

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #17

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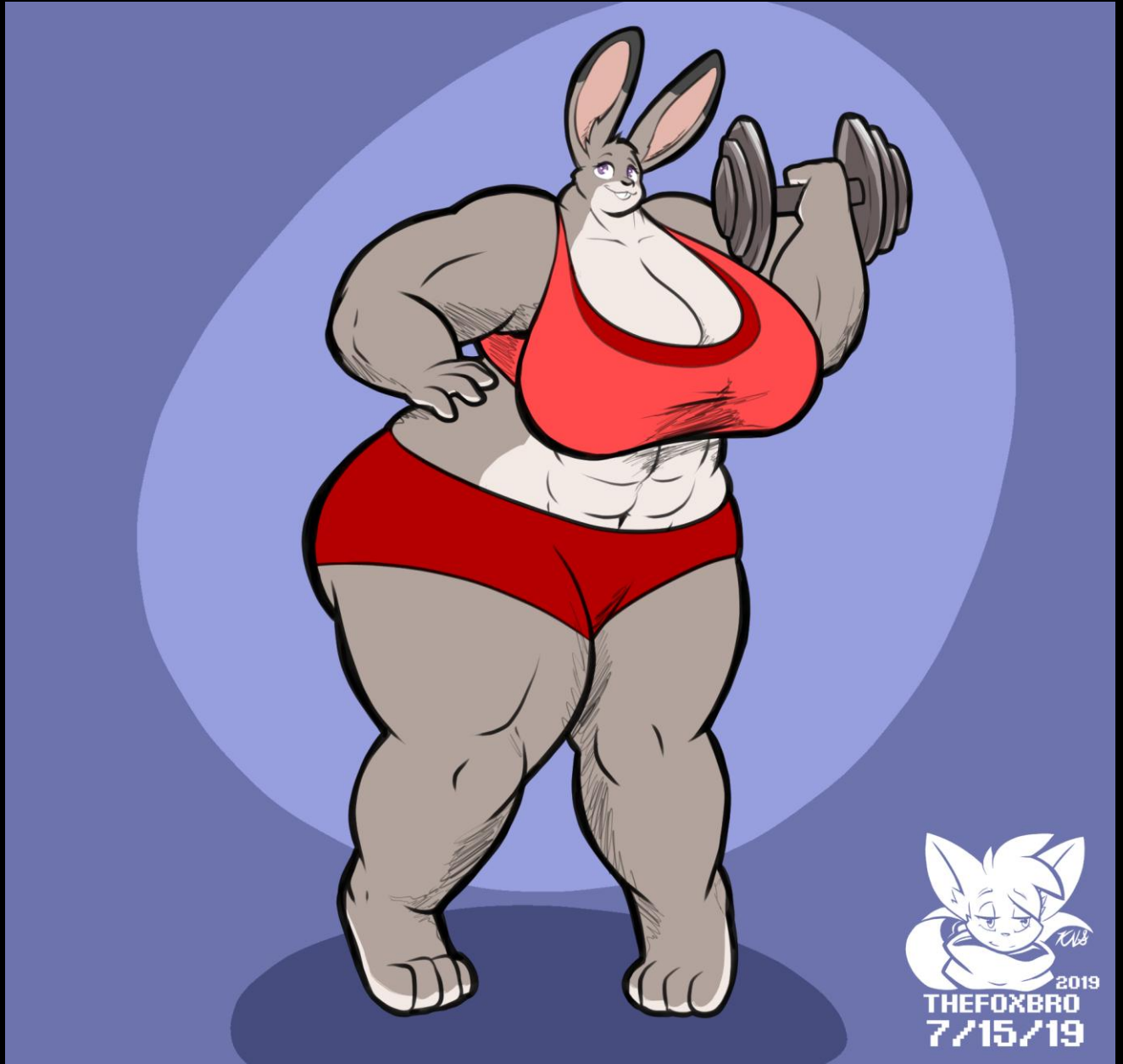
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Judy Buffs

Judy Buffs



Commission for Mysteryman01

Art by [Thefoxbro](#)

It was amazing how fast an anonymous tip could lead to one of the biggest criminal busts of the year. And Nick Wilde would mean that literally in his report. The Zootopia Police Department's first fox officer had started his day out with a dull, routine, patrol around a boringly tame neighborhood. When he came back, it was at the head of what might have been mistaken for a circus parade.

Virtually every officer and citizen in the station's reception area stopped in awe of the fox, warthog, and tabby cat trailing behind Nick in cuffs. That would have been nothing out of the ordinary if not the fact all three of them were nine feet tall. They towered over the wolf officers escorting them rippling with enough muscle to make a rhino gym instructor jealous. The fox under arrest got extra special attention from their unwitting audience. Being a vixen, she also possessed some spaciouly developed hips and a pair of breasts that cast a shadow over Nicks body. Such guns bounced with unnatural buoyancy inside their tight tank top, looking ready to crush the three-foot fox with one drop.

"Hey, Clawhauser. How's your day going?" Nick grinned up at the reception desk upon reaching it.

The corpulent cheetah that usually ran reception did not answer right away. His wide brown eyes had contracted to period points starting at the trio of giants looming angrily over him. Each one was undoubtedly the largest documented case of their species, size, and bulk wise. Not even incidents of illegal substance use had such potent results.

"Wha..." Clawhauser started but then swallowed the lump of unchewed doughnut through oblivious tears. "Nick...how...?"

"I dunno, someone called in squatters making a ruckus, and I found these barbarians doing a lab science thing in the basement." Even Nick found it hard to keep his usual, laid back composure. Slowly taking off his glasses, he jerked his nose down the line. "If you want to know what's been going into their milk you'd have to ask blueberry-butt back there."

Taking the cue, one of the wolf officers with Nick yanked on a fourth perp easily hidden behind the bulk of his accomplices. Today was just full of surprise firsts as Clawhauser was left questioning this guys species. He had the same characteristics as a fox, especially standing

beside Nick and the muscled vixen, but his body was off. It was way too scrawny with a tail almost as big pressed up against his back. The general jitteriness displayed seemed more reminiscent of a squirrel. And then there was the fact the majority of his fur was a soft blue with black 'glove' markings.

"My name is Desmond, thank you very much!" the cuffed critter virtually ignored Clawhauser's confused stare, opting to focus all hate on Nick's smug grin. "And I'm not confessing anything until I get a phone call."

Nick's ears dropped slightly with some confusion of his own. "But you already confessed to everything on the way over for my ice pop."

Desmond stuck his tongue out at Nick, revealing the blotch of purple tinge on it. "So? Synthesizing muscle hormones from bigger species isn't a crime."

"Actually, it is."

"You'll never get away with this, officer!"

Nick and Clawhauser looked to it each as if the move was practiced. Unfortunately, neither could give an answer to their matching questions. They almost felt like two different conversations were going on. Wanting to see the end of his shift already, Nick cleared his throat.

"Can you, uh, get these guys and girl hulks locked away? I need a shower."

"Y-yeah, sure." Clawhauser shoved the rest of doughnut into his thick cheeks. Chewing was his only immediate way to calm his nerves. "H-how did you even managed to get them cuffed?"

"To be honest, the mad scientist here is the only one that put up resistance. The rest just kind of...stare."

"Y-yeah, that warthog hasn't stopped glaring at me since you came in..."

A bestial grunt from behind Nick almost made him smile again. Luckily all three muscular animals were promptly lead off down a side hall for processing and cell lock-up.

"This isn't over!" Of course, Desmond kicked and screamed for all he was worth. It took three wolves to carry him away. "I will have my revenge. You hear me?"

The doors slammed closed with the blue fox-things screams fading away. Within seconds the station resumed its usual humdrum of activities as if the exchange had never happened. Nick gave out a heavy sigh of his own, ready to put an end to today.

"Whoa!" He did not get one step towards the locker rooms before something rolled his paws out from under him. "What the...carrots?"

Scattered along the floor in a trail towards the hallway Nicks perps had been taken laid half a dozen decent sized carrots. Probably one of the last things he expected to see on a police station floor, but quite common around his partner's desk. After collecting his pained behind off the ground, the fox stayed hunched over to gather the discarded veggies.

"Do you think those were dropped by that squirrel thing?" Clawhauser had peered over his counter to make sure the fellow officer was unharmed.

"Possibly..." Nick agreed with an annoyed grumble. If Desmond still had things in his pockets after being arrested that meant scolding for not doing a proper frisk, along with having to make sure these were locked away. "I'll take them to evidence on my way out. Goodnight, Clawhauser."

"Oh, goodnight, Nick."

Nick still had the six carrots bundled under one arm when he finally made it to his locker. The sight of a 'Judy' nameplate on the locker next to it made him smile. This was going to be a great story to share over lunch later. Granted he would embellish the arrest a little for dramatic effect. How often does one take down a giant ally cat with his bare hands? Hopefully, his favorite, and only, partner had an exciting day herself.

"Nick! Hi!"

"Ack!"

Welp, speak of the bunnies, and they spring from the ground. A large, dense mass of fluff crashed into his back, ensnaring his neck in a loving hug. It caught him so off guard that both little officers nearly fell into the open door of Nick's locker. His carefully held bundle of carrots scattered across the tiled locker floor as a result.

"Oh, gosh, are you okay?" Judy Hopps released Nick looking the fox over for injury. A paper grocery bag swung around one wrist with a mix of vegetable stalks growing over the edges. "I was just so happy to finally see a friendly face. You would not believe the day I've been having; so many angry parking tickets you'd think I was the only one printing them out."

"Heh. Believe me, I know how that goes." Nick straightened up, shedding his blue coat to hang inside the locker.

Judy smiled but then lowered her gaze. "Why do you have carrots, Nick? You going vegan or trying to get me a present?"

"Heh, in your dreams, cottontail!" They exchanged smug grins before Nick continued, "It's actually evidence for a case...I think. Some blue squirrel I busted dropped them."

Judy's already large eyes found a way to expand further with surprise. "Since when are squirrels blue?"

"He might have been a fox, but that's not important. I want to know why he's blue too." Nick wiggled his fluffy tail out of his pants tail hole to hang them up beside his jacket. Now in just a white undershirt and black boxers, he grabbed a towel. "Want to swap stories over dinner? It's my turn to buy."

"Nah, but thanks, Nick." Judy had also opened her locker, stuffing groceries inside before removing her uniform. "It's my work out night and I kind of need the stress relief now. Tomorrow?"

"Yeah, sure thing." Nick slammed his locker closed, locking its latch. "I'm a bit tired, so maybe an early rest would do me good."

"You need to exercise more, you lazy fox."

Nick gave her a sharp glare but opted not to say anything. Judy giggled, grabbing a carrot to nibble on her way out in a sports bra and spandex shorts. Dang rabbit had more energy than a power plant some days. Although it did remind Nick to stoop down to collect his own five suspicious carrots.

It was only when he laid them out on a bench that Nick felt something was off. Very slowly, he recounted the bright orange roots, and then counted again. Pointed ears fell against the back of his head so fast they made a smacking noise. His gaze whipped to the door Judy had just left then back to the carrots.

When? How? Did one fall into her bag when they embraced? Even so, what were the odds she had grabbed the same carrot? No way Nick's luck was that bad.

