

## At Large

Speedometers would have started printing their speeding tickets in advance if any officers were loafing on the highway's shoulder. But they weren't. There wasn't a soul around to appreciate the black blur whistling down an asphalt horizon shimmering with heat from a cloudless noon sun.

Cintia had been in it for the money at first. Then when she had enough of that, she had been in it for him. Lastly, she discovered she couldn't live without the raw adrenaline of getting out alive.

Nowadays? Cash, cock, and a rush that rivaled cocaine all made for pretty swell prizes.

She rode shotgun, her tinted passenger window down, head poking out to savor the wind's wail. It raked invisible fingers through her glorious mane of hair. Butt-long and flowing, it whipped behind her while the desert blurred by. She could do a mean wolf impression for a fox, and times like this called for one. Her, "*A-woooo!*" out-shouted the engine's roar.

A commanding grip found the scruff of Cintia's neck and yanked her back inside. He was the only guy allowed to handle her like that—the only guy with the *balls* to get rough with a gal her size. She turned her head and found his snout already coming for hers. His sunglasses-tinted gaze abandoned the empty road and pierced into her while they shared a long, tongue-twisting kiss. When their lips parted, she slumped against the passenger's door. Panting, with a wild look that said, *If we weren't driving, I'd fuck you silly.*

She always got frisky after they pulled off a heist.

And this had been a *heist*.

Mutual grins flaunted the fangs of monsters, which was what they were. Had they riders in the backseat, the sight of those teeth would have them fearing for their lives. Doubly so when both the driver's and passenger's stomachs growled in unison.

“Shit,” Cintia drawled—her soft drawl made it come out as, “*Shyiet.*”—“Probably should'a eaten something before the run.”

“Got one of those gas-and-diners coming up,” her boyfriend said.

“Not if you keep speeding like this.”

He gunned the brakes. Rubber squealed as it burned treadmarks across asphalt. Cintia jolted like she had been shot, swung with momentum from an instantaneous 90-degree wheel-turn. Cheaper tires would have popped; one of the reasons they had blown such a hefty sum on this 14-cylinder stallion of a getaway vehicle.

“Good thing you were wearing a seatbelt.”

Cintia wrinkled her nose. “You did that on purpose.”

His chuckle, like the rest of him, conveyed strength without trying. She could admit that she was fickle for a woman, she always gravitated to the strongest man in the room. In all her years, she had never met stronger than Andy Renard. “Guilty,” graveled the criminal with warrants in 37 states.

Same ones as her.

Their car stood out, more expensive than every other vehicle on the dilapidated parking lot combined. Dusty old pre-owneds of vacationing couples, cross-country drivers. Firmly middle-class dullards who'd decided to have a break at the quaint little rest stop.

The couple that thumped their bare paws onto the sun-warmed grit of the lot stood out more than the car itself. Andy alone would have been eye-catching. He ducked out of the driver's side and flicked off his shades. He squinted amber fox eyes while adjusting to the sun's glare.

After stuffing his shades in his jean pocket, he shook his impressive bulk. Russet headfurs tipped brown waved lively as tallgrass in the wind.

Six feet and eight inches. A classic red fox by coat, a monster by genetics. A freak, and in all the best ways possible: *un-godly* tall, leaving lions and buffalos and all those big, brawny species wondering if they had just stumbled across a new breed; best of all, he had the physique to back it up.

*Hea-Vy*, a one-word summation printed across his pectorals. He looked the part of a criminal. Short-sleeved shirt, sharktooth-sliced sleeves, chain-link necklace suspended by bulbous scalenes.

Cintia may have been the feminine side of the duo, but she didn't consider herself ladylike. Two inches shorter and just as tough, she advertised herself as *Hea-Vy* in her own way. Legible when Andy was coming, and when Cintia went: syllables rhinestone-studded one to a cheek over the peach-shaped outline of the foxy ass jutting against black leather leggings, snug and shiny.

Dark to Andy's light, all browns and darker hues on her coat, the 6'6" pile of muscle and curves heaved her mighty hip to slam the passenger's door shut.

"Easy on her!" Andy barked. The car beeped as he pressed the lock button on their key fob.

“Jealous?” Cintia stuck her tongue out as she swaggered over, one leg in front of the other like a runway model; he had the briefcase in-hand. She looked from it to his eyes, questioningly.

“Of course.” A look Andy disregarded. The enormous fangs showed off by his grin always made him look like a dumb brute. But behind those beady eyes inlaid beneath a thick brow ridge lurked intelligence. His other meaty handpaw swept in to distract Cintia; she drew in a sharp breath as claws nipped her *Hea-Vy* bottom. “Even a car seat shouldn’t get more of your ass than me.”

Cintia snorted. She and Andy took their first steps towards the diner. Directing his hand off her ass, she slung its bulk over her shoulder like a fashion accessory. “Maybe you’ll have your chance to be my seat tonight, stud.” She walked a finger along the fluffy ridge of his forearm, colored brown like a glove that came up to his elbow. “That is, if you can beat me.”

“I might deign to *let* you win.” They pushed open double doors that just barely fit them side to side. It triggered the jingle from the welcome bell, and as the heads of patrons turned towards their huge arrivals, Andy gave a firm, shameless squeeze to Cintia’s breasts.

She didn’t blush, but she did coax his hand off. “I’d say that violates rule one,” she said under her breath, smirking up at her hulking fox. Their massive, bushy tails rubbed against each other.

He had his own smirk, though not for her. Cockily panning it around the room, as if to ask onlookers—*What are you going to do about it, runts?*

The answer, of course, was nothing. Some midwest folk had this preternatural sense of when rain was brewing. Andy and Cintia seemed to trip that same alarm.

On instinct, people knew they were trouble.

Rather than wait around, Andy led them to a booth. He and Cintia sat across from one another. Some buck-toothed pipsqueak practically tripped over herself to serve them: a splotchy black-on-white mouse, probably a couple years older than Cintia but shorter than her seated.

Smart girl, she looked nervous. If she knew who she was serving she would've had every right to be. They were a big couple and they ate big; she hurried off to fulfill their excessive orders.

The second she did, Andy placed the briefcase on the table.

“Are you insane?” Cintia hissed. “Put that back down on the seat.”

“What’s the matter?” Andy matched her conspiratorial volume. His amber eyes flickered around the room, Cintia took a more obvious inventory with her purple ones: two couples, a businessman, an older gentleman, a cook behind the counter.

“No one knows what this is, anyway,” he argued, rapping a knuckle against the polished steel case. *RYSING*, was embossed in bold lettering. Thee biopharmaceutical company. The one that put a big word like that into the mouths of the simplest people. The company had appeared out of obscurity ten years ago and had revolutionized gene therapies. Invented cures for cancer.

That wasn't the sort of target Andy and Cintia usually went for. He was a bank-robbing, car-jacking sort of bastard. Cintia was the bitch who liked her pearls and diamonds.

This hit had been something special. She had to plan it out within a night. Andy got a piece of intel “from the pipeline,” which was odd because everyone he knew she knew. But the armored vehicle was unguarded, just like his so-called “reliable source” had said.

Andy was the muscle, he knocked out the driver. Cintia was also the muscle, she disarmed the guard and choke-held him unconscious. As distant sirens blared, she got the back of the truck open and retrieved this briefcase.

“What do you think’s in it?” Cintia asked.

“No idea. But it’s from their enhancements division.” After popping off the side latches, he nodded for Cintia. She complied with an eye-roll, using her claw to pick the main lock. It was irresponsible, sure, but deep down she was equally curious. The lid wheezed as Andy pulled it up. Nondescript white bags of icepacks were piled up inside; seeping coldness exuded an aura of chilly air.

“Where the hell is it?” Cintia numbed her fingers while sifting through the icepacks. She jerked her hand back as if stung, having come close to roughing up a lidded plastic vial.

Andy gingerly pinched it out then dangled it between them. Frost chunks marked the outside, but the deep purple inside remained entirely liquid.

Cintia liked purple. Matched her eyes. *The color of royalty.*

Andy swirled it around. “Grape soda,” he said, unimpressed.

“Don’t do that!” Cintia would have slapped his hand if not for fear of damaging the vial. There was money to be had for Rysing research. A prototype like this? Black market buyers would pay big bucks. “I won’t forgive you if you damage our own private island.”

“That’s the price you’ve decided on?” Andy raised his brow, still swirling their ransom just to defy her.

“Isle of Cintia. Has a nice ring to it, don’t you think?”

“Not even Isle of Andy?” her boyfriend tutted, shaking that bestial head of his. “I had a better idea, though.”

“Try me, sport.” Cintia folded her arms on the table and leaned forward. It didn’t take much leaning before her bust blanketed her forearms. Perhaps she should have gotten a top to

match his? She liked her black velvet crop top plus denim jacket combo, but her puppies upstairs deserved a *Hea-Vy* content warning just as much as that back-porch peach.

It got Andy's attention. Strong of body, weak of will. His tongue darted across his lips; for a second she thought he might fuck her right there in the diner. But he wrenched his gaze from that top-straining temptation to look her in the eye. "Instead of selling..." He took the briefcase and eased it shut, calmly placing it next to him on the booth. "...we par-take."

Cintia slowly blinked, waiting for him to crack a smile and laugh. "Bad joke?"

"I know I could've been a standup comedian in another life, but I assure you: no joke." Andy used his thumbclaw to flick the lid off; it went flying up like a flipped coin then hit the table, bouncing a few times before going still. "Need I remind you this was enhancement division?"

"I know what it means." The more *fun* experiments happened there. Plastic surgery without the plastic. Muscle without the workout. It was big news when Rysing accepted a military contract for a super-soldier serum that... "Wait." She held that thought, looking at the vial in a new light. "You don't think—"

"I have no idea," he confided in a low voice. He leaned a little closer, so did Cintia, the two of them seated until their foreheads were close to touching. In an even lower growl, one usually reserved for pillow talk: "But it'd be fun to find out, right?"

"If you end up in the hospital, someone's gonna catch us." A scent distracted Cintia. She lifted her snout and snuffled the air. "Damn, what *is* that stuff?" It smelled like... well, she couldn't place it. That was the frustrating part. It was nice, but elusive. She could detect it in the air, her brain told her it smelled good, but it also told her it didn't know what it smelled like. Too subtle. Too faint.

As if telling her...

Andy took a long, deep whiff straight from the container and, *Mmm*’d similar satisfaction. “Only one way to find out,” he said, speaking her own guilty thought aloud.

“Wait,” she gasped—too late, he had tilted his head back and wolfed half the vial’s contents. A gulp bobbed his Adam’s apple against his chain-link necklace. He smacked his lips, licked his chops. Waited.

“Well?” Cintia asked, impatient after a few seconds. She drummed a finger atop her bust; she kept a burner phone between breasts for emergencies. “Am I gonna have to call 911?”

“Don’t think so,” he said, the booth seat creaking as he leaned back and slung an arm over it. “Tasted pretty good, though.” He carelessly sloshed the vial’s remaining contents until they threatened to spill over the rim.

Cintia scowled. “You, darling, just drank a couple hundred grand and have nothing to show for it.”

“Patience, sweetheart,” Andy condescended. “Maybe it just takes some time to...” His easygoing smile slipped away, his stare shifting from her towards a spot next to her. “To...”

“Now it looks like you’re about to throw up a couple hundred grand.”

“Here are your drinks!” their waitress said, lofting a tray with Andy’s water and Cintia’s sweet tea. “Your food will be ready, er... is he alright?” She had noticed Andy’s offness.

“He’s—” Before Cintia could downplay it: *Thud*. The table rattled as Andy slammed his hand against it for balance. “...fine.”

But his bristling coat and deep, open-mouthed breaths said otherwise. He let out a grunt. Not a normal one, either. It was a guttural animal chuff. A brainless, “*Urgh*,” accompanied by a flinch from his muscular body—as though someone punched him in the gut. Other subtleties



came with that movement. A straining sound that made her ears perk to their limits; she recognized it, it was the stressed noise her favorite jeans made when she dared bend over in them. Except they came from Andy's side of the table. Creases along her boyfriend's shirt smoothed out, framing his thick chest and shoulders. His chain necklace appeared to clench.

Almost as if—

Andy shot upright. He was violating rule one again: outside the scene, never cause a scene. Their puny waitress shrieked as he carelessly bumped his shoulder against her serving tray. Their glasses hit the floor and crashed apart.

The offending fox didn't so much as grunt an acknowledgment. *Thump-thump-thump* went the hurried, graceless weight of his bare paws as he stormed forward, on a warpath for the men's restroom. An older elk had to leap aside to avoid being bowled over. Andy made it past him, shouldering the men's restroom door open and disappearing inside.

"God dammit, Andy," Cintia harshed under her breath. She stepped over the puddle of water and iced tea. Over their shrieky little waitress. She ignored the eyes on her, leveling a glare at the bathroom. They had to get the fuck out of here. Someone would recognize them soon—from the papers, the news, internet. Then the cops would get involved. "Of all the stupid stunts that fox has pulled..." She reached the door, but the sounds coming from behind it gave her pause.

His groans sounded bad. Bad enough that the caring girlfriend under the grit and vinegar came out. "Andy?" she asked in a softer voice, rapping a knuckle on the door.

"Feels so..." His speech was thick, as though he was wrestling with his own tongue to form words. "...so damn..." The sexual moan that followed left Cintia's nipples visibly straining against her top.

“What the hell are you up to in here?” Cintia pushed open the door to the men’s room and went inside. There were stalls on the left. Andy faced a mirror opposite her, hunched over with bumpy back muscles flexed against his shirt. He had a bracing grip that enfolded the sides of a sink.

The lights were off, so when the door swung shut behind her, the lighting grew ominous—sourced solely through a small rectangular window in the corner.

“...goooooood,” Andy managed to wrench the word out. Definition along his back rippled; the hem of his shirt hitched higher second by second until it started resembling Cintia’s crop top. There came a sound she had heard before, but never from a person. It reminded her of paws on loose gravel, except it was happening underneath Andy’s skin.

“Andy?” Cintia was surprised at the meekness in her voice. “Andy, what’s going on?”

If they were violating rule one up to this point, Andy’s triumphant roar altogether executed it. His biceps shivered with muscles Cintia had never seen. Neck muscles bulged and that chain-link necklace strained taut then exploded, each piece clinking across the dingy tiled floor.

Cracks skittered along the part of the porcelain sink that kept it to the wall. Then it tore clean off as he hurled it across the room. It struck the wall and made a terrific sound on breaking to white chunks.

Cintia remained very still. For a moment, she forgot she was looking at her boyfriend. That over there was a beast—more of a beast than usual, that is. Each belabored bellow of breath exaggerated the swell of his bulbous back. Busted pipes gurgled sinkwater into a puddle pooling at his paws.

Cintia backed away. Her butt thudded against the door louder than she wanted. Andy stiffened, slowly turning his head to glare over his shoulder. When their eyes met, he turned around; his back popped as he rose to his full stature—undeniably fuller than before. His wet paws thumped him forward, silhouette casting a musclebound shadow over her and a door he was now too wide for. She looked up. That was nothing new. But looking up two inches was a much different experience from craning her neck from the height of his pecs.

*He - y*, his shirt read. The deep, v-shaped rip down his collar exposed corded cleavage, “a” and “v” erased from a message that now doubled as a warning.

“Andy,” she breathed, planting a palm to his chest—sifting through silk tufts of white furs to test the diamond hardness underneath.

It was real.

His rough, calloused clutch devoured her chin, wrenched her gaze up. He smiled a deep, knowing smile. “*Hey down there*,” Andy rumbled. His hand slipped from her chin and covered her back. With her size, her strength, Cintia had never been made to feel small. Not until that moment.

A shove sent her stumbling into the middle of the men’s room, down on her knees in a puddle of tap. She splashed upright and turned around. No way out, the way blocked in muscle and teeth.

“Ma’am?” The waitress was pounding on the door, too cowardly to open it. “I-is everything alright?”

“*We’re fine!*” Cintia and Andy called at once, his words overtaking hers.

“Be out in just a minute,” Cintia added.

“Might be more than that,” Andy said. She watched her boyfriend’s baseball mitt-sized hand slide down to his crotch, training her eyes in the process. There her stare stayed, fixed on what those tight jeans fought to contain.

She wasn’t hungry anymore. Not for food—but *meat*. Andy’s meat had slithered down to strain obscenely against the left thigh of his pant leg. It almost reached the *knee*, ending at a conspicuous dark spot that told her just how good this transformation had felt.

He tried to undo his jeans. His fingers were too huge to deal with the button. “Take it off,” he commanded in a low voice. “I’ve never needed you more in my life.”

Cintia wanted to. Desperately. But while gawking, a less conspicuous bulge caught her eye. The ill-fitting nature of Andy’s jeans had kept the pocketed vial neatly pinned to his right thigh.

Barring any spillage, half of it remained.

“What’s the rush, big boy?” She sauntered up in the practiced way of a vixen who knew she was beautiful—tail swishing in time to the swing of wide, womanly, legging-hugged hips.

“You’re trembling,” Andy observed.

“That’s how bad I want a piece of this,” she whispered, getting chills from his presence. From the sheer trek it took her claw from the divot of his pecs to the rugged outcrop of his chiseled jawline.

“What happened to rule one?” He cocked a brow while she went down on her knees. How big had that shit made him? Over seven, to be certain—to make a big girl like her feel little. Eight, then.

Eight feet and some change.

And though the thought of roaming his bulk excited her to no end... “Fuck the rules,” she said, brandishing the tip of her claw like a surgeon’s scalpel. Rather than go for the fly, she easily cut a gash in the thigh of his right pant leg. Immediately after creating that opening, she crammed her fingers inside and wrenched the vial free. Unstopped, but its confines had been too tight to allow for spillage.

She went to bring it to her lips without a second thought, only for her wrist to vanish into Andy’s grasp. She had to clamp her fist around the vial as he squeezed and pulled her singlehandedly off the floor.

They had been on equal footing before this. Lovers with a competitive streak. Some couples got petty, she and Andy wrestled their woes away. But without her own boost, she could forfeit any future physical challenges in advance. He wasn’t just taller, he had gained bulk. And Andy already had a strict workout regimen.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he crooned, pinching the vial from Cintia’s fist before letting go of her. Her knees almost buckled when she landed. She braced both hands to his sturdy chest to stay standing—and to bat her lashes while looking up at him.

“Don’t I get a share of the spoils?” She pouted her lip, did a despondent swish with her bushy tail. “It’s only *fair*, Andy.”

The plea didn’t move him. “I could drink it all for myself. Bet we could have some real fun if I was that ‘enhanced.’”

Cintia swallowed. There was a pregnant silence. She had run with gangs before getting in with her one and only. The way he looked at her, this felt like an initiation. Her boyfriend had always respected her. Her and no one else, really. She didn’t take shit. She demanded he treat her as an equal. As his partner.

But the scales had tipped. And with one sip he could tip them further. Part of her didn't mind that, considering the heavy artillery crammed into his jeans. Getting her gut flossed by a humongous fox knot didn't sound so bad... Her mating instincts stirred a compulsion to flurry lips over his new muscles.

But she wasn't about to demote herself like that. Seeing Andy this big sparked her own ambitions. "I want. My share." More forceful this time, through clenched teeth: "Make. Me. Big."

He nodded, and thereby said she had passed his test.

"Get these off first," he ordered. "They're chafing, in case you couldn't tell."

Maintaining eye contact, she slipped down and undid his fly. The hard part was the waistline, snug around tough, angular hips. She pulled. Harder. Grunting and glaring until the jeans rolled and caught mid-thigh, his virile red rocket bursting free like a spring-loaded trap.

