

1.

CHERRYTON GARDENING CLUB

LEGOSHI, 12:19 PM

If ever a place there was where the rest of the world was not, it was here. An intense kind of serenity lay over the rooftop of the main building where it hid, untouched by the drama and noise of the rest of Cherryton. It was a small wonder that Legoshi found himself there more and more, over time. The *other* small wonder was there, too, likely in the clubhouse.

“Ah, I-I’m coming in,” the wolf muttered to no one, as if the balcony would throw him out. “Excuse me.”

There was a tension beneath Legoshi’s tall, wiry frame, some unreleased coil of awkward anxiety; here, with the blessing of hundreds of fragrant flowers, his posture straightened out and relaxed, if just a little bit. A partial smile dared its way onto his muzzle as he surveyed the balcony, then made for the wooden clubhouse over at the back corner—a shack, really. But it was Haru’s shack, as far as he was concerned, and that made it perfect.

Only the most respectful of knocks would do—astonishingly, the wolf managed it exactly right, not too loud, not too soft. Batting a thousand, he was.

His mood spiked, only to plummet into a crashing heap of confusion when a medium-height red deer opened the door, eyeing up in irritation at him.

“Eh,” Legoshi half-barked, straightening up again. This time, it was in the worst way. “L-Louis, uh, I. Well.”

“Well?” the deer coldly huffed, his eyes burning impatiently.

“Ahah, well—”

“What are you doing up here?” Louis snorted, keeping the door nearly shut. “Rehearsals aren’t for another...what, half an hour? Did they run out of meat in the cafeteria?”

One. Just one of Legoshi’s brows began to angrily dip down.

“Ah, n-no. I know.”

“Well, then, what could you *possibly*—”

“Is H-Haru here?”

Louis froze on an exhale, leaving the deer’s nostrils flared. His eyes were bugged out to match as they flicked over to a bed that Legoshi knew was there, inside, but hadn’t thought of at all—until now.

“Why do you ask?” Louis rumbled, reeling back in.

“Legoshi?” a small voice chirped, behind Louis. Legoshi might have been glad to hear it, were it not accompanied by the groan of springs as someone got up off that very same bed. “Shoot, I didn’t realize it was past noon, I’m sorry. Give me a minute, okay?”

Louis’s eyes were locked back onto the wolf, as though the senior grade deer were literally trying to will him out of existence. Not that it had ever worked before.

“S-sure,” Legoshi mumbled, just as Louis shut the clubhouse door.

When it opened again, it opened all the way. Louis barged out, all shoulders, nearly goring Legoshi with his antlers as he hurried past, somehow accusing and dismissing all at once.

“Rehearsal,” the deer growled, not looking back as he exited. “Don’t be late.”

“R-right, sorry.”

Louis clasped the frame to the main building balcony door like he was about to either fall over or tear the molding out.

“Don’t apologize,” he seethed, still facing away. “You’re the one with the muscle, right?”

Legoshi was one verbal centimeter from apologizing again when Haru thankfully intervened and grabbed his hand. Her other hand adjusted her school dress tellingly, as though it had just been put back on. *This*, Louis saw.

“I forgot this was when you usually showed up, I’m sorry,” the white dwarf rabbit said, sounding as winded as she was controlled.

“If I came at a bad t-time,” Legoshi started, when Haru pulled on his bigger hand with both of hers, interrupting.

“It’s fine. Louis just had...something to go over with me.”

“Oh.”

“Right, well. The festival means a lot’s going on. Lots of cross-pollination.”

Legoshi’s grin was back.

“Hehe, a flower joke—”

“Look, I don’t have time right now to talk, sadly,” Haru began, cutting him off again. “I need to get down to the festival grounds and get the flower arrangements all settled, while it’s still early in the day. I hope that’s not a problem?”

“Oh, ah, n-no, it’s fine,” Legoshi mumbled. “I should eat something before Drama Club, anyway, that’s fine.”

The rabbit must have only come up to maybe a third of Legoshi’s towering height, but height didn’t equal authority here. The bunny was clearly delegating schedules.

“Okay, great, I’ll see you later, then, promise.”

“Y-yeah,” Legoshi hummed, still smiling, still meaning it. “Later.”

12:27 PM

Much like life outside of the Gardening Club, all the good stuff was gone.

“Erm,” Legoshi grunted, his eyes darting back and forth along the near-emptiness of the serving line, an empty tray waiting in his oversized hands. “Hmm.”

The egg salad sandwiches were completely annihilated, which at this time in the cafeteria was no surprise. The wolf’s stomach fussed, indignant and neglected as he sighed and put the tray back, then turned to leave the line.

“Ah, Legoshi!”

A chipper voice broke his thoughts into further disarray as a brown female wolf bounced into view, a basket of wrapped goodies in tow. The calm flow of her school dress only served to accentuate the warm curves of her fur, brown crowning a lighter-cream muzzle and inner cheeks. Eyes that a grown male could fall into locked onto Legoshi as she got in close, all smiles and a little bit of teeth. Still, even at such proximity, Haru’s eyes were *much* bigger.

“Ah, J-Juno, hi,” Legoshi mumbled, straightening into full rigidity.

“Oh? Did you miss the line?” Juno wondered, sniffing at him (somewhat) politely.

“Eh, well, i-it’s not a big deal...”

“Well, at least have *something*,” she huffed cutely, shoving a juice bottle at him from her large wicker basket. “I swear, you really do need *someone* to take care of you. Hee.”

“Oh, no, I-I’m fine, it’s nothing,” Legoshi deflected, or tried to. “I was just up at—”

Juno sniffed harder, then frowned. Her eyes flicked down with the edges of her mouth, then shot right back up to his, a firm and earnest look teetering on a glare.

“I can smell the flowers,” she muttered. “And someone else. Really, Legoshi, isn’t that just a bit of a strange thing, being seen around with that little thing? I mean, she’s half ears. You and *I*, on the other hand—”

“Should be g-going, excuse,” Legoshi finally managed to say, bowing past her like she was some looming archway in his path.

