

CHERRYTON ACADEMY, ROOFTOPS

BILL, 12:04 AM

“This is stupid,” Aoba chirped, the eagle speaking the unspoken.

“I’m not saying we should *eat* him, or anything, relax,” Bill unsuccessfully soothed. “That’d set a terrible precedent for us carnivores, duh. I just think we should, you know, bag the newbie and give him a go over, or hang him upside-down in front of the girls’ dorm, after the go-over. Something to take that cocky sheep down a peg!”

“Like that’d help,” Tao grumbled, the black leopard waving the idea away.

“Frankly,” Dolph, a large hippo, added, “the girls would likely just take him in and help.”

“Repeatedly,” Tao followed up.

“So, what, we’re just going to let a scrawny little first year run roughshod over the Drama Club, the crown of Cherryton?” Bill challenged, standing up among the gathering of animals at the nightly carnivore meet-up; he capped it with an indignant snort—most likely, it was the only way to let out so much hot air.

“I dunno about *crown*,” Riz whispered, the oversized bear sitting opposite him.

“Look, Bill,” Aoba began, the eagle putting a winglike hand on the tiger’s shoulder. “Isn’t it better to just put up with it, in the long run? Like, way, way better? There’s no good way to give him your idea of comeuppance without damaging our overall standing, so why bother getting mad? The guy just likes provoking, you heard him in class—”

“Yeah! And apparently, I’m the *only* one who listened! Carnivores ‘just aren’t beautiful’, he said! Unbelievable! Like we’re savages or something!”

“You’re the one talking about beating him up,” Tao muttered.

“It’s an *instructive* beating!”

“I’m out,” Aoba said, getting up to leave. “Whatever you’re planning, Bill, seriously, don’t. It won’t work out in your favor, or anyone’s. Pina’s a good guy, I’m sure. He’s just a mouthy pretty boy that uses his words to keep others off balance, it’s a coping mechanism.”

“Yeah, let’s not get crazy,” Riz seconded, putting up his massive hands. “Besides, a bag? Who does that?”

“Y-you guys are cowards!” Bill growled. “Fine! Anyone that wants to clobber this twerp, meet up at the drama club by 1:05 pm! Everyone’ll be at rehearsals in the theater, so the class space will be empty. I’ll lead him there, and then, wham! After that, hehe, we just head to rehearsals like nothing happened, and leave him tied up!”

Everyone was gone, leaving Bill alone and bristle-tailed at his own smarts.

“Okay, then,” he continued, somewhat less-confidently. “G-good.”

12:58 PM

“Sure,” Pina yawned, popping his fluffed neck here and there. “Let’s go.”

The dall sheep agreed with no hesitation when Bill offered to walk him to the Drama Club, throwing the tiger slightly in the moment. He had expected the kind of suspicion *he* would have carried, not casual indifference.

“Ah, good! Great, heh,” Bill laughed, trying to pass his flustering off as good-natured chuckling. “I think we got off on the wrong foot earlier, so I’m glad.”

“We did?” Pina marveled. “Well, gosh. I hope this isn’t about my thinking that carnivores are drab and dull, compared to herbivores.”

Bill’s eye may have twitched.

“I don’t think that’s how it went,” the tiger corrected, pushing a grin out.

“Oh, so I did strike a nerve, how strange! I imagined carnivores were thicker-skinned!”

“Haha,” Bill seethed, his ears twisting back as he forced a laugh.

“Pina!”

A murder of females passed the pair by, waving over at the sheep, and he yawned and waved back plainly. Bill would have shown some kind of anger that Pina was indeed that good-looking of a male, but he didn't want to wreck his master plan—plus another cat had maybe waved at him, from the group of girls, making him lose focus and smile back.

“You know them already?” he pressed, more earnestly.

“Hmm. We met last night,” Pina huffed, bringing a hand up to fuss at his gorgeous fluff. “It's why I'm so tired, already. Sorry for the yawning. I don't mean to be so rude.”

Like you weren't rude before, Bill's insides roared, making his brows knit back down a little bit lower as they walked the courtyard. *Wait, last night!? What does that mean!? Did he really—*

It was a short equation, so Bill had time to go back over it.

Oho, now I really hate this guy

“Guess it doesn't hurt to have the ladies paying attention to the club, though, does it?” Pina supposed, pulling Bill back out of his thoughts. “Even if by proxy.”

“It's not like the ladies hate us, you know,” Bill grumbled, on the defensive.

“Well, if you want casual awareness, that's great,” the sheep bleated coolly, as they entered the arts center building. “But I'm talking about the *best* kind of attention. You carnivores know it when it hits you, but I doubt you really understand how to make it happen.”

“You act like we're just emotionless lumps, come on,” Bill finally cut in, puffing up some. “We have feelings, too—we just have to show more restraint, keep our power in check. Save it for the stage, you know?”

“Like the stages in the Black Market?” Pina laughed, maybe a bit too loud—minus the *maybe*. “I bet plenty gets let free there, haha.”

“D-don't be so flip about that!”

“Oh, it's fine, isn't it? Heh. The only reason I don't mind carnivores being in plays is because acting is what they excel at. Acting gentle. I've heard about what goes on at the strip shows at the market, nevermind the actual market, itself. I heard there's a herbivore there that

practically runs the night club every time she's on, and okapi. Where's all that *gentle restraint in front of herbivores*, then?"

Imagining Pina stuffed in a bag upside down was on its way back up to *appealing*, the more the sheep shot his mouth off. Yet, every time that fire stoked, it went right back down again, leaving a growing knot in the tiger's stomach as they rounded the hallway and made for the Drama Club's entrance. Was it just sheer charisma? No. No, Bill was just slipping—momentarily.

"That's not fair. We're not machines, and neither are you," Bill retaliated, starting to enjoy pushing back a bit. "Like rabbits don't do much worse things a dozen times a night, at home! Or you, for that matter, in yours. Or whoever's."

Swish.

"Goodness," Pina laughed, genuinely. "If you want to know what I do at night, go back and ask those girls!"

"Hah! Alright, big-talker—then *you* go see that magical, mystical, totally-real herbivore at the club, if you're so bored of girls that you're always yawning."

"I'm telling you, she's real," the sheep said, making sure to *yawn* the words out as they entered the club. "Ask Kai, if you don't believe me. He heard from Kibi about her—from a reliable source, no less."

"Sure, sure," Bill scoffed as they closed the door behind them. "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 replied. "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 brown wolf had just emerged from the dressing room, caught in Pina's sights instantly, making her jump in place as he spoke; the basket in her grip jumped, too, filled with what appeared to be wrapped treats galore.

