

She awoke to the sounds of her father moving about outside her glass house. She stretched out shaking the green paper fluff from her fur. Humping and inching her way out of the little plastic box that she slept in to the odor of fresh cedar chips. She paused enjoying the smell of them when her father spoke to her.

“Morning sleepy head, hungry?”

She didn’t understand what he said, but she felt the warmth of his love. She inched out farther from her house and stared up at her father. He was furry, black and white, and oh so big. He reached in and stroked her back with a finger tip. She meepled happily and arched her back up against his finger.

“Is my little wooly worm hungry?”

She wished he would pet her more but instead he filled her food dish. She inched over to the mirror and looked at the rainbow furred, blue eyed caterpillar staring back at her. A week ago she realized the other caterpillar was her reflection and not another caterpillar. It made her sad that she was now knew she was alone. It made her even sadder that she wasn’t black and white like her father.

“Come on, please eat,” he said stroking her back again.

She still didn’t understand his words, but she felt his desire for her to eat and grow. She didn’t know why she needed to grow, but she felt a fear and sadness that she wasn’t eating and growing fast enough. She happily humped her way over to the dish and began to munch on the tasty fruit and rather tasteless biscuit. She ate till her tummy ached and was going to burst if she ate another bite.

“That is a good girl,” he said stroking her some more and filled her dish to the brim.

She waddled inched her way over to the block of wood she lazed on so she could watch father move about the big room. She quickly digested the food and though she wasn’t hungry she refilled her tummy. This time her stomach was ready for all the food and stretched to hold more than she ever remembered eating before. By the time father checked on her again she had eaten herself into a rainbow fuzzy sphere and her dish was empty.

“Oh my goddess,” father whispered looking at her.

She shivered feeling his shock and fear at what she had done to herself. He gently reached down and stroked her, fearing she would explode under his touch. She felt soft and squishy like she normally did. She wobbled gamely to her dish and meepled up at him proud she had ate it all. To her dismay father refilled her dish. She sighed and began to munch away.

Her body had adjusted into a eating machine she couldn’t really get too full to eat anymore but she kept getting fatter and fatter. In moments she munched her way to immobility, she wiggled but couldn’t reach the food anymore. To her surprise her father

gently picked her up and settled her into his palm, he stroked her causing her to meep. He offered her more fruit which she happily munched. As long as she was held and stroked she'd happily eat.

As he settled her into a fresh pile of green paper shavings she meeped sleepily and tried to snuggle in, well as best as she could snuggle her soft ball sized body. He put a sheet of the paper he put to his nose when he made the scary noise over her as she was too fat for her little box.

While she slept her body decided it didn't like all that fat and began to cause her body to grow. In the morning she greeted father looking pretty much as she had the day before except she was ten times bigger than she was before.

Again she gluttoned herself to please her father. This time she ate till her belly was pushing tightly against her big glass house. Father petted her and told her she was a "Good wooly worm." To her shock she realized that was what she was, wooly worm. She meeped and tried to say wooly worm.

She listened to father as he mumbled more words. She tried to repeat the sounds but they were so complex she just couldn't do it. She flumped in her own blubber in frustration at being unable to talk. Father reached in and scratched her.

"My my your being a chatter box today," he said glowing with happiness.

Then he darkened with sadness. She shivered suddenly cold all over. She meeped up at him and he smiled but the cloud of depression still lingered. That evening she was stunned that he didn't leave to where ever he went during the dark. He squeezed her out of the glass house and set her on his lap. He then went to sleep petting her. She snuggled into his lap happy despite the lingering cloud depression.

She awoke terrified, she had never felt such fear. It made her sick. It was coming from her father. He brought her food and begged her to eat it. He said, "You'll need it for the journey." She whimpered, she didn't want to go on a journey. She wanted to stay in her little plastic house, even though she was almost too big for the big glass house. She tried to eat to make father happy and make the terror go away. It made her tummy feel like it was full of sharp prickles.

Father talked several time into the plastic talking thing. Each time his fear grew more and more. He at last picked her up and carried her from the big room. She was so scared she didn't even wonder at the new things she was seeing. She want father to take her back despite the fact she had always wanted to see what was on the other side of the door. She wanted her little red box and her green fluffy paper. Most of all she wanted the fear to go away.

Out the last door he took her to a room so big she couldn't see the walls and black roof with tiny, tiny lights. Then she saw it, it was the most beautiful thing she had seen before. Round and glowing and a circle of light around it. It blocked out the feeling

of fear it was so wondrous. She meepled excitedly and tried to stretch up and reach it in her stubby legs.

“You like the moon,” father said to the suddenly wriggling wooly worm.

He set her down on the odd plant the covered all of the floor. It had uncountable leaves that tickled her. She nibbled a bit and it was wet, sweet, and wild. She meepled happily and munched away at the plant.

“You like that huh,” father said petting her and she looked up and nodded.

He paused in his petting of her in surprise.

“Nod you head up and down then back and forth, then in a circle,” he told her.

She did up and down then back and forth then stopped looking up at him.

“You don’t know what a circle is but you understand me don’t you?”

She meepled and nodded.

“Oh my little fuzzy wuzzy, if only we had more time. Listen my little one you must run, run as fast as you can that way, go straight don’t stop. Something, or something bad is going to happen, it can’t hurt you. I made you with the power to resist it, to resist all bad things. When you are grown you’ll, you’ll be our angel. But till then you must run. When the bad thing is gone, some very bad men will come. They must not find you, they will hurt you if they find you. Run until your grown my little fuzzy wuzzy,” he said the fear returning to him.

She was terrified, father was afraid of these men which would hurt her. She humped her way off the way father had pointed. If she could get away before these men came father wouldn’t be afraid anymore then she could come back to her little house and be with father again.

She only stopped for moments at a time to munch the plant that was everywhere when she got too tired and had to rest. She had got as far as a funny metal wire wall when she heard it. The clacking clickied clickied sound, she had never heard anything like it but it was a bad sound. She crawled through a hole in the wire that had father’s scent around it. She knew he had made the hole for her. The clacking clickied clickied sound was getting louder and louder, then she screamed.

She screamed and screamed trying to make the sound go away. Father was in pain, she could hear his pain all the way out here. Then worst of all father was gone. She could always hear father even if it was just a little bit, but now father was gone. She cried out to father and listened harder than she had ever listened before. She heard just the faintest whisper of his love for her and it was gone.

She cried as she humped along bleakly. She even forgot the clacking clickied clickied sound till she felt the plant in pain. The sound was very loud and she felt it coming closer and closer. In horror she realized it was the clacking clickied clickied sound that had taken father away. It was taking the plant away too. Waves of pain

washed over her as it drew closer glowing green and making it's awful sound.

It looked like fast moving blue goop burning a sick green. It just moved over the plant and it screamed in pain. She could feel the pain of everything that the goop touched. When she looked hard at it she saw it was made of tiny, tiny little specks of evil. That was what it was evil. She didn't know she knew that word and until she saw these things she didn't know what evil was.

They came at her and she wasn't afraid. She was angry, that had taken her father away. They were taking everything else away. For the first time she wanted to hurt them make them feel the pain they were causing. She hurled the pain at them and they came stronger and faster at her. Now she feared them, they got stronger off her attack. Father she whimpered afraid.

Then she felt it, it wasn't father, it was everything he ever really was. He was still gone, but he was touching her one last time. She felt his desire, she wasn't here to destroy, she was here to love and be loved.

She wrapped herself in the memory of his love. She saw the white light shine and in surprise looked around to see where it came from. To her shock it was coming from her body. Where it shone the evil couldn't come. It raged around her and the followed the path of more stuff to consume. It had to eat to live and it ate everything. All it left behind was dust. Dust that would never live again. She feared it would eat until there was nothing left.

When it was gone from her circle of light she faded back to normal and collapsed against the plant. She shivered sick and weak from the waves of pain from the stuff as it ate it's way away from her. After what seem eternity it dimmed and died. She felt it die as something inside itself turned it hunger inward and it literally ate itself to nothingness.

As she wept on her little place of life in a now desert of death a strange thing happened. The roof began to fade from black to gray. Then the most amazing and bright thing she had ever saw before began to rise up from the edge of the floor. It colored the roof and it changed from red to a gold yellow. It felt warm on her fur and it washed the pain and sickness from her.

She munched the plant down to the brown stuff. It didn't mind, but it didn't want her to eat any farther. When she had eaten it all she humped herself away bidding the plant fair well. She could feel it was happy to help the one that had saved it from the evil.

* * *

He was know only as Mr. Smith, nobody ever asked him for first name or rank. It was know he was the one that could make everyone disappear. He was looking out of a low flying helicopter at the twenty mile wide circle that had once been their most secret bio-weapons lab and a small town. Other than gray dust and strange bits of metal and wire it was all gone.

“I think Dr. Frankenstein made a monster,” the pilot called back over the sound of the blades.

“Yeah, but it was a tame monster, like we wanted,” Mr. Smith said lighting a clove cigarette. He was bobcat, thin and lanky. He wore a very expensive suit that was made to look gray plain and government issue. Despite his refined looks there was an air of nastiness about it. It seemed if he was given a dirty unpleasant job to do, he’d find the most pain causing way to do it.

“Tame, if this is tame, I’d hate to see the wild one,” the co-pilot laughed.

“If it was the wild one,” Mr. Smith said blowing a smoke ring, “We would not be taking about it this side of the afterlife.”

They landed outside the ring where there were lots of white trucks and furs running about in hazmat suits. Mr. Smith stepped from the helicopter causing quite a panic at the lack of protection from what ever had escaped from the lab.

“Sir you need to be in a suit,” said a fur of unknown type in a hazmat suit.

Mr. Smith grabbed him by the throat and ripped the helmet and mask off the suit.

“My name is Mr. Smith, call me sir again you’ll be trying to get your guts back in your belly. If the T-5 nanites were still active those silly suits wouldn’t help you a bit.”

Mr. Smith then walked over to the black pile of glittering dust that encircled the gray area. It was twice as tall as a fur and powder fine. A fur in a suit was gathering a sample.

“Willing to bet it is pure carbon Mr. Smith,” he said not looking up.

“Nope, Tisdale did a wonderful job on it,” he replied.

“Think he got careless,” the hazmat covered fur asked.

“No, no I think this was a planned accident. I got the feeling he had been stalling for several months now. I don’t think he wanted us to play with his toy. Careless and Tisdale are not words you put together. I want teams in there with in the hour, anything found alive I want brought to me.”

“You think there is something alive out there?”

“I saw a circle of brown from the air south of the facility it was about a yard across. Tisdale hated the idea of a weapon that would wipe out all life. He may have made something that could resist T-5, if so I want it,” he said flicking his cigarette butt into the pile of carbon and turning away.

The fur in the hazmat suit quickly scooped it out and stomped it out. He didn’t know if this stuff could burn but he didn’t want to find out the hard way.

* * *

She had felt the bad men fly over head in the loud thing. She knew they were looking for her. She was hot and tired of walking through the dust. The food she had eaten was long gone and so was most of her fat. It was just so far. The room was just so

big she despaired of ever finding the wall or a door to get away from the bad men.

What she really wanted was something to eat. Food reminded her of father and being petted and loved. She was busy dreaming of fruit and biscuits she did notice the bad man till he slammed the plastic box down around her. He was like father, but not like father. He dug out around the box and slid a plastic sheet under her trapping her in the box.

“Gotcha, you nasty whatever you are,” he told her.

I’m a wooly worm, she thought angrily, not a nasty whatever.

Then she felt the pain in the bad man, he was bad because he was in pain. It was in his head, a pain that made him do things he didn’t like doing. He didn’t even know the pain was there it had been there for so long. She didn’t like the pain and she decided all of a sudden she was going to make it go away.

* * *

The tiger was grinning through the mask of his suit when he felt the itching inside his head. He shook his head but the itching grew. In horror he realized the thing he had caught was doing it to him. He dropped it and backed away then the itching grew to a roaring fire in his head.

He staggered back and forth trying to block the thing in his mind burning him. Then suddenly he saw it wasn’t him that was burning. He saw his father raising the belt to strike him across the face and in a flash of flames he was gone. Butch who had used him like a woman when he was eight whoosh gone. His mother beaten to death by his father gone in the crinkle of flames. Everything he had never wanted to remember was being burned away inside him.

He lay gasping on the ground as the flames vanished. He noticed tears were running down his cheek fur. He felt strange, it took him a long time to realize what he felt was the lack of pain. He tried to remember his father, and remembered him pushing him on a swing or playing airplane. He knew there should be bad memories but they were gone. All his bad memories were gone.

He crawled over to the plastic box and gently picked it up. With one hand he opened his hazmat suit and pulled out the breakfast bar he had been too rushed to eat.

“Here, I can feel you’re hungry, don’t know how I can, but I do,” he said unwrapping it and dropping it in the cage with her. Then he set out walking in the opposite direction of where he should have been going. In nearly no time he had reached the wall of black dust and took the now fed wooly worm from the box.

“I’ll have to toss you over, it won’t hurt you will it,” he asked.

She meepled and shook her head no.

“I’m sorry I can’t do more, but thank you,” he said crying again.

* * *

She meepled and curled into a ball as he tossed her high in the air. For one giddy second she felt weightless then she plopped down in the black dust and rolled down into plants like the one she had saved from the evil. There was also tall plants and taller plants, and short plants. She never imagined there were so many kinds of plants in her life. She munched everything and explored all the plants. She found a great green striped round plant with a wet red inside that was so sweet she ate all the inside of it and lay bloated and sleeping inside the rind.

* * *

The tiger avoided the other patrols and wandered around as long as he could till a group of armed furs brought him to see Mr. Smith. He knew this was going to happen and somehow knew he should be scared but he couldn't seem to raise any fear in himself.

Mr. Smith didn't ask him any questions, he just replayed the suits camera. His rage of what he saw raised fear in everyone in the camp, but he just felt calm. He sat there feeling his calm and feeling the joy of seeing the fuzzy rainbow of fur as she disappeared over the pile of dust. He hoped that this final act of kindness might mediate all of the unkind things he had done, but he doubted it. Mr. Smith noticing him calm and thinking, grabbed him up by the collar and demanded to know why he had done it.

"Because she was the only good thing I ever touched in this world," he said.

He said no more even when the gun was pressed against his head. Suddenly he was free of his body and this world. His last act in this life before he faced his judgment was to encourage the sleeping wooly worm to rock over inside her watermelon so the hole she had ate inside was hidden. She dreamed that she talked to him and said she was sorry he was no more. He petted her bye, and thanked her again.

