

Incident Report: #4331

Field Agent: Walter D.T. Dorden

RECORDING FOLLOWS...

Right, so, boss tells us we still need to make these for filing purposes, so I guess I might as well try and put some effort into it. Field Agent Walter Dorden, identification C dash O dash T dash nine five oh nine, you can add the dash yourselves. Currently assigned to Case File number nine oh one five seven, commonly referred to as the "Serial Hyperfier", mostly by bored interns and assorted idiots who think it's funny that someone is spreading a highly-virulent gene-altering virus around just because it makes people's tits bigger. Incident four three three one was first reported on this day, the twenty-second of March of twenty twenty-one, outskirts of Albany, New York. First reported by local man, one Charles D. Winder, after he called in to the agency to tell us that, and I quote from the original transcript here, "I walked out my front door and there was a huge nipple blocking the driveway." Further investigation revealed that the victim was one Sarah P. Doe, quite conveniently a female cervine, aged twenty-eight, who reported first meeting the "Serial Hyperfier" on her way out of her home earlier that morning when she attempted to go to work. After a short conversation, whereby Miss Doe believed the man to be the new mailman for the neighborhood, she saw a... says here "large, shiny, metallic thing" being pulled out from a pocket, followed by a bright flash. According to Miss Doe, she then woke up "some time later" on top of a large pair of breasts, each one somewhat identical in size to a two-story house, not unlike the ones in the neighborhood proper. Personally, if I might be so bold as to suggest a possible connection, it might be that our target saw an opportunity to "match up", as it were, granting their victim sizes that could be easily compared in case anyone would like to do such a thing. It would not be a stretch to say that our quarry is well aware of the impact their actions have on the world around them, nor of how far-reaching their reputation has gotten; in fact, I would be surprised if, on some level, they aren't already deliberately playing into the unfortunately numerous "rogue gift-giver" angles that mainstream media has insisted on providing, and might very well be trying to ingratiate himself with others thanks to this. This is likely to be the case with this incident, given that Miss Doe seemed unwilling to want to press charges even if we found the Serial Hyperfier, as, according to her... lemme check the report here, according to her, and I quote again: "I always wanted bigger tits!" That she was given a bust that both immobilized her and blocked off roadway access to the neighborhood did not seem to register, which might indicate a mental component to the hyperfication process, or at the very least a propensity to reduce one's inhibitions by deliberately playing to sexual fetishes and desires. Whatever the case, a Dislodgement Team was called, Miss Doe was brought to an off-site medical facility, and she should be returned to her normal state, despite protests, within a maximum of two weeks. Mister Winder, on the other hand, has been highly insistent on contacting us to let the organization know just how "utterly disappointed" they are in our "inability to deal" with incidents like these, including at least three separate occasions where he sent a physical letter, the contents of which were later determined to be some form of litigation

unknown to most of our legal teams; the current leading theory is that Mister Winder might be an OPCA litigant, and is attempting to sue us for what they perceive to be wrongdoings of some kind, which, thankfully, we are perfectly capable of ignoring for the time being. That said, it would be disingenuous to claim that Mister Winder does not have a **point** when he says we fucked up here, considering we've **been** fucking up every since this whole thing started. I can't begin to tell you how pissed off I am that this motherf-sorry, sorry, I cannot begin to **make clear** how **irritated** I am at how our target keeps eluding us, no matter how many resources we throw at them. It seems that no matter what we do, no matter how many people we have on the case, the bastard keeps getting through the cracks, to the point where now I'm wondering whether or not there might be some information leakage going on. It wouldn't be that far-fetched, given the way some people talk about the asshole whenever they think no one's listening; wouldn't surprise me if the guy's actually managed to contact someone on the inside and is getting tipped off as to where we're conducting our operations, because the alternative... alright, looking back at our most high-profile case, three three five seven; I'd love for anyone to explain to me how this man, who has absolutely no media presence, no known address, no bank account that we know of, and has given a grand total of **one** interview, somehow managed to find out where the President was going to be, when they were going to be there, then successfully navigated through Secret Security and turned the poor guy into a blimp the size of the White House before any of us could do anything about it. **Or** that time a couple of months later, when a good half of Manhattan was covered in horse dick and we had no clue because the whole thing was covered by a radial-distorting compression field that kept us from being able to observe it from orbit. There's just too much, **far** too much for it to be mere coincidence; I refuse to believe we're dealing with some kind of super genius who just happens to know exactly how we and every other government agency works, then successfully runs circles around us without even trying. Unless you people wanna make the argument that we're handling some kind of non-lethal Zodiac, the simplest solution is that whoever the Serial Hyperfrier is, they need to have inside access to our systems, or at least know someone who can do it for them. Case in point, incident two nine six nine, where one of our one was afflicted by sudden hyperfication during lunch hours at HQ, and we later found out that not only was their lunch contaminated, but **only** the food on their plate; considering they were served the meal from our on-site kitchen, then either our target infiltrated the cooking staff, or they had enough free reign over the place to walk in, drop whatever it was they used on the plate without being seen, then walked off without anyone noticing it. Considering that extensive review of the camera network's recordings identified no one that wasn't supposed to be there, then we either have a ghost on our hands, or our very organization has been subverted to fit the purposes of the asshole we were created to track down in the first place. And frankly, at this point, I genuinely don't know which is worse; at least, if it's a goddamned ghost, then we know we haven't been compromised, even if we probably need to contact a priest or whatever the hell people use to get an exorcism done. Regardless, I've received the latest medical report after the case with Miss Doe, and as usual, I have to say that I don't know whether to be impressed, perplexed, or just downright terrified at what I'm reading

