

Infiltration Part 4

The sliding lobby door hissed open and Sarah stepped through. Sunlight glimmered across the pristine concrete floor, dimming slightly as the glass panels slid shut behind her. The walk from the train station had left feet a bit sore, but the maned wolf was far too anxious to notice as she further inspected her surroundings. The lobby was spacious, with tall angled walls thickly striped by black supports, reaching up to the cavernous ceilings. A sense of brutal industry and cold corporate efficiency made her shiver, though that could have been the air conditioning. Or the anxiety.

The latter was definitely present as she approached the reception desk. Nobody sat behind it; instead, an angled screen presented options for checking in. Sarah selected the one that applied to her; a quick chirp and a whirring sound preceded a small, narrow strip of rubber marked "405" sliding out from under the monitor. She took it, and glanced at the screen.

YOUR NUMBER IS : 405
PLEASE WEAR BRACELET AT ALL TIMES IN FACILITY
BRACELET IS MANDATORY
NO EXCEPTIONS

After a moment's consideration, Sarah decided instead to slide it into her purse. A soft *bing* came from across the room. A panel above the elevator on the far wall lit up, the number 27 shining against a black background.

The doors opened, nobody inside. Sarah cast a glance around the lobby. Empty. She frowned, looking at the number on the screen. Still 27. A few moments later, another *bing* rang out. 28. She stared at it for a few moments before it *binged* again. 29.

After another nervous look around, Sarah took a seat on one of the unadorned benches lining the walls leading to the elevator. She sat halfway between the lobby door and the elevator, unsure if she'd run to the former if her anxiety got the better of her. She straightened her jacket and brushed out the wrinkles in her skirt as best she could as she began waiting.

Bing.

30.

Sigh.

Ana skipped the lobby. Her reconnaissance over the past days revealed a weakness; the freight elevator leading to the roof had an adjacent staircase door, which lacked any sort of security beyond a rudimentary keylock. Easy. No cameras on the roof itself either. Nor anywhere else on the building's perimeter. Curious. Fortunate, but curious.

The lack of cameras didn't make her incursion during the day any less ill-advised though. A few hours past noon, the bright white sides of the building reflected the sunlight and would make her stocky frame a very obvious dark spot zipping up from the ground. The bobcat wasn't worried. The structure was surrounded by lightly wooded

forest on two sides, a parking lot on another, and the main road on the front. She approached from one of the forest-facing sides, readying her grapple launcher as she jogged through the brush.

Ana reached the wall, pressing against it and taking a glance left and right. Coast clear, she took a few steps back, briefly aimed her cannon, and fired her hook and line toward the building edge. After it caught she pulled the cable tight and looped it through a ring on her Ascender clipped onto her climbing harness. She squeezed its thick grip and pulled the trigger. With a rapid whirring sound, it shot her upwards. The thief lightly kicked off the wall as she rose, cresting the roof's edge a few seconds later. Ana dropped into a low crouch and surveyed the roof. Empty. Good. She knew it would be; the large warehouse/facility had zero activity on this level during daylight hours, generally conducting its hushed operations during the cover of night. Unfortunate for her, as she generally preferred making her move in the dark.

The bobcat sprinted toward the door. She passed several air vents softly expelling steam, chunky air conditioners, and a massive helicopter pad. The latter was connected to the freight elevator via a concrete path. Said pad and the elevator were situated close to the edge, with only a moat of crushed rock separating them from the low wall lining the top of the facility. She stepped nimbly onto the path and padded over to the door. It yielded quickly to her automatic lockpick and she shouldered her way through, brandishing her cannon, having removed the grapple attachment and loaded a non-lethal beanbag. Ana took a few steps down and inspected her surroundings. Strangely, the outer facility wall seemed to only be a decorative shell surrounding a large steel box surrounding the rest of the facility, the inner walls and outer stretching in parallel into the darkness. The staircase spiraled downward, back and forth alongside the exposed cables and trusses of the nearby freight elevator shaft.

With a huff, Ana began the trek downward. *Stairs*, she internally grumbled.

Some time later the sun had shifted, light reflecting off the polished floor to shine directly in Sarah's dozing face. She shook awake after lazily shifting into a particularly bright spot. With a start, she looked around wildly; no one else had entered, and no cameras were in sight. Her brief nap hadn't been noticed, hopefully. With a stab of panic, the maned wolf checked the elevator sign.

401

She breathed out in relief. That's fortunate. She stood and stretched, adjusting her skirt and blouse, making sure she was presentable. In anticipation of her number, she approached the elevator doors.

402

The doors opened, briefly exposing the empty interior. They closed, and a soft *whoosh* indicated the carriage had moved away. Sarah tightened her grip on her purse, anxiously staring at the number. Another *whoosh* announced the carriage's return. Or perhaps a different carriage, it was impossible to tell.

403

The cycle repeated. Doors open, beat, close, *whoosh*. Sarah tapped a nervous rhythm on her purse strap. *Blink. Whoosh.*

404

As the doors closed again, she breathed deep. Not long now.

Whoosh.

Sarah stepped toward the doors just as they opened – nearly colliding with the elevator's occupants.

"Hey, watch it!"

The maned wolf yelped in surprise and backed up. A surly rat in a drab jumpsuit stepped out, backpack slung over her shoulder. She glared at Sarah, pushing past. The other occupant took a step forward, tutting. She was a petite leopard with blonde hair and wore a lab coat over a soft pink blouse and tan pants. The cat shook her head after the rat, who was stalking away toward the lobby doors.

"Very rude." She turned to Sarah. "Can I help you?"

Sarah jolted slightly and stepped forward. "Y-yeah hi, my number is...next?"

Bing

Sarah jumped again at the elevator changing number. 405.

The leopard glanced up at the screen, turning back to nod. "Ah, yes! Please, come with me. You're right on time."

Sarah frowned, but followed the petite cat back into the lift, the doors closing behind her as she stepped in.

Ana halted her descent after roughly two dozen flights of stairs. If the scant blueprints she had found during planning were correct, she was on the correct floor. She'd been aiming to reach the catwalk above the main facility floor; pushing the nearby door open, her assumptions proved correct. On the other side of the inner wall of the facility, a long catwalk ran into the distance, several stories above the factory floor. Uniform rows of pumps and electrical boxes lined the floor, thick pipes and cables running in various directions from them. The room was loud and Ana winced at the noise of the machinery whirring away underneath. No workers were in sight, so she proceeded along the catwalk. In fact, the machinery below didn't seem accessible via the floor. The pumps and such were closely packed and left precious little room to maneuver between.

