

Title: Lunch Rush Loomage
For: Voss

Gail jolted in place as a shrill alarm, emanating from her pocket, sent her nerves on end. “Oh of all the times...” she mumbled to herself. Fidgeting in place, her bushy tail bouncing behind her, the bespectacled squirrel fumbled nervously for her phone. Vibrating between her fingers with red hot intensity she hurriedly thumbed through one dire warning after another. Gone were the pleading warnings to seek shelter. Gone were the doppler radar maps showing a purple blob of a storm front approaching imminently. Gone were the, finally, thankfully, sirens that wailed out the speakers.

“Phew!” Dragging an arm across her brow, the gray squirrel sighed in relief before eagerly stamping her feet in place. Gail had spent all of her lunch break waiting for this and she wasn't about to wimp out right at the finish line!

“Next!” shouted an apron clad Shiba Inu.

Finally! Squealing with delight, Gail bounced up to the food truck idling before her. The one, the only, the inimitable... Bao Buddies! Sighing dreamily, her heart soared as the faintest wisps of greases, sugars, and spices wafted into nostrils.

“Ma'am?”

“O-oh! Sorry!” The petite squirrel apologized profusely. “I'll taaaake... one order of steamed buns! Aaaaand some milk tea bubble tea. W-w-with extra bubbles, please!”

The Shiba Inu wordlessly nodded before he turned his back to her and fried up her order. Arms crossed about her chest, Gail shivered as a bitter wind and a spitting rain whisked through the slowly emptying city streets. Heeding the weather warnings with just as little, if even less, urgency than Gail the last vestiges of the lunch rush milled about as an ominous howl whistled down the sidewalks.

“Order up!” the Shiba barked with a playful ring ring of a bell.

Tail puffed out, Gail giddily reached out for the offered styrofoam container and boba. Bidding the canine off with a wave she all but skipped back to her office as the idling truck revved up.

Lips pinched around the colorful plastic straw Gail drank deeply of the sweetened milk tea. Her eyes went wide as she watched the silhouettes of countless tapioca pearls travel up up up and into her waiting maw. Glurk.

BZZZZZT

Gail pointedly ignored her phone as she lost herself to her sweet tooth. She would purposefully, willingly, remain blissfully ignorant of the dire warnings.

Numph. Wiggling her shoulders, the squirrel slowly rolled the firm yet gooey balls of tapioca along her back teeth. These were freshly made even!

BRRRRRMP

Texts warning of macrofication, gigantification, wumbification or whatever else you wanted to call it besieged and clogged up Gail's poor phone. Its battery strained from the influx of activity and, ultimately, powered down. The lack of activity, tragically, sent the squirrel all the wrong messages about the danger she found herself in.

The rain picked up, transitioning from a pitter patter to a downpour, as Gail huddled over her meal and awkwardly flipped open her styrofoam container with her free hand. "Awwwwwwwhhhh," voice cracking her ears drooped at the sight of the surprise. One whole extra bun, balanced atop the others, greeted her. To think... she had reached the vaunted status of a regular!

Cheeks straining from the size of her smile, Gail happily nomphed away. The mixture of meat, dough, and grease settled heavily in her stomach as she let out ecstatic and satisfied sigh. Come to think of it... this spring shower would be good for her! At the very least it would keep the coming food coma at bay. Long enough, anyway, to sit through some midafternoon meetings without falling asleep at the wheel.

Numph. Gail's stomach distended slightly as she stuffed another bao bun down the hatch. Her tail swished contentedly behind her as her plump and bulbous toes bunched together with her straining dress shoes.

Her dead phone, it would be discovered well after the fact, had done its darndest to warn her. To inform and shepherd her away from the strange and still unexplained weather patterns, colloquially known as Macro March, that plagued the land every year come this time. Anyone caught up in such a storm was at risk for its victims were random. Their sizes unpredictable. The damage done ranging from trivial to catastrophic!

The changes in size were innocuous enough at first. Half an inch here. An inch, rounded up, there.

Omph. Gail's blue jeans audibly strained as her bubble butt inflated with every swallow. She rationalized away the cuffs of her jeans rising and retracting up past her ankles to her soaking wet clothing clinging tightly to her furred flesh. Her buttoned up blouse fitting uncomfortably snug with cloth pulling taut around the buttons? Romph. Nothing an overly ambitious appetite couldn't explain!

WHAM

H-her enormous feet slamming down upon the sidewalks with the force of thunder? Her dainty shoes stretched painfully tight and form fittingly so around her ballooning digits? Just uh. Um. W-w-water weight from all the boba? Sluuuuuurp.

GRNNNNNNN

O-o-oh bother. Behemoth breasts pressing against her chin the not so slowly swelling squirrel casually booty bumped gob smacked passerby aside as she forced down the last of her meal. M-m-m-maybe instead of a mid-life crisis she was just having a mid-life... growth spurt? That was a thing, right?

BWOOOMP

Stumbling forward the towering squirrel, now eye level with traffic lights, yelped as her shoes exploded off of her gargantuan feet with a stomach churning rip. Gail's jeans, turned jorts, ripped along her thighs as they struggled to stretch down past her cheeks.

“D-don't mind me!” the booming squirrel begged as her bushy tail scraped away awnings and street signs as she bashfully twirled in place. “I-I'm sure this will peter out shortly!”

BWOOORP

Her button up blouse, little more than a bra, snapped apart thread by thread. “Until then! Why don't you all umm... evacuate in a neat and orderly fashion?” Gail nervously laughed as she ambled off of the sidewalks, mindful of the craters her broad feet were embedding into the pavement, and into the streets. “I appear to be having a bit of a... uhh... moment.”

BADUMP

Shoulders bunched together, Gail nervously tip toed over intersections. “I. Erf. I-if you could do me a favor and set your cars into Neutral...” she politely begged as she took to unintentionally nudging aside cars and buses as her thickening ankles crashed through traffic lights and fixtures. The wail of screeching tires and the smell of ozone filled the air as the bashful and biggening squirrel continued unabated. Where her broad paws filled entire sidewalks just moments ago now they spilled out across four lane streets with ease.

