

Judy wasn't letting this one get away. The squirrel was fast but from how chaotic his path was he didn't know the area any better than the rabbit cop. Other officers were moving to back her up, yet they were too slow for her liking, she wanted this wrapped up quickly.

Darkened warehouses and factories dominated this area of the city, locked up and long disused. A broken rusted hole in a wall had been further kicked down as the crook attempted his escape through it. Dim, dark shelves stacked full and high turned the place into a maze, yet Judy didn't rest. If she paused she could lose him too easily, her eyes darted around, hearing a scuffling as he took advantage of ledges to climb and scamper.

While rabbits might not have been equal by nature, through training, Judy was more than able to keep the chase. "Get back here!" She yelled.

"No way!" The squirrel shouted, tail zipping out of sight through a hole in one shelf.

At the broken wall behind her, the larger members of her support made a quick discussion, splitting left and right to try and if need be, break down the doors or at least cut off any escape.

Judy squeezed through the hole, looking around high for the squirrel. Had he gone?! No! There he was! Running on the ground between the aisles once more. Judy leapt for it, running straight for him. In a flustered panic, the squirrel grabbed nearby boxes, hauling them off the shelves and starting a tumble. "Waah!" Judy cried as the avalanche fell on her, more awkwardly battering her than anything. In her punches to get free, her fist burst open a box and something like a squishy rounded ball fell free striking her shoulder with a splat.

She paid it no mind, forcing her way out of the mass of fallen stock. She stood on the summit, looking around, the squirrel had used the distraction well. "Darn it all." She sighed, reaching to her radio, half submerged in the squishy blob that had landed on her. "Oh don't be broken." She mumbled to it, pushing with her fingers to try and shake the blob free. When it didn't budge she sighed, sticking her hand into the gooey mass to push the buttons. "Officer Hopps reporting in. Lost sight of the subject but- huh?"

The blob was... moving?!

"Get off, get off." She shook it around, trying to get it off her hands but only ended up covering all her fingers in it. "Oh well this is perfect!"

She went to squeeze the radio again, though she found that the button was stuck. No wonder no one had replied. She bit her lips from huffing a complaint, already embarrassed at the little she'd transmitted. "Hm?" She tried to mumble before she felt the cool chill of it flow, definitely moving with a life of its own. "Yeeek!" She gasped as the cold of it shot over her fingers and inside her gloves, travelling up her arms within her sleeves. "Wh-wh-what the hay?!"

Judy was growing increasingly frantic as she felt the stuff turn solid and tighten in its wake, squashing over her fur. It slurped off from the radio, letting the button rest and allowing a

familiar voice to crack over the radio. “What’s going on in there, Carrots?” The voice asked, sounding choked, making her pout as she realised Nick was stifling his laughter.

She grabbed the radio, looking in concern at the swelling over her fingers, it had turned a bright red. “It’s fine, just a little spill. Go catch him, he was making for the north side!”

Her grip failed as her hand expanded abruptly- Or rather, the coating did-, her uniformed glove strained as it was stretched from within. A finger hole on each one ripped as the coating pushed her smaller two fingers into pairs. “Nnngh, get off me!” She insisted again, trying to grapple the emerging shapes under her arms and tug them off.

The expansion was halted by the straining fabric but she couldn’t prise it free. The trickle had crossed her shoulders and made her gasp as it ran up the neck and down her front. While it was sticking close to her body, it grew thicker over the head, rolling in a bunched up thick wave. She brought her hands up to try and cut off the flow but her fingers were seemingly too inarticulate to stop it.

She grimaced, shutting her jaw and clamping her lips as it encroached over her mouth, keeping level in a perfect circle that was tight to the head in some spots and grew out over others. Her body felt the same as once below the ribs the mass began swelling, rounding out over her belly. Her belt strained, uncomfortable but just shy of breaking, while the fabric of her uniform was hiked up at the belly and filled around the seat of her pants.

She was keeping herself from panicking, chiding herself as she moved to try and interfere with it again. ‘C’mon Judy, you’ve got to do something about this!’

The pile of boxes shifted as she moved and fell, taking her with it, dropping her to the floor. “W-whammhph!” She gasped, getting a mouthful of the stuff. It tasted like rubber, coating her tongue and mouth and then splitting and resuming in coating the outside of her head. “Guuuh, yeach!” She spat uselessly. Trying to pick herself up.

It had flowed down her legs already, reaching her feet and covered them in big, rounded feeling shoes while at her head the thick layer passed over her eyes. “Aaah no!” She gasped, shutting them. Her hands rose for one desperate last attempt, feeling the weighty rubber grow and thicken as it folded her ears into strange feeling shapes and then seemed to solidify, just as the last of it pushed off her boots and sealed at the feet.