Reasonably confident she wouldn't get spotted [still no cameras yet, very curious], she continued along the walkway toward the next door, pushing through.

Sarah shifted as the elevator *whooshed* into motion. Horizontally, to her surprise. It was also dark inside the space, save for the illuminated buttons lining the walls. Every wall. Buttons with various hyphenated numbers or incomprehensible names dotted every vertical surface in uniform rows. Just as she stepped forward to read some of the labels, the darkness vanished. A massive room suddenly appeared on the other side of what Sarah realized was a clear acrylic panel. The entire elevator was transparent, even the floor.

At this revelation, Sarah yelped again, second time in as many minutes. Remembering her co-passenger, she covered her mouth, embarrassed. The leopard gave a wry grin.

"Usually catches folks off-guard the first time."

Sarah nodded, staring back out at the room beyond. She must have seriously misjudged the size of the facility from the outside, given the sheer size of what she was seeing. Half of the room was dedicated to huge tanks, each one the size of a large

water tower. Dozens of them. The other half was stacked with cube-shaped metal containers, which had to be 30x30x30 feet, based on her perspective. And again, there were more to count. Hundreds. Catwalks criss-crossed above distant, indistinct workers driving forklifts and moving the containers. Sarah squinted, trying to get a better look at the dark-clothed minions, but was cut off as the sideways-moving elevator slid behind another wall.

"We're here," announced the leopard as a clean white reception area moved into view. The doors opened and she smartly stepped out, Sarah following closely, looking around. While Lily led the way, and without looking, Sarah subtly brought her phone close to the leopard's forearm and the employee wristband wrapped around it. Her phone screen briefly vibrated to signal it had copied the electronic signature from the band. Suppressing a grin, she stowed her phone.

Around a gentle curve was the reception desk, staffed by a dark-furred wolf with a boyish grin and a professional-looking headset typing away at an unseen computer. He looked up at the leopard and smiled.

"Welcome back, Miss Lily!" he barked excitedly. His twinkling eyes pivoted to Sarah. "Is this our new hire?"

The leopard, Lily, glanced back at the maned wolf behind her. "Remains to be seen," she replied with a smirk. She stepped past the desk through a set of sensors, an open-plan office lay beyond. Sarah started to follow, but the receptionist wolf scooted his rolling chair toward her and pointed to her wrist.

"Did you get a bracelet, ma'am? It's very important you have one."

Sarah feigned realization and reached into her purse, grabbing the strip of rubber. "I'm sorry, I totally blanked," she said, holding it up.

He winked at her, grin widening. "No problem, just make sure you put it on ASAP."

"Sure," she said, nodding, lips pulled tight.

The wolf chuckled. "Wouldn't want an accident, would we?"

Sarah halfheartedly laughed back, nodding awkwardly. He returned to his work as the maned wolf passed through the sensors. No alarms went off. So far so good.

An alarm sounded just as Ana entered the next room. She cursed under her breath, eyes darting around wildly. Not being able to detect the source, she chose to climb. Roughly ten feet above this room's catwalk, the ceiling was lined with I-beams running in parallel. She kicked off both railings and slid into the space between beams, bracing herself on either side with a hand and both feet. Her other hand retained control of her weapon, aiming the wide barrel downward, but trying to keep it out of sight.

The loud beeping continued to sound, but no other disturbance came. No angry guards poured out from doors along the catwalk, no auto-turrets dropped from the ceiling to blast her into mulch. Tentatively, she dropped her head out of the shadow of the I-beams, still readying her cannon. Across the room, she saw a rotating, flashing red light above a massive roller door. As the door began to spool up, she realized *that* was the source of the sound; a warning to clear the space on either side. As the metal curtain reached full height, she saw a huge container being pushed into the room via forklift. It passed below her hiding spot, toward an identical door on the other side. Ana kept still in her perch, watching it carefully. A bored-looking ferret with a white hard hat

and wearing a muted jumpsuit lazily drove the forklift and its cargo toward the other door. After a moment, the second door was raised and the ferret and cargo disappeared.

Ana sighed in relief, dropping carefully back to the walkway. Casting a closer look around the room, it seemed like some kind of temporary storage area, odd-sized boxes and barrels stacked neatly in the corners and rubber tire marks marring the otherwise shiny floor along the center.

This place must be massive, Ana thought to herself. If a room of this size was just random storage, what else must be here?

She still hadn't reached her goal, which would be the main office's server room. She just had to find that, and get whatever data she could from the machines.

Biting her lip, she kept moving, low, her beanbag cannon at a low ready. *Just data. That's it.*

A sudden warmth between her legs made her stumble slightly. Gritting her teeth, she continued.

Twenty minutes later, Sarah wasn't sure she'd gotten the job. Not that it mattered, since the job wasn't the goal of this visit regardless, but she still gave the interview her best shot. For appearances, mostly, since it'd be less suspicious if she seemed like a serious candidate. And who knows, if her little solo operation was unsuccessful, it might be a good backup plan. That is, if she didn't get caught. Or arrested.

In the interview room, Lily straightened her papers and stood up, smiling and offering Sarah a handshake. "Well, I think we're done here!" Sarah stood up and took her hand, shaking it. "We will let you know within the next week!"

Sarah nodded, picking up her purse. "Thank you! I'm grateful for the opportunity." She took a quick look around. "Er... is there a restroom I can use before I head out?"

Lily frowned, releasing Sarah's hand. "The restroom is for employees only, unfortunately."

Sarah hugged her waist and dipped slightly, grimacing. "I'm sorry, it's just a minor emergency. I swear I'll be quick!"

The leopard cast a gaze around, as if looking for a sign that this was a test. "Alright." She turned and pointed at the door to the interview room. "Out the door, down the hall to the right, around the corner to the left. When you're done, see Marek at the front desk and he'll call the lift for you."

Sarah smiled and nodded in appreciation and scurried out of the room. She followed Lily's directions, but deviated as soon as her real destination came into view: a door marked "ANCILLARY SERVER ROOM 1" at the end of the hall. Sarah produced her phone and unlocked the screen, readying the copied electronic signature. Holding it up to the small black box above the door handle made the light on the box flash green and it made a digital *gleek* sound as the door unlocked.

The wolf quietly celebrated under her breath and pushed into the room. The lights were dim, with faint track lighting stretching along the floor just beneath the server racks. A dozen rows of servers spanned the room, their multicolored lights flashing randomly, large numbers painted on the endcaps. Sarah hurried down the aisle,

stopping when she reached rack 7, and stepping into the row. She pulled a usb cable from her purse and started looking for a place to jack in.

