

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
FLOOR 57, 10:59 AM

The blindfold was off before the door could even open, revealing the room in 350 degrees, its near-entirety. By the time a well-groomed zebra leaned inside, as unobtrusively as possible, the horse still had eyes on him. Neither party was shocked.

“Yahya, sir,” he began, calm in the face of his superior—his superior’s superior, really. “Operative T is in place, on schedule, no disturbances to speak of currently.”

The horse snorted plainly, more from exertion than irritation.

“I...know you’re in the middle of training, sir—”

“Not an issue, Mienai, you’re fine,” Yahya neatly interrupted. “If I say I want updates, I want them, don’t apologize for good news.”

The zebra paused for one beat, his eyes closed, and nodded.

“Sir.”

The equine was roughly seven feet of toned, near-black muscle, making him a head taller—a horse’s head, no less—and the zebra could *hear* the difference in height between them. He could hear the slight shift as the horse smoothed back a shock of inky hair and flicked an errant ear, setting the blindfold down near an elongated interior garden of carrots.

“We’ll want our control pool purely herbivorous,” Yahya sighed, straightening out his tank top. “The whole point here is to measure the results on them, exclusively. Headmaster Gon has been alerted, over at Cherryton? He knows we’re moving ahead?”

“He knows, sir. He’s ready.”

“Good. Glad to know a full theater renovation can get you a lot, favor-wise. Glad he has the sense to display proper gratitude. Now, I want powder samples in at eight to ten food items, proportionate amounts to body size and type, based on the type of food. That’s proportionate dosages for elephant items, gazelle items, rodents, lemurs, etcetera. Have the operative record all data from CCTV feeds throughout the next week in the van, along the school perimeter.”

“Sir. The renovators for the theater agreed to ‘add’ an extra van, since that’ll be a long job, so it’s taken care of already. No one will give it a second look.”

In a rare moment, Yahya grinned, sincerely.

“I want you to know I’m smiling, Mienai,” he said. “So you know it’s said.”

The zebra suppressed a laugh, and just nodded.

“I knew, sir.”

“Mm. Of course you did. You see what I can’t, you lend me your thoughts, you even lent me the details for my *outdoor* disguise, as well. A good one, at that. I trust your judgment.”

“In that case, ah,” Mienai started, clamping back down right away on reflex. It was already too much for him to retract, but habits die hard, and it was done.

“What? Let’s not delay the proceedings, here. Out with it.”

“It isn’t dissent, Yahya, sir, only curiosity speaking...but, you really do believe it? The samples? I mean, you really think it’s *the* meteor? They said they found the fragment, but—”

“Hah. Well, if it’s the real deal, the chariot of the gods, we could have herbivores capable of overpowering the meanest carnivores, so I say it’s worth the shot. I can’t be the city’s *Black Devil* forever. Worst case, it’s fake, and we’ll be in for a whole lot of nothing, won’t we?”

“We’ll have a new theater, sir.”

Yahya’s grin went crooked.

“Let’s hope a little *bigger*, yes?”

“Sir.”

Mienai quietly shut the door, leaving Yahya to loom over his garden, dominating even it with his presence as he eyed rows of orange carrots in their specialized soil.

“It could be a brand new world, couldn’t it?” he murmured to himself. “Herbivores, overpowering carnivores—a world like that, I’d never blindfold myself to, ever again...”

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CHERRYTON ACADEMY

JACK, 11:45 AM

“Conjecture, my boy, sheer conjecture.”

So said the wizened elder falcon, leaning dominantly over the class’ lecture podium. The rows of students stood high, but the way the old bird spoke, he was clearly looking down.

“Well, granted, sir,” Jack politely persisted, the yellow labrador’s civility ironclad. “I only mention the research, comparable to more long-term academic conjecture. Given science’s proclivities for educated guesses, it seems difficult to *entirely* remove the suggestion that, say, ancient herbivores and carnivores warred over the meteor that wiped out the dinosaurs—”

“Alright, alright,” the falcon fussed, impatiently. “The issue, lad, is not the potentiality for validity, as we possess no definitive answers on the old war. It’s roughly as valid to say that everyone from that time *may have* done anything. Rather, it is the *extent* of that validity. Yes, there is a growing movement over beliefs in the meteor’s perceived ‘powers’, but until this theory has an equal quantity of proof behind it, *well*.”

