

There was a long exhale, the sound of an office chair creaking back under considerable weight. "It was a cold, dark day," said a rumbling baritone as feet crossed over the lip of an old wooden desk. "In a city full of heart, yet with the heartless prowling the streets. A never-ending deluge of subterfuge and mystery that matched the sky."

"Actually, it's sunny outside!"

Blinding light flooded the office as blinds shot up. Vector squinted, tendons taut as he gripped a recorder.

"*Charmy!*" Vector barked, nearly tipping his chair as he threw up an arm to shield his eyes.

"What?" the bumblebee asked, buzzing around the desk, the tips of his shoes gripped with gloved fingers. He had a goofy smile permanently etched across his face, his bomber hat bobbing over his head, goggles glinting. "It's not! It's a nice day! Really warm and cozy!"

"I *know* that!" Vector groaned. "I'm recording notes for my memoir!" He shook the recorder pointedly, the tape still spinning behind clear plastic. If this statement meant anything to Charmy, it didn't register on his bright-eyed face.

He cocked his head. "Meme wear?"

Vector opened his mouth, another answer already on his lips. However, the absurdity of the question tripped him up. "Wha—No! *Memoir!*"

"So... You're going to make funny cat t-shirts?" He giggled impishly. "Sounds like fun! Can I help? I'm really good at drawing~"

Vector closed his eyes, taking a deep breath to steady himself.

He really needed to find Charmy a playmate.

"No." He spoke slowly. "I'm going to write a book about our cases, Charmy."

"Oooo..." His brows furrowed in thought. "Wait... Isn't that, um, bad? Aren't our cases confa—confi...dentures?"

"Confidential, and, yes." Vector had given up recording, the device clicking as the spinning tape came to a stop. He put it on the desk, pushing it away with a sigh before getting up and stretching. Arms went up over his head, his button-up shirt tugging high enough to expose a cream-colored midriff.

"Sooo... You're still doing it?" He rubbed his brow. "Wait, are we bad guys now?"

Vector wanted to fall over his desk and groan. "No, Charmy. Our clients' personal details won't be in it. It's a collection of stuff we *can* tell people and..." Vector's long, toothy muzzle seemed to stretch with the depth of his frown. "You're not listening." It was less accusation and more of a resigned summary of affairs. Charmy's gaze had wandered to the open windows, eyes following the flow of traffic.

The bee snapped his fingers, bobbing away from the hypnotic window. "Oh-oh! Right! I came up here for a reason!"

A beat of silence followed as Vector stared at him.

“...And, that is?”

“Huh?”

Without hair to tug, the crocodile gripped and twisted the gold chain on his thick neck. “The reason, Charmy!” he repeated, voice strained.

“For what?”

Too early for these antics. No coffee yet, his head swam. Thankfully, Charmy snapped out of it with a gulp of air.

“Oh, right! Yeah!” He clapped his hands sharply. “You have a package!”

There was no package in either of his hands, nor was one attached to a foot. He recalled the time Espio had tied one to his ankle with twine—probably for just this sort of forgetfulness. Vector opened his mouth to ask, but Charmy spoke first.

“Here, I’ll go get it!”

Vector was forced to duck as the bee buzzed over his head, blasting across the office and out the half-closed door. “What am I gonna do with that kid?” he groaned to himself, a hand smoothing over the scales of his skull. The door bounced off the wall, knocked open by a small shoulder that *really* shouldn’t have had that kind of power. Vector bit back an expletive before a paper-wrapped package dropped onto his desk.

“Eh?” He peeled back taped edges, popping open an encased box.

“Peanuts!” Charmy chimed, digging his hands in greedily to snag several of the faintly colored foam.

“*Don’t* eat those, Charmy. They’re not real peanuts.” Thankfully, he was just playing with them, tossing the lightweight stuff into the air just to chase it on the way down. Inside the box was a cassette, Vector curiously pinching it between clawed fingers.