GRNNNNNNNNNNNNNOWWWWWWWW

“R-r-r-remember to take the stairs and not the elevator!” Gail tutted with a subdued whine as her thunder thighs clapped against the skyscrapers that flanked her. Her jorts had long since disappeared between her impossible butt cheeks and every time they so much as jiggled fissures spread throughout the her sized buildings the squirrel was caught between. Gail's heaving bosom, the flood of flesh somehow held back by a single button, proved just as unintentionally destructive.

BWOOMPADOOMP

O-oh! That was her office! “H-hey, Christie?” Gail boomed as her soft and swollen face reached up into the clouds themselves. Peering past her nose, smudged against tens of stories all at once as the glass cracked and splintered, she squinted at a nondescript canine speck that was fleeing the premises. “I-I'm glad I caught you! I-I uh. Would it be alright if I took some unscheduled PTO? A-at least for the rest of the afternoon? Something has uh. Um. Come up.”

BWOOOMP

Title: Quest Failed Successfully
For: Max

“We're how overleveled for this?” Terry incredulously asked. Brow cocked, the armored dragon winced as he and his erstwhile companion trudged through water logged lowlands of Dravania. A backhand here, and a swish of his tail there, was all it took for the powerful paladin to bat away the feral flora and fauna that plagued this place.

“Kweh kweh kweh...” Wednesday unconvincingly answered with a shrug.

“Wednesday! I. You. Seriously, why are we here?” Lips scrunched, Terry let his snaggle teeth sink into his lips as a steady pitter patter of rain tunked against his armor. Overgrown Sharlayan ruins, their pristine white marble contrasting sharply against the boggy wetlands this abandoned colony had all but collapsed into, towered over them. Curious Korpokkurs peeked out from the moss covered fountains that sat in disrepair atop abandoned verandas while enormous dragonflies, flitting among the rain drops, cast their beady and compound eyed gaze towards the dragon and Chocobo both.

“Kweh kweh! Kweh kweh kweh?” Feathery hands clasped together, Wednesday's eyes sparkled at the thought of what awaited them.

Terry regarded his closest companion's out and out glee with measured concern. “So after the whole, you know, saving the world business Sharlayan is looking to open up to outside world once more. Which is... I guess that's a noble enough endeavor to help with?”

Finger held up before her, Wednesday excitedly elaborated with one whistling chirp after another. At length she relayed how the Sharlayans wished to reestablish outposts, ones in which they would not abandon at a moment's notice, so that they might slowly but surely wean themselves off of their crouched and isolationist mindset. So that they might interact with and ingratiate themselves with the wider world once more.

“Right. Okay. And the reason why you neglected to tell me I had been voluntold for this until now was becausssse?”

“Kweh kweh kweh!” the Chocobo cheerily replied with no shame whatsoever.

“...Because you knew I'd say no?” Shoulders slouched, Terry blankly stared at the Chocobo's shapely backside. “Wednesday.”

“Kweh kwehhhhhhhhhh!” Hands held out to her sides Wednesday excitedly jazz handsed at an imposing dome like structure balanced precariously atop massive sets of roots. Though it rose above the bog it had long since been devoured hale and whole by nature. Vines and leafy tendrils dangled out from every shattered window. Mosslings, gorged and happy on the moisture and suffocating humidity, matted their mossy and spherical forms against the slick marble walls. An utterly gargantuan tree, its canopy having punched clean through the roof, shrouded the root tangled structure in its shade.

“No,” Terry curtly replied as his brows furrowed at the site of the Saint Mocianne Arboretum. His eyes irritably traced along every seedkin, every plantlike monster imaginable, that called this place home. Gods. There Morbols, Mosslings, Korpokkurs, and Ochus milling about on the stairs alone!

Tail feathers swishing behind her, Wednesday simply clasped Terry's hands between her own and dragged him forward.

“Nooooo.”

Smile spread wide across her beak, Wednesday picked up the pace as she hoisted Terry up onto her back. Her scaled feet splished and splashed excitedly through the surrounding bog as she hummed her own mount music.

“Nooooooooooooo,” Terry pitifully whined as the vaunted Warrior of Light was all but kidnapped by his faithful Chocobo. Howling in protest he tried to wiggle free to no avail as Wednesday clamped her arms tight around his legs.

QUEST ACCEPTED?

Arms crossed about his chest, Terry pouted when he was set down within the dingy lobby of the Saint Mocianne Arboretum. Once a premiere horticultural laboratory, a shining star of Sharlayan research, it had fallen into utter disarray as, upon being abandoned on short notice, the samples stored inside had done nothing but grow wildly out of control. What were once hallways were now indistinguishable from the densest of jungles. A flooded lake, crowded with lily pads, was all that remained of an atrium.

“Kweh kweh kwehhhh,” Wednesday reassured him as she hefted him up and buried him in a crushing hug.

Legs kicking impotently at the air, and her shins, Terry harrumphed as the Chocobo nuzzled him with her beak. “They wanted what from us now?” he bitterly sighed. Brows pulled flat, and scaly ridges carved into his brow, shades of crimson nevertheless pierced his scaly green cheeks as Wednesday's cuddles grew ever more affectionate and thankful.

Beads of drool formed along the sides of Wednesday's beak as she fondly recalled their mission directive. “Kweh kweh kweh!”

“... They didn't specify how they wanted the Arboretum cleared out did they?”

“Kweh kweh!”

“Of course they didn't,” Terry sighed. He grudgingly returned the hug as he came to rest his chin on her shoulder. “So those stuffy scholars want us to weed whack, huh? Carve a safe enough path for them to mosey on in and salvage what they can?”

The Chocobo emphatically nod nod nodded.

“Annd you need me here why again?”

“Kweh kweh kweh kweh!” Wednesday chirped with a playful boop.

“Have you ever thought about *not* getting yourself into trouble? About *not* needing me to clean up whatever whimsical mess you've gotten yourself into this time?” Terry grunted when the

thick as he was.