“Wait a minute, Legoshi,” Juno started, only to pause in confusion as Legoshi rushed back and bowed a bit too quickly.

“T-thanks for the drink.”

With that the wolf fled, leaving the other of the species standing in wonder.

“Hmm,” she snorted, flattening her ears. “Well, just you wait, Legoshi. I’ll show you a carnivore’s *true* beauty when I take to the stage. Let’s see you fawn over some bunny then...”

12:38 PM

The door to dorm room 701 opened to darkness, making Legoshi wince—not from its presence, but from how it prevented him from telling if Jack was sore at him right away. He wasn't so much in the mood to unravel that slow of a mystery.

“Eh...Jack?”

He sniffed the interior, and found the scent he was seeking; the reply, however, was nowhere near it. *A bad sign.*

“I-I'm coming in,” he whispered, setting one foot before the last in the silence and stillness, navigating well enough towards the bunk beds. “If you're asleep, don't be woken up—oh!”

Nothing there but blankets. Being so tall, it was easy to check, without use of the small ladder joining Jack's bed to his own, below. Still, the blankets were mussed on top, and the smell was unmissable (if perhaps slightly different, now that he thought about it). Legoshi turned to the bathroom door, shut but illuminated, and he cleared his throat out of caution as he approached.

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

More silence—deeper, even, it seemed. His empty stomach knotted.

“W-well, I appreciate it, I really do, ah...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 was no lie, to be fair, the wolf was starving by this point. He waved for the sake of waving as he made for Jack's bag, opened it, and fished out the sandwich, still freshly wrapped and perfect. He waved it at the door as proof of his word, then exited 701 with a soft *click* of the door, unaware just how occupied the bathroom was getting.

12:45 PM

Operative T was having what the wisest of the wise called ‘a day’.

The capybara shambled out of her van, trying to wring spat coffee out of her uniform while also jogging towards the same building others were fleeing. No students bothered with her presence as she charged into the double doors at the back and sussed out the nearest stairwell; the ceiling spewed dust as a massive crack ran through overhead, the entire building shuddering ominously around her. The meeting lobby shook, wall cases snapping, tiling shaking loose from the ceilings framework as something relentlessly expanded up above.

“Oh, no, no, dammit to hell!”

Her own mutterings were buried under the rumbling as she forced herself up the stairs, up to the 7th floor, all the while noting how the webbing breaks and snapping lines culminated there. She gulped, gathered what courage she had managed to carry with her, and entered the dorm hallway—only to scream in complete shock as half the space was consumed by furred yellow brawn, nude and quaking and bristling with energy.

“W-what!?”

The flooring crackled, groaned, then caved in with a resounding *CRASH* as the massive bulk sank a full floor lower, a set of grand-scaled pectorals bulging down into view in its place. The 6th floor broke apart right after, evidenced by a great heave of release as the floor shook and all that bulk thudded even lower, the vast chest muscles giving way to a muzzle—a labrador’s muzzle. A *humongous* labrador’s muzzle.

Had the head not been the size of her van, she would have considered for a moment that the male in question was, actually, rather adorable. The same way a youth’s face might be at its most peaceful in sleep, the snoring behemoth’s maw was partly open, a vast soft tongue poking out the side as Jack slept undisturbed, his 35’ body rumbling warmer and thicker, sending waves of heat her way.

“What...do I even tell...Mr. Mienai?” she moaned, her wide eyes taking in every amazing sinew on Jack’s tremendous, hulking neck. “I mean, this...he’s...in-incredible!”

Was this good news? It was, right? No, no it wasn’t! This freak was still growing!

Jack’s vast eyelids stayed low as he suddenly puppy-whined, then began to rumble more and more and more, until the devastated hallway groaned miserably; his muzzle burst out larger, smashing through the walls as his head surged back up, up through into what remained of the ceiling above. Before she could do anything, the 40-foot monster trembled and swelled even more, the 5th floor smashing open and allowing Jack’s mass to lurched down into the obliterated

4th floor, then the 3rd, his weight swelling ceaselessly as he snorted and snored into another room, echoing out as he blew up to 45 feet...

By the time she wobbled outside, the capybara was practically in shock. She hardly understood what was happening when several students hustled Headmaster Gon towards her and the rumbling, cracking building. The Siberian tiger took one panicked look at the place, adjusted his glasses, then snapped his attention to her.

“What in the world is going on here!?” the Headmaster balked, his casual nature evaporating. “You’re—er, you’re the one I should be talking to, yes? Per someone’s *specific* orders? What’s happening in there? That’s the males’ dormitory!”

He shook the capybara, which in turn snapped her back to what she suddenly had to concede was reality.

“A-ah,” she stammered, gulping dryly as the building rattled behind her. “A c-cave in, sir! We need to ah, evacuate this area of the Academy, right away!”

“How could a cave-in happen here,” Gon wondered absently, if for but a moment.

“S-sir! I can explain when it’s just us, but for now, we need this area cordoned off!”

“Right, I’ll dismiss everyone—”

“N-no!” she wailed, regaining her composure right after. “No, sir, don’t! That would compromise this *entire thing*! W-we need to keep the students near, at least until we k-know who ate what earlier, otherwise it’ll be chaos!”

“Be!?” the tiger groaned, motioning to the shuddering dormitory. “What do you call this, then? No, I’m calling this off now, forget the renovations!”

“W-we’ll pay for the dormitory too!”

“Yes, you will! Now, let me get this assessed, while school closes! I’m calling a general assembly in the school auditorium, this is stopping right now!”

The capybara started to protest further when the building stopped, and went still once again. The two of them stared cautiously a moment, before she went back at it:

“Really, sir, if you want to call assembly, do so, I understand...just please, wait before you dismiss the students, I’m *begging* you—”

But Headmaster Gon was already gone. The tiger was practically running to his wing of the administration building, farther off down the campus.

