

The Braque D'Auvergne sat at the hotel bar alone sipping a Captain's Blood cocktail. He shot a dreamy look at some young women who just happened to pass by. He was living the exact life he'd always wanted and fought hard to get. He was handsome, respectable, and physically toned. He was Leon Sauvignon, international spy, agent 1110.

Fixing his pumpkin orange turtleneck and lightly dusting his blue double breasted jacket, he scanned the room for his target, playing up the "looking for ladies" act. A 4 foot tall smartly dressed yet somehow fully disheveled armadillo that seemed to be positively raining sweat, rushed out through the hotel lobby. 15 seconds later a doberman dressed in a deceptively thin suit sauntered past without breaking eye contact with something across the lobby. Leon quickly left the hotel, quickly exiting. Walking absentmindedly, making kissy faces at some women across the street, he walked into the doberman and armadillo, silently placing unnoticeable trackers on both while apologizing. Walking off around the corner and hopping into an evergreen green Jaguar XJ. A screen swiveled out from what seconds before looked to be a CD player. 2 red dots blink on a GPS map. The plan was going swimmingly. Who's plan is yet to be decided.

Following his targets from one street over and diverging where he needed, he ended at an old warehouse. Dissimilar to its outwardly abandoned appearance, the warehouse was buzzing with energy. Guards were stationed around the building and rotated every 20 minutes. Each was armed to the teeth, though most wouldn't recognize the multiple bulges for what they actually were. Leon silently crept up to a guard wearing a hat with a large brim and hit a few pressure points on their body, knocking them unconscious immediately. He leaned them loosely against the wall, crossing their arms so they would seem asleep on the job. That guard would probably have a dock in his pay but the safety of the common citizen depended on it.

Swiping their key card, Leon let himself into the warehouse. Along the shelves were multiple large shipments but he still needed the dirt. Luckily there was an empty crate not too far and from the footsteps and conversation echoing through the warehouse it seemed he wouldn't have to wait long. He quickly hid and covered the opening loosely, listening to the conversation.

"Well uh sir, Mr. J-Jinx, sir, we were able to uhm make the gas you re-requested but uh the only w-way to make it work was uhm to have it be d-digested in a certain way by a f-female dragon and the uh only way to administer it by my c-calculations....," said a nasally squeaky voice. "Get on with it," interrupted a low raspy voice, probably Mr. Jinx. "R-right, sir."

Suddenly, the cover to Leon's hiding spot magnetized, locking him into the box. The top of the box slid away to reveal large air holes. Those air holes were suddenly blocked by the thickest dragon ass you'd ever seen. A beep rang out followed by a roar from the dragon and another roar from another part of the dragon. Leon shouted into the mic hidden under his lapel, "I've been compromised.". This was immediately followed by a 3rd roar as the dragon gassed him with a brown almost sand like cloud of chemical particles. Leon coughed as the air holes suddenly closed again trapping him in with the gas as it permeated the entirety of the space. Trying once more, Leon kicked the crate open, quickly running out the warehouse and holding his gun in case of a firefight. Mr. Jinx silently raised his pistol but the small armadillo held up his hand. "It's too late for him."

Leon ran uninterrupted to his car, the stench clung to him like wine to a white shirt. He slipped into the driver's seat as he clung dearly to his brand new pistol. He slapped himself trying to

remove the fog that had entered his mind. Speeding off he drove directly to the nearby hotel he'd been staying at. He took the elevator alone and rushed to his presidential suite.

Still gagging at the stench, he threw his colorful bb gun on the bed and stripped out of his powder blue suit and pastel orange turtleneck, chucking them into a wastebasket in the corner. He pulled off his cartoon character undies and gave them a quick sniff, realizing they had also been affected. He grabbed a complementary towel and quickly made his way to the glass wall shower in the bathroom, starting a shower to remove the scent. Unbeknownst to him it was far too late.

After his shower, Leon grabbed his Paw Patrol towel and walked out into his bedroom, a diaper pail sitting in the corner of the room. Putting on a pair of pink pull-on protective underwear, he got dressed into a blue T-shirt and orange shortalls, his favorite color combo. Waddling over to the tv, he turned on his fave show Paw Patrol. He really liked Chase cause always wanted to be a spy and Chase was like a non-spy spy. Leon's protective underwear quickly puffed into a disposable diaper as he plopped down in his pastel orange onesie, popping the pacifier that had been his lapel mic into his mouth. An hour later a maid walked into find Leon asleep in an adult-sized crib with the pacifier in his mouth and a full load in his seat. He was the 3rd in a line of secret agents that had been taken out this way.