“Kweh kweh kweh?” Wednesday teased as she took to thrumming her fingers along her rumbling stomach.

“...Just let me lead the way,” Terry grumpily retorted. “Let the Tank, you know, tank?”

“Kwehhhh,” the Chocobo relented with a shrug.

“Thank you,” the Paladin snarked with no small amount of relief. Sighing, he took to jogging through the claustrophobic and ivy smothered hallways.

THOOM THOOM THOOM

He swallowed hard at the muted sound of Wednesday's broad feet crunching the vine caked tiles beneath them. Gods. If he let Wednesday take the initiative again, forcing him to take up the rear and let his view be obscured by that rotund and ever swelling rump of hers, he very well might never take it back.

Their footsteps, any and all sound muffled by thickets of coiled ivy, boomed into deafening echoes when they stepped out into a clearing. The domed ceiling, scraping at the very sky, stretched up and out before them. Pinpricks of sunlight forced their way through gaps that the gargantuan tree, rising up through its center, had punched through. Atrophied branches, covered in all sorts of parasitic and shade loving mosses, hung perilously low while the remnants of an atrium spread out before them.

Terry wordlessly nodded back at Wednesday as he cautiously slunk down what passed for a beaten path. His armored leggings clanked noisily against what handful of tiles remained. “Wonder what this used to be?” the dragon mused to himself. Casting his gaze this way and that he hummed at the stony husks of abandoned chairs lined up haphazardly along the sides of the path. Gnarled roots, and untamed flora, had all but buried them. “Some sort of classroom? An auditorium, maybe?” he pondered. If so maybe that meant there was a...

Eyes gone wide, the Paladin gasped as he skid to a halt.

“Kweh kweh?”

“N-nothing! Nothing at all!” Terry stammered. Standing on his tip toes he backed up into Wednesday and desperately tried to block her view. Teeth clenched he hoped, he prayed, she hadn't caught whiff of what was nesting on the abandoned stage before them.

“Kweh?” Wednesday irritably chirped as she let her behemoth breasts whumpf down atop Terry's head and send his legs crashing down through the tiled floor. “Kweh kweh kweh... KWEH!”

Masses of coiling and thorny vines hugged tightly to the all but collapsed wooden supports of the stage. More importantly though were what those sickly green tendrils contained. Buds. Sprouts. Hundreds upon hundreds upon hundreds of them. Their telltale bulbous shape, and noxious odor, meant only one thing.

“Malboros,” Terry muttered in dread disbelief. He... he had never seen a seedbed this thick and

rife with them before. Not even the Aurum Vale, in all its horror, compared to this! Hands clasped against the side of his head the dragon recoiled at the sheer size of them for good measure. These barely formed shoots already rivaled the size of what a fully formed bulb ought to be. Just how big did they grow the bastards here?!

“Wednesday. Look. I know this never has, and never will, be your strong suit but we need to exercise some restraint here. You remember what happened in Elpis don't... you? Wednesday?”

“KWEH!!!” Stars in her eyes Wednesday hurtled herself into the stage with abandon. An explosion of feathers and crimson cloth wafted up from the Chocobo upon impact.

“Wednesday! Would you...” Wiggling impotently in place, Terry tried and failed to pull himself up and out of the ground. Buried up to his ankles in dirt and mangled roots he wiggled side to side to no avail. Oh no.

ROMPH

Plucking an underripe shoot clean off the vine, Wednesday stretched her beak open as far as her jaw would allow. Brows furrowed she forced the cloying and poisonous Seedkin, as big as her head, into her maw.

“Wednesday! No!”

Head tilted back, and gasping for air, the Chocobo banked on gravity picking up the slack.

“Augh. Dammit!” Slashing at the floor, Terry desperately tried to free himself.

Tears beading along her eyes Wednesday grunted and coughed as her throat bulged beyond belief. Inch by inch the Malboro shoot slid down her gullet. With a desperate gasp it tumbled down into her stomach as Wednesday fitfully drank in every breath she could.

BWOOMP

As Wednesday stifled an unladylike burp, and an noxious miasma spilled out from her clamped shut beak, the Chocobo visibly surged up and out with an ominous creak. After catching her breath... Wednesday promptly treated herself to seconds.

NOMPH

The second shoot went down easier than the first. With a satisfyingly throat straining swallow the Chocobo sighed contentedly as she took to patting at her distended stomach. It groaned, it creaked, with every swallow as she stretched it well past its limit. Yet it hungered for more.

OMPH

Dropping to a kneel, big bird butt resting atop her heels, Wednesday went back for thirds. Fourths. Fifths. Every gulp, every glurk, every swallow sent her inching up and out. Sent her clothing screaming as thread by thread her vest and shorts pulled apart in a cacophony of rips and tears.

Terry, trapped and increasingly panicked, had nothing to show for his efforts. Wednesday's prior boobhatting had bound and trapped him in place. With dread, and perhaps a bit of reverent awe, he watched as her body violently rumbled with every swallow. How the creaking of her own ballooning body drowned out the creaks of the collapsing stage. How her hulking form, no longer content with plucking individual shoots off the vines, had instead taken to slurping them up whole like fibrous strands of spaghetti.

“Kweh... kweh...” Wednesday's booming voice huffed as her heaving stomach, spilling out across her thighs, gurgled and distended marginally further with every swallow.

Oh no. Shield held aloft before him, Terry immediately popped the most powerful tool in his arsenal. Hallowed Ground. A shimmering a reflective shield of magic immediately enshrouded his body.

URP

And not a moment too soon for a wall of miasma, pink and sparkling, erupted out from the Chocobo's maw. Her 'Sweet Breath', so it was called, washed over the abandoned auditorium in a wave of pernicious and paralyzing poison. Plants wilted. Roots coiled up. Flowers were reduced to sickly stems as every petal popped free.

“Kweh kweh...” Wednesday bashfully mumbled between mouthfuls of Morbol vines as she continued to slurp them up.

