

The Clawed Cyclone

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It's a bright warm day in the city I protect, the city of Rosettburg, that could be in danger as three big forms begin to approach it while I stand on guard. They are getting closer meaning I can start to see details of who and what they are. They appear to be three male macro wolves that might be related from how similar they look and how in sync they move. As they draw in closer I notice that all three appear to be 80 feet tall or so with the middle one leading their march to my city looking to be about 84 feet(the biggest of the three), the left one 81 feet, and the one on the right looking to be 83 feet. I notice the distinct W, V, and S marks clawed into each of their respective arms in order from right to left as well as their clothes of black shirts and beige khaki pants and all of that combined with their strong, muscular builds and their fur colors which left to right are; a dark grey, a light orangish-red, and a dull gold similar to my own fur tell me exactly who they are.

They're the same three brothers who've destroyed at least half a dozen cities in a rampage that they've been at for almost a week. They've toppled buildings, devoured innocents, left nothing but destruction in their wake and even took down a few other rare macro protectors like myself. One of the last macro protectors they took down, an enormous ferret named Martin who was a friend and actually bigger than me at 160 feet managed to get their names and motivations and sent them to me through text before he was overwhelmed by the three of them and they then proceeded to beat him to a pulp leaving him to be hospitalized and clinging to life about two days ago. Their names are Shiv, Venor, and Worg and they're doing this solely because it's how they get their kicks and they enjoy it too much to stop, meaning I don't have to feel guilty at all about the beat down I'm going to have to give them.

They finally take their first steps into the city and regardless of how sure I am of who they are and their intentions I decide to introduce myself anyway and give them a warning to leave as a sort of hero's courtesy. "Hello and welcome to Rosettburg. I'm it's protector Darren and if you three wolves are who i think you are, the Razing Triad then I'm gonna have to warn you to turn back and leave my city in peace or I will have no choice but to take the three of you down...without mercy!" I finish that declaration with a snarl and as much intimidation factor as I can pull off in spite of how nervous I am, what with them taking down several of those other experienced protectors. I mean I've been a guardian of this city for a good number of years and have plenty of fighting training and experience but they outnumber me and overpowered a good friend.

Still I can do this, I've got to do this. The orangish-red brother in the middle, Venor decides to respond first "Heh, big talk coming from somebody who knows our reputation. Of course we also know yours, the legendary jaguar protector: the Clawed Cyclone. You may be bigger than us

individually but we're not intimidated or impressed especially after what we were able to do to your friend, we're going to wreck both you and this whole feeble city."

"Yep, you and this whole weak town are going down Mister Clawed Cyclone hahaha" one of the other brothers says in a mocking tone, Shiv the dull gold one..

"This will be fun" the dark grey one Worg, says callously while cracking his knuckles.

Well then, intimidation clearly failed although I knew from the moment I arrived as they were reaching view of the city that I'd probably end up getting my paws dirty and that this wasn't going to end in one of my usual macro tours of the city. I take a fighting stance with my fist and elbow ready while I move my legs into position and then steel my golden gaze in preparation for the coming onslaught. It's the gold furred one that goes for the first strike almost hitting me square in the snout before I sidestep while he's in the middle of the punch. He misses but I hit him right in his fluffy chest and he staggers back a bit but is undeterred though he decides to take a moment to reorient himself. The next move comes from the bigger reddish furred brother, who goes for a roundhouse kick that actually grazes my side but ultimately does no damage. I go to deliver a front kick to the chin but this time I'm the one who misses and this leaves me vulnerable for half a second.

Unexpectedly Worg, the one with the dark grey fur, he was waiting for an opening and took advantage of my momentary vulnerability to deliver an elbow to my back. I feel it hard and it disorients me for less than a minute before I recover as Shiv then attempts to rip the flesh off my chest with his claws but only tears at my white shirt instead. Normally I wouldn't even wear anything except a concealing pair of boxers but given the level of threat posed and how badly they hurt Martin, a close friend like that... to the point of near death, well a change of attire felt necessary. So as I deliver a satisfying punch of retaliation to the gold furred giant wolf's jaw in my now torn white short sleeve t-shirt, black wristbands, black sweatpants and no shoes (since I don't need them at my towering size plus they'd only serve to hinder my foot claws) Venor, the reddish furred eldest brother makes what looked to be another swing this time for my gut but was actually a feint and he tries to sink his large fangs into my shoulders. I manage to back kick him when he was mere centimeters from piercing my skin with his teeth and then I quickly block the other brother Worg's fist with my arm in a low block and he snarls at me as his two brothers glare and then all three nod to each other before they proceed to try and do a three pronged assault.