"Woah," she breathed.

It had nearly smacked her in the snout on the way up. Now bobbing next to her shoulder, it radiated tempting heat. Her nostrils snuffled and for a second her thoughts were like television static: the more masculine the fox, the stronger the musk.

And Andy was the peak of foxkind.

His heavy hand covered the top of her head and rubbed like she was his little pet. Her eyelids drooped, and she almost went straight for his dick. But again, pride burned the thought away. And just in time. If she gave in, she suspected she would have failed the test.

"My share?" she said expectantly.

"You don't look scared."

"Should I be?" Cintia raised a brow as Andy lifted his hand off her.

“If I drank the rest of this stuff, sure. Bet I could break the ten-foot mark. I’d probably weigh a *ton*. Bust open bank vaults just by charging into them.”

“But you promised.” It was a lame reason, almost a whine. She and Andy were criminals—but neither to each other. She didn’t like the power he had over her. It made her feel like... like she had been *surpassed*. Left as the shoddy, on-her-knees-sucking-dick-in-a-pit-stop second half.

Andy’s grin widened, taunted her until she glared. “You’d never win another of our scraps in your life.” He held the vial so near his lips that its plastic misted. For a moment, he looked tempted enough to drink. Then he stopped and looked down at her again. “Lucky for you, I *like* a challenge.” Her heart stopped as he tilted the vial on its side. The serum dumped out, sautéed along the top of his two-footer. “Drink up.”

“Well, someone decided not to sleep on the couch tonight.” Cintia licked her lips while looking over the cock seasoning. “Fox dick with a side of whatever that freak juice is? Darling, you spoil me.”

She couldn’t fit it in her mouth. But that wasn’t her goal. Her tongue traced the top of his knot from tip to sheath. Dignity had to go on the backburner for a bit: she worked the sides of his shaft like it was a melting popsicle. Not one rivulet of Rysing’s patented experimental serum managed to sneak past her tingling tongue. That was good, because the flavor had such a kick she would’ve licked it off the floor, off Andy’s feet if it meant more.

“You have more willpower than I gave you credit for,” she panted. Excited. Aroused. She didn’t even care they were doing this in a public restroom—maybe that made it *hotter*.

“That so?”

“Yeah,” she breathed her answer across her boyfriend’s knot, now shiny with drool. “If it were me, I wouldn’t have been able to resist downing the whole thing.”

“I always knew I picked a good one.” Andy’s chuckle rumbled through the room. “You are one greedy bitch.” She positioned her maw at the head of his knot. “Hungry, too,” and she suddenly had a white-hot, fur-raising need to crack her jaw wide as it could; her teeth tickled sensitive skin, she swabbed the tip with her tongue.

That was the extent of her worship at first. Through no added effort, her maw soon had the volume to fit more of Andy’s girth.

*Ba-bump.* She felt it. Her heart performed a single, pronounced beat—as if trying to lurch out of her breast. On that heartbeat, she felt every vein in her body throb the same, blood replaced with that good growth juice.

*Ba-bump.* “*Mmh,*” a feminine sigh as Cintia sleeved more maw over his dick. She felt so good. Hot all over. Someone cranking the thermostat inside her body until it hit fever-pitch.

*Ba-bump.* Her outfit nipped wherever it touched skin. She unconsciously shrugged out of her denim jacket for comfort, leaving her with a balloon-smuggling crop top and a pinched array of abs almost hard as Andy’s. Leggings that left nothing to the imagination hugged an even more unimaginable figure. Fuller. *Rounder.*

*Ba-bump.* Lust-drooped eyes jolted wide. It finally clicked on this pulse, when her panties shrank to pussy floss, and rhinestone studs spelling *Hea-Vy* popped off her butt.

*Ba-bump.* She left a slobbery trail as her lips broke with Andy’s knot. She leapt upright; the gulf in their heights had shrunken. *Shrunken.* Felt wrong to use that word in this context, though. Her height had graduated from eye-level with boulder pecs to muscle-plated shoulders.



*Ba-bump.* Then she stood a little higher than that. An inch higher, to be precise—though she didn't know that was the exact gain gifted by each pulse. "Fuck, Andy," she grunted, and it was hard to form the words. As if her tongue tripped over chocolate fondue. Her muzzle felt animal, not meant to form speech. Only growls and snarls. Still she labored out: "It's better than *sex.*"

*Ba*—Another inch of height, more than that in heft. Her boobs visibly inflated against her top.—*bump.* At the first sign of a winnowing tear in the crop top's neck, she laid her hands on separated seams.

"Fuck..." *Ba-bump!* "...*yeah!*" she cried, tearing her top apart at the front as she grew. The second her tits and their puffy, dark chocolate nipples tasted air, they vanished into Andy's hungry hands.

"Now *these* are tits," he admired. "Keep growing."

"Like you have a say." She smirked up. *Ba-bump.* A teensy less up than before. She guided those hands around to where her butt had already begun bullying its irrepressible heart shape through tearing leather seams.

His claws tested the supple protection of her thick ass. Too thick to puncture. She stepped towards Andy. Firm D-cups squished against his firmer chest. Cintia caught him off guard with her excessive weight; he had muscles, but she had a lot of lady-part padding. That, and she was catching up. Now eye-level with his neck, strong and riled enough to walk him backwards until his back struck the wall hard enough that some of its cheap old tiles skittered off. He didn't care. His ravenous hand clenched her right thigh, claws raking four streaks in her leggings.

With another orgasmic *Ba-bump,* she grew, her thickening thigh erupting through that weakened strip of fabric in an appetizing wobble of feminine flesh.

Cintia growled as their tongues met. The large lovers jostled with fangs neither knew the other had; another animal mutation to go with dozens of others. Andy had been disarmed by her curves, by an ambush of amorous woman weighing him to the wall. Not anymore. He hefted her other thigh as well, lifting and encouraging her to cross those watermelon-crushers around his back.

*Ba-bump.* She was eight feet tall and he could still carry her.

*Ba-bump.* Her arms crossed around the broadness of his back, hands failing to meet in the middle until—*Ba-bump.* Thaaat was the ticket. Andy's pawsteps thundered as he walked their combined weight across the bathroom. He was panting and growling and grinding his knot against her nethers and—

*Bang.* The bathroom door collapsed against Cintia's back. Everyone in the diner had given up on the pretense of eating long ago. They were all watching, and all jumped as the elephantine lovers battered the door off its hinges.

Andy staggered out in pulled-down jeans and a tight shirt with its back ruined by amorous claw marks. And he had his hands all over one *Hea-Vy* load in his grasp. He fell forward, pounding Cintia back-first against the diner counter. Plates and porcelain mugs flew to the floor. She hardly noticed. There was no pain—not now, at least. She would have a tender bruise to icepack later. But in the moment, nothing *could* hurt. That part of her brain had simply turned off.

There were only endorphins to counteract snapping bones and stretching skin. And between those pleasurable additives was an anticipatory thrill. A period where she could hold her breath, only to gasp it all out through the *Ba-bump*, that expanded her bust, swelled those big birthing hips, jutted her ass out until the last *Hea-Vy* studs erupted off.

She thrashed beneath Andy's girth while they made out on the counter. He ripped a hole in the crotch of her leggings and entered her lust-lubed cunt. She had gotten bigger, but not *that* big. Where her womanly features swelled until they could drown the average man, Andy's masculine traits had risen to the challenge.

She might've died if that pole impaled her a few feet ago. This new, stronger body was requisite for hitching a ride on Andy. She panted as her muscular stomach distended with dick.

"*No photography!*" Andy snapped at those watching. "Haven't you ever seen anyone getting it on?" Sure they had, but no one in the world had ever seen it quite like this. Savage. Almost violent. Two brutes denting the counter with each rut.

"Harder," Cintia exhaled, grabbing handfuls of Andy's chest fluff. "Harder!"

The feeble wooden counter gave out with a loud *crack*. The floor shook as she hammered it with all their weight combined. She and Andy wore feral grins; they knew it was depraved, they didn't give a shit.

"Another reason to get arrested," Cintia panted.

"I've never been able to fit this much of my knot in you. You're one. Loose. Bitch." Wood splintered as he fucked her into the ground. It was the most intense sex of their lives, and somehow it was secondary to the *Ba-bump* of her swelling vixen frame.

"Get it right, sweetheart," she purred, shocking them both by forcing Andy into a roll. His herculean back demolished another segment of the counter. Now on top, hands to Andy's shoulders, she said, "I'm not loose. I'm *big*." She rode Andy like a steed, high as a kite and starting to feel like her never-ending growth would get her to that height. *Ba-bump*. She was catching up to Andy.

*Ba-bump*. In the haze of her growth-drunk lust, she began to develop a mad ambition.

*Ba*—What if she was the bigger one?—*bump*.

Andy & Cintia. An infamous duo.

But didn't Cintia & Andy have a nicer ring? She pulverized his hips with her own. Her ass quivered on each downward clap, decimating those last threads biting it back.

*Ba-bump*: her body's grand finale, a spurt that eclipsed Andy's lap with her monstrous ass. It thundered down in an audible collision of flesh on flesh as she fully hilted herself. She and Andy threw their heads back in unison, crying out as they climaxed in front of the entire diner.

She normally would have needed the next couple hours to recover from a fucking like that. Not today. Andy's knot slipped from her drooling cunt as she rose; it landed with a wet *slap*, lain heavy across his abdomen.

Busted wood crunched as she tottered to her paws. The tips of her ears brushed the low ceiling lights. Rigid muscles etched the exposed length of her back, counterbalancing the weight of knockers her haggard breaths knocked together.

"I'm so *big*," she marveled. The patrons were like children from up here. Just one glance from her and they shrank back. "This has to be some kind of record..." Giddy, breathy laughter colored her speech. "I'm the biggest person alive!"

"I'll be the judge of that." Her heart raced as she watched Andy heave himself off the floor. His knot kept spewing spunk all over the counter's remains. She shivered from an anticipation almost pleasurable as the growth itself. *Cintia*, bigger than Andy Fucking Renard. She'd stolen millions, but numbers on a bank account *paled* compared to the thrill of stealing size.

Her grin slipped away. Andy inherited it as they stood eye to eye. Then he hulked up ‘til the neat alignment of his jagged teeth mocked inches from her face. They parted to correct, “*Second biggest,*” in a husky voice. “Like always, sweetheart.”

Cintia made a sound. One she had never made before and couldn’t on command. Low and threatening, a growl vibrated motor-deep from her chest. Bystanders expecting a brawl stepped back. The growl abruptly ended in a canine yelp as Andy poked her clit. It tamed her; she tensed her thick thighs to stay standing from the tazing touch. Their lips met, they traded some tongue.

Then, standing with cheek pressed to cheek, turned to leer at their audience.

“Thought I said no photography?” Andy lumbered over, legs too long to be outpaced. He was talking to some shaggy-bearded goat standing next to his same-species girlfriend.

“Hey,” was the extent of the goat’s resistance. Andy snatched the phone into his fist, dangled it between two fingers. Tilting his maw up—no, Cintia refused to believe he’d do it.

But he did.

Andy dropped the phone into his maw and downed it in a gulp. He patted his stomach before leaning close to give the patron a fang-riddled grin. “No. Evidence,” he said. “Got that?”

The goat swooned in terror, falling into his girlfriend’s arms. Andy swung to his full height. Sparks flew where the top of his skull cracked apart a lightbulb. But he didn’t so much as wince. He was riding that same rush as his girlfriend, pain receptors shot as their good judgment.

“We should probably get the fuck out of here,” Cintia said. “Someone out there in a car looking worried on his phone.”

Andy followed her gaze. “Better do something about it.”

Cintia would look back on that moment in amazement. *What the fuck came over me?* she'd think of the enormous, eight-foot fox ducking out of the diner. Employing both double doors to make it through with her royal wideness, her *Hea-Vy* heft shamelessly bouncing, swaying, leaking as she walked up to the driver's door.

The driver, some punkish badger, looked wide-eyed out the window. He spoke hurriedly into the phone while setting his car in reverse. Too timid of an escape, should've floored it. The sun-heated handle was warm to the touch. Cintia yanked it. The door swung towards her.

In her defense, it was a cheap car—and her strength... well, growing more than a foot in height and doubling in weight made it unpredictable. The door came off. She held it for a few moments in startled consideration. Then threw it aside as the badger slammed his brakes and set his car to park.

“You—” He sounded indignant. Ready to hurl an insult. Cintia wasn't sure what she would have done if this diet meal had done that. Luckily, she silenced him by grabbing his phone. She didn't check if he was on the line with 911 or not. She simply dropped it, stomped it, then twisted her paw over the remains.

“Snitches,” she said calmly, a swipe of her claw tearing through seatbelt straps. He came up in one hand by the chest of his baggy tee, hollering while flailing scrawny fists against her forearm. She jerked him up until their noses touched, arresting his panicked eyes with her glare. “Get. Stitches.” She let go. The badger hit the ground with a pained gasp, down on his knees in front of her. Her paw almost covered his entire back. “Got that?”

“Y-yes, ma'am.” His limbs trembled, and the view struck her. She had always been intimidating, but never to the point of inspiring terror.

She liked it.

Her ears perked at the sound of Andy grunting his massive shoulders through the doorframe. What remained of his cum-stained, half-shredded jeans were back around his waist. There was a gash where his left pocket had been, surgery to retrieve the tiny keychain twirling around his index claw. “May I suggest we get out of here?”

Distant sirens wailed. They were coming in fast. They always did, when a crime scene matched their description.

Andy and Cintia made for their car, though not with the usual urgency. She felt oddly calm, taking her time getting in. Growing was dangerous—because it made her feel invincible. Like she could take a bullet.

Their size made it look like they were forcing themselves into a clown car. It shook from side to side, frontloaded by plus-sized passengers exceeding 500 pounds apiece. Their man-sized tails overlapped in the space between inadequate chairs and overflowed in the backseat, creating a cloud of brown and orange fluff. The couple let both seats out to their limits. Andy was too muscular for a seatbelt, Cintia too endowed.

Heads touching the roof of the car, shoulders rubbing, they shared another grin.

“Gotta write Rysing a thank-you note sometime,” Cintia said.

“Me too.” Andy was looking at her bust when he said it. “‘Enhancements’ division is fucking right.” Then he looked up, mockery in his eyes. “Too bad you couldn’t quite catch up, shortcake.”

Her smile soured. He had noticed, then. That secret hope wasn’t so secret. “Drive,” she growled, glaring out the front window.

Andy chuckled. “Yes ma’am.”

\*

Between the broken counter, the bathroom door blown off its hinges, and the sheer amount of... fluid on the floor, it looked more like the site of a shootout than the state's most dire public indecency charge in 47 years. Blue and red lights flashed outside the diner.

"They were big," the perps' waitress told the two officers. "*Really* big." She threw her hands high and wide. "Like, I didn't even know they *made* foxes that big. And when they came out of the bathroom... I could've poked my entire head in one of their mouths." She bounced on her heels. "So are they really high-profile criminals? Is this, like, a national security issue?" She sounded more excited than scared after the fact.

Issac and Leona shared a look. "Certainly sounds like our power couple," Leona said. She was the second-largest woman to have entered the diner that day. Technically the largest, if they went strictly by the metric of entering. 6'8", the stern-looking lioness frowned at her notepad. She wasn't in her officer's uniform, off-duty when the call came in. The tight casual wear she opted for made it look like she had come from a yoga class.

"But a diner?" Issac had thrown his slapdash police blues on. The outfit almost looked stolen, hanging from boyish shoulders and wrinkled around skinny arms. If the raccoon stuck around the precinct for too long, other officers might have started questioning him—so he simply never stuck around. Contrary to Leona, he was the second *shortest* person to enter the diner: the bubbly rodent waitress was the first person he had been able to look down at in weeks.

Leona nodded for her partner to follow her along the aisle of booth seats. "Criminals get this way, right? Seen it a million times."

"What?" He snorted. "In the movies?"



She narrowed her eyes at him and continued: “They find success one too many times, start to feel invincible. And considering *who* runs their little two-person operation, it’s hardly a surprise.”

“The chief is gonna love this,” Issac muttered. She flashed him a look of warning. He hugged a clipboard to his chest while offering a guilty grin.

“We don’t talk about the chief,” they both said at once: her to scold, him like it was a very boring recital.

“Um, officers?” The waitress meekly spoke up, scurrying behind them. “The, uh... ‘affectionate couple’ did leave something behind.” She pointed them towards one of the booths.

Issac put the discarded briefcase on the table and popped it open. “Icepacks,” he said, tossing them aside one at a time.

“Isn’t that tampering with evidence?” the mouse asked.

“Who’re the officers, dear?” Leona countered, and while the mouse’s attention was off him, Issac took the chance to wipe beads of sweat from his brow—isn’t it, indeed? “You can go.”

“Is what happened to them normal?”

“Nothing ‘happened.’”

“But I saw them get—”

“Just mass hysteria. Move along.”

“Nothing here,” murmured Issac. He had emptied the briefcase. The icepacks had concealed nothing. He closed the case, then flipped it over on a whim. What he saw made him go still. “Uh... Leo?”

“Rysing?” The mouse said, reading the same label. “The biopharmaceutical company?”

“Move. *A-long*,” Leona growled. Her lip curled back in warning. A show of cat teeth got the rodent’s legs pumping.

“Guess we can scratch talking to the chief,” Issac said while tracing a finger across the *Rysing* logo.

“It’s one of *those* missions.” Leona gravely nodded, patting her gun.

Issac’s pipe-thin throat bobbed. “You don’t think we’ll have to...”

“We’ll find out, won’t we?” With a grimace, she added, ““Partner.””

\*

Glitzy yellow lights turned evening gloom day-bright. Music thundered from the upper echelons of the 20-story evening star that was the *Golden Heights* hotel, club, and casino. The bass jumped through the sidewalk pavement and underneath the paws of chauffeurs cycling beneath the three-lot awning.

Upscale cars and limousines stopped out front. Well-dressed furs emerged and adjusted their collars, dusted off suit jackets or dresses. Ladies and gentlemen linked arms, shared knowing looks that said, *We’ve really hit the big-time*, and waltzed into the city’s glamorous criminal underbelly.

For all the ritzy makes and models of cars cycled through the front entrance, none drew attention quite like this one. Not a car, a *truck*. Pickup. New make. Black with tinted windows. Pricy-looking as a utility vehicle could be; it bore no heavy load in the back—this one delivered itself from the front.

The truck pulled up without a VIP stamp. A few armed security guards in shades put their hands to their holsters, expecting trouble.

The doors swung open at once. Familiar faces appeared, big names—and they appeared to have gotten bigger.

Rumors had rapidly turned to headlines. Attempts at keeping the change under wraps was impossible:

*Criminal Couple Still At Large.*

*Andy & Cintia Renard in Bed with Rysing? Mysterious CEO Refuses Comment On String of “Spontaneous Gigantism” Sightings*

*Massive Mutant Foxes Threaten to Consume Earth* (This article came from a tabloid newspaper, Andy and Cintia had it folded in their glove compartment for posterity.)

Those exaggerated trucker’s doors were overblown for a reason. Both foxes had already been giants among their kind, now they were plain-and-simple giants. It took a lot of money to get plus-sized persons well-dressed, and with Andy at a staggering 8’8”, Cintia lagging a few behind, getting fitted had cost a pretty penny.

Worth it.

Andy in his suit. Understated black, its tightness let his monumental body do the talking. And why not? He could benchpress a stocked fridge.