"Ugh! What the heck am I worried about?" Nick laughed to himself and headed on into the showers for a relaxing rinse. That weird Desmond guy had been brewing chemical serums to make people buff, that much was obvious. What on earth would carrying carrots have to do with it?

At the same time, Judy had just entered the gym nibbling her snacks leafy green stalks. Some prey did not like the bitter taste of carrot leaves, but she thought it helped keep the flavor from lingering. Such a habit felt especially necessary for this one's mild sour taste. Someone must have been really generous on their crops pesticides. That will teach her not to wash her produce first.

All the more reason to start a workout as a distraction from the aftertaste. Judy took a minute to stretch out on the open mats before heading on over to the weight racks. Lifting weights was always the worst part about her routine; not because she disliked it but because the station had yet to install dumbbells suited for smaller officers. Most of the force still consisted of rhinos and elephants, so exceptions like Judy and Nick had to make do for a while longer.

At least there were some five pounders to start out on; gotta have something for the wolves and rams weight class. Judy cupped the thicker ends in each hand and remembered to bend at the knees to lift it off the rack. A pair of rhinos chuckled watching their bunny rookie make wide steps to an open area for some curls. It was not too heavy, just bulky for her tiny paw-hands.

"Huff! Huff! Huff! Huff!"

The sight of Judy slamming a dumbbell repeatedly into her chest like a barbell was cute, but the officers watching knew better than to point it out. Most paid her little mind after the first set anyway. She had proven her worth as a cop many times over. This was just another round for all of them.

That changed immediately when Judy took a breather and started her second set. One of the rhinos raised an eyebrow wondering if the bunny had her own set of home weights or something. Every time she tensed into another curl the back of her sports bra wrinkled from in a sea of tense muscles. Biceps bulged thick with bunny meat as shins flexed to keep her rooted in place. There was even a bit more bounce to her bust when she let the weight pushed into it. Overall, everything just looked bigger than a minute ago.

The rhino shrugged it off as just a natural course of a month being on the force. Maybe her fox partner might start noticing the results of hard work and try getting some extra meat on his bones too. But he was not the only one to see this either. For Judy, it was even weirder as the weight in her hands became lighter with almost every rep. By the time her set was done, gravity barely had any pull on her arms at all.

Ears twisted low in her confused walk to return the dumbbell to its hook. The short walk felt as natural as carrying her cellphone. She gave one arm a test flex, and her purple eyes shot open wide, seeing its bicep swell. A plum-sized muscle might not turn heads with her colleagues, but bunnies would find her toned fuzzy body impressive. Taking up those weekly jogs had been totally worth it.

Judy's ears flipped back up with her invigorated grin. Eager hands reached out to take down a ten-pound dumbbell, which got switched for a thirty when that one felt too light as well. More than a few interested gym regulars caught this as they rarely saw her go above twenty. A lot of eyes were shifting their focus onto the bunny, who remained entirely tunnel-visioned on trying out the limits of her newly discovered strength.

"Hmmpmph! AAH!"

It was definitely not the jogging affecting Judy's physique. Her first attempt at a rep almost expectedly did not go anywhere. Pronounced front teeth grit hard with her tiny arms tensing for all their strength was worth, only for the weight in her paw-hands to not budge.

True to her nature, Judy was not one to give up on the first try. A few quick breathes helped calm the fire burning in her upper body before arms tried another curl. Her face went askew again with the outcry of strained muscles, but this time her arms bent. Biceps welled up to the size of

oranges as they managed to get the dumbbell halfway up to the bunnies chest before caving out. Judy almost let the weight drop her to the floor but managed to quickly regain some paw footing. On the third try, she made a complete curl leading into a full set.

Now everyone in the gym felt sure something was up with their little bunny friend. For one, she was hardly as small as when she entered. There were only benches for size comparison, but it was safe to say she had somehow sprouted several inches in height. More importantly, the ridges of power along her back did not smooth out when she relaxed them between reps anymore. They, along with her biceps swelled bigger with each curl just like she were pumping balloons.

Speaking of balloons, the swell of Judy's chest had stretched out her sports bra to the point a bit of cleavage showed through its neck. Fat gathered almost exclusively at key womanly places, dynamically changing her physique. Small cracks could be heard with the widening curves of her hips. The spandex of her shorts smoothed out its wrinkles, trying to accommodate a plumping bunny rear.

Judy finished the set with a sharp gasp, but once again felt like the weight barely registered. Despite her arms aching, there was a rapid pounding in her chest, eager to burn more energy. She let gravity drop the weight back down to her hips, considering what to do next. The sharp tug that gave Judy's body made her chest jiggle, which would be the first time she noticed a new kind of weights.

One look at the grey furry mounds stuffed inside a tight top made her drop the dumbbell with a squeal, narrowly missing her paws. Judy then caught sight of her hands; thicker, stronger, attached to limbs rippling with dormant power waiting to be used. Her stunned gaze drifted across the many fellow officers all watching her with matching confused expressions. A lot of the canines and rams suddenly did not look so big anymore. That became obvious why when Judy caught sight of the curvaceous buff bunny in the gyms mirrors.

"G-guys? Is it just me or did I get...?"

"Yes!" Every cop in the gym said almost like the moment was practiced.

"And then some," mumbled a smug hyena sitting on a bike machine.

"What's happening to me!?" Judy glanced from her reflection to her thicker paw-hands. Without hesitation, she retrieved the weight from the ground, returning it to the rack with barely an effort.

"Maybe all that iron pumping is catching up to you?"

A normally preposterous idea that was quickly scoffed at by many of the sweaty officers present. For Judy, however, it made her ears bend in deep thought. Those sparkling purple eyes remained locked on the dumbbells pondering the current course of events. She hardly did much else today outside some disgruntled citizen dodging, so it was the only conclusion that made sense.

Some of the others must have had the same thought. Before Judy could decide how to proceed, there came a light thump of something heavy landing on the mats. She glanced up to find one of the rhinos nearby had risen to stand next to her. Even with a little boost, he cast an unintentionally ominous shadow over the bunny. His eyes were disarmingly cheerful while placing the dumbbell he had been using before Judy.

"Only one way to find out if it's the workout, right?"

The metal bar was over twice Judy's already enlarged size. Many of the officers thought the challenge was absurd and expressed such while the rhino stepped back. Others voiced concern for their colleague's health, rebutted by others that failed to see a downside to increased muscle mass. None of them noticed that Judy's mind was on a far different train of thought. Long fluffy ears twitched back and forth with her attention focused entirely on the dumbbell. There was no outright labeling of its weight, but for a rhino to curl it the thing must have been worth two dozen of her.

"Hopps! Are you nuts!?"

At one officer's outcry, the entire room fell silent again. All eyes were back on Judy striding confidently to the dumbbell. She assumed a position much like one would a barbell; thighs swelling as she lowered into a squat. Her thicker butt shook a few times in an attempt to loosen the back muscles, both hands cupping under the bar to grip its large handle.

"Maybe I am, but I wanna see how far this goes."

"M-maybe you should try something a little light..."

"HNNNNGGGGHHHH!!!"

Before anyone could stop her, Judy took a deep breath and put her all into the hefty hunk of metal. Bunny nose twitched faster than a machine gun with her lips curled back in a strained snarl. Thighs bulged in a powerful flex to lift with her knees. Biceps ballooned for all they could to move the handle even an inch.

All her efforts amounted to generally nothing. Some of her witnesses could practically see the sweat spurting off her body from the strain, but the dumbbell itself refused to move. If only Judy could ever learn to quit. She kept at it for almost a full minute until the burning of her lungs won out, forcing her to collapse on the rhino dumbbell panting for breath.

This was far from a failure for the bunny. The dumbbell might have failed to move, but what no one else could see was the fire raging in Judy's body. Putting a strain on her muscles did not tire or fatigue her. Regaining her breath only left everything more invigorated than six cups of coffee. So it was a complete shock to the gym when she assumed the position for another attempt.

"Mmgh! Hnng! Hmmmph!"

The bunny's butt bobbed in several hard twerks trying to lift the weight. While Judy still failed to move it, her backside itself was doing some rapid shifting. Each dip towards the ground ended with both cheeks inflating out further with a fresh layer of fat. Spandex creaked in protest getting stretched to its limit, trying to contain such swelling buns. On the final bounce, they slipped down to reveal a thick plumbers crack eager to bulge over the hem.

Judy switched from pulling to try pushing her entire being into the dumbbell. Her thighs seemed all too eager to help, blimping out with a rush of strength. Muscle developed atop muscle with any joining fat unable to completely mask the hard ridges on her legs. Shins were not far behind, spreading out to the point her knees became virtually swallowed between the meaty sections of her limbs. They got so dense that Judy was forced to widen her stance. That turned out to be beneficial with her body steadily growing bigger by the second. Many of the wolves were suddenly becoming more intimidated than concerned for the buff bunny reaching their eye level.

And she showed no signs of stopping there. Judy's collapsed waist became more pronounced with the second spreading of her hips. Large bumps of meaty flesh rose up through her back fur like armor, helping to accommodate shoulders that popped out broader than her lower body. There was now a long gap between her sports bra and shorts, every inch of which was filled with rock-hard abs.

Having one's fingers grow longer and stronger made it easier to get a grip on the hefty weight. Judy could almost completely wrap them around the handle when she felt the dumbbell wiggle. A spurt of bicep and forearm muscle mass allowed Judy to actually lift it a few inches off the ground. After that, she finally had to drop it to catch a breath. That and a large deposit of fat into her chest forced her meaty biceps apart.

"Wow," Judy gasped between breaths, watching the basketballs bouncing in her tiny sports bra. The thing looked virtually like a bikini with soft mounds bulging through a strained neckline and under the bottom hem. Her hand absently reached up to give one a test squeeze, causing her to bite her lower lip in a stifled moan. Unlike most of the bunny, her boobs and butt had become insanely squishy and sensitive to the touch. She would have explored further if the approving grunts of nearby males had not reminded her of the situation.

"Um, maybe you should stop now, Judy?"

Judy turned to the speaker, momentarily stunned to find herself looking down at tigris. The poor girl seemed just as surprised to be close with a bunny that might have been her equal in raw strength. Heck, just feeling the many ridges of her waist and stomach filled Judy with a subconscious sense of superiority.

"Oh no! I'm not stopping until this is done!"

Ignoring other cries of protest, Judy turned back to grip the weight once more. Her hands were in a state where one could not hope to grab the handle, but both were too big to grip it at once. The rounded heavy ends were just as good to grasp. Proper safety stances were almost forgotten in her rush to squat a fat butt and heft once again.

Pride crashed down over Judy when once push brought the dumbbell to her plush chest. But that was around the point her bulking arms met a lot of gravities resistance. A quick shift in gripe made her palms go from pulling to pushing. Renewed vigor determined to get this damn thing above her head.

SHRRRRTTTTT!! CHUUTT! SKKKRRPPHH!

Expensive gym clothes could no longer handle all the bulk inflating Judy's body. A harsh tear drew everyone's eyes to the seat of her spandex shorts. The bunny's bubble butt had split the center seam with its expanding girth, falling out in a violent storm of jiggles. Pops and groans echoed from under her skin across a silent gym. Calcium fed into her bones, making them grow out to better distribute all her expanding buff. Judy rapidly shot up to the size of a lion, and then to a polar bear.

