, though she looked to be struggling in a worse position than him. Her beefy furred form jolted to one side and then the other as if being punched from the inside. Flesh bulging in unnatural ways and settled back with distended bumps deforming her figure. Shoulders and hips drew further apart with each jolt, the point at which her white and black fur met was drawing thinner. It reminded him of stretching taffy candy.

"MREOW!?" A hard rocking at his middle brought Kyle back to his own problems. Attempts to grab the bolt drilling into his belly button again proved futile. With every inch it worked into his body, the more drastic his figure slimmed, widened and grew in varying ways. The worst of which was the harsh tugging between his legs, driving a lot of sensitive stuff inside towards his lower back. By the time he'd worked up the courage to feel at it through the denim of tightening pants, there was little left except a delicate slit, throbbing with a freshly developed cavity of muscles behind it.

"Oh no!" Kyle gasped when she realized what the jolt in her chest could only mean. She grabbed at her pecs hard with both hands, trying to push back the rising pressure under the blue shirt. It was about as effective as trying to hold back a coming tidal wave. Flesh rose and squished around her palms, and then between her fingers. A pleasant warmth started to fill the changing cop with this new additions arrival but she stubbornly fought against it. "Stop, damn you! Stop it!"

Demands did nothing to halt the rapid puffing going on under the officer's shirt. Her delicate hands began moving away from her chest riding the steadily widening girth of a developing shelf. Kyle had always admired Cassie's breasts when she thought the ill-tempered cop wasn't looking. Seeing an even larger set growing to block her direct view of the ground was not something the rookie ever wanted to experience.

"Aah!" The pressure of her swelling mounds became too much for one officer's shirt. The top two buttons snapped off in a harsh release that caught Kyle's breath. Hefty weights surged forward with a hard bounce eager to capitalize on the opened

space. Cleavage unlike anything the former man had seen before bulged out from the cleft in her shirt. Their epic mass defied conventional bra sizes, pushing against each other like soft furry pillows.

It took her a second to realize these fresh mounds were still growing. The buttons that remained pulled pucker in their attempt to hold back all the soft flesh trying to spill its way out of Kyle's neckline.

"Stop! Please?" Kyle panted, struggling to get any air in with how her basketball-sized breasts squished back against her rib cage. She was so engrossed in watching her cleavage get steadily deeper inside the taut shirt that it went completely unnoticed when her hearing became sharper. Ear lobes stretches into sharp points covered in fine fur before creeping up to rest among her bushy hair as acute triangles. "It's too much! I can't...nngggh! Nya-aaah!"

A mix of animal and human cries escaped the increasingly feline officer as her shirt finally lost its grand fight. Buttons snapped off in four different directions, allowing the enormous fluffy boobs underneath to breath in some cool night air. Gravity promptly took hold, dropping them hard across her fuzzy stomach. She staggered forward several steps with arms flailing out to either side trying to maintain balance.

They were so damn huge she was pretty sure they hung close to her belly button. Yet, it was amazing their hefty weight didn't cause her to topple helplessly to the ground. One good thing to thank the spiteful magic mutating her body, probably. Kyle slowly righted herself, grasping under both her new assets in awe. There was no way to properly grip the patchy furred mounds in her slimmed hands. She might as well be trying to hold two twenty pound bags of rice. They sure made looking at her shoes impossible.

"Hooooo!"

Figures they'd be incredibly sensitive as well. Not just the gentle brushing of her finger pads across fur, but the wind drifting by sent tingles up her spine.

Wait. Kyle's eyes went wide as she realized that wasn't just pleasure. A weird tension was pushing out at the base of her spine, right above the generous butt cheeks bulging out of her pants.

"What the aah...aah...AH-CHOO!"

So much cat hair tickled at her nose, eliciting a sneeze that exploded her face out a few inches into a small cat muzzle. The back of one hand brushed along the small pink nostrils at the tip, allowing whiskers to unfurl. A gentle rocking across the top of her behind made her glance back to find she also sported a long bushy tail too.

"Great," Kyle said in a low, defeated whisper. What little sanity remained in her mind fumbled around trying to decide how to proceed with this development. A few attempts to tug her shirt closed made it clear she wasn't getting anywhere with decency in tact tonight.

Assuming she wasn't promptly arrested for some science lab testing. Who the hell reacts normally to a cat woman with milk bags bigger than any rational bra size? There was the fact Cassie was now a...

"Ah shit!" she whirled around suddenly remembering her partners unexpected affliction now that her own problems had, hopefully, run their course.

To say the split colored werewolf that was Cassie had grown into a very uncomfortable position would be an understatement. She continued to roll and pace with an increasingly lopsided gait as her middle had stretched way too broad for her anatomy.