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

“With snacks, huh?” Bill added, stepping in front of Pina, taking the opportunity to get some distance from the sheep, before the prank commenced. “You can always leave ‘em here, we’ll look after them!”

“He’s not wrong, you know,” Pina spoke, warming the tiger’s heart again. Sort of.

Juno stared a few beats, looked to her basket, then smiled a bit too much.

“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 insisted, already swiping a meat bun.

“You couldn’t *stop*, you mean,” Pina amended, taking a wrapped pear.

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

“Haha, well, enjoy!” Juno growled, forcing a quick wag as she exited outright.

“She was in a hurry,” Pina mumbled, unwrapping the pear. “Funny, bothering to wrap fresh fruit like this.”

“Food is food!” Bill purred, unwrapping the bun and smelling it over readily. “No sense in wasting what’s here, is there?”

“Haha, here’s to it, then.”

They both quietly ate as Bill steadily inched away, eyeing the wall mounted clock nearby as it ticked along. The further he was from Pina when the trap sprang, the better.

“You know,” Pina mumbled, quietly chewing on the pear as he flicked an ear, “this is really good! Walking me to class, offering good food with no hesitation...the carnivores here aren’t so bad, after all.”

“Huh?” Bill grunted, stopping his unsubtle creeping.

“Well, you know, my last school, they would pull pranks and the like, just be nasty,” the sheep explained, wagging his smaller tail softly as he ate. “It’s just nice to see nice cats and doggies, being nice, for once. It’s like taking a break from the *actual* world.”

Word by word, Bill felt himself diminish, until he might as well have been an inch tall.

“Uh, right. Well, thanks.”

“We’re not just confined to Cherryton, to be fair,” Aoba interjected, the avian calmly walking through the door and hanging up his backpack. “There are good carnivores all about, going by the basic definition.”

Bill froze, one inch tall and paralyzed at the idea that someone had actually shown up to help him perform a deed he could no longer bring himself to do.

“Eh.”

“Maybe so,” Pina replied, turning as he gulped to Aoba. “Though the concentration leaves much to be desired. Tell me that bad carnivores, *by definition*, aren’t the troubling majority. Even for you good ones.”

Aoba grinned, nodding sagely.

“You’re right! It can be a major pain, sharing the shadows that others cast. It gets heavier than one might imagine.”

“Oh, a poet,” Pina laughed, finishing the entire pear as Bill glumly stuffed the bun in his mouth and tried to pantomime “*no, I changed my mind, stop*” to Aoba. The bird watched Pina only, not caring to respond to the tiger.

“Haha! Ah, I do dabble, actually! I adore the language of romance!”

“Then you should have been in my dorm, last night—”

“Guys!” Bill finally sputtered, motioning everything and nothing with his frantic hands. “T-this is a good moment, right? Yeah? Let’s keep this sp-spirit going, then, for the sake of the club’s future!”

Aoba and Pina stared back, wide-eyed.

“Okay,” Aoba muttered.

“J-just saying, whatever plans we may have made in life, earlier on, let’s start fresh to-together, and be friends!”

“You sound like Legoshi,” Kai murmured, the small mongoose only entering long enough to set down his backpack and search a nearby cooler. “Are there really no juices here!? Dammit!”

“What’s wrong?” Aoba asked, as Bill watched the other carnivores in terror.

“Louis, what else?” Kai growled, slamming the cooler lid down. “The hell am I supposed to get him to drink, then? Toilet water? Ah, forget it, I gotta—”

The door shut again. Aoba thought, and thought, then glared silently at Bill as he understood what was really supposed to be happening.

“Yes, well. Whatever plans we had, we all know sometimes they don’t even happen, at all, right? Bill? Sometimes we’re just full of crap?”

“Exactly!” Bill laughed, relief overpowering his embarrassment.

“That’s for the best, anyhow, sometimes,” Aoba exhaled, turning to the door. “You should really both get to the theater—if Kai’s upset, then Louis is probably on a real tear.”

“Thanks for the warning,” Pina muttered, suddenly quiet—though his stomach rumbled.

“Ri-right,” Bill stammered, nodding fast. “Guess we had better change, then, quick.”

Pina just made the strangest eyes at Bill—different, lower. Sadder, even.

“Good idea.”

No one had shown. At least, not to prank the sheep. The relief that had flooded in suddenly sank to the bottom of a mucky soup that was overflowing the tiger to his jawline: shame. For a few quiet minutes, that was all there was in his world. D-did he figure it out? He couldn’t have.

Pina quietly undressed in the meantime, disrobing there and then, making Bill spin away in mortified shock.

“H-hey, whoa,” he yelped, ears splaying back. “You’ve seen the male dressing room, right over there! What gives, doing it here!?”

“Just seems better to hurry, doesn’t it?” Pina chirped, his demeanor suddenly back up to normal. “Don’t want an angry herbivore riding you!”

“Huh?” Bill balked, nearly sneering from confusion.

“Well—”

The young sheep turned, completely nude from foot to horns, his flawless wool covering most of his naked body. His clothing, even his underwear, rested on his arm.

“How awkward would that be, right? Haha! I mean, funny as it would also be~”

“Ugh, don’t even kid, come on,” Bill hissed, making for the male dressing room, already hating how he could tell Pina was walking in behind him in the buff. “Let’s not m-make this weird, okay? Please?”

“But we’re friends, remember? New future? What’s the harm, here?”

A locker opened, and he could hear Pina’s stomach rumbling louder as he (assumedly) spent the next minute or two slipping into his underwear, sweats and t-shirt in the periphery.

“S-sure, right,” Bill said after the pause, his own stomach quaking more and more—likely nerves. “Just, t-this seems like a funny way to express it, is a-all.”

“It is, isn’t it!”

Another rumble.

Bill slipped his uniform off, slacks, shirt and vest, shoes and all, hurriedly forcing his shirt and red sweatpants and shoes on after, even as the fabric felt *maybe* an iota too tight for him today. When he finished and turned, he found Pina there before him—at eye level.

“Guh,” Bill gasped, leaning back as the sheep stood completely level with him.

“But then,” Pina huffed, suddenly stretching an inch *bigger* than him, “I already f-feel funny, so why not?”

“Wait, what is... what the hell!?” Bill muddled, stepping farther away as Pina lidded his lovely eyes, shuddered, and rumbled up another inch in height.