They attack together as one now instead of one after the other like before and the three of them go for a kick to my gut in unison though from different angles like from the back and side. With them stepping up this fight's intensity with this three sided barrage I become even more anxious and stressed about if I can win this fight leading to my body giving me a rush of

adrenaline . It helps give me the boost in speed I need to dodge their kicks though the claws of one of their footpaws does slash across my, I'll admit, slightly pudgy stomach and I wince a little in pain as a few lines of blood trickle out of the two fresh claw marks made by the wolf's footclaws. A bit of the blood soaks into the white fur of my belly and seeing that pulls me out of shock and into reality while the triad stands there seemingly stunned by the fact they actually managed to draw blood from me

"Whoa ho ho!! Did you see that?! I actually drew blood! With my claws! I wounded an "unbeatable legend" just now!"

"Impressive work there Shiv. I didn't think we'd hit him then with how fast he was moving but you just brought us one step closer to taking down his ass and when we do we'll be the legends. The awesome Razing Triad! Now that we know we can do more than bruise him a little let's finish this!"

"Yes! You're right brothers, we drew blood and he's only managed a few hits on us. First him then this all too crushable city, like usual!"

The last one to speak was surprisingly Worg the quieter of the three as he cracked his knuckles while growling out those last words. Now that they've finished talking and I've regained my composure from the initial shock of that scratch I go for him first. I was pulling my punches slightly before though still putting a good amount of power behind them in the same way I have with many fights before this but now that blood has been spilled from me even that means this fight just got much more dangerous and that means I'm going all out. I lunge for Worg faster than any of them can react and deal a right handed punch straight to the front of his dark grey muzzle strong enough that I can practically hear something break as the force slams him into a 6 story building nearby. The collateral damage would usually be something I try to avoid and have been for most of this fight before now but Rosettburg was fully evacuated several hours ago now and they've proved to be too much of a threat to hold back against so I'm done trying to do that even if it leaves a mess I'll likely end up cleaning and paying for later.

That punch not only sent Worg flying but also collapsed a good one story sized chunk of building on top of him. Despite that he groans and starts to stir, signaling that he'll probably come back into the fray in a minute or two only slightly worse for wear. In the meantime a more gratifying and available target angrily howls and then leaps at me to try to take me down, Shiv. While he howled I quickly moved my feet into a stance, pivot my body and then catch him mid leap with a back kick. He yipes as it lands hard right in the middle of his chest, he flies and crashes into asphalt instead of a building because he was facing the middle of the street.

Apparently I knocked the wind out of him because he gasps as he tries to shake off the damage from that unexpected blow, seemingly in pain, nice. It's mostly only a few bruises and minor scrapes but still good damage considering these wolves somehow proved an even more difficult battle than I initially thought they'd be which is impressive. As he wobbly rises to his feet I dash to him and close the gap I made with my kick. I can't let him truly get back up so I use my size advantage and join both of my hands into a hammer that I clonk him over the head without much effort and barely the need to lift my arms. I strike and the dull yellow wolf hits the ground with a resounding **THUD** and actually cracks the street beneath him. Despite that though he's not really down for the count so I get on my knees and prepare to deliver the knockout punch.

As I'm on the ground pulling back my fist I hear Venor, the reddish one squat down and then lunge at me. I put a footpaw on Shiv to keep him in place and then quickly I stand while I hear him shift his legs. I'm trying not to apply too much pressure to his younger brother beneath me as I do so and then as he's mere inches from landing on me I make a fist, pull my arm forward and then push back **HARD** elbowing him right in the chin. The impact from that jaw on collision with my elbow creates a and he's sent flying back . With that out of the way I turn my attention back towards the enemy currently underfoot and unsheathe my claws wondering if I should pay him back for the still very scratch wounds on my stomach but ultimately I decide not to since while it would be sweet payback it's not really worth especially when I'm trying to end this fast now.

Instead I raise the paw I just had on the middle of his chest up to my knee and then waste no time in slamming it back down full force. The force of it landing on the youngest wolf brother's beige chest not only clearly hurts him as I can tell by his eyes going wide along with him making a pained yowl followed by grimacing but also creates a small feelable shockwave that further cracks the pavement and sends a burst of wind through both his and my own fur. The stomp leaves him visibly woozy but still conscious meaning that I need just one final blow to finally take him out of this fight. I kneel down again to prepare to deliver this final punch deciding to go right for the snout, lining up my fist with the tip of it. Before I can do anything though I hear a weak "S-S-Shtop!" and feel something light tap me on the leg. It was a pretty weak, almost off the mark punch from the still woozy wolf who slurred out that stop while his head is still spinning and his eyes look everywhere but where he intends to be looking even as he starts to prepare another punch that misses despite me not moving.

I actually feel a little bad but before I can feel too bad for him he says "I-I get up, beat you, destroy yah and c-c-city. You're already blaeding." He says it weakly but with serious intent reminding me that I should be punching him out of commission right now. I do just that, readying my fist and then striking him square in the snout though with only half the strength I originally intended since he seems so weak. Despite me pulling my punch it still does the job well, not only knocking the woozy golden wolf fully out but also giving him a bloody nose to

boot as well as fully breaking the street underneath. Normally that'd be concerning given that under the street is a bunker that's supposed to house the denizens of Rosettburg when there's a sudden macro attack and not enough time to evacuate or if the threat of the attacking macrois something that isn't considered damaging enough to warrant a full city evacuation. Thankfully we had enough of an advance notice to evacuate the residents of the city to a nearby area with some time to spare given the warning of my giant ferret friend and these wolf brothers' previous city rampages and reputation.

