

3.

BLACK MARKET/WILD NIGHT LOVE HOTEL

JUNO, 2:48 PM

Juno double-checked the club cards from carnivores she had talked to on her way through the market, then made sure the recurring contact number was the one she'd used to message the area's so-called 'sexual star'. She checked the phone again, purely out of nerves:

3PM, I'LL BE FREE. ROOM 609, WILD NIGHT LOVE HOTEL.
CASH, NO SCAT OR WATERSPORTS, 1 HOUR MAX.
COME ALONE.

Read

THANK YOU.
I'LL BE THERE ON TIME
Delivered

It was the only one, so far as Juno had seen—the only hotel in the entire area that was made for the *other* vice, the one both herbivores and carnivores understood. It was the one place in the city where meat-eating worked for both parties—a joke that, for whatever reason, Kai was saying, in the wolf's head. It felt right.

“Okay, then,” Juno yipped, when she meant to bark, almost blowing her cool outside the hotel lobby. “I’m early, then. Good. Very good.”

The concept of a mouthful of gleaming teeth didn't phase her, she was a carnivore. Yet, Juno tarried, bound by mental glue to the spot at the sight of the hotel lobby's opened double doors. The red carpet leading in really sealed the metaphor; granted, there was nothing to be shy about, but damned if the building didn't make her pause again, and again.

It was stupid, the notion of a stronger, *superior* creature needing tips from a weaker one. But to add whatever strengths the weaker had to what was already hers? *Ingenious*.

“You'll be in my hands soon enough, Legoshi,” the wolf murmured, throwing enough coal in the furnace to get her moving again. There was no backing out now.

She slipped in just as operative T rounded an adjacent street corner, the capybara breathing heavily from keeping close, without breaking into a run. After all, while the hoodie she had thrown on to disguise her herbivorous self helped, running among a sea of predators remained a horrible idea.

She kept the hood pulled tight, obscuring her muzzle as she wandered up to the door, saw Juno inside, and stepped back a bit—enough to look up and see what that building was for.

“Oh,” T moaned, almost throwing her head and hood back on reflex. “Oh, come *on*.”

The young wolf was talking out of earshot with the hotel concierge, who nodded and made something of an amused face as he pointed to the elevators. She nodded and bowed, checked her phone (likely for the time, given the ‘appointment-heavy’ nature of the place), and took her backpack over to the side of the lobby to wait.

Now what?

Was she waiting for a John? Why didn’t she just wait in a room, then?

What do I do, arrest her? Steal her bag? The food’s in there, for sure. Maybe if I act like a client, too, I can get close enough—but cripes, she’d clobber me flat, she’s a wolf!

Truth be told, T hadn’t planned this far. She also didn’t plan on Juno getting into the elevator with an attention-grabbing *ding*, then vanishing outright, which is exactly what happened next. What floor was she going to?

She squinted from the street, trying to see, but the numbers were so bright when they dinged that they were orange blips; she began counting from the first unlit number up when the concierge stepped into her view from the doorway, the pug grinning aggressively wide.

“First time, then?” he casually asked. “Jitters are common, don’t sweat it.”

She jolted in place, clearing her throat and making to leave—only to rethink fast.

“Y-yeah,” she huffed, trying to sound more masculine. “Lil’ bit, uh.”

“Nah, we want our customers to have a good experience, relax,” the canine followed up, waving his hands in a positive upward circle. “Come on in, come on. What floor, pal?”

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“We can try again.”

“You mean, *I* can try,” a sample-sized specimen of male crow sighed, flush with the worst of all possible embarrassments. “I just, I don’t know. I don’t know what happened.”

The okapi withheld a long sigh with the kind of practice only veterans could earn. She slid up into a seat on the King-sized bed, shaped like a huge velvet heart, and silently slid her bra back up, making sure he didn’t see her do it.

“Honey—”

“Ahah, m-my wife calls me that, let’s not. I mean, no offense. I ah...I wonder if maybe I’m doing this because I’m, you know...mad with her. Not that it’s your problem!”

Wasn’t it, though.

“It’s fine,” she said, a perfumed version of a robotic response.

It was amazing how often beds became psychiatrist couches, in her line. And surprisingly dull, in all honesty. Much like a shrink she counted the remaining minutes, still opting to push for anything, rather than sitting in silence.

“I’m horrible,” the avian whispered, rubbing the back of his head feathers nervously. “Aren’t I? I took up your time, and everything, on top of it all—”

“I hardly mind. It’s not a work day at the club, I’m not on that kind of clock.”

“Still. I should go.”

“Only if you want to, then. You still have a few minutes before the next—”

“It’s okay, thank you,” the crow interjected, sniffing. “I hope you don’t take this as any slight on you, y-you’re *gorgeous*...”

“Mhm.”

The crow gathered his shirt and buttoned it back up, finding his tie on the dresser. He straightened up with what dignity he still had and gave a little bow as he made for the door.

“Well, t-thanks, then.”

“Mm. Good luck with the missus.”

She stretched out and released a long-held huff of boredom after he vanished from sight; her hands fell in resignation onto her furry lap, the okapi sitting against the headrest a moment.

“...Hm.”

She slid off the sheets and popped her back, pushing her ample chest out as she grunted and yawned, then made for the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

Had she turned on the entryway light, she'd have noticed the small wad of folded paper there, forming an “L” where the door had *nearly* shut against it. As such, it quietly reopened, and the dressed crow crept back in, his tail feathers wagging in excitement.

The sound of water running was enough for him to take the plunge and enter fully, opening the large armoire across from the bed, and nearly closing it shut, leaving just enough room for him to peer through the unnoticeable sliver in the door.

“Good luck to you too, honey,” he murmured, grinning wide, readying his cell phone's camera settings.

2:59 PM

If there had been any way to knock more professionally, to give a better possible impression of door etiquette, Juno didn't know what it was. Yet, only the sound of a faucet running nearby answered back, prompting the wolf to knock a little bit harder. She checked the text thread again, just as the ‘Delivered’ notice changed:

THANK YOU.
I'LL BE THERE ON TIME
Read

The water stopped, there was a pause, then finally the door to Room 609 opened, revealing the exact reason why Juno had heard so much fuss about a single herbivore.

The okapi stood only slightly taller than Juno (by virtue of two large, raised ears), her brown fur patterned in and around patches of white. Her eyes were so deep that even Juno nearly fell in, were it not for the saving grace of her dark red bra and laced underwear snuggling a healthy set of hips. Brown stripes bled all the way down her thick legs, spread into a waiting stance. Her eyes were pretty, to be sure—but there was something else there, a weariness, an acceptance. Experience, even.

That was it.