Being over 6 feet tall, Pina had been... what, about a half-foot shorter than him, hadn't he? It had only been those horns that allowed the sheep to make it up to the tiger's chin before, so what the hell had happened?

"It's *very* funny," Pina chuckled, the dall sheep calmly blinking as he looked himself over, then snorted, shivered deep, and pulsed larger again, inching bigger as Bill watched. "So funny that I-I can't really get upset about it."

The feline gawked, and rightly so.

Pina flared his nostrils cutely, clenching in on himself as he wobble-bulged another inch, strained, then blew up two more, starting to loom over even Bill as his shirt pulled higher, tighter. It wasn't just his soft wool boofing out around taut sleeves, or blowing up below his rising shirt tail. It was *bulk*.

"Hah, maybe... I'm yawning because... it's a dream," Pina groaned, his voice swelling hotly in a widening neck. "Maybe I dreamt that carnivores were kind, for real, and not just *playing pranks* on me, and I was so happy that it just filled me up, and up, and up..."

The 7-foot sheep stepped forward, his shoe straining into a leather mound before it burst open. His sweatpants squeezed around his surging hips, thighs swelling out into bulging columns as his muscles throbbed bigger, and bigger, and bigger, the sheep packing on more mass with every breath as he approached.

"W-wait," Bill gulped, the tiger backed all the way flat against his own locker as Pina's shadow luxuriously swallowed him up. "Hold on, th-this isn't a dream. Okay? I-I'm seeing this too! S-so let's just step back here--"

"No need for modesty, kitty," Pina rumbled, tingle-*brumping* up to 8 feet tall in one thick rush of growth. "We're friends, remember! A dream-team, even!"

Pina's shirt struggled pitifully as his wool fluffed bigger, heavier, pulled tight over more and more bursting girth. The upper half tore at the collar, leaving it to stretch around his booming neck as his chest bulged out, popping the fabric open as one hefty pec bobbed loose and twitched.

The sheep was so close now that his over-tight crotch rested an inch from his groin. With a pleasant puff of joy Pina simply let his sex lurch bigger, a water-balloon rolling too large and pressing with a plump, warm roll up against his own member. One oversized orb bobbed atop

two bigger ones, squished by his ripping pants into a near-singular mass as it kept growing against Bill's crotch, invading the heartland.

"Haaah," Bill wheeze-laughed, his cheek fur burning red. "Okay, haha! Y-you got me, I'm stuck, v-vuh-verry fu-hunnyAAAH!"

Pina smiled, closed his big, soft eyes, and swelled to a staggering 10 feet tall, his ears flicking calmly as his head rose higher, threatening to make contact with the ceiling panels above. His thighs overflowed, expanding so thick and wide with newfound muscle that the sweats *shripped* loudly up the side, popping apart, revealing his underwear as its weave stretched cartoonishly about his member. The tip snaked hotly up his belly, tucking insistently up, up into his shirt from beneath, wriggling up against his belly fur as it gradually pulled him North.

"Huh, huh!"

"Are you okay, down there?" Pina asked, cocking his growing head quizzically atop a bulging, brawn-addled neck. "You sound so upset."

Bill's striped head shook, for multiple reasons. He moaned in delirium and panic as Pina's shirt burst in two, leaving two white strips snuggling up against his ballooning shoulders, half-smothered by increasing biceps, his pectorals erupting violently out between them.

"Hah, hah..."

"Well, take a breath, at least," Pina soothed, perking his ears up, just as the sheep's underwear blew open, allowing his now-colossal penis to push out entirely, filling Bill's poor shirt so tight that it pulled at the tiger's back, force-hugging him into the flaring erection.

"S-stop!" Bill groaned, in full panic now. "S-stoppitstop! I-I don't, I'm not into this!"

"Into what?" Pina chuckled, shrugging, the towering sheep clearly relishing the sensation of forcing such huge muscles up, even that playful bit. "I'm just standing here, haha. If anything, aren't *you* the one getting a bit too cozy with me?"

10 feet trembled harder, and this time Bill felt it all; mashed in against Pina's torso-sized erection, still semi-flaccid and *still* overfilling his shirt, there was no way not to feel the tingle, before Pina groaned and exploded larger, again.

"Maybe," he boom-spoke, softly bleating the words out as he moaned in heat, "you shouldn't b-be teasing me like this. Really, you're just making this sheep...groooooow..."

Pina surged *everywhere*. The warmest of grunts escaped as the smiling male trembled and squeezed into a shuddering flex, pumping his tight muscles all about, until his entire frame blasted out in scope, his bulk outpacing his body as Bill screamed.

Pina's figure blossomed, smooth and gorgeous, past 13 feet–16 feet–21 feet, his back muscles hammering through the ceiling and scattering each square off a warping frame as he huffed and swelled. And swelled. And swelled.

His erection tightened like a throbbing fist, stiffening as it plowed up into Bill's shirt, ripping the upper center as the burning tip emerged through his torn collar and bulged up against his throat and muzzle.

No! No! Nonono!

Bill's mind reeled like a mad carousel as he felt his feet leave the floor, the feline actually being lifted by the pull of Pina's body-length shaft. His feet kicked dumbly, striking the sheep's desk-sized testicles as they grew and grew. Each thump seemed to balloon them up more and more, a low, rubber-like inflation noise filling the dressing room as he dangled from the sheep's tip.

“Oh, my,” Pina sighed, his muzzle and head shoving messily up through the splitting ceiling, his rump thudding the back end lockers hard as he flooded the room. “Catch a tiger, as they say! Goodness...should I let him go?”

“Help–”

With a soft moan, Pina erupted *even bigger*. The interior suffered a 27' giant as he swelled forth, wooly heat filling everything, his expanding shaft angling Bill away, shoving him deep into his own locker as the wall cracked and bent submissively back.

“Gosh, I can't tell if that's a holler, friend!” Pina laughed, shaking with escalating power and size. “Honestly, you really thi-think I've never been pranked before? I told you! What were you even going to try, anyway? Haha, tying me up? Stripping me? A bag? How c-cute~”

Inside his locker, Bill did indeed holler.

“Well, no sense in wasting what's here...”

As time passed and the sounds of grunting and puffing and pulsing and growing kept increasing in time with the crumbling walls, Pina did *indeed* let him go—in a way.

1:19 PM

The main floor of the Drama Club cracked as the back wall blew open, spraying debris and lockers alike—one of which was still occupied. Bill banged and clanged as his new prison skidded the club floor, shearing tiles and spinning to a stop, upside-down.