He let the rest sit right on top of the dog, who saw fit to relent.

“Right. Now, the Meteor Festival itself might be extrapolated from unknown factors of history—guesswork, yes—but it is the closest we as a scientific community and society have gotten, with what we know. Do bear that in mind, everyone, as the festival approaches.”

The blessed bell overruled the bird at long last, followed by shuffling chairs and zipping backpacks and murmurings from herbivore and carnivore alike.

“Right, then. I want summaries for chapter 12 on Wednesday morning, everyone!”

Jack was the last out, as usual; the labrador took his time neatly packing his textbooks and folders in the proper alignment and order, giving the bag one light shake to settle it all, and then smoothly getting his thin arms through the straps. Neither biggest nor smallest in class, there was an overwhelming *averageness* to him, rendering him practically invisible as he stepped out into the hall among the other animals.

“I really, whew,” Jack huffed, working to sniff out, then catch up to his classmate, a towering and lanky male wolf, too tall for his uniform. “I really thought the professor would be more open to the newest research, being a history buff and all. It *is* history he teaches.”

“Mmm,” the taller wolf blankly grunted.

“And only one chapter summary! Haha, I wonder if he was rattled, deep down.”

“Mmm.”

“Legoshi, are you with me?”

The gray wolf looked down at last, blinking, then looking away.

“Ah, yeah. Sorry.”

“Sure. Ready for lunch, I bet,” Jack chuckled, keeping things light. “Guess I shouldn’t be surprised. I’m pretty hungry, too, actually. All that *conjecture*, and all.”

“Heh.”

That feast of a response was enough to get Jack’s tail whipping about, behind him, so he pressed his luck:

“See you in the cafeteria, then?”

“Ah...in a bit. I’m headed over to—”

“The gardening club,” Jack sighed. He tried not to. “Well, I’ll save a spot for you, if you end up wanting it! Otherwise, I’ll see you in the dorm, later.”

Legoshi didn’t have to apologize for doing his own thing, though it was about to exit his muzzle, just the same. Rather than belabor things Jack took the initiative and beelined for the cafeteria, leaving the surprised wolf behind.

“...Mmm.”

The capybara chafed in her uniform as she pushed the cart along toward the kitchen, clearly a size too small for it—and the cart. A miniature earpiece rested in her ear, undetected by uncaring students as she pushed into the back delivery door, the din of the lunch rush destroying any chance that anyone else could hear what was coming through it.

“Yahya wants to be sure these items get distributed to herbivores only,” Mienai’s voice buzzed calmly, but firmly. “Please arrange them accordingly along the lunch line, then swap out for the renovation uniform, and take up your position in the van. Cameras are all tapped with Gon’s blessing, so monitor all you can from that point on.”

“Roger,” she answered, just as a bulging rhino stepped in her path, waving his arms.

“Ma’am, deliveries go around—”

“Headmaster Gon sent me,” she quickly interrupted, making the rhino button his lip.

“Yes, ma’am, ah—if you could please go around to the a la carte side, then, please.”

She let a tiny grunt of annoyance loose, but turned and went back out a swinging kitchen exit—that was when it happened.

An idiot labrador jogging into a packed cafeteria entrance ran into the cart as she pushed it out into traffic, toppling the rack of goods to the floor along with his own meal. The sealed trays popped loose as cupcakes and sandwiches and patties and juice all skidded out, unopened and safe, but scattered into a tangle. What fell out of one tray was suddenly indistinguishable from another, a mess of anything among everything.

“Oh my gosh, I’m sorry, the seats were filling up, and I wanted to save a spot for my friend as fast as I could and—”

The labrador gushed apologies as he righted himself and knelt down to collect in repentance. He started with his own food tray, collecting what he knew was his own food.