Teeth grit, Terry withstood the onslaught. As the wave of miasma passed, and his shielding fell away, the Paladin was relieved to discover he had managed to shrug it off. After countless disasters and near misses he had finally survived it without so much as a scratch! No poison, no paralysis, no debuffs!

BADOOMP

BWADOOOONP

A wall of bird butt quickly disabused him of the notion.

CRSHHHHH

Sighing contentedly, Wednesday dreamily slurped and sucked down the last of the vines as what remained of the Arboretum's domed roof tumbled off of her head and shoulders. Smacking her beak the overengorged and bloated Chocobo tiredly leaned back into the base of the gargantuan tree that she now rivaled in size. “Kweh? Kweh kweh?” she yawned as the beginnings of a food coma rapidly overtook her. This was clear enough for those stuffy Sharlayans, right?

Pancaked flat under Wednesday's enormous and swelling behind all Terry could do was mumble indignantly into her rear as her fat feet cupped around him.

QUEST FAILED SUCCESSFULLY

Title: A Debt Returned
For: Rose

“This is how many years late?” Odessa irritably bleated. The stocky sheep, her stout arms crossed about her generous chest, thrummed her keratin tipped fingers along her elbows.

The green scaled dragon, comfortably clad in a red dyed hoodie, simply shrugged at her from across the library counter.

“...This was due to be returned LAST CENTURY, Terry!”

“Now you're just being dramatic,” he dismissively snarked. Teeth poking against his lips Terry savored the sensation of the petite sheep wiggling indignantly at him as she desperately tried not to raise her voice.

Hand held up before her, the wooly one's fingers pinching at the smoky orange cover, Odessa plucked free the library card from its sleeve with a flourish. Dried ink that all but crumbled away upon exposure to the open air vaguely hinted at a due date somewhere within the 1990's. “This is two, if not three, decades overdue!” Odessa huffed. “This is a priceless magical artifact that we wrote off as all but lost!”

“Well now it isn't,” Terry snorted back as smoke trailed out from his nostrils.

Kneading at her forehead, the smartly dressed library tried to smooth out the ridges forming along them. “Have you any idea how much you owe in overdue fees?”

“Sure don't,” the dragon cheerily shot back.

Lips scrunched, Odessa flipped her laptop monitor towards him and gestured wildly at the bank account busting amount owed. Her black fuzzed face flushed red when Terry beeped at the screen with a clawed finger and casually dragged the decimal point further and further to the left.

“Stop that!” she hissed as she slapped at his knuckles.

Rolling his shoulders, Terry tossed his head side to side. “Look, Dessa. You know I can't, and won't, pay that back. I mean think about it. If you owe the library thirty bucks you have a problem. If you owe them a couple hundred thousand then they have a problem.”

“I. You!” Tuft of a tail fwipping furiously behind her Odessa stomped against the puffiest parts of the carpet lest she ruin the library's painstakingly maintained ambience.

“C'mon I returned it. That's more than enough.”

Fists clenched, the sheep puffed out her cheeks as she trembled. Huff. Adjusting her glasses upon her snoot with a bleat Odessa leaned over the counter and beeped her rounded snout against Terry's own. “It most certainly is not! Do you seriously think we'll let you set such a negligent precedent?”

Odessa bleated when Terry leaned right back over and nudged her back in response. “I do.”

BZRRRT

Limbs locking up, Terry ached while an arc of static electricity coiled through his limbs. Hands planted flat against the counter the dragon grunted and grit his teeth as waves of what felt like white noise, surging inward from the tips of his fingers and his toes, all but subsumed him.

“Very well then. If you can't be molded into a good role model... then at the very least you can be made into a good example.”

BZZZZT

Terry's clawed fingers scraped along the polished counter as nauseating surges of vertigo and nausea wracked his chest. Eyes spinning, and limbs numbed, he gasped for air. As his form compacted in on itself his overdue balance rapidly dwindled along with him. Digit by digit it, along with his height, petered away into nothing.

“While I'm loathe to accept payment in kind...” Odessa's once unremarkable voice boomed. “I suppose we'll have to make do.” Chin tucked against her chest, the sheep peered down past her creaking sweater muffins. With every inch siphoned her bust crept forward.

PSCHEW

Deafening snaps of fabric, and of boulder sized buttons ricocheting against the varnished wood that stretched out before him like an alien landscape, snapped Terry to attention. Jaw agape he watched helplessly as Odessa's horizon spanning, and still growing, breasts split apart her button up shirt and surged towards him with sloshing groans.

WHUMPF

Blushing madly, Odessa huffed as she slipped her cloven feet out of her now much too small dress shoes. Grunting and wiggling in place the sheep huffed as all the extra mass, ass, and sass she had packed away left her navel exposed as her dressy attire rose further and further up along her torso. Brushing back her hair she hurriedly sat back down in her chair lest anyone take notice of her abrupt shift in size and proportions.

CRKKKK

Bleating, Odessa cupped a hand over her mouth when her enormous ass cheeks effortlessly split apart and broke the arms of her chair. Nervously casting her gaze this way and that she lowered her straining chair as far as it was able. “That should teach him!” she bashfully huffed.

After all... what better way to guarantee no more overdue books if the guilty parties are no longer able, or capable, of leaving with them?

footfalls.

THOOOOOOOOOM

Growling, Geo hurriedly circled the vast cake. Holding a giant wax spear out before him, its wick burning with the heat of a miniature sun, he raced to light every last candle. Mathias, having tumbled to the floor, yelped as the balloons enveloped and consumed him.

THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

A tornadic howl raced past Vito's home as a deafening slam, one that rattled and cracked the sloping and corrugated roof, shook the structure to its core.

THOOOM

Panting, Vito violently forced his way through the warehouse doors that served as the entrance to his home. Shoulders caught between the frame, his feet kicking up streams of bedrock and rubble, the enormous wolfdog desperately squeezed his way in with a crash.