“Oh God, h-ohgod—”

All bearings forfeit, the tiger busied himself with hammering at any part of the locker door that might let him out. The door banged out, but snapped back up into the frame as his weight kept the locker pinned down, over and over. The walls closed in as he struggled, working Bill into such a hyperventilating frenzy that he failed to notice something—the walls really were closing in.

Or, framed differently: Bill was closing in on the walls.

With every motion the feline’s body surged out, incrementally pumping larger. His partially-ripped shirt overfilled with furred muscle as the opening pulled tighter, and tighter, stretching as his pectorals bulged out into the door. His biceps roared against tearing sleeves as his waist grew, forming a widening gulf between his shirt and his stretched pants. A prominent bulge inflated against metal as he felt it burl out against exaggerating thighs.

“L-lemme—”

The tiles rattled out ill omens as everything shuddered louder, lower, meaner. Great cracks danced along the floor as it began to snap at the center, the ceiling shedding clouds of drywall as Bill’s locker suddenly blew up, adding warping metal to the cacophony. The locker boomed even larger, forcing the metal rims to unseal as bolts unscrewed, then blasted loose.

“O-OOOOUT!”

The shirt snapped at a bizarre angle, threading his burgeoning pecs, his lats flaring greedily out against the locker’s frame as tufts of orange and white fur puffed through the openings. The door pushed loudly against the cracking floor, forcing Bill and the warped-out locker to rise up as the entire thing grew nearly spherical, trembled, then blew apart—

“GAHAH!”

Bill exploded free with a roar, his head flinging back as a wave of muscle *boofed* across his 12-foot form, his eartips brushing the ceiling as he sat in place and shuddered. He looked himself over in astonishment, just as his pants burst apart around striped thighs, letting his bloated sheath and sacs thud onto cold, broken tile.

“I-GAH...h-what—”

Bill could only admire himself a moment before his considerable instincts alerted him to Pina’s rumbling bulge; the mass curled and billowed through the wrecked wall, swelling from the dressing room into the classroom, following Bill rather happily as it flopped down. Below it, two massive, couch-sized orbs *boomed* larger, dimpling into a slow, warm curve under the bulk of his shaft. All told, the combined mass was as big as the entire wall—which the remainder of the wall didn’t seem to care for.

“EENIE.”

A thick sheep voice shook through, jittering the walls and tickling under Bill’s growing figure as he heaved up to 15’ even. The bobbing shaft ballooned furiously, the tip thudding and tapping and swelling hotter and darker along the ceiling as the wall surrendered. Pina’s testes nearly doubled in width as physics gave them a pass, clearly favoring them over the structure.

“Oh!” Bill gasped, banging his head on light fixtures as he scuttled back on his huge rear and palms, eyes widening painfully at the encroaching sex.

“MEANIE.”

“Nope, nope,” Bill moaned, putting all 18 feet of muscle into headbutting through the entrance, bashing the club door so hard that it flew off its hinges and cartwheeled down the hall.

Bill strained, his growing head, thickening neck and booming shoulder now wedged into the frame, stuck there as his growth crushed him into its frame as it snapped and separated.

“MINEY.”

The entire hall thundered as Pina’s growth reverberated through it, the sheep’s voice a sing-song bleat of doom. Bill grit his teeth as he ballooned even bigger, his chest and ribs screaming as they forced the door to split wider apart. He dug claws as big as hooks into the

floor, pumping his monstrously bulky legs, pushing through inch by agonizing inch as he passed 23 feet, then 26.

“MMMMMMOOOOOOOORE–”

The entire club detonated as a tsunami of luscious wool attacked, flooding the space and shoving Bill so hard that he shot out into the hall like—well, a battering ram. His muscles bloated bigger throughout, swelling so ponderously that his striped shoulder blades and biceps and traps tore the lockers and bulletins and bricks and drywall away, obliterating the hall.

Pina’s head crashed up through the next floor, bursting the proverbial balloon the floor had swollen up into as he relentlessly grew. His shoulders followed, blowing the rest of the classroom to bits as unthinkable brawn flexed under supple fluff. Immediately his thickening horns slammed the ceiling beyond and punched clear into it, a drunken grin etched into the sheep’s muzzle as he closed his eyes, just letting it all happen.

“G-GOODNESS,” Pina groaned, unable to fully lock his demeanor in at *suave*. “I WONDER WHAT I ATE, TO BRING THIS K-KIND OF THING O...HO, HOAAAA–”

Visible ripples cascaded through his wool as he inflated even bigger, the 50-foot sheep expanding carelessly against the center’s failing infrastructure. Tremendous biceps and flared triceps bulged until their definition outmatched the wool, starting to show in detailed, heaving striations. He rumbled smoothly, closing his huge, soft eyes as he flexed and exploded to 60 feet, then 70, throbbing in unsteady bursts, shattering walls and crunching partitions and snapping rafters as he billowed.

His rump flattened against the 1st floor’s foundation, before blasting down into the basement and smashing the heating system to a simplified, metallic pancake. His sacs ballooned horribly, wonderfully, filling his booming inner thighs as his penis bulged up into the ceiling, smashing larger and fatter and longer through the higher floors, one after the other.

Still, Pina grew. His bulbous chest pumped uncontrollably, blowing up against his growing chin as he laughed into it. His wool crept out over everything, peppered with devastation and wreckage as it became a plush jungle of warmth.

80 feet gush-pumped loudly to 90; it was only through the sloping curve of his spine that Pina managed to remain inside as his horns plowed up through the highest ceiling, rocking the choir class off its foundation with a final (melodic) cry. Males and females left the firmament as they bounced into a field of swelling head fluff or slid down ever-growing horns, only to be lifted back up as he thudded against the final ceiling.

Ant-sized carnivores and herbivores alike wriggled below: students from the crafts class fought to navigate the oceanic span of Pina's hips, the janitor clinging fearfully to the forward swell of his inner thighs. His bodybuilder-girth screamed bigger, billowing angrily, jubilantly out against his stretched wool as he surpassed the strongest looking of animals with ease, and kept swelling.

"Pina!?" one female aardvark yelled, emerging from his warm tufts with big, bright, amazed eyes. "Oh my gosh, Pina, is that you!?"

"HMM-HMM. AFTERNOON, DOLORES," the looming muzzle replied, shaking the building nicely, raw power riding out on his booming words.

"Ah, I'm F-Francine," the miniscule female grumbled, losing the spark somewhat.

"WELL," Pina rumbled, thickening larger all around her, his grin spreading, "IT IS A *LITTLE* HARD TO SEE YOU. HAHA. HOW EMBARRASSING!"