Cintia preferred something more stylish. Like she had said: “*Fuck rule one.*” They were too big for subtlety, the last scale she checked said she had become an amalgam of muscle and shapely fat that weighed close to 700 pounds. Sapphire sequins shimmered across her shape-hugging thigh-high skirt. Its coverage had a pyramid-shaped interruption that bared her right flank and flashed a bit of butt when she walked. The top was classy and black, cropped sleeves flaunting muscles most men couldn’t achieve without steroids. That, and a rectangular bust window only Andy stood tall enough to peer into.

“Scratch an inch of it and I’ll bite your head off,” Andy said flatly, tossing the keys in the direction of a fox chauffeur—one of his own kind, a stomach-high twig he could have lifted in one hand.

“Yes, sir!” The fox almost dove to make sure he caught the keys. When Andy and Cintia locked arms and went inside, the fox contemplated the keys in-hand. “Um... do we have someone taller who can handle this? I don’t think my paws will reach the pedal.”

“We certainly know how to make an entrance,” Cintia said; heads turned from slot jackpots and poker tables as the not-so-petty criminals made their way across the opulent floor. She was Andy’s arm candy, Andy was hers.

“And you know how to dress provocatively.” His hand descended to the cut of her exposed hip. “You giant slut.”

“I can provoke all I want. Not like anyone would live if they dared to take a handful.” She let him squeeze, smirking at all the shrimps around her. *Men*, they called themselves. Men didn’t have to run out of the way to avoid being mowed down by a lady. Call them what they were: *boys*. And boys weren’t big enough to handle a *woman*.

She had always enjoyed being tall, she hadn’t expected to love being *huge*. Or, as her new undergarments articulated: *Hea-Vi*. Syllables tattooed tit to tit over a black bra supporting more than 40 pounds of breast.

Her snug panties, their creases visible through her skirt, had *E.R.* printed, one to each cheek. Both to finish the message that began at her bra, and to warn of the destination that anyone caught underneath her was liable to end up.

Of course, *Hea-Vi-E.R.* didn’t match the blunt, *HEAVIEST* shouted across the front of Andy’s underwear. He had gotten the pair to rub that fact in. “Keep you humble,” or so he said.

If things went off without a hitch tonight, they'd need to reverse their labels.

At the foot of the red velvet staircase, suits-and-shades security guards meant to keep away the rabble didn't deter the incoming half-plus-ton of a fox couple. Andy and Cintia walked towards the cordoned area as if they owned the place. The guards shared a look, opened their mouths, then—their shades doing a poor job of hiding concern—decided to simply remove the stanchion.

“Right this way,” one of them said, bowing as if for royalty.

The Renards ignored them, stomping their way up to the second-floor club.

“The music here always gets my blood bumping,” Andy growled before giving Cintia's ear a nibble.

“Don't start something you don't want to finish.” Dancers cleared the way for the spotlight-stealing couple—the thumping strength behind their paws equally floor-shaking as the bass.

“We're not quite big enough to pull that off...” What Andy said next set a chill up her back: “Not yet.”

“I can't believe I'm about to do this,” she said—and she meant more than Andy was aware of. She had never gone behind his back.

“Cold paws?” he purred, sounding like he wanted to fuck. Ever since their growth, he almost *always* sounded like he wanted to fuck. Lucky for him, the sentiment was the same. Their new bodies had the whacked-out hormones of horny teenagers. The last three hotel beds they shared had been left in utter shambles. “If you don't want your share, you could always slip it to me.” His claw traced her spine. “I'm sure I'll make good use of it.”

“In your dreams.” Cintia shrugged his arm off and picked up the pace to get ahead. The security guards at the glass elevator were packing heat. “We have an appointment,” she told them.

“The Renards.” The rabbit nodded, taking a hand off his sidearm’s holster. To Andy: “I believe you’ll have to take the stairs, sir. You’re a little too... broad for the elevator.”

As planned. That was a lot of steps, even for an eight-foot fox. “I’ll go up first, then. Butter her up.” Cintia ducked inside the cramped elevator before Andy could protest. Looking out, their eyes met. His narrowed in suspicion. She smirked, waggled her fingers. “See you on the way up.” The elevator closed, launched her skyward.

Built along the flank of *Golden Heights*, the transparent elevator gave her a rising view that claimed ownership of ever-shrinking blocks and an ever-growing vista: an acrophobic vantage of a city bursting with nightlife. Gambling, robbery, sex.

Ever since the change, those first two had somehow lost their luster.

She and Andy had done some hits. Roadside robbery wasn’t very profitable, but it sure was fun. Especially at this height. They could rip tills off their foundations, punch holes in ATMs. They had made themselves bigger targets, but their good luck streak had kept burning hot, like some depraved god blessed them just to see what the biggest couple in crime did next.

But it wasn’t the thievery that got them going. It was throwing their weight around. Each evening, after they bit and clawed and *fucked* to exhaustion, they laid in each other’s powerful arms. Staring up at the ceiling with a vague sense of discontentment.

They had a taste of the high life, so to speak.

Now they wanted to get higher.

They had pooled their money, and they had a *lot* of money to pool. They made calls. Pulled connections harder than they ever had. Those all led back here. To *Golden Heights*, where she and Andy had arrived to receive their end of a... business transaction.

The serum's enigmatic taste had never left her tongue. The high that came with it, however, eluded Cintia. She never did blow or any of that trash, but this must have been how a junkie felt. Each day she looked up at Andy, she fiended for a little more height. A furious pang of useless jealousy threatened to boil over into violence.

And if half a vial could make her into this, what could another batch of Rysing's special brew do?

The ascending view gave her the illusion of growing a story every couple seconds. Giving her more world to look down on. She wouldn't be big, she would be a *goddess*. Fearsome. An earthquake of a woman. Whispered words the equivalent of detonated TNT.

For a euphoric moment, she *felt* what that would be like. Instead of standing on busted chunks of a counter she and Andy had fucked into oblivion, paw-fractured roads would have the gritty feeling of sand on the beach. It was a fantasy she had never considered, it made her heart beat fast. And it was—

*"Too much,"* she breathed, tearing her eyes from those dizzying heights. She looked up again. This time in a panic to meet the eyes of her reflection. For the briefest moment, she swore she had seen *Andy* in the glass. Like an incubus in hot pursuit.

*He would do it in a heartbeat,* her inner voice told her. An inner voice she had developed after drinking her share of the spoils. It was talkative for a new tenant, and very, very persuasive. *He's always been braver than you. He would have chugged that whole vial and left you a runt if you hadn't gotten him to think with his dick.*

She gave her reflection a confident smile. Yes, Andy just loved to get carried away. Not like her. She was the responsible one.

The elevator dinged. Cintia awkwardly ducked out as if hatching from the cramped cylinder. The smile on her muzzle was formal, suppressing a much wider one.

Yes, she *was* the responsible half—which was why it only made sense that she deserved to be the bigger one.

Someone had to hold Andy's leash. Why not her?

"Miss Pawlson," Cintia greeted. She entered the penthouse office. Spacious, carpeted, with a mercifully high ceiling she would have needed to tiptoe to touch. Rich brown wood-paneled walls matched her fur, and across the room sat an officious desk with a similar wooden make.

"Cintia." Behind it, fingers drumming against fingers, sat the tan-furred Miss Pawlson. A fennec. A tiny woman, even accounting for her enormous ears. If she was impressed by the sight of Cintia, she didn't show it. She had probably seen weirder, as steward of the city's underworld element. Faithful guards stood at either side of her, hands behind their backs. A rhino and a tiger. Big, beastly sorts—Cintia could have flung them out the glass window wall at Rebecca's back. "So the rumors are true. You look..." Her eyes slowly panned from the fox's paws to her face. "...well."

"Do you have the stuff?" Cintia approached until the guards moved for their conspicuous holsters. She wasn't in a patient mood. Especially not when she was on a time limit. Andy would probably take the stairs slow. It wasn't in his nature to rush, even if he had his justifiable suspicions. But that didn't mean unlimited time, especially when he took steps two or three at a time.



“Where’s Andy?” Miss Pawlson quirked her head. “I always like seeing him.”

*I bet you do.* Cintia was possessive of her boyfriend, bad news for the women he flirted with. Miss Pawlson appeared to have a soft spot for Andy, and he—though he never reciprocated in a meaningful way—always let his eyes ravish the short, admittedly curvy woman. “He’s coming up the stairs. But you must understand, we’re on a tight schedule.”

Miss Pawlson nodded. “I’m sure the authorities are breathing down your necks, especially now that you’re so, let’s say, conspicuous.”

“That’s one way to put it.” Cintia clasped her hands behind herself, arching her back to emphasize her bust. Miss Pawlson only smiled.

“I always value *discretion* in my establishment.” Rising to her paws added little to Miss Pawlson’s height. Had Cintia taken a few more steps towards her desk, she would have lost sight of the fennec beneath her chest.

“Yeah. I get it,” Cintia snapped. “We’re trouble magnets at this height. We’ll be gone, little lady. But first—”

“You’ll be answering some questions.” She’d recognize that voice anywhere. The click of a gun, too. She slowly turned her head to glare over her shoulder.

“You two again?” Cintia found not one, but two firearms trained on her. A runt of a raccoon and a tall lioness. Tall meaning a bosom-high kitty cat. Dressed to blend in like spies in a movie, the raccoon in a tux and the lioness in a flowing cream gown.

“Right to remain silent, yadda yadda,” said Issac. He gestured his gun towards a semicircle alcove built into the wall behind him. It was built with an oval of velvet seat cushions around a fancy glass-stemmed table. “But you won’t be silent. You’ll answer our questions.”

Cintia was big enough that she might be able to bite the shrimp's throat out before a bullet thumped her, but she wasn't about to test that theory. "Traitor," she grunted back to Miss Pawlson.

"Please," the fennec said, walking to a side door while escorted by her guards, "don't leave too much of a mess."

"We won't," promised Leona.

Then Cintia was left alone with the cops; these two incompetents had been chasing them for *ages*, well before they had become high-profile. She might have thought to thank them, if not for their constant screw-ups she and Andy might have never slipped through to make it this far.

Stomping across the room, she crammed herself into the alcove and sat on its inadequate cushions, arms folded like a patron who had been waiting to be served for the last hour. Given the chance, she bet these quacks would have said justice *had* been served, or something cheesy like that. "I swear, you two are straight out of some bad cop drama," she growled.

"We've been looking to book you for a long time," said Leona.

"Who hasn't? You think some cops are getting out of here? From Golden Heights?" The table creaked beneath the weight of her bust and elbows. Chin to her knuckle, she said, "Look. How about I hike my skirt, and you two kiss my immense ass. If you do it real nice, *reeaal* slow, I might just consider smuggling you out of here."

"Thanks for the invitation." Leona's narrow tail flicked behind her. Irritation? Something more. "But we've got amnesty for this one."

"That so?" If she didn't have an excuse to gobble up that fluffball fennec, she did now.

A door opened out of her view. Issac kept his gun trained on her—Leona aimed it at the entrance. There was stillness. Silence. "Come over here," she ordered. "Nothing funny."

Andy could be level-headed when he needed to be. Not wanting to test his muscles against a bullet, he thudded towards Cintia. “I don’t suppose things worked out between you and Rebecca?” he said.

“If you wouldn’t, Mr. Renard,” Leona said calmly.

He looked down at Leona, once his rival for height. Now she looked pathetically small. He looked at Issac and justifiably snorted; the raccoon jumped a little—he had a right to be nervous. Those noodles he called arms weren’t fit for measuring against Andy’s knot.

But Andy complied. Squeezing in to swallow up the half of the seating Cintia didn’t. Shoulder to shoulder, the table for four barely let them pack their legs underneath.

“We’ve been trying to nail you guys for a while.” Issac managed an easygoing smile. Good cop.

“Imagine our surprise when you turn up like this,” Leona added.

“What’re the charges?” Cintia asked.

The lion raised her serious brow. “You mean besides arson, robbery, destruction of property, and extreme public indecency?”

“You don’t have handcuffs big enough,” Andy said.

“And you didn’t take us in right away.” Cintia narrowed her eyes, looking between the cops. “What is this?”

Before they could answer, Rebecca returned through the door she had exited from. She was in that snug, sky blue dress that titillated Andy. “I figured I’d bring some drinks to lighten the mood,” she said, like a mother serving cookies to arguing children. She walked up to the table and delivered the tray.

“You traitorous little—”

Andy cupped Cintia's jaw to shut her up. "Thank you, ma'am."

Rebecca gave him a mysterious smile then left them to their drinks. There were four, one for each of them, served without ice to maximize alcoholic content.

"Oh!" Issac perked, ringed tail swaying behind him. "Don't mind if I—"

Leona held an arm out to stop him from going any further. Her glare drew a sheepish grin out of him.

"I can't believe we got caught by these losers," Cintia groaned. "Toss those guns aside and we'll have a *real* brawl."

"You mean a funeral for us?" Leona asked. "No thanks."

"We wouldn't kill ya," Andy assured at a croon. He calmly wrapped his arm around Cintia; she accepted his gropes and let out an exaggerated moan to piss the officers off. "If you ask real nice, maybe we'd even let you get between us."

Issac had an entire woman to roam. His eyes were inexplicably drawn beneath the table, however. Focused on Andy's right paw, and the heavy *thump* it produced each time he bounced it against the carpet.

Leona didn't crack: "You're going to answer our questions. What do you know about Rysing?"

"That they make awful good beverages," Cintia answered. Speaking of, she eyed their drinks.

"And you would know?"

Andy raised his snout and sniffed at the air. Cintia followed suit. There was a certain...  
Smell.

They were both looking at the tray now. Vague interest became a distracted stare. What had Miss Pawlson said?

*Don't leave too much of a mess.*

That crafty little bitch hadn't meant it for the cops, had she?

"Hey." Leona snapped her fingers. "Foxy couple. If you aren't going to answer, we could just get to the part where you go away for a long, long time."

"And even *your* muscles can't bend prison bars, big guy," Issac commented. With an uncertain frown, he added, "Uh, at least I don't think they can?" He looked to Leona for reassurance and found none.

Andy and Cintia didn't think to answer. Their jaws were slack, unblinking eyes on the glasses. She could hear his heart beating. See his fingers twitching, an addict within reach of his next hit. A tremor ran through her hand, too. Her muscles were spring-wound tight and ready to launch.

Slowly, their eyes moved to their corners and met. Leona's scolding voice echoed in the background while they took inventory of each other, to see if they were thinking the same thing.

When they confirmed it, that was the signaling shot to a race. Cintia threw her hand forward, but Andy had reacted faster. With *both* hands. No negotiating this time, she only managed a, "*Wait*," as he grabbed two glasses exuding that familiar scent. Rivulets gushed down his cheeks as he dumped both drinks into his maw at once.

"Uh, hello?" Issac chimed in.

But neither fox cared. "What's wrong, sweetheart?" Andy slammed the glasses back onto the tray and gave his muzzle a vigorous tongue swab, cleaning off the extra droplets from his chin.

“It was supposed to be my turn.” Cintia looked to the remaining glasses. Maybe they were all spiked? “Come on,” she whispered in desperation, gathering one of the remaining glasses and downing it whole. She hacked. Nothing but wine. And she *hated* wine—give her beer any day of the week. But this wasn’t a time to call for the waitress: onto the last glass. More foul tang pricked her tongue. Crying out in animal fury, she backhanded all four glasses off the table. They shattered with her fantasies—greedily guzzled by her boyfriend.

“I just did what I had to,” he said coolly, giving her a condescending pat on the head. “You know, better our odds?”

She grabbed his wrist, lips drawn back in a ferocious snarl. “This was *not* how I planned it.”

“And how did you plan it?” He countered her grip. Already stronger.

“I...” Her eyes retreated to their corners; she wasn’t intimidated by her boyfriend—she was intimidated by what he was going to become.

“You know I’ve always had a thing for *shorter* girls.”

“Can we *save* the flirting for—” Leona’s scolds were cut short. Andy released Cintia, took the table, and flung it forward.

So much for not leaving a mess. The table struck the floor, its glass stem producing an unpleasant crackle as it shattered. Leona and Issac raised their guns as Andy got to his paws and stomped in their direction.

“Mr. Renard,” Issac warned, hand atremble.

“He’s not thinking straight,” Cintia warned.

“Well, call him off or we’ll have to shoot.”

Despite her jealousy, she smiled a bitter smile. "I'm not telling you that to save him. It's for *your* protection, pipsqueak."

"What?" was all Issac managed before Andy grabbed him by his right wrist. The wrist attached to the hand he held his gun in.

"Go ahead," Andy growled. He had to bend forward to get his face close to Issac's. The raccoon's ears folded back, wide eyes beholding the immediate threat of a tooth-riddled grin that could gnash his head clean off. "Pull the trigger."

"What the hell are you saying?" Cintia's smile fell. "You're *tall*, not invincible!" But as she ran forward to prevent the inevitable, Andy did what Issac didn't have the balls to: he thumbed the raccoon's index finger and *made* him pull the trigger.

Everyone other than the man being shot flinched.

"Andy!" Cintia gasped, hurrying to his side.

Smoke trailed Issac's gun while he staggered back in shock, only stopping when his butt bumped Miss Pawlson's desk.

Andy remained hunched, a hand to his chest. Cintia coaxed his hand off to check the wound. Except there was none. He had been covering a star-shaped hole that had blown through each layer of his three-piece. Something fell off his untarnished pec and hit the floor. It looked like a coin, but she recognized it for what it really was:

A bullet, punched flat in its attempt to pierce him.

He looked at the hole, slack-jawed. A stunned-stupid look that said: *I've been shot*. But that expression tightened, his jaw regaining the strength to close. His lips drawing into a smirk that oozed smugness, revising his previous thought:

*I've been shot, and it didn't hurt one bit.*

A faint tearing sound emanated from Andy's outfit. Seams around the bullet-blasted hole unraveled in every direction. He followed this with a strained, "*Hnnnh*," sound, discomforted by bespoke fibers now chafing, choking, clenching.

Up to this point, his outfit had done a good job weaving a mask of civility. But his body refused to continue that charade, defying the classy dress code of Golden Heights.

Cintia had no idea how much of the juice Miss Pawlson managed to procure, how much of it had been robbed from her.

Enough, clearly. Because Andy didn't creep to new heights, he *exploded*. Pronouncing his hunch, he crossed his massive arms over his chest and unleashed a guttural groan while the back of his suit jacket erupted against his spine. On-end orange furs bristled atop a sturdy table of muscle. Pants previously plastered to the contours of flat, sculpted thigh muscle scattered through the air as black confetti.

"Oh, shit," Leona muttered, both hands to her gun—trained up at the swelling russet monster, hunched as though burdened by his own enormity. Muscle outweighing the strength they conferred.

Cintia could feel his growth like a fond memory. She saw him clench inwards, as if trying to recede back to his smaller stature... or dam whatever came next. This was the baritone *Ba-* of his mighty heart's drumbeat.

Then it exclaimed the triumphant *-Bump!* with another volatile spurt. He drew his arms from his chest, gathering the front of his suit jacket and the underlying button-down. Ripping them open in a dramatic arch of his spine, a tilt of his head that made him look like he was about to howl at the moon.



“Now *thaaaat*’s what I’ve been waiting for!” he roared, and what a roar. Shouted loud as the gunshot that had preceded his growth. Head and shoulders taller than Cintia, ten feet of fox. She had been left in the dust.

His grin settled on Issac like a weight. The crotch-high runt of a raccoon winced, bushy furs of his ringed tail puffy with alarm. He patted the desk at his back as if he would find something better than the gun in his hand.