“A tape?” Scribbled on the labeled side was “Workout Mix.” It only drove more questions. He dug deeper, finding a note that had sunk to the bottom. Amber eyes flicked back and forth as he read the hand-scribbled missive, a small smile breaking out across his toothy muzzle.

“What’s that you got there?” Charmy chimed, bobbing next to his head and peering down. “Is it from a fan?~”

Vector puffed up proudly, jutting his muscular chest. “You could say that! Seems that we’ve got a little ‘thank you’ from one of our clients!” Moving behind his desk, he rolled out a drawer, sifting through the contents and nearly to the back. “Ah-hah!” he exclaimed, pulling out what he was looking for.

“...What is *that*?” Charmy asked, his eyes wide, reflecting the device he held in his hand.

Vector answered proudly, “It’s a cassette player! You probably never seen one of these before. They’re before your time, heh.”

“So...uh, what’s it do?”

"It plays music!" He answered, a note of exasperation creeping into his voice, as if the answer were obvious.

"Where are you going?" Charmy asked, bobbing around, gripping the tips of his shoes as he watched the crocodile bustling about his office.

"Figured I'd put this baby to use!" He popped the cassette into the player with a satisfying click before looping it onto his belt. I've been cooped up in this office for too long."

"Buuut... It's not even noon yet."

Vector chuckled, his gym bag already settled over his shoulder. "Better to get it over with and come back with a fresh mind and body, huh?"

"*Hmm...*" Charmy buzzed thoughtfully. "Does that mean I get to play video games until you get back?~"

Normally, Vector would be against stimulating Charmy's already hyperactive mind, but... He craved the peace that only a gym could provide, an aching need deep in his core.

"Fine. But only if Espio watches you." Vector barely finished before Charmy's shrill 'YAAAAAY!' split the air.

Instant regret, but he didn't waste time wallowing around in it. He had places to be, steam to blow off, and a new mix-tape to try out.

Vector caught the bus, unable to resist sampling the tape on the way. It was as catchy as he hoped: unfamiliar thundering metal lit up his synapses. The connection between his new headphones and the decades-old player went better than he thought. Bass pumped through the speakers, rattling him to the core. He didn't play more than a bit, greedily tucking the rest away for later as he neared his stop.

The corner gym he frequented was several blocks away from their office—too far on foot, and nearly too short for public transformation. With the brick-walled landscape of rising buildings and constant corner hotdog vendors, you really couldn't tell the distance. It was far enough that he wouldn't be tailed, that he could have his own private space to unravel his thoughts: whether personal or about a stymying case that he couldn't quite straighten out.

He relished the attention.

He was something of an attraction, one of the bigger guys who frequented the back-alley sweatbox. Seaside City had plenty of furry folk, but he noticed more than a fair few humans mingling about. One of them was a cute red-headed guy who ran the front desk. He had freckles that dotted across his nose with a slight gap between his front teeth that made Vector's own flash. His jade-green eyes roved over Vector's chest every time he stepped through the doors.

He appreciated that. Maybe he'd ask the guy out—the day he manages to work up the courage. Instead, he smiled, gave him a wave as he stepped out of the summer heat and through the

air-conditioned lobby. Not having to fish his ID out of his wallet was a relief, the leather clinging to his ass from the hot plastic seating he was forced to endure.

The lockers were fairly abandoned, Vector pushing his way in with a broad shoulder. He went to his usual spot in the back, fingers working over his button-up shirt as he shucked his slacks. The zipper hummed, echoing in the acoustic space as he went through his stuff, switching into a snug black tank top and matching shorts. The white stripe ran along the side of his thighs, the material hugging around his ass and quads, leaving little to the imagination.

He took the time to give himself a look in the wall-mounted mirror, enjoying the contrast between the gold of his chain necklace and the dark fabric. “Not bad,” he hummed. He had put on muscle in the last year, proud of it—especially with others having trouble looking away.

