

“Ezekiel? Sunglasses. It’ll be a bright flash, you don’t want to burn your retinas out.” A badger put his hand out to accept the pair of sunglasses his superior, a labcoat-wearing goat with an impressive set of horns, had offered him. He slipped them on over his eyes, pausing momentarily to brush some sand out of his black and white fur as he looked out over the testing range in the desert, snug and secure from the confines of a concrete bunker.

“Thanks, Dr. Crowley.” he muttered, looking bashfully at the assembled crowd. He wasn’t a fan of large gatherings, and there were a lot of important people from both his R&D corporation and from government agencies, like DARPA and the army. He slid into the corner of the bunker somewhat, awkwardly fiddling with the hem of his jacket as he silently watched the top brass discuss the day’s events.

“...a real game changer! Think about it, it’s like a big green nuke – sure, it fucks up what it lands on, but after it goes off, you give it a little wait, and boom, pristine territory for you to put boots on. Best of all, no fucking OPFOR, since they’ll be dead, or dying of radiation poisoning in their miserable wet holes.” Zeke recognised the voice and turned to look at the owner, a googly-eyed chameleon who never seemed to look right at you when he spoke. He was an excitable shade of orange as he spoke enthusiastically to a tall, well built wolf in full general’s regalia. Zeke recognised him, too – General Remus, a fallen figurehead for the unpopular war over the sea in foreign lands. The media had turned on him as the military’s unofficial spokesman, and these days he was a very private figure. “I see.” said the general, quietly but powerfully. A cold, female voice began a countdown in the background as the gathered crowd hushed slightly and turned to look out over the range. “What yield does this device have?”

“It’s measured a little differently than your usual fusion bomb, General.” The chameleon replied with a smile, putting his sunglasses on as he turned to look out the window. “This one is a tester, so it’s a restrained 20 kilotonnes. Hence the ringside seats.” Something seemed wrong to Zeke, somehow... 20 kilotonnes? That was nowhere near the values predicted, the bomb was more like 200 kt... wait a second. Did someone drop a decimal point? The badger’s question was quickly answered as the countdown concluded, a blast of intense heat and energy ripping through the bunker and sweeping the occupants off their feet. It sounded as though the heavens were being torn asunder as the explosion rang out across the desert, sand whipping through the windows along with the powerful shockwave. Zeke, who could generously be described as skinny at best, was whipped from his feet, cracking his head on the concrete wall. He heard screaming and shouting as the world bled out, sound and vision fading away to nothingness as he sank into oblivion.

He awoke with a start to the sound of the wind whistling through the bunker, his head buzzing painfully. He opened his eyes slowly, pulling a face at the awful stench lingering in the room, and as he painfully dragged himself upright, he saw his former co-workers and colleagues fallen across the room, lying silent and still. He gasped quietly, fear and despair welling up in his chest. Tentatively, with shaking hands, the badger took the sunglasses from his face, wincing as the harsh sunlight hit his eyes. Looking down at his paws, he noticed blood had dried into the black fur – his, judging by his aching head. Bracing against the walls on unsteady legs, he surveyed the morbid scene in front of him. It seemed as though he was the only survivor, with no movement in the room bar the flapping of uniforms and the wind blowing through the fur of the fallen. A sickly green light illuminated the dark corners of the room, softly glowing... as Zeke turned, he was able to place the source of the odd gleam – himself. He watched the light play across the walls of the bunker as he quietly paced the

room, but decided to leave the grisly site instead of staying to investigate. As luck would have it, the large metal door of the bunker was already open, ready for him to step out into the open.

He felt better as he left, leaving the door to swing behind him as he strutted out hastily. The ominous glow followed him as he navigated the twisting corridors of the testing facility, accompanied by the sound of deafening silence. Stillness reigned in the concrete halls of the bunker, not a single movement to be seen as he grimly headed for the exit. Although he was miserable, he was starting to feel physically fine – his headache clearing, the aches and pains of his injuries fading away, replaced by an eager vitality like the day's first cup of coffee. His chest did feel tight, though, and he noticed an uncomfortable chafing in his pants as he walked. Zeke managed to find the door to the outside world after a short walk, the guards he had noticed on the way in nowhere to be seen. Not willing to stick around to see if they had made it, he pushed the door open himself, grimacing as a blast of sandy air hit him from outside. It was a bright day, outside, and Zeke slipped the sunglasses back on as he stepped onto the sand. Unusually, a large set of pawprints lead away from the bunker... a survivor? A shoeless survivor? Zeke stole a glance down at his own pair of sneakers, not exactly premium desert-wear. Maybe they had the right idea, but he didn't want to burn his paws on the hot sand if he could avoid it. He wasn't used to the hot desert climate, in any case – he had grown up in the temperate climes of England, more used to pouring rain than sweltering heat. He went for a stroll around the concrete slab in the desert, looking for anything that might help him.