“*What’s wrong, officer?*” The office felt crowded with so much Andy center-stage. Books and plaques and mini statues on the walls trembled as he advanced, each step heavier than last. Accompanied by last-gasp snarls of fabric giving out to full-nude glory. “You have a gun. Use it.”

“Renard! Stop it right now!” Leona called. When he didn’t, she opened fire. Issac saw that wasn’t deterring Andy, and *he* opened fire. Together, they unloaded their guns with the futility of victims in a horror movie. Which wasn’t far from the truth.

Each shot issued a deafening report. A flare of light from either gun followed by the useless *ping*, of a bullet bouncing off an even bigger Andy. First swaggering with a slouch to avoid the ceiling. Now hunching deep, the masculine swell of his back and shoulder muscles scraping the ceiling like a rising tide.

“You’ll never know how good this feels,” he exulted. The short raccoon in his shadow kept pulling the trigger—drawing the repeated *click, click, click*, of an emptied barrel. “Forget running from the cops: they’re gonna be running from me from now on...”

Dwarfed by one of Andy’s legs alone, Issac stood no chance against the meaty paw that rose and collided with his chest.

“...or they’ll wish they had.”

Shoulder to hip, one fox paw exceeded him. Forcing the officer to lie atop the creaking desk. He pistol-whipped the bony flank of the growing criminal's paw.

"I... I'm an officer of the law!" he gasped.

"You're not even the officer of my *paw*, junior."

"Call him off!" Leona shouted. It wasn't until Cintia found her arm being shaken by the lioness that she realized she was the one being addressed. She blinked at the lioness, about to ask what the hell *she* should do about all this when a glorious *crack* signaled Miss Pawlson's desk snapping down its middle.

Officer Issac hit the floor with a squeak. Cintia couldn't keep from wincing. That looked *brutal*, even by her standards. "Andy?" she said, uncertain.

His growth had tapered. His posture was bowed. Andy's teeth were at a terrifying peak today, lips were drawn back to show them off down to the gums. Neck muscles rippled as he swiveled his enormous head to direct a predator's rictus at his girlfriend.

God, she could see everything she had been robbed of. It didn't feel good, to be taken from instead of doing the taking. But it looked good. *He* looked good. Good didn't begin to describe it, in fact.

A side profile of his dire form was pornography. All his bare bodybuilder brawn liberated from the suit, proudly displaying watermelon-sized testicles knocking around in front of him.

His sheath, plump enough she could have buried her head inside, twitched: Andy Renard did not waste time. One moment there was nothing to show, then, in an eyeblink—so dramatic that he himself was caught off-guard, loosing a primal grunt of surprise—his knot was fully flared. Engorged and red. Big on him, and he was the definition of big. Ten feet hadn't satisfied.

If he could stand at his full height, Cintia, who had fancied herself an amazon compared to the general populace, would have only reached his bullet-breaking abs.

“*Ciiintiiiiiaa*,” he purred, tugging on his giant red pole. Grinding his paw against a writhing Issac. “What do you think?”

He was a nightmare. A dream. He had everything she wanted for herself, but he was everything she wanted in a man. She wanted to fight him. She needed to fuck him.

She saw no reason she couldn't do both.

“Get off my partner!” Leona charged. Cintia stood no chance. Leona wasn't even cock height. Without breaking eye contact with his girlfriend, he simply reached his arm out, caught the noble lioness by her middle, and lifted her in one hand.

“Or. What?” He drew her close, until the bunched ridge of his glaring brow and dinner plate-sized eyes were all she could see. In her stunned state, he kissed her. Leona's eyes flew wide. Her cheeks bulged with more tongue than she could fit.

The jealousy Cintia felt didn't come from Andy kissing another woman, as she might have expected. It came from the way he lifted a tall woman like a toy. If her reaction time had been a split second faster, she could have been the center of this drama. Ducking to avoid the ceiling. Deflecting bullets. And as any career criminal dreamed: Taking. Whatever. She. Wanted.

Officer Leona had slapped him at first. The way a frail old lady might as her last line of defense against some purse snatcher. But his large, groping handpaw sedated. He didn't need suave seduction to make a lady melt, ragdoll-limp limbs swaying as he brute-forced sensuality into her. Delivering a possessive squeeze of both breasts at once. A claw-digging, panty-puncturing game of grab-ass.

Cintia approached. “Andy,” she said over the moans. He had a hand up Leona’s skirt while she massaged his muzzle, as if begging for more. At the heart of every anthro lurked an animal, and it had only taken a little force to coax out hers. Cintia had some sympathy for the lioness—Leona used to be *taller* than her, after all. The number of men who could treat her like this weren’t in short supply. They simply didn’t exist.

Until today, at least.

Andy dropped her like a boring toy and she hit the floor on her pert, athletic butt. Clawmarks ran veins through her elegant dress. Tawny fur frizzed in arbitrary tufts. And her skirt was hiked, legs parted—a conspicuous patch of damp excitement darkening tight red panties.

Her jaw juddered while she looked up at Andy. Then Cintia, who made her flinch from self-consciousness. “I...” She sounded like she wanted to explain herself. Instead, she looked down at her paw-smothered partner and shivered. “...*wow*.”

Andy snickered while tugging on his knot. A pumping motion that proudly swung his testicles to and fro, occasionally causing them to tense, then sag: bowling-ball heavy, enough to concuss someone. During that moment’s testicle-clenching tension, his virile plumbing transported a lubricating gob of pre from his overendowment. It sputted out and slapped stickily onto the busted crater of Miss Pawlson’s desk, slapping wetly atop his paw.

And the distressed raccoon whose wedged snout protruded from between two toes.

“I knew you were coming up here to get the first hit.” Andy wagged a finger at Cintia, like scolding a little girl who knew better.

“I wanted an equal share.” The quaver in Cintia’s voice said otherwise. “We’re *partners*, remember?”

“Are you mad at me?” His thick tongue lolled, canine pants huffing out as a fresh quart of pre escaped to soak Issac’s face.

“You’re going to crush him,” Cintia was surprised by the amount of concern in her voice.

“Don’t worry about this *runt*.” Andy emphasized Issac’s runthood with added pressure. More of the desk broke underneath him. Spindly legs that Andy could use for floss kicked while Issac mewled a ragged wheeze.

And then, a *moan*.

“See?” Andy said. “He loves it.” Issac’s tongue was out. His own inner animal had been coaxed from the den, and it wasn’t a feral, cornered beast. It was tamed. And with shocking ease at that. His pitiful tongue lapped at Andy’s toes, slithered to taste the coagulated arousal pooling around him.

“This... this has gone too far.” Cintia managed one step back before Andy’s hand dominated her shoulder. A fraction more force and he could have smacked her to the floor.

“Or not far enough.” He yanked her into a stagger that ended at the flank of his knot, chest-height to her. Longer than the span of her shoulders, its smooth flesh bunched and pulsed. She gawped at it like a golden fortune in a treasure chest; her hands sank into its supple side.

“Warm,” she gasped. That was somehow the most striking thing about it. Radiator heat for huddling up in the winter.

“That’s all you have to say about it?”

Her first touches were exploratory. Not an attempt to get him off. Just to take in its mind-boggling size.

“Good girl,” Andy purred for everyone in the room to hear. She usually hated being called that. Treated like a pup when she was queen bitch.

But here, it encouraged her to work harder. Cintia leaned over his knot, wrapped an arm around its side the way she would greet an old friend. It barely bowed against her weight. She rocked back and forth to work the bloated shaft. With her hand at its underbelly, she felt the slithering gunk of an underground stream.

A generous helping of pre spilled. It reminded her of turning the valve on a bathtub, her boyfriend’s shaft the enormous faucet. Issac’s face made for a convenient receptacle; the raccoon scrunched his snout. Surprised at first, then...

Pheromones did funny things to a fur. Get enough of them into the nostrils of a religious man with a wife and three kids and he’d turn into a raging homosexual. Of all the sexual scents of the animal kingdom, fox musk was Ambrosia. Stuff of the gods.

And Issac was drunk off it.

“*Rougher*,” Andy growled. “Get me off right here, bitch. My balls are so heavy with spunk I bet I’ll lose 20 pounds just by cumming.”

Cintia went all out. It was cathartic to attack Andy, even if it only got him off. Her starved, flurrying lips. Her parched tongue. Her muscular arms. Even her vicious teeth: she could nip all she liked at this spongy red skin. Rysing’s serum had made Andy bulletproof. Her throat rippers were nothing more than the ribbed-for-his-pleasure bumps on a very small, very angry fleshlight.

“And *you* wanted to grow,” he scoffed. “Look at you now. You can’t get enough! Maybe we’ll try filling you up later?”

Cintia flicked a glare up. Their usual lovemaking was give, take; that was how equals did things. Now, Andy took, took, took. He ripped her fancy wardrobe apart like so much tissue.

Converting her into eye candy in that skimpy *Hea-Vi-E.R.* lingerie that now seemed a bad joke.

Heavier than Leona, sure.

Heavier than a small squad of Issacs.

But Andy could probably stomp the hood of a car flat.

Movement distracted Cintia. There was someone moving underneath Andy. “Hey!” she snarled. A lioness reduced to a hyena in search of scraps, Leona had snuck uninvited around the back. Ducking underneath Andy’s legs to play with his balls.

That is, until Cintia kneed her away. She couldn’t take her frustration out on the person who caused it, but if she was made to feel petty, she could *be* petty. Her own inner animal had been drawn out, one she knew quite well.

“He’s *mine!*” she yowled with surviving fervor.

Andy’s chuckle rumbled through the room. “You are one territorial bitch.” He cupped the back of her head. “But right now, you’re *mine.*”

Leona shamelessly resumed her position at the back of Andy’s balls. Her face vanished into the groove of taut skin between them, and the muffled whimpers she let out said she was on break from officer duty. Moonlighting as a high-profile criminal’s personal ball huffer.

“You are *so* sleeping on the couch,” Cintia said weakly.

Andy indulged this lame threat with a smile. “I don’t think there’s a couch in the world that’ll seat me.”

“Mark my words, Andy Renard: I *will* get my own dose of that stuff.”

“Mhm.” Her resolution didn’t seem to affect Andy much. Probably because she was getting him off while she said it. Pumping his shaft with everything she had.

“I’m going to get so…” Cintia faltered. Her gaze collapsing from Andy to his cock. Its vascular pulse hypnotized.

“So…” Andy encouraged her to complete that thought.

“*Big...*” It wasn’t a resolution. It was just the adjective that sufficed for Andy’s dick. Her willpower corroded. Dignity rescheduled for a later date. Cintia shut her eyes and made out with the slab of masculinity, leaving hickey marks in its side. Trails of drool. She heard Leona huffing and puffing. Officer Issac’s desperate gasps as sexual waterboarding further inebriated him.

In the midst of their cop-criminal orgy, Andy’s deep breaths signaled the end. Shudders compromised his unbreakable chest from the inside; sudden movement of his shoulders caused cracks to skitter where his upper back hit the ceiling with the force of a battering ram.

His knot lurched upwards in a spasm of arousal that caught Cintia by surprise. It broke her grip and bumped her off her feet. She stayed on the floor, shivering as a pool of her own juices stained the carpet. Leona was down, too—on her back with a dreamy expression. A black stain welled against Issac’s bucking hips.

Andy fucked the air. Back and forth, each forward thrust another word: “I’m. The. *Biggest!*” The chant of a frat guy drunk on his alpha male status. Gallons of spunk cannoned against the window wall with a weighty patter. Painting a view of the city white, marking the skyline as his territory.

Each spurt shot a little shorter than the last. From the window to the carpet, vanishing fibers. Then drooling like a waterfall. Icing his paw and disappearing Issac’s face. He might have



drowned down there if Andy hadn't heaved his paw off. It landed next to Leona with a thud that should have made her sit up and scream for her life.

But she only sucked some more air through her clenched fangs as she orgasmed. Down for the count, same as everyone other than Andy. He stood the victor of their depraved foursome, bulk heaving with each breath that tore through the room.

That was when Leona feebly sat up, pawed a tremor-laden hand between her breasts. "We need backup," she wheezed before collapsing into a puddle of her own ejaculate.

Andy snorted.

But it hadn't been a joke. Beyond the cum-stained window, red and blue lights flashed distantly. A helicopter's roar rose in volume as it ascended into view beyond the window. Searchlights flashed inside, and even the invincible Andy Renard had to shield his eyes against the glare.

Some threat blared over speakers. *Hands up*, yadda yadda.

"Oh, you are shitting me," Cintia whispered.

"Can you drive?" Andy said, looking down at her.

"I think so—*oh!*" Her last word became an exclamation as she was lifted into Andy's arms. He was big, not dumb. Eating a bullet made for a nifty party trick, but it wouldn't do much with the force of a precinct hammering down.

He left the way he came, barreling the door and a healthy chunk of wall apart without breaking pace. Cintia was transferred from held to holding on, arms folded around bulging neck muscles while the rest of her bounced against Andy's back. Air left her in a whoop each time her chest collided with hard muscles.

Her monstrous steed made a bounding descent on all fours. He wasn't used to his new body, and his graceless bulk riddled the fire stairwell with dented walls, broken handrails, and destroyed doors. He leapt several floors down at once and landed unharmed.

A rich sound reverberated through all 20 floors of the tight staircase: laughter, he *laughed* during his escape.

"Parking lot!" Cintia cried, though with how much she was being flung about, it came out, "*Par-king lo-o-o-ot!*"

From the first floor, he erupted onto the concrete parking lot. Beyond its perimeter were police lights. Sirens wailed. Their truck stood out several lanes down, Andy beelined towards it—almost seeming to revel in the destruction he caused on the way. Car alarms would have announced their location if he didn't stomp the fronts of the wailing vehicles during his charge.

Out from the sex haze and into the panic of cops breathing down their necks, Cintia slipped off Andy and patted underneath their pickup for the extra key fob. She found it, beeped the pickup to life with a button press.

The truck bounced as a burdensome load introduced itself to the cargo bed, now almost overflowing with Andy, a tail long as Cintia herself spilling over the side.

"Drive," he ordered.

It made for their most conspicuous crime scene yet—though Cintia didn't know it yet, that was a record they would surpass on a cataclysmic scale several days hence. She sped the truck straight through the lot's barrier arm, its immaculate front fender now battle-scarred with a deep dent. That was alright, the truck had been stolen in the first place.

Alone in the front seat with her large paw eclipsing the pedal, she intended on keeping it there until the engine went or the last hint of red and blue vanished from the rearview.

Block after block of cityscape burned by in streetlight streaks. Andy, the cargo, slouched nude and grand. More than one ton of fox, windswept coat dancing as they went. He goaded officers, his baritone shout loud as demands they gave to stand down over speakers.

They got the hell out of the city. Into the desert. On some winding highway offshoot.

The truck would be found by a helicopter's searchlight 10 minutes after they ditched it. In a ditch, appropriately.

Their getaway would be front-page news the next day.

Most important of all, they would report both criminals as *Still At Large, and Apparently Getting Larger*.

Though when Andy, gasping after running miles to some out-of-town storage units, dropped Cintia off, she wasn't feeling so large.

"Now *that* was a heist!" Andy's shout would carry for miles throughout the desert.

"And I have nothing to show for it." Cintia was back in her head, and with the chase done she. Was. *Pissed*. Her boyfriend towered taller than the storage lockers around them, able to peer over their flat tops. With only moonlight to paint his body, he was a daunting mixture of pale whites exaggerating deep black shadow.

"Sure you do." Her shoulders disappeared in his clutches. He pressed down, her knees buckled but didn't break. If that was what Andy had wanted, it would have happened. But his goal was to train her vantage lower, until she was face to face with his plump sheath. His bloated balls quivered with excitement for what was about to happen.

"You have more of me than you can handle." That flirting growl gave Cintia her orders.

She rolled her eyes to the peaks of their sockets and glared up at Andy. His lust-driven grin was impenetrable as the rest of him. He was secure in his superiority.

Slowly, she matched his grin. “What’s the matter? Afraid of handling a bigger girl?”

“Just putting you in your place, darling.” His hand went from Cintia’s shoulder to the back of her head. He drove her snout forward, forcing her to rim his sheath. Her tongue worked automatically. “This is a much better partnership, don’t you agree?” The side of his thumb ran across the top of her head, folding her ears down while he prepared for round two.

She hummed a sound that had to be agreement. While satisfying her boyfriend—and to be perfectly honest, herself—she dreamt of what she would do after they finished their next heist.

This was far from over.

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Leona was first to escape her fugue state. She sat up and shook her head, blinking a couple times until blurry vision resolved into a wreck of a room.

“Dammit,” she muttered. Looking over, she saw Issac right where Andy had discarded him. Eyes closed, a dopey smile on his lips. “Hey, paw-boy!”

“Yes, sir,” he whispered, absentmindedly massaging his sticky crotch. Then he took in a deep breath, jolted upright. His hand was still on his crotch until his eyes met Leona’s.

“Guess we didn’t apprehend the perp,” he said, giving his chin scruff a sheepish scratch.

“No thanks to you.” Leona got to her feet.

“Oh, because you were *so* much better.”

Her brow punched together. “I wasn’t the first to go down.”

Issac let out a breathy chuckle while easing himself off the floor. He flinched upon reaching his full height, a hand darting to his back. “Big fella almost flattened me.”

“You would’ve loved that.” Leona rolled her eyes.

“Maybe.” Issac looked around. Eyes settling on the cum splatter, he let out a whistle. “So, what? Did the chief station us here just for fun?”

“Do you think that?” Leona put her hands to her hips.

“Well, fun and something else. That girl, Cintia. The one Rebecca, er, *Ms. Pawlson* is a smidge jealous of. You don’t think...”

Leona nodded. “I do. You see that look in her crazy fox eyes?”

A smile skirted Issac’s lips. “Y’mean *before* she started slobbering over her boyfriend?”

“Only seen one other person with that look.”

“You don’t think...”

“I do,” Leona said before her impressive figure deflated with a sigh. “Too bad we can’t find the daring couple.”

“Don’t be sure.” Issac withdrew his cellphone from his pocket. He licked his thumb to wash some crusted cum off the screen. He opened an app and showed it to Leona. It pinged a location out in the desert almost immediately.

Leona flinched her head back in surprise. “Sometimes I forget you can be competent.”

“I can enjoy working under pressure and still get the job done.” Issac pocketed the phone with a wink. “Come on. We’ve got business to take care of.”

“Big business,” Leona corrected, giving him a bump with her hip as she followed him to the elevator.

“Is it ever not?”

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Cintia’s abs throbbed as if she had done a hundred crunches, except they were tender from the inside. She woke with a groan. At least the bloat had gone down—Andy’s cum drained

from her snatch, maybe metabolized overnight like a protein shake. He had fucked her unconscious.

Cracks of sunlight snuck underneath the storage locker door. It couldn't touch the ground anymore, the bottom deformed like crumpled paper after Andy had wrenched it open.

*Andy.* His domineering presence was everywhere. He took up most of the locker on his own. It was otherwise empty, except some cum-splattered tarp on the floor that did nothing to make the concrete underneath any more comfortable. But they had always been a tough couple—tougher, now.

She was on her side. So was he, arm blanketed over Cintia. Tarp crinkled as he tightened his possessive hold, dragging her closer until bedrock pecs and abs ran flush with her back. Andy swallowed both her breasts in one coarse handpaw; she drew in a sharp breath, contrasted by unconscious, rumbling bliss from the monstrous big spoon. Her nipples rose for him. She had to clench her mighty thighs. Gnaw her lower lip to suppress a moan.

