

Tachyon's Ridiculous Raygun, Part 2 (Absorption, Muscle Growth, Umamusume)

Tachyon's raygun hissed as it cooled. Marching around it, she looked it up and down, frowned, cast her eyes out of the open window, frowned some more, and, snapping the blinds shut, finally shrugged. "Well, I'm sure no harm will come of it."

Returning to her position behind the gun, she prepared for a second shot. But before she had a chance to fire it—

The door of the lab flew open, and into the room crashed Manhattan Cafe, looking like she'd woken up so far on the wrong side of bed it was the floor. "Tachyon!"

Tachyon turned, her head already cocked curiously. "Oh, hello, Manhattan. Is something the matter?" She had a reasonable guess as to the answer of that question, but she certainly wasn't going to say it.

"What's this?!" Manhattan thrust an alarm clock in her face.

"That, dear Manhattan, is an alarm clock," said Tachyon, trying to hide her smile. "They're commonly used to help heavy sleepers wake up on time."

Manhattan threw the clock at the ground with a crash of exploding clockwork. "I know what it is! What I want to know is why it didn't go off this morning! I was an hour late for training!"

"Ah." Tachyon turned back to the raygun. "Well, that would be because I removed several essential components while you were sleeping."

"I knew it!" Manhattan looked like she wasn't far from throttling her. "Why?!"

"I needed them for my machine," said Tachyon, indicating the raygun. "Also, I thought it would be funny."

Manhattan gnashed her teeth like she was struggling to chew a carrot. "I'll show you funny!"

"You already are," said Tachyon, swiveling the raygun to face them. And without waiting for Manhattan's reply, she pushed the button on the remote.

A blinding green beam set the two of them alight.

Manhattan, whose hands had been aimed for Tachyon's arms (or possibly her neck), squealed in surprise, and tripped, flailing her arms as she sailed straight into Tachyon's chest. "Oof!"

"There, there," said Tachyon, patting her on the head. "There, there. It's all going to be okay."

"G-get off me!" The beam of the raygun had all but faded now, though both of their bodies retained a faint greenish glow. "L-let me go!" Head smushed into Tachyon's chest,

Manhattan squirmed, struggling to pull free, but her face remained stuck in place as if glued. “H-hey! What’s happening...?!”

Tachyon chuckled darkly. Wrapping her arms around Manhattan’s head in what might otherwise have been a big, comforting hug, she squeezed tight, making the other horsegirl squeal in surprise.

And, with little in the way of fanfare, Manhattan Cafe started to sink into her.

“Mmmmpfh! Mmmmpfh!” Flailing and kicking, Manhattan slipped into Tachyon’s chest, as if it were made of water. “Mmmphf!” In up to her neck, her cries were already hard to hear, and with every second, they became a little harder. “Mmmmmphf! Mmmphf!”

Planting her hands on Tachyon’s arms, Manhattan stopped struggling and pushed, clearly intending to pull her head out, but the result was much the opposite: instead, with a squelch, her hands disappeared into Tachyon’s body as well, and a second later, much of her lower arms and torso followed them. “Mmmmpfh!”

“Keep going,” said Tachyon, her smile growing wider and wider. “Keep going, you’re doing such a good job. You’re almost there!”

“Mmmphf!”

In up to her waist now, her upper body and arms trapped entirely, Manhattan squealed and kicked again, flinging one of her shoes off with the force of it, and slid in up to her ankles. “Mmmphf!” By now her cries were almost impossible to hear, and she had little ability left to do more than wiggle her toes. “Mmmphf...”

Finally, with one last little feeble kick, her feet disappeared with a plop into Tachyon’s torso. For several seconds, Tachyon’s chest rippled like a puddle, and just like that, everything returned to normal.

Looking down at herself, Tachyon frowned. “Well, that’s a little underwhelming. I was expecting something a little more—

With a hideous *zzzap*, unlimited power coursed through Tachyon’s body. Screaming, she snapped straight, throwing back her head and gasping at the ceiling as jolt after terrible jolt of change surged scorching through her limbs. “Nnnah~! Ah! Ah! Oh my—!”

With a sound like a crumpling can, her muscles exploded: from biceps and triceps to quadriceps and pectinei! Her labcoat and the clothing beneath it snapped taut and, straining to hold in her swiftly growing bulk, tore with a *rrrip*, allowing her prodigious new muscles to spring out into the open and glisten, slick with the sweat of the change, as she flexed them and poked them. She had guns like a battleship.

Her body continued to grow for several seconds more, a hint of blackness appearing at the base of her hair and tail and, like spilled ink, spreading rapidly across them. With that, the changes seemed to come to an end. Tachyon dropped to the ground with a gasp and knelt

there for several seconds, steaming like a freshly-baked potato. It took almost a full minute for her to regain the strength to stand.

The instant she did, she rushed to the lab's mirror and examined herself with a gasp. Not only had the procedure worked, but it had worked better than she'd ever imagined! She'd absorbed all of Manhattan's strength, transforming the other horsegirl into raw muscle. She felt stronger now than she'd ever felt in her life, like she could kick through an armored wall as if it were tissue paper. The black hair would take a little getting used to, of course, but it would be strange to expect a procedure of this potency not to have a *couple* of side effects.

Stroking her new muscles with a smirk of excitement, Tachyon turned to the door. Now there was only one thing left...

...To see how well her new body performed on the racetrack.