Ana gently lifted one of the tiles making up the grid of the suspended ceiling above the server room and set it aside, peering down into the server room. Row 7. *No fucking way*, she thought to herself.

Sarah crouched down and slotted the cable into the rack, connecting her phone. Within just a few minutes she'd pushed through the encryption, found the files she was looking for and copied them to her device. The wolf also made sure to leave a sneaky backdoor in their network, just in case she wanted to snoop around later from home. Satisfied, she yanked her cable and gathered it to place in her bag.

"Send me a copy, will you?"

Sarah *shrieked* and clumsily scrambled up the aisle backwards on her hands and feet, dropping her purse and phone in surprise. A stout bobcat in a form-fitting suit hung, arms folded, upside down by her legs from the ceiling, a smug grin plastered on her inverted face.

Sarah slumped backward, legs splayed on the floor. "*What the hell are you doing here?!*" she hissed, baring her teeth.

Ana's grin widened into a pointy, toothy smile. "Just because I declined your offer, doesn't mean I wasn't *interested*." She spread her arms and shrugged. "I just didn't want to help *you* with this."

The maned wolf narrowed her eyes. "So, what, you waited till I made a move and came to sabotage me? Like the vindictive little dickhead that you are?"

Ana blinked, unfazed. "Nope. Pure coincidence." She reached up, grabbed the lip of the hole in the ceiling, pulled her legs through, and dropped with a somersault to the floor before turning around. "I'd say great minds think alike, but that'd be insulting to at least one of us."

"Go to hell," spat Sarah, gathering up her dropped items.

Ana leaned down and stuck a usb stick into the same slot Sarah had previously used. A small light on it began softly pulsing. "So what's your plan now?" asked Ana. "Sell the files to the highest bidder, or did you have..." she bit her lip and cocked her head, leaning against the server rack. "...*your own* ideas for it?"

"None of your goddamn business," growled Sarah, standing up and roughly pulling her purse up her arm and over her shoulder. "It's your fault I even have to do this."

Ana's jaw dropped. "*Me?*" she said, aghast. "*You're* the one who wanted to commit corporate espionage, I was just the sucker you paid to do it."

Sarah growled. "And *you're* the one who fucked things up and got caught." She folded her arms, leaning over the diminutive cat. "If you'll recall, I had to come save you. And instead of being grateful, you..." Sarah shook her head, searching for the words. "Do you have *any idea* how much you screwed me over?!"

Ana remained stoic, though she felt a pang of guilt. She *had* planned to return to play with Sarah after blowing her up, but decided it was too risky to try breaking back into the factory a second time. Plus the whole ordeal had left her drained, and she'd gone back home to sleep for an entire day the first chance she got. Ana had internally

justified leaving Sarah in such a state by assuming she'd shrink back down relatively quickly. Ana still wasn't sure if that was the case, or for that matter what happened to the wolf after she hadn't returned. But judging by the seething rage Sarah was currently exuding, it didn't go well.

Ana raised her hands in a show of peace. "Look, I'm sorry. I was pissed and was lashing out. I shouldn't have done that to you." She let her hands drop. "You're right to be upset with me."

"Yes *I am*," grumbled Sarah. "You're just lucky I didn't lose my job."

Ana frowned. "You didn't?"

Sarah shook her head. "No. The damn *corgis* found me not long after you left, so that was *fun*," she said bitterly. "And their supervisor, Susan, turned me into Ms. Marigold for 'improper use of company property'."

Ana winced. That was her fault. "So... Marigold sent you on this little 'assignment'? As what, penance?"

Sarah shrugged. "She just told me if I wanted to keep my job, I'd better bring her something to get an edge on her competition. She didn't *explicitly* say to do *this*."

Ana's usb stick flashed green twice, and she retrieved it. "I kinda doubt the whole 'my boss told me to do it' will hold up in court, anyways."

Sarah inhaled. "Well, let's hope I don't have to find out," she huffed, turning to leave.

"Leaving so soon?" asked Ana cheekily.

Sarah turned back, agitated. "Yes. I'm already pushing my luck, I need to leave before they get too suspicious."

Ana shrugged. "Fair enough," she said, before taking a step back and jumping up to grab the lip of her ceiling hole.

"And what about you? Gonna take your little thumb drive to the highest bidder?"

Ana shook her head, still hanging. "Nope. Already have my client picked out. Thanks to you, actually." She flashed a mischievous grin. "A certain *Ms. Marigold* is promising to pay me quite well for this."

Sarah paled. "**WHAT?!**" she hissed as Ana pulled herself back into the rafters. "If she sent you here, then *what the fuck am I doing here?!*"

Ana started sliding the ceiling tile back across the opening. "You?" she asked, grin widening. "Right now? Coming in second." She slid the tile into place, hiding her intrusion. From beyond, Sarah heard hurried footsteps and her slightly muffled voice shout "*And there's no prize for second place!*"

The hallway outside the server room was, luckily, empty as Sarah clumsily barged through the door, half-sprinting across the carpet.

THAT BITCH, raged Sarah internally as she hurried toward reception, unsure if she was referring to Ana or Ms. Marigold. Probably both. *THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING, DUPLICITOUS B—*

Rounding a corner, she collided with the handsome receptionist, Marek, sending them both reeling.

"Ack- sorry!" cried Sarah, regaining her footing.

Marek stumbled for a moment, shaking his head to clear his dizziness. "I apologize, Miss Flores, I was just coming to find you."

Sarah bent to pick up her purse, which had been dropped during the commotion. “Yes, I’m sorry, I had to use the restroom.” She shoved a few of her dropped possessions back into the bag, including the unused wristband.

Marek frowned, eyeing the accessory and rubbing his face where Sarah’s shoulder had collided with it. “The bathrooms are for employees only,” he said stiffly. “But I understand it was *an emergency*.” If he was skeptical, he was doing a terrible job of hiding it, but he didn’t press the issue. “I’ve been told to make sure you find the exit.” He gestured with his free hand back toward the lift.

“Right, sorry,” said Sarah, rising. “Thank you so much.” She hurried past him and speed-walked in that direction. Marek followed closely. On the way, Sarah quickly checked her phone. No service, either due to the construction of the building, or its distance from a tower. Either way, the one order she was *explicitly* given by Ms. Marigold was to *not* transmit any potentially compromising files to the company server. She had to deliver the data by hand.

Sarah had hoped to at least send the files to herself as a backup on her home server, but the lack of reception foiled that. It also quashed any plan to call in any favors that might be able to stop Ana before she reached Ms. Marigold before her. She growled under her breath, frustrated and close to panicking. She swallowed, converting the unease to determination as she reached the lift.