As luck would have it, a couple of jeeps were parked around the corner, keys sitting tantalisingly in the ignition. Instinctively, he grabbed for them, but jerked his hand back, swearing as his fingers touched the hot metal. As Zeke bundled his paw up under his shirt to protect it from the heat, he noticed a couple of buttons pop off, loosening up the pressure on his chest. He took a satisfied, deep breath in, able to breathe freely for the first time since he had woken up, and turned the key in the ignition. Nothing. Not a sound. The key clicked uselessly in the ignition as Zeke turned and twisted it desperately, hoping to hear the engine roar into life. He gave a frustrated, pitiful sigh as he let go of the key, clambering into the jeep to sit down. He felt it shift slightly under his weight – unusual, given that he was so skinny – as he pushed the seat back to recline, struggling to get comfortable with the hot leather seat. As he manoeuvred himself awkwardly in the jeep, he felt a strange nausea well up from within him – radiation poisoning, he thought with an audible sigh. Well, it was about time. Of all the shitty luck, now he was going to spend the rest of his short life vomiting in the back seats of some grunt's dusty ride. He had so much he had wanted to achieve, never mind just detonating some stupid bomb out in the back end of Nevada. He put a paw on his chest and leant over the side of the jeep, waiting to hurl whatever was left in his empty stomach onto the sands below.

It didn't happen. Nausea turned to a strange tingling sensation, spreading from deep in his chest to every part of his body. Tingling segued gently into burning, overwhelming the badger with sheer, brilliant sensation. He flopped back into the jeep, screwing his eyes shut and grabbing hold of some hard surface as he writhed uncomfortably in the seats, gear lever pressing uncomfortably into his back... but not for long. He opened his eyes, startled as the stick bent with a loud metallic groan. He quickly looked over his body from his prone position, noticing the grey fur of his legs sticking out of his pants. His paws felt trapped by his sneakers, usually quite a good fit, and even more buttons had decided to evacuate his shirt. Worst of all was the terrible pressure on his groin, as certain assets

began to swell... this wasn't the time for that! He barely had time to react when the intense burning within him raged to an intense peak, and he began to explode outwards, watching himself grow bigger and bigger within the confines of the jeep. The metal sidings groaned and creaked as his body stretched out into it; the badger's sheer mass stressing the vehicle's sturdy frame as he continued expanding. His clothes rapidly gave way to shreds of fabric, paws bursting dramatically from his tattered sneakers, and he watched in awe as his cock ripped its way through his waistband, intimidatingly erect and growing far out of proportion. He guessed he must be about ten foot in height, awkwardly squeezed into the rapidly disintegrating jeep, which only made what must have been two feet of solid, throbbing member all the more impressive. Breathless, Zeke reached out a paw to delicately touch it, and instantly had his mind blown by the sheer intensity of his pleasure. Reflexively, he jerked his legs; heavy paws shearing the door of the jeep clean off with a crunch. Another hand wandered down to his sac, which was positively churning with activity. His soft, warm balls felt plush to the touch, having swollen to the size of two cantaloupes. His brain just shut off completely, utterly dedicated to slaking his unstoppable lust. The jeep groaned its disapproval as the giant badger rocked it back and forth, his arms wrapped solidly around his rock hard, pulsing rod as his vigorous pumping applied a generous coating of precum.

"Oh, fuuuuuck!" gasped the badger, vocalising his ecstasy as eager paws deeply massaged his growing cock, an occasional squeeze of his tender, swollen nuts providing mindless bursts of sheer hedonic pleasure. The suspension of the jeep squealed its last as the chassis finally collapsed under the badger's weight, an unfortunate moment for Zeke's climax to ripple through his body. As the strained and stressed vehicle wrapped itself around the massive badger's physique, blast after blast of warm, viscous cum shot from his drooling member, creating arcane patterns in the hot sand as they landed one after the other.