“Crap,” she huffed, turning to jog back to the van to report. She glanced at the silent building nearby and pursed her lips, before continuing on. “Just...just, *stay put* in there, okay?”

1:03 PM

“I can’t just be as pretty as ever,” Juno muttered, wandering out of the dressing room of the Drama Club. “That won’t do it. If I’m going to win Legoshi over, I need to *stun* him. I need to be all he can see. But what can grant me that extra push—”

She stopped in place, her sweat shorts and shirt getting tucked together as she noticed a tall tiger and a medium-height white Dall sheep enter from the other end of the room, neck-deep in the kind of conversation meant for empty rooms:

“Ask Kai, if you don’t believe me,” Pina, the sheep, plainly spoke. “He heard from Kibi about her—from a reliable source, no less.”

“Sure, sure,” Bill, a towering Bengal tiger, snorted. “An okapi taking it off at a club is one thing, but a Black Market club? That’s stupid. No sane herbivore would even dare, I don’t care how cute she is.”

“I dunno,” Pina drawled, playfully. “I hear she’s *unbelievably* attractive. Even knows how to drive carnivores wild, and not in the way you would first expect. And you think the club is crazy? She’s apparently the unsung star of that one hotel in the market, the—oh, Juno!”

The wolf suppressed such a startle that it bounced down into her toes, then erupted back up with her response:

“Ah, Pina, Bill! H-hello! I was ah, just about to go into the theater—”

“With snacks, huh?” Bill chuckled, stepping bravely out ahead of Pina. “You can always leave ‘em here, we’ll look after them!”

“He’s not wrong, you know.”

Juno blinked away a few years' worth of confusion, before realizing she still had the goody basket in tow.

"Oh! Haha, that's okay, thank you, it's for everyone! But go ahead and take something now, while we're here—"

"I *couldn't*," Bill laughed, already holding a processed patty in a bun.

"You couldn't *stop*, you mean," Pina chuckled, politely taking a pear.

"My generosity of spirit, for sure! It just overflows, haha!"

Juno wasn't listening. A new directive was already seizing her processors.

"Haha, well, enjoy!" she laughed, proffering a few gentle wags of her tail-fluff as she left the dressing room, closed the door, and leaned into it with her back, eyes wide and darting.

Drives carnivores wild

"That's it," she huffed, steeling herself with a soft *boof* of her fur. "That's it! He has that herbivore fetish...who better to teach me...than an alpha herbivore! That's the insight I needed!"

Years of carnivore pride were (briefly) smooshed into a convenient mental pancake as the idea of possessing Legoshi superseded all else. She could defeat her own pride and accomplish this task—that's just how great she was.

"Okay, then," Juno concluded, perking up straight and tall, then stepping off intently toward the theater. "I'll just get rehearsals right the first time, and excuse myself early for a little trip to the Black Market..."

1:10 PM

Rehearsals were hardly starting, and Louis was on the warpath.

The red deer stormed around, internally and externally, stab-pointing at light fixtures, throwing both arms out accusingly at half lowered curtains, shooping and beckoning some students simultaneously as he went.

“Legoshi!”

The wolf jerked in place, his ears lowering from the sound, and from surprise. He finished stuffing the last of the sandwich into his muzzle, gulping fast, then turned from his place up on the lighting balcony, looked down, and saw the deer waiting below, arms folded. Every crease the folding put into his pristine green blazer matched the creases in Louis’s brow, which somehow kept furrowing further.

“Eh—”

“The center lighting is crucial for Juno’s entrance, you should already know this,” Louis growled, his irritation barely suppressed. “Get it right, you know her height, you know where it’s staged! This will be outdoors and in the evening light, so it’s even more important!”

“Y-yes.”

“Don’t y-yes me, you half-baked excuse for a carnivore,” Louis grumbled, pinching up at his eyes. “Just show some competence, as well as a spine! You’re tall, this should be easy!”

“Ye...Uh. I...I understand?”

That blank look on Legoshi’s dumb face drove the deer off too many ledges to count, and there just wasn’t time enough to try. The deer shook his head and mouthed something not-nice as he stomped away and barked at a nearby mongoose.

“What, no drink yet, Kai?” he sighed. “I can’t get a team that can even have a simple drink ready on command, but we’re expected to pull this off for the most important festival of the entire year!? What is this—GET THE DRINK! Don’t stand there, that’s not going to make it happen, is it!? *Standing*? That’s your plan to stop my yelling at you, Kai? Is it? How’s that working out for you?”

The smaller mongoose scattered, spluttering various intermingling apologies.

“Ah,” was all Legoshi could manage as he fumbled with his hands, then fixed the center spotlight. In actuality, he had just put it back where it already had been.

Before he found his *sorry* (let alone said it) a terribly odd rumble filled his stomach, an alien warmth spreading from head to toe to tail to finger, in a wave he couldn’t tell was either good or bad. As Juno took the stage up ahead, stepping around the breaks in the paneling, Louis gestured directions for her dance, thumping the back of one hand against his palm to beat out a

rhythm. Juno navigated it perfectly, but as Legoshi slid the spotlight around, his stomach cramped a second time, and even worse; he doubled in on himself, his grip still on the light, making it yank North just as she finished.

“LEGOSHI!”

The wolf was already grimacing; when he heard Louis, it went full *wince*. He didn’t look up as the red deer stormed nearer—he couldn’t. He couldn’t undouble as his body throbbed ominously, his muscles tensing into one singular, terrible, electric clench.

“Y-your drink, Louis,” Kai huffed, running up with a bottle of juice.

“NOT NOW, YOU—ugh, give me that!”

Legoshi forced his view up in time to see Kai handing Louis a juice, wrapped in that same colored cellophane as the one Juno had foisted upon him. He grunted, throbbing hotter and stronger still, then looked between breaths to his backpack. That same-looking bottle he had quickly set down by it was now gone.