Marek stepped behind his desk and pressed a button, calling the lift. Arms crossed, he eyed Sarah’s wrist.

“Please don’t forget your wristband,” he tutted. “It’s required to be wearing it until you leave the facility.”

Sarah turned back, flashed an insincere smile and nodded. She pulled the band from her purse and mimed putting it on. The lift’s doors opened and she stepped inside, still fiddling with the accessory.

“Thank you again, for everything.”

Marek gave a tiny nod. “Mmm.”

Ana practically skipped down the catwalk, away from the server room below. The thought of Sarah futilely scrambling to get to Ms. Marigold first gave her immense joy, knowing she’d never make it before Ana did. Ana had a direct path out of the massive building, and a conveniently hidden dirt bike in the woods that’d let her cut cross-country back to the city in half the time it’d take a train or car. After that, it’d be a simple matter of delivering the files, and she’d be flush with cash. And Sarah would be humiliated, or fired. Perhaps both. Win-win, either way, she thought.

Her skipping slowed as she passed through an opening in the wall between sections. A massive room lay beyond, machines tirelessly working away spread across the floor. In the far corner, a peculiar room was stuck against the wall like a barnacle, with stairs leading up to it, along with a tube for the lift. Painted in large white lettering on the grey paint of the smooth sides was the words “JUICE MANAGEMENT”.

Ana stopped. Bit her lip. Cocked her head. Folded her arms. *No*, she said to herself. *I’m already on my way out*. The warmth between her legs from before returned, as her subconscious presented tantalizing possibilities.

No. I’m going to leave here and deliver the files. I can look through them later for goodies. Anything in here is something I might be able to reproduce later.

Ana's mouth twitched. *Might*.

The lift sped horizontally through the warehouse, not nearly quickly enough. Sarah bounced on the balls of her feet, tips of her high-heels clicking against the floor, willing it to go faster. As it moved, she peered through the transparent walls at the facility beyond. A different room than the one she saw earlier sped past, one with machines laid out in uniform rows, and a crane spanning the width of the ceiling.

And above the clear tube the lift rode through was a catwalk jutting perpendicularly from the wall behind her. A short bobcat was sprinting along its length, toward the far side of the room.

Sarah glared. *No fucking way*.

She looked in the direction Ana was running, and saw the elevated room marked 'JUICE MANAGEMENT'.

"Oh come on, she can't be that stupid," Sarah said aloud, letting her shoulders slump.

A stab of guilt tempered her judgment, though. It was partially her fault that Ana might have developed a fixation on the kind of juice she'd been initially hired to steal. Sarah had failed to warn her of the intoxicating effects, and had even convinced her to ingest a drop, which was enough to make the poor, dumb cat swallow the entire jar. And Sarah could speak from experience that such a potent concoction was rather addicting.

Briefly remembering the times she herself tried the mix, she felt her nipples stiffen slightly. She rubbed her chest, wincing at her body's automatic response to even just the memory.

"God dammit," she huffed, reaching into her bag for her phone. She looked on the wall of buttons and found the one marked 'JM'. Waving her phone in front of the scanner below the main control panel, the buttons lit up with a soft white glow, and she pressed the one for her new destination, feeling the lift shudder slightly as it redirected itself.

Ana turned left at a junction between catwalks, finding the path leading to the office directly. She reached the wall and took the flight of stairs at the end of the walkway down to the entrance. The other stairs that led up from the factory floor ended at the same landing, as did the door to the lift.

The door to the Juice Management room was a futuristic sliding type, with a narrow window and angled metal indentations. A card reader was mounted to the left; Ana grabbed a gadget from her belt, a rectangular decryption tool. She pressed a button on it and held it against the reader. Both devices beeped and flashed red lights several times, before the decrypter flashed green, and a second later the card reader followed. The door slid open with a gentle, almost-silent *whoosh*.

Ana tilted her head, cracking her neck, brought her beanbag cannon to a low-ready position, and crept inside slowly.

What she'd taken for a simple 'office' was, in fact, more akin to a lab. Microscopes, beakers, test tubes, and other chemistry-adjacent paraphernalia were neatly arranged across nearly every flat surface, with the middle of the room mostly clear. A window on her right looked out to the room beyond. A rolling whiteboard was

sitting at an angle in one of the far corners, the other of which was stacked with cabinets above a right-angled counter, next to several gently humming refrigerators.

Ana swept her non-lethal weapon across the dimly-lit space, but saw nobody as she pushed to the far end of the room. A sink and emergency eye-washing station and shower were in the corner behind the whiteboard, but nothing else. Ana sighed, relieved to find no one home. Though she did note a small black box in a corner against the ceiling; tiny holes in its shell and an intermittent green flashing light made her suspect it might be some sort of sound-activated alarm. She wasn't sure if it was active, or if any staff would be returning any time soon, so she figured she should hurry and do so *quietly*.

The bobcat turned to the refrigerators seen earlier, looking through the glass fronts at their contents. Several rows of vials twinkled as cold smoke swirled around them on the top shelf. One row of vials contained red liquid, the other was clear. The shelf below had what looked like ice packs. The next down had familiar-looking white marble-like spheres.

The fur on the back of Ana's neck raised slightly, and the warmth in her nethers flared up again. She also felt a small amount of regret, remembering how she'd used one on Sarah previously. Nonetheless, she slipped a hand into the refrigerator and grabbed a handful, along with several of the vials of each color. She set them on the counter.

The next fridge had only two shelves, each with four stout white cylindrical objects with horizontal handles sunk into what looked like the lids, stacked two-deep. A yellow triangular sign adorned the front of each, except instead of a biohazard symbol, there was a black representation of what looked like... berries. She reached in and retrieved one, gently transferring it to the nearby counter. She braced it with her other hand and twisted the handle, pressing the small button marked 'release' under her thumb.

Carefully pulling upward, a smaller cylinder was revealed on the underside of the lid/handle. It was immediately familiar: a clear acrylic tube, roughly ten inches long, filled with a deep, rich bluish-purple liquid. Ana unconsciously licked her lips, suddenly feeling *very* thirsty. The warmth returned. She gently placed the container on the counter, and found another release button on the underside of the lid/handle. Pressing the button disconnected it from the cylinder, and she set it aside, flexing her fingers excitedly.

Inspecting the top, she found a flush metal latch, flipped it up, and twisted it several times. The inner lid disconnected and exposed the liquid inside. The strong smell of blueberries and vanilla filled the immediate area, and Ana breathed deep, hungrily. It was nearly the same as the concoction she'd encountered before, except perhaps *more* potent-smelling. Her lips moistened. In every sense of the word. The heat in her loins plus her wetness made her briefly wonder if she'd start producing steam.

