

# Tainted Water

*By Dragonien*

“Don’t drink that! You don’t know where it’s been!” Felan all-but shouted.

“Of course, I do! It’s been right here! It’s a pond, Felan. They don’t move.” Sara responded smugly.

Glaring her down, the grey wolf trotted over to the edge of the water his white-furred counterpart was already happily lapping up by the mouthful. When Felan leaned down to sniff at the water he immediately turned up his nose and huffed; trying to get the smell out of his nostrils.

“It doesn’t even smell like water! For all you know that could be poison!” The grey wolf protested once again.

Sara simply rolled her eyes at his dramatics. Then, after pausing for a moment, she thought to pay a bit more attention to the taste. She lapped up another mouthful to swish around her mouth before swallowing it down.

“Mmm. It tastes kind of sweet! You sure you don’t want any?” Sarah happily proclaimed. She even went as far as to stick one of her forepaws into the water and splash a bit in Felan’s direction. “it’s really tasty...!”

“Gods, no.” Felan scoffed before hopping backward to avoid her splash. “I’ll happily go without until we get back to our stream.”

“Your loss.”

Sara continued drinking from the pond until she had satiated her thirst. Then she continued to drink a bit more just to further exacerbate the increasingly impatient Felan. The wolfess made a production of hanging her mouth open and letting out a long, satisfied sigh once she was finally finished before happily trotting over to Felan's side. Then, without warning, she shot off like a white blur; running at top speed back towards their home!

"Hurry up, Felan! At this rate, it's going to be near dark before we get home!" Sara barked over her shoulder, muzzle hanging open in a doggy grin.

The grey wolf snarled in frustration before taking off after his companion. His frustration at being labeled as the one slowing them down only served to further amuse Sara. Despite her taunting, she did slow down just enough to let him catch up. The gesture did little to stop him from scowling angrily as he pulled up beside her. Thankfully, Felan seemed content enough that they were finally on the move again to not bother to chastise or complain further. Instead, he focused his attention on weaving their way around trees and through the underbrush towards their home.

Unbeknownst to the two wild wolves, they had left the pond barely minutes before a pair of large hazmat trucks broke their way through the surrounding foliage. The vehicles skidded to a stop only a few feet away from the pond before disgorging a swarm of men and women in hazmat suits. Less than five minutes after arriving the area in a thirty-foot radius around the pond had been blocked off with rolls of caution tape and warning signs. Several of the humans were already sweeping the edges of the pond with various pieces of electronic equipment and taking samples in small glass vials. One device in particular began clicking at a frantic frequency whenever it was pointed in the direction of the water.

Their leader knelt to inspect the edge of the pond only to fall back onto his ass as a frog the size of a basketball leapt from the water! Panicked shouts rang out as nets were snatched from the back of the truck and a frantic chase began to capture the unusually large frog. Only once it was secured and stowed in a cage from one of the trucks did the scene settle down. As the man stared at the unnaturally large creature all he could do was silently pray they had gotten here before anything else had been exposed.

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“Did not!”

“Did too! That’s totally cheating!”

Felan’s disgruntled protesting was met with Sara’s gleeful grin. Felan glared her down, one side of his body coated in a thin layer of mud and dirt from when Sara had tripped him. Technically she had simply dashed by him far too close when they had agreed to race the last stretch towards their home. His tripping, at least as far as she argued, was simply his fault for stumbling over his own feet. Just because she may have been the one that startled him into tripping didn’t mean it was her fault.

“You just need to learn to have better balance. You’ve always been so clumsy!” Sara admonished teasingly. “You’re always falling over yourself!”

“No, I’m always getting tripped by you!” the grey wolf growled in response.

“Which makes you fall over.” Sara proudly confirmed.

Felan’s glare intensified before finally melting away with a sigh. He knew it was a losing battle trying to argue with her. As much as it could be irritating ultimately it was all in good fun and he didn’t actually hold any kind of grudge against her. It was just her way of playing around and showing affection. But that didn’t mean it still wasn’t infuriating in the moment.