Another female snuggled into his widening neck, tickling him so much. Then, another, far down between his heaving chest. Maybe just the tiniest little kiss followed, down there, before hand after little hand stroked his undercarriage, teasing his impossibly big erection even *bigger*.

"HAHA," he all-but purred, pulsing with too much mass, "EVERYONE HERE IS JUST...SO...NIIIIIIICE~"

The tip of his shaft impacted the interior frame wall of the 4th floor's study hall, surging with a rubbery groan against itself as the rest of his length inflated hungrily into it, demanding the wall break as it all bloated fatter and wider. The wall stubbornly held as Pina finally permitted a big, blatant shudder, the sheep not minding the growth spurt being directed back into his swollen muscles as he huffed, bit his lip, and bleated deep, erupting to 110', then 130...

Bill, on the other hand, remained in a blind panic.

Even at a mighty 50 feet in height, too big to fit in just one former-hallway, the tiger found himself trapped beneath the oversized undercarriage of Pina's pride, forcing him to claw his way forward, toward the exit.

"Come on, COME ON!"

Granted, the double doorway was barely big enough to fit his muzzle, at best. Part of him knew. The rest, however, decided that *to hell with the stupid door, and the wall*. He put all of his prodigious tiger muscle to work pulling himself into the exit door wall, wherein he cocked his palm back, then thrust forward, smashing the entire thing open in one furious blow.

Mortar and dust exploded out into the afternoon sunlight as Bill's head shoved through the opening, still getting bigger. His bulging neck swelled to fill the aperture right away, wedging in tight as the giant moaned in frustration.

“B-bill!?”

His vast eyes blinked, then canted over to the sight of Aoba, frozen in shock on his way back to the building. The eagle was a *toy*, now, the tiger's entire perspective finally opening up as the play-school-set version of Cherryton rested behind him.

“AOBA!” Bill bellowed, unwittingly, nearly bowling the avian over. “H-HELP, GET ME OUT OF HERE! HE'S STILL GROWING BIGGER!”

“You, too, Bill!?” Aoba squawked, stumbling back. “H-how many of you are getting giant-sized!? How is this happening!?”

Bill stopped panicking for only a brief moment as confusion pushed to the fore.

“W...WAIT, WHAT?” he mumbled, furrowing his gigantic brow. “WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *HOW MANY OF US!*?”

“O-over at the theater, it's madness!”

That didn't really answer much.

“AOBA, SERIOUSLY, JUST-J-JUST GET ME...AAAAH...”

The rumbling redoubled as Bill lidded his feline eyes to slits, grunted, and swelled even larger, right in front of Aoba. The bird hollered and scrambled away as Bill's shoulders bulged out of the building, bursting too big for its crumbling facade to contain. The sides rocked worse as windows blew out, spewing glass shards onto the lawn of the courtyard—only Bill's striped muscles weren't what emerged.

Bill himself was ejected, roughly, as the front of the entire arts building bulged forth, bricks struggling to maintain unity as they angled out. In his stead was a wooly wall that plugged the opening as the sides burst apart, allowing two ridiculously burly arms passage at the same time.

The courtyard wheezed under Bill's weight as his 90-foot body rolled over itself onto the grass and pavement. He too joined the fleeing students and faculty as he backed away on his hands, watching in rapt horror as two mammoth pectorals popped out of the upper front, a massive pink member crashing out at the halfway point, inflating greedily as it bounced atop two growing orbs. Each was a house in scope, coming together to form a small manor as Pina's body continued to magnify.

"E-EVERYONE, RUN!" Bill offered, not that it was really needed. "GET AWAY!"

He rose to a one hundred-foot stand, not realizing that others who had begun fleeing Pina were now seeing and fleeing *him*, too. As he did, however, the shaking building's roof pulsed up, and up, and up, webbing cracks as something huge bullied higher, larger within. Bill quivered and surged up to 130 feet, a momentary burst of pleasure distracting him—but he heard just fine. He heard Pina's head blowing up through the topside, scattering materials to the skies as the overpowered sheep bellowed in total, self-indulgent joy.

His shaft stretched painfully huge as the building segmented and slid back, some chunks snagging Pina's colossal muscles, others tumbling off outright and bouncing down off his ballooned back. Even sitting, Pina was nearly Bill's 150-foot height—and even Bill eventually reached the right conclusion, on sight of the sheep huffing and swelling even larger, spreading the ruin out in a widening crater:

Run

"GRACIOUS," Pina puffed, beaming smugly. "ISN'T THAT SO MUCH BETTER, FRIEND? HAHA, HEY, YOU GREW BIGGER, TOO? MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS SOMETHING, I DO HAVE TO SAY. STILL..."

At that, Bill saw Pina's enormous hands reaching for him, and that was enough to get him breaking into a frantic run across the courtyard.

"N-NO!"

"HMM?" Pina hummed, sliding out onto all fours, his musculature surging with even the tiniest efforts, blowing up greater still. "NO GOOD?"

His overinflated chest and biceps towered over the courtyard as Bill's footfall rocked it, leaving growing craters in his wake as he turned behind the first building bigger than him and hid, whimpering.

Pina snickered playfully, arching his growing back as he crawled forth. His erection being so monumental in size, the tip easily bashed the ground with a doomsday THUD, the swelling tip dragging a trench in the turf as he rumbled larger and larger, rising up higher over multiple rooftops, his big eyes lidding as he smiled.

“WHAT KIND OF FRIEND DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY?” he boomed, wagging.

“T-this isn't funny,” Bill muttered sheepishly, trying to sneak around what he realized was the Gymnasium. “Either this is denial, or he's completely lost it!”

Bill being Bill, the idea that a 170-foot giant made for a poor ninja hadn't sunk in yet; being a feline, he was used to quiet movement when necessary, but that was so rare for him—

“WHERE ARE YOOOOOU?”

God, his *voice* was getting bigger, too. The sounds of rumbling growth echoed over the entire school as Pina's chuckling swelled into raw thunder, followed by the quaking booms of each growing hand as the sheep crawled around, looking here and there, his bulk blowing bigger as he stretched to over 270 feet in size, then 280.

“I JUST WANT TO CATCH YOU BY YOUR TOE! IT WON'T HURT!”

Bill sidled around the back of the Gym (as countless females and a few liberated males watched through fogging windows), spying for the next place to hide...when his own body betrayed him, and began to shudder deeply.