* * *

She slept through the frantic searching's for her safe inside the melon. The men didn't think a two foot long rainbow caterpillar would find many places to hide but luckily they didn't spend time turning over the melons in the patch of wild ones growing in the forest. It was night before a very sticky wooly worm crawled out to greet the moon. She needed to get out of here and fast, but she was just so slow.

An odd compulsion made her climb a very tall plant. Up high in the branches she began to spin sticky threads about her body. She didn't even know she could do this. She didn't know why she was doing it but her body seemed to know what it was doing. When she was all wrapped up nice and tight she melted. It frightened the heck out of her but she just turned to liquid.

After sloshing around a bit she began to gel up. She felt different and began to want out of the sack. It took lots of biting and squirming to get out of the sack. Her body wasn't really made for squirming which was odd because she used to be very, very good at squirming. Out of the sack she tried to peer around at herself but she just wasn't

flexible enough which made her feel trapped in her body. Then out of the corner of her eye she saw something to her side she tried to whirl about it vanished with a whoosh. After moments of spinning back and forth getting glimpses of them on both sides she realized it was a part of her new body that was slowly expanding giving her better and better glimpses of what ever they were.

She trilled loudly and leaped back at the noise she made. Her voice was all high and squeaky and it sounded funny to her. *Oh dear*, she thought, *now I am a nasty whatever*. The things sticking out from her sides had extended to great feathery sheets and now they were aching to be flapped for some ungodly reason. She flapped and flapped them, then trilled in horror as her feet were pulled from the branch.

She screamed then noticed she wasn't falling. She was thrusting with each flap higher and higher above the trees. She trilled a happy song as she looked down at a world getting smaller under her. When she was high enough she rested her wings and glided on the air. Far away a multitude of lights called to her, there she could find a place to hide from the bad men.

She watched the ground speeding by and laughed. She had needed a way to go faster and she had been given it. She was doing a days humping in seconds. Flying was so wonderful she couldn't help but singing.

As she rested on a used to be a plant pole with a light on it she realized she wouldn't be able to keep this form for much longer. She had learned the hard way she couldn't eat. If she didn't shift soon she would run down and fail father. Maybe she could become like father, but to become that big she'd need to eat a lot.

At her next resting she spent some time watching a fur like father but not like father. Not like any fur she had ever saw, but then she had only saw two before. This one was softer looking and rounder. Instead of a rather flattish chest it rounded out into twin globes and it's belly was an even bigger globe. It seemed a rather ungainly form and it moved with quite a bit of difficulty.

Peering closer with the fluffy things atop her head instead of her eyes she was stunned to see another fur was inside the first ones tummy. She felt sick thinking furs ate one another till she noticed it wasn't really in a stomach and the bigger fur was feeding it with it's body. It was an offspring she realized these different furs made little furs inside them and grew them bigger.

That is what she needed to find. If she could find a fur like this one without a little one it would give her a place to hide and grow. She flittered off to find one.

The search was harder than she expected as there seemed few out doors furs for some reason and most were of the unsuitable type. She couldn't figure how to get at the inside ones. When she was about to give up the search she felt wave after wave of pain coming from a house with an open window. Despite her needs she went to see if she

could help.

Resting on the window sill she pondered the fur she saw. It was brown and white, with long ears and bit of a tail. It was sort of like the fur she was looking for but it had a feeling of shriveled emptiness to it. It was thin and it's body cried for food, but it wouldn't eat. Also it had filled it's tummy with many things that were very, very bad for it's body.

She knew if she didn't do something real quickly this fur would die like father and the other one that had helped her. She didn't want anymore death. It would be dangerous to enter that thin body full of poison but she couldn't turn away. She landed on the furs tummy and melted through the fur and flesh till she was inside and in control.

She forced the body to vomit, get the rest of that poison out before it got into the blood. There was enough there as it was. Then she made a near fatal fever in the body as she fed strength to tired organ to clean the toxins from the blood. The will of the fur was weak but it tried to fight her, it wanted to die. When she had fixed the body enough that it was out of danger she turned on the will.

It wanted to die because it was fat. It showed her a rabbit bloated obscenely with blubber. She was confused, it thought that this bloated thing was the rabbit on the bed she was healing. She dispensed with this illusion as she didn't understand it. She made the will look upon it's own body with eyes unclouded. Then she forced upon it the alien concept, so what if your that fat, all that matters is the fact that your alive, be happy, not sad.

Then she was so exhausted she went into a deep black dreamless sleep.

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Brenda awoke to the smell of her own sick and tried to vomit again. She ran to the bathroom being racked with dry heaves. She quickly got into the shower and washed the stink from her and slowly the nausea left her body. It was replaced with aches and pains from head to toe.

As she dried off she was stunned by the specter in the bathroom mirror. She dropped the towel and regarded the concentration camp victim staring back at her.

"Oh goddess, Brenda you look like hell, what have you done to yourself," she said afraid of what she saw.

She didn't know how she could have lost that much weight in one night. Then she wondered how she had lived after taking a bottle of pain pills and washed it down with a bottle of 151 rum. She returned to her bed room and rolled up the blankets and threw them away.

She wasn't sure about anything this morning except she was starving and she wanted breakfast. After her second box of cereal, all the toaster waffles, and three stale doughnuts she was afraid she was going to burst if she didn't stop eating. She went

jogging like she normally did not because she wanted to loose anymore weight but she had to get away from food before she exploded.

She wasn't to successful in avoiding because she forgot the two hot dog stands, shaved ice shack, and fast food place on the jogging route. By the time she got home her belly was visibly distended with food and she was still hungry. She began to panic that she couldn't stop herself from eating. Was it even possible to eat yourself to death? She had heard of kids exploding from pop rocks and cola and she feared she'd be the next urban myth.

By evening it was a bloated but not uncomfortable bunny that crawled into bed. In fact she felt only full and content despite cleaning out the fridge and cupboards of food. She had even eating a jar of yucky cocktail onions from the bar in her search for edibles. She just hoped that she didn't keep eating like this otherwise she'd not fit doorways in a week.

In the morning she awoke hungry, but didn't feel the overpowering need to eat. The scale showed she had gained a whopping 15 pounds overnight. She could see that she had gained weight in the mirror. Strangely if felt good and she was at least a good 20 pounds from anything resembling fat.

She dressed for school and had to dig out last years clothes because all her new stuff was too tight. Oddly she didn't feel the need to be in fashion today. It all seemed rather silly now that she thought about it.

"Maybe I killed the Evil Brenda," she said with a giggle.

Even odder she actually paid attention in class instead of the babbling of the Click around her. She did pick up on the fact that they were giggling about her old clothes. She didn't care about it she was fascinated by the history lesson for some reason. In fact she seem riveted by every class today.

It wasn't her interest as much as her passenger, the wooly worm or what ever she was now was using her senses to explore the world around them both. Brenda was just picking up the feelings of interest from her. After awhile what she was paying attention too began to spark her own interests as well. Maybe if she had listened before she'd have found it interesting sooner.

At lunch she got a mystery meat special with extra gravy, lumpy potatoes with more gravy, a roll dripping butter, and a milk shake instead of the normal salad and skim milk. The Click joined her at the table like they always did.

"Your not going to eat that are you," said Terri a model thin skunk with an awful pink dyed pink hair.

"Yeah," Liza, a bit heavier collie with the same pink hair said sticking out her tongue, "I can feel my butt getting wider just looking at it."

"A moment on the lips, forever on the hips," Terri said poking Liza in the side.

“We’ll you know what the guys say,” she said heaping a fork full into her mouth to the horror of the Click.

“What,” the chorused in a suddenly annoying way.

“I LIKE BIG BUTTS AND I CAN’T DEIGN,” she sang loudly drawing the attention of the next three tables then broke up into laughter.

“Very funny,” Terri said not laughing or smiling, “We have something serious to discuss.”

Suddenly realizing that whole Click had maybe 5 active brain cells among them she didn’t really care what they thought anymore.

“What is it with these tatty threads, pigging out on that stuff, and worst of all in snubbing us all day. If you keep this up I have serious doubts of allowing you to remain in the Click,” Terri said giving her a shape up or ship out glare.

“You know what,” Brenda said getting up and picking up her tray, “I quit, HEAR THAT EVERYFUR AS OF THIS MOMENT I BRENDA WINSTON QUIT THE CLICK. ANY FUR THAT WOULD LIKE TO APPLY FOR THE OPENING CAN GET A LOBOTOMY AND MEET WITH THE BIMBETTES AFTER SCHOOL.”

She went over to sit with the freaks and geeks. Terri was sputtering and bitching about her being unable to quit as she was kicked out when the naughty thought occurred to her. She minced back over to Terri.

“I have just one thing to tell you Terri,” she said looking her hard in the eye.

“What,” Terri whimpered suddenly afraid she had gone to far.

“THAT. . .HAIR. . .IS. . .FECKING. . .UGLY!”

Then she turned back to the whole lunch room yelling and cheering. She was getting ready to bow when the furs on the table screamed and began to dive out of the way. She spun around the whole world suddenly in slow motion. Terri was moving like a film slowed down. She was standing on her chair and pulling down her shorts like she was going to moon her. Of course being mooned by a skunk was a lot worse than being mooned by another fur.

She didn’t know why Terri was moving so slow but she lashed out kicking the chair out from under the ready to spray skunk. Then she reached out and grabbed the slowly falling skunk and stuffed her bottom first into the garbage can next to the table. She was able to get two steps away before Terri burst uncontrollably but only spraying herself.

“WOW,” yelled a fat raccoon with a comic book, “NINJA BUNNY ATTACK!”

“JEAN CLAUDE FECKING BUNNY,” another fur yelled.

Terri was hauled off to detention but after a moments second thoughts she was sent home for a tomato juice bath. The rest of the Click had left pretty much being laughed out of the lunch room. She managed to eat the rest of her lunch in peace. Well

peace if you ignored the furs congratulating on what she did to Terri.

Most of all she wondered just how had she done that. She had once seen Terri hose someone once. Terri was quick, very quick. Today it had been like she was moving in slow motion. Or she suddenly had super speed.

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She sat resting in Brenda's womb after exhausting what little reserves she had left granting Brenda the speed needed to defend herself. She drew a little bit from Brenda but only a little as Brenda wasn't strong enough to feed both of them right now. She really needed Brenda to stuff herself a few more times, but it had so worried the bunny she didn't dare encourage her appetite again.

She mulled over all of the things she had learned by observing the world through Brenda and came to a relatively horrifying discovery. She didn't have a name. She had been a wooly worm, then a moth, and now a baby. But those were what she had been, not who she was. Did father give me a name?

She tried out all of the names she heard and the only one she liked was Bradley but that was a boys name. She knew she was a girl even though she was never going to have babies of her own. She was missing the parts to make babies even though she did now have the parts to grow babies. It had saddened her till she realized she could have other furs babies instead.

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The next morning Brenda figured she would wake up from the strange dream she was having. She'd be back to being the disgusting blob of depressed bunny and everything would make sense. The mirror showed she had fleshed out a bit more but was still thin, just not painfully skinny anymore. She still felt strangely happy inside.

She was free of the Click, she could eat what ever she wanted, no need to cut her wrists or take pills, life is good. She thought that till she decided to drive the porcelain bus. After the sudden yakking she felt oddly better real quick. She ate breakfast like she was trying to sneak up on a predator but it behaved and didn't turn on her.

She had only been to school for a hour when they were all sent home. It seems that less than fifty miles away there had been an out break of a unidentified and highly contagious disease. The army had closed off all the roads to Hillsberg and surrounding area. They were told that any flu like symptoms or skin rashes were to be reported at once to the nearest doctor or hospital. This resulted in a near mob rush to doctors and hospitals.

Brenda unloaded the groceries from the car in several trips as it wouldn't do for her parents to make a surprise inspection and find the house bare of food. She figured a world destroying plague might cause an inspection or at least a phone call.

After all the food was put away she sat in the bathroom with the silly impulse buy.

She didn't know why she had picked up a home pregnancy test. She hadn't had a period for seven months, but then she hadn't had sex in almost two years. She shivered at the crude things Jimmy had done and tried to do to her.

Still she had ate herself out of house and home. She was sick this morning. She was feeling strange. And weird things were happening. Like the fact that there was a little plus sign showing up in the window.

"By the goddess how can I be pregnant," she said trembling all over.

"I guess I'd better explain," said a voice that came from everywhere and nowhere.

Brenda went through a spasm of looking everywhere at once. "Where are you?"

"Er I'm inside you, I'm your baby.

Brenda went very quite for a very long time.

"Mom?"

"DON'T CALL ME THAT," Brenda yelled clutching her stomach, "How did you get inside me!"

She explained about the place where father had made her, about being a wooly worm, about being a moth. How she had found Brenda dying and how she had entered and repaired the dying body. The she started telling how she would soon start growing.

"I WANT YOU OUT OF ME RIGHT NOW!"

"Now," she asked very afraid.

"YES, RIGHT THIS INSTANT!"

"Okay," she said weakly.

Brenda had a sudden image of this thing inside her ripping it's way out of her.

"Wait, what will happen to me when you come out," Brenda asked terrified even more.

"Nothing mother, you won't even feel it. Don't worry the sickness you had won't come back. It will be my last gift to you," she said sadly getting ready to leave.

"Last gift, what, what will happen to you," she asked not wanting to know.

"I will die."

"Die, what do you mean die?"

"I used the last of my energy to heal your body, I won't have the strength to make a body that'll survive. Good bye mother, I'm going," she said gathering up the last of her power.

"STOP," Brenda screamed hugging her belly trying to prevent what was going to happen.

"Mother?"

"I, I, I can't let you do that," she said trembling.

"Why?"

"I just can't, okay, but you gotta promise you won't hurt me," she said scared at

what she was doing.

“I can’t and if I could I wouldn’t. I feel everything you do.”

“Oh, okay, what is your name,” Brenda asked.

“You haven’t given me one mother,”

This proved too much for Brenda and she passed out.

* * *

Drat, she thought, *that was spiffy*. She wished she hadn’t made Brenda read that part of her psychology book about freewill or the history book about the rights of furs. It would have just been easier to make Brenda happy she was inside her. This morality stuff was hard. Do on to others as you would have them do on to you didn’t sound like a hard rule till you tried to practice it.