The height didn't factor in, one bit, yet Juno understood something new: this wasn't a get-together for giggling schoolgirls and phone chats. This was a child meeting a *woman*. She might as well have been as big as a building and Juno an ant as the unmistakable gap in maturity howled between them, a chasm unseen, but entirely felt.

“Wrong room,” the okapi flatly sighed.

“Y-you're Cosmo?” Juno gulped, not even meaning to.

The okapi's brows lifted one centimeter, but they *did* lift.

“Yes, that's me.”

“I-I'm you're 3pm. Juno. Er, I'm Juno.”

“You're a female, Juno. I don't know how else to break it to you.”

“Oh, n-no, haha,” Juno spluttered, bringing her hands up. “No, see, I'm not here for that sort of thing, I-I'm here to learn. F-for my...for someone I want to drive wild. But, I just...”

“You're a kid. That makes sense.”

Juno was almost willing to spin right around and march all the way back to Day One of her life, at that moment. Cosmo clearly saw the wolf's fur fluff out in a wave of static-charged irritation. She just didn't care to react, which made her boof out a little more.

“W-well, I'm here to learn how to put this one carnivore in my power, and I heard you were the one to see about it. So, you know. P-please.”

Cosmo stared and stared. She had already processed the situation, and had silently moved on to whether she would be accepting it or not. Still, the concession (from a carnivore) that a herbivore was superior at anything worthwhile made the okapi's eyes gleam brighter.

"Hmm. Come in, then."

The spiked body temperature dropped the moment Cosmo turned around, leaving Juno free to step inside. It could have been the scent gliding away with her, receding from Juno's nose. It could have been a fading of the moment that had thrown her off guard. The last idea hit the hardest, though: the sheer coldness of the okapi's greeting had slammed into the heat, killing it instantly.

This? This was the star of the market? Really?

She would never be that frigid to Legoshi, or to anyone else. Every time she walked into any place at school, everyone lit up on sight of her. This kind of cold shoulder couldn't possibly be what males wanted, could it?

"What do you want out of your man?"

Juno froze as Cosmo sank with a supple little huff onto the bed, batting her huge eyes up at the wolf expectantly.

"Hmm?"

"What do you want from him? Love? Admiration? Fear? Respect? Sex?"

Juno's eyes twitched back and forth, her tail curling up.

"Surrender."

She seemed just as surprised as Cosmo as the word let itself out. The okapi pursed her soft lip, nodded, and permitted a small, cool grin.

"Okay. That's doable. Strip."

Juno nodded, standing stock still. Cosmo snorted, possibly a laugh, possibly a sigh of waning patience, or instant regret in agreeing. Seeing no sign that Juno truly understood, she instead stood back up, slipped her thumbs on her bra straps, and lowered them—slowly.

“Strip. Get those clothes off, come on.”

“Mm. Wait. M-me?”

“You. Let’s have them gone. I’m going to teach you to tease, first. It’s crucial.”

“Right here!?”

“Fifty-seven minutes, honey. Fifty-six comes next, last I checked.”

A gargantuan blush stuck to Juno’s muzzle as, for the whatever-time already, her confidence was blown back down to nothing. She puffed her chest out without thinking, posing harder than ever before, harder than any theater production at school, as though it mattered. Cosmo watched indifferently, her thumbs ready against her bra strings, waiting on the wolf.

“Anytime.”

“D-don’t rush me,” Juno grumbled, trying not to growl. “Er, p...please.”

“Hmm. I’ve left carnivores twice your size trembling, Juno,” Cosmo replied, cocking her head. “If you want to learn about power, you’d best let me dominate. Anyone that hasn’t been overwhelmed can’t understand. Strength and weakness have many inroads, but they end in the same places. I’m going to teach you how to navigate them, but for now, let me drive.”

Juno slipped her shirt off, grudgingly, every latent instinct hollering for her to stop as she cast it onto the bed sheets and slipped off her shoes, pants, then socks.

“You really learned over time, here, without getting...you know?”

“Eaten?” Cosmo snorted. “I’m still here. Not that it matters. Any night, any shift, any call, I could be. Herbivores in the market are candles in a windstorm, that’s just how it goes. You burn bright or flicker out—okay, watch this.”

As soon as the okapi saw Juno’s outer garments vanish, she started to slip her own bra away, and it...it was the single strangest thing Juno had ever seen. No, ever *felt*.

The way a snake might extend or bulge out, even for the simplest of movements, how smooth and quiet it was—that was how Cosmo moved. All utility, all shame was gone as the okapi moved like...l-like water. The thumbs didn’t hook the straps, they cuddled them, fondled

even. The pull...the way she made it stretch those extra trembling iotas, yet never *strained*. The way that she made her bra tickle down the slope of her soft breasts, letting the laced trim catch–hold–then *pop* loose from a stiffening nipple, the way her breasts rose with a pleased, hot swell, just from breathing at the exact right moment...it all was like a wave that Cosmo generated, rode flawlessly, then passed out, letting it smack into the unprepared wolf's senses.

All Cosmo had done was remove her bra; that was it, that was all. Yet, it wasn't. She had done it in such a way that even the wolf gulped, her breathing quickening just so.

“Mm-hmm,” Cosmo grunted, a half-moan slipping out as she kept eye contact, *commanding* it, all while moving her gentle hands down ruffling belly fur, getting her thumbs around the band of her underwear.

“Ah.”

Juno could verbally get no further as Cosmo kept her hands fixed, instead letting the slow roll of her thick hips answer as she shimmed the garment lower and lower, her thighs pumping with midnight promises and musk, her eyelashes somehow longer, darker as she batted them.

Her hands raised back up, a subdued, confident ‘tah-dah’ pose that remained out to her sides as the underwear hula-hooped down her circling knees and soft, perfect calves. She raised one flawless leg up, up, up, raising the underwear so close that Juno smelled it, before simply letting it fall to the hotel room floor.

It took a moment to realize it, but Juno's jaw was slack.

“That,” Cosmo moaned, adding sultry sugar to soft huffs, “is *power*.”

Things clicked, and clicked fast. Of course, it was this way. What words were there for this kind of...excitement? That was the word, wasn't it? Her heart screamed yes as the wolf watched the nude okapi approach, reach out, and so, *so gently* touch her body.

No amount of mental construction was enough. Brick and mortar blew apart around Juno on contact, leaving only yielding fluff and wide eyes as Cosmo pressed in, just enough to bulge her chest against hers, like starts making contact, positive to negative.

A shaky exhale jetted out as Juno closed her maw and pursed her lip, afire with heat.

“Like this, okay? Move with me, and go slow. It's your tempo, not theirs.”