She stepped back and breathed deep, trying to get ahold of herself. Her prize would be useless if she downed it all, right here and now, as incredible as that would be. No, she had other plans, and getting wedged in this room as a massive, horny, juice-filled orb wasn't ideal.

Still, though...

The lift carriage slid to a stop and the doors parted, revealing the landing outside the Juice Management lab. Sarah stepped out, looking left and right for any signs of staff, or bobcat intruders. Nothing. Before leaving the lift behind, she pulled the unused bracelet from her purse, tossed it on the floor, and reached inside to press a random button. Maybe if someone was tracking it, that would throw them off. As the lift slid away, she crossed to the entrance to the lab and waved her phone in front of the card reader. It unlocked instantly, and the door quietly slid aside.

Carefully peeking inside, she saw Ana bent over a counter on the far side of the room, back to her. An evil grin slid onto Sarah's face. This was going to be too good.

Ana dipped a pinky claw into the beckoning liquid, carefully extracting a single drop from the bounty. She held it up to her face, inches away as she delicately stuck her tongue out under it. The bobcat slowly began to lower her claw toward her awaiting tongue, relishing the feeling as she teased herself with the promise of tasting the wonderful substance again.

"Hey, save me some of that, will y—"

Ana's eyes widened and she turned instinctively, whipping her cannon around to face the sudden intrusion. It caught something heavy as it turned, which made a loud *CLONK* as it hit the floor. Without thinking, she leveled her weapon at the tall, backlit shape halfway across the room and pulled the trigger.

****THOOMP****

The cannon shuddered as a blast of compressed air sent a beanbag out the barrel. The projectile crossed the length of the room in a fraction of a second, hitting the unsuspecting maned wolf in her stomach, right below her ribcage.

Sarah doubled over, gasping from the impact as the wind was knocked out of her. She wrapped her bony arms around her waist, wheezing loudly and starting to tip over. Ana stared at her, realizing what she'd done. She glanced at the alarm near the ceiling, which seemed to be pulsing with a red light in time with Sarah's pained gasping.

Shit.

Ana rushed over to the canine, pushing her against a wall and covering her muzzle with a paw. Sarah sucked air in through her nose and whined, sliding down the wall and onto her butt. She grabbed Ana's arm with both hands, trying to push it away.

"*Shush!*" she hissed Ana, raising a finger to her mouth, then pointing it at the alarm. "*I'm sorry! Just shush! I'm really sorry! You have to be quiet! Please!*"

Sarah followed the cat's finger with her eyes toward the alarm, then looked back with a pained, exasperated look. She then closed her eyes and forced herself to breathe slowly, deeply. Still a bit ragged and painful sounding, but much quieter. Ana cast another glance up at the alarm. It had returned to a steady green flashing, and no alarms were blaring.

"Okay," breathed Ana, still grasping Sarah's mouth with a thick paw. "I think we're clear," she whispered. "We just have t—"

She paused, suddenly feeling a strange sensation. Ana turned back to the maned wolf she was pinning against the wall. Sarah had started pulling instead of pushing Ana's arm, and was *licking her palm*.

Ana recoiled, trying to pull her hand away. She started to half-shout half-whisper "*WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!*" before stopping partway through. The cat

noticed that parts of her body, especially her arm and fur on her hand, were soaked in blue liquid. Turning back to the counter, she saw the dropped cylinder, its contents having spilled all over the floor during the action a minute earlier. Liquid was splattered on the ceiling as well, having shot out from the impact of the acrylic tube against the hard floor, which must have splashed onto Ana. And now Sarah was hungrily sucking the potent, expansive liquid off the bobcat's soaked paw.

"*Oh, fuck me,*" whispered Ana. She renewed her efforts to yank her hand away from the wolf, whose expression was starting to look slightly dazed and drunk. Her grip was surprisingly strong for someone so willowy, fingers firmly wrapped around Ana's forearm. She tugged again, even pressing a foot into Sarah's chest for leverage, but the wolf was determined to get every last drop from the cat's fur. Ana tried twisting her hand free, even sticking the end of two of her digits into the crazed wolf's exposed nostrils in an attempt to shock her into letting go. Instead, Sarah's eyes shot open, then crossed in ecstasy as she began inhaling deeply through her nose, drinking in the liquid through every available orifice.

Ana paused, realizing what was happening. "*That's disgusting, what the hell is wrong with you?!*" Though she knew the answer. Any amount of that delicious fluid was enough to make a person want to consume it by any means necessary. Sarah's entire body began shaking under Ana's palm as more and more of the liquid started intoxicating her.

Against her better judgment, for a moment Ana was jealous. That was nearly her, just a minute ago, when she almost took a drop for herself. It was her not too long ago, on Marigold's Inventing Room floor. But she gritted her teeth, fighting the urge to join the wolf in vacuuming up droplets of the stuff from her own fur.

Instead of continuing to pull, she pressed harder into Sarah's mouth. The maned wolf took almost her entire hand into her mouth and started lazily sucking on her wet digits. She relaxed her grip on Ana's forearm and let her hands fall to her sides. Ana then quickly yanked her paw free, scrambling backwards.

Sarah seemed to snap out of her daze, now that her primary source of the substance was missing. She also seemed to take notice of what was happening to her body. Her fur had started to take on a blue cast, with certain patches turning a deeper indigo or purple. Her face, especially her nose and mouth where she'd been literally inhaling the stuff, was the most blue, and it was spreading down her neck rapidly. She raised her hands drunkenly, turning them over as they shifted from their usual dark brown to a nearly black dark blue.

She jolted and winced, looking down; her stomach had pulsed and was beginning to expand. Her lavender shirt was pulled tight over it, the buttons beginning to strain, and her professional-looking jacket was becoming increasingly restrictive. She struggled to pull it off, and as soon as it was free, dark patches of juicy blue liquid appeared where her stiffening nipples were leaking under her shirt.

"Aaa..." breathed Sarah, pressing a hand to each breast, feeling their sensitivity. She turned her gaze up to Ana, who was checking for bite marks on her hand. "Aaaooooohh...." she continued to murmur in confused pleasure as shock-like sensations danced across her nerves.

"Hmm?" asked Ana, sneering at her. "Is something *wrong?*"

Sarah looked bewildered for a moment, before remembering she'd asked Ana the same thing somewhat recently. "I...uhhhhh..." The mounting pressure and electric sensation was beginning to dull her senses. Somewhere in the rational part of her brain, she noted that the feeling was *significantly* stronger than her own concoction, and more intoxicating. Both formulas had supposedly been developed separately from each other, and the taste wasn't *identical*, but the effects were clearly strikingly similar.