Deciding to drop the issue, Felan padded up beside Sara and ducked through the last bit of foliage that led into their clearing.

Well, 'their' clearing might have been a bit of a stretch. Far more than simply a space with fewer trees they instead found themselves walking into an artificially cleared space of the forest with three manmade structures built within. Each one was old and unkempt, one of which even partially having collapsed, but the other two were still serviceable. The space was the remnants of some long-abandoned storage facility or logging camp, neither Felan nor Sara was exactly sure. Now, though, its only purpose was acting as a place to keep dry and warm for the two wolves that now called it home. Say what you will for humans and their loud, dirty cities but some of the buildings they built were far more comfortable than some soggy cave or drafty tree den. They were even lucky enough to have a small stream trickling around the edges of the clearing that gave them easy access to clean, running water anytime they wanted it!

The two trotted their way through a small hole in the side of the largest building to slip inside. It looked to be some kind of large warehouse area. The center was completely hollow and two stories tall up to the still mostly intact ceiling. On either side of the main storage space were stairways leading up to side hallways lined with smaller rooms that must have been offices at some point. And, set right in the middle of the large, mostly empty space, was a pile of scavenged blankets and other little tidbits they'd found and fashioned together into bedding for themselves.

Felan wasted no time trotting directly over to their little bed and flopping down onto it. "So glad to get off my paws, finally." Felan sighed in relief. "I think I might just nap the rest of the day..."

His fantasies of a long, lazy doze were interrupted by Sara trotting up beside him and looking down at him expectantly. He returned her gaze then sighed audibly.

"Really? Come on, don't make me-" Felan started to complain only to be cut off by Sara.

“You know the rules! If you don’t fight then you forfeit!”

“But you never even beat me! Why can’t we just assume I’ll win like every other time?”

Sara didn’t give Felan an answer. Instead, he barely had time to roll onto his back and raise his forepaws as Sara leapt atop him, jaws snapping! It was only thanks to his legs bracing against her chest that kept her from clamping her jaws around his neck! The sudden spike of adrenaline from the attack wiped away Felan’s drowsiness and he retaliated in kind.

He shoved upwards, forcing Sara to tumble off of him. By the time she had rolled back to her feet, Felan was upright on all fours as well. The two stared each other down for several moments, lips pulled back and exposing their teeth to each other. Low, challenging growls welled up from each of their throats before they both leapt at one another! They met midair in a flurry of fur and fang. Their bodies rolled back and forth across the floor after they landed, grappling with one another as their jaws bit and snapped at one another. They never actually drew blood from each other but that hardly diminished the ferocity of their fighting.

They wrestled with one another like this daily. Sara insisted on it to determine who had to spend the evening hunting. Sara may have been the larger and faster of the two but Felan had always been the better fighter. He was better at using his flexibility and leverage to negate the advantage of her superior reach and weight. Although that never stopped her from continuing to challenge him no matter how many times she lost. Before long Felan had his teeth around her neck the same as every other night. The two of them stopped mid-movement; both panting from the exertion of their sparring. Only when Sara raised her chin and further expose her grappled neck in a show of submission did Felan finally let her go.

“I’ll beat you one of these days!” Sara huffed, turning her nose up at him the moment she was back on her feet.

Despite the rush of adrenaline from the brief but intense wrestling match Felan was still too tired to be bothered with getting back up as well. Instead, he simply more scooted than walked himself over towards the edge of the bedding so he could rest his head on it. He held

no shame at his body being stretched out in a shamelessly undignified sprawl. When he finally responded to her he couldn't help but grin, much to her annoyance.

“Make sure to bring back something good. No squirrels this time! Their tails are way too furry and it always gets caught in my teeth.”