Calmly and carefully, Cosmo's warm fingers brushed trenches through Juno's cinnamon fur, snagging, cradling, then caressing the straps off her bra. The pulling tugged the bra up slightly, compressing Juno's breasts a little more, making her nostrils flare as she kept her eyes locked with the okapi's, and unwittingly began to surrender herself.

"Nice and slow."

Cosmo rocked to and fro, pulling Juno with her, a silent lullaby of motion that left the pup shivering as Cosmo guided the straps down through her fur, letting her feel it as every follicle was brushed *just enough*.

"You can stop me, you know," she murmured, making Juno's eyes lower as she worked her bra loose, letting their touching busts keep them in place as the straps fell. "You could overpower me, right?"

Juno inhaled to answer, but Cosmo's muzzle slid up against the side of hers in an indirect kiss, a palm like ivory almost touching her cheek, slipping a warm centimeter away from her neck, before putting it flat to her cleavage and pressing in, mooshing the wolf's bosom against hers. Hot teats flared out as Juno's groan was stifled, poorly, through her grit fangs, Cosmo adding a Northbound rub of her breasts that drove her own nipples in around Juno's, brushing them on the sides.

"Stop me."

She couldn't.

"Hu-huuuh..."

"Shhh," the female—the woman—sighed, somehow getting closer, tighter. "Shushhush. Hey. Don't talk. Act. You're a big, bad carnivore. Right?"

A whimper answered. It was supposed to be a growl.

"Mmmm. Soft little puppy."

Sure, there was no real love, no genuine affection to any of it. Juno understood. But her body didn't. It trembled like a leaf in Winter, both brittle and putty. Suddenly Cosmo's muzzle hovered right at her ear, and the sweetest, slowest puff found it, tickling and flicking it as she shook even harder in Cosmo's arms.

“The idea here is to guide. Lead. It’s a dance, whether they like it or not. It doesn’t matter if they do or don’t, they aren’t here for that. They want one type of domination, only.”

Juno heard, and she didn’t. Perfume and silk filled her mind so fast that there was no means to react, to reject. A floodgate was opening, and her body screamed to let it happen, even as a strange panic scrambled up in her brain.

No, no, no, no. NoNoNo.

“The idea is,” Cosmo purred, snuffling into her cheek deeply, taking her time, “you’re here to dominate your man, such as he is. You see how words don’t work?”

Cosmo cupped Juno’s rump tight, dimpling in as she hooked her underwear.

“Feel my hips, puppy?”

S-shut up

“H-Hmm-mm!”

“Move with me, come on. Sway. Swaaaay.”

She did, starting to rock her hips in time, feeling the important extra beat Cosmo took to let her rump bounce out on each apogee, feeling the soft tremor it cast down the thighs. *Left, right, let, right, left, right.*

It was a cradle. Juno was in the cradle again, even though she was here to grow up.

“Good. Very good.”

Damned, if the moment of praise wasn’t like swimming in a sea of gold. Why did this matter so m-much?

“HMMM.”

Cosmo’s hands found her tail, cupped it tight, and stroked slowly out, pulling on it just a little at the exact moment her crotch kissed Juno’s, making the wolf yip aloud. A terrible shiver broke loose from both poles, toes to eartips, meeting and mingling in a mess of emotions within her stomach as Cosmo held her tight.

“Warm little soft puppy.”

The words made her tail whip about in a blind wag, breaking the okapi’s velvet grip—just before Cosmo broke contact entirely, stepping away and stretching with a pronounced yawn. Juno nearly fell over, not noticing she had been leaning that hard into the okapi’s softness.

“Ah,” Juno croaked, blinking, then covering herself a bit with her arms. “I..I—”

“Correct,” Cosmo puffed, completely indifferent once again. “That’s step one.”

Juno stood there, wholly exposed in a stranger’s hotel room, during school hours, bare chested and blushing darkly, humiliated beyond repair, shaking for too many reasons to count. And yet, only one thing emerged, though it all:

“W...what’s step two?”

Juno had just enough time to catch a silk-shining set of arm socks and leggings, attached by lace to a corset, a pink bow on its front. She glanced up at Cosmo, who nodded.

“That’s right. Get dressed, so you can learn to get undressed.”

The crow vibrated with arousal, so wracked by a session he didn’t see coming that the phone shook in his feathered hands. The armoire might as well have been a sauna, on the inside. He forced his beak shut, lest it *click-clack* from excitement and give him away. He made sure the camera was recording, that the live settings were running, and kept it at the opening.

Being nearly the same height as Cosmo, the getup was only slightly tight; overall, it still fit. If anything, the extra tension bulged her thighs out a little bit, accentuating them as Cosmo walked around, sizing her up, tugging this and smoothing that on the blushing wolf. She adjusted the hot-pink arm socks right up between Juno’s wrist and the lower shoulders, getting them right.

“Okay, good. That’s good. You’re cute.”

“C-cute?”

“Well, you have to start somewhere.”

The okapi was in similar attire as she straightened Juno's pink bow, then stepped back. Her stomach growled, interrupting, and the okapi put a hand to her toned belly to shut it up. She saw Juno seeing her, and sighed.

"I missed lunch, babysitting a sad case client. It's fine, ignore it."

"I have food, actually, hold on!"

"No, seriously, you don't need to—"

This one time, Juno was in charge. It wasn't a full dynamic shift, but it was enough to let the wolf feel at least a little empowered for a moment as she cute-walked to her bag and withdrew two large, color-wrapped tarts.

"It isn't much, but consider it additional payment and...t-thanks."

Cosmo chuckled. Whether it was out of affection or at the sight of a carnivore thanking her, Juno wasn't sure. The way Cosmo's fur teemed to life, it was probably the latter.

"Fine. I won't charge you for the break, then."

The two settled onto the tip of the heart-bed as Juno passed her the treat, and the two unwrapped and ate quietly.

"So," Cosmo hummed, clearly liking the tart, "your man, what's his name?"

"Ah, Legoshi. I mean, he...he isn't exactly *mine* yet—"

"Right. Well, step two will seal the deal for most males, on either side of the gap, don't worry. You'll have nothing to fear."

Juno nearly choked on her tart.

"Fear? Oh, no, no. No, it-it's not fear."

"If you say."

"I do say, thank you very much."

"Hmm-hm. Suit yourself, then."

Cosmo was already done with the tarts, big as it was. She'd practically destroyed it with no second thought or guilt. Juno gulped, once again, and not because she was eating.

"How did you learn to do what you hit me with, earlier? How do you...command like that?" she finally asked, finishing last.

"Well, it boils down to one real, basic truth: I'm just *bigger* than them."

"Beg pardon?"