“*Careful, detective,*” he growled under his breath as he addressed his reflection. “Don’t wanna get too excited. The last thing you need is getting nailed with public indecency.” Tossing his bag into his locker, he snapped it shut with a reverberating bang. The cassette player clicked onto his hip satisfyingly, the cable running up inside his tank top and to his bulky headphones. It had been a long time since he’d worn a wire like that. The slick sensation of rubber tickling against his soft scales was something he’d missed. The way it threaded between pectorals was new, however.

“*Hrrrmh...*” he rumbled under his breath, tracing down the divide. Even before his gains, he’d been considered the ‘muscle’ of the group. Now, he was beginning to look the part.

The door swung as he stepped into the weight room. The sound of low grunts and clanking metal set him at ease as he snaked his way through the machines, his long, leathery tail zipping past racked weights. The warehouse ceiling made the place seem roomier than it was, with trestles zipping back and forth and fluorescent lighting buzzing. The place didn’t want light, that was for certain, color washed out by the flood of blue-white illumination.

“Alright, let’s see what this baby’s got on it.” Adjusting his plush headphones over his head, Vector pressed play. The cassette clicked into place properly, and a soft hum from the device as spools spun. It was a rush of thumping bass that shook Vector to the core of his being. He found his head bobbing even as he snatched his usual dumbbells, getting to work as he thrust them overhead.

“*Hooh—yeah, that’s great!*” He couldn’t even hear himself under the thump of the track, counting the number of lifts into his set as that familiar, aching burn began to set in. A few eyes swept his way, furtively watching the muscled crocodile as he manhandled his weights. They felt too small, too light—a surprise to Vector, but one he smothered with a smug smile. He tossed them back onto the rack, flicking two sizes up before snatching hefty wads of cast-iron.

“That’s better,” he said with a low huff, curling them one at a time, grunting with every push. His biceps eagerly responded, the divide of the split head deepening as the music rumbled into his ears. There was a vocal track, but the crocodile couldn’t quite make it out, the lyrics buried underneath the aggressive guitar and booming bass.

He hadn't felt this motivated in forever, his heart pounding in his chest as electricity sparked through his broad-shouldered body. "*Mff... C'mon, baby,*" he whispered to himself, his voice going husky. "Just keep pumpin'..."

Thoughts bled away, sliding from his mind like water off a duck's back. All the thoughts about his cases, about his co-workers, about...*Charmy*...evaporated. The only thing that mattered was the burn he felt, the growing, sweet ache that spread from his arms and into his chest. His tank top felt tight, chest pushing against the fabric as straps squeezed down over traps. The fabric rode into his armpits, creasing between pectorals as it vacuum-fitted around his torso.

"*Haaahaa... Yeah...*" He muttered distractedly as he continued to work his body. At some point, he swapped weights again, going up several sizes before squatting low. There was a series of pops followed by a sharp rip, but Vector didn't hear it—far too consumed with the track that thumped through his very soul. The words were almost there. He could taste it on his lips, mouthing the shapes...

"*Bigger...*"

His chest swelled. The subtle tear that had formed at the top split further, threads popping and snapping like silk as he sucked in a breath.

"Get... Bigger..." He repeated with the thrumming, beast-like growl that supported the hypnotic beat. Rivulets of drool formed from the corners of his mouth as his golden eyes began to glaze over. The air suddenly wasn't so conditioned anymore. Sweat beaded over lime-green leather, rolling down meaty contours that threatened to burst. His shorts looked painted on, fabric hugging around bulbous glutes. The strap that held his fat, ridged tail strained, threatening to break like a rubber band.

He had caught the other gymgoers' attention. Workouts slowed, eyes wandering to the spectacle of the slowly swelling crocodile. He huffed and panted, curling with a fury, thickening fingers gripping and swallowing dumbbell handles.

The lyrics no longer hid in the background. Thunderous words crashed through his mind, "**GET. BIGGER.**" They pushed anything else aside, obliterating stray thoughts until only a drooling slave remained, enthralled by the beat that continued to pour from the spinning tape on his hip.