Grumbling to herself about picky eaters, the white wolfess turned and stormed her way out of the building to go get their dinner. Only once she was gone did Felan relax and let out a groan of exhaustion and frustration. She had almost beaten him! He must have been more tired than he realized. During their entire match he had struggled noticeably more than usual to push her off of him or keep her pinned! He made a mental note to conserve more energy in the future lest he wind up with her teeth around his neck for once. It may have been a bit unwolf-like but he hated hunting. At least, when he could get someone else to do it for him. He was far happier lounging on some comfy blankets waiting for dinner to be brought to him than he was prowling through bushes and trees looking for rabbit dens.

Thankfully it didn't take long for Sara to return with their dinner. Her earlier complaints at being forced to do the hunting didn't stop her from broadcasting her pride at what she saw as an excellent hunt. Felan was too tired to bother challenging the assertion. Despite her chipper attitude, even Sara could only resist the tug of fatigue for so long. Their long day out and about mixed with a full belly soon had her curled up on their bed; nestled up against Felan's side so they could share warmth. Even as they both drifted off to sleep, Sara couldn't resist getting one last word in.

“I'm gonna make you get breakfast tomorrow.”

The only response she received to her challenge was an amused snort from Felan before sleep finally claimed them both.

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Felan grunted in discomfort as he roused from his sleep. It was still far too early for his liking to be awake. At least, that's what he felt based on the minimal amount of light coming in through the windows of their makeshift home. The grey wolf squirmed in place trying to get comfortable again so he could drift back off but couldn't seem to manage it. Something was pressing uncomfortably against him as if trying to push him aside. When he finally gave up on returning to sleep and opened his eyes he saw Sara was all-but shoving against him as if trying to push him off their bedding! From the way she snored softly, still lost in her slumber, he could at least tell she wasn't doing it on purpose. Not that it made Felan any less grumpy.

Felan decided that if he had to be awake then so did she. After a moment longer lamenting the end of his slumber he rose from their bed and stood. His jaws opened wide in a yawn intentionally louder than was necessary as he stretched out the stiffness from his legs. A disgruntled grumble answered Felan's noisy rousing but otherwise, the white wolfess refused to wake. Deciding to be more direct, Felan gripped the edge of their bedding in his jaws and tugged!

A sharp yelp of surprise echoed through the warehouse as Sara was sent rolling to the side as the bed was pulled out from underneath her! When she opened her eyes to glare up in Felan's direction she saw him still holding the blankets in his jaws. Despite his attempts to look stoic Felan was unable to completely suppress a prideful wag of his tail at his own antics.

"Uugh... why, Felan? It's too early to be awake...! Sara groaned, trying to shield her eyes from the light with her paws.

"I felt the same way." Felan chuffed in response. "But SOMEONE decided to be a bed hog and woke me up early."

The pettiness of it all only earned Felan a glare that peeked out from under Sara's paws. Unwilling to feel guilty, the grey wolf dropped the bedding and trotted over to her side; nipping one of her ears as he passed. The wolfess gave a brief growl in response as she watched Felan prance his way towards the exit. Then an idea struck her, and her lips pulled back into a toothy grin.

Felan barely had time to turn towards the sound before Sara was upon him! Instantly the two wolves became a whirling blur of white and grey fur as they wrestled with one another! Paws shoved at one another, jaws snapped and growls of both effort and aggression filled the large room. Then, as abruptly as it started, their play-fight was over. Only this time, for the first time that either of them could remember, it was Sara with her jaws around Felan's neck!

The smaller wolf stared up, wide-eyed, as Sara released him and stepped back. She, on the other hand, looked practically ready to explode in excitement and glee.

"I beat you! Hah! Finally! Now you have to go hunting!" Sara barked proudly; unabashedly wagging her tail in joy. "So much for the undefeatable Felan!"

Felan could only stare at her in shock, struggling to figure out what had just happened. Something had felt different about their fight just now. He'd found it even harder to push her off of him and shove her head aside than usual. He'd been more easily pinned down and had struggled to roll her off of him. This time he couldn't attribute it to fatigue like he had last night. He was as fit and well-rested, if up a bit earlier than he'd like, as he'd ever been. Yet still, Sara had beaten him for the first time. And at his best, no less! He was well aware she had the superior mass and weight between the two of them but he'd never had problems countering it before. Even as he looked at her as she pranced around happily, he swore something looked different. Yet, no matter how much he stared, he couldn't quite put his paw on it.