She was still afraid that Brenda would make her leave but she knew that it was Brenda’s body. She now knew she should have asked before entering Brenda’s womb and healing her sick mind. She shouldn’t have done what she did to that poor tiger either. Still she wanted to live. Maybe when Brenda awoke she’d ask her about this right and wrong stuff.

She slipped off to sleep and dreamed she was again the moth flying out over the town and back towards where the bad men were. Trilling happily at flying again she flew through trees and buildings as she was a dream moth and not solid. She rested on the desk of the really, really bad man as he studied the cocoon she had spun.

“And you found this up a tree,” he asked poking at it with a metal rod.

“Yes s...er, Mr. Smith, we discovered a melon that had been eaten by something. When we carefully searched the area we found it.”

“Hummmm, what do you suppose came out of it.”

“Um some kind of butterfly or moth,” the other fur said unsure.

“Forget about searching more, it has slipped by us. I want to know about anything strange, odd, out of the ordinary that happens in this entire state. Put the word out to the police. Oh and put an add in the paper for the biggest butterfly or moth, a small reward. I doubt it but maybe someone will kill the thing for us.”

She shivered and then noticed the other fur was looking right at her. It blinked and started rubbing it’s eyes. She hopped off the desk and hid under it.

“Something wrong,” Mr. Smith demanded.

“I just need to sleep,” he said looking around the room glad that there was no moth now.

“Why?” Mr. Smith said suddenly feeling something important was happening he was missing. A feeling that had kept him alive in a very dangerous line of work.

“I just thought I saw something, but it was just my imagination.”

“I want to know exactly what you saw. Tell me right now,” Mr. Smith snarled.

“It was nothing. . .”

“Right now, while you still have a tongue to talk with!”

“It was a moth, a giant moth sitting on your desk!”

She flew off through the wall and winged her way back to Brenda. As she left the trailer behind she could hear the shouts and crashes as it was torn apart looking for her. She mused that she’d have to be more careful when she dreamed of flying. It seemed some furs could see dreams, at least very tired ones it seemed.

Back in Brenda’s womb she snuggled in and fell the rest of the way asleep. She was awoken by Brenda yelling and poking her tummy in a rather painful way.

* * *

“It was just a dream,” Brenda said with relief, “I’m not pregnant with a talking alien.”

“I don’t think I’m an alien, I was made in America.”

Brenda scooted back across the bathroom floor to a corner and clutched her belly panting loudly.

“What do you want of me?”

“I just want you to give birth to me. I should have asked you, but there wasn’t time. If I hadn’t invaded you, you would have died. It was the only way I could save you,” she said and after a pause, “and me.”

“Why did you save me?”

“Because you were dying.”

“But I was killing myself, I wanted to die.”

“Do you wish to die now,” she asked.

“No, but, but you did something to my mind, you made me different,” Brenda said shivering all over.

“Yes, I did. I didn’t know it was wrong to do so. I can undo it, if you want me to, I can change. . .”

“NO! I mean, oh goddess, I’m so confused. I know I don’t want to go back to the old me, but who is this new me?”

“You are Brenda, the only thing I changed was how you look at yourself. All the other changes are changes that you are making.”

“Oh crap, this is too much to take on an empty stomach.”

“Mother,” she asked carefully as she didn’t want to upset Brenda any more, “would you let me enhance your appetite, for your health you really need more mass.”

“You were responsible for that insane binge.”

“Yes, you don’t have to worry, I won’t let you eat yourself to death.”

For one insane second she remembered a daydream from when she was five. A fantasy of when she was all grown up and could buy whatever food she wanted and eat as

much as she wanted.

“How much can I eat?”

“Well truthfully, if I enhance your digestion along with stretchiness, you couldn’t get too full.”

Before she could have second thoughts she was in the car and pondering baby names to keep her mind off anything resembling rational thought.

“Mother, where are we going?”

“Shopping, what do you think of the name Tina?”

“Yuck.”

“Well you better behave or you’re named Tina.”

* * *

A hectic hour and a half later Brenda was struggling to get the last bag into the house. She had filled three cart at the supermarket. Pies, cakes, cookies, jerky, pizza in all forms, poppers, fries, cases of pop, pasta in cans, fruit fresh and canned, frosting, peanut butter and jelly mixed, ice cream, every thing she could think of that was good to eat.

Then she commenced the binge to end all binges.

It was near midnight when the gorging ended. It wasn’t because all the food was gone, but because Brenda was too bloated to get off the couch. She was finishing the last can of frosting that was in reach and patting her food swollen gut. She looked like she was having a VW instead of a baby.

“How about Brie,” Brenda asked looking at a empty cheese container.

“Okay,” the now named Brie said feeling quite drunk and dizzy, “but no more frosting.”

Brenda burped, “Why?”

“It makes the room spin,” she said her words starting to slur.

“Brie, are you drunk?”

“Drunk, no, I’m not a liquid, I’m a wooly worm,” she said sliding around in a nice hazy place, “See, I crawl and wiggle and squirm.”

Brenda laughed and massaged her distended stomach. She gets drunk on frosting.

It was just lucky for Brenda that Brie had already set her body to handle this mass of food before passing into a drunken stupor. Poor Brie had never been subjected to so much sugar at once in her life. As it was she just drifted in the pleasant buzz as both her and Brenda began to grow.

* * *

When Mr. Smith was sure that the monster wasn’t hidden anywhere in his office he locked the doors and got a strange device from a shinny metal case. It looked like a cross between a crystal radio, a modern copper sculpture, and an inverted glass

chandelier. He turned it on and it hummed and had small static discharges.

This little device was the product of years of research and billions of tax dollars. When the government began researching psychic abilities and training of psychics in the early 60 they were overjoyed to learn that a fur could astral project himself into any office in the world and gather information. Then a much smarter fur asked what is preventing our enemies from doing the same to us. A way of blocking psychic powers was needed and this little field model was the result.

Mr. Smith having dirtied his paws in the realms of psychic before was more than a little paranoid of such abilities. He knew that Walter Begonias hadn't been imagining a giant moth. The tiger had scored too high on the psion test even if he wasn't a psychic. He was on the list to have his offspring tracked in just in case one of them became a useful psychic.

Tisdale had did some of the work on trying to crack the genome for psychic powers. It appeared he had gotten farther with it then he let his colleagues know. Tisdale was brilliant but Mr. Smith had never trusted him. Tisdale always wanted what was better for furkind, not what was better for the government. They never should have given a lab to fur with such an imbalance in his priorities.

Mr. Smith leaned back and lit one of the clove cigarettes he had switched to in hopes of holding off lung cancer for a few more years. Night and day loads of top soil and buildings were being flown and trucked in under the cover of medical supplied. It wasn't the best situation but it was the best they could do. The terrible stories of the plague that had struck the town of Hillsberg was keeping the curious at bay as they threw together enough wreckage to make it looked like they napalmed the town and surrounding area.

No trace of the T-5 had been recovered from the carbon crystal dust ring. It was perfect, the little carbon based nanites would rapidly replicate themselves off any carbon they came in contact with and when they reached the programmed end of their lifespan they crystallized themselves.

"The perfect weapon," Mr. Smith said blowing a smoke ring, "Too bad we don't have a single nanite of it left to study."

Simple logic said there had to at least be one nanite still left just deactivated. But it was one grain of dust in what was so far 85 dump trucks full of what was essentially black diamond dust. The ground that was chemically unique dirt being free of carbon was starting to return to a more natural state where the 85 dump trucks of mulch enhanced topsoil had been mixed with it. It would take at least a month or two before they'd be able to tell the public that sadly the last of the victims had died and they were burning the area to prevent any spread.

* * *

Brenda awoke to a pounding headache and tremendous need to barf. As she was leaning over the toilet gripping it tightly in case the room really was spinning she realized a drunk Brie wasn't such a good idea if she was going to get the hang over. Her next realization was she had tits. Well she'd had them before but when you go from an AA cup to what looks like a C cup it is a rather astounding thing.

When she was sure nothing else was going to come out she staggered to the hall mirror to look at herself.

She spent quite a long time looking at the strange rabbit looking back at her. She wasn't fat but was very curved. Her legs had rounded out into proper rabbit like powerful thighs. Her tummy had a bit of a soft out curving to it. She had a stronger look to herself as if she had been working out instead of laying on the couch.

Then she noticed her ears and gasped. Always before she had been able to see all of her ears in the mirror before. A quick search turned up a yard stick and a pencil. She didn't care she was marking on the wall as she quickly measured herself. Yesterday she had been 5'2" like she had been for 6 months, she was now 5'10"

She curled up on the floor gasping in panic. She yelled and jiggled her tummy, but it seemed that Brie was still out from last night. She stopped jiggling herself as it was going to make her puke again.

She instead put her mind in neutral and gathered the trash from last night's binge. She didn't want to think what would happen if she kept growing 8 inches a day or gaining 3 cup sizes.

Upstairs she tried some of her mother's clothes. Her mom's jeans would only snap if she laid down to do them up and she did manage to find a sports bra that would fit her expanded front but that was because it claimed to hold a C to D cup. She did find an old box of maternity shirts and pants that she figured she'd need later on. She took them back to her room to look through.

She put on a shirt and stuck a pillow under it but it looked like a pillow. She got out a calculator and did some math. Then started giggling, "Well if I keep growing like this I'll be 190 feet tall and be over 800 cup sizes bigger than I am now when I deliver this baby."

The giggling turned to sobbing and Brenda cried herself to sleep.

* * *

Brie thought she was dying, then she thought dying wouldn't hurt this bad. She wanted to puke, but that wasn't possible. She never ever wanted to taste frosting again. Her brain felt bigger than her head and it was throbbing in a most unpleasant way. On top of it all her mother was frightened and despairing.

She tried to wake her but she had retreated too far into her dreams to hide from what was scaring her. Brie thought about being a moth and flying all the way to where

the bad men were, maybe as a moth she could fly to where Brenda was.

She thought mothly thoughts and flapped as hard as she could but she just wouldn't fly. After a while she gave up trying and tried to sleep. That was when she became the dream moth and was flying to Brenda as fast as her wings could carry her. Who would have thought she muttered, don't try and it happens.

Brenda was having a nightmare when she arrived. She was like ten times her normal size and growing bigger by the second. She screamed when she saw Brie.

"Your turning me into a monster!"

"Mother?" she trilled.

She had to duck and flutter away from debris as Brenda burst through the roof. She fluttered up to Brenda's face to try and talk to her but she was raving and wouldn't listen.

She tried growing to be on par with Brenda's size and wasn't ready for the results of her expanding dream form. Brenda screamed at the top of her lungs and clutched her belly which expanded as Brie did so.

"YOUR TOO BIG, YOUR GOING TO RIP ME APART!"

In horror she shrank down to an even smaller moth but it didn't help her plight as her belly kept growing. Brenda fell back crushing her house writhing in pain as her belly grew larger and larger. Suddenly the belly exploded in a shower of blood and a nasty clawed thing with too many limbs.

Brie didn't know what to do but she felt her body transforming. Looking down she saw she was black and white with a big fluffy tail like father, but curved like her mother. She grew large by far than her mother or this monster growing from her belly. She ripped the creature away and crushed it under her foot. Then she gently picked up her mother and began healing her body and rocking her.

"Who are you," Brenda asked.

"It's me mother," Brie said tenderly being the mother right now.

"But, but the monster?"

"It was just a nightmare mother, I would never hurt you."

"I won't keep growing bigger," Brenda asked trembling, "I won't become a giant."

"No mother, you will grow some sideways as I grow, but you won't get any taller. You just ate too much last night for it to be good for you. Your body just put the extra food into making you bigger. If I hadn't been sick from the frosting I would have prevented it from happening."

Brenda relaxed and snuggled close to the giant skunk. Somehow she knew this was now all a dream, but at the same time she knew it was Brie that was holding her and that she was telling her the truth.

* * *

When she awoke Brenda felt strangely warm and content. She was also surprised to find she had undid her pants in her sleep and she was gently holding and rubbing her belly. It felt really good to be rubbing her tummy and soon one paw was drifting higher while the other drifted lower. She soon was moaning a bit from the rubbing and was squirming some too. She cried out a bit as she had a better orgasm then she had had in a long time.

“Mother, mother,” Brie said to her gasping, “What, what was that!”

“You felt that,” Brenda asked blushing all the way to her ear tips.

“I feel, oh goddess, everything you do, what was that? I never knew anything could feel soooooooooo goooooood.”

For several seconds she didn’t know what to do. Then a sly naughty grin passed over her face. She knew she wouldn’t be able to go 9 months with out some masturbation so she might as well get used to Brie sharing it with her. She leaned over and got the vibrator from her sock drawer.

“If you liked that, your going to love this.”

“What is that mother? What, what are you doooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhh yeeeeeeeeesssssss.”

* * *

Brenda had passed out after she tried amplifying the sensations for both of them. She was worried for a few moments but Brenda felt so satisfied she didn’t want to rouse her. Truthfully she nearly blacked out herself as well. She just hoped her body would do that on it’s own when it was grown. That was quite a bit of fun.

She drifted off to fly about the town. She had just learned there was lots she didn’t know and she’d better find out all she could. The thing that depressed her a bit was the fact that the more she learned the less it seemed she knew and the more there was to learn. At this rate she’d never know everything.

The flew towards where the bad men were but she was repelled from the trailer of the very bad man. She fluttered around but something inside pushed her away. She felt that if she really, really pushed hard she could get in the trailer, but she didn’t feel like fighting to see the unpleasant fur right now.

Flying over the gray area she saw they were trying to fix the damage of the evil. Maybe they weren’t all bad men.

She returned to the city to poke around. She was interested in every thing that was going on in the houses. Drawn to one house by the vibration of pleasure like she had felt from Brenda she was surprised to see two furs doing something very similar to what Brenda had done to herself. She watched for some time thinking she needed to find a male fur to do this to Brenda for her.

Coasting the currents of emotions instead of air she wandered here and there till she felt hatred directed at Brenda. She didn't like hate but she figured she better find out what this fur was up to. Sitting on the window sill she saw it was Terri, the skunk that attacked Brenda. She was in a pink frilly room and stabbing a bunny plushie with a knife and muttering under her breath.

"I'm going to get her good," Terri muttered and used the knife to cut a square from a big sheet of paper.

Brie fluttered over to read the paper. It was a story on the plague in a place called Hillsberg. They wanted any fur that had seen anything odd or unusual to call this number. She didn't understand what this had to do with getting her mother, till Terri dialed the number and she recognized the voice on the other end of the phone. It was one of the bad men from the gray area.