WHAM

The doors slammed shut behind him as the wolf dog flopped down face first into his living room. Heavy rains pelted the windows and walls seconds later. Vito, catching his breath, allowed his groceries to tumble beside him with a cacophonous crash. Groaning he pulled his head up to blink wearily at Mathias and Geo both.

“Surprise!” the wolf and Pikachu shouted in unison.

“...You guys,” Vito smirked as his drooped tail picked up to a wag. Rising to his feet, or at least to a crouch, he couldn't help but beam down at his bitty and beloved friends that barely came up past his shins.

“Well what are you waiting for?” Geo teased as he gestured to the massive cake.

“Make a wish!” Mathias chimed in as he bapped away what balloons he could.

Lumbering forward, his back all but pressing against the ceiling, Vito circled round his table and sat himself down with a thunderous boom. Licking his lips he fondly regarded the velvety treat.

“Wish, huh? I wish for...” Leaning back, his head and shoulders nudging against the corrugated metal, Vito ooped when he felt it buckle against him and the terrible pitter patter of rain rushed down his back.

GRNNNNNNNNN

The wolfdog's body audibly creaked and groaned as he subtly expanded up and out. Whether he liked it or not his ever reliable present of another grew year was forced upon him. “...I wish for a bigger house,” Vito sighed as he puffed out his candles.

Title: Shadow of the Bahhlossus
For: CobaltAris

Hand held out before her, Aris raced down the street as she pitifully bleated at the retreating storm. Streams of water, trickling from the canopy of leaves that shrouded the sleepy subdivision, rained down upon her.

“No no no no no! That's not how this is supposed to work!” she whined as her sneakers squeaked against the slick asphalt. Hopscotching over stripped free branches, displaced garbage cans, and ripped free roof tiles she desperately tried to keep pace. Aris had thrown herself into the very eye of the storm and tempted fate in every which way imaginable yet... yet...

Head tossed back, Aris groaned as she jogged to a halt. The skies above cleared and a beautiful sunshiny day bathed this untouched slice of paradise with its warmth and love. Guh... she hadn't swelled in the slightest! Here she was, one of the select few souls who actually welcomed the prospect of surging and scraping at the sky, and all she had to show for her brush with the fiercest Macro March storm in recorded history was a soggy set of clothes. She demanded satisfaction!

Moseying to and fro along the soaked streets Aris stroked at her chin. She could wait out the next storm but knowing her luck... why bother. The sheep's brow furrowed as she idly kicked at the debris that cluttered the roads. She could try her hand atttttt... storm chasing?

...Fat chance. She didn't have the time for that. Besides she knew just as well as anyone there was no predicting them. Aris' head drooped forward, her black fuzzed ears fwipping gently, as she sighed. Maybe this year, just like every other, wasn't meant to be.

Hands balled up the sheep stamped her feet. “No!” Aris shouted to herself. Tuft of a tail wiggling furiously behind her she indignantly stomped up her driveway and rattled about in her garage.

“How do people go about growing during every other month of the year? It's not like they suddenly stop working during Macro March! There's your run of the mill magical artifacts. Any of those lying about?”

WHUMPF

A dilapidated cardboard box found itself chucked against the popcorned plaster that lined the walls of the garage. “Tch, course not. How aboutt... some stray super science?” Aris' hopes, fleeting and fading fast, slipped between her fingers as did a serpentine mess of extension cables. With a roll of her eyes she kicked the latest box aside. “What else even is there?” she huffed.

Aris' lips scrunched when her keratin tipped fingers curled around an electronic tire pump. Huh. “I mean... it's. Old fashioned is certainly one word for it,” the sheep acknowledged. Her rain slicked soles squeaked loudly as she fumbled on over towards a power outlet. With some hesitation she plugged the tire pump into the outlet and flipped it on.

BRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMP

The tiny generator raucously bounced along the concrete floor. Hum. Dropping down to her knees, shorts scuffing against long dried oil stains, Aris tentatively pinched the compressor itself

between her fingers. She could feel, and hear, air hissing out from it. Nervously looking over her shoulders, double and triple taking for good measure, she pinched it between her lips and clamped down on it tight.

BWOOOMP

In an instant her cheeks puffed out to what felt like bursting as a pronounced, and pressurized, tickling sensation rolled over her tongue. Nostrils flared, Aris couldn't help but hack and exhale as her lungs unconsciously forced out just as much air they took in. Mmph. Wrapping her hands around the faded plastic tubing she tightened her diaphragm.

BADOOOOMP

Aris' lungs, protesting valiantly, ultimately caved to sheep's commands. Mouthful after mouthful of warm and heated air filled the sheep's lungs. A low and ominous creak wracked her body when the stream of air forcibly found itself redirected to her every extremity when her lungs felt fit to burst.

Wincing, Aris twiddled her cloven toes as the mouth of her shoes clung painfully tight to her ankles. When her bloated and bulbous toes felt themselves being strangled by the mixture of cloth and leather wrapping form fitting around them.

WHEEEEEEEZE

Hacking, Aris tumbled back as the compressor jettisoned itself out from between her lips and she flopped back with a cushioned thoom. Her once wiry limbs sported a newfound heft to them. Her shirt had untucked itself. And, most importantly of all, her hopes were restored!

Pulling herself up with a grunt, Aris flipped off the electronic pump with a smug and self-satisfied grin. She could, she would, make this work! Waddling forward, her once petite thighs, now chafing against one another, the sheep showered all of her attention on the box of extension cords she had so carelessly tossed aside. One by one she strung them together into a dazzlingly dangerous chain of plastic and electricity that broke, if not redefined, every OSHA rule there ever had been or would be. Satisfied with her terrible handiwork, Aris plugged the ouroboros of extension cables into the wall. Soon after she jammed the electronic pump's plug into the end of the chain and fatefully flicked it on.

Though a distressing amount of smoke, and ozone, came to fill the garage what mattered was that the chain and electrical charge ultimately held. Yes. YES. YESSSS. Trembling with excitement, Aris plucked the compressor between her fingers and pinched it between her lips once more.