"It's figurative, sure," Cosmo huffed, starting to fill up with her strange *power* instantly. "But it's not untrue. I took you in my arms unharmed, because I got bigger than you. I mean, I was bigger the moment you opened the door, but I got *way* larger up close, didn't I?"

She hadn't, literally, of course. But it was true. She had. She had loomed over the poor young wolf like a tower of sex and confidence, blinded her with heat and soft curves and lidded eyes—even her, a female! She couldn't even think of a male that had gotten a fraction of that reaction out of her, on sight, on touch.

"See, Juno," Cosmos continued, pressing back in with all that plush, delicious promise, "there's a core to us all, and I know what it is, and where it is. I can't throw around bears or lions, I can't kick down doors...so I learned a different way in."

A little nip, a soft, flat-toothed nibble on Juno's ear made her break into a violent shudder, shaking the bed.

"H-hey!" the wolf gasped, lurching back. "Hah, huh, t-that's too far. I-I don't lean that way, okay? Y-you can just tell me how to do it, instead of show—"

A kiss deeper than a black night ocean attacked the wolf's muzzle as Cosmo's lips melted into hers, thick, dark rubber colliding, hot and slippery-tight. Juno's eyes graduated to saucers, and damn it all, she hesitated. In her shock and pleasure, she didn't pull off. That Cosmo's fur bristled again proved it: she wasn't giving love, she was asserting dominance. And Juno, once again, almost cared enough to stop it.

"I don't lean that way, either," Cosmo casually chirped, breaking the current of her touch.

"Y-you just...you just want to push carnivores around, then," Juno muttered.

Cosmo grinned wide, at long last.

“You think so?”

The crow had to strain not to...*embarrass* himself as he recorded, his heartbeat slamming percussion solos. They had just kissed—he had struck gold—no, a gold mine!

“That’s right, you d-dirty girls,” he huffed quietly, his feathers boofed all the way out over his shirt. “That’s it, you do what you do...”

The hidden guest got more than even he desired as Juno suddenly overtook Cosmo, the stronger wolf pinning the okapi down on the bed with a *thump* of ruffling silk sheets. On top now, Juno did her best to reestablish superiority, even as her brain reminded her she had never walked in with any to begin with. *Well. She had to start somewhere.*

“Oh?” Cosmo purred, aiming those incredible eyes up at her as Juno attempted to tower in the same fashion. “Trying to teach me something, maybe?”

“Any carnivore could bite your throat right open, you know,” Juno began, glaring coyly. It was over-the-top, but she’d been humiliated enough. “Or maybe I’ll undress you, this time, and just let you see how it feels? That’d be less of a kindness than ending your time in the market, right? Or are you already used to that?”

“Hmmp. I don’t really care, either way,” Cosmo icily spoke. “And I get your approach, but really, you’re confusing force for power. I never needed *force*.”

“I came here for pointers, not a lecture,” Juno retorted. “I’m happy to learn some things and share lunch and all that, that’s fine...but just. Don’t *you* lecture *me*.”

Cosmo shuddered, hard. She didn’t bother hiding it.

“W-what?” Juno balked, groaning. “I’m trying to be dominant, too, okay?”

“I k-know,” Cosmo sighed, her nipples ramming up bigger and thicker against her corset, her breasts rising as she breathed faster. “And it’s wonderful, hah. Struggle looks so gorgeous on a predator. Do you understand how gratifying it is as a herbivore, to watch a carnivore stammer? To see them squirm, because I’m so much b-bigger?”

I knew it!

“What,” Juno snorted, “is that why you stay in the Black Market? The thrill?”

“Mm, more than that, puppy,” Cosmo chuckled darkly, completely sincere. “Taking every penny I can from you vice-stricken carnivores, seeing you in your own prisons, knowing you’re more helpless than I’ll ever be—it’s all I can live for, until I eventually die.”

Juno’s thighs slowly spread as Cosmo’s striped legs bulged wider, inching out against them. The okapi’s breasts rose again, but didn’t retreat; each supple breath the okapi took only seemed to swell them larger, her tented teats dragging up, up within the stretching corset. The shining pink sheets ruffled around the herbivore’s growing sides and lengthening arms, until Juno realized with a swell of terror that there was no trick of the light, that it was all very real:

She’s bigger. She’s bigger!

“Nothing else m-matters,” Cosmo moaned, licking her long muzzle over as she grunted and *tremble-boomed* up another few inches, pulling the strings of her corset tight at the front. The bow bunched up against her neck as she puffed and shuddered, suddenly just as big as Juno...n-no, wait—no. She was b-bigger!

“Uh, Cosmo,” Juno muttered, her ears flicking down nervously as the debate faded.

“None of it matters,” the growing okapi whimpered, some kind of wild bliss rumbling up inside her body as it shook and swelled half a foot larger across the bed. “This entire place can disappear, so long as I spite every carnivore I possibly can, however I can. B-but don’t take it personally, puppy...g-hah, hah...this is actually pretty nice. Take all the tips you want from this session, with muh-my bless—ss—NNNNNGH!”

Suddenly, the 7-foot okapi billowed everywhere, erupting larger in a mean, loud, gushing spurt of growth. Juno all but squawked as she felt the female’s belly and hips force her up off the bed, her inner thighs riding the swell of Cosmo’s bloating thighs as her head slammed the groaning bed’s backboard.

“C-cosmo, stop,” Juno peeped, wobbling atop the 10-foot giantess’ expanding, trembling body, watching her corset pull and snap at a few unhappy seams. “Hey! Wait! How i-is this—”

“That, right there,” Cosmo squealed, delighted, so turned on that she didn’t seem to notice or care that she laid twice as big, in a few seconds’ time. “That panic. Haha, that’s what I want. That...is power! You see wh-what I mean? This is the feeling, right here.”

She did see, actually, yes. Point well made. However:

“You’re growing!”

The crow blinked, then blinked again. He blinked until it became a shutter-like flutter of disbelief and awe—then, complete shock.

“The hell is...”

Cosmo was big. Like, *big-big. And getting Bigger.*

“What—”

The crow’s pants were suddenly horribly, painfully tight as his erection stiffened to full mast. A sight he had never even once considered in his life now had him spellbound, a mixture of fear and adoration rising along with Cosmo’s scent as it filled the room.

“S-so?”

Juno made a face, even as her own stomach began to rumble ominously, too occupied with being atop a 13-foot behemoth of an okapi.

“What do you mean, *so?*” she balked, motioning over the growing female. “Look!”

“Mm. I’m gr-growing, then,” Cosmo said, just to hear it aloud. “So, I could tower over any bear, even an elephant...and you t-think I’d be upset?”

“YES! Wh-what happened to feeling bigger, I thought that was best!”