The dumbbell inched past her face with every new ounce of muscle stretching out Judy's skin. Grey rabbit fur thinned out making her body gleam with a refined pelt. All eyes were drawn to her breasts, stretching the fabric of their sports bra to thin strands that finally gave a harsh snap of defeat. The bunny's chest bounced free with a fantastic amount of buoyancy that almost threw Judy off her stance. She quickly counterbalanced by clenching her paw toes before resuming her push.

Everything began to hover above her forehead, urging Judy into a final burst of willpower. At the same time, most of her upper body was also puffing out in every possible direction. Her chest billowed out with the popping of rib bones, making room for the growing organs protected within. Shoulders broadened to the point an elephant on the treadmill would never dare challenge the bunny to a wrestling match. What muscles could not pad up the area flowed like water into her biceps and forearms.

"Whoa!" Judy cried when a shift in her hands caused the dumbbell to slip. With lightning reflexes, she stooped just in time to snatch the handle in mid-air.

And then the bunny blinked finding her hands had become huge in their own right. One set of fingers easily curled around the handle to touch her palm. She levered herself up, feeling the weight as nothing but a light strain. A shocked muzzle quickly turned into a cheerful toothed grin. Judy hefted it up in one curl and then thrust it high above her head like a trophy.

"OH YEAH!"

The action itself caused her entire body to pulse a little bit larger. Many of the male's jaws dropped watching her breasts surge into firm beach balls. And they only continued to get bigger as Judy brought the dumbbell down to begin a series of curls. Muscles gave off loud groans as they pulsed with each heft, filling her out to the point her joints might have trouble moving with so much bulk. When she switched to her other arm, it became the rabbit's butt spilling out behind her with gushing fat and sinew. She had to pause every couple reps just to widen her stance. Her thighs were continuously pushing against each other with their mounting bulk.

"HOOOOPPS!!"

If there was one thing that could incite fear into any giant mountain of muscle, regardless of species, it was the yell of an angry boss. Judy had been so enthralled by her own naked bodies growth that the familiar bellow of Chief Bogo made her jump two feet off the ground.

THUNK!!

The weighted rhino dumbbell hit the floor before Judy's giant paws, smashing through the mats and some of the floor on it's landing. She quickly collected her nerves and whirled to face the buffalo storming towards her. Stray wafts from the air conditioning promptly made her clasp a hand over her crotch while the other arm tried to hug her big squishy tits.

Being naked did not seem to hinder Bogo in any capacity. His ferocious glare remained even after stopping within inches of his snout hitting the bottom of her cleavage. Forget species, Judy was the largest thing in the gym, generally speaking. It was doubtful her bulky titan frame could fit on any of the exercise machines.

"What the blue blazes have you gotten yourself into, officer!?" Bogo emphasized his question by jabbing a hoofed finger into Judy's abs. It hardly had an impact on the bunny's wall of muscle, but Bogo did not need size to be intimidating.

"I...I don't know sir." Judy blushed, shifting her arm but unable to keep breast flesh from bulging around her muscular arm. "I just came here for a workout and started...blowing up."

"Well, it sure looks like you could have stopped a lot sooner." Bogo gave a snort while eying her body. "It'll be hard to get you any uniform that fits now, much less any health issues this might inadvertently cause to you. I'd have expected such reckless behavior from Wilde by now, but..."

"My ears are burning!"

Judy jumped again when Nick's head suddenly appeared from around Bogo, followed by the rest of her fox partner. Bogo was not so easily caught off guard, merely finding another target for his anger.

"Speaking of trouble; what do you want, Wilde?"

Nick took a second to recover since he had realized the giant wall of grey ridged fur was actually Judy. Their eyes met in many mixes of surprise, embarrassment, and concern. An impatient grunt from Bogo quickly got the foxes brain back on track.

"Actually I was rushing up here to check on Judy too." Nick's folding ears betrayed the usually calm, sassy demeanor he had become famous for. "See, I had caught a perp earlier today named Desmond, and he just confessed to me in a panic that he's been lacing produce with a fast-acting growth serum. He claims it's especially effective on smaller species and females."

Bogo looked at Judy, making her face burn bright red, then back at Nick. "You don't say?"

"Yeah. There was also a lot of gibberish scientists like to say about how stuff works, you know the type right? The gist seems to be; extensive physical work makes you get bigger, faster. Turns out my partner here must have accidentally got a hold of a tampered while I was trying to bring them to the evidence lockers."

"Wait, you fed me a drugged carrot, Nick?"

"Hey, you glomped me first. Who does shopping while they're on duty?"

"Maybe I should ask the partner that's always buying doughnuts and popsicles while we're on patrol."

"There's no need to bring Jenkin's over there into this..."

"You know perfectly well who I'm talking about."

"I wish you both would stop talking right now!" Bogo stamped a hoof that brought the duos spat to a screeching halt. "Wilde! Did your perp happen to mention what else we should worry about with this serum?"

"Oh yeah. Judy will be just fine."

"I am far from fine! I'm naked and...fat!"

Nick could not help a grin looking up at the big melons Judy was trying to hold in her arm. "According to most social media, you're more like a thick."

"Nick!"

"Apparently Desmond's stuff is only temporary, carrots. Relax."

"And how do you know that?" Bogo allowed his anger to abate ever slightly to show surprise.

The fox could only shrug without risking sounding too cocky. "His accomplices we brought in started, well, deflating is probably the best word I can think for it. They shrunk down from hulks to normal in a matter of minutes shortly after being put in a cell. According to Desmond, a full dose only lasts a few days."

"So I'm stuck unable to fit in my own apartment for days?"

"Eh, I'm sure someone around here wouldn't mind sharing their couch."

Judy glanced around the crowd of stunned officers, most of whom looked away blushing.

"She can stay in our on-call room," Bogo said, the anger vanishing from his tone entirely. "Just don't get comfortable because I'll find something in this station for you to wear."

"Chief?" Judy's ears shot up, unsure whether to embrace the relief flooding her sore muscled body.

"There's no way I'm letting you claim sick leave when you look ready to toss an elephant, Hopps." Nick looked ready to comment, but Bogo's hand on his shoulder sent a notable chill down the foxes spine. "Meanwhile, Wilde, we need a little privet talk about properly handling evidence."

The next day was practically typical for any other day at the ZPD. Judy was doing her best to avoid the public halls, but the wide-open reception area and bull pin were some of the few spaces she did not feel cramped. It was impossible to linger in either without feeling dozens of eyes drawn to every bounce and wiggle of her curves.

Such feelings only got worse when she had an actual uniform to wear. True to his word, Chief Bogo managed to find many things for his most diligent officer to wear. Most of it was tailored for male elephants, but there was little point arguing it.

"I look freaking ridiculous," the bunny cried from inside a closed shower.

Nick remained leaning on the outside wall, patiently eating a breakfast burrito. "Come on, carrots. Bogo won't let you hide in the locker room all day."

"I can try! This whole mess makes me look like a freak."

"I dunno, some people might find huge mammaries and a wide butt attractive."

"Like what? A savage pack of wolves?"

"Just think how much easier this shift will be with you looming over everyone. Also, the chief said I'm allowed to hose you if you're not in the garage by seven."

"Ugh! Fine!" The curtain ripped back for Judy to emerge. "What do you think?"

Heavy boot steps moved timidly to loom over Nick. The tops of Judy's footwear were already stretched taut halfway up shins thicker than her partner's body. The thighs were even more swollen, rolling into hips hoisting a butt that could crush small prey.

If it had been anyone else blanketing him in shadow, the fox might have ended up messing his pants. But Judy was too gentle to hurt criminals more than necessary. He craned his head up, admiring the tight swell of her titanic body. Every ridge and crevice of her leg muscles were tightly outlined through denim jeans meant for the largest of species. It looked like they gave just enough room for the giant bunny to walk with some room for comfort.

"Yup, muscles definitely suits you, Judy." Nick flipped out a pair of sunglasses before scarfing the rest of his burrito.

"You really think so?" Judy bit her lower lip, allowing herself to indulge in a light flexing.

The officer's jacket she had been given had a worse time fitting to her frame. Swells of arm muscles crinkled up the long sleeves much like her jeans, just barely straining them below the

tearing point. Her uniform might as well have been a second skin, except for the hem. The still feminine curve of her waist left the bottom flapping a bit loose to give teasing peaks at her brick wall of a stomach. Having a pair of enormous breasts stretching out the front into two distinct sphere shapes was partly to blame for that. Nick was definitely going to spend the day trying to make at least three fruit smuggling jokes at his partner's expense.

"Worse case we can just tell people you're carrying pumpkins for the company potluck. Hey!?" Nick yelped when Judy suddenly hunched towards him. Her aforementioned 'pumpkins' flowed around either side of his head like sandbags, leaving his tail erect in stupified wonder. Next thing the fox knew he was being hoisted up by the collar of his jacket with one powerful bunny hand. "Wh-what are you doing, carrots?"

Maybe it was the realization she could carry Nick like a pet mouse that gave her enough confidence to give a sly wink. "You've been taking an extreme interest in my melons since they grew so ripe. I figure we might as well work it out of your system."

"Wait, wha-"

FWOOMP!

The world went dark, yet welcomingly soft for Nick. Judy settled both arms around the tiny fox in a loving hug, pinning him face first between her monstrous breasts. The fox writhed in his prison but never sent the signal they were struggling to escape. If anything, Judy was surprised his hands stayed at his sides instead of helping themselves to her open invitation.

Having a full fox body wiggling in her cleavage still triggered a lot of sensitive nerves. Judy huffed softly, blushing with ears folded back. Slowly she counted back from ten, reluctantly withdrawing Nick from her embrace upon finishing. Both seemed sad to end the experience but the way her fox partner gasped for breath, it was probably for the best.

"Ready to make the world a better place...with a big impact?"

They shared a smile as best friends before Nick recovered enough sense to gesture towards the exit. "I totally hope we catch a perp for interrogation before this wears off. It'll be amazing to play the good cop, bad cop routine."

Judy gave her first real laugh in the past thirty hours. Her booted footsteps echoed heavily off the locker room walls following behind Nick. "I have absolutely no idea how you think I can play good cop like this."

Sorsha's New Toy



Art by: <https://twitter.com/ElastiJolt>

"What kind of backwater hick scam you trying to run here!?"

Sorsha had been going on a tangent for the past ten minutes now. The growing line behind her was forming the consensus such stubborn whining was more annoying than the afternoon heatwave. That might have been objectively unreasonable. All the catgirl wanted to do was strut around a water park until an opportunity for mischief arrived. Apparently, that was too much for an innocent soul to ask from one establishment. She had already complied with their annoying rules of having to wear clothes; boys swim trunks borrowed from Desmond to go with her bikini top seemed good enough for everyone. Some would stare a bit unnerved at her bare feet unaware shielding spells protected her soft pads from the hot sidewalk.

"Ma'am, the pool toy is just five bucks."

Now she was expected to carry money around everywhere she went. The nerve of some people.

"It's highway robbery is what it is!" Sorsha slammed the package of latex onto the counter. Her anger only seemed matched by the disinterest of the teenage scruff across the way. "I could make a better pool toy than this."

"You probably should then," grumbled a middle-aged wolf behind her. "Put all that hot air to use."

The childishly sly smile Sorsha whirled to give him caused most of the line to recoil a bit. Despite looking cute as a button, the magical aura about this half-naked girl could be sensed throughout the store.