FWOOOOOOOOMP

Her fingers and toes bloated to sausage like proportions as did her palms and soles. Her shoes, peeling apart at the seams, strangled her swollen her puffy ankles. The pain, the pressure, rose to an unbearable intensity before the leather and cloth snapped apart in relief with explosive force. Twiddling her toes Aris sighed in relief as the socks wrapped around them stretched impossibly thin yet somehow managed to hold. Her shirt, untucked and resting against her navel, crept up along her torso as the compacted rolls of the cloth cupped against the bottoms of her spherical breasts.

Eyes squinted shut, Aris' plumpening lips slowly enveloped the whole of the pump. Its vibrating form tickled against her tongue while her bubble butt stretched her jeans into jorts.

CRSHHHH

Oop. Ears flicking to attention, Aris couldn't help but smile when she felt the roof buckle against her broad back. Her sleeves having retracted up to her shoulders the swollen sheep giddily tucked her bloated and puffy limbs close.

BWOOOMP

The roof of her garage, splitting down the middle, crashed against her own home and that of her neighbor's with a cacophonous crash. Its walls, bulldozed down by Aris' enormous and chafing thighs, soon followed.

“Now this is beginning to feel like a proper Macro March!” Aris beamed as she rose to her feet. To her delight, and satisfaction, the generator held and hummed away as it disappeared and lodged itself between the taste buds lining her tongue. As the sides of her socked feet casually brushed against and flattened her own home and Aris nearly went cross eyed as she peered down at the extension cords dangling from her lips like a strand of spaghetti.

BWOOOOOMP

The swollen sheep struggled to peer past her chest, and bulging belly, as her neighborhood slowly but surely disappeared beneath her. Chuckling to herself, she savored the sensation of her shadow, along with the rest of her, swallowing the subdivision whole. “If I can't go to Macro March... then I'll just make Macro March come to me!”

BZZZT

“Hum?” Eyes gone wide, Aris winced and wiggled in place when a painful static shock pinched at her lips. Chin tucked against her chest she mmped worriedly at the sight of the power outlet, a speck of plaster and timber, dangling in mid air and sparking wildly.

POFF

The flow of air halted. The ominous, if not inviting, creaking faded. “Oh right,” Aris whined to herself as air hissed free from between her lips. As soon as the flow of air petered out so did the growth that came along with it.

FWOFFFFF

“It was nice while it lasted,” she ruefully thought. Yelping, Aris rapidly contracted in on herself as she collapsed back into the wreckage of her own home with a crash. Well... there was always next year.

Title: Head in the Clouds
For: March

Arms clasped back behind his head, March grunted as he lazily scuffed his dark blue scaled heels against the sidewalk. Urf. He had already stared at a computer screen for how many hours today? “Too many,” he grunted. Swaying this way and that, twisting his legs at the knees, the overworked dragon dreaded the thought of how many more awaited him. With a sigh he papped at his cheeks. “Focus!” That was the whole point of this walk, after all! To get a breath of fresh air! To get his mind off of work!

Wings wrapped close around his chest, tucked together like a cloak, March hummed as his thoughts inevitably drifted back towards the spreadsheets that awaited him. How many tabs, how many formulas, how much work remained to be done? No! No. Stoppit. Shaking his head, the dragon's wild mane of black hair brushing along the back of his neck, March once more slapped at his cheeks. Maybe a walk wasn't going to cut it...

Snaggle teeth poking against his lips, March idly fluttered his wings as he stomped to the top of a hill. His home, an island upon the Pacific, stretched out before him. Rising up and down the sine waves of asphalt and concrete lay rows of houses, apartments, and skyscrapers with towering trees and parks sprinkled between them. This little slice of civilization he called home stretched out as far as the eye could see. Nostrils flared, the storm dragon drank deep of the salt stained breeze as he gazed out to the horizon. Where the sea kissed the sky and the two all but blended together.

“Oh?” Head cocked to the side, March delightfully regarded the beginnings of a turbulent storm gathering over the white capped waves. Spade tipped tail swishing behind him the dragon unfurled his wings. There was nothing the storm dragon loved more than, quite literally, riding the lightning. To lose himself among the clouds and surf the ionized ozone.

“I'll just chalk it up as my lunch break,” March smirked to himself. “I've been bad and working through them as it is lately.” Mindful of traffic, casting his gaze this way and that, the dragon stepped out into the street. Tiptoeing up the edge of the asphalt caked hill he nervously peeked down its dizzying slope. The coast was clear!

With a running start March leapt up into the air and let the wind catch beneath his wings. Gliding down the hill, his iconic red shirt and shorts whipping wildly in the breeze, he masterfully maneuvered in and out of oncoming traffic and past cyclists as he steadily built up speed. Wings flapping furiously the storm dragon lifted his chin and arched his back as he effortlessly rocketed himself up up up into the troposphere. Past the high rises. Past the radio antennae. Past the skyscrapers.

Rolling his shoulders, March sighed contentedly when he disappeared from view. No spreadsheets. No responsibilities. No nothing. Just him and the sea of clouds. This was exactly what he needed! Lips pulled back into a toothy smile the storm dragon contentedly swayed to and fro as he became but a dark blue speck poked against the ever darkening skies.

BZZZT

Reaching into his pocket, March promptly set his phone to sleep. Work could wait.

As would, unfortunately, the automated warnings that hailed the arrival of a Macro March

storm.

Wiggling in place happily, March relished the sensation of clouds trailing past his spike tipped wings. Of feeling moisture condense upon his scaled soles and his hair whip along his back.

KRAKOOM

Eyes twinkling, the storm dragon launched himself into the thick of the billowing storm. There was really nothing else like it. To see the ground, countless kilometers below, simply fade away when you disappeared into the clouds. To watch, to feel, waves of lighting roil around you.