"Hey! I'm hungry!" Sara barked commandingly; snapping Felan from his thoughts. "Come on, no time for moping. Go get us breakfast!"

Contradictory to Sara's demanding and imperious tone her muzzle hung open in a doggy grin while her tail continued wagging happily behind her. The taunting order only made Felan seethe. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't suppress a growl from welling up in his throat. After taking a deep breath the grey wolf visibly forced himself to calm down.



“Fine.” He said simply.

Without another word, he turned his back to her and made his way outside and into the brush. Sara was left alone, still gleefully reveling in her first victory against her counterpart. It was only when she was left alone that it really sunk in what her victory meant. She looked around the empty room as the lack of obligation settled in her thoughts. She flopped back down onto the bedding, still smiling all the while.

“I don’t have to go morning hunting! That means I can just... lay back down.” She giggled excitedly.

Without another wasted moment the white wolfess curled herself back up as comfortably as she could manage. For the first time since she and Felan had been together she got to do something she’d always wanted to. She slept in.

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When Felan returned with their breakfast he found Sara fast asleep atop their bedding. The sight only made him more disgruntled. That should have been him there napping away the morning! Especially since she had been the one that woke him up so early in the first place! When he roused her from her sleep Sara’s face immediately lit up at having breakfast delivered to her for once. Felan couldn’t help but notice that, as she devoured her fill, the white wolfess ate noticeably more than normal would have. He didn’t exactly go without but she had eaten well past her share without even seeming to realize it. Only when the entire meal was gone and she was sniffing around for more did her gluttony seem to dawn on her. Her ears flattened and a timid, apologetic expression spread across her face.

“ehh...” She chuckled nervously. “Sorry. I dunno what came over me... I was starving. I mean, I’m still kinda hungry now.”

Felan stared for a moment. She'd eaten half again what she normally did and was still hungry? That was unusual. But, again, Felan couldn't quite seem to connect the dots between the myriad little details that were bothering him. He felt like the answer was right there in front of him; his mind teetering on the edge of realization. But no matter how much he wracked his brain he couldn't quite figure it out.

"Well, if you want more you'll have to go get it, yourself. I already got you breakfast so we're even." Felan grumbled.

To his surprise, Sara stood in response without hesitation. She made her way towards the exit, calling over her shoulder that she was going to do just that! Something about the whole situation was making the grey wolf increasingly nervous. After Sarah had been gone for several minutes he decided to do some exploration to take his mind off of the weird goings-on.

The two of them had called this long-abandoned space their own for quite a while now. Yet they still had not explored all of it either from lack of time, interest, or energy. Felan decided to look his way around one edge of the clearing where there were large piles of metallic junk strewn about. Despite the space being relatively small it took Felan several hours to thoroughly inspect the area. He had to be careful where he stepped lest whatever he was standing on collapsed out from under him or his paw land on something sharp. Not to mention oftentimes anything interesting wound up buried under the myriad bits of debris which made him spend time digging around in the larger piles. Despite being at it for hours nothing of particular interest caught his attention save for a few somewhat shiny baubles that were pretty to look at.

And Felan's head whipped around as he caught a whiff of an unknown smell.

It was a foreign, yet somehow familiar, scent that took him a moment to recognize. Another wolf. Instantly becoming more alert, Felan prowled his way over one of the larger junk piles as he followed the scent. It was stale and thin so he hoped whoever it belonged to was long gone. As much as he hoped that it was nothing, he still felt the need to investigate. With his senses so trained on following the scent and searching for movement or sound Felan

didn't realize his mistake until a sharp clack of metal sounded the moment he found the source of the scent.