Brie was so stunned she was yanked painfully back to Brenda's womb. Brenda awoke to what she thought was Brie shaking in fear inside her.

"Brie are you alright?" she asked wondering what was going on.

"Mother, mother the bad men are coming, Terri is bringing them here! You have to run, they'll hurt you. They'll hurt you, must run, must run now!"

* * *

A board clerk wrote down all the spoiled brat on the phone had to say about another high school classmate. She was saying how she had changed into another fur over night. How she was so violent and stronger and faster than before. And so on and so forth for a good thirty minuets before he told her that was enough and hung up on her. It went into a stack of papers to be sorted by other clerks.

It got sorted into a folder labeled Brenda Winston and five or six other reports of her strange behavior of late. It was then stuck in a stack of other folders to be sort again by even more important furs.

* * *

It took a long time to calm Brie down but even she agreed that leaving would be for the best. Brenda managed to convince Brie that some planning and packing would be advisable. Brie's only suggestion was that she pack the buzzy thing, causing Brenda to double up laughing. She was pregnant with a worse sex fiend than she was.

She did what she saw the furs on TV did when they were trying to hide from the cops. She hit every ATM machine with her credit card to get as much money as possible. Then she hit on a very clever idea. Jack's used car lot and garage was closed since he was in Hillsberg and under quarantine. Jack had always fixed her parents cars for them so she knew that he kept a key under the flower pots and his only alarm was a pit bull. Ripper liked her since she was a little girl.

Her car ended up in the garage and she picked the most expensive car on the lot in

the hopes it was the best one. She left a note saying her car was making a funny noise and to send the bill for the car to her parents. She left with a car and a stack of dealer plates after giving Ripper a hug and a candy bar.

Hours later she was checking into a small road side hotel two hundred miles away.

* * *

Mr. Smith was meeting with Terri to be taken to this Brenda's house with two of his men dressed as cops. His estimate of Terri's IQ dropped even lower that she was willing to get into the car with them this late at night. If Brenda was just as stupid then they'd have no problem finding her.

Terri was nervous but she was sure she could handle these goons, after all she was a skunk. She was glad she was wearing her mini skirt with no panties. If they decided to not be nice, well she could easily be just as not nice to them.

As they pulled into the drive at Brenda's house she felt a wave of envy. That bitch of a bunny didn't deserve rich parents like this and such a nice home. Inside she was stunned by the mess. The usually neat as a pin house was trashed. Food containers were scattered everywhere as if Brenda had had some kind of wild party. She wanted to leave but the detective told her to wait with him as the cops searched the place. She was starting to get a bad vibe off this man.

Mr. Smith just stood between the open door and idiot girl. She was one of those vain popular sluts he had always hated. If they didn't find this Brenda he was going to have some fun with her.

"Boss," said the first cop as he had been trained to use no names, "She's left here sometime ago. Packed some stuff by the look of it."

Mr. Smith threw his butt on the carpet and crushed it out with his heel. He walked slowly towards Terri.

"Miss. Valan, you are going to tell me where Brenda is right now or things are about to become very, very unpleasant."

Terri didn't say a word she just turned and before she could spray she was struck by something that made her legs turn to water and caused her to twitch all over. When she had recovered enough to move her tail had been pulled between her legs and knotted through a belt that had been cinched to her waist.

She moaned in pain more from her surely broken tail than from the stun gun the detective had hit her with. He had his foot on her stomach holding her to the floor and grinning down at her. She tried to scoot out from under him but he just leaned down on her till she cried out in pain and stopped moving. He opened a little leather wallet filled with what looked like surgical tools.

"Now where would she go," Mr. Smith asked selecting one of the tools.

The Doberman and Raccoon dressed as cops looked at each other and shivered as

the screaming started. They went about gathering any personal items that might give clues to where she might have gone. Then as the screaming was still going on they began to smash stuff up to make it look like vandals had hit the place. They carefully avoided the great room in their searches and trashings. It was best not to interrupt Mr. Smith when he was interviewing a furson.

They quickly trashed the last room making sure not to look at the mess on the floor. Mr. Smith had called for them to hurry it up and they were not in the mood to disappoint him.

* * *

It was several hours later before Terri could overcome the pain enough to crawl the few feet, or was it miles to her purse that had fallen under the sofa. It took all of her strength to reach it and her cell phone. She dialed 911 as she wasn't really thinking at this point. If she had been sensible she wouldn't have called them and she would have died because of it. She tried to talk into the phone but she couldn't seem to make a sound.

She passed out moments later thinking, *Oh goddess my face hurts so bad, what did he do to my face.*

* * *

The real cops and an ambulance arrived moments later. For a few minutes they thought they had a corpse till Terri lightly moaned at the EMT that was trying to find a pulse in her wrist. He gave up on the pulse and went on with giving her a unit of plasma and trying to bandage the worst of her wounds. At first he thought she was lucky that none of the cuts were overly deep or had hit anything vital. Then he sickly realized that had been the intentions of her would be killer. She had been intended a slow painful death.

* * *

Mr. Smith listened to the police radio with mild surprise. He hadn't expected the slut to have enough fight left in her to make it to a phone.

"Should we go back," the raccoon asked.

"No, it'll be awhile before they get anything useful out of her. I'm sure that she'll keep her mouth shut once she has thought about it. Make sure that I'm able to call her at the hospital if she wakes," he said lighting up.

"Um, don't know if it is important but I found a positive pregnancy test in the bathroom. It's in a plastic bag in case you want it analyzed.

Mr. Smith said nothing but used his own cell phone to place an order for all the data about Brenda Winston that could be pulled from every computer and it was to be on his desk when he got back or heads would roll.

It was a frantic looking hamster that was running towards his office with a big folder when he pulled up. When the hamster saw the car he skidded to a stop and ran to

the car instead. Mr. Smith smiled as the data was handed to him by the babbling hamster. He hadn't expected the info this quick so he wasn't going to be angry that it hadn't been placed on his desk.

Her bank records showed that she had made many withdrawals hours before they had arrived. This slut wasn't a ditz she knew they'd be able to trace her cards. Six hours of driving had given them too big an area to try and search and close off. An APB would be worthless and would cause more panic than necessary. His bosses weren't happy with the upsets the plague reports were causing. Alerting the police they needed an 18 year old girl would cause all kinds of rumors that she was a carrier.

Instead he called The Hunter and faxed all of her files to him.

* * *

In a steel trailer in the middle of the desert a fax machine was kicking out sheet after sheet of paper. Far from the trailer was a fire roaring high into the night. Around it was dancing a coyote dressed in nothing but a feather hanging from his head hair. Over the noise of the fire he could hear the faint racket of his fax machine. He smiled as he was going to get to hunt.

He went slowly back to the trailer and before dawn he was hunting again.

* * *

Brenda awoke near noon feeling quite lazy but very hungry. She rubbed her belly in the hopes of quieting for another hour of sleep. She ripped off the blankets all thoughts of sleep fleeing her mind. Her gut was stuck out in a nice pot looking like she was four months or more pregnant.

Despite poking her tummy Brie seemed fast asleep and unwakeable. She went out to the greasy spoon wearing the maternity clothes as none of her stuff was going to fit now. She ate like she was eating for six and felt sure she was starting to waddle as she went back to her room then drove on ward into the desert.

Several hours later she stopped for gas and more food. For the last several miles she had felt her breasts getting heavier and her bra tighter. She went to the bathroom and undid her top. The mirror showed that her breasts were visibly swollen. It also showed that her belly was slightly bigger to.

She was feeling a bit of panic while she was driving. She also felt herself growing more pregnant by the second.

"What is the matter," Brie asked sleepily as all this growing was tiring for her.

"You're growing so fast," Brenda exclaimed happy that she could ask what's happening to her body.

"As fast as I can," Brie said happily.

"Ufff, when are you due to be born," Brenda asked thinking at this rate tomorrow evening at the latest.

“Two weeks, maybe more,” Brie said wanting to go back to sleep.

“Two weeks,” Brenda exclaimed, “Damn how big are you going to get?”

“As big as you are.” Brie said drowsing.

All thoughts of sleeping fled with the screeching of the cars tires and g forces slamming her against Brenda’s womb wall.

“Tell me you joking,” Brenda shouted at her belly.

“Er, of course not, isn’t that how babies grow?”

“What? Of course not!”

“Oh,” Brie said trying understand why she was so upset all of a sudden, “Why?”

“Well first off I think it is because the mothers would, EXPLODE!”

“Oh, well don’t worry I’ll be born before you explode,” Brie said letting the sleepiness return.

“You better promise me,” Brenda said sternly, “And that I won’t explode when you are born.”

“Of course mommy,” Brie said settling down to sleep some more. If she wasn’t so tired she’d have explained to Brenda that no matter how big she grew inside her body there was no way she’d explode. It would save a lot of time if she just went ahead with her plan to grow to full size anyway.

* * *

The Hunter was driving his large vintage Cadillac down the desert highway towards his prey. He just knew that she was headed into the desert. Fursons always ran to the wastelands when they decided to flee Mr. Smith.

She was rich and pampered, when night fell she’d seek motels. For now he’d just put miles closer to where she was running from then he’d begin calling the motels to see where she was staying. Most of the owners of motels in this part of the country knew of him and were happy to give him any info he wanted. Unlike most bounty hunters he didn’t damage the rooms or kick in the doors. Also he was know to pay 10 crisp hundred dollar bills to the fur that gave him the info that lead to a capture.

An hour after dark he had his lead, a girl bunny had just checked in with no ID and a false name. At fifty miles a hour he’d be there in three hours. He was a bit depressed the hunt would be over so soon. To cheer himself up he decided to let the caddy unwind, soon he was passing 120 and his heart was pounding in his chest with excitement.

* * *

Brenda groaned as she waddled to her room with a feast from the dinner. Any minuet now she was sure her bra was going to explode. During the day she had expanded to a DD cup or bigger. She was too damn big to bounce free comfortably but she was too damn big for the bra. Her shirt at least fit over boobs and six month sized belly.

In her room she gorged herself at least another inch on her waist line and Brie had awoken again. She hadn't intended to play with herself as she was exhausted from driving but she rubbed her tummy after she ate.

The first rub sent an erotic wave through her whole body. She groaned and kept rubbing her belly. In moments she was locked in spasm after spasm of pleasure. As she lay drowsing in the wake of ecstasy she smiled down at her belly. She had heard that pregnant bellies got sensitive as they got bigger. If it kept feeling like that she didn't care how big Brie got inside of her.

* * *

The Hunter checked the room that the clerk had said she was in and he could make out a dim shape in the bed that was breathing. He paid him the thousand for the key to the room and slowly walked back.

What to do? What to do? he thought to himself. He didn't feel like hauling her all the way to Mr. Smith tonight, but if he slept in the car she might make it to her car before he woke. Simple enough, he'd sleep in her room. The windows were too small for her to crawl out of quickly and if she stirred from the bed he'd awaken instantly.

As he opened the door he was surprised at her reflexes. She broke in mid snore and was reaching for her purse by the side of the bed. Too bad she hadn't put her gun under the pillow, she might have got a shot off.

"DON'T unless you want another hole in your head," he said turning on the light and pointing his 44 mag at her. He had gotten this gun just because it was frightening looking. It always made his prey hesitate.

In the hesitation he snatched up the purse and dumped it out. He laughed in spite of himself at the can of pepper spray rolling on the floor.

"All you have is a can of pepper spray," he said unbelievably, "He sent ME to catch a girl with a can of pepper spray."

* * *

At this point Brie decided right or wrong she had to stop this fur. When she reached out to his mind she fell back in pain. When she looked at his mind there was a cloud of black pain around his mind. All furs had some type of wall around their minds but she had never seen anything like this. In panic she realized she wasn't going to be able to help Brenda, unless.

* * *

Brenda tried to keep from screaming as he jerked the sheet off of her. The coyote froze when he saw her naked body. She tried to cover her breasts and crotch but he was staring at her belly. In fact he seemed to be a bit overwhelmed by the fact she was pregnant.

He carefully took a pillow off the bed and sat with his back to the door covering

himself with the sheet. His eyes never left her belly.

“Were both going to sleep tonight and in the morning were going to take a little trip. If your nice, then I’ll be nice. You have two choices of how to travel, lights on in the front seat or lights out in the trunk.”

* * *

Brie could only think of one way she could help.

“Mother you have to touch him like you touch yourself,” she told Brenda.

“What?” she said shocked.

“Be nice and take a nap and I won’t have to smack your around, best think of the baby if your unsure,” he said thinking she was talking to him.

“Listen carefully mother, his mind is shielded I can’t touch him right now, he’s too strong. After you touch yourself all of your shields go down for a little bit. If you can make him spasm like you do he’ll drop his shields and I can make him sleep for some time.”

Brenda began to shake all over, as she couldn’t do that. Not after what had been done to her. She had hurt so bad after that. But she was sure that to go along with him was to go to her and Brie’s death.

She forced herself to relax and lay back on the bed. *How am I supposed to have sex with him holding a gun on her. Damnit why won’t he stop staring at my gut*, she thought to herself. *I’m not sexy enough right now to seduce him, or am I?*

She inhaled deeply and instead of pushing her chest out she stuck out her belly as far as it would go and gently scratching it. His eyes nearly fell out of his head and his tongue fell out of his mouth.

She nearly laughed, of all the luck she was being held prisoner by a guy turned on by pregnant girls. Well this might be easier than she thought.

She let out a bit of a moan as she began to rub her tummy for him. Truthfully she couldn’t help getting turned on a bit herself her tummy was so sensitive.

“What. . .what the heck are you doing,” he said stuttering a bit.

“Huh, or sorry, I can’t help it every time I touch my tummy it just feels so good.” she said trying to squirm like one of the sex kitten she saw in videos. It was hard to do when inside your shaking inside. She ran her hands down her breasts and over her tummy arching her back to make it look even bigger.

“St. st. .stop doing that,” he said nearly drooling. He was so sexually wound he was about to snap. Normally he had no interest in women but he’d always been attracted to pregnant women, not that he’d ever bedded one before. Right now his libido was awaking to the fact he hadn’t had sex in 4 years and it was wanting it now. Jerking off was not an option anymore.

“Okay but you’ll have to rub my tummy for me,” she said rolling up on to her

knees wobbling forward till her tummy hung off the bed.