Two and two had no room to make four as the throbbing built, until finally Legoshi felt a great, hot push of bulk erupt within. Every muscle flexed so hard he could swear his fur was fluffing out thicker, pulling just the slightest bit tighter over a unified bulge of size as he grew a full inch in one gushing heave.

“G-hah...”

Confusion battered against invigoration as raw power tickled his mass, his ears flicking back as his toes stretched his socks and shoved against tightening shoes. His drama club sweatpants pulled a tiny bit higher at the waist as his hips swelled another inch wider, his lithe chest pumping out and tightening his white work shirt as the sleeves crept up another inch, his collar catching a widening neck.

His eyes rolled as a hot snort escaped from a stretching muzzle, a sudden pang of pleasure biting him, and Legoshi bit his lip in a bid to not make noise as his growing ears heard Louis’s muttering.

The deer had only stopped a moment to unwrap, open the bottle, and down the entire thing angrily. Whether it was to cool him down or fuel the fire, Legoshi would find out all too soon. Even in the throes of such bizarre pleasure, he already had a guess forming at the back.

“Guh, and it’s lukewarm, terrific,” Louis grouched, setting the bottle on a theater chair arm and straightening his jacket out. “Legoshi! What in the hell are you doing up there? How can you muck up the simplest thing? Huh? Are you listening!?”

He was, as much as he wasn’t. Something else was filling his ears as he wobbled and shook, then blew up another inch, the sounds of pulsing growth making his fur ruffle out in thrilling waves. His hands swelled gradually over the contours of the spotlight, consuming it slowly, tilting it up further as he uncontrollably flexed his muscles, forcing them *bigger*.

“I SWEAR—”

By the time Legoshi’s sleeves caught tight against surging biceps, Louis was up on the balcony with him. Only the rude stab of the deer’s finger in his stomach could snap the wolf out of his haze—*barely*.

“If I have to come up here one more time, Legoshi, so help me, I—LEGOSHI!”

The wolf’s eyes fluttered as Louis’s hand snatched his swelling wrist, making him vaguely aware as the smaller deer callously yanked him along down the balcony stairwell, out past the seats, past a shocked Kai, up to the stage, and past it. All the while Legoshi murmured and snorted, rumbling and swelling another inch, and another, something terrible and amazing building like fire within as he stumbled along.

“S...s-sorry...”

“Just get in—”

Legoshi finally came to as Louis shoved him into the backstage dressing room, the carnivore’s head whacking the upper mold to the door. Being nearly 8 feet tall, it was inevitable enough. Louis only took a moment to whip around, still inattentive, and bark back at everyone:

“We’re back at it in five!”

“Ah, Louis, I know the routine,” Juno yawned, all teeth. “I need to step out, okay?”

Louis’s lid nearly blew, between his antlers. Now, Legoshi was aware, and now the 8’3” wolf was in terror as he looked the shrinking room over.

“Why didn’t you say earlier, Juno!?” Louis roared, throwing up his arms. “You know, you—fine, fine. *You* at least got everything right. Just, be back later!”

Juno nodded sweetly, stopping only long enough to grab a few more snacks from her basket for later, then exited, very-much stage left.

“Er,” Legoshi began—

“Too late for talking, you meandering incompetent,” Louis growled, slamming the door behind him as he stomped over and resumed his finger-jabbing.

Legoshi rumbled again, deeper and deeper. His lip pursed as his eyes lidded, the trembling getting much, much worse.

“S-sorry—”

“I don’t need apologies, I need results,” Louis hissed, now that no one was watching. They could hear, but at least not see. “What’s with you?”

“Well, the light fixture w-was—”

“Why were you seeing Haru!?”

“E...eh?”

Even as the rumbling grew and grew, even as Legoshi’s shirt began to lift high enough to reveal his stomach fur as it departed the stretching band of his pants, he only focused on that.

“You heard me! Why would a big, lanky, moronic carnivore be up at the gardening club at that time of day? I didn’t send you there for flowers today, did I? So what is this?”

“W-well, what were *you*—”

Legoshi bit his lip to stop it from continuing, but the look on Louis’s face said that it was already way too late.

“Excuse me!?”

The deer did his very damndest to get in Legoshi’s face, so incensed that he seemed incapable of realizing that Legoshi was several heads taller now. Whatever primal anger was driving him only took his taller height as another round of some lifelong mockery, and his cervid eyes widened into a bordering rage.

“WHO ARE YOU TO ASK!?”

“W-well *you* asked—”

The rumbling was finally emanating out of Legoshi’s enlarged body, getting so bad that it shook through his nearly-popped shoes and into the carpet. His pants cuffs rose, revealing thickening ankles and tight socks, his tail boofing out hungrily, his arms blimping out against snaring sleeves and snapping seams. A burst of pleasure spattered his core and the words failed him. Louis, alternatively, had no such problems:

“WE ARE NOT EQUALS! YOU HAVE ALL THAT POWER AND SIZE, AND NO SPINE TO PROP IT UP—IN FACT, NO, THAT’S ALL YOU ARE! A PROP! YOU STRAIGHTEN UP AND GET IT TOGETHER, AND YOU STAY AWAY FROM HARU!”

Something in the wolf snapped, some final thread of internalized self-restraint, and the buildup erupted in a geyser-frenzy of energy. Legoshi interrupted, insofar as his body stopped shaking, and finally *exploded*.

Louis gawked as a sudden wall of fur blew up and out, blasting through ripping, popping fabric. Waves of warm abdominal girth battered the deer back as Legoshi’s head pummeled up into the ceiling, bashing it up into a dent as his growing ears flattened. Once lithe biceps ballooned frantically, groaning tighter as they swelled to prominence and snapped away his poor sleeves. His pants caught two swells of thighs and calves as his legs grew too big, shoving and kicking out past the startled deer on either side, throwing a chair back as his overloaded shoes slammed the walls.