As I stand back up I hear a whooshing noise and instinctively move which allows me to dodge a huge piece of what seems to be a big boulder sized chunk of dark blue building wall. I turn around to see an office building freshly smashed into rubble with the two remaining wolf brothers standing tall in it with pieces of wall and the like in their hands prepared to throw. They probably got back up from the hits they took while I was taking down the gold furred youngest brother and seem to be getting even angrier and more desperate, trying to stop me with debris from the collateral damage they're causing. Both their hackles are raised with their respective gray and reddish furs standing up on end underneath their tattered black shirts while also looking dirty and scratched up though I'm sure I look like a banged up mess too. They keep throwing rubble at me and despite my graceful dodging of most of them a bit of one piece manages to hit right above my eye and I can feel some blood dripping from the fresh wound right onto my white shirt which is also tattered at this point.

Now is when the claws come out right as I hear a cry of "got you, you bastard" from one of them though in this moment it doesn't matter to me who. I dash to them faster than a heartbeat and while a dark grey arm rises to try and block or counter any incoming blow I go for the oldest, Venor instead and slash him across the face and before he can even roar out in pain I slam my fist into his chest with enough force to make him land next to where his brother is with the broken street underneath him. I can hear the gray middle brother tell me "how dare you! I will bury you in the ground..." but a kick to the stomach shuts up before he can finish and also puts him on the opposite side of the knocked out golden wolf. I head to the spot where now all three of them seemingly lie defeated so I can soak in the hard fought victory of a very challenging job well done and great battle. All three of them have their eyes closed and appear knocked out so I decide to say something.

"Whew. Props to you three that was the toughest fight I've had in a really long time. Had me on the ropes a few times but as usual I win and the city continues to be safe well minus a building or two which can be easily rebuilt. That was fun but now it's time to get this up and out of here before trouble starts again."

After I finish what I was saying I go to reach for one of the three wolves so I can toss them out of town before they wake up but then one surprises me by grabbing my wrist leading me to start to shriek out of surprise. “Ahhhhhh-!”

“Gotcha! Hit him with it Worg! NOW!”

“What the hell are you plann- oww!”

I feel something like a sting in my arm followed by this then intense nauseous that brings me to my knees like I’m going to puke. I’m also starting to feel weaker and a bit smaller than usual. The reddish furred wolf brother takes the time to laugh at my pain and attempts to stomp me while I’m down. I try to dodge but that only leads to him getting the edge of the side of my chest and probably a rib instead of my whole back. I groan though I don’t think that broke any ribs thankfully and now both wolves are laughing at my pain.

“You might as well savor my pain now you bastards because in about five seconds I’ll be back up and uuuggghhh!”

“Bwheheheh you can barely stand much less carry out threats besides your pain as amusing as it admittedly is, is not exactly why I’m laughing, you weakass failing protector.”

“I shot you with something meant to take you down a peg or rather some feet. Ahahaha!”

“Wait, wha- yahhh!” Whatever this stuff is it hurts like hell and I can’t help but scream even while being taunted by both of my still conscious assailants.

“Shrinking Darts, you fool! Worg shot you with a shrinking dart and there’s plenty more where it came from. Especially since it seems like you’re gonna need a couple more to be crushing size.” Venor smirks as he says this and points to his gray furred brother holding what looks like a pistol though with a transparent tube on the top filled with some type of blue liquid and a different looking, wider barrel that I can see the next dart inside of. He points it at me and prepares to take a shot.

“Those are incredibly illegal, you know? And also supremely rare and ancient. How’d a couple of dull mayhem inducers like yourselves get them?”

“Like we’d ever tell you, you worthless, overgrown pawlicker” Venor says while giving the smuggest smirk, both at the insult he just dished at me and the non answer he just gave which he probably did to ensure I’m distracted and left wondering.

“Whatever, it’s just another in a long list of crimes that I’m going to keep decking you for!” I say that, ignoring the insult and can’t help the pondering the possibilities of where they got those darts and the danger said darts pose to me and possibly others depending on how good a job I do at taking these remaining two wolves down. I take a swing at Venor since he seems to be calling the shots but he dodges a half second before my fist connects and I have to stop my momentum to keep from hitting a building. His attention then suddenly shifts and he dives down to seemingly grab something and when I turn to see that something he grabbed it gives me a sight that makes me freeze in my tracks. Dangling above his open maw is a small civilian being held by her teal scaly torso, a female marine iguana wearing a crop top, a black backpack, she has a small rip on her pants and worn shoes covered in some very visible scratches above the claw openings.