Zeke panted, exhausted as he lay in the haze of his afterglow and the wreckage of the jeep. He stared at his still-expanding body as his paws slowly crept out over the desert, feeling the gritty sand against his furry hide. What the fuck was happening – was he losing his mind? Did he die in the blast? He placed a hand on his cock, still radiating warmth, and slick from his intense stroke session. He couldn't get his mind around just how huge and thick it was, even while flaccid – and his balls were positively titanic, too. Worse still, they were growing out of proportion with the rest of him – how was he meant to lug all that weight around? Zeke grunted as he pulled himself from the wreckage, the jeep seeming insignificant to him now as he stood up to his full height, genitals giving him an awkward front-heavy stance. He noticed the green, sickly glow from earlier in the huge shadow he was casting was stronger than before – maybe enough to read by, if he squinted. A deep sigh rumbled out from the gargantuan badger as he ran his claws through the fur on his head anxiously. There was no other way to describe it – he felt *weird*. Physically, he felt great – better than he had ever felt before. Besides the hefty junk weighing him down, he felt strong, fit, brimming with vigour. The headaches and various pains from when he woke up were utterly gone, and despite the oppressive heat of the desert, he didn't even feel hungry or thirsty. Mentally, though... he was conflicted. He wasn't sure how any of this could be real, let alone happening to him. Worse, the bizarre overpowering lust was lingering, laying dormant in his mind but just waiting to pounce again. How could he even think of cracking one off at a time like this, when his friends... well, acquaintances... lay on the floor of a bunker, unmoving? On the other hand, something about his new size, and especially his new body, spoke to him on a primal level. He felt good – powerful. Unstoppable. Zeke pressed a giant paw down on the hood of the wrecked jeep, feeling the metal

yield under his toes, and noted a deep feeling of satisfaction. What was formerly a chunky, powerful vehicle was nothing to him, mere scrap beneath his paws. Looking over at the bunker as a rough comparison, he guessed he must be roughly thirty feet tall, and still growing, he noted. He strolled over, a smile curling the edges of his mouth, and sat squarely on the top of it. To his slight annoyance, it held strong, but if he was still getting bigger... there was always later. For now, though, he wanted to get out of this backwater and possibly find some new toys to play with. He lifted himself off the concrete, and with heavy footsteps stomped off across the desert, following the dirt road back to civilisation.

He remembered it had been a long ride – you don't just test bombs anywhere, after all. It'd be an even longer walk, though possibly not as long as it could have been, considering each stride the smaller Zeke made barely even matched the length of his considerably upsized paws. The desert wind blew roughly against him, uncomfortably warm against the significant mass of his shaft. He could feel himself growing, still, though the sensation wasn't nearly as spectacular as it had been previously. He took a moment to enjoy the sensation as he walked, listening to the sounds of the desert mixed with the steady rhythm of his thunderous footfalls. Over the odd bird call and the whistling of the wind, he noticed a strange rattling – he panicked for a moment, looking under his paws for the telltale pattern of a rattlesnake wriggling around under him, before realising that he was far too huge for such a thing to bother him. With a smug smile, the badger looked around for the source of the sound, listening closely over the breeze. He wasn't a military man, particularly, but he knew a gun when he heard it. Someone, far away, was firing off an automatic weapon – probably a few miles off, though even with his lofty view, he couldn't see whatever it might be. Determined to investigate, he started off in the direction of the noise... if only because it might provide him with some amusing toys. The very thought brought the burning passion back to the forefront of his mind, his cock rising slowly as his breath began to catch in his throat. As he strode across the desert, he found his paws wandering down to caress the monstrous member – he had to steel his resolve, waiting with barely restrained anticipation for his encounter with whatever was up ahead. He was hoping it was worth it! As he walked, he found himself noticing an odd trail in the desert – large pawprints, if smaller than his own, trailing off in the same direction as his travels were taking him. They seemed to have started suddenly, and a brief hunt revealed some startling evidence. Hunting around, he found where they began, the site rich with the deep musk of sex, dark stains in the sand suggesting that someone had gone through much the same as himself. Tiny pawprints lead to a confusing mess in the sand, before picking up in size and striding off. Zeke decided to follow on in the hopes of meeting this other survivor – it'd be nice to have something his own size to play with... well, maybe a little smaller than his own size.