“Aw, no, no—”

Pina's perfect ears perked as Bill exploded in size, beyond the Gym, the tiger bursting up to 200 feet in one thick, hot spurt, then 230 right after. Stripes strained and pulled and arched across ever-larger muscles as he growled, his shaft pushing out against his will, flopping in a huge semicircle, and slapping down over two pendulous, gargantuan orbs.

All windows fogged completely.

“H...GHUAH,” Bill groaned, his whiskers tingling out as he felt pulsing bulk consume his frame, twitching with enormous power. “AH.”

Any other day. Any other time, Bill would have been ecstatic. As it happened, there just wasn't time for it.

It wasn't Pina's voice that answered his groans, but rather, dozens and dozens of giddy shrieks. Students flocked to the rooftops to cheer and wave and gape and scream and have second thoughts as Bill's stupendous size fully registered.

“UH,” the towering tiger grunted, blinking, before reflexively giving a flex of his arm.

Another wave of screams broke out, even louder, shriller, longer, as Pina stood upright and thudded nearer, still bigger, still a bit bulkier. Yet, when the two masses met, Pina's erection proved far, far larger—a final insult. Even Bill grudgingly blushed, with what he hoped was embarrassment.

“NOT BAD, IS IT?” Pina purred, winking coyly. “YOU ALMOST LOOK AS GOOD!”

Bill finally figured out where the screaming was coming from—Pina. His wool fluffed handsomely, as if noticing him noticing it, as multitudinal screams of female delight roared out from it. There must have been dozens of speck-sized females within, screaming their support, drunk on his musk and raw presence and might.

“L-LET'S CALL THIS QUILTS, YEAH?” Bill laughed, or tried to. “I-IT'S A TIE, RIGHT? I MEAN, WE'RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME—”

At that Pina closed his eyes, and seemingly *willed* himself larger.

The back end of Cherryton quaked, trees swaying anxiously, windows rattling on pitching buildings. The ground snapped and split, casting fissures through the paving and flora as the sheep's feet swelled out in size, his bulk bursting as a wave of pressure shot off his rising form.

“H-HEY, NO,” Bill started, before the tiger cut his losses and simply ran.

Even as he did, Pina just boomed taller, the hulking sheep rocketing up past 300 feet, then 320, easily watching as Bill fled the scene. 330' hiccupped to 335, then 340, the towering sheep's growth tapering off as it rumbled up in stretchy increments, until with a final, heated sigh, Pina stopped growing. At 350 feet flat, he was a complete monster: his shoulders spanned 170' across, his chest swollen out a whopping 60' from his neck, his backside matching. A horrendously

colossal, overlong erection bobbed far beyond, over 100 feet in length. He might as well have had a grown blue whale there, instead. Fat sacs crested his knees, cradled plump and tight against overgrown thighs, his rear pumped out and massive, his hips powerful and wide.

“OH, IS THAT IT?” Pina murmured as he brought a gigantic arm up and flexed, watching the bicep peak higher than his horns. “HAHA, WELL. THAT’LL WORK. SHAME IF I WAS OUTCLASSED IN MY OWN FANTASY!”

Every single female screeched in rapture at his merest flex, clamoring for more as the nearest groupies rode the swell of his bicep. He beamed down at them, winking a vast, ice-blue eye at where he figured they must be, and the fainting was catastrophic.

“HMM-HMM. BUT, GOSH, WHERE WERE WE?”

The ultra-sized sheep ran lane-wide fingers through his wool as he fixed his hair, puffed, then stepped forward—sending the courtyard into a fit. Feet as big as homes bashed the ground, cratering it with zero bother as they sank a whole yard South—a centimeter, relatively speaking. His vast length swung out ahead like a walking stick, wagging in joy at just how big it was, how the cool air felt brushing it on every swish. Thighs over 70’ in circumference bulged as they bore his godly weight, his cheeks flexing up and down as he strode with a perfect blend of masculine and feminine, a very complete package.

“HAHA, COME ON, KITTY, DON’T ACTUALLY GET UPSET,” Pina laughed, his chest bulging out warmly. “COME OUT, LET’S KEEP BEING FRIENDS! I WASN’T GOING TO DO ANYTHING DRASTIC, YOU KNOW. JUST SOME TEASING, MAYBE! YOU UNDERSTAND, RIGHT? IT’S NOT OFTEN THAT AN HERBIVORE GROWS INTO... WELL, ALL THIS! CAN YOU REALLY BLAME ME?”

To Bill’s astonishment, he kind of couldn’t.

“Stupid, stupid,” Bill huffed, first at Pina, then at himself.

Why had he done this!? How had this even happened? What was happening to them!?

It was no use trying to work any of it out as the immense feline crouched in against himself, teetering as his muscle clusters fought one another for room. He buried his muzzle down into his pectoral cleavage, trying to get his breath back, when something buzzed across the entire campus, in a wail of crackling static:

“Attention, students, this is Headmaster Gon. Ah, p-please, I want everyone on campus to evacuate the campus, immediately! This is not a drill! Please, uh, exercise the same caution you would in a standard fire drill, and assemble outside the main gate—repeat—”

That’s it, Bill thought, panting into his chest as his tree-wide tail curled around him, in a rare show of vulnerability. It happened, they saw us. How am I going to explain this!? I didn’t actually want to do anything that bad, I-I’m sorry! I...H-uh-H-III—

His body, perhaps disagreeing, chose then to rumble yet again, making him perk his ears in a mix of pleasure and total horror.

“N-NO!”

His muscles tingled and tensed, clenching into a thick, hard flex, stretching his stripes as his fur boofed out and his entire body swelled *bigger*. His arms puffed out as his backside boomed flat against the building he hid behind, his head rising up past the higher floor windows as he groaned. That same pec-cleavage burgeoned up and up, consuming his furry chin as he trembled and blew out larger, still. His gargantuan feet slid over the terrain as he watched the ground retreat, feeling every follicle brush against the building; his own shadow began to spill up past the borders of the roof’s, and in seconds he heard Pina’s colossal feet *slam-slam* over his way.

“D-Dammit!”

Fight and flight tangled into a mental mess as Bill kept getting bigger, balled into an ever-increasing hill of throbbing bulk and oversized brawn. The raw power crashed into his fear, pushing it back as, at last, his carnivorous side dared to interject:

You’re a giant too now, aren’t you?

“Y-yeah,” Bill muttered as he grew, answering himself.

AREN’T YOU!?

“Y...yeah! Hey, yeah, I am!”