His thighs expanded as he squatted, spreading them wide as tear-drop shaped quads squirmed and pumped, veins branching visibly under creaking dark lycra. His calves pumped, swelling out into split shelves that snaked with branching vascularity. Even his shoes were growing tight, distinct bulges threatening to burst from the ends of gray sneakers.

Vector's tank top had pulled up, revealing more midriff. Thickening abdominals formed a powerful wall that curved outward like a tortoise's shell. Rippling obliques flanked either side, spreading into lats that threatened to take off like wings. They lowered, inching closer towards jutting, boulderous glutes.

The detective's mind had completely flushed away, his eyes swimming in his skull, rolling back as drool dribbled from the corners of his slackened maw. He couldn't stop. He needed to grow *bigger*. He didn't bother to rack his weights, dropping them to the floor with enough force to

crack the concrete. He grabbed the biggest dumbbells, the ones that were placed at the end for show.

Except, Vector was the show, now.

He lifted them over his head with a lustful roar, his lats spreading as his stance widened. The adrenaline surge traveled through his bulging body and straight into his crotch. It swelled, thickening like a party balloon as hose-like veins lifted under the creamy-green flesh. Elastic strained, showing the base where vascularity webbed like writhing, pulsating snakes with his lower stomach.

"Buh...B-Bigger..." Vector's eyes lolled, enthralled into a hypnotic pattern that passed over them in undulating waves. **"GROW!"** Vector boomed, his thickening neck augmenting his already-intimidating baritone. His traps pushed up, catching a head that threw back, cushioning into his skull. His back had grown into a mammoth wall, the sides of his tank top splitting, tearing open as his lats cleaved through them like axe heads.

The ends of his shoes burst open like miniature grenades. The material exploded into scrap, laces snapping in a cascade until powerful feet spilled from their confines. Soles crushed into cement as tendons as thick as a man's forearm strummed over powerful feet. Dark nails glinted, etching thin lines across the floor as those crushing soles shifted.

And he still couldn't stop. The beat in his ears wouldn't allow it. It commanded him to keep *growing*.

So that's what he did.

Every breath pushed pectorals further from his chest. The muscle banded, dimpling deep as a protruding shelf transformed into bulging planetoids. Disk-like nipples pointed straight to the ground, shaded from the burning fluorescent light by sheer girth. His burgeoning muscle gut nestled underneath that powerful shelf, the underside brushing a crotch that had torn free from its confines.

Vector's enormous endowment twitched, growing with every passing second. Bloated balls perched in what was left of his shorts, the failing fabric clinging to it like a shredded basket. The veins pulsated with Vector's hammering heart, fueling the growth as his cock widened, growing bigger as thick foreskin hugged helmeted glans.

Everyone had stopped what they were doing, staring at the hulk that was blowing up before them. Vector's enormous tail swiped, knocking over a nearby squat rack, sending it effortlessly spilling. A few ran for the exit in a panic, but even more stayed, enthralled by the enticing sight and the masculine aroma that was radiating from the expanding brute.

At some point, the player had unclipped from his side, tugged up into the air like a ball on a string. Yet, it didn't disconnect. Instead, it found a new home between Vector's enormous, beach ball-like pectorals.

"HHuggh... Huuggee... B-Big..." the enthralled detective slurred. The mounting pressure behind his face didn't help matters. Like the rest of his body, it had thickened. Cheekbones shoved forward, his jawline distinctly widening. Vector's chin broadened into a shelf that crashed into his pecs, grinding into the space between them as his bloating jawline slotted perfectly into

place. His meaty neck nearly vanished behind it, wrapping around the sides to squeeze into his skull, the rest obscured by traps that threatened to overtake his head.

Metal squealed as huge hands grabbed wads of weights, mashing dumbbells together as he raided the rack. It was barely enough, a thinly veiled sense of satisfaction holding back the displeasure. He lifted, huffing and grunting as sweat rolled down his mammoth body, pooling around him to the point of it nearly being a localized shower.