“*W-what—*”

Legoshi’s teeth were bared, all bone and gums, his nostrils flaring in restrained bliss as his pectorals boomed up into his chin, forcing his growing head back up into the dent as his shoulders exploded out. Louis scuttled back on all fours, goggle-eyed, looking in a panic as one overgrown, stretching shoe snapped apart, a sock bursting through, toes bursting through it right after. The heel blew out of the other shoe as the walls began to crackle and spew dust, more and more pressure put in as the 15-foot wolf huffed, shook, and growl-*boomed* even *bigger*.

“*In the hell is—*”

“Oh, he must really be giving it to him, in there,” Dom, a towering blue peafowl solemnly muttered, shaking his head atop a long neck as he stood on the stage.

“Thinks he’s so big,” Kai muttered sourly, having grabbed the emptied bottle of juice, and thrown it angrily into the nearest trash bin.

“Huh, HAH,” Legoshi puffed, the shuddering male slowly billowing to 18 feet, then 20. His muscles throb-throbbled powerfully, outpacing his height as he swelled wider and heavier all over, his thigh muscles snapping his pants further apart as two last scraps of shirt clung to inflating pectorals. “HAH, H-I-I’M...S-SORR—”

20 feet shot to 25, pushing Legoshi’s back muscles and huge arms tight to the walls—all of them. His thighs bulged closer together as Louis scrabbled to his feet and opened the door. Immediately, Legoshi’s growing foot lengthened over it, a basketball-sized big toe catching the door as the deer threw it open, bouncing it shut again and making him cry out:

“No, no, let me out,” Louis ordered, though no one obeyed. “S-stop!”

He turned back around in time to see a final insult approaching, as the taxed crotch of Legoshi’s pants bulged with a deer-sized mound, crowned by a long, curved bulge of pure heat and scent. He knew what it was. He just wouldn’t accept it.

“Hey. No. NO, stop it! Ke-keep that away!”

“GHUUUUUUUUUAHHHHHAHHHH—”

The room was just too small for the 28-foot carnivore, plain and simple. Louis’s eyes were bulb-wide as he panted and took in the rising musk, looking everywhere as he went back-flat to the cracking door, seeing Legoshi’s head grow along the ceiling and snap the overhead light panel, casting the room in darkness just as his muzzle and pecs loomed beyond his barely-contained bulge.

“NO!”

Raw heat overtook him from all angles as, in the darkness, something very big, rounded, smooth and supple kissed his entire body, trembled, and ballooned bigger into it, and bigger, and bigger still. Up above, Legoshi groaned; given how the panicked deer pushed and shoved and stroked and touched and struggled and tickled against his 8-foot package, it wasn’t unwarranted.

“C-CAN’T...S-ST-T-TOPPPP–”

Even the wolf’s voice was pure power, a tantalizing and terrible rattle of bass and heat that traveled through his muscled thighs and ripped pants and hulking chest and swollen arms and thick neck all at once. The force rumbled out as Legoshi’s massive toes curled happily, effectively pinching in on and snapping the door apart as Louis tumbled out through it and onto the stage.

“What in the world were you two fighting about in there?” Dom gently asked, coming to help Louis up to his feet.

“RUN!” Louis yelled, as the entire stage began to shake violently. “JUST RUN!”

That was it; that was all the deer was willing to do for anyone else as he staggered to an uneasy stand on the stage and wildly gestured for everyone to do what he ordered, this one time.

“Hah,” Kai whooped, pointing at the terrified stag. “I knew it! Legoshi put you in your place at long last, didn’t...he?”

The shaking reached even Kai as the entire backstage area snapped, convulsed, and blew open, throwing dust and displaced air and body heat out so far that the curtains wavered. The release threw Dom, Louis and Kai away, along with Juno’s basket and all the props thereon.

Louis slammed down on the aisle carpet, rolling to a miserable stop as the others fled to the exit row doors and vanished.

“Gah,” Louis groaned, crawling along the aisle, only looking back long enough to see an ocean of soft, thick, gray fur billowing out of control, flowing to fill the stage as Legoshi’s head, pecs and shaft all emerged through the smoke and debris. His mass plugged the entire area as the 50-foot giant grunted, then released a deep, agonizingly happy howl that quaked *everything*.

Louis turned back to resume limping to the exit as the entire auditorium rattled, drywall clouding down as the spotlights wobbled and the seats all clacked their fold-out cushions like chattering teeth. Still, he could hear just fine, above the din and madness.

He could hear as Legoshi licked his car-sized muzzle over smoothly, before gritting his fangs as another rumbling spurt hit, and his huge head and swelling neck and shoulders and chest and erection all blasted forth, bigger and bigger, growing out of the cracked, splitting stage and out onto crushed, flying chairs.

The shockwave toppled the straggling deer as Legoshi impacted the floor, shook, and grew out, his chin blowing up the rows as his back muscles ballooned higher into the rafters and lighting, snapping and crushing everything in its path. 60 feet...70 feet...80 feet...

He wasn't stopping. *He wasn't stopping!*

"This isn't," Louis wheezed as he stood upright and shoved the exit door open. "This isn't! No, it can't, hah--"

He stopped the moment he realized something new: he couldn't get out.

No...he couldn't *fit* out.

"Oh, what--"

Only this new shock could have made the panicked deer stumble back towards the growing wolf, but it worked. Louis looked himself over, then the door, finding himself eye-level with the exit sign. He looked back down, and gasped outright as a wave of warmed, tickling, nervous energy suddenly exploded within him.

"GH--"

His antlers trembled as he flicked his ears back, bringing up an arm too big for his jacket sleeve to hold. The moment he flexed, not even meaning to, the seam running the length of it p-pip-POPPED apart in a neat, intoxicating sound as a bicep he had never had in his entire life pumped high, stretching his splitting clothes. He blinked, then flexed the other arm, his ears perking as the green blazer sleeve split in *three* delicious points.