I’m unsure what to do here. It’s rare that hostages ever factor into my fights, in fact I can count the number of times on my hands with a few padded fingers to spare since the bunker system usually handles this and if not that then the evacuation order should have like it was supposed to have done here. Then I notice that Worgs’ shrink dart gun is still pointed at me and I can see his brother giving him a signal to fire which he does as this iguana lady screams “help me!” I think fast and grab a small piece of rubble and aim it along the path of the shrink dart and my hasty move pays off knocking the dart out of the air as well as scratching Worgs’ hand as the chunk of drywall grazes it before hitting the street and breaking. Worg winces but the dark grey wolf only gained one more scratch in addition to the others I gave him and not much more damage though that did distract him and cause him to loosen his grip on the gun. Before I can make a choice on whether to finish off Worg while he’s off guard and doesn’t have his finger on the trigger or to save the civilian hanging above a probably foul smelling, sweltering fleshy doom I hear a “time’s up hero” followed by a “Noooooooo-“ and the sound of teeth snapping shut *clack*.

I’m halfway to the devouring wolf, still unsure of how I’ll actually handle getting that citizen out and back to safety when I hear a *gulp* and a *clack* of teeth followed by seeing a bulge squirming down. The instant I see that part of me just wants to stop and process my failure there but I push on in spite of it and finally figure out my next move. The reddish wolf then just stands there blissfully and moves a finger down his black shirt as he savors his “win” over me and it’s then that I decide my next move to wipe the smug expression from his face. When I soon enough reach the smug bastard who’s still too caught up in the afterglow of eating and potentially killing that poor Iguana woman. I waste no time in putting one footpaw behind the other and then spinning my back footpaw right into the middle of the red wolfs’ stomach, hitting it with all the force I can still muster and it makes a resounding *thunk* sound when it connects. The macro red wolf is forced on his knees from my spin kick (the move that got me my nickname) keeled over in agony and this leads me to notice his fuzzy greyish red cheeks are bulging slightly and this gives me hope that that iguana might still be alive.

I seize this hope and survival chance immediately and follow up that spin kick I just did with a downwards elbow to the back of his head as he's still keeled over and only focused on his pain and the ground. It works as I wanted it to and the wolf's jaws burst open with the marine iguana woman along with some saliva spilling out of them. Luckily I put my handpaw under the wolf's maw a second or two before I struck the back of his head so I manage to catch her along with some slimy drool on my hand. Thankfully there's no actual vomit on the iguana or my hand so I guess she didn't get far enough to reach the stomach or anything and is seemingly unhurt but also unconscious, I'm relieved. The red wolf, Venor coughs up some more mucus and gunk while the iguana slowly slowly moves a little on my hand and I'm reminded he's still here on his knees and still too battered by me to fully stand so I go for a final punch.

He tries to scratch me with his claws as I do and does give me a small scratch on my wrist with one of his now weak arms but I punch him out regardless with my right hand while my left hand has the marine iguana lady on it and I make sure to keep her there as I pulled back enough to deliver that final punch with all of my somewhat diminished weight in it. He goes down with a *plop* with his tongue hanging over the exposed fangs of a partly open mouth while his body lays on the ground flat and out cold like an image out of a cartoon. Now that I've taken this second wolf out that leaves Worg as the last wolf brother standing but I don't see him anywhere nearby meaning that I can't go to him to finish this so I can head home. I'm not sure if he's hiding to rest a little and plan some kind of surprise attack or if he actually fled after the combo of the injuries I already dished out to him and the takedowns of both his brothers. Before I can really think about that or search for him I see the female iguana in my hand stir more with her long tail sweeping along my paw and then her light grey eyes flutter open and she sits up on the bright orange pad of my palm awake and aware now. She almost immediately looks to me after her tail sweeps across my orange padded palm with an expression that's both surprise and relief.

"Wha happened, am I still...alive? Oh wow! You're the Clawed Cyclone, right? Oh my goodness, I just got saved by the Clawed Cyclone!! Thank yooou!" That expression of surprise and relief now turns into pure amazement and I'm not sure how to respond back at first.

"No problem miss uh...?"

"Gah, I forgot to give my name. It's Liliana though my friends call me Lily. I would have given it before but between being almost eaten by that big wolf bastard and now meeting the huge hero of the city like this I'm a little awestruck. Aw man am I talking too much? My bad if I am."

"Don't sweat it, I'm sure this is all pretty overwhelming." I try to give my best heroic smile to try and comfort and reassure her and it seems to work cause she relaxes a little even though we should both be on alert.

“Yeah that was quite the sweltering, uncomfortable experience that I definitely don’t want to do again. Jeez I think I’ve still got a bit of that jerks drool on me. Yuck.” She says this while staring at the drool dripping off her glistening black claws which she’s moving and separating and are also not the only spot that drool is on her from what I’m seeing and feeling on my paw. I rip off a big piece of my already pretty shredded at this point shirt, big enough to cover a non macro and hand it to Liliana. I say “here dry off with this” and she says “th-thanks” while still looking starstruck by ...me... I guess.