The gun lay forgotten on the floor as he crawled forward on hands and knees panting a bit. His hands trembled as they reached for the white furred globe of her belly. Brenda couldn't believe how easy this was going. Then suddenly he was shoving her back by the shoulders.

"I . . SAID. . . STOP. . . IT!"

Brenda's nerve broke at this point and she tried her best to curl into a fetal ball as her belly would allow. The Hunter returned to his place by the door and shut off the light so he wouldn't have to look at her. It seemed everything was back to normal except his cock felt like it was going to explode his jeans.

* * *

It had been hours but his rebellious cock had gone down. Most of that having to do with the overwhelming need to pee. After doing so his first view upon returning was the bunnies white tummy glowing in the moon light.

"Damn," he whispered, "she looks even bigger now."

His cock was instantly hard and throbbing now. That belly was just so tempting now that she wasn't acting the slut. Before he knew what he was doing he was standing beside the bed his hand hovering over the gently rising and falling belly. One stroke wouldn't hurt and probably wouldn't even wake her.

Well it didn't work quite the way he planned. He brushed the soft fur over the tight as a drum firm belly and several things happened at once. First his cock became to engorged it felt like it was going to split open. Second Brenda and Brie woke up, if touching her own belly was a static spark, another fur touching it was like a lightning bolt.

She was sure that she had awoke mid-orgasm.

When the coyote tried to pull away she grabbed him and pulled his both his hands back to her belly with a strength he didn't think her body possessed. She moaned pressing his hands into the fur of her taunt belly.

"Oh goddess don't stop now."

She fairly ripped his clothes off him after hurling him to the bed. He was a bit frightened by how aggressive this bunny was. He knew he could force her off of him but that belly, he needed sex so bad his dick was going to explode. He needed that belly pressed against his. He needed to suckle those milk swollen breasts.

The first and what was to be her last penetration by the male of furkind had been painful and degrading. This unplanned penetration was ecstasy beyond anything she had ever imagined. It felt like her belly was completely stuffed full of his cock and he was going to burst her with pleasure. Even the aching pressure of his swelling canine knot was bliss she had never thought possible.

The Hunter groaned as he was locked together with this impossibly beautiful bunny. Under his hands her breasts and belly felt so firm, so tight, so perfect. He cursed the years wasted not finding a pregnant girl before. He felt a lifetime of pent up sexual frustration getting ready to erupt through his cock.

He exploded in pleasure so great it was agony. In the midst of the release he felt the demon enter his mind.

* * *

He was standing on the mesa while the sun and moon whirled away the cycle of night and day in moments. This was his center, the center of all things. He held his bow and arrow of fire at the shining demon before him.

She, some how he knew it was a she, was a great moth and was looking around at the flashing night and day instead of him. She was all colors but shown with an inner light. He was frightened but he felt the presence of Anubis his spirit guide at his back.

“You are not welcome here demon,” he shouted at the moth, his voice echoing .

She dropped to the ground becoming a large many colored caterpillar and meepled softly, “I know.”

She crawled about looking over stones and up at the whiling sky.

“It is very pretty here, but nothing seems to grow.” she said, and looking past him, “Who is the one who hides behind you, I don’t like the look of him.”

“You don’t need my name demon,” Anubis howled, “Strike her down my hunter.”

He released the arrow which struck a invisible bowl like shield over the caterpillar. She giggled instead of cowering from the flames.

“You cannot hurt me, just as I cannot hurt you,” she meepled with annoying good cheer.

“If you can not hurt me than go away,” the Hunter commanded.

“I would, except I won’t leave you here alone with that, unlike me he can hurt you,” she said trying to circle around to get a better look at the thing.

“Lies, you speak lies in the place of truth,” Anubis hissed.

“He is my friend, my guide, my. . .”

“Master?” she meeped interrupting him.

“No,” both the Hunter and Anubis yelled at the same time.

“If he is your friend why won’t he stand beside you. Why does he fear to face me? I’m just a fat wooly worm, I have no fangs, no sting, and no claws.”

“Anubis fears nothing,” the Hunter said feeling doubt creep up his spine as Anubis hissed at the mention of his name.

“Ask Anubis why you haven’t seen his face,” she asked peering closely at a pretty rock she had found, “Why hasn’t he let you see him in the place of truth?”

The Hunter felt his mouth go dry. How did she know that he had never looked

upon his guide. Anubis had said it was for his own safety that he had not appeared in his full glory.

“She is trying to trick you, don’t listen to her,” Anubis purred in his ear.

“You know your right, this is a place of truth,” she said looking about, “You can see only truth here if your willing to look.”

The Hunter whirled about to at long last lay eyes upon his guide. He did not see the majestic hawk or wolf he had always imagined. It was a mangy twisted and crippled bat-hyena abomination. It pulsed and throbbed under it’s pelt as if filled with maggots. Now facing it he could smell it’s stink of corruption.

He fell in horror from it but before he or Anubis could move the wooly worm was between them. She was bristling and growling a bit.

“I know you,” she meepled, “You are evil.”

The thing twitched and cackled, “So you name me you little worm, now you will feel my power.”

It’s claws shot out of it’s paws to several feet in length. They glowed with the blackness of evil and shot towards the wooly worm. She was ready for the attack. She threw the feeling of her father holding her against those claws causing them to shatter and the evil to fall back.

“You can’t harm me evil, I won’t let you,” she meepled, “You tried once and failed, I know your weakness now and forever. Be gone!”

“You will weaken and you cannot banish me from here,” it hissed trying to circle her to get to the hunter.

“Jack,” she meepled speaking a name that hadn’t been in his mind for so very long, “Do you want this thing to be your master?”

“No,” Jack whispered.

“Your grandfather gave you a weapon before he passed beyond, use it now.”

Jack sweated and whimpered. His grandfather had given him no weapons, when he had died he’d had given him just a pouch of stupid seeds. He had thrown them away years and years ago. A tear he could not shed at the time leaked from his eye. He had so hated his grandfather for dying he has thrown away his last gift. To his shock the pouch was around his neck, when facing darkness he didn’t dare ask how they had come to be there.

With trembling paws he dumped out the bag of seeds, he remembered his grandfather had collected them from everywhere. Little Jack had sat on his knee while he told him what each seed was. Thinking of his grandfather he threw all of the seed at the thing. It shrieked and tore away into black mist.

The seeds bounced and tumbled across the barren mesa and in seconds they began to sprout. In minuets trees were pushing their way sky wards. In a ripple across the land

grass spread itself like a flood of green pouring over the land. He sat in wonder as his barren universe was filled with the most magnificent forest he had ever imagined.

The wooly worm was still with him nibbling at a leaf.

“Are, are you my spirit guide,” he asked.

“Oh no,” she meepled shaking her head, “I’m just a wooly worm. I think your guide is over there.”

He turned to see a very young, very fat coyote wearing only bib overalls and holding a hockey stick. He didn’t seem to be a very happy coyote either.

“I’m going to shove this where the sun don’t shine and snapped it off,” he yelled rushing towards Jack.

Leaping to his feet he managed to avoid the first three blows but then the sneaky little guy got his ankle then struck the handle against his forehead. At this point Jack managed to get both paws on the stick and was able to hold the boy at bay while he kicked, spit, and cussed at him.

“Who is this brat,” he yelled.

“He’s you,” Brie giggled, “The you that you were before you let the evil become your master. I think he has some things he wants talk to you about.”

“Talk hell,” the little boy yelled letting go of the stick and head butting Jack in the groin, ‘I’m going to KICK. . .HIS. . .ASS!’”

Brie let herself be pulled back to her mother’s body. There was going to be a quite painful discussion between these two and it would be best if she let them work it out. Besides her mom was frantically trying to wake Brie up.

“Mommy, I’m back,” she said nuzzling inside Brenda.

“Oh thank the goddess,” Brenda said close to tears, “You went so still I thought you died and then you wouldn’t answer. Is it safe to go now?”

“Um, no I don’t think so,” she said yawning and settling in Brenda’s womb.

“No, but. . .”

“I think he’ll need us when he wakes, it wouldn’t be safe for him to awake alone,” she said drifting asleep.

“What do you mean safe for him, what about safe for us,” Brenda said jiggling her belly.

Despite her fear the exhaustion of yiff, panic, and feeding Brie was catching up. If Brie thought they were safe she might as well sleep.

* * *

Jack awoke with the bunny snuggled next to him for warmth. He could feel her lovely tummy pressing close to him. He had had such strange and powerful dreams. He noticed he was crying but he didn’t know why. It felt good to cry though, all the hate, malice, and evil, yes evil was flowing out with those tears.

He didn't know what this girl had done to him, but he knew there was no way he could ever thank her enough.

He turned to look at her and froze, slowly he pulled back the blanket to look at her. Last night she had looked six months along at the most and that was hours ago. She was now full term maybe more.

"Dear god," he exclaimed, "you're BIGGER!"

Brenda jerked awake and screamed looking up at the mad coyote. She scooted away from him and fell off the bed.

"Oh god," Jack said in horror and rushing around the bed to see if she or the baby was hurt, "Please let you be alright! You are alright? Aren't you?"

She sat there watching him fuss over her. She assured him she'd be fine if he helped her up so she could go to the bathroom. As she waddled into the bathroom her reflection showed what she already knew Brie had grown a lot during the night. It was quite difficult to sit and even more so to get back up. She peeked out of the bathroom to see the coyote looking so upset and depressed she felt sorry for him.

"I'm sorry I hurt you," he said not looking up, "Last night and this morning when I scared you off the bed."

"Brie what did you do to him," she asked but her belly was quite.

"Brie?" he asked.

"Ummm, her," Brenda said pointing at her belly feeling foolish.

"Is she a caterpillar or a moth?"

"I'm not sure but I think she was one once."

She was stunned as he leaped up to kneel and her feet hugging her belly. He kept mumbling thank you over and over again. She felt really odd with him almost praying to her belly. She tapped him on the head and when he looked up she said.

"I'm Brenda and could you please stop doing that."

"I'm Jack," he said releasing her, "I'm going to protect you and Brie from Mr. Smith."

"Whoa, back up, what makes you sure we need you to protect us."

"Because I know Mr. Smith, the man hunting you," he added when he saw her puzzled look, "And even I'm not sure if I'll be able to do so. I take it Brie is a Bio weapon that has gone very wrong, or in this case very, very right?"

"I . . I don't know," she said looking down at her belly in horror.

"Not a weapon," Brie mumbled sleepily, "a guardian."

"She. . .she says she is a . . .guardian."

"She talks to you," Jack said in wonder.

"Yes."

Jack leaned forward and kissed her belly causing the heat of lust to spread through

her body.

“Tell her, thanks for guarding me, and I’ll be her guardian.”

She didn’t know what to say but Brie just snuggled happily inside her. Jack passed her, her suitcase.

“Better dress, we’ll need to leave soon. We have about 12 hours before he realizes something is wrong and I’m not hunting you.

* * *

Mr. Smith laid on the cot in his office watching dust motes dancing in the still air. He was starting to rethink his decision to set Hunter on her. Not that he wouldn’t find her, but that the thing she was infected with would be able to mentally dominate him. Hunter had tested negative on the psion tests, he was like an anti-psychic something about his mind blocked normal psychics.

“Tisdale, you bastard, what kind of monster did you make,” he whispered to the dust.

The lab testing of the pregnancy test strip gave no clues except that Brenda’s body was flooded with pregnancy hormones, around ten times the level of a normal fur. They had a DNA sample but the lab was going to be unwinding it for weeks. So far the lab tech had said it looked like perfectly normal rabbit DNA so don’t get overly excited.

All he could hope for was the call from Hunter or that one of the abandon cars he had every spare agent investigating would turn up a clue.

* * *

Brenda sat looking out the window as the desert sped by, Jack hadn’t said a word to her for almost an hour. Every time she caught him glancing at her he was looking at her belly instead of her.

“Is something wrong,” she asked annoyed at him.

“You’re not in any pain are you,” he asked blushing a bit.

“No, why?”

“A few years ago I had to track down a woman that had got implanted with a mutant weapon,” he said.

“How?”

“She and some other members of a militant lesbian broke it to a government lab to liberate fur embryos. She got a non-fur one by mistake. It didn’t grow at half the rate Brie seems to be growing and she wasn’t a quarter of your size when I found her, screaming and rolling on the floor. The thing was ripping her apart it was growing so fast.”

“So you want to know when I’m going to explode all over the inside of your car right?”

“Well that is a bit more blunt than I was going to ask.”

She ran her paws over the front of her belly. She instinctively knew she was getting too big now for it to be natural. She could feel herself growing bigger in the bust and belly right now. She thought about her breasts that were now too big for her only bra. She had heard from other girls with big breasts that when they grew to fast they hurt. Well she had to be the fastest growing bunny on the planet and she didn't have a twinge of discomfort.

"I don't think I'm going to explode, I feel too big but not like I'm way too big yet. Tell me, what do you do for this Mr. Smith," she asked.

"I used to find furs that didn't want to be found for him, I was a very bad furson. I can't do anything about what I did, but I'm damn sure that from now on I'm going to do what's right."

"What did Brie do to you," she asked wondering what Brie had done to her.

"She didn't do anything to me except protect me and tell me how to banish the demon that had taken over me."

"Demon? You mean your telling me you were possessed by a demon," she said getting frightened that he was still insane.

"Yes, I let it in and listened to it's lies, of my own free will I did the act of evil it wanted me to. She showed me that he was evil."

"I don't believe in demons," she told him causing him to laugh.

"You should," he said looking meaningfully at her belly, "you're carrying an angel."

"Brie?" she asked prodding her belly.

"Don't poke," Brie said sleepily, "Yes, he was possessed by a demon, a bit of evil with in himself which he fed with hate and anger till it was a creature of it's own. No, I'm not an angel, but he believes I'm one."

"What did she say," Jack asked.

"She said it was a demon, but she isn't an angel."

"She just doesn't know it yet," he replied.

Around noon she complained she was hungry and Jack looked at her for a long moment.

"I'll go in and get food for you but you'll have to stay in the car," he said.

"Why," she demanded.

He pointed at her belly which was now pulling at the buttons of her shirt. She meeped and tried to squeeze her tummy. She looked ready to pop with triplets.

"You're a bit too big for a normal pregnancy," he said apologizing, "It'll draw notice."

"Better bring a lot, like a lot for a dozen furs," she sighed.

"You're going to eat that much," he exclaimed.

“I’m afraid so, I don’t think I’ve ever felt this hungry before.