“Oh, hell, it’s everywhere,” the capybara groaned, in a sudden panic. She shoved the canine student back, trying to gather them all back in quickly. “Why are you running in school, kid? What do they teach you here?”

“Gah, I’m really sorry,” Jack whined, his genetics responding to a deep-seated aversion to scolding of any kind. “Really, I apologize!”

“Ugh, whatever, kid,” she grumbled, lidding the one differently-colored tray and stowing it in the cart. “Just...watch it next time, alright, tiny? Ugh.”

Jack lurched back, stung more by the name than any impact the crash had made.

“Tiny?”

Whatever blush he had carried seconds before redoubled at mention of his height. He looked himself over, then pursed his canine lip as he gathered his refilled tray up, realizing how heavy it was overall, and had been. Not that he was weak, just—he had gotten used to needing more effort to move certain things around. Labradors weren’t the biggest dogs, granted, but they were hardly anything close to

tiny

“Mmmn,” Jack grunted, shaking it off.

It didn’t matter. He sat down at a table, continuing to know it didn’t matter, which is why he was still thinking about it so much.

“Anyway,” he said to no one but himself and an empty seat, righting his tray into a perfect 90-degree angle. He went for the comfort food (because that’s how much he didn’t care about being called small), not noticing the different-colored plastic wrapper about the cupcake as he removed it and quickly devoured it.

The capybara was behind now, if by a few moments, but that bossy zebra was sure to take notice and call in any second. She hustled her way into the a la carte line entrance, stocking everything out of the specialty tray first, then more carelessly unloading from the standard trays before bolting off and letting the students line up to collect on the other side, trays out.

“Report, T,” the earpiece crackled just as she did so, making her jump.

“Ah, they’re in place, yes, w-we’re fine,” she stammered, clearing her throat. “All set.”

“Wonderful, good work. Start monitoring, and update your recordings and observations on the hour, please.”

“Yes, sir. It’s already happening.”

Jack sat, and sat, becoming one with his cafeteria chair as he watched the empty seat his friend was supposed to be in watch him back. A single egg salad sandwich remained on the tray, wrapped up in that same different-colored plastic as the cupcake. Clearly, he had grabbed from her pile in the collecting—though she had his, so really, it all evened out.

That hardly bothered him as he flicked his ears, constantly thinking Legoshi was coming to join him after all.

As he sat, adjusting the sandwich into clean angles to pass the time, his boredom and embarrassment sank into his stomach, warm and deep, creating the oddest rumbling therein.

“Hmm.”

Jack felt his stomach over, then leaned back and tried to pop his neck as the wall clock ticked along—before the rumbling grew worse, more insistent.

“What the…”

Moments ago, he had felt properly full on a carefully arranged, calibrated meal. Now he felt full, sure… but unbelievably warm, yet kind of empty, as though something was burning it all away at high speed in his guts. Where, as a puppy, he would have torn off for the restroom, Jack instead remained seated, second guessing everything his body was telling him because none of it made enough sense.

Still, in the end, it was better to be safe than sorry.

Jack rose for the restroom, thought for a moment, and took his bag, slipping the egg sandwich in before power-walking over to the lavatory—only to find it full.

“Gah.”

He bit his lip and suppressed a whine, before pinwheeling about and booking it for his dormitory hall. Being as unnoticed as ever, he used years of practice to arch and swerve through the masses of students, watching for rodents below, rounding hippos and giraffes overhead.

Into room 701 he went, shutting the door behind him and barreling through the slight darkness of midday curtains as he made for the bathroom. Mercifully, no one else was in at the moment, meaning he had it all to himself; yet a moment later the door reopened, and Jack wandered back out in puzzlement, looking himself over as the rumbling swelled inside.

“Okay, alright,” he huffed, licking his muzzle over nervously. “Something I ate. I, uh, I have a short while before geometry, I can just sleep it off.”

That was it, sure. A nap to settle things, of course.