“So... Liliana, not to be rude but why are you here and not evacuated with everyone else? The Razing Triad was announced to be coming two days ago and as you’ve seen and experienced they’re making Rosettburg pretty dangerous right now. So I’m curious what happened to make you still be here.”

“Well Mr. Cyclone you see...what happened is...well umm I slept through them evacuating my part of the city and by the time I realized everyone was already halfway gone. So I decided to hide in the bunker system under the city to stay safe and soon enough I heard giant footsteps and then the ceiling came crashing down on me when that golden wolf’s head busted through it. Then that red wolf tried to eat me, you saved me and now we’re here.” every word is said by Liliana with barely a quiver and almost complete sincerity. I guess she's coping pretty well with it all.

“Alrighty then. So I’m not sure if that last wolf is here hiding somewhere for an ambush or if he fled meaning the fight is over but regardless I need to still clean up around here and make sure it’s safe before anybody can come back. So I’m going to escort you out of the city to join everyone else if that’s okay with you. Also you can just call me Darren, no need to call me Mr. Cyclone or anything so overly formal.”

“Yeah that’s fine by m...me- Darren look out behind you! That building!” The iguana points forward to presumably a building behind my back as she finishes sentence and I start to turn around as there’s crashing sounds of glass, concrete and metal behind me and then I feel a pinprick. I know this can only be trouble so I lower my paw down at the roof of a nearby undamaged building so she can get on it and we

“Oh my gosh he shot you with a shrinking dart! Those things are poison used to take down macros back when they first emerged so long ago back when there were still... ! You’re going to need the antidote before that kills y- wait I see the last wolf and he’s coming at you angry. You need to take him down fast!” she screams that last part out and she’s right about it all. I see him, Worg the last wolf brother standing lunging at me in a bestial way along with a wildness in his eyes now as well as his still raised fur and I just barely dodge it thinking more about the history

of the darts I've been shot with as their contents work through me even after I remove and crush both of the now empty darts. Shrinking darts were created a little over a one and a half thousand years ago specifically as a weapon against and a poison to macros. This was during a time back when macros were new and overwhelming frightening and there were still countries with borders to be managed and guarded.

Macros were usually more unruly and primal back then and none of us were the protectors of regular sized anthros and cities that some of us have taken the role of now. So the darts were created to try to even the odds in favor of the smaller anthro and they certainly helped but alas they ultimately couldn't help prevent the destruction of countries leading to the creation of the city nations we have now. What makes the shrinking darts different than your average shrinking solution is that unlike shrinking solution not only are they a poison that leaves you fatigued, nauseous and weaker as well as possibly killing you if the poison settles into your system for long enough but the actual shrinking is more gradual and painfully slow. Meaning that only does it take longer prolonging the pain of the poison but it's also done in gradual increments meaning that once the dart's contents get injected into it'll just keep making you shrink little by little long after the initial shot or shots and without much worry about the quantity of darts necessary while shrinking solution needs a precise quantity to get down to the size you want while also working much faster. It's effects are also reversible and temporary while shrinking darts effects don't really wear off or reverse without an antidote although taking growth serum does help lessen and sometimes temporarily reverse the dart poison's effects for a short time before it's outlasted usually.

There's legends about one macro who managed to use a lot of growth serum to stave off the effects of the darts for a whole two weeks until he could get the ingredients for and make an antidote along with a different macro who got hit by 15 darts and within an hour and a half was not only dead but also was only visible under an extremely powerful microscope after being 200 feet before the darts took affect. I check my pockets to see if any of the growth serum I carry with me is still usable and of course when I check all the bottles are broken, luckily growth serum doesn't work directly on clothes and needs to be ingested by a person wearing the clothes before it can affect them or else I'd be stuck trying to maneuver out of tattered clothes far too massive for me. While I've been thinking Worg has been preparing another strike and has tried to claw me a few times. He's hit me once so far in the shoulder and I retaliated with a claw swipe to his left arm that was meant for his chest. The poison's effects are slowing me down more now and I'm feeling it and even seeing it since my height seems to have diminished to the same height as the previously chest level wolf.

I go to punch the gray wolf and he dodges before throwing some dust from the building debris all around us into my eyes desperately and i hi unexpectedly meaning I barely have time to close them in time and some gets in my eyes before *chomp*. "ROAA-AAAAHHHHHHH!" I

hear my own half roar, half scream echo in my ears as the sharpness of the wolf's big fangs pierce into the flesh of my shoulder hard and there's this strange feeling of warmth both from the gray wolf's muzzle and my own blood dripping down my shoulder. He bit only a few inches above some of my back scars from previous battles too, the pain is overwhelming and almost too much but I only stagger a bit and manage to stay on my feet as he growls while trying to sink his teeth in deeper. I move my arm forward then back to elbow with all my remaining might and he winces in response to the elbow colliding with his toned stomach but remains with his bite locked on my shoulder.