"I'd love to, but there are too many witnesses. Lucky you."

Sorsha left the gift shop with a high flick of her fluffy tail, leaving everyone lacking the context to her odd threat. Just how she liked to play with people ignorant of witches.

Entering the water park proper, she began to ponder what actions to take next. Such failed dealings with bland people was a bad start to her day. However, their suggestion seemed to resonate within her. Finding a toy to play with would be a simple solution to her problem.

Sorsha had already used magic to teleport her way inside to avoid the entrance fee. No one in the men's room had even seemed bothered by a girl's sudden appearance. Still, it was not wise to be too spell crazy and risk being ousted. Maybe one more spell could be forgivable under inconspicuous circumstances.

"Oof!" She had been so lost in evil plotting that a collision at a crossroads was inevitable. It did not help the other guy had his snout stuck to a cellphone screen. "Hey, watch...it?"

The poor corgi was doomed the instant Sorsha laid eyes on him. He was dressed only in a pair of swim trunks and sandals, leaving his pudgy cream-colored chest on display. Their square spectacles made him look adorably nerdy but slid off after getting a face full of Sorsha's pink belly.

"Oh..uh, e-excuse me," he said with only a cursory glance before trying to finish a text.

Oh goodness, that subtle blush on his furred cheeks was impossible to ignore. Very rarely did any kind of creature have to look up to Sorsha with her minor five-foot-nothing frame. And the way he tried to hide those sparkling brown eyes behind an equally brown mane of long hair screamed introvert. But it was when he bent over to retrieve his glasses that inadvertently sealed the deal. Sorsha's face went pink taking in the sight of that thick shark tail wagging atop an enormous rump. At that moment his derriere stretched its swim trunks taut enough that another few pounds of fat might have torn them. She had never considered such a luxurious womanly backside would look so alluring on a guy.

This one would do nicely!

"It's all right cutie," she said, swooping upon him once his glasses were back in place. Draping arms around his shoulders made the little dog noticeably tense, but prevented him from fleeing. "A cute thing like you may be exactly what I need. I'm Sorsha, by the way."

The corgi twisted around with a face nearly red as a tomato. Most likely because Sorsha blocked his view with her bikini. He could not comprehend some random woman was fawning over him. "M-marco...I..."

"Oh, gosh! Marco? That name sounds as cute as it's owner." Sorsha's arms closed around Marco's neck, making the back of his head press into her modestly-sized breasts. "So yeah, I need a huge favor that only a little guy like you can provide."

"I...I have a girlfriend miss..."

"And I would love to meet her later if she's half as adorable as you," Sorsha interrupted. All this brash forwardness was doing a great job of leaving the corgi awkwardly flustered. Made it very easy to guide him off the sidewalk behind a closed concession stand. "But that's not really the kind of help I'm looking for...maybe later...more importantly I need someone to play with in this big, intimidating waterpark, and I couldn't help reading over your shoulder that said girlfriend would not be able to visit with you today."

Marco's flush became mixed with a bit of irritation. A hand moved to cover his phone screen despite the pointlessness of it. "Y-yeah, I was just on my way home actually. So if you'd let me go."

"Please, no need to be in a rush!" Sorsha acquiesced to his request but pivoted on light paws to block his attempts to walk back into the public's eye. "I mean, we both paid good money to get in here. Why not make the most of the day?"

Marco blinked quizzically into her shimmering eyes. Only now did he notice she had split-colored iris' of green and blue. There was certainly something unusual about this girl with her cabbage top hair and pink markings, but he was not getting the corgi fear vibes off them. After the shock of her readiness to get up close with a stranger passed, a request for company seemed decent enough. He had already suffered a hard week of schooling on top of his girlfriend being stuck covering double shifts at work.

"Yeah, sure. Why not?" Marco pocketed his cell phone as ears and tail perked. "I'm always told I need to make new friends anyway. What did you have in mind? And...why are we back here?"

"So we can make a toy without people going into a panic." Sorsha raised one of her pink gloved hands from which a ball of pulsing green light formed.

Marco yipped as the energy exploded with a sudden flash. When his vision cleared again, he could see a small plastic lump had formed in the palm of Sorsha's hand. Not exactly something he expected her to do in such a grand reveal of magical prowess. Ears drooped a little at realizing it was a simple valve. The same kind found on virtually any inflatable object.

"You can do magic? That's really cool." Marco's tail a bored wag as he looked at Sorsha confused. "But what did you make this for?"

All he got from the cat was an airheaded giggle. Without further explanation, Sorsha pressed the nozzle's thick end into Marco's belly button.

"H-hey! What are yoooOOOOooooohhhh~."

A wave of coldness rippled from Marco's belly across his body. It caused the corgi to wiggle in an unwitting dance that almost had Sorsha gushing. When it passed, though, Marco's paused bewildered at having a strange sense of fullness. Not so much like after eating tons of food, but akin to his skin felt oddly stretched.

Eyes and hands moved down to stare at the little valve poking out of his belly fur. But his fingers stopped just shy of the strange addition in nervous uncertainty. It seemed perfectly capable of remaining attached to him in spite of Sorsha no longer pressing it against his fluff.

The real shock came for Marco when he pushed at his middle. He never had much body fat, at least on his upperparts. Everything tended to enjoy flowing into his very feminine butt and thighs. So it was very unexpected to find his stomach concede a large amount of squish between his fingers. In fact, his insides felt oddly hollow like his organs were no longer under the skin.

Looking back up at sorsha, Marco's mouth could only form a stupefied, "Wha..."

"Oh, sorry! Let me get that for you."

Not allowing any time to respond, Sorsha popped out the valves stopper. A burst of air hissed through the little opening, startling Marco. All feeling of tight fullness left with it. In fact, his arms had gone a bit limp. They suddenly required so much effort to lift he doubt they could reach over his head.

"W-what did you do-OMPHHH!?"

Sorsha seized either of Marco's cheeks so hard it squeezed the air out of his sentence. Quite literally as a steady stream of hissing exited the valve in his stomach. More alarming was the fact her hands began to force the corgi's head to impact on itself. Marco's arms flailed wildly but could not push the cat off.

The effort itself grew weaker with the more air escaping out of Marco. Within a few seconds, Sorsha released her grip, letting the corgi's head flop onto one shoulder looking like a shriveled raisin. He found it impossible to move anything above his neck in such a state. His muzzle had become sealed shut with no dexterity left. At least he still seemed capable of hearing and seeing. And he was staring very intently at Sorsha through the one eye that had fallen to face her general direction.

Arms strained to reach up and feel this strange sense of emptiness only to have Sorsha clamp down on those next. With one squeeze those corgi hands were reduced to the same state of shriveled uselessness, void of an underlying bone structure for support. Sorsha even began to purr a merry tune while she alternated squeezing one arm after the other.

Finally, she placed both hands on either of Marco's shoulders to give a steady push downwards. The valve squealed sharply at the high tension. All Marco could see was his vision progressively getting lower to the ground until, eventually, there was no more air left to squeeze out.

Sorsha beamed as she stood back up, holding the deflated corgi blanket. Marco's shorts, with his cell in them, fell forgotten to the ground along with his sandals. The poor dog could not do much except watch the world spiral around with her continually twisting and wrapping his mess of skin

in new ways. For some reason, there was also an increasing amount of squeaking filling the air. Almost like latex rubbing against itself.

After a while of being folded, Sorsha brought Marco's head around to face her grin of extreme satisfaction. "There we go! I'm no expert crafter, but this should suit us both very nicely."

With that, she released Marco's head. The corgi's vision dangled upside-down in a manner that forced him to stare at Sorsha's swim trunks. A bit more turning brought the valve into her mouth, where she began to blow hard into it.

If Marco could make noise at that point, the entire park would have heard his cries of pure ecstasy. Feeling the warmth of another's breath filling his insides was better than being petted. The pleasure must have shown on his face, for Sorsha would giggle whenever their eyes met. Slowly his form began to feel stable again. The squeaking became more frequent while his body stretched to a taut limit.

"Bleah!" Sorsha sputtered a bit short of breath after a minute of puffing into the corgi's valve. That seemed to be her limit as well. She fitted the stopper back into its proper place, beaming with pride. "There we go. All the cuter for a play date."

Marco just stared since his mouth refused to function in terms of speaking. His ears and lips gained limited mobility that was utilized to express confusion and lingering pleasure. Despite being full and swollen, he was still being carried with some ease by the lithe catgirl. With a little effort, he found he could swivel his neck for a few seconds before the internal air forced him to look forward again. It was in those brief glances back at himself Marco's mouth squirmed in silent cries of alarm.

The corgi's entire body had been reshaped into the large doughnut figure of an inner tube. Gone was Marco's soft fur replaced with thick latex colored in his orange and cream markings. His head now rested on a cartoonishly extended neck on one side while an extended lump roughly resembled his tail on the other. On both his flanks were other little nubs painted into dog paws. Even his hair was little more than an extension of his artificial scalp. He was a bit surprised to find he had some control over moving these parts of his inflated body, but they would hardly do him any good.

"See? You make a much better pool toy than that cheap breakable junk at the gift shop." Sorsha playfully brought Marco's rubber nose up to boop against her feline one. He blushed even harder at the squeaking noise it made. "I just saved us both five dollars."

Marco's ears creaked attempting to fold back with his look of extreme disquiet. Sorsha responded by gently petting across the curve of his fake hair bangs.

"Aw don't be afraid. You'll change back in a few hours, but I really wanted to go swimming today and couldn't possibly wade the deep end without you." She glanced around as if someone could be listening. Odds were unlikely anyone would interfere after witnessing this transformation anyway. "To be honest, I'm not a great swimmer..."

That made Marco feel a whole lot better about being squeezed into a pool toy. He only wished he could flip over and dunk her on the rides now.

"But anyway!" Sorsha happily hefted the tube corgi over her head. Her average build wiggled it's way through Marco's ring hole until he rested loosely on the curve of her hips. The warmth of her fur was surprisingly soothing against his smooth latex. "How about a little river riding to start the day?"

Marco mouthed something in his angriest scowl. Even as a balloon such corgi faces made him look incredibly young.

"That's the spirit!" Sorsha petted his head either oblivious or uncaring of Marcos intended response.

To be fair things took an enjoyable turn once they hit the water. Cold splashing waves may not have been as sensual as being inflated, but it was definitely close. Bobbing along the artificial river to Sorsha's kicks left water caressing his body in a way that made his non-existent spine shudder.

Everything became so relaxing that Marco started to lose track of time. Perhaps it was the pool toy equivalent of falling asleep.

"Hey, babe! What's a real dog gotta do to get such a hard ride?"

Macro and Sorsha were snapped out of their respective thoughts by a German shepherd paddling alongside on a pool chair. He had the scruff of age, with a slight gut to match, but the swell of his legs and biceps still drew attention.

Enough for Sorsha to giggle at the lame pick up line. Resting her chin on his armrest, they locked eyes in a moment of shared deviousness. "This doggo is actually rather soft. You offering to take me on the rougher adult rides?"

Marco rolled his eyes, or tried to, going back to staring straight down the river. The rocking waves made it easier to tune out his forced company's increasingly lewd conversation. At least for a few minutes when the pair came across an exit slope.