He was so big...

Pain and pleasure mingled as he mindlessly flicked one of her nipples with his claw. This time her lips parted and a moan did escape.

Muscles at her back tensed. She kept the top of her head tucked underneath Andy's chin, going very still as he let out a waking, "*Mmmmm,*" that quaked through his chest and vibrated the whole of Cintia's body.

"Enjoy it while you can," she said in a hushed tone.

Andy's yawn boomed through the storage locker. He stretched, and when he stretched he was taller than the locker's width. Both walls let out simultaneous whines of structural stress: tested by the top of Andy's head, his soles.

His hand groped up Cintia's chest and gathered her chin, tugging her gaze up. Forced to look upside-down at a sleepy smirk that could swallow her face. "Hey, runt," he crooned.

"I won't be a runt for—*mmmh*." The snappish retort drowned in the coalescence of their tongues. She melted in his savage grip, eyelids drooping.

*Enjoy it while you can*, she repeated internally, this time a reminder for herself. *You're gonna be big spoon soon*.

During their passionate kiss, the fugitives' ears perked at a sound. Familiar to any criminals worth their salt: the fuzzy, electric crackle of a radio. They heard voices. Men holding a conversation. Lips still linked, they stopped kissing to eye the locker door. Through its conspicuously wadded frame, paws tiptoed into view. First a couple, then a lot. At least a dozen.

What Andy had forced up with one hand, they needed the locker's electronic mechanisms to open. The overhead door shuddered a few times, then got to work creeping upwards.

"Get behind me," Andy said in a low voice.

"There's a small army out there," Cintia whispered, already crawling while he plodded to his feet. She didn't like being the damsel, but only one of them was confirmed bulletproof—it made sense for him to take the lead.

Still on her knees, Cintia peeked out from the muscular shelter between Andy's legs. He must have made for a sight, slowly unveiled from his paws up. The men outside were armed, and with automatics. Officers weren't allowed that kind of firepower in this state.

Meaning this squad came from higher up.

They had masks on. Blast-proof helmets. Despite their expressions being hidden, they telegraphed the gradual incline of their stares: chins tilted higher and higher with the sliding locker door. Up to the looming fox whose shoulders rubbed up against the ceiling.

The overhead door settled with an echoing *boom*.

“Hey there,” Andy bellowed.

“Stand down,” one of the guards said, underlying uncertainty plain in his mask-muffled voice.

“Or else what?” Heads dipped, eyes intent on the fox toes rhythmically claw-clacking against concrete.

“Yeah!” Cintia spoke up, feeling a lot braver with Andy taking the lead. “If you managed to find us, your intel must have told you those toy guns aren’t gonna do shit.”

“You’re right,” one of them answered, unhooking a *grenade* from his pocket. The safety pin came off. With a wild-animal snarl, Andy lunged. The grenade hit his chest, but didn’t explode. It only wheezed out a grey gas that filmed the air.

Soldiers fell onto their asses or stumbled back as Andy stomped erupted outside. He lifted the one who had thrown the grenade by his throat. Guns were trained on Andy while his captive uselessly flailed.

Cintia coughed, scrambling upright only to collapse on one knee. Then all fours. Her vision flickered. She saw Andy’s grip slacken; the guard he had picked up hit the ground and began to massage his neck while hacking.

“What’d you...” Andy managed, his speech growing sluggish while he lethargically teetered. Then his bulk timbered sideways; soldiers leapt back at just the right time to avoid being caught beneath him. “...do?”

“Andy,” was all Cintia managed to croak before her limbs gave out and she fell unconscious.

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“Cintia? Cinty. Get up.”



“Andy?” Cintia mumbled. Her eyelids fluttered open at the sound of his voice. “What happen?” She massaged her jaw; it was tingling, half-numb. But feeling was rushing back.

“Knocked out.” She heard a heavy, metallic clatter. “Guess there is such a thing as ‘too big’ in the business.”

Feeling had rushed back first, memory came after. Cintia leapt to her feet. They were in a drab concrete room, though there wasn’t much room left. A holding cell for two didn’t account for an eight-foot fox, let alone one of Andy’s height and girth.

His massive arms were suspended above him, cuffed at the wrist and chained to the wall opposite Cintia. Metal bands tethered his thighs to the floor. She had been given an orange jumpsuit (exceptionally tight, of course). They hadn’t found anything that would fit Andy. Left nude like a dangerous animal.

He was almost as tall as her while seated. His parted legs encroached towards her side of the cell, soles pressed against the small, uncomfortable metal strip of a cot she had woken up on.

“Couldn’t have given us better quarters?” She put her hand flat to the ceiling and tilted her neck to glare up at it. Couldn’t even get her ears to stand up straight before the concrete folded them down.

“Sorry it’s not your usual four-star accommodations,” came a man’s voice from past the prison on her left.

“*You*,” Cintia snarled. Those bars *tonged* as she collided against them with the full extent of her weight. Her gnashing muzzle fit between, saliva flying past her lips as she tried to take a bite out of Officer Issac.

The raccoon yelped backwards into Officer Leona's arms. She eased him to his feet and dusted off the shoulders of his outfit like an overprotective mother. Neither were in uniform, and the sterile hallway outside did not look like part of any precinct Cintia had ever seen.

"Where the hell are we?" she asked.

"Boy am I glad she's stuck in there and we're out there," Issac said, laughter in his voice tinged by nerves.

"You're in a place where you can be studied properly," Leona answered. She wasn't looking at Cintia, too busy with a PDA in her hand. The lioness had *glasses* on. A lab coat, even. Meanwhile, Issac had business formal threads: a suit and tie, like some fancy salesperson. Again, it didn't fit his lanky frame. "You've been ingesting company property."

"You two aren't officers of the law at all." It was Andy who said this, though Cintia had pieced it together too.

Leona looked up and past Cintia to give the chained fox a smile. "Correct, Mr. Renard. Due to your unique circumstances, you two are the first in the entire world to be exposed to Rysing's latest product."

"I'd say it works well," Andy said. "When do I get to be the posterboy?"

"You don't," Issac said. Snarls from both criminal foxes had him putting on a diplomatic grin—and walking behind Leona for cover.

"For stealing precious company property, you'll be kept," Leona explained.

"Guinea pigs," Cintia said flatly.

"Not the most PC term, but if that's what you want to call it..."

"Don't we get an attorney? A phone call?" Narrowing her eyes, Cintia added: "Do the authorities even know we're here?"

“No,” Issac answered with a shrug, emboldened enough by prison bars to come out from hiding. “Sorry to disappoint. You basically *belong* to Rysing now.”

“And if I’m Rysing’s property, what does that make you?” It was Andy who spoke up. His commanding tone made even Cintia turn her head. He gave his chops a salacious lick. “I can still smell my scent on you both. How ‘bout you unchain me? We can have some more fun.”

There was such a long pause that Cintia thought they might do it. Then Leona cleared her throat, adjusted her glasses, and tapped her PDA. “You’ll have quite a busy schedule soon. Fitness tests. Blood samples...” Her eyes flicked to Andy’s groin. “...among other fluids.”

“But for now, *we* are going to take some well-earned R&R,” Issac said, proudly tugging his lapels before strutting down the hall. “Ciao, big girl... bigger guy.”

With a sigh, an eyeroll, and a shake of her head all at once, Leona followed—both coworkers ignoring Cintia’s increasingly vulgar shouts. At the end of the hall, Issac swiped a key card to get through a set of sturdy steel doors, then the fake officers were gone.

“Shit,” Cintia sighed, turning around to rely her back against the bars. “Of course, the one time we get caught it’s by some crazy scientists. We aren’t even gonna be in the papers like we always talked about! I bet they just ‘disappear’ us and everyone thinks we ran off to some tropical tax haven.”

“You’re acting like we’re already beat,” Andy said.

“You seriously can’t out-muscle those?” Cintia nodded to his chains.

He raised a brow, as if to ask: *What, can you?* His impressive anatomy rippled, flexing as he tried to tear free. Then all that bulk fell slack and useless. “Rysing made the stuff that turned me into this. Do you think they’d skimp on the chains?”

“And why did they chain you but not me?” Cintia sat on the cot across from Andy, crossing her arms as she looked over a superior freak of nature.

“Because you’re not a threat.” Despite their predicament, he mocked with a smile.

Before Cintia could open her mouth to elaborate all the ways she could *be* a threat, their vulpine ears perked at the sound of opening doors. Whistling came from down the hall. She lunged for the bars again.

“Hey!” Cintia shouted to the cart-toting tigress on her way towards them. “Hey! You! Let us out!”

Another exceptionally tall woman. Rysing’s anthro resources department must have had some discriminatory practices going on. This tigress would have rivaled Cintia if not for her enhancements. She had the company’s logo embroidered on her jacket. Security, judging from the casual getup and fit physique.

Like all good security guards, she ignored Cintia no matter how loud she yelled. Didn’t even give her a glance or stop on the way past. But she did move a lidded metal platter from atop the cart and put it in between bars. Cintia didn’t catch it in time. The metal *smack* where it struck the floor made her wince.

“Bitch!” she shouted after, the tigress still whistling as she went. “You seriously think this is enough to feed us? *You’re* barely a meal yourself, you twig!” The whistling, infuriatingly enough, persisted. There appeared to be no one in any of the other holding cells to serve, so the tigress carded her way through doors on the other end of the hall then disappeared.

“Unbelievable,” Cintia growled under her breath. “They’re feeding us *scraps*? This entire stupid platter would fit in your mouth.” She kicked the lid off and almost lost the meal underneath.

A meal that wasn't a meal.

No food in sight, just two rubber-stopped plastic vials that rolled off the platter and onto the floor. They would have slipped out of reach if she hadn't reacted quick enough, routing with a stomp that caused the vials to bump the side of her paw then come to a halt.

She looked down at them, well aware what they contained. A note sat atop the tray. Small, half-creased, written in practiced-perfect penmanship. It read:

*C,*

*Do with it whatever you will.*

*Have fun,*

*-Your friend in a high place.*

Cintia didn't contemplate this. She only bent over and collected the vials, looking them both over. They looked smaller, but in reality were the same size as the one she and Andy shared in the diner. Small fortunes apiece, only she didn't have profit in mind. The thought that she had ever even *considered* selling this liquid gold was sacrilegious.

You couldn't put a price tag to an inch.

"Give those to me." Andy's commanding voice made Cintia look up. He didn't make eye contact, hungrily fixated on what was in her hands.

"And why should I?" Cintia leaned her back to the wall and swirled the contents of both vials. Chains rattled while Andy fiended for his fix. "Seems like I should take the chance to catch up, right... partner?"

"That's more than catching up."

That deepened Cintia's smile. "That's what I'm counting on."

"You might doom us both."

And *that* wiped it away. “How so?”

“If one of us isn’t big enough, *strong* enough to bust us out of this place, they’ll catch us again. And since I’ve already dwarfed you—” He said this with no small amount of smugness. “—it’s only logical I get every last drop.”

“You’ve had your share.” But Cintia heard her own uncertainty. Her eyes committed treason, roaming paws propped heel up, ceiling-pointed toe claws coming up to her knees. Then there were his chiseled legs, abs of a demigod.

And who could forget those virile balls that had pumped a maternity ward’s worth of fox spunk inside her just last night?

“And I want more,” Andy throatied. As though her eyes were molesting them, his lap-filling testicles tensed. His sheath twitched. She held her breath as his dick started lolling free, erecting inch-by-inch in an impassioned speech for why he deserved to grow.

And by God was it a compelling argument.

“Don’t hide it,” he said. “I can see that hungry look in your eyes. You can’t get enough of me. We’re partners...” Cintia stepped between Andy’s spread legs. “And partners look out for each other.” His knot continued plumping until the tip kissed his chest. “I know what you want. You know what I want.”

“I—”

Andy interrupted with his most violent escape attempt yet. A lunge that bulged every muscle across his anatomy. If he *had* escaped, he would have tackled Cintia to the ground, easily overpowering her and seizing the vials for himself.

But he hadn’t.

Limp, still chained, he grunted out, “Make. Me. Bigger,” while Cintia stood there, trying to confer with her pounding heart.

He had reduced her to a cocksleeve last night. If she gave this to Andy, she would be... Her throat bobbed, as if to swallow that word.

She would be his *bitch*.

Part of Cintia wanted that. To be treated like Leona—hell, even Issac’s spot beneath a lung-flattening footpaw had undeniable appeal... She inched her hand towards the yawning cavern of Andy’s maw without realizing. Exhaled humidity warmed her fingers and misted the vial. One drink would cement his position as *hea-vi-est*, and she had a bad feeling it would be *for-ev-er*.

She snatched the vial back, just before Andy snapped his jaw shut with an echoing *clack* of fang on fang. It left Cintia’s heart racing faster than the time she had almost joyridden a hijacked car off a cliff.

His grin was gone. “Think carefully about what you’re planning to do,” he said.

Cintia couldn’t answer. She had already tilted her head back, lips around the vial. Her throat bobbed with a lone gulp that washed the contents down. She thrust her arm out at her side; the vial flew dramatically from her fingertips and passed through the prison bars, bouncing against the wall opposite their cell.

“You actually did it...” She had never seen a look of surprise on Andy Renard’s face—one among today’s many firsts.

“You thought I’d roll over and let you take me?” The serum itched through her bloodstream. Furs standing on end with that static-shock tingle. Heartrate spiking. Her grin

bordered mania. “Sorry, sweetheart, but if you want all *this*—” She smacked a curvy hip for emphasis. “—you’re gonna have your work cut out for you.”

“Have I ever told you, Cintia?” Andy’s knot throbbed, receptive to her words. “That you are one *hell* of a woman?”

“Don’t I know it.” Cintia couldn’t blame him for that idiotic stunt back at Golden Heights. Her mentality changed with the flip of an internal switch. One moment, survival instincts warned her that running headlong into gunfire would end in certain death. The next, she didn’t merely believe she could deflect a bullet.

She *knew*.

At eight feet, her ear tips already flirted with the ungenerous height of the concrete ceiling. Now the top of her skull suddenly *slammed* against it. No pain, but the blow stunned her butt-first onto the hard metal cot. Her enormous weight loosened wall-adjoining screws, causing the cot to lurch at a declined angle before holding firm.

Cintia looked at Andy. “*Watch,*” she breathed—and his eyes did not once show their lids.

Buttons suturing the chest of her snug jumpsuit trembled to maintain their shape. From sleeve to leg, coarse orange fabric had its every wrinkle strained out, skintight with cuffs that clung to calves and wrists. Shortly after, they began to ride higher.

*Pingpingpingping*. Rapid-fire, from the collarbone down, buttons flew off her bust in scattershot. Deflecting off walls and rolling into the hallway. Exposing an irrepressible tide of head-sized breasts while merciless, back-to-back *ba-bumps* spasmed through Cintia’s growing body like violent hiccups.



The remaining vial shrank in her expanding grasp. She held it up for Andy to see, then gave him a wink before stowing it from sight: swallowed into the safety of top-tattering cleavage.

“*Fuck,*” she panted, “outgrowing my clothes is such a good look.” Breasts poured over their owner’s hands; feminine firmness spilled between her fingers while orange fibers snarled apart second by second. The final threads gave out. She threw her head back and moaned as her breasts ballooned to taste the air-conditioned chill in a singular, authoritative bounce.

“You’ll look even better without.” Despite being denied his growth, Andy couldn’t mask his bald lust. He fucked her with his eyes while she grew to dominate her half of the cell.

The cot’s screws popped loose and it hit the floor with a *bang* that filled the empty prison hall. Cintia’s ever-growing ass didn’t follow as expected—she had heaved herself forward just in time. Close to a ton of fox tidal waved over Andy; he handled it with a stoic grunt. His chains rattled as he tried freeing himself. Compelled to grope. Grind. *Fuck.*

And who could blame him? A burgeoning body like hers *begged* for those things. But Cintia was a big girl, now. She could grope, grind, and fuck plenty fine on her own.

She went for him with a starved kiss: his tongue fought back, hers gave. But she was getting stronger. Her tongue fought back, *his* gave. She scrubbed her tits against the burning-hot tip of the knot throbbing between their mighty bodies.

The prison cell had gone from tight to a coffin. Andy made for an immovable slab, perpendicular to the wall and floor while Cintia took up inverse space. She should have been thinking of a way to release them, but she had a different kind of release in mind.

So did Andy.

His chains' rattles elevated to a *crunch* as they ripped off the wall, made into jangling ornaments hanging off his wrist bindings. As his arms interlocked and bear-hugged her into unbreakable bulk, Cintia's confidence flagged.

"You are becoming a big girl, aren't you?" Andy crooned. Metal bands around his thighs had begun peeling off the floor, then altogether snapped apart. The cell percussed with the accumulated tonnage of 13-foot foxes reorienting.

Her growth had stopped, the high remained.

"Big and bad as my big, bad boyfriend," she growled back, her husky voice rivaling his for volume. And though she kept the thought to herself, she dared wager she had some inches on him. Oh, he'd *hate* that.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves." It didn't take much for him to roll on top of Cintia. She had muscles that outstripped any woman's, but Andy outmuscled any *man*. Equals for height, their strength stayed in disparity.

Anyone looking in would have seen chestnut furs curling out from between prison bars. A tensing wall of back muscles harder than steel. Hands riding hard on her shoulders, claws biting into them, Andy glared into her eyes and said: "No one beats me, sweetheart. Not even you."

He entered Cintia without warning. She thrashed like an animal in a lethal trap; her heels percussed where they pounded the concrete floor, but her efforts couldn't budge Andy.

"*Don't...*" Cintia panted as he crammed his dick half-deep. Even at her height, full hilt would *hurt*. "...be..." He fucked a word out of her with each thrust; she and the prison bars quaked at once. "...so..." She caressed his muscular back. Kept her eyes on his: *Yes, just like that you stupid-horny stud. Look at me.*

*Forget all about what's between my breasts.*

"...sure." Feigned breathlessness disappeared on that last word. She fished the vial from her bust. The sight of it made Andy pause pre-thrust, knot lubed in Cintia's fluids now twitching outside her folds.

If she had hesitated, tried to unstop the vial and drink it like a civil person, Andy would have overpowered her and taken it for himself. She didn't, though. She knew the unspoken rules of this game: she popped the vial past her lips and downed it like a pill. Gone in a gulp, then she parted her maw for Andy with a gloating, "*Ahhh*," to show him it was gone.

"I win," she said, giving him a peck on the nose.

He drilled that cocky look right off her muzzle. Like striking oil, her pussy *erupted* past the damming girth of his cock. Puddling the concrete dark-damp underneath her.

"Not yet you don't." Andy was the one grinning now, wider and wilder as she lolled her tongue in lusty abandon. If this kept up, Cintia would have passed out from pleasure. But each satisfying thrust felt weaker than the one that came before, able to fit more yet fill less. It annoyed her, she wanted that cervix-ramming electric jolt. *Needed* it.

And if Andy couldn't give it to her on his own...

The cell shook. Dust skittered from the ceiling as Cintia effortlessly reversed their positions. The back of Andy's head and shoulders slammed against the prison bars. Hands propped to his biceps, she leered down. Growing bones crackled, stretching skin sighed, swelling muscle groaned.

Her back pounded against the ceiling, shoulders brushing opposite walls of the cell at the same time. Superior by entire feet and still gaining, Cintia bore her escalating weight down on Andy, knotting herself the way she would a sex toy.

“More,” she panted, and she wasn’t talking about Andy’s dick.