"What the hell?" Kyle gasped, realizing their uneven pace was due to more than their widening frame. The white side of Cassie's wolfish body seemed to have stopped growing considerably sooner than her black furry side. Not that they stopped squirming long enough for an accurate estimate for sizes.

Then the tearing noises started. A constant, slow ripping that disturbed Kyle enough to try clamping her animal ears in an attempt to muffle them. Between the movements of Cassie's frantic fighting of whatever had control on her body, Kyle could see the fluffy tail was starting to separate. Directly between the seam where her two fur colors met the limb drifted further and further apart. By the time it reached the base of her spine they were clearly two separate limbs wagging independently of each other.

If only it had stopped there. The motion of separation continued right on into Cassie's hips. Her opposite sides flew apart like tearing paper, dragging the white and black halves further and further apart. She gave a startled howl as the motion sent her toppling over to one side. Legs kicked at the air while she tried rolling over, only to continue helplessly rolling along the ground. Even those limbs seemed out of her control.

Kyle blinked, needing a second to realize Cassie was kicking with a lot more legs all of a sudden. The struggling werewolf sported four lower extremities.

Both of which connected to color-coded butts.

Pretty much everything from Cassie's waist down had separated into their own entity. Kyle tried to process the fact he was looking at two sets of canine legs struggling against each other to stand. Both flexed powerful beefy thighs and taut paws easily capable for long distance running.

"Kyle!?" Cassie whined, snapping the cat officer out of her stupor. The werewolf gazed desperately up at them, drool pouring from their clenched muzzle as the process continued to pull her stomach and chest in opposite directions. "H-help meeeeeeee! I don't know what's happening. This can't be happening. We're going to wake up still parked at our post. Right!?"

"I really wish that would be the case." Kyle swallowed the lump in his throat. Suddenly her partner has two different stomachs, each sporting a six pack of abs. And

then her uneven sized breast began to move apart, forming more matching twins with the growing space between them. "I don't even know what to do."

"Do something! Anything!" Cassie cried watching herself seemingly develop two torsos. A tiny white furry hand and a huge black furred hand grabbed at her head, apparently trying to hold it together as the tears reached her neck. "This is impossible. P-please. I...can't...ah god!"

Kyle turned with hands raised, unable to watch the last tears happen in a rush up Cassie's head. Suddenly the park was filled with two songs of wolfish growling and human grunts. The separate figures scraped at the asphalt with their claws trying to come to grips with the consequences of their separation.

"What the?" A sudden weight in her raised hand made Kyle lower it for a look. She could only blink at finding her hand suddenly gripped two long strand of thick leather leading back around towards where Cassie had been. Against her better judgement, the cat woman looked back to follow their separating paths. "Holy hell!"

A wolf woman covered in snowy white fur slowly rose to her full seven-foot height. Her figure was complimented by the definition of a strong body builder. While her breasts were nowhere near the size of Kyle's, they could certainly make cantaloupes jealous. Hands rubbed at her head just behind large pointed ears as she seemed to try shaking off a major cramp. One of the strands led right to a clasp around a pink collar wrapped around the ruff of her neck.

Kyle looked towards the other leash and gasped. The black wolf that been ripped into existence toward far beyond both of them, easily reaching ten feet tall. everything about her strength and curves were ramped up to ten as well. Muscles piled on muscles, making crease patterns all along her fur. Two enormous boobs the size of medicine balls jiggled in a threatening way above Kyle's head. Naturally, a blue collar connected her leash to Kyle's grip.

"Well, this is just great!" The black wolfess snarled upon observing her hulking figure. "I'm going to suplex that hobo into oblivion for making me a freak of nature!"

"At least I'm still alive," the white said in a subdued voice that shocked Kyle. "Or is it us now? Wow. This is confusing to think about."

"Yeah? No shit!" The black wolf rubbed her temple with two thick fingers. "Just shut up for now. I don't need the idea of us being the same woman pissing me off more."

White Cassie's ears folded back, tail tucking between her muscular thighs. "Getting angry at me isn't going to put us back together."

"I said shut up!" Black Cassie barked so loud it made her white counterpart and Kyle yelp. An action the latter regretted when her red eyes bore down at the cat woman. "And you! You fucking pussy! Some help you were standing up for us while all this happened."

That got the hairs on Kyle's neck bristling. "Least I bothered trying to help you. We coulda just asked her to leave the park and gone home. But no! Big bitch Cassie always has to flaunt her shit making an arrest to look good."