Head snapping up, Felan looked around and realized he had walked himself right into a metal cage without even realizing it! A glance down showed some strange, dried-out gel staining the bottom of the cage that seemed to be the source of the scent. It must have been some kind of artificial lure meant to smell like another wolf! The moment he had stepped inside some mechanism had sprung and now Felan found his escape blocked by thin but sturdy metal bars! After several minutes of struggling, gnawing, and shoulder-checking the bars to no avail he was sure he was well and truly stuck. Which meant he only had one thing he could do, as much as he was loath to.

He called for help.

His howl echoed through the forest in every direction and sent birds scattering from nearby trees. After a few minutes of no response, he howled a second, then a third time in hopes of Sara hearing the urgency in his tone. Just as he was starting a fourth howl did a familiar voice cut him off.

"Yes yes, I heard you the first three times!" Sara grumbled as she padded out of the nearby foliage.

Or at least. Felan thought it was Sara. The white wolf approaching him now, speaking in Sara's voice, had the same snowy white fur and pale blue eyes. Felan could tell she smelled like Sara, even from this distance. But there was one major difference between the Sara he knew and this wolf.

This wolf was twice Sara's size!

Padding up to the cage, Felan found that he was barely as tall as the bottom of her chest. If she had been just a few inches taller he could have simply walked underneath her like

he were a pup! There was no way she didn't realize that she had grown somehow, yet she seemed to be acting perfectly normal.

"S-Sara?! What happened to you?" Felan asked, momentarily forgetting his precarious position. "You're huge!"

"Oh, this?" Sara replied offhandedly. "I grew."

The casual, dismissive response left Felan utterly dumbfounded. Meanwhile, the oversized white wolf padded her way around the cage to look it over for any obvious mechanism to manipulate. The fact that she seemed so comfortable with this unusual change was almost as jarring as the change itself. When Sarah found what she was looking for her tail gave a single, happy wag, before she lowered down to bump her nose against the release mechanism. Unfortunately, the lock stubbornly refused to budge. She shifted to her paws and tried using one of her front legs but the mechanism to release the cage door seemed to be rusted shut! Felan was just about to suggest a different approach, still a bit too shocked to organize his thoughts properly, but was interrupted by an impatient growl from Sara.

"Stupid thing...!" She snarled.

Then, before Felan could respond, the enlarged white wolfess reared up and slammed both of her front legs down on the corner of the cage where the latch was! Rather than breaking it free of the rust holding it in place the entire corner of the cage warped and bent under the force of her impact! Felan yelped and backed himself into the opposite corner out of reflex. But after a brief period of silence following Sara's abrupt act of violence, the door creaked open slightly. The mechanism was still stuck like before but the bars had been bent out of the mechanism's grasp by her violent assault.

It still took a bit of effort for Felan to force the door open enough for him to squeeze free; the bent bars also kept the gate from being able to open all of the way. When he was finally free of the cage he turned back towards Sara. His initial reflex had been to look straight ahead to meet her gaze as usual. Which made it all the more intimidating when he found

himself looking at her chest fluff and was forced to slowly crane his head back to meet her eyes.

“Hey, Felan!” She barked just a bit too eagerly. “Wanna see who has to go get dinner?”

Her tail was all but a blur of eager wagging. He could even see her legs were tensed and body lowered slightly as if she were just waiting for permission to leap on him! The smaller grey wolf’s ears flattened against his head as he thought about what trying to fight with her now would be like. It would be like he was a pup again being wrestled to the ground by a parent. He’d be helpless.

“I uh...I’ll just go do it...” Felan muttered quietly.

The offer made Sara deflate visibly. It was obvious she had been looking forward to showing him up. Rather than let her try to weasel him into a match anyway, Felan tried to change the subject to what he felt was far more important than dinner.

“So um. Sara. How the hell did you get so big?”

Sara blinked as if somehow the thought hadn’t really occurred to her. She looked around a bit then looked down at herself like she were searching for the answer in her immediate proximity. Then, she turned back to the smaller wolf and shrugged.