She heaved her hips up and her body creaked to greater heights. The cell was deliciously tight, every last inch consumed by her body.

“Heaviest,” Cintia grunted out as she ground-pounded her boyfriend into a cracked concrete silhouette of himself.

“You sure are,” Andy wheezed, the air humped out of him while their cell came apart.

Swallowing his shoulders with her grip, Cintia weighed him to the floor, leveraging his durable body so she could pull her hips up. Her bottomless cunt kept Andy’s tip in its clutches; her butt bumped the ceiling. Hips and shoulders cracked stone with each grazing grind.

*What good are those muscles now?* she wanted to brag. *How can you handle this much woman?* But such eloquence was beyond the scope of her growth-drunk brain. Teetering near climax, the brittle cell crumbling around her, she could only bellow a guttural: “*Mo-o-o-o-ooore,*” before burying her boyfriend.

Her breasts devoured his face and chest; soft but immense, they smashed their prison bars clean off. Cell walls crumbled at a shrug, and the ceiling they carried to fell then cracked against the superior hardness of her back.

Eyes closed, expression screwed tight in ecstasy, she heaved her paws against the wall behind her and skidded them both into the hall. Her breasts scraped the floor, dragging Andy along for the ride; they both poured from the cell. His struggles were desperate, but she stilled his squirms with the full extent of her crushing weight. Almost twice his height, Cintia had no problem taking him to the hilt. He came, every last drop gushing hot inside her.

Her own orgasm poured out in reply. Shuddering tension racked every inch of the two-story woman while gallons of arousal spread in a puddle that darkened the rubble around her.

It took minutes of afterglow before Cintia became a thinking, reasoning person instead of a bitch in heat. She heaved herself onto her side with a satisfying rumble. Forget a ton of fox, she must have weighed as much as a dumptruck. Propping her cheek with her palm, she smirked down at her boyfriend, emphasis on *boy*: to her, that was the approximate size of the musclebound man sprawled in her juices.

“Hey, runt,” Cintia said, mirroring his own greeting from that morning.

Andy’s eyes snapped open. He scrambled upright while his behemoth of a girlfriend remained relaxed on her side. The hall had a high enough ceiling that he could stand straight with a bit of headroom, but Cintia was much too tall, too wide. The span of her shoulders alone came up to Andy’s waist; her lower half filled their collapsed cell block. The gentle grinding motion of her thighs powdered 300-pound chunks of fallen stone.

She lustily nibbled one of her claws while sizing Andy up—or down, as it were—and his own look of surprise only cemented her smugness.

“Big looks good on you,” he admitted.

“*Big?*” She raised her voice to emphasize the inadequacy of that adjective. The question echoed back as she wrapped a hand around the giant stud’s entire bicep and gave it a squeeze before yanking him lower so they were face to face. “Try *enormous*.”

Something shattered to her left.

She let go of Andy. Both foxes looked at the wall opposite their prison cell. When Cintia erupted to freedom, she had smashed a hole without realizing.

The prison hall shared a wall with a spacious laboratory. There were rows of black resin tables underneath the encompassing glare of sterile ceiling lights. Scientists stood with goggles and lab coats. Beakers, vials, stirring rods.

Andy looked short from Cintia's new vantage. Normal anthros, they were just plain *small*. Knee-height, at their tallest. Her calf muscles outrivaled them for width, weight. One of her hands could fit around a grown man's scrawny waist.

None of them had made a move since Cintia rammed open the wall.

"Sorry guys," she said, "we may be monsters, but we don't work by dinosaur movie rules." Her eyes roved these toy-sized approximations of people. Approximations, because she couldn't really consider them people from where she lounged. "I can see you all perfectly clear. And I can smell..."

Cintia trailed to lift her snout and sniff the air. Some of them started at the sound, especially as Andy joined in. Vials filled with a familiar purple substance occupied each table.

"I can smell..."

She shared a look with Andy.

"Race you to the top?" he asked, one of their last moments of shared lucidity until they had slurped up every remnant in the lab.

"It won't be a race, dear." Shoving Andy aside, Cintia thudded onto her stomach then reared onto all fours. "I'm about to leave you in the dust."

Scientists at last scrambled as a mammoth fox stronger than any demolition vehicle bulldozed a hole through the wall. Ceiling lights blew apart against her back and rained sparks down. She grabbed the nearest table and bit it in half like a cracker.

\*

At precisely 4:47 PM, the roof erupted off Rysing's remote research facility.

At precisely 4:57 PM, news trucks arrived like locusts. Their tough tires sped over flattened *Restricted Area* fences to survey the wreck. Shell-shocked Rysing employees were

gathered in packs outside, staring at the collapsed building while fire alarms blared through the ragged hole in the roof. Muzzled by NDAs, they offered reporters the same story:

“A gas leak.”

Gas leaks didn’t leave conspicuous, smoking holes in roofs, press pointed out.

And they *certainly* didn’t litter the parking lot with paw prints.

Giant paw prints.

A smaller pair, a distinctly more massive pair. “Smaller” meaning each asphalt-tattooing fox pad had been the size of the cars flattened beneath their tread, as opposed to those truck-dwarfing stompers at their side.

Logic dictated that the only thing in existence capable of leaving giant, conspicuous fox prints were giant, conspicuous foxes.

One of Rysing’s PR pets—a scrawny raccoon who looked too small for his suit—snidely countered, “Okay, well: if there *were* any giant foxes, which there *clearly* aren’t, where are they now?”

All at once, reporters reached for their earpieces. Listening to a chain reaction of reports from their respective networks. Without another word for the scene, they piled into their trucks, called for news choppers to get out here yesterday.

Everyone sped off to get the big scoop before it hit the big city.

“*Sighting of two figures of indeterminate size heading towards Las—*”

“*Avoid all main roads, shelter in place if—*”

“*Rysing executive refuses to comment on whether these events are tied to the chemical spill from three years ago that temporarily caused desert flowers to bloom to the size of redwo—*  
”

The trucker, an old buck, furrowed his brow as he adjusted his radio for the tenth time. “News, news, news,” he grumbled, having heard but not listened. “Where’s m’damn music?”

He had ridden for this company for ten years, and had been a responsible driver none of them. The only thing that had stopped him from causing a disaster was his route through the desolate stretches of empty road outside Las Viejas.

Today’s head-on collision would be his first and last. Eyes on his radio, he wasn’t looking out the front window. He dimly registered that the afternoon sun disappeared, like he had gone into a tunnel.

He never saw the woman in the middle of the road.

Rather, he never saw her truck-sized paw cratering the middle of the road.

An irresponsible driver, but he always put on his seatbelt. It saved him as his front engine crumpled head-on against a black-furred boulder. An airbag erupted over his field of view.

“Shit, shit, shit!” he cried while batting the depleting airbag. He set the truck to park, then swung the door open. “Is everyone okay?” he called. “I didn’t mean to—”

“You dented my pedicure.”

The buck froze, half-certain he was crazy, because thunder had just talked to him.

Except that wasn’t thunder up there.

Maybe it was a heat stroke talking to him, because there was a fertility goddess in the middle of the road. She blotted noon sun like a thunderhead, and she was big as one, too. Sternly folded arms struggled to enfold the natural wonders of her bust. Pinched waist, abs you could park a truck on, *flared* hips; in the background, her tail sifted air with a dramatic *whoosh-whoosh-whoosh*, that turned the background into a sandstorm.

She had to be a few hundred feet tall.



“*Hey.*” The road rumbled as approaching paws thundered closer. Each devastating step plumed dirt from the desert. “*You messing with my girl?*” This new tod was smaller than the vixen—the perfect height to wear her breasts like a hat.

Smaller didn’t mean much from down on the road: either fox could swallow him whole.

He went to retreat into his truck.

That became a monumentally stupid idea as the entire tanker was swallowed into the awning of a monumental vixen sole. Angled up at the heel, she flaunted ebony paw pads with the accumulated grit of stomped-up street; sandy grit fell in thick streams with each wiggle of her ton-toting toes.

He slowly backed away from the truck. “I’m sorry!” he cried. “I... I know how it sounds, but I didn’t see you on the road. I swear!”

“Didn’t see us?” Incredulity rang through the vixen’s roar.

“How about now?” the male fox menaced in a voice that reminded the trucker of a rockslide he had lived through as a boy. The tod rocked his naked hips side to side, heaving absurdly swollen balls side to side; they produced an audible sound where they knocked together. He could flatten a house under those things. “Do you see us, pipsqueak?”

“Ah...” The buck’s knees were knocking together at the same time, though that made a much less impressive sound. “Ah, yes. Yes, sir! I see you plenty clear. C-can I go, then? Please?”

“I dunno. I’m not in charge... for the time being. You’re going to have to ask the woman upstairs what the verdict is.”

The buck was an older fellow. Call him prejudiced, but he felt like he had better odds with a woman as his judge, jury, and potential executioner—even if her paw was a few iotas of pressure away from pancaking his truck. Their kind were more nurturing, gentler. Of greater

influence on his judgment, this one was *smoking*. If there had been a couple miles between them, he might have whipped out his binoculars and given her a long, hard look.

But the longer she spent with her paw to overshadowing his tanker, the more he doubted. A hint of her weight was enough to make the driver's ceiling creak, cracks webbing the tops of its side and front windows. The poor tires deformed, looking ready to pop while she stressed the shocks with an idle left-right-left jostle. All while she let out a horizon-ringing, "*Hmmmm...*"

"I promise, I'll be more careful on the road, ma'am... your majesty... your highness... Uh... goddess?" That was what she had to be. Divine punishment straight from the heavens—maybe he had crashed and was hallucinating while he bled out on the dash?

No, that wasn't it. Her barking laughter had to be real. He could feel it thrum through his body. "Did you just call me 'goddess?'" she asked. "That's so tacky."

"Wh-what *are* you? I'll call you anything."

"I'm just a big girl from a small town." The vixen looked onto the horizon, then down at her stomach-height mate. "You know, carjacking was a bit more fun back when we could actually fit in the car."

The tod thoughtfully stroked a claw down his chiseled chin. "Destruction of property, though..." As his grin deepened, the vixen's faded—like she had regrown her conscience at the worst possible time; she twirled a finger through the excessive mane flowing from her back and shoulders. That is, until her counterpart purred, like a devil on her shoulder: "Only person who can stop you is you."

The truck's ten tires blew at once. Its roof and tankard both dented downward, then disappeared in a flash of flame. Hot wind radiated from the pawprint crater as an ignited tank of gas flared underneath. With a full store of oil, that blaze should have been visible for miles

across the flats—would have been, if a rubble-cracking twist of her paw didn't snuff it like a cigarette butt.

“Come on, hon,” she said, and her other paw hurtled overhead; she strutted past as if nothing had happened. Then she stepped out of his truck's grave, leaving behind a smoking pawprint. His truck was unrecognizable when it came up—melted sheet metal plastered to her sole. She scraped it on the road ahead, dragging a line through asphalt easily as he would run his hoof through the sand.

*Boom.* So distracted, the buck hadn't been watching for the tod's paw. Its earthshaking impact threw him to his knees. He stayed there and gawked at the arm's length near-death experience. Fox toes antagonized with a ground-crunching curl, their claws excavating furrows that could have sliced him to ribbons.

Then the paw lifted up. The buck raised an arm over his head, as if that would have done anything if the giant decided to squash him. But he stepped over the buck to trail after the giantess's longer legs, leaving him in the dusty haze kicked up by the careless arcs of their massive tails.

His heart beat in time to the tapering quakes from paws carrying the giant couple into the distance.

Towards Las Viejas.

\*

Rysing's remote lab became the site of an impromptu eating contest. Millions of dollars in equipment fell to a feeding frenzy. With her opponent's groans deepening as he caught up in size, Cintia had no time to discriminate. Whether a lab table or refrigerator actually contained

any serum, it was crammed past her lips. Crunched apart then gulped down the expanding pit of her gullet, fuel for the fire of an endless growth spurt.

The spacious lab became less so, tides of manly muscle and lady heft vying for supremacy. Cracked floor tiles adhered like chips to their tongues as they licked for any fallen vials. Their outstretched arms greedily raked piling tables back into their gnashing maws. Afterwards, Andy had joked that he saw a scientist slip into Cintia's mouth.

She had told him to stop kidding around—but it could have happened. She only remembered bits of their buffet. She remembered security guards coming in through the front doors. She remembered their bullets tickling her brow ridge. She remembered a throat-aching growl she couldn't have replicated while lucid. She remembered that one of the guards had most certainly pissed his pants at the sound, because at that point her chin dented the floor and her head deformed the ceiling. She remembered flicking that guard into the others, breaking their morale in one motion.

She remembered the ceiling crackling against her. She remembered sunlight coming through in widening slivers. She remembered rising, roaring both in tandem with and louder than the building collapsing towards her mammoth frame: silting off her shoulders, streaming through her hair.

Most of all, she remembered feeling unsatisfied with her cataclysmic stature.

She remembered. Wanting. More.

But she also remembered standing above the wreckage of a lab too tiny to contain her, and then looking down. Not at the parking lot with cars that would soon bounce off the ground to the rhythm of her steps. Not at a panicked crowd of inches-tall anthros with gnat cries that barely nattered to her ears.

Looking down at Andy was better than sex. Cintia could have punted the pitiful giant. He hadn't noticed her towering above him, still in the throes of his growth spurt. Fists balled, a look of total concentration contorting his face. He hiccupped a full ten feet in an eyeblink. Knee-high to the middles of her thighs. Then another burst put him crotch height.

That scared her for a moment, but only a moment. Then the fear faded as fists that could punch a hole in solid steel unfurled, his mighty arms slack and swaying at his sides while he panted.

Andy had given it his all, and still hadn't managed to grow past her chest. That was the comedown, the kick that brought Cintia back to her reasoning self. Smugness tugged the left side of her muzzle up in a smirk, mockery the right; she had always lived in Andy's shadow, he was the face of their crimes in the papers. *Andy and his girlfriend, never Cintia and her boyfriend.* Now that she was the biggest thing for miles—the most massive woman in the world—she decided she wanted it to stay that way.

They had cleared miles in minutes. The backroad was her runway, devastated by her strides alone. How big was she? Into the triple digits, for sure. Other anthros could have vanished into her bust. She could flatten four-wheelers two at a time. Smoke tanker trucks.

Neither of the power couple had ever dabbled in hard drugs. Alcohol, however, had inspired more than a few of their crimes. The riskier ones, the headlines.

Right now, they could articulate perfect sentences: boom the alphabet backwards for any police helicopters that might pull them over for inebriation. They could stomp in straight lines—which Cintia proved with her continued saunter down the road.

And their senses, those were clearer than they had ever been.

Despite these facts, she and Andy were drunk. The holes they stomped in the road. The way Andy had circled back to the Rysing parking lot to stomp a couple more cars for the fun of it. Symptoms of severely impaired judgment.

Power did that to a person.

Andy took to his soaring height like a cruel god, ready to abuse his powers for the fun of it. Cintia, however, suffered pangs of sober hesitation, even now. It had been hard for her to stomp that truck flat. Not in the physical sense, *that* was exhilaratingly easy as stepping on an empty soda can.

The hard part came from her old self, her normal self.

It said: *I can't really do this... can I?*

Except she could. And with each stretch of road she obliterated; every cop blockade she stepped over, disregarding the bullets bouncing off her calves; all the indecent, pool-filling orgasms her puffy, irritated pit of a growth-aroused cunt arbitrarily shivered out...

She started to grasp that nothing could stop her.

Not even the giant on her right. Giant to everyone other than her. "I love being the biggest." She sneered down at her boyfriend and ruffled the furs along his head. He smacked her hand, but couldn't budge. She smacked his—doubling down on the aggressive petting.

"Down, boy," she boomed. "Remember who the top bitch is around here."

For a moment, she thought Andy might try to rip her throat out. She'd love to see him try. Instead, his severe expression cooled to a smile. "Think this city's ready for what's about to hit it?"

The military could fire cruise missiles. Nuclear bombs could come down and detonate right on top of Las Viejas—wiping them and a whole city off the map.

Nothing like that would happen, though.

Cintia had nothing to back that fact up other than a feeling. As any of the city's many gamblers might have described it, she was on a roll. And when you were on a roll, you didn't stop for anything.

They appeared on the horizon.

Occupants of hotels and offices, apartments and outskirts motels, must have been waiting. There were news cars following at safe distances—*Like tornado watchers*, Cintia thought, off-road at different angles to get a shot of them.

“Do you think they see us like gods?” Cintia asked.

“If they don't, they will,” Andy assured. He gave her barn-sized ass a cataclysmic *thwack*, breaking its supple surface tension like a pond hit by a meteor. The resulting clap thundered across the desolate landscape with nothing to intercept it.

She giggled the way she used to, before all this craziness. A playful shove sent Andy staggering, and she liked that. A lot.

“This is insane,” she exhaled.

Andy chuckled. “You sound scared.”

“I am. But not in a bad way. It's like... after one of our runs. That feeling when we're speeding from the fuzz? There's always that question, y'know: what if we get caught? It's that. Forever. Knowing we're getting away with something we shouldn't. Nudity. Robbery. Destruction.”

“Old rules don't apply.”

“No.” She traced a finger across her cunt; public networks would blur it out. “I keep thinking I should cover up, but then I remember there's nothing to cover up with. And then I see

those police lights and think I should run away. Then I remember, there's nothing to run away to." Cintia met her boyfriend's eyes to give him a significant look. "I'm a monster." The way she exhaled those words made it clear that wasn't a bad thing.

"Scared of yourself?" Andy cocked a brow. "Need me to hold your hand for your first day as a city-raiding kaiju?"

Cintia narrowed her eyes. "Don't sass me, runt." They made rumbling landfall at the precipice of Las Viejas, where the tallest structures amidst the ugly grey clusterfuck only crested mid-calf. The unglamorous outskirts before the city proper, with its flashy casinos, hotels, and skyscrapers towering with the utter hubris that no disasters would ever shake their foundations. "I could knock you three blocks over with one thrust of my hip."

"My kind of woman," Andy said, licking his lips as he surveyed the lives in their shadows—mostly her shadow. Their talk overpowered panicked shouts and sirens below. He gave her an expectant look, as if to say: *Ladies first*.

Out in the desert, Cintia could stomp just about anywhere. Here, she would always be stepping something. *Someone*. A bus stop. A used car lot. A cheap motel. She figured she would hesitate, same as she had for that terrified little trucker.

But she didn't. Her first explosive step premeditated another. The deeper she waded, the more excited she grew. A gas station *exploded* beneath her tread; its flames danced beneath her paw and wavered around them, singing only the black tips of her coat and nothing more.

Her other paw swung past whole lanes before she mashed it into a parking lot, giggling as the cars she didn't pancake leapt feet in the air then slammed back down. Windows blew out. A grating chorus of alarms ensued.



“You’re taking to this like a natural.” Andy matched her stride, not even paying attention to the havoc his hurried pace wrought. His legs cleaved overpasses, he caught cars on his toes and sent them flying over traffic: and he still only had eyes for her.

“What are you, my coach?” Cintia huffed, sticking her chin up and closing her eyes as she carelessly thundered forward. When she looked down again, she found herself standing in the rubble of a grocery store.

She looked over the streets again. Police lights danced across every street, but their blockades were mere suggestions. If they were rooks on a chessboard, forced to travel strictly by way of street...

She was the *queen*, the most formidable piece. Able to move wherever she felt like.

Something caught her eye. A building she hadn’t recognized from up here. It just looked like a concrete slab from here. Around calf-height. To think, she and Andy had cased the place once and decided robbing it would be “too risky.”