"Oh you..." The black werewolf flexed her claws. Giant paws stomped the pavement in her slow advance towards Kyle.

Seeing a monsterfied Cassie advancing on her sucked all the irritation out of the cat woman in an instant. Arms flew up like that could ever shield her from the coming threat. Thoughts whirled wanting to cry out for them to stay away, to stop and think this through. Unfortunately, in her panic only one word managed to get out in a shrill squeal.

"Stay!"

It took Kyle a few seconds to realize she was not currently being eaten by a werewolf. And then a lot more seconds to notice said werewolf was no longer making any noise. Her arms cautiously lowered enough to peer past them. The black-furred Cassie had not only stood straight out of her threatening posture, but had let her arms relax at her sides. Eyes stared straight ahead with a neutral expression, the flaring of her nostrils with each breath the only true sign of life.

"What...?" Kyle looked to the white Cassie hoping for an explanation, only to see they had also taken the same disciplined stance. She rubbed at the back of her neck fur trying to figure out this puzzle and then looked at the hand holding the twin's leashes.

No way it could be that.

"Sit?"

Right on command, both werewolves dropped their haunches in a very low squat until they nearly touched the sidewalk. Hands came to rest in the space between their paw feet helping to keep their balance.

"Um...good girls?"

Both Cassie's tails suddenly began wagging fast enough to sweep away stray leaves. Muzzles fell open with their heavy panting, lips curled in bright smiles. The scene would have almost been cute in a vacuum. Kyle just slumped with her empty hand palming at the bridge of her feline muzzle.

"You got to be kidding me."

Domesticated werewolves aside, the only course of action she felt was left seemed to be calling in for help. With a sharp tug on their leashes, she led the two Cassie's back to where they'd been parked. She was at least happy the pair didn't also start walking on all fours.

Still, seeing what had happened to their cruiser made Kyle stop so abruptly that black Cassie almost knocked her over with their enormous bust. There simply was no police cruiser anymore. In the exact same spot stood a large SUV painted jet black with

clear police markings and lights on it. Additional signs of 'K-9 unit' were also painted on the sides and double doors in back.

"How the heck?" Kyle mused as she led the leashed monsters around the vehicle. Opening up the back doors found a compartment big enough for people with benches, but also floors and walls padded to protect from damage like any other dog car.

Without even a look, the white Cassie pushed past Kyle to climb inside, silently taking a seat on a bench. Back remained straight and ears forward patiently awaiting further orders. Not a moment later the black wolf climbed inside, suspension rocking from their excessive weight until she settled on the opposite bench.

"Um...good job," was all Kyle could think to say. The werewolves snorted and flicked their ears a little, which she took as a sign of acknowledgement before closing the doors.

She barely had time to get around into the driver's seat before the screech of static made her jump against the roof of the cabin.

"Car thirteen? Come in! Where are you, you damn pussy!?"

Kyle's hand reached out for the receiver, recoiling for a moment before deciding to pick it up. "This is thirteen, over."

"About damn time!" dispatches voice barked, making Kyle's ears fold against her skull. "Are you animals done out there yet?"

"Y-yeah. The park is secure. Just a homeless woman Cassie chased off."

"Great. Nice to know your bitches are still good for something. I really didn't want to have to send out another car to check on you."

Kyle glanced through the viewing mirror back at the two wolf ladies. Apparently without her presence, they had relaxed a bit. Although, the black werewolf seemed to be laying into the white one about something that couldn't be heard clearly through the thick glass.

The radio crackled before she could think on it too much. "Well, that's it for you guys. Get your pets back to the kennel and call it a night. Over."

"Uh. Sure. Ten-four." Kyle set the receiver back slowly processing what was going on. Getting inspiration, she pulled down the visor above for the various small card's underneath. "What is this!?"

Both her driver's license and police badge had changed. Instead of a young man in his late twenties, it was the tabby cat girl smiling awkwardly back up at her. Even dressed in a fitting police shirt, the upper part of her impossible boobs could be seen. Apparently, her name was now also Kate.

Neither Cassie had so much as state IDs anymore. Instead, Kate found herself holding certified dog licenses made out to them. All the credentials for an expert canine operator.

"I don't think I like magic," Kate mused while putting the documents back. She moved to turn the key and at least move on from this mess. The cars horn went off so suddenly it sent her head banging the cabin roof again. Frantic barking from the back pen went ignored through the dull headache that resulted.

Once her heart beat had slowed back down, she adjusted the seat amidst frustrated grumbling. It took a lot of testing to find a position that didn't have her naked tits pressing into the wheel.

"Maybe I should find myself a new job," Kate pondered as she turned their SUV around in a route for the station.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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