Watching the bunny eat was a fascinating in a rather gross way. She ate a dozen jumbo burgers, large fries, and shakes bulging her tummy out till the fabric was pulled into oval gaps by the buttons. She then sat squirming this way and that very uncomfortable.

“What’s wrong,” he asked.

“I’m too damn pregnant,” she complained, “I’m getting too big to sit.”

“You can lay in the back seat,” he suggested.

It took some struggle to get her out of the front seat and to the back. It was like trying to move a beached whale, she was almost too heavy to move. Once she was settled into the back seat Brie moved and landed against Brenda’s bladder. He had to struggle to get her back out and to help her pee. It was simpler to get Brenda installed in the back seat a second time as they had the logistic figured out this time.

A few miles down the road Brenda began to snooze in the back seat of the car. Listen to her snore was rather calming like listening to a cat purr. Suddenly there was a loud pop and a crack against the windshield. Looking back he saw a bigger gap in her shirt where she had burst a button.

“Damn,” he whispered, “how big are you going to get.”

Another twenty minutes later another button went. Jack made a change of plans as it seemed that Brenda just might be going to get too big for the car.

When Brenda awoke Jack was pulling into a dilapidate looking farmhouse in a somewhere wooded area. Looking at her front distracted her from the farm house. She was big enough to deliver quints and her breasts were larger than cantaloupes. She felt like she weighed a ton. When she tried to move her legs felt like ten pound sausages in a five pound skin and asleep.

As Jack helped her struggle from the car her thighs and butt burst the seams of pants and the returning blood flow brought pins and needles and a near fall.

“Ugh, my legs are asleep,” she moaned as she fell against the car.

Jack rubbed her thighs not in an effort to be yiff but to get her to stand on her own.

“Gah, how fat did my ass and thighs get,” she moaned feeling huge everywhere from the boobs down.

“Well your a lot bigger through the thighs but your not fat,” Jack said.

“You don’t have to play sweet with me.”

“I’m not, you look and feel like an Olympic body builder down there. I think your body has changed to better hold the weight of your pregnancy.”

She waddled a few steps and realized it was true she didn’t feel near as heavy as she had before. She was able to easily waddle up the steps and into the house on her own.

Then inside of the house was dusty from disuse.

"Nobody knows this place is here," Jack said, "There is a year supply of MREs in the closet and I'm going to go get some more food for you."

"It sounds like your going to leave us here," she said crossly.

"I am, for awhile maybe a week at most, I'm going to leave a false trail for them," he said looking about.

"You think I'm going to eat a year's supply of food in a week," Brenda said getting dangerously cross.

"No but MRE's are not the best meals on earth," Jack said wisely wondering if she would indeed eat that much.

Jack gave her a list of useless instructions about not answering the doors and what to do if she saw anyone. She spent her time while Jack was shopping cleaning the house and arguing with Brie.

"But he is a very good fur on the inside," Brie said confused.

"I don't care, I DON'T love him," Brenda said dusting with a vigor she had never dusted before.

"But you do," Brie said even more confused, "I can feel that you do."

"DON'T TELL ME HOW I'M FEELING! I know how I feel and. . .and he's too old, and he's a psycho, and. . .and he is. . . just not the fur I want to fall in love with."

Brie was so puzzled at this point she didn't know what to say. She knew the biochemical reactions of love and Brenda was flooded to the brim along with Jack. There might have been nothing there for a lasting relationship that was beyond her ability to fathom but they deeply loved each other in the here and now. Why didn't they enjoy it while it lasted?

"But he loves you," Brie said weakly causing Brenda to gasp and almost knock over the lamp and table she was trying to clean.

"How do you know. . no never mind. . What do you know about love anyway?"

"Well there are so many types of love, the one you two both feel towards each other is the first stages of desire for a deeper more meaningful joining that just the physical. You would both give your lives to protect the other and you see each other as your mate. It could move on to a richer and deeper level but that is beyond my ability to predict. . ," Brie said trailing off as Brenda burst into tears.

"I can't love him," she whimpered, "but I do. What am I going to do?"

"You are going to do what you are going to do, but I have some advice," Brie said.

"What?"

"Enjoy the love you both feel right now, if it grows then be joyous, if it fades don't regret it."

"But," Brenda whimpered, "It's just so wrong, I just became an adult and he's. .

well he has to be in his thirties and. . .”

“I don't know what that has to do with that, I loved my father and I was only weeks old and he was even older than Jack and I love you.”

“But that's different. . . I mean having sex with him. . .,” Brenda meeped as she felt a surge of desire, “Oh gods I want him so bad.”

“Sex is not love,” Brie said, “But it can be used to express love.

Jack returned and began to load the fridge and freezer with out a word. Brenda was watching him carefully wondering about what Brie had told her. When he finished and was about to leave she waddled up to him her belly bumping against him softly before she could get close enough to do what she wanted.

“Er, I guess you're not used to your size yet,” Jack said a blush burning under his cheek fur.

“No,” Brenda said pulling him tightly to her swollen front and kissing him as deeply as she could till she thought she was going to pass out from lack of air. Clinging tightly and gasping she whispered, “I love you, right now, right or wrong, I'm going to love you right here and right now.”

Making love to so pregnant a body did produce quite the squeezing of Brie but she didn't care. Brenda and Jack were both very happy and she basked in the warmth and energy of their love making.

When Brenda woke up Jack was gone she lay in bed for quite some time breathing the scent he left on the pillow before going to rummage for food. She couldn't believe how much she gorged herself before feeling the slightest bit full. He was right MRE's were not good but they were filling and she had ate 7 of them before moving on to the effort to cook something.

She had little to do at the cabin but eat and watch TV which would normally result in weight gain but she was eating 10 times as much as a high school football player. There were times she swore she could see her boobs and belly swelling.

The funny thing is she was turning into her nightmare of bloated fattitude but that wasn't her biggest worry. After a kitchen chair had broke under her she feared at some point she was going to break through the floor boards.

Looking at herself in the bathroom mirror she was amazed that all of this was her. Her breasts looked like she had got beach balls for implants and her belly was only a few inches wide of not fitting through the door. Her thighs were bigger around than her old hips had been and she had hips and butt to fit them nicely. Jack had been right though they weren't flabby, they were corded steel under some soft padding. Her arms and back were the same way as well.

It was night so she snuck out back to the shed and then tried to lift the front of an old snowmobile she found there. To her shock it came right up in her grasp.

“Brie, just how strong have you made me,” she gasped.

“Um I'm not sure but you should be able to lift maybe 15 times what you lifted before.”

“Well I could lift,” she thought back to the struggle with the 50 pound bag of dog food, “750 pounds, that is like Olympic weight lifter.”

“What's an Olympic weight lifter,” Brie asked.

“Never mind that, what is my body going to be like after you are born?”

“Well you'll still be as strong as you are now, um your hips will narrow some and your breasts will shrink some. I'm changing your milk since I won't be needing it.”

“Changing it? How,” she asked worried.

“I wanted to surprise you but not only will your milk feed babies but it will heal any fur that drinks it to perfect health, well physical health as long as the body has the capacity to achieve it.”

Brenda waddled back to the cabin a bit in shock. She hadn't expected to have lasting effects from this pregnancy and certainly not have superpowers. She went back to the mirror to look at herself again trying to picture herself without the massive tummy.

* * *

There was tons of media flack over the air bombing of what was left of Hillsberg. Most of the people complaining about the loss of family members and property were easily silenced by the checks that lawyers were handing out. The ones that wouldn't be silenced, well they started to disappear and the rest decided to be satisfied with the money. On the whole most of the country sighed in relief that the plague had been contained and destroyed.

Brenda watched it on the fuzzy black and white TV wondering if that meant they would stop searching for Brie now. Somehow she doubted it. Her biggest worry was her belly though, this morning it had finally happened.

Brenda had struggled and flop rolled out of the bed onto her belly which Brie had assured her wouldn't harm her then rocked back and forth to get to her paws. Getting to her paws she waddled and staggered to the bathroom and her belly wedged in the doorway. In desperation she grabbed the door frame and pulled squeezing herself into the bathroom nearly wetting herself from the pressure inside.

“Brie,” she moaned rubbing her belly, “I can't take much more, I'm too big for the doorways now. I may not explode but soon I'm going to be too big to move.”

“Just a bit longer,” Brie assured her, “very soon now.”

* * *

Brie wish she didn't have to lie but she didn't know how to break the news to her mother either. Brie had discovered too late that she could not attain her full power inside Brenda's body. Being linked to Brenda's mind and nervous system like she was she'd burn

out Brenda like a candle in a blast furnace if she allowed herself to fully energize. She had to limit herself to what mortal flesh could contain.

She had tried to be born 24 hours ago and discovered something else terrible. She didn't have the energy to pass herself from Brenda's body and maintain her structure at the same time. Even drawing on Brenda's strength there just wasn't enough power. Brenda was only being held together by Brie's will now and she'd explode without Brie's help.

Her only hope was Jack, the three of them together could do it if he hurried. Despite the fact that her body was no longer growing the amount of amniotic fluid was rising making Brenda's belly grow and nothing Brie did seemed to stem the tide of hormones that was making her breasts swell. If he didn't come soon Brenda might grow too large for her to hold all together.

Brie guessed that it was only a week maybe a little more before Jack's energy would be too little and she'd have no choice. She'd have to pull in all of her strength causing Brenda to burst open then hope like hell she could repair her body before both of them went into shock and possibly died.

* * *

Jack was having some problems of his own. The laying of false trails had been going splendid, but he had underestimated the sheer manpower Smith was throwing at them. It seemed that Smith was passed the worry of wanting to keep it quiet.

The media was having a field day with the sudden increase of military exercises and homeland security drills. There was even a rumor going about that they were looking for a carrier of Hills Disease as one paper had dubbed the contagion that had wiped out a small town.

Jack knew that Smith was behind that rumor, just to make it more difficult for them to hide. Fursons were now on the outlook for anyone that looked out of place.

He was giving up hope on confusing them enough to give up and the prickly feeling he got off and on was giving him the message that Smith was closing in. He got himself a cargo van with a bed in the back just in case Brie had not been born yet. He just hoped the van would be big enough.

* * *

Mr Smith looked over the reports coming in and growled. There had been a report of Brenda's ATM card being used in Hawaii of all places. He was sure that whatever she was pregnant with it had not been born yet, otherwise something terrible would have happened. From the reports of her last visible sighting she was too big to get on a plane unnoticed.

"It has to be Hunter," he cursed, "That monster took him over some how."

Scattered reports of furs that might be Hunter were filtering in from all over. Just like traces of Brenda Winston. One captured fur had looked almost like Hunter's twin

brother. Turned out he'd been hired a long time ago by a guy he'd never met. He got several hundred a week to do nothing unless he got a phone call then he was to go and cause trouble at bars telling everyone he was Hunter.

"He had running plans for sometime, where would he run too. He has to have some way out of the country."

* * *

Jack was without plans for the first time in his life. He had always expected that if things went south this bad he's just set off the confusion and hide in the woods for years before trying to slip out of the country. He was sure that Brenda was going to need a doctor despite Brie assuring him otherwise.

"Where to find a doctor," he mumbled to himself.

In the back of his head he knew it was impossible for them to hide or even get out of the country but he wasn't going to give up without a fight. How to fight was the problem, even dumping the mass of records he had hidden wouldn't stop Smith. Karma was teaching him a harsh lesson for all the people he had hunted down in the past.

The remaining ghost of Hunter told him he should get some really heavy duty bombs like a fuel air bomb or a small nuke. Then go and kill Smith before blowing the crap out of where ever he had set shop up at. That would logically buy them months of time before they could sort that all out. It was just that he knew Brie would be very unhappy about that and there was the overpowering feeling that Brie and Brenda needed him now.

* * *

Brenda had gone from being afraid she was going to burst to wishing she would and get it over with. In a fit of psychotic rage she had took an chainsaw and widened the inner doorways to fit her body. Her weight was so great she had destroyed every chair but the sofa which was slowly being crushed under her butt. Sitting on the couch forced her belly and boobs up so far she couldn't see over the top of them so she couldn't watch TV.

She just couldn't get comfortable no matter what now.

"BRIE," she said after yet another meal and feeling even huger, "I want you out right now!"

"Now," Brie asked starting to panic.

"Yes, right this minuet, I can't take anymore."

"Ah mommy there is a small problem," Brie said in a small voice.

"Small problem, I see a HUGE problem, what is the problem."

"I'm stuck."

There was absolute silence for about five minuets, then Brenda screamed at the top of her lungs, "STUCK! WHAT DO YOU MEANT STUCK?"

Sobbing uncontrollably Brie tried to explain how and why she couldn't be born

while Brenda ranted, screamed and broke stuff. Brenda at long last passed out from exhaustion on the bed. Luckily she was out of it enough she didn't realize her flopping on the bed had drove the bed legs through the floor.

It was hours before she awoke to an aching body and a still crying Brie. Despite everything she tried Brie wouldn't talk to her. Brenda slowly started remembering some of the things she had said while having her fit and felt sick. Brie had plenty of reasons to never talk to her again.

All she could do was curl about her tummy and rub as much as she could reach. Brie eventually cried herself to sleep. Even though she wouldn't let her waking mind feel it her sleeping mind felt Brenda's love for her and allowed Brenda to feel her love too.

"Oh Brie," Brenda said her eyes filling with tears, "How could I have ever called you a monster? I'm so sorry."

* * *

Brie in a fit of suicidal anger decided to fly off and find Smith. He was still at the place she had been created. His machine was still pushing her away and in her anger she had forced herself in towards it till it exploded from the strain. Smith had jumped up from his bed with two guns in his hands.

Looking at the flaming wreckage of his machine he choked a bit and whispered, "So you've come at last."

Brie hadn't expected this but she made herself visible to mortal eyes as a nearly room filling moth. Smith unloaded both guns into the horrible vision before him. Brie just looked ticked at him.

"You can not harm me, now or ever," she told him.

"Maybe but. . ."

"Yes you are a bad man and can hurt those I care about. I will warn you. You forget about Brenda and Hunter. If you don't there is no where you can hide from me."

She faded slowly from view as she heard Smith's thoughts and she projected her voice so it would sound like thunder to Smith.

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE ME IN DEATH?"

She fled there screaming stupid at herself, Smith would not stop now, he'd keep coming and never stop till he hurt Brenda and Jack. There was nothing she could do to him and he'd figure out she was bluffing soon enough.