“I dunno. I just kinda... grew. I was super hungry even after breakfast. But I swear It took way more than usual to finally let me feel full. Then I dozed for a bit under a tree and when I woke up I was... bigger?” She explained, clearly far more interested in the fact that she was bigger than how it actually happened. “But seriously. Dinner? I’m hungry.”

Felan didn’t know if he should be more concerned about her lack of interest in the cause of her unnatural growth or her sudden demand for more food. She had already eaten more

than the two of them would in an entire day and she was hungry again already?! He knew that there wouldn't be much getting through to her when she had an empty stomach, though. So he simply sighed and nodded.

“Fine. But you're coming too. From the way you were eating this morning, there's no way I can bring enough back for you by myself.” Felan demanded.

“Fiiine.” Sara sighed in response, though Felan noticed her tail wag once before she stopped it.

It had been quite a while since they had hunted together so it was a nice change of pace. Sara had a more difficult time keeping quiet with her larger and heavier body. However, her longer stride also made it far easier for her to outrun prey and take them down. Hell, she took down a buck all by herself simply by chasing it down and pouncing on it! Then again, she ate pretty much the entire thing by herself as well, not to mention a couple of the other smaller bits of game Felan caught in addition. He tried not to dwell too much on the fact that she was now almost as big as the buck was. When she finally had their fill and they made their way back home Sara's stomach was visibly distended from the sheer amount of food stuffed within.

Felan was trying his best not to comment on the suspicion but he swore Sarah was already bigger than she had been before they had gone hunting. Before, his nose had been level with the middle of her chest. But now it was almost below her underbelly. It was all the more nerve-wracking that, despite being weighed down by all that food and moving slower than she normally would, the sheer breadth of her larger body's stride was forcing Felan to increase his pace to a light jog just to keep up with her.

He tried to confront her again about what was going on when they got back inside their home but she flat out refused. The oversized wolfess trotted her way over to their bedding and simply collapsed atop it. She either didn't notice or simply didn't care, that her larger size took up easily three-quarters of the bedding.

“Tired...” Sara whined when he pressed again that they should investigate. “Let’s figure it out in the morning, I’m exhausted.”

Eventually he was forced to give up. It's not like he could force her to do anything at this point considering her size. So Felan gave up and instead laid down next to her. It didn't escape either of their notices that he took up far less space than she did and was forced to squeeze up against her to stay on the bedding. From the way he saw her tail wag briefly he knew that she not only noticed it but enjoyed the change.

Felan tried to push thoughts of their unusual situation out of his mind and go to sleep. She was right. They could figure it out tomorrow after they had rested. Hell, maybe she would be back to normal after she slept whatever was happening off.

If only he had been so lucky.

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Felan awoke when he was abruptly pushed off of the bedding and onto the cold concrete of the warehouse floor. He jumped to his feet, sputtering at the sudden temperature change from warm bedding and fur to cold stone. Frowning, the grey wolf turned to chastise Sara for hogging the bedding again only for the words to die in his throat at what he saw.

Sara was growing.

Visibly, obviously growing. With each passing second, he could see her getting larger and larger. She was already covering the entire pile of blankets and pillows they slept on and beginning to overflow onto the concrete as well! She had to be at least twice as big as she had been when they had fallen asleep. And she was still getting bigger by the second!

“Sara. Sara wake up!” He barked, shoving his shoulder against her head. He tried not to think about how her head was now nearly as big as he was as he tried to rouse her. “Sara wake up! You’re growing!”

“huhwha?...” Sara mumbled under her breath as his actions finally began to wake her from her dreams.

Sleepily, she raised her head and looked around. The white wolfess blinked drowsily as she struggled to make sense of the foreign surroundings. Much to Felan’s shock even just sitting up like that her head was nearly level with the second-floor walkway overlooking the warehouse floor now! That realization sparked an idea. Quickly, he turned to race up the partially collapsed stairs nearby until he was standing on the walkway directly in front of her face.

“Sara!” he barked again, louder.