The sun was beginning to go down by now – it must have already been late when he had woken up. The badger was casting that green light down onto the sand as he travelled onwards, and had the irreverent thought that maybe a passing plane would spot him... though he doubted very much they'd be able to offer him a ride home. Maybe he could offer them one? He found himself lost in thought as he drifted through the desert, trying to distract himself from the burning lust and needy organ that plagued him. That was when it hit him.

"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!" roared the badger, dropping to a knee as a stinging sensation erupted over his sensitive sac and the scent of singed fur met his snout. He looked around furiously, hoping to spot whatever had dared to assail him, when he spotted a tell-tale plume of smoke from behind a tiny column of rocks. He stomped up to them with murderous intent, his massive paws

shaking the ground as they smashed into the sand, leaving deep impressions behind. He found his targets without much trouble – a few soldiers camped out next to a ruined military truck, smashed into the sand. It reminded him of the jeep he had wrecked earlier, with heavy pawprints scattered around it. As he growled in anger, leering down at the shivering soldiers huddled together with useless, tiny guns, out of the corner of his eye he saw lying forlornly in a craterous print was a sad, bloody stain, a bent and broken gun mixed up amongst the camo and fur. The sight stopped Zeke dead in his tracks – was he going to become like this? He couldn't see himself going through with it, he was no murderer. He was disgusted with himself, and the ease at which it had taken him to consider such an awful act. He sat himself down in front of the soldiers, the little figures paralyzed by fear, as his raging erection found the wind taken right out of its sails by Zeke's inner turmoil. "I'm not gonna hurt you." He said, booming voice taking the soldiers by surprise. They leapt up, scrambling to hide amongst the ruined truck as Zeke loomed over them. He gawked down at them a little sadly as they cowered beneath him in the wreck, hardly daring to peer out for fear of their lives. As he surveyed the scene, despite the burning lust in the back of his mind urging him to dominate the little creatures, he couldn't help but feel sorry for them... and for himself. He was presumably stuck like this, unless there was some sort of precedent for shrinking giant monsters like him. He doubted it somewhat. As Zeke stared down at the little furs, he noticed something glinting in the sand, discarded by a careless owner – a rocket launcher. So that was what nipped him in the sack! Fury welling up in him once again, he had to remind himself not to go down that darker path... although, he could certainly play with his toys without breaking them.

The idea sent a goofy grin over his face as he absently placed a paw on his stiffening rod, stroking the colossal pillar of meat gently at first. Pre began to slick his cock as he eagerly massaged his virility, his passion igniting the feeling of growth once more as he felt himself rapidly fill out. The sight of him outgrowing the truck proved intoxicating as he watched his cock throb out even further than before, growing with every heady wave of lust pulsing through his body – or was it the other way around? It mattered not to the badger, sighing with deep satisfaction as each heavy stroke brought him closer to slaking the thirsts of the drooling beast weighing down his front. That colossal cock had become so thick and weighty now that Zeke had to wrap both paws around it in a desperate attempt to give pleasure to every needy inch... well, every needy foot... yards? Hectares? All Zeke knew that he, and his mammoth member, were growing FAST, and approaching climax. The truck shrunk almost to nothingness beneath his incredible paws, certain parts of his anatomy blocking his view with their imposing, throbbing nature. Zeke wasn't, of course, neglecting his balls – proportionately to little Zeke, the super-sized sac seemed to carry two soccer balls which were currently positively throbbing at full production. As Zeke and his thick cock grew further, the pleasure seemed unbearable, impossible, unending, and...

"OOOOOHH, YEEEEEEESSS!" growled the badger, grabbing his member tightly to aim the viscous arcs of cum splattering across the desert sands into the ruined truck, smiling deeply as he exhaled a gloating sigh, the white sticky mess forcing the soldiers from their refuge. Even through the intense warmth of afterglow, the badger noted he had grown to truly massive proportions – his paws dwarfed everything beneath them, a single toe enough to bury a man completely, should he desire. He made a conservative estimate of about a hundred, maybe a hundred and fifty feet. The maths weren't so important where pleasure could be had. As Zeke moaned his satisfaction, the soldiers picked themselves off, brushing the white and gloopy substance from their uniforms and looking up at the titan fearfully.

"Like I said, I wasn't gonna hurt you, but playing with you... well, I just couldn't control myself, you see." said Zeke, rather bashfully. "I... I'm sorry. That was completely inappropriate of me." An awkward beat passed as the soldiers stared, unsure what to do. "Is there anything I can do to help?" the titan offered.