She tried to fly to where father but that caused her body to freak out and yank her painfully back together. For several seconds she flailed about as it felt if her body was suffocating her. After that she felt that her body had trapped her mind within her body. It seemed that part of herself refused to let her kill herself. Then for a awful moment she was sure that she felt her father telling her she had been bad.

She awoke to Brenda holding her and she was flooded with the turmoil of

emotions that were running through Brenda.

"I'm sorry I lied to you mother," she whispered.

Brenda didn't answer her verbally she just hugged her belly tightly and let Brie feel her apology.

* * *

Terri laid in bed crying, she had managed to limp her way to the bath room and unwrap her face. They had come running when she had screamed. They had repaired the stitches she had broke and had restrained her to bed to keep her from trying again.

She didn't bother trying to tell them she'd never look in a mirror again.

She tried blaming everyone for what had happened but it was weak and feeble excuses. She was in this bed because of what SHE had done. She was now as ugly on the outside as she had always known she was on the inside. She couldn't hide from her ugliness now. A long time later a nurse came and released the cuffs.

"You aren't going to try to get out of bed are you," she asked.

"No, I only did because they wouldn't give me a mirror," Terri said looking at the mushy looking food.

"Well I'm sure they had a good reason for that," the nurse said uncertain she agreed with them.

"Yeah, because I'm ugly."

"Um I'm sure. . ."

"I just wish I wasn't ugly inside, I think that is more important."

"What makes you think you are ugly inside," the nurse said in shock.

Terri swallowed a spoonful and pointed at her face with the plastic spoon, "The guy that did this to my face, I took him to my best friend to hurt her because she wouldn't let me push her to suicide anymore. This is justice for everything I've done to my friends and family."

"You shouldn't think that. No one deserves what happened to you."

"Oh I did, but I'll tell you what, I'm never going to be ugly inside again."

* * *

Brenda looked over her front in the mirror critically in the mirror, there were no stretch marks under her fur or any other signs that she was way past critical mass. Well other than the fact that she was pregnant with a full grown fur.

"So if Jack doesn't come back in the next 4 or 5 days I'm going to explode," Brenda said calmly.

"Well no, I could remain in you."

"But I'd become immobile and eventually my boobs and belly would bust through the walls."

"I never thought about that but it is possible you'd never stop growing."

“Well that is not an option,” Brenda said firmly, “Okay this bursting is dangerous, is it safer to explode now or after I reach the limit.”

“Huh?”

“Come on Brie, is it better to do this before I get any bigger or would it be the same danger if we waited for Jack and he came too late.”

“I don't think that really matters,” Brie said after some thinking, “It isn't the damage that is the problem, it would be the pain involved. I can fix your body easily if I'm awake, but if the pain causes me to pass out I would have to wake up quickly to do the repairs.”

“And there isn't a way to make it painless,” Brenda asked hopefully.

“For you, I can put you into a very deep sleep, but I'd have to remain awake.”

“No,” Brenda said suddenly, “It would be better if both of us were awake. If I didn't pass out I could wake you, and if I do then I wouldn't feel much anyway.”

After a moment Brenda sighed.

“Brie there is something I need to tell you. I was killing myself, I choose to die that night, maybe I was supposed to die that night. You gave me more time, I shouldn't have been angry at you. If Jack doesn't make it in time and I don't survive, I want you to take care of Jack and remember me.”

Brie could not answer for some time then painfully she lied that she would. She did not have the heart to tell Brenda that chances were that being so closely linked together that she would not be free enough of Brenda if the worst happened. She would follow her in death.

* * *

Over the course of the next few days everyone became convinced that Smith had turned a dangerous shade of mad. He had shot up his trailer then ran screaming into the night half naked. Now he was issuing conflicting and erratic orders. Most of them were now convinced that this monster they were being ordered to hunt was in Smith's head though none dared voice that thought.

Smith himself didn't care. It had come and threatened him, the damn thing had dared to threaten him in his own office. The thought that most preyed upon his mind was the fact it was powerful enough to destroy a psion shield and it knew it's power.

“It could have crushed me like a bug,” he mumbled his paws shaking as they tried to light a real cigarette, “It didn't even consider me worthy of destroying me.”

Brie had done worse than if she had killed him and she didn't even know it. She had wounded his ego. He was convinced that he was beneath the monsters notice.

“I'm going to break that thing,” he mumbled, “I'm going to see it strapped to an exam table and it's going to watch as I gut that rabbit and that traitorous coyote. Then I'm going to cut it apart cell by cell listening to it scream.”

Smith had assembled every antipsychic weapon ever conceived to combat this nightmare monster in hopes that something would work against it. He had sent away anyone with any unusual psi scores low or high not trusting them. All he had to do was wait on Hunter.

“That mutt is going to lead us right to it.”

* * *

One of his agents was coming to deliver a report and was about to knock when Smith erupted in laughter. Instead he slipped the report under the door and knocked before running away at a sprint. Moments later they were mobilizing for a full scale assault.

* * *

Jack knew he was being followed his instincts were confused and conflicting. He felt he had to lead them away but he also knew he had to be there right now. Driving up the road to the cabin he knew that there was no time, no time at all, he had to get Brenda and run as fast as they could.

Jack's heart clenched in his chest as he opened the door to the cabin. He was to late. The place was wrecked, furniture smashed and it looked like someone had drove a car through the doorways. They had came and got her already.

“Brenda,” he called weakly with out hope of an answer.

“JACK,” he heard Brenda nearly scream.

“Brenda, you're still here,” he asked amazed.

“Oh my god Jack,” she called from the bedroom, “You gotta get in here, I'm about to explode.”

Jack rushed into the bedroom and was stunned. Brenda was naked and was beyond imagination. She was standing but her tummy was resting on the floor, it had to be 4 foot across and as round as the full moon. Her breasts being pushed up by her belly were rising higher than her chin. Not even the most grandiose fertility goddess was as big as Brenda was right now.

She was panting and holding her breasts with a very desperate look in her eyes. Jack stepped carefully forward and touched her rock hard belly causing her to moan.

“Jack you have to yiff me right now before I burst!”

“Wha. . .how,” Jack said in shock, “Brenda we don't have time for this.”

“Jack I am not joking, if we don't merge energy Brie is going to come out in a very messy way. No drop those pants and yiff me before I explode.”

Jack rubbed her tummy in shock, she did feel like she was going to pop under his finger tips. He whined a bit as he wondered just how it would be possible to do this she was so big. Taking off his clothes one handed he walked around her trailing his fingers through her fur.

He nibbled her neck pressing himself as close to her as possible in an effort to put his arms around her. It was no use he had to content himself with rubbing the sides of her breasts and belly. Brenda reached back to run her fingers through his fur as well. It was hard trying to find a position with which to enter her which was causing Brenda to squirm and moan as he seemed to be teasing her with his cock.

“Stop that,” she moaned and Jack responded by gently tickling her ribs.

Slowly he was able to enter her causing her to scream so loud and flop limp that he thought he had killed her. Only her moans of no prevented him from pulling free of her completely. Pressing closer to her and deeper within revived her to clutch desperately to his body. It was happening to quickly but the feeling was just to intense to contain he could not only feel his body, but Brenda and Brie's bodies as well and they were all building to climax at once.

It was impossible in it's intensity he could feel himself pregnant and being penetrated by himself. He could feel every sensation that was being felt by both him and Brenda and it was impossible to tell where each of them began or ended. He wasn't sure what was going to happen when they orgasmed but he knew they didn't have long to find out.

“What's happening,” someone maybe all of them exclaimed as soft blue light begin to fill the room. It came from Brenda's enormous belly, the glow became brighter as they neared climax.

Several things happened at once, there was an explosion of pleasure, a loud popping sound, a flood of liquid splashing across the floor and Jack falling backwards with Brenda in his arms as the anchor weight in front suddenly vanished.

Jack was able to feel that Brenda's tummy was like a saggy deflated balloon but whole before passing out drained of all energy.

* * *

Brie lay gasping on the floor lungs burning from being used for the first time. She was cold and so very very alone. She couldn't feel Brenda anymore and she cried at loosing her.

The small flame that was her power suddenly realizing Brie was free of Brenda's body exploded causing Brie to jerk upwards to her feet, in fact nearly a foot from the floor so powerful was the pull. Brie hung there slowly revolving in near shock as senses she had never even imagined began to flood her with information.

All around the world people with psychic abilities woke from sound sleep or turned to where the small cabin was located in relation to them. It was like a song heard through all your senses. Many cried, some from how beautiful it was, others out of the terrible fear that something good had just entered the world and there was nowhere that the could hide from it.

Brie now knew what her father had intended her to be was only a small part of everything she could be. If she wished it she could reach out and command everyone everywhere to do what they should do, this frightened her greatly. Father had wanted her to make the world a better place and to heal people mentally and physically.

“Father,” she said to herself, “I will do as you want, but only if people want it. It will take me a long time but I will change this world one person at a time.”

Brie slowly sank to the floor and realized she was standing in wet, but more importantly mother and Jack were laying in it.

She levitated them both onto the bed causing them to become dry as she did so. She hadn't know she could do that but being able to sense and bend gravity or remove the water from their fur was so simple once she tried to do it.

Brenda was a mess, her stomach looked like an empty garbage bag, her breasts grotesque balls of flesh that sagged without support of her belly past her waist. Her hips were so wide she looked ready to fall through them.

First she drew up her poor overstretched womb and belly. Brie had really stretched, compressed, and disarranged Brenda's poor insides. When she had finished Brenda had a smallish pot belly which she really would never be able to get rid of but on the plus side she'd have to have a litter of 10 or so before she'd put undo strain on her reproductive system.

The breasts posed quite a problem, the special glans for the healing milk she had designed were hundreds of times bigger than normal milk glans. Even after compacting them as much as possible and drawing up the loose fur Brenda looked like she had beach balls in her boobs. At least the properties of her milk would prevent painful engorgement but she would swell with milk till she let it out.

Lastly Brie reshaped Brenda's body to pleasing ratios that would support her bust and belly giving her a rational appearance if not a believable one.

Brie then turned to Jack's body, he was older than Brenda but that was easy to fix just resetting everything and a bit of cosmetic work. She gave him strength equal to Brenda's as she figured he'd need it to keep up with Brenda in bed. He would have other skills to defender when she finished.

She entered the forest of his mind finding the little version of Jack standing over his sleeping form still holding the hockey stick.

“You're beautiful,” he exclaimed, “uh, you are still the wollyworm right?”

“Yes,” Brie said shocked that her voice was accompanied by music here, “I have gift and a job for you.”

“My job is to protect him,” he said stubbornly.

“I know, but you need to protect Brenda too,” she said opening a window showing Brenda sleeping next to Jack.”

“She's not as pretty as you,” Little Jack said not turning from looking at Brenda, “but she is awfully pretty.”

“Would you be willing to protect her too,” Brie asked.

“I . . . I want to,” he said with a whimper, “But she's out there and I'm in here.”

Leaning down Brie kissed Little Jack on the forehead. Slowly like a time lapse of an entire child's life Little Jack grew up into a tall and powerfully muscled coyote with stark white fur and deep blue eyes.

“What. . . what have you done to me,” he said surprised at the deepness of his own voice.

“You have grown up into a full guardian now,” she said looking up at him, “You are to protect Jack and Brenda now because I won't always be with them.”

“How do I do that?”

“You can step through that window and you can touch the minds of others but you must promise me. You will only harm if there is no other choice, you need to guide and heal others before you harm them and harm them only as needed to drive them away,” she told him stepping through the window to return.

“Wait what happens if I don't keep the promise?”

“Then this window will close forever and you will never be able to return to Jack or this forest, in the end you will just fade away and will fail to protect Jack and Brenda”

He nodded solemnly and said, “On my honor as a warrior I will hold your promise, not out of fear of death, but love for Jack, Brenda, and mostly love for you.”

Brie felt tired as she returned to her body and wanted nothing more to curl up next to Jack and Brenda but that was not to be she had more tasks to finish this night. Smith was coming and bringing the bad people with him, something needed to be done but what.

Brie went to the bathroom not because she needed to go but to look at herself in the mirror. She was a bit taller than Brenda but shorter than Jack, to her mind father could still hold her in the palm of his paw. Her breasts were large but not as massive as Brenda's course the inside of her body was radically different now that it had been when she was born just moments ago.

She was a black and white skunk like her father was with a long fluffy tail but she had very long lop bunny ears that hung down her back. Her black and white hair hung to her ankles. She had nice female curves despite being longer than she thought she should be.

Brie bound her hair up in a massive pony tail using all of Brenda's hair ribbons. Dressing herself in Brenda's clothes was easy as she could just adjust them to fit as needed. She did worry a bit as she needed to expand Brenda's shoes to fit and Brenda had always thought to herself that her feet were huge when she put on her shoes. Were her

feet too big for being part rabbit she wondered?

By the time she was dressed Smith and everyone had set up their lights, checked the weapons, and made ready to storm the house. They weren't prepared for Brie to open the front door the second the lights came on. The men fell to a stop at this unexpected turn of events.

"Put your hands on your head and lay down on the ground," someone shouted into a megaphone from the glare of the lights.

"I think not, you have just woke up mother and Jack and they really need their rest now," she admonished them, "You all need to go away and stop hurting people."

"Shit," Smith screamed from the shadows, "She's the creature! Shoot her now!"

Thousands of bullets were in the air flying toward her and the house. She didn't move or even blink as they slowed to a stop before her then instead of dropping to the ground they gathered into a neat pile at her feet. The expressions of shock gave way to horror as each man realized his gun was turning to dust in his paws.

"I see that I'm going to have to teach you all a lesson," she said raising a paw and glowing softly with a golden aura.

They all turned to run but didn't get far before they fell to their knees and began to scream and some of them to cry.

"My goddess," Brenda exclaimed from behind her, "What did you do to them?"

"I showed them the truth," Brie said calmly.

"The truth," Jack asked confused.

"I showed them the truth of everything they have ever done or thought. I took away their ability to lie to themselves or rationalize their actions. They now have to look upon their sins with eyes unclouded."

"That is a pretty neat trick," Smith said, stepping out from behind a truck, "But I'm not some weak minded fool who can't face what he has done."

"No," Brie said sadly, "You are evil."

"A monster calling me evil," Smith said laughing, "I may not be able to kill you myself but I will find a way."

"Your bombs are deactivated," Brie replied.

"Bombs," Smith said uncertain.

"Yes the one in the truck and the ones in the planes, they won't work anymore. There is nothing you can do that will harm me."