HE’S A SHEEP, DUMMY. YOU’RE A TIGER. YOU MUST BE HIS SIZE AGAIN, BY NOW, SO USE IT! YOU GOT THIS MIGHTY, AND YOU’RE COWERING!?! WHAT KIND OF CARNIVORE REPRESENTATIVE ARE YOU!?!

Mustering his lost courage back up, Bill forced his bulk to unfold to full glory, having stopped growing at a magnificent 300 feet tall and 145' wide. He stood chest-high over the boys' dormitory, ramped himself up with a flex, and turned to face Pina—then went pale once again.

In his flight, understandably, he hadn't really paid attention to the sheep's last growth spurt. His eyesight found only Pina's bloated pectorals, and Bill glanced up to see that smirking pretty-boy muzzle, just beyond them. The tiger's 60-foot shaft, impressive as it was, became impressively *second-place*, and by an awful margin.

“YOU GREW AGAIN?” Pina gasped, poking his tongue out. “GOOD FOR YOU!”

“D-DON'T CONDESCEND TO ME!” Bill strained to retort, growling low. “I CAN STILL TAKE YOU!”

Pina cocked his head dramatically, letting his much bigger erection butt up against his side of the building in response. He flexed back, so tightly, so loudly, that Bill actually *heard* it.

“OH? OH! HAHA, LIKE WRESTLING? YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER TRIED IT BEFORE! THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS LIKE A BLAST, SURE! LET'S GOOOO~”

“WHAT.”

Bill pulled back from the other side of the dormitory, bug-eyed, seeing Pina's bulk groan so massive that his wool surged out everywhere. He suddenly just *felt* so much bigger that Bill was already shaking his head.

“AH.”

The other carnivores wouldn't care, right? He could take anyone *else* on, if they gave him guff, right? Easily so, yeah! So what if he ran as far away as possible?

Pina stepped forward, carelessly demolishing the exterior of the building as he advanced, not even bothering to move around it.

“EENIE—”

“AUGH, N-NO—”

As Bill put his huge arms up, and as Pina obliterated the front half of the dormitory, something interrupted—something extremely, monumentally big.

So big, in fact, that even Pina was shoved back, along with Bill.

The entire boys' dormitory evaporated as a torrent of yellow fur broke loose, blowing up out of it in an explosive roar of pure, stupendous, sense-shattering *growth*.

Pina and Bill both bellowed as canine muscle cascaded forth, spilling bigger and thicker, pumping, gorging and flowing over them, over the ruins and cordoning tape, scattering the twenty teeny security guards clinging to abs and orbs.

Jack snored on, the ever-growing labrador billowing uncontrollably, passing 450 feet, then snorting in his sleep as he tingled and grunted, blowing up with a loud stretchy groan to 500' ...540' ...

His rear crushed the walkways and snapped trees, fur fluffing out against everything as the golden boy swelled relentlessly larger and stronger. His powerlifter physique erupted with every huff, his tongue poking out as his 80-foot head bash-thumped against another evacuated building, pushing it as it crackled and crumbled apart. His feet dug into the turf, heels growing wider and heavier, toes looming higher. His shaft stirred sleepily, happily, flopping longer and thicker between his exploding thighs.

580 feet...

Pina struggled against Jack's surging shoulders, the sheep suddenly only about half as big, not understanding just what exactly he was pushing on as Jack rumble-*boomed* again.

610 feet...650 feet...

Vast hands rested, supine, yellow fingers rising over the school as more and more of Cherryton was overtaken by soft fur and twitching lats. Jack's trapezius inflated into a berserk bulge, forcing his wide neck and head up and up as Bill shoved his bloated sacs, farther down the way.

690 feet...720 feet...

Students and staff fled on foot, pouring out of the school gates as another building collapsed in the distance, then another. A stupendous surge of yellow muscle burst over the beclouded campus as Jack's body just kept expanding, bigger, broader, bulkier, thicker.

770 feet...820 feet...

With a last, shuddering lurch of growth, Jack *buh-whumped* up to a staggering 900 feet, coming to a rest as he snored powerfully; the ensuing aftershock set off two hundred of the nearest car alarms. The behemoth covered almost a third of the entire school's main campus as slept, over 500' wide at the triceps, his shaft just shy of 300' as Bill back off, then found it to be his own size, entirely.

Pina eventually wriggled out, himself roughly a third of the dog's overwhelming height. The mighty sheep gave a low whistle, looking Jack over with wide eyes.

"Actually," he murmured, a bit more softly, for once. "That...is a *beautiful* carnivore."

With no hesitation Pina began climbing up over a massive shoulder, grabbing great fistfuls of fur as he scaled Jack's titanic body, ignoring the increasing cracks below them both.

"Hey, Pina, stop," Bill sputtered, the less-huge tiger peering out from one bulging orb. "Why would you ever get up on...i-is that Legoshi's friend?"

"Haha, well, why not?" Pina huffed, sitting on Jack's overloaded abs. "What's it matter? I just imagined myself a perfect bed to use, before I wake up."

"You're not sleeping!" Bill snarled, closing his hand over his mouth right after for fear of waking Jack up. "S-stop it, get down from there—er, him!"

"Mmmmn," Pina hummed, the colossal sheep snuggling in against Jack's nude bulk, his pecs resting with a thick dimple on the canine's, blushing as he rose and fell with Jack's gentle snoring. "Oh my...you don't know what you're missing, down there, Bill. H-he's so sooft."

Bill's blush worsened terribly, his tail bristling.

"You're *awake*, idiot!"

"So, so soft," Pina chuckled, hugging in tight on Jack's greater mass, making the labrador lick his muzzle over, then bring a monstrous arm up high and thump it down, snuggling the sheep in like a teddy bear as he snoozed. The ground whined underbulk, but barely held together.

"HHHHH," Jack sleep-murmured, grinning wide at last as he cuddled Pina tight.

Likewise, Pina snuggled in deeper, nuzzling thick yellow fur as he wagged. Jack's gargantuan snout snuffled down on auto-pilot, the sleeping dog starting to lovingly groom the sheep over like a prized possession. Pina, surprisingly, accepted it, wagging faster.

"Argh, this is insanity," Bill grumbled, having to dig his way back between Jack's inner thighs. "Forget this, forget all of this!"

Pina sighed, rubbing big circles on Jack's pectoral, making the dozing dog blush in kind.

"Finally," the gigantic sheep rumbled, closing his eyes. "A truly nice carnivore."

1:37 PM

Headmaster Gon fell back the moment he turned around to survey the damages.