A new Louis was growing, quite literally, out of the old, hatching in glorious real time. Even the shaking of the auditorium, even the sounds of Legoshi's growing into a colossus behind him suddenly meant nothing in the world.

"Hah," Louis panted, bringing up a hand to feel his bicep, which in turn put his other arm into a swelling flex once again. He felt the bicep tremble and explode bigger, at his very soft touch, a bolt of electric pleasure attacking his nerves right after. It threw an incredible tingle up his spine as his back muscles stretched the blazer, pulling and ripping it loudly as it grew and grew and grew.

Just like that, the exit sign was down at his inflating pectorals, buttons pinging off his long sleeve shirt, his tie pulling and choking against his bulging neck as Louis tickle-shook,

snorted, then boomed up to 17 feet tall, his bulk heaving with every ragged, deep breath as he pitched and teetered in place.

“Hah...HAH...”

His shoes tented into mounds, groaning angrily as his toes burst through splitting high-end leather, the laces snagging the rising mounds of his feet. His pants snapped and popped open against vast bulges of soft, brown-furred, scented brawn as raw power overfilled him, his muscles rumbling up, up in thrilling tics and pulses.

“HAHAHA,” Louis finally gushed, looking himself over again, seeing his uniform snap and pull and split away around his tidal bulk, passing 25 feet in height. “Y...Y...YESSSS!”

Years of control, years of restraint, years of the kind of conciliatory power only runner-ups got—all of it washed away in the face of *real* power. Even the approaching wolf’s bulk couldn’t reach Louis as he cackled and, very intentionally, flexed low and hard. The stupid suit and stupid traditions all struggled to confine him, but this time—this time, he blew right through.

25 feet tensed in on itself, flexed, and began to dramatically expand as Louis forced himself—*willed* himself—even bigger. The scraps of green and white popped and tore, threads bursting into floss against his raging muscles as he boomed to 35 feet, flexed tighter, and shook-blasted to 50. His once thin figure had exploded into a mess of taut, twitching muscle, athletic-plus, leaving him standing with his thickened antlers scraping the ceiling above the now-tiny exit door. It didn’t matter. He didn’t need it.

“I could break right through, couldn’t I?” Louis murmured, unblinking, eating up every visible inch of his new found glory with bulging eyes. “It’d be easy! I could—”

A forest of fur slammed against his back muscles, interrupting.

“SSSSSOOOOOOORR-RRR-RRYY-YYYY—”

The 55-foot deer stomped around as Legoshi’s tricep rolled into him, shoving the deer back to the cracking exit wall as the wolf’s bulk shuddered and trembled and tensed, incalculable muscle cascading into him as Legoshi grew and grew.

There wasn’t even time enough to curse at him as Louis was overtaken by greater mass. Legoshi’s penis exploded in size, burning-hot and enormous as it crushed down into the floor and bulged up into his burgeoning abs, his back blowing up into the snapping ceiling as he felt his

legs consume the backstage and beyond. Uncontrollable growth raged as he howled into his bloated pectorals, semi-muffling it as his 130-foot body overwhelmed the auditorium and stage.

The lobby was quiet for only a precious second before the walls webbed with cracks and breaks, then blew apart, a swelling muzzle and huge wolf nose blasting through as it sheared tiles and smashed the entrance doors off their hinges. The upper bridge tore through the ceiling as one furry cheek obliterated the concessions stand, the other overtaking the seating area and balcony stairwells as Legoshi's body kept increasing.

That same chin suddenly lifted, forced North by the expansion of a monstrous pink pillar underneath. The tip of his pride mashed into the ruined frame of the entrance, bulged too big to fit, then began to inflate out anyway with a harsh rubber groan, blasting away flecks of lingering glass as it grew bigger, still.

From between its topside and the warping door frame Louis struggled, dragging his bulky way out out an impossible pressure as Legoshi's pectorals billowed down over him, as his pulsing member swelled up and up. The friction became such that, just as he reached Legoshi's tip, he all-but shot out like a bulked-up bullet, firing clear out through the marquee of the Cherryton theater. The massive buck slammed down through the front stair steps, demolishing them with a hard *thud* as all 60 feet of him landed.

Among the cracking rustles and snaps from the building, Louis became aware of shouts and gasps and cries ranging from alarm to surprise to admiration of some kind. As the red deer stood up in full, caged in clinging fabric straps and caked with debris, he understood why.

"Oh my God!"

"Did he do—wait, is that—"

"That's...Louis!?"

"H-he's huge!"

"No way!"

"Mrmn," Louis huffed, snorting out smoke and drywall as he idly flexed.

"Louis!" Kai shouted, emerging from the crowd of gathering students below. "What was that, just now? How'd you...I mean, you're huge!"

“I...I am,” Louis grumbled, straightening his bodybuilder-grade bulk up proudly. “Bit overdue, but yes.”

“Well,” Kai fussed, “how? A-are you, you know...okay?”

“Of course,” Louis boomed, clearing his throat a bit as he dusted himself off coolly, reeling things back in right away. “Just an accident indoors, is all, I’ll see to it. Dom, why don’t you go and alert Headmaster Gon, please.”

“Ah...s-sure. W-what should I tell him, though?” the bird chirped, shrugging.

“Nevermind that crap,” Kai cut in, still panicked. “How the hell did you grow so huge!? Was that Legoshi, in there—”

“KAI, I SWEAR,” Louis boom-spoke, only raising his voice momentarily—but the force it released shook trees around the entire wing of the school. “I...I want you to make sure everyone in the club is safe, and gather them all to the Drama Club. We’re moving rehearsals to the Meteor Festival grounds, right away.”

“B-but—”

“Kai. If you don’t follow orders, I will kick you out of here. *Literally*.”

That did it. Kai lurched back and shakily saluted, before hurrying off and pulling Dom with him. The other students continued to watch, transfixed, and Louis made to respond when a vicious tingling rose back up in his stomach, filling him with heat and pressure once again.