Another surge of pressure and Sarah's stretched tight as her breasts suddenly quadrupled in size. Only from A's to D's, but still significant enough to splay her fingers apart and cause the leakage to increase greatly. Her previously-lavender shirt was beginning to be soaked in blue liquid. A tightness formed around her midsection as her simple black belt began cutting into her belly as it pushed outward. The seams of her skirt began creaking as liquid flowed into the wolf's butt, expanding her previously somewhat-flat cheeks and raising her off the ground several inches.

Ana was stuck staring at the sight of the wolf, mouth hanging open, as she started bursting out of her clothes. "Wow, this is going a lot faster than it did with me," said Ana. A desperate look from the inflating maned wolf told her that yes, she agreed. The bobcat shook herself and got to her feet, looking around the room, searching for something to halt or reverse Sarah's growth. She wasn't sure how much she'd blow up based on the relatively small amount she'd drank, but Ana didn't want to take chances. They still had to get out of here, somehow. Her eyes locked on the vials she'd taken from the refrigerator and she sprinted over, grabbing them. From behind, she could hear Sarah softly groaning and buttons starting to pop off her shirt.

Shit, shit, shit, what do I do, thought Ana, panic rising. The labels on both colors of vials were indecipherable, covered in complex names of chemicals and dosages. Nothing that clearly said 'Antidote' or 'Reversing Agent', or 'Use This You Stupid Idiot Bobcat', which is what she desperately needed.

She closed her eyes, wracking her brain, thinking back to Sarah's office at Marigold's factory. Was the vial she used *red* or was it *clear*? How much did she use? What would happen if Ana used too much, or too little? *Shit, are there even any syringes in here?* She set the vials back on the counter and started yanking drawers open, no longer caring about the noise the two of them were collectively making; Ana banging away at the cabinets and drawers, and Sarah's growing stomach starting to growl and groan loudly as it filled up. More buttons pinged off, one landing on the counter next to Ana.

The bobcat turned around, desperate for some guidance. "Sarah, which —"

She stopped, horrified. Sarah had crawled some distance across the room, to where the tube of liquid had fallen, and was lapping the stuff directly off the floor while making ravenous noises.

"*ARE YOU INSANE?!*" Ana fully screamed, dropping handfuls of supplies and sliding on her kneepads over to the prone wolf. She slammed into the drunken creature, pushing her away from the spilled liquid, sending them both tumbling. Sarah reeled as she rolled over onto her back, landing spreadeagle. Her belt finally popped off after a moment's stillness, to punctuate the moment.

Ana huffed and rolled onto her back as well, exhausted. For a few moments they lay there, quietly catching their breath. Well, Ana was quiet. The groaning and churning noises coming from Sarah's increasingly turgid form were growing louder and more

constant. Ana rolled onto her side and looked over to her partner-in-crime. The poor wolf had at least tripled her usual volume. Her arms, legs, belly and breasts were all becoming thicker and rounder with each passing second. Along with her breasts, a steady stream of blue liquid had started leaking from between the wolf's legs, staining her now-visible soft pink panties.

Ana pushed herself back onto her knees, bracing herself with an unsteady hand. "Sarah," she said, feeling hoarse from exertion. "I need to know how to fix you so we can get out of here, *please*." She crawled over, grasping Sarah's dazed face in her hand and turning it to look at her. "What do I do?"

As she held Sarah's face, Ana felt her fingers begin to be spread apart; the wolf's cheeks were starting to bloat. Sarah blinked a few times and met Ana's gaze.

"Hhhhf.....hhhhh," she wheezed. Blinked a few more times. Gulp. "Clear v-vial...." she murmured. "30 mmmm.... Milliliters... Anywhere on the b-body hhhhhhh..."

Ana nodded desperately, crawling to her feet and stumbling back to the counter. Sarah groaned behind her as her neck began puffing up, straining against her choker. Ana snatched a vial of the clear liquid and dug into the drawers, finding a syringe. She unwrapped it and quickly jabbed the needle through the lid, drawing out the 30ml Sarah had requested. After flicking out the remaining air bubbles, Nurse Ana turned back to the swelling wolf and carefully approached. Sarah's face and breasts were no longer visible behind her yoga-ball-sized blue belly, her shirt having burst all the buttons off the front. Her thighs and ass were still attempting to swell, but her skirt was refusing to yield.

Again, I gotta finally ask her where she gets those, thought Ana, bemused. She knelt next to Sarah and leaned over to look at the wolf's face, which was becoming increasingly strained. Perhaps caused by the choker, which was tight across her ballooning neck and living up to its name. Ana gestured toward it.

"We might wanna get that off, it might be cutting off your air," said Ana. She forced a dumb smile. "You're looking a little blue."

Through the drunken haze of the intoxicating liquid and the asphyxiation, Sarah's eyes suddenly became lucid and shot Ana a look of *utter poison*.

"Sorry." Ana carefully wormed a claw under the drum-tight choker, slicing it with a single quick motion. Sarah's neck bulged out, free from its bond, and she gasped a sweet breath of fresh air. Ana gestured toward the loaded syringe.

"Where do you want it, boss?"

Sarah grumbled, or maybe it was her entire body. But she swung her fat arm next to the crouched bobcat across the floor and pointed to her swelling butt insistently.

"You got it." Ana gently set the syringe on the floor away from the pair of them, and used both paws to roll the ballooning wolf onto her stomach. It was no small effort, with Sarah likely approaching several hundred pounds due to the who-knows-how-many gallons of juice being produced inside her. After a minute of lifting and pushing and panting, Ana managed to get Sarah onto her stomach, which was growing large enough that the wolf was essentially resting on a giant cushion, suspended over a foot off the ground. Her pudgy arms, slowly breaking the seams of her sleeves, draped down pathetically to the floor over her massive breasts, which had split her bra at the clasp.

Sarah panted deeply in exhaustion as Ana tried to pull up on the wolf's skirt to expose one of her enormous buttocks, to no avail. "Welp, here we go again," said Ana

dryly as she once again hooked a claw under the waistband and made a tear. The tearing of the skirt alleviated some built-up pressure, juice flooded to fill the space, which made the skirt continue to tear more until finally ripping through fully. The ruined clothing slid to the floor, leaving the maned wolf's panties as her only intact garment.