His shoes and uniform stayed on as he climbed the ladder to his bunk bed, sank onto it, settled, and let himself relax. All signals to the matter of rest stalled at the brain as his body tensed terribly, then tensed harder, every little muscle clenching in some kind of tickling, electric anticipation of *something* as he growled.

“Aha, what...did I eat?” he unevenly huffed as his body started to tremble openly, quaking his mattress. “W-what could I...huh...hoh-ho-AAAUUUUH! G...GHAAAAH!”

Deep barks escaped as the labrador clenched from head to toe, gritting his teeth as heat poured off of his rumbling body, the sensation painless, yet unbearable. *Overwhelming.*

Something between toe-curling joy and agony wracked his shaking muscles as they tensed too tight, stretched, then bulged *bigger*. Every bit of fiber in his form swelled out, mid-clench, condensing yet growing altogether as he flexed himself a full inch larger over the bed. His curled toes swelled against the insides of his shoes, his socks pulling as they tapped the end, then crept bigger, and bigger still, over and over.

“HNN-HHH...HAAAH...”

Inarticulate whatevers steamed out as Jack babbled and strained, closing his swelling eyes as his head crept up over his flattening pillow, his uniform sleeve catching a groaning yellow bicep as his arms blew up in width. His hips swelled against his pants and belt, the leather protesting as both ankles emerged from his leggings, the material straining tight as his thighs and calves ballooned hugely, filling the fabric until the seams began to pull and groan unhappily.

His flat torso gained altitudes and plateaus as his pectorals swelled into definition, the blinking male feeling them rise and rise with each excited breath. The buttons caught, held, caught, held, each swell of his chest forcing them higher and tighter as his shirt pulled too wide and began to part, creating opened gulfs between struggling buttons underneath a taut blue vest.

Growing hands clutched at the sheets below as they steadily swelled larger, his shoulders bloating into comparative melons within popping seams. His neck boomed thicker, widening into a bodybuilder’s as his collar stretched and spread, the canine nearly choking on his pulling tie as he whined and growled through expanding teeth.

“GH...G...”

At this point, it wasn't about speech, or even coherency. Jack just wanted—*needed* to release the pressure, somehow, even if it was steam blowing out of a pipe. But it just kept growing, and so too did he. His pants split at the vertices of his thighs, exposed threads clutching like tiny fingers at sudden swells of yellow fur as Jack passed from 5'5" up to 5'8", then a full 6' even, steadily filling his own bed.

6'1"...6'3"...6'5"...

More and more, his body inched out, lengthening and widening, newfound muscle crowding his popping uniform as he felt his abs swell higher, one last burst of his pectorals blowing the buttons off one by one, *pop-pop-pop*. The shirt snapped open, but the more durable vest remained around his thick torso as he whined and flexed uncontrollably, shudder-bursting one last, vicious time, blowing up to a full 7' in one heave.

Instantly, his shoes ballooned up, tented at the tips, then burst open as his toes emerged through ripping socks. His pants were more like partially-split long shorts caging powerful leg muscles, his belt having split halfway along.

Aftershocks tickled through his tight bulk as Jack shuddered hard, panted, then sighed the rest of his panic out. He stayed perfectly still, only noting the massively high rise of his vest as his pectorals rose and fell, rose and fell, tingling with pure power.

“Huah,” was all he managed, before sitting up—and bashing the ceiling with his forehead, sending out a muffled *bang* of impact as he winced.

He swung out massive legs beyond the bunk, and thudded heavily to the paneled floor with no trouble. He only thought to use the trusty ladder after he was down, and hardly needed it.

Jack gulped, and even that sent a surprising force down his swollen, thick neck, which he finally felt over with enlarged hands. He spied them front and back, felt his huge muzzle and ears, before stomping over to the bathroom once again, wide-eyed.

“No.”

Jack brought up huge palms to rub his eyes, before checking again.

“No way...”

He was big. *He was big!*

Not only was he taller than Legoshi by at least a head, but he was thicker. Bulkier. Two Legoshis could have hugged tight, and almost made up his muscle mass—until he flexed one furred bicep and gawked, watching it swell even tighter and higher, ripping his poor sleeve apart.