The men closest to him were completely taken, moaning softly as hard cocks pulsated in sweats and shorts alike. Some openly pawed at themselves, others visibly fought with self-disgust.

And that's when the tape clicked. It had reached the end with a flourishing climax.

Vector gasped, the music cutting from his headphones. It felt like coming to the surface, gasping for air after being held under for minutes. His head pounded, his vision blurry as he tried to focus. "What... Wha..." he groaned, everything feeling too tight, too cumbersome. His body ground against itself, his hard cock pulsating, pressed up against his stomach with the head nestling up between his enormous man-tits. A shift of his body found his massive feet crashing into the floor, cratering it in sympathetic outlines of those detailed undersides.

"I..." He looked down at himself—or what little he could see past the mounding curve of his enormous chest. He couldn't even reach it, his hands futilely clenching as biceps slammed into pectorals, making them ripple and bow.

"*Oh god,*" he gasped, ecstasy shooting through his body as bloated biceps caught on plate-sized nipples. Even with the salacious cacophony of pleasure thrumming through his ever-grinding body, his mind whirled.

"The tape..." He panted, sweat still rolling from his furnace-like form. "...I gotta get it out! I gotta stop it before—!"

The cassette player in his chest clicked ominously.

"*No, no, no, no—!*"

It whirred, the cursed tape humming in fast-track rewind.

Vector desperately pawed at his chest, several stumbling steps cratering the floor as he crashed through equipment. The wall slammed, the building shuddering as it was outlined with mountainous rolls of muscle into cement. His bulk was too obscene to reach his headphones. Swollen pecs only squeezed tighter, sucking the device further between them where his thigh-sized fingers could *never* reach.

"S-Someone! *Help!*" He called out, his fog-horn voice booming through the gym to no avail. The only ones left were too high on Vector's fumes to do anything other than stroke themselves, a few scooting closer to their object of salacious obsession like zombies.

He knew his fate was sealed when the humming stopped with a sharp click.

The beat began again. Now familiar with the tape's insidious nature, he tried to fight it. Tried to block it out.

But he couldn't. It slithered through his ears and past his defenses, tickling at a buried desire that had been wrenched to the surface. Resisting pain was one thing; he was trained for that—experienced it.

Pleasure?

Vector had no chance.

He moaned as his body automatically bucked, his log-sized cock flipping through the air. It sent a rope of precum shooting across men and equipment alike as it smacked wetly against his chest, leaving a mess. Another booming moan trumpeted from Vector as he began to grow anew.

His golden chain yanked, the loose links pulling taut like a choker around his neck. He gasped, fat pillar straining as veins branched like bundled, squirming worms under reddening skin. The links exploded, shattering and shooting across the room in a clattering shower of precious metal.

"*Nuuuh...Nn...*" Vector shifted, trying to hold himself back. "*No—No, grow... No....*" He groaned in crumbling resistance, his voice deepening along with his widening neck, his Adam's apple jutting underneath the fattening breadth of his jawline. "No... G-Grow..." He gasped, eyes rolling back in his head as the lyrics took over, the beat slamming through his headphones and through his 8ft tall body. "**Grow BIGGER—!**"

His balls bloated, skin stretching as turgid orbs hit the floor, rolling across it as they audibly churned and gurgled. Freed from its confines, his body wantonly expanded. His back blew out, lats crashing into glutes as they erased the small of his back. It was a wonder his massive tail wasn't pinched off in the process. Vector rocked into himself, thrusting into his own chest as his bloated balls slipped behind them. It was like someone popped a fire hydrant, pumping those engorging orbs as they lifted up under his glutes into twin—growing—boulders.

His height ratcheted up to 10ft, his shoulders widening to the point where they matched. Triceps flared, sinew feathering as his leathery hide creaked, struggling to catch up. His eyes were barely open, hazed over as he drooled over his bloated, brutish jaw. "*Mooore...* **MORE MUSCLE-!**"

The ground cracked, cratering under the immense weight of the burgeoning brute. His tail swept behind him, smashing through equipment before it was invariably lifted by bloating balls. They swelled, churning as seed multiplied, the pressure building as soft, cream-colored flesh crashed and moulded to his broadening back. His swollen sack creaked from the pressure, a divide marking the border between distended orbs as they clenched and twitched.