Sorsha was all too quick to push her corgi inner tube off her hips. For a second, there was a flash of hope she would undo the magic that formed Marco into inflated latex. Instead, she gave Marco a soft kick from inside his ring to send him floating towards a group of young kids.

"Keep the doggo company for me, would you dearies? I'll be back for him in a bit."

Marco watched helplessly from the upside-down position he had landed in as Sorsha walked off hugging the shep's arm. The way her tail shook back at him implied this would probably be a long couple of hours of helpless solitude.

He had not been wrong. While the group of human and anthro children were left stupefied at Sorsha's random present, her departure made it easy to quickly accept the toy. The fact that Marco's face could move into different expressions seemed to excite them even more. It caused them to fall swiftly into arguing who got a turn riding him while being carried into a children's wave pool nearby.

They were less than considerate in handling Marco than Sorsha had been. Two or three kids tried to climb him at a time, dunking his head under the waves so much the world began to spin. None of them cared about yanking on his elongated neck or paw stubs, giving him spikes of pain that made him worry he would tear apart. It made the hours drag on excruciatingly slow. By the time the sky started to turn orange with the sunset, Marco felt sick in his non-existent stomach.

Wait, he really was feeling sick.

"What's wrong with Mr. doggy?" asked a young otter.

The rest of the kids were quick to part themselves from their Marco toy like it might explode. And with good reason as Marco looked back to see his tube body was swelling rapidly. Latex painted corgi creaked ominously as it bloated thicker despite nothing connected to his valve. Questions of curiosity and worry echoed among the children. They were quick to leave the pool with the lifeguard's encouragement after seeing Marco get so big his inner ring had been squeezed close. The helpless corgi could only shake it's pathetically tiny paw stubs feeling the sickness reach his limits.

POP!

Marco blinked several times before realizing he had the physical capacity to do so again. The cold water continued splashing at his knees, being the only noise breaking an eerie silence around the pool. Slowly, with a rising surge of joy, he looked down to find himself restored to a fluff and blood corgi. Hands danced in his vision giving all ten fingers a testing wiggle. A moment later, the plastic valve dislodged itself from his stomach, making a plunk into the water to leave him with a belly button again.

"AHEM!" The cough of an enraged turtle lifeguard alerted Marco to her presences some feet away.

They stared at each other for a few seconds. Marco was lost in his suddenly transforming back that the turtle had to point down south for him to find the source of her ire. After some more seconds, he yelped and fell back into the wave pool trying to cover his pudgy naked form. Remembering his trunks had been left in the grass elsewhere explained why most nearby parents were rushing their kids away from the scene.

Matriarchal Diplomacy

Friday was 'Sushi Night' at Castle Shari, which meant a world of trouble for the kitchen. Acquiring fish in the jungles of India was difficult enough without serving rulers that consumed up to a literal elephant worth of meat. Granted that had been one unprecedented case of late-night munchies.

The cooking staff took such epic consumption as a sign of how much their great leaders were burning calories to restore the great Drykmir empire. Half of them would not dare question the appetite of those heralding in a new age of dragon peace and prosperity. The other half felt no need to argue when their bosses were also their parents.

Six months had passed since the ill-prepared archaeological survey that set wheels into motion. Kevin and Desmond, more commonly referred to as Kevyn and Aqua these days, were still getting used to their drastic lifestyle change. Most people did not advance from college intern to emperors overnight, much less thicken out into bigger, fatter, dragon-human hybrids. They would need a long time before the idea of being waited on like gods become somewhat normalized.

Since then, the second coming of the Darge kingdom had been picking up momentum. The duo of rulers had become 'blessed' to lay large clutches of Drykmir eggs like clockwork every few weeks. Each one would always hatch into a scalie youth that quickly developed to a mature age. Hell, the first clutch was already patrolling the castle walls as strapping young men and voluptuous women. Their many brothers and sisters would only need a few months to join them.

Not to say the Indian government did not surprise the changed rulers with open arms and avid worship. Many people in high positions all over the middle east and China still revered the ancient dragon legends. Support flowed in on an almost daily basis, making the old fortress restoration go quicker than expected. Much of the stone halls looked smoothed and refurbished like brand new. Only a few remote areas were left to clear the wild jungle growth before they had a place worthy to represent the empire.

That was still a good enough condition for the Drykmir vicereine to convince Kevyn and Aqua it was time to move onto a more political front. Soon they could divert supplies into the making of their first village. From there, the expansion would only continue with a rapidly increasing population.

The immediate problem both rulers considered was that they also had a finite amount of jungle to settle in. India had been supportive, but it remained to be seen if they would willingly integrate into a Drykmir kingdom. Neither of them had ever set their sights on controlling a world stage. That just seemed to be the way everyone else wanted them to go. Making a big celebration about the castles reconstruction felt the perfect time to announce an official Drykmir nation. Hopefully, it would help them make friends at the same time.

Specifically, they wanted to make friends of the people riding a convoy of limos into the courtyard that fun Friday night. Delegates had flown in from the United States, India, Pakistan, and Nepal for a tertiary meeting with this potential new nation. Trying to broker peace was incredibly important for this dinner; both to help secure long term land acquisition and to enjoy some kick-ass sushi. Waking up Saturday to go extinct in a micro-war would just ruin the experience.

One by one the cars pulled up to a stone pathway decorate with busts on pedestals lining a red carpet up to the main gates. A pair of green Drykmir around mid-teens posed as valets to help each delegate out onto the artistic path set for them. Joining beside them was a much older gold dragon in a tuxedo surprisingly accommodating for their masculine frame and thin tail. This one waited until all delegates had merged into a group before approaching.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." It went without saying that the high pitched feminine voice that left their rough muzzle was a surprise for the visitors. A smile also implied they expected such a jumpy reaction. "Please walk this way. Our esteemed rulers will be joining you shortly."

The golden one turned with an air of dignity in their stroll down the carpet. While the eyes of many unprepared humans stayed on them, none dared to immediately follow.

"A rather humble display for so majestic a race," commented the woman from India. She took the opportunity to glance around the courtyard, spotting mostly banners representing their visiting countries and few cases of freshly made animal sculptures. "I was told we would be in the company of dragons and did not think it literal."

"They are freaks," grumbled the man from Pakistan. "A woman looking and talking like that? It is not the divine blessing of the gods."

"I, uh, believe the friendly term is altersex, buddy." The American representative gave a soft chuckle. Skittish eyes glanced around to make sure nearby dragon people were not listening. "Friendly advice; I'd be careful with that kind of talk in here. We got reports some humans get changed into these scaled critters as punishment...and then the agents stopped reporting."

"Then these monsters are cursed, and you football hustlers make lousy agents."

The Indian ambassador gave a loud cough before further interjections could be made. "If you're done expressing rude comments about our hosts I would prefer to not keep them waiting."

All the other ambassadors looked ready to fire off more remarks but managed to hold themselves back. There was plenty of time for colorful debates back at the border embassies. Everyone moved in a huddled crowd after their golden escort, who was already waiting patiently for them by the front gates. A red carpet had even been placed out along the still broken stones. Faint sounds of piano music could be heard echoing from inside as they reached the steps.

The gold butler yanked open one of the looming wooden doors upon the group's short climb up. No one wanted to admit the foyer was in better condition than expected. Floors had been polished to smooth stone, covered in beautiful carpets. A silver chandelier lit up much of the place bringing to life several tapestries and assorted collectible displays.

"Hello, friends from around the world! So glad we could all make it tonight."

Not much time to take in the decor when one of their hosts was already greeting them. Towering at the top of the grand staircase was Queen Kevyn herself. True to the reports, she was a green dragon that stood tall over her many sons and daughters tend her castle.

Such an extraordinary height was due mainly to her body structure. Her neck alone stretched two feet off the shoulders, bobbing a grinning head ideally side to side. It leads down a torso that looked stretched like taffy without a big belly of eggs incubating in its womb. There were no breasts to speak of because every ounce of fat wanted to pour into the woman's lower body. As Kevyn descended the stairs, her hips jostled in an endless series of ripples. An ass the side of a beanbag wobbled under a golden silk dress leading to thick thighs and abnormally lengthened shins.

Her American visitor would have called such a figure a bowling pin, but he knew better.

Kevyn stood before the small group to give a curtsy. The Indian ambassador promptly bowed back, with the others following her lead.

"I hope you've all had a pleasant trip. Dinner preparations are already complete, but my counterpart is having...difficulties joining us."

The man from Nepal raised an eyebrow. "Is she doing well?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. There are some...um...things about our new biology that we have no control over. I was fortunate enough to have dropped my newest...children a few days ago, so being fitted for a dress was relatively easy."

"So your mate is still bloated wider than a beachball?" The American representative blurted out without thinking.

While his company acted with immediate shock and reprehension, Kevyn surprised them all by laughing. "Correct. That is a less formal way of trying to phrase it. We tend to grow pretty big around the middle near the end of our cycles. Poor Aqua's likely to drop any time now. Also, she is not my mate but a very treasured friend."

The man's eyes rose slightly. "Is it safe for her to be walking around on our account?"

"Your concern is deeply appreciated, but rest assured I can't keep that stubborn mule in bed if I wanted to. Just be mindful she might be grumpy from sore feet." Kevyn clapped her hands, sending the foyer into a frenzy of motion. "But let's get more comfortable while we wait. I'm happy to have some company in our new home."

A whole line of well-dressed dragon-kin marched out a doorway leading into a kitchen. Each one bore scale pure as the whitest snow. It had a peculiar effect under the chandelier that made light glitter with their movements. They were both mesmerizing and nauseating to look at, depending on one's visual sensitivity.

They formed a line before their visitors to present trays carrying various beverages. The American ambassador set his sights on a glass of gin. His eyes met the short lizard girls and suddenly saw a rush of tension seize her tail. Her muzzle lips parted ever so slightly in a barely audible syllable. It was a familiar struggle of wanting to speak but judging the situation a high personal risk for doing so. An expert politician has seen such mental strains plenty of times in their career.

But the moment passed, and his server moved on to the other gathered humans. Once everyone had a drink in hand Kevyn clapped again. All the scaled servants filed back into their kitchen faster than they emerged.

"This way to the dining room," the much bigger green dragon said. She spun on one giant digitigrade paw towards a door on the opposite side of the foyer.

"Lady Kevyn," the Indian official said as she rushed to walk beside Kevyn. A risky maneuver that almost got her accidentally tail slapped. "One thing I'm curious about is how diverse your children are. Those lovely ladies were clearly light elemental kin. Isn't it typical that Drykmir generally births kin of their own element without the aid of another's genetics?"

"That caught us by surprise too," Kevyn admitted while they walked. "Our best guess has been that our transformations were a particular case. It was clear that our job as the first brood mothers to exist in centuries is repopulation. To make this possible the magic is clearly impregnating us with the remaining bloodlines of over a dozen tribes. I've hatched everything from the four elements to a few steel-kin. Old records indicated that clan to have been wiped in a civil war out long before the rest of the empire."

"Virgin dragons? What blasphemy."

"Hmm? I'm sorry, hun. The clapping of my butt makes it hard to hear sometimes." Kevyn did an abrupt stop, almost bowling the Indian woman over as she turned to face the Pakistani visitor. "Did you say something?"

"I was merely clearing my throat, your highness." The man calmly made an obviously fake gagging expression. "I had mistaken this wine for something stronger."