here. You'd **think** that having your tits grow to be the size of houses would have some negative side effects, but as far as the physicians can tell, Miss Doe is perfectly fine; even worse, not only are her body's regulatory functions working entirely as intended, but somehow she's producing milk at a vastly accelerated rate than normal. Taken with the rest of her being the way that it is, I wouldn't be surprised if she ends up filling multiple industrial-sized vats before she's brought back to normal, and this is **without** her asking for any extra food; indeed, looking at the reports now, and it looks like her body doesn't actually need any additional caloric input, which **should** be completely impossible given what we know of biology and basic physics. Despite this, she's still producing milk and not immediately dehydrating from it, which seems to suggest that our little friend is not only capable of violating basic anatomy, but conservation of mass as well, assuming that the hyperfication doesn't function on some quantum entanglement nonsense. Judging from some of the other medical reports, however, I honestly have no idea how to explain any of this without resorting to either theoretical high-end physics or just calling the whole thing magic and throwing my hands in the air; the issue of overproductivity, the matter of size, of mass, of the simple fact that the square cube law apparently just doesn't apply to those afflicted, none of this makes any sense whatsoever and is driving me to fucking drink. Quite literally too, I have a bottle of scotch next to the recorder and I'm two seconds away from downing it in one go, because **good lord** the rest of our staff are beyond useless; honestly, I don't know where you people got them, but they seem more interested in finding out the next victim than they are in making sure there **isn't** one, and I'm more than certain that someone has either actively cooperated with the Serial Hyperfier in the past or has at least let slip some information that eventually made its way to their ears. Now, far from me to suggest that you should use some of the authority that you have to restaff the project, but unless you're looking to turn us into a sieve with holes the size of the Empire State, then I think you'd be better served finding people who are A, actually interested in doing their assigned duties, and B, fucking **competent** at it. There's only so much I can do when most of the team seems to be working on nothing more than conjecture and guesswork, and I refuse to believe our forensics personnel haven't found **anything** that can be used to track down our quarry. In between the lack of any deaths, and the... you know, the obvious, one would think that our people would've found **something** to work with, rather than turning up with their hands empty and their eyes focused on the curves more than anything remotely useful. Again, it makes me wonder just how many people working for us are **actually** working for us rather than whoever the Hyperfier is, and that's not something I'm exactly happy to think about. There's a certain amount of subtlety that's needed for operations like these, and we risk losing control over the whole thing if there are actually those many people interested in selling us off to the highest bidder... or to the person who can make their size goals come true. Really, I honestly had no idea we had so many size fiends working for the organization, to the point where I'm left wondering if that, too, isn't the work of the Hyperfier. Think about it, they can clearly access our facilities, given the incident at the cafeteria, or at least get someone else to do it in their stead; if their technical know-how is such that they can outright violate basic physics like it's absolutely nothing, then what's to say that they don't have the ability to do the