Her head whipped around and Felan reflexively took a step back as her gaze settled on him. Despite knowing full well Sara would never hurt him he still couldn’t stop his instincts from reacting to the attention of a vastly larger, stronger predator. One that was rapidly becoming big enough to swallow him whole. When Sara finally seemed to recognize what she was looking at the sleepiness vanished and her eyes went wide.

“Felan?!” She boomed, her size making her voice painfully loud in the enclosed space.

“Yes yes, Sara it’s me stop shouting! You’re way too loud now!” Felan whined, ears flat against his head to protect themselves. “You’re growing! Like, super fast! Way faster than before! I can actually SEE you getting bigger! You’re already taller than the walkway is!”

As if only just now realizing once he pointed it out, Sara looked around and saw for the first time how TINY everything looked! Turning back to Felan she also really registered how



much smaller the grey wolf looked as well. He was standing on the walkway on the second floor and she was still looking DOWN at him. And that was with her still laying down!

Confusion morphed into excitement as she rose to her feet, only to yelp in pain as her head slammed against the ceiling hard enough to crack it! Felan jumped back, barking in surprise as the impact knocked loose a chunk of the ceiling and sent it crashing down near where he was standing. Gods, she was even bigger than he had thought! And she was still growing.

It only dawned on Felan then that she had grown several times larger just in the time he had been up on the walkway. A glance over the railing showed that she was now filling the majority of the warehouse floor! More importantly, her backside was covering the exit and, as he watched, her hip grew into the end of the walkway where the stairs were and broke them apart without her even noticing.

He was trapped!

Trapped inside a building with a giant, still growing, wolfess.

“Um... Felan? It's not stopping... you might want to uh... get outside?” Sara rumbled; her voice even more thunderous as her size continued to increase. “I'm getting kinda big...!”

She didn't have to tell Felan twice. He looked around, trying to figure out what he was going to do. As he did, Sara was forced to lay back down to keep her head from tearing straight through the ceiling. Even then within moments her head was right back against the ceiling! Her sides began to grind into the walkway Felan was standing on and he saw cracks forming along the concrete beneath him. Desperately, he turned to the window at the end of the walkway and bolted for it!

He ran as fast as he could, faster than he had ever run in his life. All the while the increasingly loud sounds of destruction behind him spurred him on to push harder. He could

see out of the corner of his eye Sara's now house-sized head smashing against the walkway just behind him as she grew into it. In response to the impact, the floor directly below him cracked and nearly gave way! The grey wolf leapt just in time to land on a still intact portion of the upper floor as the spot he had just been standing on collapsed! What had to be hundreds of pounds of concrete fell to bounce harmlessly off of one of Sara's car-sized paws below without her even seeming to notice. He didn't let the thought slow him, though. He couldn't afford to stop running. Just when he thought he was going to be crushed by the simple act of the white wolfess growing, he leapt the last couple of feet and smashed straight through the window!

He flew through the air in a shower of glass and debris, hitting the ground and rolling several times before coming to a stop. Thankfully nothing immediately felt broken, so he had little trouble getting back to his feet. He turned back to face the warehouse just in time to see white fur sprouting from growing cracks along the building. Then, the entire thing seemed to simply crumble around her, as if it had just been a pile of dirt that she was raising out of! Tons of concrete, steel, and wood rained down like dirt clods and sticks off of her now-gigantic body as she rose to her full, monstrous height. Thankfully, at least, she seemed to have finally stopped growing. Not that it diminished in any way the fact that she was now taller than most of the nearby trees.

"Felan?" She boomed, her voice now like a roll of thunder from the sheer size of her vocal cords. "I think maybe we should figure out what's making me grow."

"Gee, you think?!" Felan replied, forced to shout so she could hear him.

When she lowered her enormous head down closer to him Felan reflexively jumped back again. His whole body twitched as if ready to bolt at a moment's notice. But when she spoke, Felan felt a different type of fear roll through him. One that had nothing to do with fight or flight instincts and made the blood drain from his face.

"But before that Felan... I'm hungry."



Author's note:

Hey there, reader! Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story!

Keep in touch! <3

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