The tiger gawked, bushy-tailed, at the sight of Cherryton buried under a mountain of chiseled canine muscles, a tremendous pink shaft resting atop it. A smile seemed to be spreading over the canine's muzzle on the other end, a vast wet nose snuffling in joy as...as something *big* rested above, snuggling it all back. A sheep?

"What in thunder," Gon croaked, his throat dry. "That's...Jack. Honor s-student."

"Headmaster," the security head panted, running up in terror. "I-it was too much, the labrador inside the building, h-he blew up like a bomb, we couldn't all make it out! Something hit the exterior at the same time, it was pandemonium there! We...where are the students?"

"They evacuated a few moments prior, I--wait, *what* labrador? Jack!?" Gon spluttered. "Jack was in the dormitory!? I sent you there over a cave-in, not...n-not THIS!"

"Sir, I know, but...I think he made the cave-in by growing gigantic in his room. Then, shortly after we showed up, he got even bigger..."

Gon gulped, or tried to, as another security officer limped over.

"Two other giants left the campus a few minutes ago, before your announcement, sir! A-a wolf and a deer!"

“Louis!” Gon balked, somehow stunned further. “The reports about the theater, right! What could be making...I was assured there were no side effects to...a capybara! H-have either of you seen a female capybara around the property!?”

“Sir!” a third officer groaned, limping forward even more slowly. “Two massive rabbits were seen fighting off the coastline, right behind us! T-they’ve destroyed the bridge! One fled!”

“We’re cut off!?” the security head roared, panic finally setting all the way in.

Headmaster Gon was up in a blink, his clawed hands clasping the third’s shoulders.

“Get a tarp over those two, right away! Cover them completely! No one seems to be left in the area...maybe no one saw Jack, having left the scene...Go, go already! Get to it!”

“B-but, we don’t have anything that could cover *him*—”

At that, the tortured ground underneath Jack’s body cracked one last time. As the massive male shifted in his sleep, the courtyard and wrecked buildings and paths and trees all caved in entirely, the giant snoring as he slid down, down into a vast column of smoke. As he slipped below Pina was thrown clear, the huge sheep coming to with a start as his huge body tumbled onto what remained of the Academy’s topside.

“Whoa!” the security head yelped, as Gon watched in silence.

“He...broke down into the bunker system,” the tiger muttered, before sighing in relief. “Okay. Quick, cover the hole! All of it! *No one* saw Jack, understand!?”

“Sir, after all this, what does it matter—”

“Did you see the size of him!?” Gon roared. “The others are nowhere near that big, the school would have been demolished completely if so! Would you rather the public knows about building-sized giants, or one nearly as big as the school!? Or that, by implication, they could *all* get that big soon? Or gods, even bigger!?”

“S...s-sir.”

“I’m putting in a call to the police force; we need sleeping gas, sedatives, all of them, at least until we can figure out a plan. We keep him down there as long as we can—”

“W-will they really help with that kind of request?”

“Yahya owes me,” Gon coughed, straightening out his suit, before wheeling about at the second security officer. “*And that capybara! Where is she!?*”

2:10 PM

Yahya kept to the rooftops of the old downtown district, bordering the Black Market. The horse watched silently, using his fantastic breadth of vision to canvas the streets as best he could, watching for activity like he was partly hawk.

“Where are you...”

An ear twitched as he focused in.

“*Yahya, sir, there’s a call,*” a female voice spoke through the device in his ear, as though his ear had sensed it first. “*It’s important.*”

“Not a good time,” Yahya muttered, unblinking. “Following a solid tip on a perp.”

“*It’s Mienai, sir. About the news on TV.*”

Yahya pursed his lip, thinking. As he did so, a scream broke out from the downtown streets, followed by the sight of a horned animal slipping out the back of a hospital, a surgical mask over its muzzle. Out the binoculars went.

“*Sir?*”

On better glance, it was a gazelle, only there was a bit too much height and an iota of bulk that betrayed his figure. It was a hybrid, it had to be. In fact, it was *the* hybrid.

A bag of syringes and supplies bobbed in his hands—the stolen kind, he guessed, given how hospitals didn’t hand those out easily. A smear of blood was on the bag handle, partially caking the hand clutching it.

“Found you!”

“*Sir, please—*”

The line cut out as Yahya turned it off. As a horse, it only made sense that his blinders were already on—and now, so too was the chase.

“Got you, at last, Melon!”

The horse burst out of the front door of the building he was on in under a minute flat, following the path he had deduced the perp would take. He wove in and out of the crowds, getting closer, ignoring the reports on TVs in bars and store displays, not seeing the *GIANTS DESTROY BRIDGE?* headline as he picked up speed.

Other animals gathered nearby as someone in a restaurant turned one TV up all the way:

“...we, ah, we have two more sightings, besides the rabbits! A wolf and deer are moving inland—they aren’t as big, going off viewer estimates, but once our news-copter make it to the scene, we’ll verify all reports of...wait, we have more unverified reports from students at Cherryton academy, regarding a gigantic sheep and tiger—we only have one chopper, but we’ll still try and mine what information we can—”

The talking heads and noises pulled the attention of the masses, decluttering the streets as Yahya caught sight of the hybrid and went in for the grab. It was only the sudden cries of those seeing footage of the immense labrador that snapped both parties to it—first to the crowd, then to each other.

Yahya stared back at Melon, who sighted him and smiled so wide that his eyes slitted up over the edges of his medical mask.

“Freeze!” Yahya commanded as he planted a foot firmly, then bolted after him, not waiting for compliance.

The hybrid tore off down a nearby alleyway, snaking around trash cans, kicking one over as he went. Yahya swore under his breath as he pursued, only to be cut off coming out of the other side by his own police force cruisers.

He whinnied angrily, stepping back and thudding into the wall of a building as they careened towards uptown, leaving the equine to fume. Something must have been up nearer to the bay area.

No time, fire them later

Yahya took off to the left, not having seen Melon to the right. He banked down the first street he could find and scoured this way, that way, back the other to check.

No sign

“Dammit...dammit! Where are you, you scumbag...”

Melon finally slowed to a stop, pulling off his mask to get some air back. Yahya had been correct: a set of sharp leopard’s teeth extended as he huffed and gasped, calmed down, and slipped the mask back on to look about.

Sirens rose in the periphery, and knowing the horse, he would be tearing the sector apart in under five minutes, to find him.

Then, Melon finally bothered to turn around, and saw his way out: a modest-sized building, tucked away offroad, with a large sign that read

HYBRID KINDERGARTEN