"Oh, well, let the boys know what kind of drink you prefer." Kevyn faced back around, making the Indian woman dig her tail a third time. They reached another set of doors that Kevyn pushed open to reveal a decorative dining hall. She stepped aside, waving her guests towards the set long table. "Please, sit wherever you like."

Everyone filed in taking full advantage of the green dragons invitation. Every ambassador made sure to sit in a position that left at least two empty chairs between anyone else. Good old political schisms like to persist even over dinner.

Kevyn was not about to push a needless issue. She wiggled her way over to the big chair at the far end, letting a skinny red male with thick pawed hands seat her.

"Would you like the crab, salmon, or shrimp sushi?" The question was asked in turn by a short blue woman with the biggest pair of breasts anyone had seen.

"I'll have the crab if it's half as tender as you look, missy," The American man said with a wink.

It got an annoyed eye-roll in response as the little dragon moved to write down everyone's preferred sushi. She subsequently had to ignore the disgusting behavior of the Pakistani guest, never losing her dignity.

"If the diner needs are set, Lady Kevyn," said the Indian visitor once their supposed waiter had departed. "I am eager to finalize our arrangements in annexing this jungle to your aspiring new empire."

"Shouldn't we wait for the other one?" The American guest raised an eyebrow. His stomach was way more interested in trying sushi made for royalty before going into business.

"That's fine. Aqua usually lets me play the negotiator anyway." Kevyn straightened up, taking a golden goblet of fermented beer from a waiting red lizard. "Thanks, hun! Yes, the land India has bequeathed us has been insanely generous. We've managed to survey large plots of land we can cultivate with minimal deforestation. I can assume our American friends will still be willing to bargain for some livestock and produce? My co-empress loves her pork."

"On that, you can certainly count on us," said the American. A short pause allowed him to take a swig of sweet booze. "We're brokering deals with Cuba and Mexico for the first shipments. We should be able to get them here before the season's end. As a side bonus, several investors wish to make you generous offers for..."

"Hard pass."

The American stopped taking a swig so suddenly gin spilled across his lap. "E-excuse me, your highness?"

Kevyn's snout had twisted into a glare that stung worse than the alcohol on his pants. "We are very well aware of how capitalists in your country operate. No amount of money is worth what profiteering foreigners would want to do to my kingdom."

"But if you could consider..."

"My children? Already have. They won't be living off borrowed homes. Thank you very much."

"Now hold on a..."

The flustered American was not getting a full sentence in, it seemed. Everyone at the table became startled when the doors flung open, hitting the walls with a resounding bang. Waddling on through the opening was a blue-winged dragon. On her head, between a pair of horns, was a brass diadem that complimented her red wolvern dress trimmed with more brass rings that clicked with her wide steps.

"Sorry I'm late, Kev!" Aqua barely managed to wedge her thick hips through the doorway. The sight of her corpulent figure wrapped in such tight silk left all the human's jaws hanging. It was clear by her enormous belly this woman was struggling with a very late stage of pregnancy. They could even see the outlines of thick paddings along her breasts to help catch excess milk. "Hope you like the dress. I just kind of made them rush the damn thing so we could eat. My damn brats are starving already."

Kevyn giggled, watching her close dragon friend be seated at the opposite end of the table. She hoped the sloshing blue whale appreciated being left the royal chair closest to the door. "You're just in time actually. I was talking with our friends here about setting up a few acres for livestock soon."

"Oh, thank the gods," Aqua said with pure joy. Her brown eyes whirled to stare down a flinching American guest. "Let me tell you, I've gone four months without a hamburger and I hate salmon. It doesn't help when fish is all anyone around here thinks I should eat."

"It is the natural diet of our great ancestors, mother," spoke up another red servant passing off a golden goblet to Aqua's eager hand. Or maybe it was the same one waiter, it was getting hard to tell with all dolled in tuxes and maid dresses.

"You say that now, Steve jr." Aqua paused to take hard chugs of her wine. "You'll be thanking me when we get a McDonalds and Dairy Queen out here. No kids of mine aren't going to live in the modern age without classic junk food."

The American ambassador gave Kevyn a smug side glance. "Good to see a dragon with an eye for enterprising. That's how you work to financially stabilize a future country."

Kevyn's stern gaze never faltered. "Keep talking, yokel. It's a two-day walk back to civilization through wild jungles."

"He trying to pitch that whole 'timeshare' crap I predicted?" Aqua laughed, only needing the mans blushing face for an answer. "Totally called that one, didn't I? Bastards can't resist trying to buy the land out from under us."

"It is an unholy land at this rate, anyway."

"And who the hell is talking to you?" Aqua's smile dropped as she turned to stare down the Pakistani visitor.

"Aqua! Manners, please!" Kevyn's gaze found a way to become cast in shadows, delivering an unsaid warning to her fellow Drykmir. It got Aqua to reel back in her chair pretty fast.

"I'm sorry, sister. And to you, our esteemed guest." Aqua bowed her head against the table, surprising the foreign dignitary into a blush.

"Perhaps we are both simply caught in our emotions?" the man offered as Aqua lifted her face up, promptly drinking more wine. "My leaders are very anxious to share the lost knowledge of the Drykmir and have prepared several shipments of oil and concrete to help with your rebuilding efforts."

"Good to hear," Kevyn said with a polite nod. Her mood had returned to a cheerful smile masking her own draconic impulses.

The doors slid open a bit more gently so several food carts could be wheeled in. Leading the pack was the same golden butler that had shown everyone into the castle. "Dinner is served."

"That's even better to hear!" Aqua said, visibly salivating as two large trays were set before her. The kin serving her lifted both domed lids at once, revealing heaping piles of rolled rice with various fillings. There seemed to be no logic behind the stacking, only to fill it with as many pieces as possible.

Everyone else received a generous portion of sushi but arranged in more stylized rows. Drizzles of sauce overlapped on the rice in zig-zag patterns. Clumps of wasabi paste and ginger were arranged in the center to resemble a bed of roses. Kevyn's was surprisingly small for being the biggest at the table. That might have had to do with a significant lack of eggs in her belly at the moment. She was still a week away from the next batch's gestation.

It was a surprise Aqua waited until everyone was served with fresh drinks to attempt eating. Before the first piece could reach her toothy maw, however, the ambassador from India clicked on her glass several times to gain their attention. She moved as if to stand only to get cut off herself by a burst of movement from a few chairs down.

"I would like to make a toast then," said the man from Nepal. He had risen so fast his chair scraped along the wooden floor, splashing a lot of whiskey out of his glass. "To ladies Kevyn and Aqua, let us wish them the greatest health and prosperity as we all work together for a new country, and a better world."

"Well...said?" The Indian guest settled back into her seat, fuming. Raising her glass suddenly became a polite gesture to her dragon hosts than that bastards toast.

Murmurs of agreement echoed across the dining hall. Everyone raised their glasses to take some amount of drink. No sooner did Aqua's goblet hit the table than she was shoveling sushi in two or three pieces at a time. Kevyn shook her head amused, consuming her own rolls at a more relaxed pace. With the hostesses eating, everyone else soon followed.

"You've been pretty quiet over there," said Kevyn to the man from Nepal. Receiving sudden attention made the human jump a little before he could sit. "Any word from our new friends to the north?"

"Y-yes, your highnesses. Borders are still being drawn; however, we have assurances that you will receive the lands requested by the United Nations. There is no issue from our end."

"Good to hear," Kevyn said with a grin. "We were hoping to reach agreements with Bangladesh, but they are rather rude in ignoring our summons...speaking of rude, Aqua, are you okay down there?"

All heads turned to the opposite end of their table, noticing a series of hard coughs coming from the blue dragon. Aqua could not muster a reply while fiercely pounding her fat chest trying to dislodge some stuck sushi. When that failed her meaty hand snatched up the goblet of wine, staining her cheeks in red rushing massive gulps. Even after that, she continued coughing, body thrashing with increasing urgency on her throne.

"What is this chaos, great ones?"

"Anyone know the Ahimelech!?"

"You think the monstrosity eat a fishbone?"

The three emissaries stood almost in unison, unsure if they should aid the thick dragon or if their actions may cause some unknown offense. Nervous glances to Kevyn provided little insight into their options. The longer green ruler continued eating her sushi watching with a disapproving scowl. Eventually, Aqua began to relax again, rubbing her tender throat.

"O-okay. I think I'm o..kay...nope! I was wrong."

THUNK!

The four humans jumped when Aqua's body slumped forward, burying her face into the half-eaten mountain of sushi. Her spiked tail gave one meek twitch, and the corpulent beast went still.

Silence blanketed the horrified occupants of the dining hall as they stared at their host's limp body for several seconds longer. No one wanted to even dare to breathe like remaining still could somehow skip over this turn of events. They might have also clung to hope that massive blue frame would take a breath and give them some affirmation of life.

An extra bit of vinegar itched at Kevyn's throat, making her cough. That immediately broke the tension sending everyone into a screaming rage of emotions.

"Someone's trying to poison our great leaders?"

"This is the judgment of God, you fools!"

"Holy crap, did we drink the same wine!?"

"Maybe we should get our cars?"

It was almost impressive how they all screamed different things in unison. Kevyn could not get her kids to do that after weeks of practice. Since the internet and electricity, in general, were still shit out here, she and Aqua had encouraged the use of stage plays among the more creative offspring. But now her thoughts were digressing.

"She's not dead you idi...confused humans." Everyone stopped mid-word to gawk at Kevyn. Being already annoyed, she chewed extra long on a piece of sushi to calm down. Luckily no one was stupid enough to speak up until she swallowed. "Aqua, hun, I told you not to be overdramatic about it."

"Aw, come on, Kevyn!" Aqua sat up so suddenly that her ears folded back against the horrified cries of their human guests. Still, the smile never left her broad snout while licking off sushi and sauce clinging to it. "Did you see the look on their faces? Oh god, priceless."

"For someone self-declared power-mad, you're making us look like total clowns."

The Indian ambassador whipped her head back and forth between the two dragons. They were almost worried she might develop whiplash. "Wait, so this was all a prank to make us think there was poison?"

"Oh, no. These things are definitely poisoned," Aqua said. Although, admitting that did not deter her from plucking two lumps of her tray for consumption. "It's just the idiot that planned this did not do his research."

"What the hell you two ladies talking about?" The American said exasperated.

"We can taste poison, simply put." Kevyn nommed a fresh piece off her own tray. Her muzzle twisted into a smug grin of triumph, looking over the four nervous visitors. "Thing is; Drykmir have a high resistance to toxins. You would need something a lot stronger than some cheap rat poison to knock us off our fat asses."

"No respect for the thick thrones at all," Aqua added with a tutting noise.

A loud thud caused both dragons to look up. The Indian woman had slammed both her hands on the table, gaze fixed on a surprised Pakistani. "I should have known you would insult this meeting with some disastrous scheme."

"How dare you!" The man jabbed a trembling finger at the wide-eyed American next to them. "He openly admitted not an hour ago to have spies all over this place. Why else would capitalist dogs be sending so much relief aid if not to get close to their target."

"Hey, now! Those agents defected of their own volition. Our contract proposals are nothing worth killing over."

"He's right on both counts," Aqua said, punctuating her words with a loud burp. "BWARP! We didn't need to even search out your undercover recruits. When they found out how awesome being a dragon was, they revealed themselves without prompting."