"Alright, here we go." Ana picked up the syringe and checked it once more for air bubbles, then picked a spot on the wolf's massive backside. She pinched the somewhat rubbery-feeling skin as best she could, and stuck the needle in, jamming down on the plunger. Sarah groaned, and Ana yanked the needle free as soon as it was empty, tossing it far into a distant corner, keeping pressure on the spot she'd jabbed.

Ana leaned around Sarah's bulk toward her face. "How are we feeling?"

Sarah groaned.

"Hopefully that means 'better'."

They waited there for several moments, Sarah panting under the weight of her excessive body mass, Ana continuing to gently hold pressure. She paused. It only took a few seconds for *her* to revert when Sarah had given her the antidote, right? She looked along Sarah's body, confused. No glowing, no shrinkage, no weird marble-thing being spat out by the wolf. In fact, the gurgling of her stomach seemed to have returned. If anything, it was growing louder. The fingers on the hand Ana had pressed against Sarah's gigantic buttcheek started to spread apart as well, slowly at first and then even more rapidly. In fact, the wolf was rising all over, like a massive blue loaf of bread, and vibrating softly.

Ana jumped to her feet, seeing the wolf's expansion starting again, even faster than before. Sarah's expression turned to ecstasy as her neck began to blow up, threatening to swallow her entire head, cheeks ballooning outward.

"*What the fuck?!* " Ana shouted, backing away. "*That was supposed to fix you, why—*" She had a moment of clarity, remembering back to Marigold's factory.

Red, not clear. She had gotten the *red* vial to reverse her condition. Shit, she'd even stolen one to use on Sarah later, had she returned. In the chaos of the last few minutes, she'd completely forgotten. She rushed over to the counter and grabbed the vial she'd used, turning it over in her fingers. She re-read the label until she saw it. A tiny word finally jumped out, among all the unfamiliar chemistry terms.

Accelerant.

Ana closed her eyes, fury coursing through her veins. She opened her eyes and turned to look at the rapidly berrying wolf's growing backside.

"*You absolute fucking idiot,*" she hissed in Sarah's direction. Sarah continued to vibrate, lewd panting and little cries of pleasure emanating from beyond her rounding mass. "You didn't get enough juice from sucking on my hand, or *the floor*, so you decided to get me to *multiply* it for you, didn't you?" Ana couldn't see Sarah's face, but heard her stop making noises for a moment.

"Heheh..." the wolf giggled sheepishly.

Ana let her hands drop to her sides, the vial bouncing on the floor. She stared at the ceiling in pure disgust and exasperation.

"Fine," she finally said. "Fuck it, I'm out."

Ana turned to the refrigerators, retrieving another of the white cylinders. She left it closed this time, and grabbed a few extra of each type of vial before moving to the cabinets and grabbing a few syringes. She unrolled a small nylon bag from her belt, packed everything away, and slung it. She collected her dropped cannon and pulled its strap over her shoulder.

She started to turn to the door, carrying her loot. "Well sorry, Miss Sarah, guess you're on your own aga—"

Ana stopped upon seeing the swelling wolf. She was getting close to spherical, massive belly spreading out across nearly the entire width of the floor. Her lower legs had merged with her buttocks, and her crotch had surged out to be almost level with the spheres her feet were quickly being pulled into. The straps of the heels she wore cut into the tops of her feet, making them bloat unevenly. The torrent of juice from her puffy sex was flooding through her taut panties, each surge making Sarah moan in delight. Her arms were suffering a similar fate to her legs, merging to become large orbs, with her puffy hands poking out. The wolf's back was curved outward, and had almost reached the ceiling.

With a start, Ana realized that the outrageously rotund wolf was getting dangerously close to blocking the *only* exit from the room.

She scrambled forward, trying to circumnavigate Sarah's still-growing bulk. Her path to the left, near the narrow horizontal window, was already blocked by belly and ass, so Ana pushed to the right, to the corner. She tried to shimmy past the other side of the wolf's belly, but had to resort to climbing over. With every passing second the triangular hole between the ceiling, wall, and wolf was closing and the bobcat clumsily scrambled her way through the opening. She felt another surge and the sudden growth of the belly beneath launched her upward slightly, her back hitting the ceiling. Ana landed flat on the belly and nearly slipped between it and the wall, which would have gotten her fully stuck, but she managed to brace herself with her feet and push through.

On the other side, Ana tumbled out headfirst into a sea of wolf-titty. Sarah's right breast had expanded into the corner, and the left one was getting close to blocking the door. Both were leaking profusely and jiggling with every surge of juice. Ana persisted, trying to drag herself onto the wolf's chest, yanking her foot free moments before the belly-tunnel closed. The cat tried her best to crawl on hands and knees across the ballooning mass of the wolf, which was incredibly difficult. Despite the rate that Sarah was filling with the blue juice, her skin remained surprisingly stretchy, so Ana's hands sunk a good foot or so into the wolf's hide.

Ana slipped. Either from the squishiness of the enormous wolf providing no support, or the thin coat of blue liquid that was making her fur increasingly slick, the bobcat lost her 'footing' and tumbled forward. She lightly banged her head on the wall and slid between it and the gargantuan wolf's right tit. A stream of juice blasted the cat in the face as she dropped in front of the satellite-dish-sized nipples. Ana clamped her mouth and eyes shut, angling her face away in an attempt to not ingest any of the dangerous liquid. The nylon sack with her treasure, as well as her cannon, slipped from her shoulders and landed in the corner, submerged in the juice. She didn't care at this point. Getting out of this room was top priority. Pressing her back into the wall next to the door, she used both feet and hands to push back against Sarah's still-inflating

breast and make some room. Ana vaguely heard a muffled squeal of pleasure from Sarah as inadvertently forced even more juice to be roughly squeezed from her nipples.

At least someone's having fun, thought Ana before her head dipped below the growing pool of juice between Sarah and the wall, as she slid downward. *Wait, no, strike that, this fucking fruit bitch can go to hell.* She blew a constant stream of bubbles out her nose, still trying her best to keep the liquid out of her system. With another desperate push, she managed to get upright, gasping for air, still wedged between the boob and the wall. As the expanding tit rolled up Ana's body, she vaguely felt the hot-tub-like jet of fluid spraying against her groin. She shuddered, a tiny part of her wanting to just sink down and let it flow into her mouth.

Her eyes snapped open and she gritted her teeth, renewing her push. Sarah's hide finally seemed to be starting to tighten, and she managed to get purchase on the wolf's boob, shoving it to her left. She inched to the right, back to the wall, door less than a foot from her outstretched hand. Almost there. She stuck her hand out, bracing against Sarah's unbelievably pillowy neck, which her head was sinking ever deeper into. Each touch from Ana seemed to be causing immense pleasure to the likely extremely sensitive wolf, eliciting gasps of delight and making her flap her useless hands.