“Haha,” she giggled, shaking Juno like a furred leaf—a sight that made Cosmo’s nipples blow up twice as big as they hardened, her fur ruffling in windswept waves of total arousal. “I h-hadn’t considered ever having b...both, puppy...”

She...she wanted this.

“B-but,” Juno sputtered, raising her eyebrows, “How will you live? Y-you can’t even get out of here, now!”

“Sure I can.”

With that, Cosmo grabbed Juno’s entire body on both sides, two window-sized hands swelling ever bigger against her as she yelped, feeling the fingers creep thicker and warmer around her fur. Seeing more and more of her occupying the room, Juno didn’t need to do the math, it did itself for her.

“You can’t be serious! H-hey! Pu-put me down!”

“How fascinating, having this new level of c-control,” Cosmo murmured, her big voice filling the space as she grunted and *boomed* even bigger. The bed whined and cried as it snapped, slanted, then flattened under the 17-foot okapi’s girth, her corset straining until her lats swelled out over the rim; her biceps pulsed bigger within stretching silken arm socks, muscles starting to softly balloon into view. “I admit, this is a s-shock, yes. Don’t get me wrong. But h-how could any self-respecting herbivore...h-hate this!?”

“B-but, all the other occupants...i-if you keep g-growing bigger—”

“The desk guy will call everyone out the moment I get too big for one room, should it even happen. They can call leave anytime,” Cosmo reminded. “Unless they want to stay for a really happy ending. That’s on them, not me.”

Juno made to reply, but instead cried out mid-speech as her body finally blasted larger, as well, filling up the Cosmo’s oversized hands in an instant.

“GGGGHHHAAAAHAAA!”

Juno’s fur bulged out in a single rush as her body heaved larger, forcing Cosmo’s hands out as her hips inflated and her bosom boomed forth, blowing up into the opposing chest as her thighs spilled bigger. Seven feet loudly swelled to ten in one thick, squirming burst, pushing her thighs out over Cosmo’s bigger legs as her tail thrashed about.

The dancer sleeves inflated as newfound muscle burst larger, her brown triceps billowing out back in a horseshoe bulge as her biceps rumbled larger, tighter, fuller, both sides pulling the material way too tight as they grew and grew.

Cosmo approximated a glare as her form blew up to match, both of the 20-foot females combining to a room-troubling 40 feet of bulk. Juno’s exposed rear swelled off the bed, her huge knees thudding down as Cosmo’s legs squeezed in on them. This in turn pressured her furry rear,

bulging both cheeks out and swelling them over a too-tight, struggling set of underwear; it ripped open with a singular *ping* as her feet bulged out on either side of a very sweaty armoire.

The crow could only see the tidal surge of Juno's rear before it rammed the furniture, ballooning and groaning as fur overtook his precious hiding spot. The startled avian backed into the corner as the armoire started to moan, then *snap-ap-p* here and there, the incessant duress cracking it apart. Still, the crazed male filmed, breathing fast and heavy, unblinking, ping-pinging between heaven and hell as plump cinnamon doom approached.

Juno yipped as one strap to her corset burst, the other holding fast as she swelled to 25 feet. Her bosom bunched up against her chin as her head thumped the room ceiling, forcing her to groan and snuffle down into her booming cleavage as Cosmo's chest expanded up into hers. Nipples tapped and brushed, swelling aggressively from too much input as the equally-huge okapi's hand banged out against the side walls, one hitting a window, the other slamming the bathroom partition as she gasped.

"You too? So, both our food, then," Cosmo sighed, a hint of disappointment rising.

"Don't take this so ca-casually!" Juno barked, surprised by the *boom* of her growing voice as the other strap snapped. "I didn't know! And we aren't s-stopping!"

"I know, it's disappointing," the okapi rumbled, blowing up to 30 feet as she outsized Juno again, pressing them both into everything as the room rattled and cracked. "It's a lot less fun if you're just as big, but I think I'm huh-handling it well. Don't make fun."

"That's not—"

Juno's ears tried to perk out against the ceiling as her rump crushed the armoire apart behind her, swearing she felt something small scrabbling around between them both. She might have mentioned such, if not for Cosmo's muzzle swelling and bumping into hers, velvet fur stroking deep as her shoulders boomed broader, her neck thicker, her lats bursting out against the corset until it ripped apart down the back.

"HHHH—"

"What now, p-puppy?"

Cosmo's words ejected right into her fluff, hot and sweet, just as the okapi rumbled and blew up even *larger*. Her lips swelled into Juno's neck, kissing on it as the wolf shook and expanded to match, grinding bigger and stronger into the crackling ceiling.

“S-stop cuh-calling m...meeee...”

Juno's 30-foot body quaked as she grit her fangs and swelled up through the confines of room 609, her head tearing up through snapping wood framework and bursting pipes and crushed air ducts. Down below, Cosmo's gargantuan cheeks crushed the bed flat, her panties snapping away as the wall suffered both rears in unison. The floor sagged steadily as too much curvy weight piled up, its center bowing dangerously low.

All throughout the crow struggled, what little air he could snatch getting ground back out as both swelling bellies squeezed in, pressing and ruffling tight, scrub-rolling the stunned bird all about as both walls tingled yet again, then boomed bigger, and bigger, crushing in on him all the more and snapping his cell phone to bits...

3:17 PM

The capybara skulked down the second floor hallway, already feeling it was the wrong spot to check, but wanting to remove all doubts. Neon lights shifted colors on framed room number plates as sounds of the jungle very, very lightly played somewhere, setting the scene for whatever nonsense folks paid good money to have.

“No, no,” she muttered, getting near every door, hearing lots of things, but not the right thing. “Gah, how many rooms does the market even need?”

She could always just wait there, and let a growth spurt happen to reveal the spot.

Unless it happened while she was still down *below*...

She looked back to the elevator, fidgeted, then hustled back in, pressing the 10th story button at the top. There was a penthouse, sure, but the wolf didn't look *that* well off.

Ding...ding

“They don't pay me enough,” T finally grouched, keeping her hoodie on.

Ding...ding

What was she supposed to even do, anyhow? Cuff some giant's fingertip?

Ding...ding

The elevator opened to the 10th floor, revealing a less modern layout: the hallway looked more like a dungeon, frankly, and for a moment T seriously considered staying put and letting the elevator doors close.

“Ugh.”

She ventured forth, not loving the decor, not wanting to imagine anything on the other side of each door; at the center of the hall, of all times imaginable, the *rumbling* began, and her mood only plummeted further as it increased in intensity.

“Crap—”

3:21 PM

Room 709's entire floor bulged higher, lifting a massive double-wide King bed, making four reptiles all shout and cry in shock as the room blew apart under them, flinging them and the bedsheets up as a massive wolf's head roared up through it and bashed into the ceiling.