“H...Huah, w...”

Yet again, the colossal buck started to twitch and spasm all over, his muscles shaking with anticipation—no. *Joy*.

A short green lizard wormed his way through the spectators, a camera in tow.

“School Wave PR here, L-Louis,” he shouted, trying to stay calm as he raised the lens skyward at the quaking buck. “Could you please pose for the school paper?”

As it happened, Louis wasn’t listening. His body responded in his stead as the remnants of his shredded khakis surged out, snagging a swollen, bulging shaft and two descending,

bulbous brown orbs. Louis forced both massive hands down and reflexively covered his glorious shame, his pectorals ballooning bigger as he tried to pant out a proper response:

“N-no...comment...”

His body roared back at him as it strained to contain what was coming; his brow knit over lidded eyes as his antlers branched out overhead, his ears flicking faster. The crowd stepped back in a wave of shouts and pointing fingers as the red deer shook worse and worse, until his bulk billowed up to 70 feet in a messy, uneven spurt. His huge heel crushed the broken stairs and fissuring pavement as he trembled and groaned, then rumble-burst to 80 feet, then 90, his shadow spilling frantically bigger over the masses.

“Incredible!”

“H-he’s not stopping!”

“Sh-should we run? What do we do?”

“You’re amazing, Louis!”

The last shout was so, so right, and he knew it: Louis’s throbbing bulk *b-burst* as he shuddered and rose higher, taller, wider. His hands slipped away uselessly, tree trunk-sized fingers only succeeding in dragging along the girth of his erection as it pushed out longer, fuller, fatter and thicker over the hollering crowd.

At 100 feet tall and nearly 35 feet across at the shoulders, Louis finally stopped. His feet had sunken halfway down into the courtyard foundation, the rowed trees surrounding the theater only reaching his ankles. Two male students could have sat on one foot like a car, or hugged a toe all around like a living ring accessory. He could have held several females in his warm palm, nestled in like toys.

Right. It all fit, didn’t it? They had already been like toys–this just clarified it.

“No need for panic, everyone,” Louis rumbled, taking only a microsecond to appreciate that his voice had grown much, much bigger, much thicker and deeper. “Mmn. I’ll ask you all to please disperse to your dorms for the time being, until Headmaster Gon can sort all of this out–”

“You’re gorgeous!” one female shouted. It might have been a male. At this size, it proved astonishingly difficult to suss out tones.

Finally, Louis grinned. He tried to make it a humble one, at the last-second.

“Now, now—”

The theater itself chimed in, violently, as the entire roof of the building bulged impossibly high, crackled along the dead center, then shattered as the majority peeled up into a rebar-woven curl of destruction and bent beams. Even Louis turned around as a vast mountain of ruffling slate fur emerged, pectorals roaring up over a bellowing wolf muzzle as a pink tip blew out the front in full, swelling greedily between two hulking thighs as they blasted free of the facade. Smoke detonated out in a cloud over the masses, covering Louis’s lower body as he leaned away and shielded himself with powerful brown arms.

Oh, no.

That same lupine muzzle stayed hidden as a monstrous huff ejected. The wolf’s humongous body wore the theater’s ruins like shorts as his immense legs and thighs and calf muscles rested out on either side of the courtyard, impossibly heavy. The crowd understandably shifted to the 150-foot wolf as he leaned out and over the crowd (over Louis too), his massive pink tongue lolling out as he blinked—then went wide-eyed. Arguably, he was more shocked than they were.

“Guh!” Legoshi blast-barked, before covering his long muzzle in embarrassment. He looked his monstrously wide arms over, then felt his biceps and pat-patted along his thick column-neck, now considerably widened. His chest swelled out ahead of him like a scout, his rowed abs looming over a penis so vast it nearly made up a third of the wolf’s titanic size. “I...I-I’m BIG!?”

“Is that Legoshi? He grew bigger, too?”

“Bigger, for sure, he’s even bigger than Louis!”

“This is insane! A *carnivore* got that gigantic?”

Louis’s temper rose from the pits yet again. It would have managed on its own, naturally, but the input from the tiny crowd only threw kerosine and dry leaves on the fire.

“W-well, wait, don’t b-be scared,” Legoshi rambled, even as his testicles blew out of the building, crush-thumping down just shy of an already-aggravated Louis. “I uh, I won’t hurt anyone, I swear! I-I’ll just eh, s-stay here! R-right here! Okay?”

At that, Legoshi's huge body rumbled *again*.

"Shut up, up there," Louis commanded, folding his monstrous arms over his thick chest as he turned to Legoshi. "You're not helping! A gigantic herbivore will at least pose a minimal threat, Legoshi! Just—just let me do the talk—"

Legoshi's quivering bulk exploded a third time as his huge eyes rolled back in panicked delight. The quaking redoubled as the wolf's muscles inflated drastically, smothering against each other in a tightening bunch as he shuddered up higher, and higher yet. 160 feet ballooned loudly to 170, then 180, his rump devastating the back of the building as it boomed free and shatter-slammed down onto the campus grounds, bashing the pavement apart as he grew.

"HEY!" Louis began, only to feel Legoshi's unruly erection bulge over him like a rebellious pet, thudding down heavily over and shoving even him back. "STOP THAT!"

"SUH-S-SOO-HOOO-R-RRRR-EEEEEEEEHEEEEE—"

Louis's anger returned with volcanic force as the final humiliation sank in, and the deer roared with all the fury his carefully-curated, elegant kind was allowed:

"STOP. APOLOGIZING!"

The enraged deer's body reacted as it trembled and tensed, his pushing back making his bulky body expand once again. The crowds finally screamed and fled, for the most part, leaving only a few astonished males and females to stare as Louis ballooned bigger, stronger, his height surging to 120 feet as he pushed and shoved against all 190 feet of Legoshi.