KRATHOOM

Jaw agape, March could but wordlessly marvel when a blinding and massive sprite of lightning crashed down before him. Mmph. His spine tingled at the sensation of electrons catching between his scales. He couldn't help but shudder in delight as arcs of static leapt between his fingers and his toes. It was soothing, invigorating even, to feel those white hot whips of energy leap from the tip of his horned and handsome face to his forehead.

KABOOOOOOOOOM

Plumes of electricity crackled ferociously around the storm dragon. Sonic booms of thunder pulsed and rattled his very bones. Eyes closed tight, March inhaled deeply of the ozone and let his thoughts melt away. Head tossing side to side he unconsciously adjusted to the rippling waves of energy that roared around him.

BADOOOOOM

Those brave few on the earth below who had yet to take shelter brushed it off as a trick of their eyes. Yet, some would swear that in between flashes of lightning the silhouette of a dragon could be seen swimming among the clouds. Growing larger, bulkier, and all the more imposing with each flash of light.

Mmph. Letting his jaws part, March ahhed wide as he drank deep of the maelstrom that swirled around him. Lightning arced and danced among the pillars of bone that lined his maw. With snapping pops and crackles his ribbed throat lit up from within as he unknowingly inhaled his namesake. His shirt clung tightly to his thickening shoulders and firm pectorals while his dark shorts clung form fittingly to his toned thighs. Bigger. Bigger. Bigger. Every swallow, every inhale, drove the dragon onward and upwards even if he didn't recognize as such.

March, so caught up in the moment, completely failed to realize when he had flown out of the storm. When warm sunshine came to reflect upon his scales once more and lightning ceased to tickle along his extremities. It would be some time yet before he realized he emerged out of it much larger than when he had entered. That every beat of his wings displaced weather systems for hundreds of kilometers around. That his shadow swallowed up entire provinces.

Or that his gaping maw, still happily stretched open wide, had devoured without a trace countless cargo and commuter planes. Even for all their frantic efforts, even as they hurtled themselves away from him at hundreds upon hundreds of kilometers per hour, they had been pulled in one after

another after another into the lightless void of his mouth. Their metal forms failing to even register against his mountainous taste buds as he glurked them down unaware and without a care.

“Just what I needed!” Smacking his lips, March stifled a contented yawn as he lazily arced himself back towards the way he came. When he finally creaked open his eyes the storm dragon couldn't help but blink repeatedly at the alien and unfamiliar coastline.

“Wuh woh.” Cheeks puffed out, March wrung his hands as he nervously looked for any familiar landmarks or mountain ranges. Dipping low, wings spread out wide behind him, the storm dragon gently lowered himself to the ground.

Should you have stood atop the self-same hill from whence March took off you would have seen a broad blue heel, stretching well past the horizon, slamming down against the earth. The faintest wrinkles in its scaled surface akin to continental plates. In the milliseconds following his landfall waves of force, colored by upturned mountains and displaced seas, would have surged forth to swallow the land. Milliseconds after that any and all light would vanish as March's broad and impossibly thick sole, clouds racing past the gaps in his swollen toes, would come to replace the very sky. The walls of displaced air would flatten the island, and its inhabitants, well before the fat of his feet ever would.

THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

“Come on!” March whined to himself as he fidgeted about in place. “How hard can it be to find one measly island?”



**Title: Ultra Mega Neo Turbo Alpha Multi Macro Extra Prefix Super Sentai Deluxe
For: KingDead**

“I have to admit... I do admire the commitment to practical effects,” Toland hummed as he watched the movie set come to life. Rolling his shoulders, the towering white furred rat tossed his head side to side as he worked out the cricks in his neck.

“There's something, iunno, endearing about it? Authentic, even?” quipped the maned wolf suiting up alongside him. His long black furred fingers delicately smoothed out the colorful spandex and urethane wrapped around his ankles. With a grunt he slid on some plain colored boots and twiddled his toes in relief. “Huh. Never realized these breathed so well.”

“I mean they better,” Toland snorted as he gestured an oversized arm, one comprised of foam and rubber, at his lanky coworker. “We'll be in costume all day.”

Rolling his eyes, Rafa playfully nudged at his on-set nemesis before sliding on a fiberglass helmet. With a poff his ears slipped out of the padded openings carved atop it. “Be honest. How do I look?” Rising to his feet, the maned wolf leapt forward and whirled about in place. His armor, black and gold, glistened in the fading sunlight. Arms crossed about his chest in a X-shaped pattern his eyes twinkled to life beneath his reflective visor as a gentle breeze kicked up and sent his decadent cape fluttering behind him.

“Enjoying yourself?” Toland teased.

“That's not what I asked,” Rafa snarked. “...And maybe,” he shyly huffed.

With a grunt the rat pulled himself out of his chair and slapped at the maned wolf's back. “You look fine, Hurricane Orange.” Toland's cheeks puffed out at the sight, and sensation, of Rafa's tail wagging furiously behind him at the mention.

“Good! Good,” Rafa sighed in relief as he pat at his spandex clad chest. “What about you? You sure you're fine with your role? I know you were hoping for something a bit moooooore...” Teeth clenched, the maned wolf fumbled with his hands. “Um. Well.”

“I'm in the credits. I'm on screen. At least that's what I tell myself.” Toland said with a defeated shrug.

Rafa pat patted at the rat. “We're not going to let them pigeonhole you into the monster of the week. I promise!”

The rat couldn't help but smirk as he leaned into the pats. “Besides. Least my lines are easy enough to remember.” Brushing down the zipper that ran along his chest the vertically gifted rodent, who stood head and shoulders above the maned wolf, slipped on the last of his costume.

POP

Enveloped in foam and rubber the once humble and hunky rat had transformed into a dread and most terrifying beast. A spiny and reptilian monstrosity hailing from dimensions unknown. Hurricane Orange's latest, greatest, and most death defying foe yet... the Malevolent Megiddo! Toland, arms

perched upon them flicked on and a billowing wind, one that nearly sent Rafa stumbling backwards, raced past the costumed hero.

“Not so fast, monster!” boomed Hurricane Orange. “Your dimensional dalliances end today!” Hand cupped against his chin, Rafa struck a dashing pose as a set of stage lights came to shine directly upon his visored helmet.