Juno's head filled the foursome's room—almost in its entirety.

The 65-foot female snorted soot loose, having time to do only that much as another vicious rumble swelled inside, making her wobble as the lizards pressed the back wall (nude and terrified), watching as the wolfess' chin swelled into them. Her head and ears punched up through the rafters, raining drywall as she grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

Cosmo's head angled up into room 710 from below, its backside breaking in like a felled tree, blowing the furniture away as her bellowing muzzle tore the ceiling apart, her bulging, musclebound neck swelling to fill the gap as she poured everywhere.

A monstrous rump blew down through the ceiling as it split wide, two pert, fuzzy cheeks slamming down into an empty room below, overflowing it, spilling through the hallway and crashing right into the opposing doors. Her street-sized thighs tumbled down after, filling the

opening, her heels bashing down the elevator side of the hotel, *bap-bap-bapping* clumsily through the 6th floor, the 5th, the 4th.

No amount of space was enough as the 90-foot okapi's body shook worse and worse, bloating against itself at frantic speeds. Muscles billowed uncontrollably across surging thighs and booming calves, her back brawn ripping every stubborn thread of silk apart, the sleeve socks holding well enough as her arms blew up into those of a professional powerlifter. All that bulk and grace mingled smoothly as her breasts swelled up into Juno's at their center, tickling both parties' overheated nipples, until they were playing with each other by dint of friction.

Cosmo bit her thick lip as she shuddered harder, reaching up through smashed floors to squeeze tightly at Juno, cuddling the growing girl tighter, demanding more contact, more rubbing, more growth as the wolf *g...g-gushed* to 100 feet, Cosmo pumping to 110 in return.

“S-STOOOOOP-PP-P-”

Juno's howl shook the hotel as her form exploded up into the 8th floor, heaving so big that she took up the hallway and half the rooms as her shoulders pumped too wide, too full.

“YOU HAD B-BUH-BETTER MAKE ME, PUPPY.”

Still, there was that maddening calm, breaking through even the lowest and lewdest of steaming moans. Cosmo's questing hands found their way up through the snuggling ruin, wrapping around Juno's wide neck and pulling with such fantastic, swelling muscle that even she was forced back down through the debris, into a massive, long, hungry kiss.

“HNNNN!” Juno grunted, trying to shake her head free—only to twitch receptively as Cosmo's lips followed the motion, then redirected it, turning the shake into a circling, soft nuzzle. “HHH.”

“MMNH.”

Very tiny lizards slid helplessly down Juno's cheeks, fumbling and thumping onto Cosmo's house-sized head and flicking ears, the okapi hardly caring as she pressed the kiss deeper, and deeper, and d-deeper. Her thick teats bulged impossibly hard, pulsing and stretching as her van-sized areolae puffed into Juno's, mashing her oversized bust in tighter and tighter, until trickling flicks of wetness intruded.

Milk?

Cosmo jetted gouts of cream with such pressure that, even with their colliding breasts, rivulets of warmed fluid began to escape and tickle down their fur. The okapi giggled into Juno's muzzle as her experienced hands rubbed down, down along the wolf's muscled sides, seeking every nerve, teasing every shuddering sinew.

This time, Juno fought—genuinely. For all her growing strength, however, it proved pointless, or possibly even worse, in the long term. Every spurt of growth, every strain of effort had to come to a momentary rest, and with each rest, relief and pleasure and joy spilled in, bigger and hotter and heavier each time, until it was overpowering.

What was this insanity?

Who cares

How would they live their lives after this?

Bigger.

What would Legoshi think!?

BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER

“WHMHMMN,” she whined, the canid unable to keep from moaning into Cosmo as her hands finally clutched the huge herbivore, and squeezed lovingly back.

She's so soft

Juno pressed in, making Cosmo lid her eyes to victorious slits as she flicked her tongue against the wolf's, inside, grabbing Juno's swelling rear and pulling, clutching deep into each cheek with growing fingers. Juno's arm sleeves tore partially open down the sides as her biceps clenched bigger, hugging Cosmo back as the okapi pushed her nethers into Juno's, *hard*.

130 feet trembled and b-burst to 150, all control slipping away as Juno finally moaned back and bumped teeth and gums and lips, her nostrils flaring. Still, the ever-growing okapi showed her how to do it best, guided her, nuzzled and nurtured, grinding up harder just as the crow tried to squeeze out. Each thrust rammed his little body up against Juno's lips, nearly consuming the wailing bird as steam and fluids splattered out, gluing him between the grinding giants as their folds found one another at bigger and bigger sizes.

Juno roared into Cosmo's pink maw as she closed her eyes, feeling a wet, slippery burst caking her swollen thighs, burning hot and mortifying, in the best of all ways. She let it happen, climaxing over and over, gushing and spurting, sweating their inner thighs into a mess as she increased.

The 3rd floor blew apart as Cosmo's titanic rump smashed lower and lower, the entire hotel rocking and pitching as cracks danced along its exterior windows and tilting neon signs. Juno's shoulder blades detonated wider, muscles spilling in as her backside burst floor 9 wide open, crushing the unoccupied rooms flat against the underside of the 10th floor.

150 feet tensed and rumble-shook, until *billow-booming* to 170 feet, then 190! Both huffing females groaned into one another as Cosmo's bosom gushed more and more milk out, small rivers running down her bulky sides, lining the definition of her bursting hips and growing wings, dribbling down into the destruction of the lower floors as Juno gutter-growled into her.

SO SOFT

All the fight was gone from Juno, recalibrated, alchemically changed to raw need as the wolf blew up even bigger than Cosmo, snapping the walls apart more and more as she *boom-boomed*, billowing to 210'...220'...

Even Cosmo's eyes widened some as her 200' body was eclipsed, feeling Juno's sex smother hers as her bulging thighs surged past, the wolf growing over and under her. Expanding feet smashed down through the 2nd floor, clear into the lobby, smoke blowing everywhere as the panicked concierge broke into a retreat from the premises.

The 10th floor walkway rose in slow motion, all of time dilating for T as she bolted back for the elevator, only for a cloud of grit to blast up through its doors and knock her back. The entire building canted slowly to the right as something just kept rising up underneath, the hallway floor and ceiling shattering as an ocean of wolf fur battered up through it. The entire upper right section of the hotel sloughed back, crashing into the roof of the neighboring building as T screamed and flew in the air, still in that section of hallway as it landed.

Juno's head was the first thing the market saw as the building cracked in two, three, then four parts. A monstrous howl echoed over the street as the opening immediately swelled shut from her bloating neck muscles, followed by two huge shoulders booming free on either side.