I continue to bleed and the jaw of the gray wolf remains sunk in my shoulder intent on staying there and continuing to cause me further pain as well as sink in deeper. I elbow him again and this time his bite loosens a bit and after I do it another time his bite recedes more and he almost completely let's go but manages to barely hold on by the tips of his fangs. He finally let's go completely once I hit his muzzle directly with backfist making the giant wolf actually whine in pain and hold his muzzle in his paws for a bit as a small stream of blood drips down it, allowing me to finally end this with a front kick to the chest and there is only a *thoom* as Worg finally goes down for good hitting the asphalt as his two brothers did before him. That should have taken only two elbows at most, I'm definitely getting weaker. Regardless though I did it, I finally beat them, the Razing Triad and that means it's all almost over. I turn to Liliana on that nearby rooftop who is both unhurt and was apparently watching the last of my fight with bated breath because she breathes a sigh of relief when I give her a thumbs up to let her know that the threat of the macro wolf trio is taken care of and things are safe again for now.

"...*pant*... head...head over to the evacuation spot where the others are and tell the Razing Triad has been beaten. Tom... tomorrow it should be safe to come back after I clear some of the rubble and all so rebuilding can start. Now I've got to drag these three out of here, make sure to hurry and get to everyone else safe to deliver my...*huff*... message." I pant and wheeze getting those few sentences out, I guess taking a moment to take a breath and give instruction also allows the adrenaline of the fight to wear off and it to all catch up to me.

"Can do. Are you sure a day's going to be enough time for you to heal and clean up the city though? I saw a lot of what those wolves did to you,they hurt you bad. Besides I'm sure everyone wouldn't mind waiting where they are an extra few days for you to recover. The evacuation site is relatively safe and obscured and the least we can do after all you do for us is let you heal and take your time to do your thing."

"I'll be fine by tomorrow and I've got this handled. Just pass on my message to Chief Councilor Dominic and everybody, fast. Understood?!"

“Fine, understood. Can I get down now?” She says with her whole scaled body still wrapped in that torn piece of my basically destroyed shirt I gave her while also still on the same rooftop. I raise a golden handpaw to right next to her which she jumps on and then I lower it to street level. She then gets off my paw and walks away until soon all that’s left to see is her long, thick tail trailing behind her and then that too vanishes. Meanwhile I start to drag the all unconscious triad out of Rosettburg and into a nearby clearing about a mile outside city limits.

Normally it’d be a further distance away as well as easier to do this but the dart poison is still affecting me and I need to get home. After all three of the wolves are moved away thanks to me I bolt for home. It’s a bit of a trek and a short swim that allows the exertion and exhaustion from that long, hard fought fight to sink in even more and at one point along the way I nearly collapse. However I manage to will my way through the pain and tiredness to make it to the door of my house at least. I get a humiliating reminder that I’m still shrinking as I go to reach for the door handle and see that it’s a few feet above my eye level now, I must have lost half my height at this point which is somewhat worrying but I don’t dwell on it and instead get on the tips of my toe pads and stretch to barely reach the door handle before struggling to push it open which aggravates the bite wound in my shoulder and then I get inside.

“Wha’ was- Darren? Is that you, my handsome champion? What took you so long to get back? You missed lunch, hell it’s almost dinner. Why’d the fight take so long?” Sid asks all this from the couch. I guess I just spaced out on the time or the possibility of having to explain what happened. Usually when I come back from fights it’s not this long and my bull doesn’t really say anything other than asking how it went.

“Sorry about that darling. These wolves... were a little tougher than I expected and then I got caught up... inspecting... yeah, inspecting the city for any potential damage. I’m gonna just head upstairs to rest up and I’ll get dinner later when I’m ready.” I cross my fingers that the half truths and excuses I just gave are enough to keep him on the couch just watching tv so I can sneak upstairs without any problem. I hear some shifting movement and also see it with his sleek black horns moving a little as if he’ll get up soon enough. Oh crap.

“You’re just going to head upstairs, without any food? You’re practically always hungry especially after a fight. What’s going on here? Feels like you’re hiding something from me.” He says that and I now see his whole bulky form sit upright before hearing hooves land on our wooden house floor and soon enough see the small, muscled reddish orange furred form of the bull I love turn the corner of the gargantuan couch and I can feel sweat now dripping from my face and paws as he does so.

“Now come on and tell me what really happened face to face...oh...my gods! WHAT IN THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU OUT THERE!?! What Happened To Your Shoulder?! There’s

BLOOD running down your STOMACH!! And are those claw marks... and bruises? What happened to your clothes!?! Explain NOW!”