Ana puffed, managing to hook her hand onto the door jamb. She pulled with all her might. Her left foot became unstuck from between boob and wall and she began shimmying along the wall again. The juice was thigh-deep at this point, and the smell of blueberry and vanilla saturated the incredibly hot and moist pocket of air Ana found herself in. Sarah's enormous blueberry form now reached all four vertical corners of the room. With nowhere outward to go vertically, Sarah's horizontal expansion increased. Her face, neck, and torso created a nearly spherical wall of flesh slowly pushing toward Ana, spilling over her breasts and squashing them against the floor. Ana released the door jamb and used both hands to press back against the ballooning wolf. The pool of juice rose the waist-level, and continued to rise as Sarah's body sloshed grotesquely. Ana kept moving, every inch she managed to move toward the door, a miracle. She spread her legs, pushing her foot toward the door, pressed from both sides by gurgling flesh and an unyielding wall. She pulled on her other leg, doing the best she could to continue the slow-motion shimmy.

Until she couldn't.

Ana struggled against the bloated mass, but with a stab of panic, realized her legs were completely trapped between the wolf's chest and the wall. Her stomach was being overtaken as well, as Sarah's neck spilled against it.

"NO!" growled Ana, arms still free, pushing against the expanding mass of maned wolf. She tried to get purchase and create space to slip her waist free, but despite Sarah's hide growing tighter and tighter, Ana's arms sank nearly up to the elbow on either side of the wolf's head. Ana grunted with effort, trying to push back Sarah's approaching face, which at this point seemed to be locked in perpetual orgasm. The occasional full-body shudder and surge of juice from her breasts in tandem with Sarah's screams of pleasure appeared to confirm that, yes, at least **she** was enjoying this.

Ana's arms shook, reaching muscle failure. Sarah's mass continued growing and rising up between Ana's tired limbs, squishing against her breasts. Ana growled with exertion, closing her eyes. Sweat poured from everywhere, mixing with the fragrant juice that had reached her as high as her ribcage. Sarah's hide groaned and gurgled,

growing even tighter, and Ana was forced to bend her arms. She kept her forearms flat, her final position along the wall having her end up directly in front of Sarah's face. She balled her fists and dug her elbows in on either side of the wolf's bloated head, their noses just inches apart. Ana felt the wolf's hide surge against her, flowing past her hips and filling up any empty space, pressing against the wall. The juice was almost shoulder level, and Ana's arms were just about to give out.

There was a knock on the window.

Ana, teeth still gritted from the effort, glanced to the side. Through the rapidly-closing gap between Sarah and the wall Ana was pressed against, the window running along the perpendicular wall was still visible. Through it, Ana saw several concerning things. Marek, the receptionist, was there, still wearing his headset. He said something inaudible and pointed accusingly through the window, at either Sarah or Ana. Probably both. From the left, Lily the interviewer leaned into view, shaking her head but looking oddly amused. She even bit her lip and looked Ana up and down, as if... jealous?

Behind them, the final figure stood: a red female dragon wearing a very expensive suit, horns and face adorned with golden jewelry and bands. Her blazing orange-and-red eyes narrowed at the trapped pair, sneering with a devilish smile. As Sarah's bulk finally grew to cover the window, the dragon gave a cheeky wave and a wink.

The tiny pocket the two found themselves in grew dim, only lit by the tiny LED on the car reader above the bobcat's shoulder. Ana turned back to face Sarah, who was panting with exhaustion, a bit of the overflowing pleasure starting to fade from her expression. Her dark blue tongue lolled out, barely reaching past her enormous cheeks. Through the canine's hide and the juice, Ana could feel Sarah's thunderous heartbeat, which had slowed down as the surges grew less frequent. Ana's arms ached, the last shakes before she inevitably faltered. The mass above Sarah's head continued to push outward, filling the air above both their heads. From the sides, what was previously Ana's neck and shoulders continued to creep forward, spreading along the wall on both sides of the cat. The juice wasn't rising due to flow from Sarah's breasts any more, but being squeezed upward from lack of space. It was nearly at Ana's neck.

"I-I'm sorry..."

Ana refocused her eyes, finding Sarah's apologetic expression in the dim, humid gloom. She was doing her best to smile, her enormous cheeks proving to be a problem. Juice leaked from between her teeth, down the slick surface of what used to be her neck, and onto Ana's chest.

Ana huffed, gently banging her head into the wall behind. Just about the only free motion either of them had any more.

"Mhm," Ana grunted, lips tight as she continued to shake.

"I c-....h h h h h.... I could—couldn't think s-tr....h h h h h"

"*Mhm*", replied Ana again, not meeting her gaze.

"Th-the only thing.... I wasn't.... *urp*... I j-just wanted m-more... Y-ou've felt the s-same..."

Ana paused. Then she gave a somewhat-understanding "*Mmm*."

"I'm.....h h h h h g g g o d...." An infinitesimal surge shuddered through the wolf's mass, and the space they found themselves in shrunk even more. Sarah's mouth was

clamped shut by her swelling neck, and a small jet of juice sprayed from her closing mouth. It splashed against Ana's face. The pressure forced a few drops past Ana's lips, and into her mouth.

The shock of the sudden sparks on her tongue combined with the glorious taste of blueberry and vanilla made Ana's arms finally give out. They were forced back against the wall, now fully pinned by Sarah's hide. The bulk above them moved down, pressing against Ana's head as well as Sarah's, and the wolf's former neck rose above Ana's breasts. The pocket of juice was squeezed further upward, and stopped barely below the cat's nostrils. Despite the small amount she'd already ingested doing its thing, tickling all her nerves and stoking the fire between her legs, Ana kept her mouth firmly shut, blowing through her nose to keep the juice at bay. Somewhere below, trapped by the enormous blueberry's hide, Ana felt her belly gently push outward, a small trickle of juice beginning to fill her up.

Ana stretched her neck as far as she could manage, getting her mouth above the tide of juice. She sucked in a breath, failing to keep more drops of the tantalizing liquid from pouring into her mouth. Her body began to swell in response. She blew outward, splattering Sarah's slightly-elevated face with juice. The wolf blinked, but couldn't move her head or open her mouth, and therefore couldn't complain. She just narrowed her eyes in concern. Ana sputtered, pulling in one last breath before the juice level would start rising again. She glared into Sarah's exhausted, slowly closing eyes and managed to utter three words.

"Now we're even."