His growing feet crashed bigger and heavier over the concrete as he pushed, surging up over Legoshi's erection, his antlers swelling into a forest as his head pushed up to the wolf's abs at 130 feet...140 feet...

Yet, Legoshi kept growing, incessant and mindless, the wolf radiating unthinkable power as he blushed and craned his widening neck, trying to see over his inflated pectorals at the smaller giant below—which, upon realization, only drove Louis crazier with frustration.

The neighboring buildings and dormitories of Cherryton could no longer hide the two colossi as they swelled taller; even sitting down, the 225-foot Legoshi still rose to an impressive 140 feet—it was the only reason Louis was finally able to make any kind of eye contact as the deer stopped at 150 feet and glared daggers over the wolf's thick, pillowed pecs. Mercifully,

even Legoshi finally stopped growing, leaving him bug-eyed and flush as Louis stared him down in undiluted fury.

“I had everything under control, you stupid mutt!” Louis seethed, his bulk twitching and tightening as he snorted steam. “I had them in my shadow! MINE!”

“W-well, you look g-great,” Legoshi offered, giving a light shrug.

The shrug alone was so powerful that even the mighty Louis nearly fell back from it, despite his godly build, his overgrown champion-grade muscle and knee-length shaft. Everything about the deer had become so amazing—yet, this...this idiot was even greater!

Legoshi’s musculature handsomely outpaced his own; while he stood 150’ high and an astonishing 60’ wide, Legoshi was 225’ tall, 150’ wide, and his...

“Hrf.”

Louis actually took the extra moment to judge it for himself. That he needed that moment just rubbed more salt in the wound, as he quickly worked it out: while his own erection was nearly 40 feet long...Legoshi’s...Legoshi’s had to have been about 90! It rested throbbing against Louis’s bulk like a vast pink snake, burning warmly against his pelt, the deer not s...*strong enough*...to push it away any further.

“Just shut up,” Louis eventually boomed, scowling. “All the way up. I need to think. For all I know, we aren’t done growing. What happened that could have made us grow like this, specifically? DON’T ANSWER IF YOU DON’T KNOW.”

Indeed, Legoshi had opened his vast muzzle to contribute. He closed it, all the way.

“Of course, you would outsize me,” Louis bitterly muttered, gritting his colossal cervine teeth as he looked out over the many rooftops of the school. “Of course, a carnivore would just have to steal this from an herbivore. Sure.”

Legoshi’s ears whipped back as he stuck his muzzle in between his pecs, forcing himself not to say anything back. It wasn’t like this was a joyride for him, either.

Well. That maybe was *slightly* not all true.

“...We can’t stay here, Legoshi.”

His ears perked back up as Louis spoke, seeing the deer forcibly calm down some; Louis finally made himself look back at Legoshi, in all his splendor, and even a hint of admiration hid in his eyes as he looked the wolf over. It was beyond grudging, but it was almost there. Legoshi offered a weak smile, and Louis's brows furrowed even lower.

"I-if it was eh, something we ate," Legoshi suggested, "t-then, I mean, I know someone who can m-maybe deal with it. Over in the B-black Market...i-if you want...or we can g-go somewhere else or eh, s...stay here..."

Louis scowled, angrily shoving Legoshi's towering erection away yet again, only for it to happily thump back into his massive lats, unwanted.

"...Dammit."

1:33 PM

"Campus security has the boys' dormitory cordoned off? You're sure?"

"Yes, sir, it's all taken care of, they just finished," his secretary said. "S-should I send security inside for evaluation, now?"

"Yes, please do. Tell them to go slow, though. I want an immediate report."

Headmaster Gon sat at his desk as he spoke, fumbling with the intercom settings, pushing every single PA system button possible, making sure they were all green before he picked up the microphone and brought it up close. The tiger took a deep, long breath, held it, then let it go as he flipped it on.

"Attention, all students...this is Headmaster Gon, g-good afternoon. I need all classes to halt immediately. We will be calling a general assembly in the school theater, please calmly--"

A knock interrupted, and a cold chill squeezed his spine as Dom entered. Expecting one of the males from the dormitory site instead, Gon relaxed the tiniest bit.

"Ah, Dom," he coughed, still holding the microphone (shakily). "What, ah, can I do for you, uh, today?"

"Headmaster Gon," the peafowl wheezed, looking winded. "I-it's Louis--"

“What about him?”

Kai darted in, unannounced, gesturing with both arms swinging up high.

“Louis is a freaking giant, sir! H-he got titanic! He’s at the theater, and he’s built like a stack of tanks, it’s crazy!”

Gon stared, and stared, and stared.

“...Beg pardon?”

“Whatever you do, don’t send anyone to the theater, sir,” Dom begged, wringing his bluish avian hands. “It’s ah...o-occupied...”

2:40 PM

The capybara steered the van slowly, carefully, making sure not to be seen as she crept along in traffic, refusing to pull ahead of the brown female wolf as she went along.

“What do you mean, an incident?” Mienai’s voice demanded, over her earpiece.

“Well, sir,” Operative T started, making multiple unheard faces as she thought fast. “I’m afraid that ah, one of the students at Cherryton is skipping class.”

“Oh?”

“I saw her leaving the campus as she stuffed something into her backpack—some food items with ah...w-with *our wrapping* on them...”

“Good lord,” the zebra gasped, on his end. “How many items did you see?”

“T-two—”

“Why didn’t you call me right away!?”

“I tried, sir, your line was busy! Headmaster Gon m...might have been calling...”

“WHY.”

“Because I s-saw the results of one of our food items for myself, and—oh, she’s going into the Black Market, sir! I can’t drive in, I have to follow on foot! I w-won’t let her out of my sight! Also, call Headmaster Gon, he’s likely relying on campus security for now—I gotta go, sir!”

“WAIT—”

T slammed the van door shut, having left the vehicle parked sloppily in place by the side of a cafe. She puffed as she jogged along after Juno, who rounded a corner and down some stairs, down into the entrance of the notorious Black Market...