Sid, he hits me just so fast with all the questions and the shouting that it makes my head spin before I regain my bearings. I explain everything that happened from when I arrived in Rosettburg to confront the Razing Triad to when I saved Liliana the marine iguana from becoming a macro wolf snack through the gullet of Venor to putting her on a rooftop with a piece of my ruined shirt to dry off with to when I got shot by the second shrinking dart to when I finally made it back here to the home we share though I omit how I struggled with the door a little. When I finish, Sid takes a deep breath then exhales it through his nose before putting his paws together then ripping them apart before facing me again. He grits his teeth and then takes a second before sighing then opens his mouth to speak again.

“...Well...wow... like you had quite an exhausting and potentially deadly fight. IS THERE ANY REASON YOU DIDN'T CALL FOR HELP!?!” Sid screams that last sentence with a ferociousness I don't think I've ever seen in him before as some spittle flies through his enraged pushed forwards lips and outstretched fuming muzzle.

“DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HORRIFYING IT IS TO SEE YOU MANGLED AND BEAT UP LIKE THIS?!? Hell you're POISONED right now and I don't even know for sure how long you've got left right now. Luckily I've got the ingredients for the antidote saved in case of an emergency like this but I never thought I'd have to use it. Anyway we've got left over growth serum, that should give you some time till I can get the actual antidote recipe and truly make it. Take it NOW before you shrink any further!.”

He points to the kitchen and the special cabinet drawer we keep all our serums, emergency supplies and stuff we don't regularly use.

“Alright, I will! Right...no- ” I don't even finish the sentence before I feel myself going numb and then going down. Sid calls my name a few times from what sounds like several miles in my head but isn't “Darren....Darren... Darren?! and then I feel fingers as darkness fills my vision. I wake up I don't know how long later laying on the couch apparently with Sid just sitting on my plump belly with a grin starting to form on his face.

“Oh thank goodness! The antidote is working along with the growth serum. You lucky idiot, you scared me half to death just now!! Do you know that?!”

“What happened? When'd you make the antidote? How long was I out?” I'm a little woozy and out of it as I ask my questions but I'm starting to feel my strength return and I feel almost back to normal size.

“I lifted you onto the couch, gave you some growth serum as I made the antidote and then gave you the first dose. I finished making the antidote thirty five minutes ago and gave you the first dose thirty minutes and you’ve been out for three hours give or take. Now open up and say ahhhh so I give you your second dose of antidote.” Darren says while holding a medicine cup almost twice as big as he is.

“Wait, huh?! I’ve been out that long? Also why is there a second dose of antidote and why are you trying to give it to me like an incapable cub?”

“A) You’ve been out that long because you let that poison sit in you for so long without trying to get it out of your system at all yourself or calling me for help or anything. Do you have any idea how close you were to death or how badly that stuff was metastasizing within you? It took not one, not two, not even exactly three but three and a half freaking bottles of growth serum just to get you back over a hundred feet again. I’m pretty sure if you got here just a few minutes later than you did you’d be dead and that thought seriously worries me. And B) You just fainted a few hours ago and are still looking a little out of it. Plus you got yourself this badly hurt in good part thanks to your stubbornness and carelessness. Long story short I don’t really trust you enough right now to handle your own self care. Now open...please, for me?”

“Alright, finnnneeeee!” I say exasperated as I can and then follow that up with an “ahhhhhh” as I open my maw wide with my bristled tongue coming out over my fangs as Sid comes closer and I take the step to tilt my head down a little so he can just dump the antidote... syrup I guess into my mouth without him having to risk standing too close to it while doing this and taking the risk of something going wrong given how easy that could happen with the size difference between us. He dumps the antidote in and I swallow it down with it taking full effect merely a couple of minutes later it feels like because I feel back to full size now.

“Oh man I feel great again. I can’t wait to start the cleanup and tell Chief Councilor Dominic that the city will be ready to start being rebuilt tomorrow. Thank goodness we have that Rampaging Macro Re-Infrastructuring Fund to handle these situations. Right, Sid?” I nudge him with a claw retracted finger. He smacks it away.

“ARE YOU FOR REAL RIGHT NOW?!” He yells right in my ear. “You can’t be serious about even thinking about doing anything that taxing on your body after the injuries you just sustained? Can you?!”

“I don’t see why not? I took the full amount of antidote to the shrinking darts so I’m feeling much better and poison free. I took out those wolf brothers and it’s been a few hours so I’m sure most of the bleeding has stopped from my wounds and with some rest the rest will heal enough that I should be good to go. Besides it’s my job to protect Rosettburg and keep it safe and free of

wreckage and that comes first.” I give him my signature hero smile in the hopes that it’ll convince him that I’m right but all Sid does is raise an dark orange furred eyebrow at me and I can tell my smile failed

“Okay first off since I need to keep reminding you, YOU ALMOST DIED!! Secondly your wounds are mostly better because I treated them with gauze, bandages and a lot of peroxide and antibiotic cream. Also I gave you both growth serum and shrinking dart antidote that I had to make myself. You’re lucky I have medical training to patch you up because otherwise you’d be in such worse. Third and finally while I know the city provides you with a good job and us with this house your health and life comes before everything and I’m not gonna let you strain yourself and possibly get your wounds infected or worse die because you apparently don’t value your own life. I on the other hand certainly do and since I just nursed you back to health with my medical skills I’m going to insist that you stay home for at least three days before you get back out there to lift fucking building debris.”