Fleeing customers and streetwalkers all scattered as Cosmo's bulging arms blew out of the hotel's lower half, sending glass and metal everywhere as her rear crashed through the side, consumed the alley, and bashed up against the next building, putting mean cracks in as the okapi

hatched out of the bottom. The remnants of the Wild Night Hotel slid away as the egg broke apart, letting a 210-foot herbivore spill bigger and thicker, swelling as she crashed out into the street, hissing in pleasure as a 250-foot wolfess roared into the sky stop her, colossal fangs bared in complete, rapturous joy.

Milk blasted in wild arcs as Juno lifted her bigger breasts, cream spattered and hefty and full, letting Cosmo fire freely as she clutched her burning teats.

“CUH, C-CAN’T...S-SUH-TOP,” Juno bellowed, her muscles nearly doubling in mass the moment her body felt freedom around it. “O-OUT IN THE OPEN NOW...I C-CAN’T...”

“DON’T.”

Juno’s eyes opened to Cosmo, down below, imploring. Sure enough, the colossal okapi was nodding up at her, either as permission, or command. Amidst the screams and honking down on the street, all Juno could see was Cosmo, still warm, still soft, and still very much in charge. That the bigger wolf was looking to her for permission just sealed the deal, making the herbivore huff harder as milk feverishly gushed over her torso-sized breasts.

“GROW.”

“BUT THE M-MARKET...W-WHAT IF I...”

“YOU UNDRESSED, P-PUPPY,” the okapi rumbled, blowing up noisily to 230’, her bulk swelling into and pushing over buses and cars. “WHERE’S STEP THREE?”

Juno had admittedly let some rational part of her start to rebuild things, when Cosmo’s softest touch tore it all back down in a blink.

“HAH,” Juno gasped, the instant Cosmo’s hands cupped her fat nipples.

“GO ON, CARNIVORE...TRY TO DOMINATE. YOU STILL HAVE...A FEW MINUTES...TO PROVE I’M NOT BIGGER.”

Was it really that she had that much contempt for the Black Market? Sure, the tiny inhabitants were fleeing successfully, but the property damage—even without the inhabitants, was she really fine with it? What if—

Bigger

Again, Cosmo burst, wetly thundering in mass, as if demanding her body increase itself. Even Juno's newfound bulk submitted as the hulking okapi rose to a looming sit, hugging the equally-huge wolf tightly; she snuffled her muzzle in, nuzzled in sweetly, and k-kissed her on the throat, making Juno growl so bad the streets rumbled and light poles danced.

BIGGER

Yes. Yes. YES. N-no. YEE-ESSSSS!

“ARE YOU TINY CARNIVORES WATCHING, DOWN THERE?” Cosmo boom-purred, throwing so much warm sugar out that the fleeing males slowed to a crawl, then turned to watch, stupefied. “THIS IS MY NEW DANCE, AND IT’S JUST. FOR. YOU.”

“Wh-what the hell is this?” one lion panted, unable to leave the scene.

“That’s...wait, look! T-that’s...that’s Cosmo-chan!” a towering bear said.

“It is her! It has to be!”

“But how’d she...she’s building-sized!”

“She’s like a bodybuilder!”

“W-who’s that other wolf!?”

Cosmo’s towering ears perked cutely.

“SHE’S GOING TO HELP PUNCTUATE MY POWER. A CARNIVORE...IS GOING TO WORK FUH-FOR *MEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAH-*”

Just saying it aloud made Cosmo *explode* in size.

Juno grunted as the okapi’s bust inflated so big it shoved her back into the next building, crushing it in on itself slowly. Though its occupants had already fled the property, they too were caught on the streets, transfixed, watching in a spell as Cosmo dragged her bulging sex up, *up* against Juno’s, spurting to a staggering 280 feet tall, raining hot milk all over the startled wolf as her breasts swell-pinchd out around her muzzle, her abs booming wider and thicker, her thighs swelling so large that they caged the wolf in against the half-bashed building.

Still, mid-spurt, Cosmo kept control; she tapered her bellow into a monumentally huge huff in the air, before lowering her huge muzzle and heaving hotly, her bosom ballooning against Juno as she threw her rump out and lowered down, knees up, into a dancer's position. Massive calves pumped as a sea of striped back muscles churning hypnotically, commanding all.

“A HUNDRED OF YOU...COULDN'T TOUCH ME,” she said, the looming herbivore shaking a rump so massive that even her blasting voice failed to compete with it. The carnivores weren't listening at this point, and she knew it. It was being said for *her*, anyhow. “ALL THAT POWER, AND YOU'RE JUST BUGS. B-BUT IT'S ALRIGHT. I WON'T TOUCH A SINGLE ONE OF YOU, SO R-RELAX. ENJOY. ENJOY KNOWING THAT A HERBIVORE...IS CASTING A SHADOW OVER YOU! ENJOY KN-KNOWING THAT THE BIGGEST CARNIVORE H-HERE...IS HELP-L-LESS COMPARED TO ME...”

At long last, Cosmo's heart was thudding, and fast. At long, long last, excitement rippled through her in bolts of godly delight. She was so, *so* heavy, but so strong, so curvy, so thick! To have everything she had learned pushed into physicality, to have the size AND the charm! She could do it—she could be happy—

“C-cosmo,” one bear shouted, shaking with arousal. “COSMO!”

“COSMO-CHAN!” A massive male alligator seconded, whimpering the word out.

“I can smell her from here, it...it's amazing!” a falcon cried.

The more she fed on it, the bigger Cosmo grew. Abandoned vehicles rocked on their tires as the streets quaked more and more, vibrations emanating out as the okapi clenched all that immaculate muscle, quivered, and blew bigger with a deep, rumbling, heated rubber spurt.

“NNNNNNNM.”

280 feet tightly *boomed* larger, straining and groaning to 290', then 310', her leaking bosom swelling down over her abs at a stunning 160' across. The captivated crowd's eyes boggled into a field of white on sight—until a greater rumble overtook even her, interrupting.

“HMM?”

Cosmo's vast ears peaked, before she too was blown back into another building by a great wall of muscled brown-cream fur. That wall shuddered bigger and stronger, spreading wider against the herbivore's outstretched grasp as Juno *throb-throbbled* even higher than she.

“TIIIIIIIIIIIME!”

Buildings down the entire way shuddered from the sheer blast of Juno’s roar as the female loomed up, and up, spurting in one mean burst to an immense height of 483’! Her physique had blown up to a whopping 210’ across, her overinflated chest beating even *that* out at nearly three hundred. Cosmo could have laid down across her breasts, and she would have been only a relative inch or two greater. A brave handful of skyscrapers dared to rise above her as she huffed the rest of her arousal out, shivered again, then tried desperately to collect herself.