same to psychology? Who's to say the Hyperfier hasn't figured out a way to change the way people **think** so they're more inclined to accept sizes like the ones he's gifting? It would absolutely go a long way to explain why everyone he targets seems to be perfectly fine with the idea of being immobilized by a body too big for them to move, not to mention their overall resistance to being brought back to their old shape, even when we try to explain that we can't just care for them in their hyperfied state. It would **also**, quite conveniently, explain why people around here are so damned infatuated with the man, despite the fact that they're supposed to be hunting him down; maybe it works by hooking into existing urges, who knows? It might be that it's less mind control and more the exacerbation of extant thought patterns: namely, kinks turn to obsessions, while a begrudging respect over the Hyperfier's stealth skills becomes outright adoration. I don't think I need to tell you how dangerous this is; if our target does, indeed, have the unfettered level of access that he seems to have to our personnel, this could mean that, soon enough, the entire operation is going to be subverted, assuming it already hasn't. I mean, fuck, I just received the latest medical reports on Miss Doe's case and it's literally just an empty template with the note "Everything is fine with the patient" written on the bottom comments box; now, I'm not a doctor, heavens know I don't know the first thing about glandular acceleration, but I'm pretty sure you're supposed to at least write down your name and the case file, even if it's for internal perusal, so there goes the medical team I guess. You might want to start looking into replacements, or otherwise the Hyperfier might find a way up to you whenever he feels like it. Now, of course, you might be wondering if you can even trust **me**, which, to be fair, is somewhat understandable. I'm not proud enough that I'd take offense to that, given how I **have** been here from the start and would be the last person anyone suspected of wrongdoing; I wouldn't be so stupid as to presume myself to be beneath notice either, and though I haven't caught whiff of anything in particular, I would be sorely disappointed if you didn't have some manner of surveillance taking place where I can't see it. And indeed, you might have taken notice of some things which might have made you wonder just what exactly I've been doing with my free time, or if, indeed, I even have free time to begin with. You might have wondered why I purchased a great many transistors and why I've been spending a considerable amount of time learning about electronics. Indeed, you might have, perhaps, developed a few ideas over just where exactly my allegiances lie, ones that this report is sure to have made you raise a few eyebrows at. Fortunately, however, you need not worry, because you idiots are looking in the wrong direction; the only reason I've been wasting money on any of this is because, if our techies don't figure out how the Hyperfier works, then **someone** has to fucking do it, and seeing as you won't pay for my lessons, then I need to find some way to get a grip on whatever the hell's going on. Granted, I don't have any of my gear on me at the moment, but I'm sure that when we find one of the "weapons" used during the attacks (assuming they can even be called that much), then I'll be able to... I dunno, at least be able to tell the front end from the ass end, or where the ON button is. Either that, or I'll stare blankly ahead and come up with some random bullshit that you'll believe anyway, because it's not like you or anyone else has any idea about how the Hyperfier does anything, is it? It's not like, if I gave you a full rundown on molecular physics and how it

*can be manipulated on the foam level, you'd be able to comprehend even a fraction of it. Not that I know any of it, of course, but purely hypothetically; it'd be a waste of time, even if I **do** have all the time I could need, what with my unrestricted access to your personal workspaces. Did you ever think, perhaps, that this was a bad idea? That by giving me the keys to your offices, that by trusting me to do what others couldn't, that it might backfire, in some way? I'm sure most of you were apprehensive, but Jenkins made sure to argue around whatever issues you might've had; he was always a good one, not gonna lie, always so... dependable. He was always so open to the idea of serving someone who actually knew what they wanted and was willing to give it to them; pretty sure that, right now, they're already reaping the fruits of their labor, stuck at home and unable to move from all the excess mass. And I'm sure that, by the time you receive this report, you'll have lost the ability to take it seriously; I'll be more than happy to deliver it personally still, since, after all, how rude would it be for more to conscript you into my growing army and not treat you with the respect you wholly deserve? If not for you, I never would've been given access to all the delightful toys I have at my disposal now, and all because of a stupid prank gone wrong a few times. Truly, the taxpayers' dollars at work.*

Still, I should wrap this up. Pretty sure none of you will be hearing by this point, so why bother going for more? I have more interesting things to do, so, if you don't mind, I'll be swinging by your offices with a printed and signed version of this report, just so you can keep it around. Maybe even frame it and hang it on the wall for everyone else to see, who knows?

It'll be the last one you ever read, after all.