“ROARRRR!”

“Not one for banter, I see. Very well. If my words won't reach you then maybe my fists of fury will!” Whirling about in place Hurricane Orange donned his Gale Force Gauntlets. With a shing, and a sparkle, they crackled to life. In his hands, every swing, every blow would soon strike with the force of his namesake hurricane!

Head tossed back, Rafa knocked his knuckles together with a howl. His call to power, accentuated by the likeness of thunder via the flapping of aluminum sheets, and then by actual thunder, rang out loud and clear for the heavens to hear!

KRAKOOOOM

A crash of lightning, blinding in its terrifying splendor, split the sky itself as the Macro March storm swirling overhead seemed to indulged Rafa's command. With a roar of his own he rushed forward as did Toland.

Bouncing giddily in his seat the Director couldn't believe his luck. The sheer spectacle this storm had seen fit to shower him with was without compare! Rotating his hand about his wrist he eagerly motioned for the cameras to keep rolling.

As the streets filled with water, their every footfall sending puddles splashing up beside them, Rafa and Toland both pantomimed fast and furious fighting.

“You good?” Rafa whispered in between a flurry of blows that saw his fists slamming against the dread monster with a machine gun rat-a-tat.

“Rafa, I'm all but wearing insulation. You couldn't hurt me if you wanted to.”

“O-o-okay! Just wanted to be sure!”

Hurling his fist forward, Hurricane Orange came to trade soft and cushioned blows with the Malevolent Megiddo. Finding himself evenly matched with this newfound foe the egotistical hero was forced to beat a tactical retreat, at least for the moment, as he back stepped to relative safety. A steady and oppressive rain beat down upon him, droplets of water streaking down his visor, while he gathered his thoughts.

The Malevolent Megiddo, hands thrumming along his scaly tummy, roared in a mocking and biting manner.

Hackles raised, Hurricane Orange knocked his knuckles together to the tune of the thunder pealing overhead. He could not, would not, be defeated! His pride would not allow it! Holding an arm

overhead, palm upturned to the sky, the masked maned wolf uttered his catchphrase. “Wild Instinct, AWAKEN!”

KRAKAKABOOOOOOOOOOOM

“Roar roar ROAAAAAR!”

Shouting at the top of their lungs, Hurricane Orange and Malevolent Megiddo hurtled themselves towards one another once more.

“Uhh... Sir?” A worried stage hand dared to ask.

With every step forward, the actors footfalls thoomed ever louder. In uneven fits and spurts the maned wolf and rat both surged up and out as the streets buckled and split beneath their feet. Their punches, thrown with playful intent, boomed and shattered windows as water droplets caught along the shock waves. As they delicately danced around one another their respectively leather and rubber clad heels knocked aside street signs and traffic lights with ease. Heads tilted back, the Super Sentai stage crew could only gawk as their star attractions stretched up into the sky itself.

“Don't you dare stop rolling!” Commanded the bear. “Drones! I want those drones sky high!”

Tussling about in place, and completely caught up in their roles, Rafa and Toland gently sent each other careening back into the building behind them. Hurricane Orange grunted as he was sent stumbling back into a skyscraper. Sheets of glass crumpled beneath his broad back, crashing to the sidewalks below with a cacophonous explosion, as he pulled himself out of building. Teeth bared he swung for the stars, safe in the knowledge Toland wouldn't feel a thing, as the costumed rat fell back into a row of derelict warehouses. There he skidded some city blocks, his head tonking to a halt against a mountain of metal, before coming to a halt. Arms crossed about his chest, and cape fluttering behind him, Hurricane Orange stood triumphant over his felled foe.

“ANNNND CUT!” Screamed the Director with unmitigated glee.

Tail drooping behind him, Rafa nervously stomped forward. His broad feet, as wide as a four lane street, sent plumes of smoke rising up around him with his every footfall. The maned wolf's spandex clad thighs scraped away the awnings and windows of any and every building unfortunate to be flanking him while his behemoth bulge, swinging side to side like a wrecking ball, blew out entire floors with ease. “Toland? You alright?” he asked as he extended a hand out towards the rat.

Grunting, Toland accepted the outstretched hand and stumbled to his feet. “Surprisingly... yeah? These are really well made,” he quipped to himself as he brushed himself off with nary a scratch to show for it. “Though... woof. These things get stuffy and fast!” Hands clasped against the side of his head the rat tugged his mask off with a gasp. Panting, he set the multi-story sized rubber mask atop a nearby department store. Its supports, though cracked and straining, mercifully held.

“Same,” Rafa gasped as he popped off his helmet. Fanning at himself, and tongue lolling out, the towering maned wolf slowly slid off his armor to catch a breath between takes. Toland, alongside him, unzipped his costume. A sauna like blast of air billowed out from the colossal coworkers as entire city blocks soon found their windows fogging up in the face of the half naked giants.

“Rafa! Toland!” screamed the Director. Panting, he motioned for them to give him a moment as he caught his breath.

Eyes gone wide, the maned wolf and rat exchanged nervous glances with each other when they recognized just who that strange blown blot at their feet was. Doing double, and triple, takes they yelped as they took in their unfamiliar set. And size.

“Y-y-yes, Sir?” Rafa meekly boomed.

“You two... are going to be the biggest names Super Sentai has ever seen! Good God, Toland, you'll be THE perfect cast for every Kaiju going forward.”

Brows furrowed, and tail wrapped self-consciously around his waist, the rampaging rat fumbled with his costume and tried to pull the zipper back up. “Wait wait wait wait wait a minute there! I'm not about to be-”

“And Rafa!” Stars in his eyes, the Director gestured towards his newest supersized superstar. ”

Tail tucked between his legs, the maned wolf laughed nervously as he found himself being side-eyed by the grumpy rat. “D-d-don't worry, Toland! At least you won't be pigeonholed into playing just the Kaijus. I-I-I'm sure you can get work as the Mechas too!”