“What’re you doing?” Andy folded his arms and watched with a look of vague amusement as Cintia eased her haunches backwards; she landed with a dull *thud*, using the bank’s rooftop like a stool. A very uncomfortable one at that, she had packed on the tons in the hip department: they were wider than the roof.

Even seated, she was taller than Andy, her luscious legs arched over the parking lot. Heels embedded into the garden past them. Between her spread legs, she observed “people” scrambling from the bank. It must have sounded like the entire building was seconds from giving out. For all she knew it was. Her roof-blotting rump caused cracks to skitter up the walls.

“Robbing a bank,” she said, matter-of-factly.

“You’re still thinking about money?” He almost sounded disappointed, like an adult scolding his coworker for playing with action figures. *Aren’t you a little too grown up for that stuff?*

“What’s got you all serious?” Cintia scooped her hips back a little, revealing some of the rooftop. A little quality time with her big bottom had weakened it enough that she punched a hole with one poke from her finger. Then she forced her whole hand inside.

One try, and without looking. She had always been good with skill cranes. The shiny black bank vault fit in her palm, crumbling foundation and all. It could have survived a bomb; it wouldn’t survive her. She held it up to her eyes, then looked past it at Andy: “We’ve always wanted to pull off a big bank robbery.”

She flicked the top of the vault off, revealing gold bars. Stacked bills. The pools that were her eyes reflected the plunder. God, they were going to be so *rich*.

Except... what the hell did that matter? She scowled at her pitiful hoard—more money than either criminal had seen in their entire careers—then felt sheepish, disappointed.

“You know what?” Cintia curled her fingers around the vault. Not tight enough to crush it, though she could so, so easily. “You’re right, Andy. We’ve *outgrown* money.”

“Even our biggest heists seem kind of small now, huh?” Andy was watching her intently. Was he afraid of her, now that she could pin him down and have her way with him whenever she wanted? No, that wasn’t it.

Then what?

She shrugged it off with a smirk. From words to ceilings to bullets, she could shrug anything off at her size. “*Everything* seems kind of small, now.” Cintia tossed the vault upwards, its expensive innards streaming everywhere before she caught it again. “Even you, cutie.”

Then she pitched the vault over Andy's shoulder; it whistled past blocks, then smashed a hole in one end of an office building and flew out the other.

With that out of the way, she sighed to her full height and the bank gave up. It despondently slumped in on itself, wheezing a dust cloud skyward like a ghost towards heaven. Cintia paid the rubble no mind, except the bits clinging to her butt, which she patted down.

"You look disappointed," Andy said. While her hands were preoccupied, he came in close and caressed her thighs the way he did when they got in the shower together. Except this was in the middle of the city, spectated by millions. She looked down at him, but only saw her chest. "Something the matter up there?"

"Well..." An irritating, *whud-whud-whud* nagged her ear. Someone aboard a military chopper tried to megaphone a message to her. Probably another warning of some variety. Cintia waved it off the way she might a buzzing fly—a near-miss, though the resulting gale sent the chopper into a tailspin. "...there's nothing left to steal. We're already breaking the laws of physics, what good is it flaunting manmade ones?"

"You're regretting this?" Andy's fingers continued to work their magic; as they flirted the edges of her needy lower lips, her furs stood on end.

"No," she said firmly, weighing an authoritative hand atop Andy's head. Forcing his knees to bend and lowering his perspective. His wet nose grazed her hard abs on the way down. Cintia bit her lower lip, staring directly into the camera of a news helicopter blocks away. "This is *right*," her words shook with breathy anticipation. "The way they should be: with me on top."

"Then what..." Andy purred, his low voice still the second-loudest sound in the city. His warm breath teased a tingle through her nethers. "...could possibly be wrong with paradise?"

“I want—” Her mighty legs faltered. She almost collapsed as he licked her cunt without warning. “Oh, fuck. *Gooooood* boy.” Fastening a hand around the back of Andy’s head, she whispered, “Just a bit *deeper*.” Then the press: cramming his entire muzzle inside her.

“No, no,” she sounded feverish. Her hundred-ton heft teetered, a building trying to stay standing. “I don’t *want* anything. This is something I *need*.” Cintia walked herself backwards, forcing her boyfriend along while he ate her out. Those staggered steps came to a sudden halt blocks away, with a deafening back-first collision against none other than the Golden Heights.

Windows on each floor of the hotel exploded on impact. Glass shards stuck to her fur and hair, each fragment glimmering blood red as they reflected the slowly setting sun. The tenacious building’s lights flickered inside, its side suffered a partial indent in the exact form of the vixen it groaned to sustain. An indent faltering with each restive wriggle elicited by the worship from Andy’s nerve-zapping tongue.

For the briefest interval, she let go of him to tweak her plump black nipples. “What do you need?” he panted, muzzle streaked in her fluids.

“I didn’t give you permission to speak!” Cintia roared. Gripping the back of Andy’s head, she shoved him face-deep once more. Her eyelids drooped, woozy smile one of relief as his tongue tranquilized. “Y-you’re *gooooood* at that, Andy. Should’ve had you on cleaning duty way before this.”

She let helicopters come closer for a better look at the giant-grade porno. “Get some intimate shots,” she instructed. “Cintia getting her pussy polished by Andy fuckin’ Renard, everyone. I’m not just a bitch, I’m a *huge* bitch! The biggest, baddest bitch there’s ever been!”

His thumping fists jiggled her thighs. He needed air, but she needed an orgasm *more* than air. She was suffocating with lust, and it was his own damned fault.

“And I need to get *bigger*.”

There it was. No other desire existed in her, really. She pretended otherwise, but she knew better. All the way back during her first dose. Andy must have known it, too. She was an earthquake and a hurricane rolled into one curvy bombshell. That power terrified the rational side of her... and disappointed the less reasonable side, the side that had brought her this far to begin with.

*Bigger*. What a *greedy* thought. She had more, *was* more, than anyone. Growing any larger would be insane, her size would become unsustainable—not for her, but the whole goddamn *planet*.

What would she eat? The only abundant protein would be people.

What would she drink? *Lakes*?

What would she do? That was a question she at least had an answer to. The bigger she got, the hornier she became. She would rock the world in her birthday suit: a bare behemoth babe, finger-blasting herself with millions there to give bear witness. And she could *use* her boyfriend—

*Toyfriend*, she corrected. Cintia resolved to outgrow Andy until he was the size of a sex toy. A finger puppet. No, screw that. While he serviced her with that masterful little tongue, she let her mind wander to apocalyptic extremes:

He would be a microbe living on her clit.

Those questions she worried over meant nothing. That was the beauty about getting bigger. Her problems weren't her problems at all. They were everyone else's. They would figure it out.

Or maybe they wouldn't, and that would be their problem too.

Lost in her lust, Cintia had said some or most of these sentiments aloud—for her boyfriend and the world to hear.

She had also forgotten how fragile the world had become. Only for a second, but that was plenty. Relying the whole of her tonnage against the Golden Heights caused it to give way. She crashed through the other end with Andy in tow, the titanic couple vanishing in a geyser of dust as her back rewrote blocks and buildings into a singular, her-shaped trench. Even while lost in the grey haze, her moans prevailed over the apocalyptic soundscape; earthquakes, explosions, each destructive firework made mere distraction by comparison.

And when her subtle motions blew the cloud aside, Cintia returned to view utterly unscathed. She wore the quite scathed wreck of the Golden Heights like a destructive goddess's divine garb while tossing her head from side to side, trapped in the throes of an erotic fever dream.

Her clamped thighs suffocated Andy's head and smothered his shoulders to boot. Strict softness brooking no option for him other than to devour his gigantic girlfriend's face-swallowing snatch until he whet her whale of a sexual appetite.

With an upward heave of her hips, Cintia belted out the mother of all moans. She hammered the earth with her butt, a ring of dust radiating outwards as she tattooed the remainder of the Golden Heights with ass-prints. Her thick thighs unwound, and Andy tore his snout free while vixen cum roared into the ruined road like floodwater.

Only after riding out her grandest orgasm to date did Cintia stir. Propped on one elbow, she sat up to observe Andy while he used her abs like a hard pillow. His shoulders quaked as he gasped for breath.

“We just fucked Golden Heights off the map,” she said, once again in awe of herself.

“And you...” Andy’s claws pinched her pillowy legs for traction while he wrestled himself to his full height. “You almost *drowned* me,” he snarled, stomping a paw onto Cintia’s abdomen and glaring down at her.

That snarl would have inspired fear for her life less than a day ago. Now, she simply smiled. “Word of advice, hon.” She stood, effortlessly bucking Andy off her stomach and sprawling him into his own wreckage.

A shrug sent rubble from the not-so-Golden Heights cascading down Cintia’s shoulders. She dusted more off her breasts but didn’t bother with the cleavage; she liked the little ornaments. Beds, slot machines, even a poker table—*Full house*, she thought, stifled giggles quaking her “full houses” until they crunched the table to bits.

Leering from the golden height of her chest, she barely saw Andy underneath. “Don’t bite off more than you can chew, hon.” She tapped him on his cum-slicked snout for emphasis.

His annoyed expression retreated behind a good-natured grin. “The world is lucky you didn’t grow any bigger, with all that talk. I don’t think they could handle any more of you.”

“It’ll have to,” Cintia said. “That’s the last heist I intend on pulling off.”

“I don’t think it’ll be a heist.” Andy turned and began to stomp away. “More like... breaking and entering.”

“What’re you talking about?” The streets shook as Cintia lumbered after, Andy the meager tugboat for a cruise liner of a woman. Her height became a disadvantage nearer the heart of Las Vielas, where buildings still had the audacity to outclass her. Glass giants at stubborn loom, but still with the same cramped streets, she had no choice except to wield her destroyer-class hips on a forward march, grinding swaths through the facades of buildings. “Where are you going?” she called after. Not that she minded the scenic route; casual destruction had its own

appeal. Wide eyes looking from windows, news helicopters giving her the globe's attention. Like the world revolved around her.

And though it didn't, it technically revolved around her more than anyone else alive. At this size, she had *momentum*, she had *weight*, and to her lessers, she had *gravity*.

Andy stopped at the end of the block and looked up at her from over his shoulder, standing there while Cintia rumbled forward in slow, obliterating motion. "I figured since you were higher up, you'd have smelled it before I did," he said.

"Smelled what?" She stopped in the middle of the street, hips plugging up airspace and intruding on offices. She raised her snout to the air and sniffed, knowing the exact scent to search for. The only thing she could smell at first was a general unpleasantness: car exhaust and all sorts of olfactory pollution. Beneath the city stink, though...

*"It's out there."*

She looked at Andy, saw the tension wind his incredible figure tight. That pensive look on his face stirred a memory. From back when she was pathetically small as the creatures scattering from her feet—just the night before, though it felt much longer. It was their brief standoff at the Golden Heights that came to mind. Sitting in gunshot range. Shoulder to shoulder. Drinks ahead of them.

Andy had made the first move.

"Don't you dare." But by the time Cintia had snarled her threat, he had run a full block ahead of her—towards the source of the scent. His inferior height gave him an advantage maneuvering. "Andy!" she roared, loud enough to shatter glass.



Las Vieles shook to Cintia's rhythm while she shouldered aside buildings like a disgruntled woman in the middle of a too-tight crowd. "You will *not* screw me on this, you jealous little runt!"

"You've had your fun!" he shouted over an increasing distance; bastard was catcalling her the same way he would the cops when they were in the middle of some crazy getaway. Except instead of the police hounding him, it was a much higher authority. "I think we both agree you need to be *humbled*."

"I'm not going to let you outgrow me!" Ferocity came out quick when someone threatened to deny Cintia her fix. She shouldered her way through one end of an office building. By the time she came roaring through the other, it was nothing but a shrieking column of debris.

"You're not going to have a choice." Andy's voice carried further away while she found herself snagged. Clipping casinos. Nearly tripping on laundromats.

By the time she made it to the other end of the city, a smoking trail chronicled Cintia's several-minute sprint. Andy had goaded her the entire time. She liked to think of herself as a levelheaded woman. At least, she used to. The last couple hundred feet might have gone to her head.

She would forgive Andy afterwards. She wouldn't *hurt* him.

At least, she'd *try* not to the next time she fucked him into a crater.

Rysing's Las Vieles nuclear power plant was situated at the exact opposite end of the city where she and Andy had first arrived. Except the palpable waft of growth serum hinted this wasn't a power plant at all.

Despite its size, residents overlooked the place. A mile-wide stretch of grey dotted with machinery and pipe-filled buildings that were the concern of people paid to care.

The power plant's twin cooling towers were an iconic part of the skyline; a height boost should have made them seem smaller, but the fact that they were neck-craning to Cintia even now only emphasized how huge they had to be. Steam nimbuses belched skyward from their rumbling calderas; with the desert windless, the savory scent lacing that steam remained a secret.

Except, of course, to the sensitive noses of a growth-addicted couple.

For years, a substance more valuable than gold had been brewing in plain sight. *The motherlode*, by the smell of it. Cintia swayed at the precipice; it was the growth junkie inside her talking, but that moment was the closest she'd ever had to a religious experience. To that craven creature in need of its next spurt, this was sacred ground.

Except she had been beaten to the punch.

Her giant heart stopped for a few moments as her gaze trailed the destruction her boyfriend had wrought. Paw prints trailed towards the right cooling tower. He had already begun his ascent up the mountainous concrete slope, chunks of concrete sloughing through his hands on the way up.

Clutching the tower's rim, he stopped to peer down. If he fell from that height, the landing would have been the equivalent of a meteor. He caught Cintia's eyes; she mustered all the animosity she could.

"Last. Warning," she boomed over the tower's drone—womanly thigh fat flexing tight to reveal obscene layers of muscle.

"You know, Cintia..." His tone said he had already made up his mind. Faults formed in the tower's rim as he relied on it to heave his tonnage further up. Hoisted halfway over, huffing growth fumes, he said, "You're looking kind of *small* from up here."

Explosions plumed with each step Cintia took. Her paws impaled rooftops, busted canisters, sparked chain reactions in flammable materials that spouted geysers of flame in her wake. The tower stood strong as she threw herself at its base; it had to be at least a thousand feet high. She impaled her claws through coarse concrete for traction.

But gravity worked against her. Once again, she was just *too big*. Handfuls of the tower's outer shell broke apart in her grasp, sending her sliding back down before she could lift her hand and climb higher. Rather than work smarter, she worked harder—her titanic arms a blur as she scabbled up like a feral predator up a tree, too hungry and simple to understand her own weight.

Cintia's frustration fueled her. Each time she slid back towards the base, she gained a little more ground.

But by the time she had reached the top, it was too late. Andy had already given her a final mocking wave farewell before throwing himself over. The steam parted to accept him, then reformed its pluming shape like he had never been there at all.

The rim was narrow enough for Cintia to grasp; telltale furrows threatened to snap if she got too rough, but otherwise merely crackled beneath her weight while she stared down. She prepared to roar at Andy like a vengeful goddess on the day of reckoning, only for the sight to make her anger evaporate with the faceful of steam that blew past her face.

The scent breached her nostrils. Drugged-out black pupils expanded to take over for her purple irises. This was no cooling tower. It was a *vat*. An abyssal cooking pot hot enough to boil an average anthro alive. She was anything but average. To her, it looked like a hot tub—except without the water; this liquid was an opaque purple.

“There's enough here to outgrow the city,” she whispered, reaching down to scoop a handful out. Gallons streamed through her fingertips to rejoin the whole. “No, not the city.” If a

lab's worth could get her to *this* earth-shattering height, what she had in front of her was enough to outgrow... "The planet."

The vent quaked. It had been quaking, but now it was noticeably more intense. A few blinks returned Cintia's pupils to a sober size. Despite the volcanic heat, cold flared in her belly then spread until she was frozen above the rim.

"*Fuck,*" she whispered. All that time staring, not enough doing.

She had forgotten about Andy.

The vat shook like a volcano. Cracks blossoming along the base skittered upward in a cacophonous groan—they skittered outward as well. Across the so-called cooling tower's surrounding foundation, forming faults that swallowed abandoned staff vehicles and left buildings half-formed.

"No," Cintia whispered. "No, no, no, no." Her tightening grip snapped handfuls of the concrete rim; before she could recover, she was falling—riding the vat's side like a luger in reverse. The plume of debris that erupted where she scraped to a halt seemed child's play compared to the apocalypse going on in front of her.

"*Yeeeeesssss!*" droned out the vat's peak.

If she raised her voice point-blank versus an average anthro, that person would need hearing aids for life—and considering she could break glass with a yell, that would be considered a *good* outcome. This miles-spanning baritone bellowed a different tune, one even a vixen of Cintia's stature quaked in time to.

It conveyed a simple message: *You are all so fucked.*

The vat exploded into apartment-sized shards of concrete; each hurtling slab staked itself into the ground. A serum-drenched paw heaved forward at the same time and annihilated the ground next to Cintia.

For the first time since growing, she flinched. A genuine fear-flinch—she thought she'd outgrown fear. Oh, but that was far from the case; when it hit, it hit hard, because something that could scare her at *this* size must have been catastrophic.

She could flatten a 40-foot tanker truck underpaw. This paw, half-embedded into the ground with dredged dirt bellied-up in its perimeter...

It could almost flatten *her*.

As if he heard the narrator at work, Andy grew to rectify the “almost” part of her concern. His expanding paw grinded a more impressive pit as it became larger, heavier. Expanding bones rumbled like an avalanche.

Growing was orgasmic, no better rush in the world. Cintia knew, and now the whole world must have been in on it, because Andy wasn't simply moaning. He had a weapon of mass destruction to show for how much he *loved* the sensation.

Cintia used to call his knot a red rocket. The bloated red blimp blockading her view to his face was far bigger than a rocket. His bestial hands fastened around bloated, vascular flanks, he hunched his massive frame with an animal grunt. Balls that could pulverize the ground with a meteor's force tensed, and the first car-sized, musk-laced droplets of pre came crashing to the earth.

Wreckage sloughed off Cintia's back as she got to her feet. The world's first doll-sized giantess, only coming up to her boyfriend's ankle. Same as how she had let herself get distracted

and forgot about Andy, Andy had plenty to deal with before even remembering he had a girlfriend.

The tempting scent of growth serum wafted off him; its distinct color glossed matted furs, giving him a distinct purple glow in the last gasps of sunset. Night came next, as if he was massive enough to swallow the sun.

And maybe he would be in short order, because he was still growing. The end of the world had come, and every major religious group probably felt pretty stupid right about now, all very wrong about the source: it arrived in the form of a giant fox, so turned on by his increasing mass that he lacked the capacity to think about anything else.

Meaning Cintia had a chance.

She turned, ran. The rhythmic *boom-boom-boom* of her ton-inflicting stomps now baby steps for comparison. The other false cooling tower stood surprisingly calm for a building that just lost its twin. Ignorant to the fact that it was no longer the biggest thing in Las Vieles.

Limbs thrown akimbo, Cintia had to drag herself up the tower with a slowness contrary to her desperation. A growing problem grew more problematic, looming ever-higher behind her. The power plant's worsening shudders threatened to buck her off. He was head and shoulders higher than the tower, with no sign of slowing down.

"*Come on,*" Cintia hissed through clenched teeth. Almost there. Her quaking arms brought her to the rim of the vat. Bubbling contents promised a chance to catch up. All she had to do was fall over the edge and—

"*Cintiiiaaa,*" the horrifying croon was followed by leathery fingers wrapping around her waist. She was yanked up, away from the tower. Pulled into an unbreakable fist and brought to heights that made even a giantess acrophobic.