The weight of Vector's cock had become too much, unable to stay perched between his pecs. With a slam that shook the city block, his cock hit the floor. Lights flickered and quivered as cement chunked, dust billowing from the twitching bus that had haphazardly parked itself in the weight room. Precum oozed like a broken faucet, drooling across the abused and ruined floor to mingle with salty sweat.

The music continued to thump through Vector's skull, obliterating his mind and situating itself deep into his subconscious. A tune that would never leave, a bug in his ear that would continue

to incessantly chant even if he were to rip the headphones from his skull. His tongue lolled out, rolling over a thickened lower lip and twin mounds for a chin. The ground cracked under his weight, the crocodile panting like a beast in heat, the humidity coalescing in a visible cloud that steamed from his furnace-like form.

There were shouts, the muted sounds of sirens outside. None of it mattered to Vector, the mountainous mass of crocodile consumed by the thrumming beat that compelled his body to expand in every direction. The lights crashed against his traps and pecs, sending the gym into a spiraling kaleidoscope of shadows. Precum shot through the equipment, knocking it over as the viscous material rushed to the nearest drains, promptly clogging them.

Mobility was a thing of the past. Muscle ground against muscle as his elbows were shoved to 90-degree angles. His pecs surged in size, lowering to the point they nearly obscured his stomach. They ground around his cock, nipples bigger than manhole covers plumped and brushed around the vein-webbed edges. Vector's body had transformed into a nexus of pleasure, every twitch sending a wave of striation rippling across his barn-sized body. His nerves were on fire, every brush of turgid muscle eliciting a booming moan from the immobilized enormity he had become.

There was nothing of the cunning detective that had walked in. He was a slave to his own body as precum splashed the walls and shattered windows. Even the most enthralled men had the good sense to clear out as he smashed into the scaffolding. The ceiling squealed, tearing apart under the pressure of Vector's expanding back. Brick shattered, walls tumbling down as the crocodile roared in pleasure.

"BiiiiiggguuUUUUUURRRRRR-!"

His voice boomed like an earthquake, setting off car alarms a block away. Vector brought his arms up, fists bigger than boulders, clenching as his body exploded in feathered striations. His biceps blasted past his fists, split mountains snaking with veins that would have made the city's sewer system jealous.

"Nnggh... NNGGURrrhh-!" Vector's dense, jutting brow shelf furrowed, crumpling slightly as his eyes rolled back in his skull. Strangled, pleased sounds erupted out of him as he thrust against his own body, looming balls churning and gurgling as they tensed, slamming up against his ass and the curve of his building-wide back.

And then he came.

Spittle flew from Vector's open maw, throwing his head back as far as the surrounding crush of pecs and traps would allow as he roared. His pecs clamped around his cock as his urethra bulged, swelling like a hose as it lifted him, tilting him back from the power of the imminent orgasm. The last of the roof collapsed around him as he shouldered through it, his cock slamming into the street as a deluge of cum flooded from the yawning slit of his flared glans.

It spilled down the streets in a gushing wave, coating cars and sending lighter vehicles sailing along the sticky-white stream. Sweat steamed from his body, hazing up into the air in a musky fog as he continued to roar in ecstasy without end.

Even as the player clicked and the music faded, he could still hear the beat in his mind—the one that demanded he keep *growing*. He didn't need the tape to rewind. The music lived inside him now, and his body surged to confirm it, cutting his already limited mobility in half as his head sank into the swallowing embrace of his pecs and traps.

Vector was gone. In his place was a brutish beast that only cared for *more*.

There wasn't a trace left of the detective who could speculate who did this to him.

It didn't matter anymore.

Nothing did.

Only **MORE MUSCLE**.