Alex Brahm, a strapping young mouse, was the next in line to try and take down Jinx. He smoothed his curly black locks and brushed his gray fur before hopping in his silver McLaren 650S Spider. Brushing his navy blue suit and fixing his red tie, he settled into his seat. He wanted to get comfortable, his trackers were on the move.

Alex slowly crept through the warehouse. Something felt off to him, it all felt a little too easy. He hid in a crate, listening for any choice tidbits, making sure to block the crate with 2 separate panels. "You'd think they'd learn after the last guy," Guard no.1 said. Guard no.2 replied with, "Maybe they didn't go to a briefin' or some shit," before a loud beep rang out. The box attempted to fully magnetize but the second panel stopped about half the magnets. Alex kicked the panel with all his might, remembering in the briefing that an unknown chemical had been found on the other spies that had been compromised in this very same mission. 3 roars rang out, each from a different part of a very thicc dragon sitting above the airholes of Alex's person trap. Finally getting the panel open with one final kick, Alex ran out, inhaling only half the volume of chemicals that had sent the other spies to the nursery.

Jumping into his car, he stopped caring about who saw and drove car directly into a nearby river. As the airtight modified car quickly changed into a submersible, Alex shouted into the onboard console before the fog could take over his mind. "Full decontamination protocol, code Juliet India November X-Ray," he said as he drove into a hidden underwater tunnel. The fog began to take its toll as he drove into a concrete ramp area. Completely forgetting what was so urgent in the first place, he walked into a room that was lined with stark white plastic panels. People dressed in hazmat suits came out and undressed him as he struggled not understand what was happening. One shoved a tube to his face, forcing clean air into his lungs and circulating the gas out of his system. They sprayed him down, clearing off as much of the stench as they could. In the corner his suit changed into a onesie and his underwear into a diaper. One of the hazmat injected something into him quickly. Alex quickly lost consciousness.

Waking up, Alex felt as everything rushed back to him. He'd been just in time to get the chemical out of his system. He was currently laid on a medical gurney covered by a thin linen sheet. Alex sat up with a crinkle. Thinking the sound and feeling around his crotch to be strange, he grabbed the linen sheet to pull it off. A calm white furred deer put her hand onto his wrist before he could pull up the sheet. "You did great getting here before the chemicals could destroy your mind," she said as Alex stared into her spectacled eyes, "Unfortunately, the chemical affected one specific area irreversibly." As the last syllable left her mouth Alex felt it, he could feel as his body released, a stream leaving his body and then surrounding his crotch. He threw off the sheet and stared down the yellowing front of a diaper. He stood up, pacing back and forth as his brain tried to wrap itself around the fact that he had just peed himself with no control but full sensation. "Agent 2235, please calm down. As you've been out for so long we aren't exactly sure how much it affected," the deer said urgently. A great weight quickly descended upon Alex's bowels. He watched in disbelief as his own fists balled up involuntarily as he squatted down, brown mush exiting him into the awaiting disposable garment.

A month later, Alex sat in a small conference room. He was dressed in a velvet black and blue suit with a satin bow tie. As it turns out the chemical had slightly affected his brain in more miniscule ways than originally thought. An aversion to soft or scratchy fabrics had ruled half his wardrobe as unwearable. A slightly more childish food palette had overtaken his love of fancy foods and wines. He even had to relearn how to tie his own shoes and he still wasn't sure he had it right. However the worst thing that the chemical had done, and he tried with all his willpower to fix it, was the garment that currently rustled under his royal blue pants. The lights dimmed and a projector screen expanded from one wall. The projector clicked on to the familiar face of 'Mère', a tan colored roo dressed in Chanel tweed and a string of pearls.

"Agent 2235, as you are now the leading survivor against the threat simply known as Jinx," the video said as Alex grumbled "Survivor, my ass," under his breath, "you will now be acting as lead on his capture." A picture of the 4ft armadillo popped up on screen, "His top scientist, Mihails Brunnesis, has been captured and is being interrogated as we speak. Godspeed agent 2235 and be careful," she said as the video shifted back to her visage before blinking off.

The lights brightened and Alex stood up. He had work to do.