“Time?” Cosmo repeated, raising her brows cutely. “How do you mean? The session?”

“Y...yes, it’s over,” Juno muttered, her breasts grinding up and down atop Cosmo’s chest as she spoke, bumping the okapi’s muzzle on each inhale. “T-thank you, thank you very much. That was ah, that was...very instructive.”

“Mm,” Cosmo hummed, collecting herself every bit as quickly. “So, you’re saying we’re done, then?”

Juno licked milk off of her muzzle, far beyond the wall of her bosom, and nodded.

“Yes. We’re done.”

Cosmo stared straight up at her, undaunted. The gathered crowd of carnivores watched.

“I don’t really care, either way, then, fine,” Cosmo rumbled, shrugging her massive shoulder-brawn. “You sound like a *woman* who’s sure.”

“Yes,” Juno replied, grinning, her blush still entirely there. “That was amazing, well worth it. You really are a star, Cosmo. Thanks for the teachings!”

The okapi rose to a vast, imposing stand, hands on her overloaded hips.

“Of course. I’ll take your snack as payment, so we’re fine. Go to your man, and show him *real* power, okay?”

“Oh, I will! My aura will pack so much wallop—”

“Or just pick him up in your grip, whichever,” Cosmo added, beaming warmly, all coldness finally gone from her expression. “Whatever feels right.”

“Gah, that’s right, I’m massive,” Juno hissed through her fangs, looking her enormity over. “Well, I suppose it is what it is, until it...I don’t know...reverts? I’ll just have to be careful how I move.”

“Do what you want. So long.”

“Wait! Wait, what about this, all this?” she asked, swaying her bulky, beautiful arms over the streets in a grand gesture. “How’ll you pay? I mean, you aren’t even getting *my* money—”

Cosmo flexed her rump into a thick, warm heart shape and wiggled it at the street; Juno watched as every single carnivore down below violently fished every bit of money they had out, throwing it out at her looming feet.

“I won’t,” she huffed, winking. “I’m just doing what I said I would, from the start. Though now that it’s brought up, I think a few changes are in order here.”

“I thought you didn’t care about the market, to begin with...”

Cosmo leaned in, even though the session was done, and nuzzled deep into Juno’s ear, blowing a soft, honeyed puff inside, making the wolf squeal cutely.

“I don’t.”

With that, the muscled okapi playfully, affectionately shoved Juno off, the bigger wolf thunder-stepping away, teetering and righting herself with a snort before laughing it off and waving goodbye. Stomp by careful stomp, she boom-stepped out of the market, looking out over entire streets, trying to find the easiest, calmest path back to Cherryton.

“Just you wait, Legoshi,” she giggled, wagging a tail so big and strong that it kicked up gales below. “I don’t know what happened, to get this started...but I know a gift when I see one, and *no one’s* going to compete with me, at this size!”

4:27 PM

Operative T awoke to find herself still in the hallway of the 10th floor—only that floor was both upside-down, and upside-down on top of the remaining half of the building next. Otherwise, as she soon realized, there was no Wild Night Love Hotel left.

Instead, there was an okapi, as opposed to a wolf—and that okapi stood taller than the building she was now on.

“Good gravy,” the capybara sighed, rubbing her head over sorely as she stood up. “Another one, too? How am I gonna explain this to—how long have I been out!?”

She took out a cracked cell phone and took it off silent, finding at least 15 voicemail message notifications popping up onscreen, in tandem. Nonstop news updates showed thumbnails of massive nude giants, a deer and a wolf in particular. Another one showed the bridge into town devastated, clearly taken earlier in the afternoon from the lighting. She scrolled back up to the wolf and deer, clicked to expand the image—and saw just how *massive* they actually were, by the time it had been taken. So help her, they looked *even bigger* than the okapi.

“*Ooooh.*”

Spotlights snapped alive, down on the streets, drawing her attention as they circled the huge herbivore’s nude body—a body which was loudly working its way into motion. Indeed, Cosmo put every fiber of her 310-foot form to work, swaying with so much power that the air shifted with her rear, her back muscles churning so smoothly that even T stopped to watch.

“Ooh.”

The towering Cosmo hugged bulky arms up under her breasts, which at 100’ across made them nearly cover her torso as they swung out and bobbed in the air, eliciting madness and lust down below.

She looked out over the ledge of the building to see everyone crowding the market—even the service workers and construction crews kept stopping to watch as fistfuls of money streamed along the masses, all funneling in toward the enormous female as she danced on.

There was no longer any question over who really held power here, of either kind—a fact that kept Cosmo smiling wide as she batted those vast eyes, squeezed her muscles tight, and swayed harder.

Only the sputtering of some miserable male could break T away as she turned to see a crow climbing up the destroyed side of the building, clutching rebar and hugging bricks as he slumped in exhaustion to the roof.

“What happened to y—whoa!” the capybara started, pulling away once the overpowering scent of fluids cascaded off of his slicked, stuck-together feathers.

“It...it...” the crow huffed, falling to a heap on the cracked cement.

“W-what?” she asked, drawing closer.

“It was...incredible!”

She let him pass out as another notification popped up on her phone. It was another breaking news segment, with a reporter droning on from the safety of her desk:

“Updates on the citywide chaos today: a total of ten, that’s *ten* giants have been reported across town, as opposed to the previous tally of eight. Rumors of a gigantic rabbit crashing through the bridge have been confirmed, as authorities have since moved in around the unconscious colossus, out in the bay. No statements are forthcoming from police, as Yahya seems to be nowhere. As to the two new giants, we have confirmation of two things. One, both giants are female, a wolf and an okapi, the latter of which is, ah...I’m being told...she’s performing a live show?”

Cosmo’s huge body rocked and slithered in the background, a slight rumble starting to build up within her once again, as the report continued:

“Police say they’re already stretched thin, and cannot stop a peaceful demonstration, even if they were available. Huh. Most importantly, however...a live stream from one brave investigator at the Wild Night Love Hotel managed to catch footage of the actual process!”

Operative T winced as phone footage from what looked like a closet door showed both the wolf and okapi blowing up rapidly over a hotel room bed, smashing everything as they swelled bigger and bigger.

“We now know that these giants aren’t simply appearing, or from elsewhere—these giants are being created. By what means, we’re unsure. But to all citizens, watch out and be alert. An official with the police advised a citywide curfew in all designated underground bunkers, until the threat is lifted, and the bridge out repaired. Those who can are encouraged to go imme—”

As she watched, another call interrupted the video, and T nearly dropped the phone outright on sight of it. She had forgotten, understandably, who it was she should have gotten back to right away.

She looked to the heavens, grimaced, then answered.