“Aww. Well it’s nice to know you care but what do you suggest I tell Dominic? I already sent that Liliana woman to go tell him that things’ll be good by tomorrow?”

“Of course I care I’ve loved you for years you colossal goofball. Just call him and tell him you’re going to need more time to rest and heal than expected and that he and the rest of Rosettburg will just have to wait till you’re well enough to do the job. Given what you told me I’m sure everyone will understand.”

“You’re right. I’m fooling myself thinking I’ll be ready by tomorrow with all these wounds that need healing. I’m gonna tell the chief councilor right now. Ummm... could you... grab my cell phone for me? I left it in my room upstairs.” I say sheepishly while rubbing my shoulder, the one that isn’t injured.

“Yeah, sure. I’m glad that you’re listening to me for once, you can be so stubborn sometimes.” He says indigently while springboarding off my stomach which I’ll admit hurts just a little and landing to the floor. Sid starts heading up stairs but not before I can say “I listen to you plenty...love you” with sincerity to which he yells back “I love you more and vanishes up the stairs. I wait a few minutes for him to come back and soon enough.

“Alright I got the phone, Now CALL!” He says it with emphasis but not nearly as angrily as before. I dial the chief councilors number and he answers leading to a quick conversation that ends with him agreeing to wait a few extra days for my recovery. Sid looks at me with those soft amber eyes and grins at knowing pretty much exactly how the conversation went.

“See I told you he’d understand! Now you’ve got no choice but to rest here... with meee!” Sid says while rubbing the beige fur of my stomach which he has returned to sitting on, a weak spot of mine. Thankfully though he’s sitting above the claw marks that Shiv left there and which he bandaged up while I was unconscious I figure.

“Yeah I guess I have no choice, heh. Fighting those wolves wasn’t nearly as tough as trying to fight you on what’s best for me haha. But I’m glad things are smoothed out now. You’re not mad at me still, are you?”

“Of course not and I wasn’t really mad... or at least not really at you. *Sigh* ...I was lashing out because I was concerned and angry at the circumstances at how you got hurt by that Razing Triad, how you didn’t think to try to call me or anyone else for help and how you almost didn’t let me help you now and how fatal a mistake that could have been. I worry for you, you know? Usually you make it home perfectly alright from your fights but on rare, once in a blood moon type days like this when you’re gone a long time and then come home hours late bloody and with scars that’ll linger. I know that you have to do what you do and you’re a legend and experienced at it but it frightens me sometimes, when it comes to the threats that leave a true mark. I don’t want to live without you goldeneyes. I hope you know that.”

Sid finishes saying all that and then gives a heavy exhaling sigh like he’s been holding that in for a while. He was genuinely worried, which I understand. I’ve gotten battle scars before but the last time I got them this bad and this numerous was three, almost four ago or so in a battle with two titanic macros both bigger than me. It was brutal. I put a paw behind his back and grin at him in a more sincere way than my hero’s grin, more like a smirk.

“I do and I’m so sorry I made you worry this much and as angry as you were before. I do get scared sometimes when fighting out there and sometimes I get recklessness thanks to the power of my own legacy or the desire to just fight on my own but I do always pull through. A big part of that is the strength I get from keeping in mind the people I protect and you have and hopefully always will be at the very tippy top of that list. I love you, so very much” I look down at my orange furred boyfriend to see him tearing up a little in joy and I lift his chin with the very tip of a claw before lowering my head to the right level.

“I love you too! Now I’ve got the rest of the week off thanks to the reconstruction efforts that will be done to the city and you’ll be here for the next few days healing so let’s enjoy-mmmhmm... mmmmm.” I kiss Sid before he can finish that obvious sentence, his whole muzzle pokes through my much bigger than his lips and we just hold the moment for a bit and let our lips and tongues lock together, savoring each other. The kiss breaks and we both sit back and relax a little.

“Ah, you always know just the right time to lay on the charm you sneaky feline you. It’s a shame I had to bandage and fix you up like I did. It would have been nice to have some fun tonight but I can wait a day or two for some creme de Jaguar.” Sid says while obviously gazing at my groin.

“And it’s kind of a shame you’re not angry anymore. You’re always such a fantastic freaking lay when you’re angry.” We chuckle at each other over this, my laughter making my belly and Sid jiggle up and down. He climbs me to give me a quick kiss on the cheek this time which I lean into before he descends back down to my stomach after doing so. This is going to be a quality filled next few days I think to myself as we both try to pick something to watch and I the pain of my wounds becomes ignorable for now. Next time I face a threat like the Triad I’ll be sure to get Sid’s help first or someone else just in case.