She tensed, holding still but it had stopped. Leaving her feeling heavier, constricted by the thin layer of bulky rubber and too-tight clothing. She dared to open her eyes, finding she still could, leaving her looking through half-lidded lenses.

The radio crackled somewhere in the boxes. “Officer Hopps, we’ve apprehended the suspect. What’s your status? Over.”

“Oh come on.” She said, her voice sounding thick as her tongue fought with the extra weight of the latex.

She tried to push the weird cartoonish red gloves through the boxes to find where the radio had fallen. “Officer Hopps? Come in.”

There it was! She reached for it, knocking it away rather than catching it. “Oh you idiot gloves!” She hissed at them.

She turned in frustration to look over herself. Her uniform was stretched, torn in some spots, disfigured over whatever was coating her which itself had a purple and shining sheen. With a dismayed grunt she kicked out, looking instead for the box she’d spilled. She needed answers.

She found it and stumbling in her awkward new shape dragged it to a lighter area.

Her eyes roamed until she found the label on it ‘Dgmn Impmn Cst (Inst.)’ it read, with her turning the box around to find more details only to be greeted with a big set of stickers over the top of it. “DEFECT.” “CAUTION: DO NOT OPEN.” “MARKED FOR DISPOSAL.”

She gulped, looking around, it was some comfort that this was a defect and probably not intended but she needed to know what she was dealing with! Her arms moved boxes here and there, seeing similar labels on all of them, though she found one where the labels had been aligned differently, letting her see an advert printed on the box.

‘Digimon instant costumes! Simply splash the costume onto yourself and let it take care of the rest! (Caution; please strip or wear loose fitting clothing beforehand.)’

The text was centred in between a plethora of strange creatures with varying names. She found one amidst them that matched the shape of her feet and gloves. ‘Impmon.’ Oh no, was that what she looked like?!

Her hands rose to her head, puzzling out the size of the mask and groaning, it seemed so. Flashlight beams lit up the place, centering on her. “Officer Hopps? Hey! Who are you, identify yourself!” The lead officer said.

“W-whoa, steady on! I know what this looks like but it’s me. See!” She said, raising her hands and standing, presenting her badge-side to them, glad that it hadn’t pinged off despite her protesting uniform.

“Hopps?” The tiger officer asked to confirm as he approached. “What ... are you wearing?” His face showed absolute confusion more than anything.

“It’s a very weird story, I don’t even know myself.” She said with a sigh. “Did you get him?”

The tiger stared for a moment, eyes drawn to the belly that poked out with a yellow smiley face emblazoned on it. “.... Huh? Whuh?” He said, eyes snapping back up. “Uh... yes yes we did.”

Judy sighed in relief. “Great, well, in that case, could you give me a hand?”

The officers had tried everything, pulling on the costume, removing what they dared from Judy's uniform to find a zipper or a seam. Even finding a sharp tipped blade but the suit refused to budge, the blade unable to pierce or cut it.

Judy was kept from panic thanks to the annoyance building in her over Officer Wilde's cackling laughter. The fox wasn't even able to stay standing from the moment he saw Judy waddling out in the Impmon costume.

“This is highly unprofessional. If this were a real crisis-”

“T-then of course I'd be helping but... but... bahahahaha!” Nick yelled again, slapping the ground.

While the mask was moulded close to Judy's mouth and face, it still diminished her expressions, looking more like she was smirking deviously at him than glowering with crossed arms.

“Sorry, Hopps. I can't find anything!” The tiger concluded as he left the warehouse to join them. “All I can work out is there are boxes of these things, all of them marked for disposal by a company that ran out of money before they could even do that.”

“Look... let's just get out of here for the moment.” She insisted, glad that the mask hid her blushing embarrassment.

Once they had loaded up into the cars and started to drive off, Nick was able to contain himself. “I'm sorry, Carrots. We'll get you out of there somehow.” He said. “I can take a couple of sick days off to stay with you until we resolve it.”

Judy let out a groan. “I used all mine up with that flu last month.”

“Ah... well, let's hope the Chief has some desk work lined up. And if not, well, at least you're close enough to normal that the Department will be able to give you a fresh uniform.” He said teasingly and grinning all the while.

The rubbery head squeaked as Judy flopped forward, collapsing in defeat on the dashboard. It seemed the costume was staying on until it chose to part ways. Though perhaps that was why it was marked as a defect.

It seemed the poor rabbit would set another new record. As Zootopia's first rabbit officer and as the force's first serving mascot....