Her view was replaced with eyes. Andy's eyes, more vivid than she had ever seen them: golden and shining from Las Vielas's ambience. The city looked fragile from up here; his paws alone could eclipse blocks. He could walk one end of the city to the other without interruption, buildings sandcastles to him.

"You took it all!" she roared. "What the hell happened to being partners?"

His laughter crackled, each sound drawn deep from the chest. "Don't be jealous, dear," he bellowed back, his voice echoing even at its lowest pitch. "I think I wear this height much better—don't you agree?"

"Andy, you—"

"Here," he talked over her with ease. "Have a better look." Before Cintia could reply, she was smeared face-first against throbbing red skin. His cock was lubed with serum, which he scrubbed her snout into; she felt herself growing, just like she had wanted. But it wasn't anywhere near enough. Those droplets fed her tens of feet, negligible height compared to the fox gaining that amount per-second.

Andy gathered her into his fist again, brought her to face a bemused glare even bigger than last time. She was bedraggled. Regal fur and wild mane frazzled as if she'd been run through a dryer.

"*Give me the other vat,*" Cintia ordered. She was too huge, too proud to beg or be humble. Her commanding glare only earned more laughter.

"You've always had spunk, dear. It's why I like you. But that'll only get you so far."

She slipped deeper inside a grasp growing to swallow her like quicksand. The serum's intoxicating scent intensified around her. The longer she inhaled it, the more subdued her efforts to scramble free became.

If he grew to the point that she vanished inside his fist, she would be smothered in the scent. Drunk off it. And if that happened, she would be his.

“You’re like a fly to honey,” he said—his huge eyes could see mile after mile of desert, and they could just as easily see the effect he was having on the tiny titan in his clutch. “I’m just gonna keep growing, Cinty. Why fight it?”

Why fight it, indeed?

“You’re still my girl,” he continued, emphasizing *my*. He wasn’t her boy, though. Not at that height. “My partner in crime.”

“Your partner,” Cintia murmured, her voice lilting—she was trying to wake out of her trance, but her eyelids drooped lower each time she forced them wide open.

“I’ll let you lap every drop off my body,” he assured. “I’m gonna be higher than the clouds, soon. So big I won’t even be able to *see* you. But if you hurry...” His eyes closed, he let out a protracted groan while riding out a particularly powerful growth spurt. “...start between my toes and get every last drop...” Cintia was slipping, almost wholly entombed in his hand. “...then maybe, just maybe, you won’t get lost on my body when I outgrow the state.”

He was giving her the world, in a way: because he would *be* the world. Or a country, at the very least—though she suspected a continent-sized Andy would sunder the northern hemisphere within the hour.

“A god’s pet,” Andy mused. “Sounds like a pretty sweet deal for coming this far, huh? And to think, you almost had it all. If you had been a bit faster, you would’ve been the one with all the power.” His mocking grin closed in until it was all Cintia could see; his maw was so laced with serum that she swore his next words grew her a few feet on vapors alone:

“Too bad it didn’t pan out that way, sweetheart.”



That woke her up. She *had* been close. Infuriatingly close. “I won’t lose!” she shouted at a city of skyscraper teeth.

“You already have,” rumbled back in a bone-deep vibration.

Guns couldn’t hurt Andy. Missiles were probably out the window, too—even nukes seemed a questionable endeavor against someone whose future involved rocketing over the stratosphere.

But there was one thing that could hurt him. Or at the very least sting him. She bit his finger hard as she could, too weak to break the skin—but it did the trick. Fangs that could gnash apart solid steel pricked him like a bugbite. Even gods could boom, “*Ouch*,” which he did.

His fingers unfurled and Cintia fell through the opening hole. The whistling sound around her was reminiscent of a bomb dropped via plane. She was the payload, and she hit her target dead-on.

She landed inside the surviving vat. Its contents erupted around her in a tidal wave while she sank. When her back hit the bottom, the impact produced a muffled, underwater *boom*. Her maw yawned wide and she began to inhale her surroundings.

It seemed an impossible feat of gluttony, to chug more of something than she had body mass. But the more she swallowed, the more of her there was to swallow with. She took to swelling like a sponge in water, her spacious confines suddenly a tight, concrete tube. *Crushingly* tight. The vat was going to break her before she could outgrow it. It bit at her burgeoning hips and shoulders; she balled into herself, trying to make herself smaller.

Then came a thought: *Why bother?* And she unwound. The walls sighed away, serum surging out through broken cracks.

And Cintia, taller than the vat, rapidly rising to surpass it, greeted the world with her head thrown back. Her moan could have been mistaken for a monster's roar. It may as well have been.

Her head buzzed. Serum dripped off her drenched body, spilled like breast milk off the peaks of perked nipples that could have grinded cars to dust.

*"I'm impressed."*

Cintia froze as she discovered her growth spurt made her less than a child in Andy's shadow. Only knee-height, though another hiccup, another exclamatory *ba-bump* from her heart, boosted her to thigh-high. *Ba-bump*, cock-high. *Ba-bump*, stomach-high.

"Andy," she gasped—not with anger, there wasn't room for anger when she felt like this. Why had she even been mad? He had been so much bigger than her, it was only natural for the strong to overpower the weak. She of all people understood. Stealing was all about power. If you weren't able to hold onto what you had, did you really deserve it?

"I knew you had it in you," he said, then he tackled her.

Andy and Cintia hurtled through the air; she crashed down, ridden backwards across the cityscape like a sled. Instead of snow, asphalt and dirt and buildings flew in all directions—she was unhurt, Las Vuelas not so much. It sported an ugly, smoking scar that trailed from the power plant to some of its once-illustrious casinos.

Cintia was laid out on her back, mighty arms pinned by Andy's grasp; he weighed her into a crater shaped like his chest, suspended above her. A lusty, primitive sky of a man. Their bodies creaked, both of them growing at separate intervals: some for Andy, some for her, some for Andy, some for her, keeping their size difference relatively consistent.

"We're going to fuck the world apart," she exhaled—it was a decision, and a realization.

"The biggest criminals to hit Las Vuelas," he said.

“Statewide,” she countered.

“And have those tits beaten out by mountain ranges? We’re going to be *national*, sweetheart.”

“I-international.” She fidgeted, scraping skyscraper-sized thighs together.

He shook his head: “Global.” The word parted her thighs to make way for a micro-orgasm. “Already lubed,” he said, giving his lips a once-over lick before he pounced.

Anyone watching the center of Las Vegas in freeze-frame would have a view of a bomb going off in slow motion. There were rumbles to match, each slam of a palm demolishing buildings. Every thrash of a leg reducing an entire block to rubble.

A living mushroom cloud, just as crushingly indifferent to the existence of life. Just as destructive for the terrain.

Just as magnificent to watch on the horizon.

Las Vegas had become the crunchy, crumbling for their entanglement—and before this, they had left plenty of hotel beds in shambles. They were strong, young, and horny. When they fucked, they fucked *hard*. The entire city was invited, attendance was mandatory until every shop, apartment, and office collectively crumbled. Thoughtlessly ground up like a glitzy anthill.

Without the beacon-bright city lights, the desert reverted to natural dark. Star-and-moonlight made the couple into writhing black mountains observed from distant suburbs.

“*Mmmmm*,” the humming drone of their lovemaking—though love had nothing to do with it. This was a desperate lust, the kind that destroyed towns and cities and maybe the whole world just for satisfaction’s sake. Words exchanged by both lovers were incomprehensible to mortal ears, of identical volume and bone-shaking texture as their laughter, same as feral growls.

They delved into mindless animal states, blinked half-awake into lucidity. Exchanging tender kisses one moment then wrestling, butting fangs and snarling over territory, only for another peck to the lips to bring them back.

Their uneven growth spurts had them taking turns as the biggest. Andy pinned Cintia by her throat and sexually tortured her nipples with his fangs. She would kick, thrash, gasp... then erupt until she was more than double his height, grasping the back of his head and forcing him to suckle a single teat that overflowed in his mouth. Breast-feeding him what serum remained around a nub the size of the Golden Heights.

Warnings to evacuate came far too late, cars careening down the highway at over 100 MPH out-spiced by upheaved land, encroaching forests of fur thick as trees.

The military had been held back by executive orders, though the chief had a sneaking suspicion those Rysing bastards had known all along. Had downplayed the severity of the situation for god knows what reason.

By the time the government listened to his recommendation and sent in the heavy artillery, their targets were heavier. Bullets couldn't penetrate the thickness of their fur. Missiles flashed prettily, fireworks lighting up segments of feminine brown thigh, russet back muscles.

When the whole of the desert had been fucked into a molten crater, the nuclear deterrent seemed like a formality.

It came at the same time they did. Andy was bigger, Cintia on her back; as a final, pulverizing thrust bulged her stomach, she let out a sonic boom of a howl.

A flash of light that went off between them. Warmth, though the heat off the mushroom cloud swelling against Cintia's breasts was nothing compared to the sticky-hot load bloating her

belly. Nuclear fire sent a dull, pleasant ache throbbing through her chest. World-poisoning doses of radiation seeped, then settled into their bodies. She met Andy's eye and they shared a grin.

Then she was growing right underneath him. Twice the giant Andy was in seconds, a state-sized woman enfolding his powerful body between crossed legs. "Keep. Going," she grunted, and they went for round two.

Astronauts floating in their space stations seldom looked at the planet in awe—not after the first month, at least. It was a beautiful sight. A humbling one. But once you saw it, you had seen it all.

Until that day.

Shapes blemished the surface. Moving ones. Bombs? Had the crazy bastards set off World War III while they were up there? Except the truth was even more disconcerting: two growing foxes fucked their way into fidelity. They looked small from up there, which was how the horrified astronauts knew how colossal those monsters had to be. Shockwaves ringed outwards around them, canyon-deep faults erupted with lava spray.

"We're really going to do it," Cintia gasped. "We're going to outgrow the whole damn continent."

"And it won't be enough," Andy grunted back, driving his knot hilt-deep into his bigger girlfriend.

"N-no," Cintia whimpered as he suddenly grew inside her. She loved that feeling; it would have been impossible to get a cock that size in her under normal circumstances. "Nothing will *ever* be enough."

Their last shared orgasm would happen atop the magma-strewn wreck of their home country. Cintia on top, humping Andy into the crust. The meteor that wiped out the dinosaurs had nothing on them.

She rode cowgirl position, her favorite. His mighty hands set off explosions with each clap to her country-sized ass cheeks. The ocean was in disarray, clouds had retreated for a thousand miles, the night sky devastatingly clear for them.

With each downward thrust, Andy grunted. Cintia moaned. Planetary debris heaved around her, chunked into orbit. She was in such a state of rapture that she didn't realize the subtle difference—not at first.

The ebbing pleasure of Andy's knot. His recession underneath her still-swelling bulk.

When he was down to half her height, she stopped rutting. Fully hilted, she sat there. His hands sank into her thighs, then he shrank further underneath her.

"Aren't you going to catch up?" she asked with a knowing smirk.

"I... I will," he didn't sound so certain. Like a man who just got into bed with the most beautiful woman in the world—only to find he couldn't get it up.

"Except you can't, can you?" Even while stationary, the planet buckled underneath her. "You hit your limit."

"And you..." Andy looked amazed.

They had both taken in the same amount from the vats. Maybe the nuclear bomb did it. Maybe Cintia just plain wanted it more. Whatever the case, her answer came with an orgasm that flooded half the planet: "Not. Even. Close."

She hadn't forgotten the promise she had made to herself, back when she had been a couple hundred feet tall—punier than a single strand of fur curling out from her pubic mound.

She had sworn to be the biggest, not second-biggest. Not just-as-big.

The. Biggest.

Cintia had long since surpassed stratospheric. The mesosphere, a joke. The thermosphere with its pretty northern lights—nothing. Oceans were pothole puddles. The far-flung frozen north was within arm's reach, nothing more than ice she'd find at the bottom of the freezer.

Earth breathed a sigh of relief as she effortlessly floated off.

When she at last managed to open her eyes, a blue marble floated in the blackness.

Magma orange and ash-cloud grey made it even more beautiful, though all the colors paled against the radiance of her purple iris alone. Divinely, it captured sunlight and mirrored the planet's cosmic insignificance back at itself.

Her pupil constricted to its narrowest to look upon the wreckage of her world, and still the black hole yawned wide as their moon. At the peak of the world, left behind in her lust for size, was a godly fox still tethered to the planet's gravity, and therefore her own.

She never thought she'd have a chance to steal everything in the world—it included. But there, trapped between her fingertips, everything she had ever known. She carried it lower, she carried Andy lower, and hazed the planet in the scent of her cosmic cunt. An interplanetary canyon, alien and loose (the final mark Andy would leave on her), waited for them.

She pushed the planet to her clit. It touched, shattered.

Without remorse, she began to grow.

A heist of one planet became the theft of her solar system, and it was *hers*. Planets and stars, asteroid belts and the great, black nothing between them: hers, hers, hers.

The growing, growling cosmic entity attained lightyears while hammering her pussy. Pulverizing force from three digits into her inner depths sparked fiery winds. Even the crude, animal method of self-pleasure had become something deific.

Solar systems.

Gas giants.

Any title that implied size and grand scale were demoted to mere dandruff, prettying her fur like molten glitter. Seconds to her were eons for her surroundings. Fur follicles became the star-usurping entities which galaxies spiraled around. Black holes lacked the strength to dent her strands. Civilizations rose, fell, rose again, discovered interplanetary travel and went mad upon discovering they were but cells compared to their universe's superorganism.

But Cintia had no idea any of this had happened, because she was busy with a more important task:

Getting bigger.

The universe's confines had a texture like silk dipped in hydrogen. Her body heat burned against its deforming confines, friction scraping new universes into existence. Reality seemed intent on crushing her. *Turn back*, reasoned the walls. *There's nothing for you past this point.*

There was nothing—nothing but Cintia.

With a wild grin and a great tearing sound, she ripped existence apart with the might of her growth. She shivered in triumph, preparing for the orgasmic bliss of growing to occupy everything past everything.

Only to realize she wasn't growing anymore.

The force that had caused her to ascend was gone, and like a drunk college girl who had ten cans too many, she now had to deal with the consequences. Existence outside the universe



felt an awful lot like lying curled up in the fetal position on a carpet floor. Which, as she opened her eyes, she discovered was exactly the case.

“What the fuck?” she whispered, her voice no longer an event of big bang proportions. She was... normal-sized. She got up on her paws, dusted off galaxies like sand on the beach, then looked around at a stately executive office. Dim lighting came from a lamp atop the big, important desk across from her. A big, important high-backed leather seat was faced away—no doubt belonging to a big, important person.

If she knew *how* big, *how* important, she might not have been so quick to write it off.

But she had bigger concerns—and for the first time in a while, that wasn’t a joke about growing.

“You two,” she said.

Standing on opposite sides of the desk were “Officers” Issac and Leona. Cintia’s eyes darted from one to the other. Neither made a move for her as she began to back away.

“Told you the boss liked her,” Issac said, a sly little smile on his muzzle as he looked at Leona from the corner of his eye.

“I still don’t think she’s got what it takes,” Leona grumbled.

“Where are we?” Cintia asked, still backing towards the door. “How are you here?”

“What, did you think you’d outgrown us?” Issac adjusted his tie with a smirk; he and Leona were dressed much more business formal than usual. Issac looked like a shrimpy little butler. Leona, well—she looked like whoever dressed her had a sexual harassment lawsuit waiting to happen. Tight, revealing. A short dress skirt.

Cintia’s back hit the door. She made to grab for the knob. Except there *was* no knob. Looking over her shoulder confirmed no door, either.

“Where the hell am I?” she said.

“Other place, if we’re being technical.”

That voice... A familiar brown-furred hand lifted above the executive chair’s backrest. With a snap of his fingers, ceiling lights flashed on. The chair spun around.

“Hi there, Cinty.” Andy folded his hands over the desk. He was big. Not giant-big, but undeniably the largest in the room.

He cleaned up well in that suit.

“Thank you.” There were some details that made his outfit seem a bit *more* than businesslike. For starters, the ruby dragoness curiously peering out from his chest pocket—who he nudged back inside. Around each finger was a ring, and on each ring a shimmering, hemispherical stud that looked an awful lot like a planet with its own oceans and cloudy skies. Businessman first, some sort of god second. “It’s important you look the part when you’re running things. Every-thing.”

“Wait...” Had he just read her thoughts? Her inquiring look was met with a mysterious smile that neither confirmed nor denied that theory.

No one else spoke. Cintia stood there, trying to process what had happened. “I outgrew the universe,” she said flatly.

“Very flashy.” Andy nodded.

“Bit of a showoff if you ask me,” grumbled Leona.

“Time! Space! The fabric of existence!” Cintia did an orator’s flourish with each point. “I was a *goddess*. You were all there, and... and...” No one appeared impressed, least of all Andy, who folded his arms behind his head and leaned back in his creaking, high-backed chair—shaking the desk by thumping his heels onto the table.

“...and why am I the only one without any clothes?” Cintia was relearning all those things she left behind as a giantess. Like having modesty, for starters. She snapped her tail up between her legs and crossed an arm over her breasts.

“You can have your own wardrobe if you’d like.” Andy snapped his fingers and Cintia yelped, forced to a straight posture. She had a snug skirt dress similar to Leona’s. The boss clearly had a say in her threads: they were classy but snug. Porn parody executive lady look, with a chest window more like an open door and a skirt that her ass poked out.

“I kinda dig it.” Cintia smoothed her hand along the flare of her hip. Her figure didn’t give room for a single crease. “Now, how did you do that, Andy?”

“That’s Mr. Renard from now on.”

“Mr. Renard?” Cintia gave him a slow blink, waiting for the punchline.

“I’m not your Andy, Cintia. Or at least, I’m more Andys than your Andy.” He held a palm out. She looked down at the carpet and saw shards of glass flitting up from it. They flowed towards Andy, falling into place. Reforming. Piling into an oblong sphere. “Yours is somewhere in here.”

The galaxy whorls inside made it obvious what she was looking at. “And I’m out here,” she said.

“I *could* send you back,” he suggested, shaking her entire universe around like a snow globe. “As-is, I’ve edited you out. You never existed there.”

“You’re going to give me an existential crisis here... Mr. Renard.”

“You don’t sound too beat up about it.”

“I guess after busting out of the universe’s limits you kind of have to expect anything. So, blue pill go back in and live my life. What’s the red one?”

“You work. For me.”

Cintia snorted. “Seriously? What sort of pay could you offer?”

“Think fast.” Andy threw the ball—her entire existence—at her. She caught it and stared inside at the pinwheel whorls of creation. It took her only a moment to understand. She had always been sharp. Maybe that was why she had been chosen.

“Any health benefits, Mr. Renard, sir?” she asked. Squeezing the universe caused it to shrink smaller and smaller until she could comfortably store it inside her bust. For later.

“The best in the omniverse.” Andy held a hand out. “My talent scouts did a good job finding you.”

“Are we still dating?”

“My wife might have something to say about that.”

“Your *wife*?” Cintia’s eyes flashed dangerously.

“Miss Pawlson.” Andy chuckled as that intensified her expression. “Relax. We have an... open door policy at this company.” His eyes flicked from Leona to Issac.

“So, what sort of business do you get up to here?” Cintia approached the desk. She wasn’t top fox anymore, she knew that the second her hand disappeared into Andy’s. He squeezed as he shook, because he picked up on that thought of hers:

*That can change later.*

“The big kind,” Andy said. “Welcome aboard.”