"We're surprised you didn't recognize any of them serving you drinks." Kevyn grinned seeing the wheels slowly turn in the American's eyes. She did not give him time to comment on the topic further. "But more importantly it was because of them we inadvertently found out about this cute little attempt on our lives. We knew the second we decided to rebuild the ancient empire there'd be some opposition. The only real surprise was its underwhelming effort."

The man from Pakistan had genuine survive on his face gazing at the American. "So it really was an assassination effort by the western dogs?"

"I know English isn't your first language, but try to keep up," Aqua cut in through a mouthful of sushi. It became an increasing shock just how much poison one dragon gut could take. "They already informed us about a lot of discourse over our upcoming border acquisitions. So, of course, the only one to try such a thing would be..."

Chairs were sent flying as the man from Nepal bolted for the door. Aqua only smiled at being cut off, making no attempt to move while he moved by. A whole pack of her strongest kids was waiting out in the foyer after all. Soon as he opened the door, the man was tackled under a large pile of colorful scaled dragon-kin.

"Good work, boys. URP!" Aqua burped again, wiping her muzzle with a silk napkin. "The rest of you might want to retake your seats. We got a good show coming up."

The remaining three delegates glanced to each other. Since neither could offer any rebuttal, they resigned to do as asked.

While everyone got situated the crowd of smaller dragons slowly dispersed. It became unnerving to see many had seized the opportunity to tear off chunks of the ambassador's clothes. Their prey squirmed on the floor naked still easily overpowered by just one of the queen's offspring.

"Unhand me you little gremlins! You can't treat me like this. This is a diplomatic incursion at best!"

Since the man refused to stop struggling, he ended up dragged across the floor amidst panicked screams. Neither Aqua or Kevyn was notably concerned about this. A weak aristocratic human could never dislodge the muscular female red-scale pinning him down. Concern and fear only gripped the other three humans when a pair of scaled yellow men can bustling in towards their

captive. One carried a decorative bottle semi-formally before him, the other having a bundle of chained shackles in their arms.

"You plan to poison him back. Is that it!?" The Pakistani glanced from one dragon ruler to another. "You nefarious monsters really are demons without mercy."

"Oh, shut up!" Technically it was Kevyn's tone that did the trick over her words. It was the first time since dinner started that her guest had sensed any sort of malice from their host. Considering one of them was being locked up in chains without clothing, the rest felt no need to risk their lives on careless words.

"Contrary to popular belief neither of us like killing," Aqua said having finished her entire mountain of sushi. The blob of a blue dragon moved to get it, promptly stumbling to no one's surprise. One hand braced her heavy frame against the table while the other kneaded her gut. "Ugh! Stupid poison, I'm going to be gassy all night."

"That was a good ten pounds of food, you dummy." Kevyn's smile returned as she also rose out of her chair. "I warned you Drykmir won't die from poison, but it certainly doesn't digest well."

"And I told you I don't like wasting fish."

A harsh rattling of chains brought everyone's attention back to the Nepal man. He had been released from the muscular female dragons grasp, having had shackles attached to his neck and limbs. Each, in turn, had a short chain held by equally muscular siblings to ensure he was not going anywhere soon.

"W-what are you going to do to me?"

"Simple, sweetcheeks," Aqua said with a gesture. The smaller dragon holding the bottle began to approach their failure of an assassin. "Every now and then we end up with 'dud' eggs; no live

baby in them, but still loaded with tons of magic. Turns out anything that eats them becomes a Drykmir themselves."

The man's eyes widened, his whole frame trembling as the bottle's stopper was pulled off. "No..."

"So yeah, this is a special brew we made for willing recruits wanting to join the cause. The American spies all said it tastes like rich custard."

Kevyn snorted, brow furring in her disapproval. "Knowing his personality, I doubt we'll get as pretty a result."

"Y-you...you think you can just come back after centuries of obscurity and claim anything you want!?" Fear must have been a powerful adrenaline rush. Like a man about to face execution, the Nepal visitor broke down from terror into a state of rage. Even as the bottle's neck was moved towards his mouth, he tried to get out every defiant thought he could at once. "You're not even real Drykmir are you? You were nothing humans a year ago, right? What right do you have trotting about like goddesses? WE all know you're really just spoiled, fat ass-HURRPP!"

The servant waited patiently for his mouth to open wide enough before using the bottle's opening to plug it properly. Muddy like contents promptly filled up the empty cheeks before choking him in unstoppable overflow. EXcess leaked out the sides of his lips but not enough to relieve the pressure. Burning against his uvula forced him to take a hard swing, eyes scrunching to wipe off painful tears. His mouth filled back up in less than a second, forcing another gulp.

That seemed to satisfy the servant, who pulled back the bottle so the ambassador could take a breath. Heaving breaths of fresh air brought little relief to the pain in his lungs. The man was more concerned about the hard clenching his forced drink was causing in his stomach. Despite his best efforts he could not manage to puke up such vile contents. Even if it were possible, something made him feel like it was too late. The highly dense magic of ancient dragon eggs was already running its course, heating up his blood as it filled his being.

"No!" The man whined in a voice that cracked sharply into a higher octave. Each movement caused large clumps of his brown hair to slide off his scalp. In its place, the man's head began to crack and smooth over in a coat of grey scales. Every inch of his skin began to wrinkle and crack, forming into a natural scaled armor. Pairs of small backward curving horns grew out on either side of his forehead as ears stretched out into a much sharper point. "No! No! No! Y-you can't do this to me. There are laws."

It might have been funny as almost every word of defiance was uttering in an increasingly higher pitch. His last sentence itself coming out in the unmistakable voice of a young woman.

The changing ambassador almost did not notice how his face was pushing out into a reptilian snout. All his attention was on the way his hands were growing black claws. Hands themselves shrunk into a more delicate, refined shape. The arms flowed with thinning muscles, becoming sleek with fine layers of feminine fat.

"No, please!" The half-dragon's eyes and smaller hands moved to his chest as shoulders narrowed. Seconds later they were forced back by a rush of fat piling onto each pectoral area. Pushing harder only made soft scaly flesh bulge around his palms until finally being forced to release them. His new breasts bounced with a lightweight, only settling with a slight hang as little apples. "Oh, god, no! I'm not some vile snake woman."

"How rude!" Aqua said, giggles betraying her attempt to sound offended. "Dragon's are totally not snakes."

Kevyn gave her neck a long sad shake on its extended neck. "Besides I'm sure our gift has better things to bless him with."

"Wha-Nnngghh? W-what the hell is this!?" The Nepal dragon peered down horrified. He had expected the main sign of his masculinity would begin fading. Instead, his penis and sac were exponentially growing. Shifting internal anatomy lifted his phallus to permanently point upwards, the head becoming extremely tapered with many barbs growing off its skin. When it did recede, it was only into the shelter of a thick scaled sheath to await its proper use.

A pathetic wince and shake of his hips saw the sprouting of a sharp tail tip. It quickly grew out to a sizable four-foot length befitting his new race. The butt connected to it plumped with a rich deposit of fat, but still felt lacking. Legs reconfigured into a girlish stance and feet puffed out into thick paws completing the changes.

Servants helped lift their newest kin to his monster feet. Knees shook as full hips forced them to press together. Despite the innate fear of witnessing such a drastic transformation, to a diplomat no less, everyone could not help noticing how petite the final form ended up becoming. Grey scaled breast and hips shifted about looking a far cry from the much larger dragons, or any of their children. The only exception was his swollen dragons sheath, but that had grown so large it looked borderline fake on such an underdeveloped body. Somehow that made his changes all the more embarrassing.

This made Kevyn nod in satisfaction. Having to look up at her and Aqua looming overhead brought another crushing realization, there was a lot more than just his boobs that were small. His tail instinctively curled around his legs, grasping it sheepishly under the assumption of dwindling down to four, maybe even three, feet tall.

"Y-you...what happens to me n-now? Am I reduced to barbarians sex slaves?"

"Ew! No!" Aqua looked ready to bust her gut full of sushi laughing. That is if the excessive poison did not make her barf it up first. "We got willing Drykmir from the locals that are way better hung than you. If I weren't ready to drop, I'd probably have two rubbing my belly tonight before some fun."

"Aqua! Shush!" Kevyn facepalmed, waiting for her face to stop feeling heated before lowering her hand. "You're not our prisoner, dork. It's a pointless show of warning if we don't send you back. Our kids will take you back to your car, and you can show everyone up North what will happen if they want to use unnecessary force. You can give us the land on a reasonable payment deal, or let us convert all your attacking troops until the extra space become a necessity. Have a safe trip now."

"But...but..." The tiny grey dragon could not form words as he was escorted away by his chains. They could tell his mind was befuddled trying to comprehend such a radical life-changing event. Not to mention the flurry of 'what if' questions trying to regain control of an unpredictable future.

Hopefully, local customs of Nepal were a bit accommodating for a dragon of mixed genders. Not that either ruler could be totally empathetic to once that just tried to murder them, after all. Aqua only offered her toothy smile and friendly parting wave until the dining room doors slammed closed again.

Kevyn took a deep breath before turning to face what remained of their company. "Would anyone care for fruit or dessert?"

The three humans stared, unblinking, and white-faced. They had also become lost in a panicked storm of thoughts unable to get a handle on the situation. Fear out of meeting an equal scalie, possibly curvy, end made them choose their next words very carefully.

Digital Promotions



Art by Janus

Janus had become known through friends and family as being highly adaptable. There no job life could throw at him that he could not find a way to master. If fortune would ever grant him the time, that is. Circumstances had a way of turning things into his fault, leading to premature terminations with companies.

Like he somehow made that phoenix anthro spontaneously combust during a screening of the last Marvel movie.

Or when he made that cheetah woman turn into a forty-foot long dragon in the middle of a CVS.

And don't get the poor wolfman started on the flock of busty were-squirrels that devoured an entire Fred Meyers produce section.

There was not an anthro alive that took the noble profession of the janitor as seriously as Janus. Floors were always clean, and toilets sparkled when he was around. It was not his fault strange, often lewd, events tended to occur in his proximity.

At least being the professional sanitation worker he was made it super easy for Janus to bounce back in this harsh job market. Only days after that horrible incident involving a taffy breathing cat kaiju at the Wonka Factory and he was already doing clean up rounds in a more stable work environment.

There was no reason to fear working for the Company of Terror. Janus knew, like any casual citizen, that the illegal lab experiments done three floors underground could only be for a good cause.

"Hey, mop bucket!?"

The voice of his current employer crackled over his walkie-talkie with the grace of a pissed-off angel. She was a fairly chubby raccoon woman named Jason with a high passion for science. So far Janus had seen her dipping a nose in almost every lab activity going on. Whether or not she owned the place was still up for debate. No one could give the question a straight answer.

Janus also learned fast not to keep her waiting while in a 'grump' mood. He finished collecting the last dust bin for this floor before fetching the receiver from his belt. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Get your part-time ass down to the fifth lab, now! We had a...ah...failed experiment in the test chambers this morning. Stinks half as bad as you."

"Sure thing, ma'am! Be right there!"

Such childish jabs barely phased Janus while he clicked the radio back on his hip. There had been far worse bosses this year saying, and doing, things a lot worse to their hired help. Jason could even be a bit casual with him when she was 'off the clock' as some researchers liked to put it. But until that rare moment swung by, he needed to collect his cleaning cart and get down to lab five.