Smith's face contorted as his fists clenched and his body shook with rage.

"And I will not allow you to harm anyone I care about either, since I care about everyone in this world I'm going to do something I shall regret."

"Go on kill me," Smith sneered, "It doesn't matter to me now, but in your mind I'll have won."

“I’m not going to kill you,” Brie said her eyes glowing with a terrible light, “It would be over for you and you would never learn.”

Slowly she walked towards Smith who's mind was flittering from one method to kill her to the next. He didn't know that his body wasn't going to respond to his commands to strike her at this point. She put a finger tip on his forehead.

“I give you all the pain you have ever caused,” she said with tears going down her cheeks.

Smith screamed till his lungs ran out of air his body trapped in a ridged pose suffocating from the attempt to scream more. He fell to the ground still frozen unable to breath tears of blood leaking from his eyes. At long last he drew a breath and whimpered, “No more.”

“There is no more,” Brie said crying, “That is all you've done.”

“Take it away,” he begged, “I don't want to remember.”

“I can't it is yours to remember for all time.”

Smith screamed no at the top of his lungs and scrabbled away on all fours into the night.

“No! Make it go away,” he could be heard screaming in the distance, “It didn't happen to meee!”

Jack and Brenda helped the sobbing Brie back into the house and comforted her the best they could. Even if they felt that Smith deserved what she had done they could tell it had hurt her terrible to do it to him.

Epilogue One: Smith

A brownish bear in an suit watched with some disdain as orderlies dragged a screaming fur in a straitjacket down the hall. He had the look of a high school quarter back that has not aged gracefully into middle age nor has any prospects of improving with age. Every so often he looks at a watch and wish he was anywhere but here,

After an eternity of waiting a ginger tabby dressed as a doctor came out from the door the bear is leaning next to.

“Ah director, hope you haven't been waiting long,” he says looking up from his clipboard and pushing his glass up.

“Doctor Kratz, I have been waiting far too long, I want to know is he going to live, what happened to him, can he return to work and if not how long till he recovers,” the Bear said looking down his nose at the cat.

“Well despite being found naked in the woods after missing for two months and apparently living on a diet of leaves he is in remarkable good health. As for what happened to him I have no idea,” he said shaking his head.

“No clues,” the Bear snapped.

“If I was to hazard a guess, torture, long term torture both physical and mental. He is cut up pretty bad but those are superficial and self inflicted he has bouts where he claws at himself. What ever they did to him they didn't leave a mark on him.

“As for working, he is never going to recover, he has been broken beyond any repair. We can barely get a sentence out of him.”

“Hummm,” the Bear said, “So with all the data at the site destroyed by unknown means and everyone who was involved either here or in some religious order refusing to tell what happened we are never going to know what the operation was about.”

“I’m afraid not. All we know is every psychic said that something like the finger of god touching the earth happened that night.”

“Bob, is that you,” Smith suddenly asked from the grill in his door.

“Smith?” the bear and cat ask together.

"She's coming Bob and there is no where to hide."

“Who's coming,” the bear demanded, “Who were you after? That Brenda girl?”

“She'll be in your head Bob, that's where you'll find her. She'll do bad things to you Bob,” Smith said starting to drool.

“Who is she?”

“Bob, I did everything you ever asked. I want you to do something for me. . something special.”

“What,” the bear said uncertain.

Smith took a deep breath and screamed, "KIIILLLLLLLLL MEEEEEEEEEE!"

The director left with Smith still screaming kill me over and over again.

Epilogue Two: Brenda and Jack

Brenda was returning home after running with Jack for 4 months. They were giving up on trying to hide. A girl with Brenda's figure really couldn't hide anywhere unless she stayed locked in the house. Also after the first month the agency realized trying to get close to them resulted in the loss of agents and they didn't seem to be doing anything dangerous.

There were some strange reports of miraculous recoveries of patients in both hospitals and mental facilities. If there was a connection between the miracles and their two fugitives

Jack had his doubts but Brenda teased him that it was fear of meeting her parents. The agency had indeed given up on trying to collect them as they did seem too dangerous to capture despite never killing anyone. They would be monitored closely and everything that happened around them documented.

Brenda's parents were stunned at their daughters appearance more so than her husband to be or the story that they had been running from the government for the past few months.

"Darling I can understand you stopped being anorexic but how is all of this possible," her mother exclaimed.

"I don't know," Brenda said winking at Jack, "I just sorta blew up for a bit, but I have lost some of the weight I gained."

They only stayed at her parents for a few weeks before finding an apartment. It was a needed move as Brenda's mom kept trying to get her to go to the doctor which Brenda figured would raise question that couldn't be answered. Also the two times that Brie had visited while they were there she couldn't keep from calling Brenda mom.

"Dear, that friend of your's, Brie, she's a really sweet if odd girl but I'm kinda worried," Brenda's mom said after Brie had left, "She keeps calling you mom. . ."

"Well I guess I was sort of motherly to her while we were hiding out," Brenda said evasively as usual.

"I wish you would tell us the truth Brenda."

"Mother, we explained it as much as we could, we were suspected of being carriers of Hill's Disease and a rouge army officer was trying to kill us. It's taken care of and over now. We really told you more than we should of mother. It is really for all our safety that we just pretend it never happened."

Both Jack and Brie had suggested making her parents forget that she had ever been skinny or missing but Brenda told them we can't fix everyone's memory. It is best to stick to the story no matter what. Things relaxed and settled into a frame of normalcy once they had their own place. In fact it was only a year or so before people kept staring at Brenda when she went out into public.

Epilogue Three: Terri

Terri stormed out of the administrators office trying to hold back the tears of rage. She had graduated top of her class in nursing school, she was more qualified than any for the job and she knew it. It was the same as the last 5 hospitals she had applied at, they had all been too polite to say, "We don't want to hire someone that looks like they took too close a look at a wood chipper."

Suddenly she was grabbed by a strange woman in the hall.

"Oh my goddess," the bunny skunk exclaimed, "Terri what happened to you?"

Terri froze in horror, she had changed her name because people she used to know would tell her they used to know a girl named Terri Quinn. It was too painful to tell them that she was that Terri. This was the first time anyone had recognized her. Looking at

this unbelievably beautiful fur she was at a loss for words.

“Do. . Do I know you,” she asked trying to place her, it was odd she knew she had never seen this fur before but she was familiar to her.

“I’m Brenda’s d. . cousin we only met briefly,” Brie lied.

“I’m sorry I don’t remember you,” Terri said confused, “I can’t believe you recognized me.”

“Well you do look very different than the last time I saw you,” Brie said looking more at Terri’s aura than her body, “But there is always something that is always you that remains no matter how much you change. Let me buy you lunch.”

Terri was about to say she wasn’t hungry but her stomach growled before she could answer.

It was very strange but she ended up telling Brie her entire life story over the course of their long lunch. There was something about this woman she could open up to, she didn’t judge her by her face and seemed to know everything about her already. There was also something very scary about Brie too.

It took her a while to pin it down, but there were times that Brie would answer a question before it was asked of her. And then she had excused herself from the table like she was headed for the bathroom and on the way there she grabbed a loaded tray out of the waitress’ paws with one paw and caught her as she slipped with the other.

Another time she went over to a girl that was crying in a booth and handed her a wad of bills from her purse telling her, “That should more than cover the money he stole from you. Oh any if you want to pay me back just help someone in the future that needs help.”

“How did you know she had been robbed,” Terri asked as Brie returned to the table.

“These ears,” Brie said with a giggle, “I hear everything.”

“But why did you help her,” Terri asked.

“Tell me Terri, why do you help people?”

“I. . it’s because I need to make up for the bad things I have done, and it makes me feel good to see people happy.”

“Me too,” Brie said thinking of poor Mr. Smith, “If everyone helped other just a bit the world would be so very different.”

Terri kept thinking about Brenda’s strange cousin the rest of the day. She was almost certain that Brenda didn’t have any cousins but there was a very nagging feeling that Brie was related to Brenda, there was a Brenda feel about her.

Terri was woken from her every night nightmare of that night by someone laying in her bed holding her and stroking her brow. It was a female someone, despite the fact she had never even thought about being with a woman before it felt wonderful being held by

this woman. For the first time since that night Terri felt safe.

“Do you really want to heal people,” Brie whispered into her ear, “no matter what?”

“Brie? What. . .how?”

“Please, I need to know,” Brie asked rather urgently.

“Yes,” Terri whispered.

“Then suckle,” Brie said turning Terri to her breast and pressing a nipple against her lips.

Terri did at first involuntarily almost a instinctual response but as the milk flooded her mouth it tasted so good she couldn't stop. She drank and drank, it was impossible but Brie must have gallons of milk. Terri could feel her stomach getting full and stretching to hold it all. Terri gasped for breath as Brie gently moved her to her other breast, her stomach was big as a basket ball and as hard as a rock. When Brie went to return her to the first breast Terri tried to stop her.

“Please, no more I'll burst,” she whined.

Brie paid her no mind and kept feeding.

In the morning Terri awoke with a start grabbing her stomach which was thankfully her normal ready for winter pudginess.

“That was one strange dream,” Terri said opening her eyes.

Looking down at her chest she blinked her eyes a few times then with a trembling finger she poked one of them. It bobbed like it was real but more importantly she felt it.

“HOLY SHIT,” she screamed and flailed frantically trying to get out of bed.

Her now beyond gigantic breasts having altered her center of gravity enough she had to relearn how to get out of bed. Once out of bed she managed a step before she fell forward onto her new breasts.

“What did she do to me,” Terri said getting up and rubbing her now aching breasts.

Then Terri noticed her breasts weren't scared. Looking at the rest of her body she saw that all her scars were gone. Running to the bathroom she ripped the paper she had tapped over the mirror away. It was her face looking back at her, a bit plumper and older, but it was her face. She collapsed on the floor crying.

When she managed to crawl back to the bedroom there was a note on the bed.

*Terri, sorry about the bust line I'm afraid you're
going to get a bit bigger still when your milk comes
in. Your milk will heal furs that have the ability to*

*recover almost instantly, I will warn you not
everyfur can be healed. Please use this gift responsibly.
I have adjusted your ID cards and Wardrobe to
fit the new you.*

Love Brie.

*Oh, PS go talk to Brenda if you need help or
have any questions of what to do.*

Terri read the note over and over again. She broke her vow to not call Brenda, as that was really the last fur she wanted to face, two weeks later. She had tried to stop the milk by not expressing it but she just kept getting fuller and bigger with no signs of stopping or popping in sight. To her relief Brenda wasn't angry and was very happy to hear that Terri wanted to visit.

Terri was expecting all kinds of things but she didn't expect what she saw when the door opened. She stared at Brenda's chest for a moment while Brenda stared at her then they both said, "What the hell happened to you?"

Epilogue Four: Brie

The director looked over the paper work on his desk and reached for a bottle of pepto. He finished off the last of it tossing it into a trash can full of similar bottles. He took a new bottle from a drawer full of nothing but pepto. His agency was falling apart and there was nothing that could be done, the only saving grace was every other black bag agency was doing the same.

Agents were disappearing by truck loads, when they found them, if they found them they had taken up humanitarian pursuits. The few that had been willing to talk said they had to atone for their sins.

There was a nameless force out there and they were losing to it. Most troubling was the fact that this force seemed to ask nothing in return. Furs who were dying or incurable mad were suddenly walking out of hospitals saying someone helped me and only asked me to go help others.

Then there was the mysterious report about women's breasts, it seemed that there was a strange virus or something that was causing women's breasts to grow to ridiculous size almost overnight. Tracking these women was pretty easy due to custom bra orders and they seemed to be the centers of these strange outbreaks of healings. Trying to

capture one though was proving impossible. Agents reported that they were very very strong and fast or they just never reported back.

The director looked up as his door opened unexpectedly. It was a bunny skunk. She was quite voluptuous and had the longest hair of any fur he had ever seen. She was wearing a tie dye shirt, bell bottom jeans with rainbows and butterflies on them. She looked like she had stepped out of the 60's. The director's stomach clenched inside, he hated hippies, his parents had been hippies.

"Who let you in here," he said calmly reaching for the gun in his desk.

"I let myself in Robert or should I call you Sunfire," she asked.

The director gritted his teeth and wondered what this powdery stuff was where his gun was supposed to be, "Why should you call me that?"

"Because that is what your mother named you," she said sitting on his desk.

"Get out of here," he snapped.

"But you have been wanting to meet me Sunfire."

"Don't call me that! What do you mean I want to meet you?"

"Well I'm the quote FORCE unquote you have been trying to fight. I'm sorry it took me so long to get here but there are so many furs that need help," she said with a sigh, "That's why I'm here, I need your help."

"What are you," he asked suddenly terrified, she must have been the one that drove Smith mad.

"I'm Brie, but I think telling you that I'm Dr. Tisdale's daughter would explain more."

"Tisdale, he didn't have. . ." Sunfire mumbled as his eyes went wide.

"You understand now, he made me to make the world a better now there is something I need to show you and it's going to hurt."

The last thing Sunfire remembered was a glowing paw and he was watching a little bear crying while someone in an army uniform was beating a hippy couple. With a wrench to his heart he realized it him and the couple was his mom and dad. Then he was watching them put a sheet over his father. He saw his mother laying in bed while the little bear cried for her to please wake up.

"They didn't leave me," he said astounded.

He then saw himself all alone in the orphanage and his grandfather yelling at the staff that he didn't want the little bastard. His grandfather who told him his parent had dumped him on a street corner.

He watched with growing horror how he betrayed his parents and their dreams for him. He watched as he joined the military, then special ops, all the time his sins mounting like cord wood. He had always said he had no choice but now he saw that he had plenty of choices and worse at times he had enjoyed it.

When the visions had cleared he found himself crying and being rocked gently by Brie.

“How. . .how can you bare to touch me,” he whimpered.

“Me forgiving you easy,” she said nuzzling his ears, “It's forgiving yourself that will be a hard task.”

He didn't know how long he cried but she held and comforted him till he had cried out. Then she told him what he needed to do and left him. He knew what he was going to do was very dangerous, but he needed to try even if they killed him before it was done. He reached with a trembling paw for the bottle of pepto and realized for the first time in years, he didn't need it.

He left his office telling every one that there would be a very important meeting on Monday. That meeting never happened, but it was never missed as there was too much chaos happening at the time. Somehow thousands of classified documents had been sent to hundreds of newspapers worldwide.