“H-how?”

He stopped, thought, then slapped himself, hard. It hurt, but...it didn't, at all. He was so strong that he could, naturally, withstand his own strength. Accepting that it was really his, however, proved far harder to get through.

“I really am. Huh, I really am!”

He lifted his over-tight vest from the bottom, revealing a row of hulking, bulging abs.

“Everything's so much larger on me, I can't believe I—HOH!”

Jack slammed into the bathroom linen closet as he jerked back, looking down from what he had just caught in the mirror. Where normally there was only the seam and zipper of the pants' crotch region, there was now a bulge. No, no—a small hilltop.

“Y-you're kidding me.”

Inquisitive hands were tasked with recon, and they sheepishly lowered to pat at it; a soft, huge palm upped the monstrous mound, testingly, carefully. The moment contact was made, the bulge inflated *even bigger*, swelling receptively, almost happily, nuzzling into his hand hotly.

Jack hissed through his fangs as a nasty blush scorched his muzzle and cheeks, the gigantic canine pulling back in terror and awe.

“Ahaha, ha...uh...”

It was too much at once, plain and simple. Jack's faculties folded under the assault and his big gentle eyes rolled as he shook, huffed, then fell over, out cold, thudding down loudly onto the hamper and rug and toilet, his head banging the bathtub as he passed out entirely.

12:38 PM

The door to 701 opened quietly as Legoshi peered in, sniffing the air.

“Uh...Jack?”

The wolf muttered softly, half from politeness, half from his own awkward nature. He waited, sniffing at the low lit room once again, sure that he smelled his best friend inside. He sniffed harder, his tail starting to wag about.

“I’m coming in,” he whispered, guiding his lanky self in through the relative darkness. “If you’re asleep, don’t be woken up—oh!”

Finding Jack’s bunk empty, but the covers mussed, Legoshi turned to see a light glowing through the underside of the bathroom door. The wolf ran a hand over his neck, clearing his throat as he approached the door.

“S-sorry I missed you, earlier,” Legoshi murmured, eyeing Jack’s backpack. “You got me an egg sandwich again, didn’t you? I can smell it.”

Silence, within.

“W-well, I appreciate it, I really do, ah,” Legoshi rambled, gulping. “I must have really annoyed you, to get the silent treatment...well, I’ll eat it right away! Again, t-thanks, really! I ah, I’m taking it now. So, I’ll take it. S-see you, hope you’re not mad.”

It wasn’t like Legoshi had to build the sentiment up, he was famished. He politely opened the zipper, peeked in, and retrieved the wrapped item, brandishing it at the bathroom door as though it was going to nod in permission.

The door shut softly as Jack lay prostrate, out cold on the bathroom floor. A soft tick pulsed through his form, perhaps a brief muscle spasm, before going still again.

Then, another tick. And another, and another, until Jack’s bulky form was twitching on its own, more and more violently. The telltale rumble returned as his fur bristled in anticipation, his clothing starting to stretch even more torturously as the slumbering canine kept pulsing all over.

His poor zipper pulled into a mean arc as his package started tenting even taller beneath it, his legs swelling bit by bit once again, his pectorals blowing up bigger, thicker, hungrily pulling the blue Cherryton vest higher yet. The ceramic tiling of the floor shook as his rumbling

grew worse, Jack's height slowly pushing to 7'2", then 7'5", lurching up by inflating degrees as his pink tongue lolled loose, his neck swelling into a great, gorgeous pillar of bulk, its width surpassing his jawline and ears as his head grew out over the rim of the tub, shoving the shower curtain back steadily.

His pants *rip-ip-ipped* wider apart as great tides of warm, tight muscle boomed up through the openings, snapping clinging threads as they gave their last. His biceps tore up through his sleeves as they hugged up, up towards his broadening shoulders, his lats flaring into huge, stretching wings underneath groaning triceps. His tie clung too tight around his expanding neck as he stirred dumbly, eyes shut, wrinkling his muzzle with a muted, happy huff as his testes ballooned too big for his boxers, ripping them away under his straining pants, leaving only his elastic-band underwear to snuggle against their rounded girth.