"About time!" The shorter raccoon woman was on Janus before he had finished pushing open the door. No insult to go with that usual angry yelling. She was exceptionally nice today. "Hurry up and clean that gunk out. This whole place is going to smell like raunchy cheese, and not the good kind."

Janus had no idea what that meant, nor had a desire to find out. Besides, the place hardly smelled that bad. No worse than the burning ash of every other lab that needed daily cleaning. Not that he was about to argue with his boss in his first week. Janus grabbed up his spill king and broom following Jason's pointing clawed finger towards the giant testing tube.

If not for the raccoons saying so, he would have considered them shower stalls for epic experiment failures. Nothing probably washes out worse than pink mud from a petri dish.

"Um...there's no mess?" Janus looked around confused before shooting Jason an ear dropped look. The area around the tube looked spotless, not even showing signs of use throughout the day.

"It's inside, you dolt." Jason huffed, running a hand through her black hair. "You should leave your stuff outside, so it doesn't get crowded, please."

"...okay," Janus said while placing his tools next to the sliding glass door. He had no reason to mistrust a volatile boss while they were polite. Granted stepping fully into the chamber still revealed no signs of a mess. All that registered to his nose was a faint polish. "Boss? I still don't see a..."

Sshhkkk! CLICK!

"YIP!" Janus yelped barely turning in time to save his tail from getting cut off. Both hands slapped down on the inch-thick glass plate that had slid over his tubes entrance. "Jason! Help! The door accidentally locked me in!"

Sure this seemed highly suspicious, but Janus liked to play the optimist. Besides he could tell things were just fine. Through his glass prison, he could see Jason was at the chamber controls with hands already on the door buttons.

There was no way for him to hear Jason's dejected sigh, followed by grumbling. "Sheesh! The last three temps were screaming in terror by now. It's not nearly as fun with someone so cheerfully oblivious."

Jason's walkie talkie crackled to life. "You know there ARE more cost-effective ways of testing this on people?"

Jason's nose wrinkled in a snort of superiority. "No, there isn't. I've checked the numbers."

"...damn. You got me there."

"Damn right. Are the power cords set?"

The radio paused almost long enough to make Jason impatient. "Yes. But none of us think..."

"Too late! This is where the fun begins!"

Janus saw Jason punch several buttons before flipping a large red toggle. After which his vision of the outside world became utterly impaired by a white light engulfing his chamber. Both lamps below and above hummed with a burning intensity that drove power directly into his being.

"H-hey!?! I didn't ask to turn the lights on." Janus tried a few more weak slaps on the glass before a sharp tearing caught his attention. "YEEK! I didn't ask to be naked either."

As the machine continued its work, the once spotless jumpsuit Janus loved began ripping apart. Little lasers shot through the tube to strip away more and more of the cloth while Janus tried his best to keep what remained covering his moderate physique. Even his boxers underneath were shown no mercy. Piece by piece his brown-furred wolf body was stripped until grabbing his crotch with both hands was his only remaining recourse for modesty. The scraps of a very expensive uniform seemingly cut into nothingness.

"Um..." Janus stuttered looking down at his naked body. All he could do was watch dumbstruck as the little sliver of brown wolf fur floated off his chest to dissolve into green streams of data. "Is...is this supposed to happen? H-HEY!?"

The machinery switched gears into a very rapid drumming noise. With it, the flesh from Janus' skin began dislodging itself from his body in larger patches at an alarming rate. The bits of wolf he lost getting dissolved into streams of code floating around his prison. Thankfully there were no blood or guts to be had, mostly because he no longer seemed to have any guts to speak of. Janus blinked slowly watching on. The more he was stripped of fur and flesh revealed nothing but a green wireframe in the shape of his body.

It was not long before that was all the machine had reverted Janus to; a wireframed skeleton of physical data vaguely in the shape of a male wolf. Not that it intended to keep him that way for long. While Janus was too busy touching his hands together to see if the wire data would scramble, Jason was busy setting the final parameters for some new code to upload onto her latest blank slate. Her victim remained oblivious that the code that once made up his body was being rewritten as it floated around him.

Hopefully, this janitors simple, optimistic approach to life would help them adapt without a psychotic episode. Jason's superiors could ill afford another incident at the mall next door.

A reverse toggle flip and the green streams of code converged onto Janus like bees to their hive. Janus' body jerked with mouth hung open in a silent gasp. All over his wireframe base responded to this new set of data, twisting and stretching into the unique physiology it beset.

Janus clenched his toes, watching his feet throb several times. On the final pulse, they ballooned two, maybe three, times thicker. Said toes pushed and melded together into three big golf balls to become giant paws. These got quickly painted over by Janus' revised code to give him a luxurious white fur with thick pads on the bottoms. Large black claws slinked out of each toe soon after.

White fur continued to splatter in the rush of code attaching to his shins. Bones stretched in soft cracks as he developed dense muscle the janitor had never known. That quickly shifted to a

bright yellow fur just below his knees. It was almost like a warning before his thigh exploded in a thick deposit of powerful muscles hidden under a supple sexy shape.

"Nnnggghh!!"

Janus danced from paw to paw, trying to keep the code from approaching his hips. Naturally, it did nothing but make things worse. Whatever data did not pass through his digital hands became stuck to them, applying even more splats of white fur. As his fingers became completely engulfed, Janus found them forced to pressed together, merging into three thick digits considerably more dexterous than an average paw.

"GAH!"

New digits which flew to his backside just in time to have it push back in a surge of thick fat. The yellow fur covering Janus' rear formed an excellent pelt that rippled with his sashaying steps. Hips jutted out in a loud crack to further amplify a bottom-heavy figure. This caused his thunder thighs to naturally press together in spite of all efforts. Made it hard for him to watch snow-white fur coat the smooth regions of his crotch and stomach.

"W-wha...?" Janus stuttered as monster hands roamed around the span of her childbearing hips to explore between those plush yellow thighs.

Everything down there had been reconfigured to match the jiggling feminine butt Janus now sported. A brief exploration of the hypersensitive nub above a fresh slit confirmed a change in equipment without her consent.

"Hey, now!" Janus recoiled watching lines of code wind up towards her torso. Unlike the hips, her waist constricted tighter the more its wireframe became coated in the developing skin and fur. By the time things progressed to her chest, Janus had gained a very hourglass waist to compliment the apple bottom. White fur spread across a now toned belly with yellow everywhere else. "Wh...we don't have to go that far, right?"

Janus could not tell if the mouth part of her data skeleton could even produce sounds, but her pleas were falling on deaf ears anyway. A sharp snap caused both of Janus' pecs to jut out into distinct points. They paused only a second before massive amounts of data continued to stretch them away from her chest. The frame's distorted into curves and rounded shapes the further they grew, creating the illusion of mass. Janus found that her chest skeleton was looking like two halves of watermelon were laid on it. That was incredibly worrisome.

More so when the data began to attach itself over the shapes to make proper, white-furred breasts. Gravity quickly asserted itself over these newly forming weights. Janus was thrown off balance to press hands and boobs against the glass in a less than dignified fashion. From her shoulder erupted large tufts of fur resembling tiny wings while her new cleavage became partially concealed around a thick mane of white around her neck.

"Mmmpphhh!!" Janus' tried to speak, but her jaws were refusing to work correctly. There was only a little bit of code left circulating her tube, coinciding with her wireframed head being the only raw data part of her remaining. Even her grunts were sounding oddly sultry and definitively female. "Ngghh! Aah paah paah! Grrrwaah!"

A strange sensation caused Janus' cheeks to bloat out for an awkwardly chubby appearance. Luckily her nose shifted soon after. Very uncomfortable cramping caused Janus to close her eyes while her face bent and pulled into a pointed foxes snout. The bridge between muzzle and skull reversed, making her whole mouth streamlined into her skull. From atop her triangle-shaped head, Janus felt her ears flail about stretching towards the ceiling.

DATA REFORMATTING COMPLETE! DISPATCHING UNIT NUMBER THIRTY-TWO; JANUSMON!

Jason sighed, reminding herself to never let Desmond program the experiment naming protocols ever again. Still, watching the digital upload tube 'whoosh' open so a very top-heavy Renamon could exit was always satisfying. Her latest janitor-turned-minion was tottering about trying to get a feel for their much larger feet and sense of balance. When the Renamon spent WAY too much time examining their thick, rounded buttocks and enormous tits, Jason gave a very harsh cough. That quickly got the creatures shimmering blue eyes to snap in her direction.

"Welcome to the real world and thank you for the cooperation, Janus. Are you ready for your first mission orders?"

Jason beamed with smug satisfaction watching her renamon straighten up in rapt attention. Finally, she accomplished a data conversion with complete, unquestioned, discipline. This could mean the beginnings of a whole new digital revolution. People were going to pay her millions for their own sexy monster pets. Who could resist such buxom beauties with the way Janus was licking her lips in that predatory glare. Three-fingered hands absently rubbing along the soft curves of her powerful vixen body.

"You're cute!"

"...wha...?"

Not even the security cameras could capture the single second that happened next. Jason blinked slowly, not fully registering the simple two words Janus spoke before the Digimon became a yellow blur.

Next thing the raccoon knew, she was thrown back against a lab table. The heavy weight of Janus' bigger, thicker, form pinning her in place. Struggling amounted to very little. Those tri-digit hands were keeping a gentle but firm grip on Jason's wrists, backed by muscles that could bend steel bars. More disturbingly was the way Janus pushed in, so her fatty mammaries squished hard against Jason's own breasts.

"Get off of me!" Jason barked with surprising anger. She was not about to let something as typical as a transformed vixen ninja intimidate her in her own lab. "I command you as your creator to-MMPPHHHH!!"

Then again, Janus was neither intimidated nor amused by such an attitude. Only thing she knew that could cure such a bad case of the grumps was a good ol' smooching fest. Soon as Jason

could take a breath, Janus shot in to wrap their lips together. The momentary shock even allowed Janus to slip in some tongue inside Jason's muzzle.

Now it may have been true in Janus' post-transformation arousal that kissing the nearest sentient thing with lips would be her solution to any interaction. In this case, it ended up working. This was more in part because soon as her tongue connected with Jason's the code that had been installed into Janus promptly migrated over into what it perceived as another host in need of upgrading.

While such code worked its way across Jason's nerves, and eventually her brain, the raccoons struggle consequently lost its energy. It only took seconds until she ceased fighting altogether and began kissing back in muffled pleas for lusty attention. Neither partner really noticed, or cared, how this caused Jason's ears to start stretching several inches longer. Their fur brightened into the soft yellow matching Janus'.

By the time Janus finally broke their embrace, Jason's head had finished puffing into the same triangle Renamon configuration. Only their hairstyles kept them from being identical.

"Murrrrr!" Janus purred softly. Her fluffy fox tail thumped happily against the lab floor while she helped slide Jason's lab coat off. It gave Janus a much better view of her former bosses shirt starting to strain over their chest. "Drink me?"

Jason bit her now vulpine lips, eyes flickering across Janus' supple curves while her own body was gradually swelling towards a similar build. With a shrug, her own ringtail gave a hard flick and promptly 'foofed' into a thick yellow vixens appendage.

"Aw, what the hell!?! It's for science, after all."

They fell into each other's embrace. One unaware, while the other completely forgot about the six security cameras intently watching events unfold.