7'9" heaved right up to 8' as his muscles gorged on power and heat, throbbing out against the side walls and crumpling the wicker hamper flat against their mass as he huffed and snorted, somehow imposing and adorable, an oversized puppy flooding a small space with his escalating growth. What remained of his shoes snapped wider apart, the soles and outer leather separating loudly as his torn socks and swelling feet blew bigger, and bigger.

8'5"...9'...

"Did you fall in, Jack?" a more boisterous canine's voice echoed through the other side of the bathroom door, followed by a few indignant knocks. "Come on, the hallway bathroom was full, get out already!"

Durham knocked, and knocked, the coyote leaning into the door with a raised ear.

"What are you even doing in there? What's that sound?"

"Hey, the bathroom out there is—"

"I know, same here," Durham groaned, as Collot entered 701 after him, the shaggy sheepdog (presumably) looking through his oversized white bangs at Durham. "But Jack's hogging it at the moment, I can't get anything out of him."

"Is he okay?"

"Well, if I knew, I—hey, Jack? Jack!"

Jack's slumbering form swelled even larger, trembling as it billowed up another 5 inches in one burst, then another, pushing him to over 10' and change. His feet pressed the sides of the bathroom door as his sacs stretched his underwear to absurdity, their undersides plumping and mashing bigger against it as his curled shaft broke through his zipper, tearing his pants in half as he shook and groaned and grew, and grew, and grew.

"Hey, yeah, what is that?" Collot asked, leaning in close with Durham against the door.

"Search me, it's not like any sound...it's like rubber, I guess--"

Both canines yelped as the door snapped at its center, the rumbling tickling out into the floor under their shoes. Seconds later, the entire dormitory shuddered as something huge pushed and swelled into the door from within, cracking it further.

"What the hell!?" Durham barked, stumbling back.

"Jack!" Collot growled, looking the door up and down as it bulged out towards them, warping and snapping at the same time as the groan from within grew worse and worse.

"W-what do we do, call the nurse?" Durham started, when the bathroom door blew out in two rent halves, a monstrous set of furred yellow swells ballooning out through a warping door frame. "Ah, what is that!?"

"Run!" was all Collot offered as he scrambled back out into the hallway.

A stunned Durham fell back over himself as the 3-foot wide testicles boomed bigger still, surging and straining, determined to hug into him as he gawked and gaped. Jack's head bullied up into the ceiling as his bulk throb-throbbled bigger, growing against itself. The tub snapped and smashed flat under too much weight as his 13-foot body relentlessly increased, overfilling the interior completely, muscle pressing muscle, the entire dorm starting to crackle and shake ominously...

Operative T had only settled into her chair in the van for a few minutes when one hallway camera feed pulled her attention over to the console along its wall. The harried capybara spat hot coffee and kicked herself and the chair over to it, slack-jawed and goggle eyed at the sight of two canines bolting out into the males' dorm hall as a large, unmissable fissure cracked forth, chasing after them.

“Oh, what,” she muttered sourly, before seeing another crack forming, then another on the CCTV feed. “Now what!?”

Back inside, Collot and Durham stumbled over one another and tumbled down the stairwell, howling and clamoring like all death, as the walls and lockers and windows all quaked deeper, back up above. The floor above 701 began to surge up in a slope, tiles snapping and pinging loose as a massive yellow-furred head began to break through; enormous legs blew out the side walls to the canines’ dorm room, blasting into the connecting areas and filling them with smoke and fuzz as Jack tremble-boomed larger still, pumping and throbbing past 20’6” ...23’9” ...28’ ...

The capybara staggered out of the van as multiple dorm feeds revealed walls of nude, fluffy muscles and enormous sex filling space after space, sending her reeling as she turned to the exterior of Cherryton and saw dozens of herbivores and carnivores escaping out into the courtyard, screaming and hollering nonsense as the dormitory building began to shake openly.

“Oooh,” she groaned, wincing among the rising chaos. “That’s not good...”