"You haven't seen a giant wolf, have you?" shouted one of the tiny soldiers on the ground, clearly intimidated by the sheer size of the badger, particularly his pecker, hanging down to his knees even when flaccid and stunningly thick – an impressive cut of meat indeed!

"Can't say I have... wait, could it be General Remus?" He was the only important wolf on the test site, and well – Zeke hadn't stuck around long enough to identify who was who in the bunker, beyond his closest friends.

"That's right, er, sir, but if I may speak freely?" The little man on the ground seemed confident, if shaken by the impressive sight before him. Zeke gave his giant head a nod of approval. "It is him, the face of the creature matches with his ID. We had hoped to come out and reason with him, but... as you can see. This does mean that there is something you can do to help, though. You're far bigger than he was - fifty foot at most. We'll try to dry off the radio and call in for backup, maybe get some missiles down-"

"No no no!" boomed Zeke, a gust of breath knocking the soldiers over into the sand. "Whatever you do, make sure they don't use a nuclear weapon – that's what got us into the shit, and I can't see it clearing up any problems!"

"We'll see what we can do, but unlike you, Remus is pure crazy. He rampaged in here with a hardon big as any one of us and just started stomping all over the place. Laughing, too. Connolly just shot himself as soon as the bastard stepped on Westwood. Creepy shit too, he really ground it in, like he was enjoying it, the sick fuck. His fucking tongue was just lolling all the way as he stroked that cock of his... sort of like yourself, I guess, but at least you had the common decency to leave us alive."

Zeke had to admit that cut deep. He was just another monster to these soldiers, if one that couldn't quite muster up the courage to kill them. He was going to prove them wrong, though, by taking down Remus. Though normally the idea of taking on a massive wolf with sculpted musculature and years of hand to hand training did not particularly seem like a great idea most of the time, with a hundred or so foot on the large lupine he'd be able to pin him down long enough to let the military handle the rest... or if worst came to worst, well. He'd see.

"Call in those reinforcements, then. I'll take care of Remus." Picking up the large, craterous trail, Zeke strode off into the desert once more, in pursuit of his colossal canine confrontation. He picked up the road quite quickly, and deeply embedded in the ground beside it were deep, wolfish pawprints. Following them, they only seemed to get bigger and bigger – what if he was growing differently to Zeke? What if he just shot upwards with no awkward, timely growth spurts? Beginning to worry as the pawprints grew ever closer in size to his own thunderous, stomping footfalls, he found the answer would be staring him in the face sooner than he had thought. In the dip of a valley, behind some tall rocks cresting a hill, Zeke's superior height allowed him to peer over into a military camp, fenced off and currently in the midst of some trouble. The colossal wolf the men had mentioned earlier, General Remus, was currently in the midst of causing havoc as he crushed the base under huge paws, the giant taller even than Zeke at roughly 170 foot. Worse still, he was *built!* Everywhere on his body was richly defined, from thick, meaty biceps, to slab-like pectorals, to rippling abs and powerful haunches. The one advantage Zeke had over him, he noted with a wry smile, was that the gargantuan wolf was very averagely hung for a titan. Patting his own weighty

member with pride, he formulated a plan to outweigh the monstrous, rampaging lupine. The beast crashed through the little encampment, huge paws smashing into tents and stamping vehicles into useless disks of metal as panicking soldiers levelled their weapons against him. As Zeke had expected, the sight was just what his primal, savage lust demanded, and as he felt his mind switch back into that raw animal passion. Cock stiffening once again, he stomped down to meet the titan in battle as he felt the growth flood through his body, muscles straining under the weight of his gargantuan genitalia. Zeke's paws drummed out an ominous cadence, thundering against the desert sand as he drew closer to the larger wolf.

"Remus! Stop this, now!" snarled the badger, watching the tiny figures on the ground turn to look at him. Growling savagely, Remus turned to look at Zeke, pouncing on him in an instant and knocking him to the asphalt, cracks erupting where the two impacted roughly on the ground. Zeke was overpowered by the sheer strength behind those grey-furred muscles, Remus pinning him to the ground and throwing a flurry of bites and punches. Even with his thick hide, Zeke wouldn't have been able to ignore the pain if it wasn't for one factor – with Remus grappling him and pinning him to the ground, Zeke's flailing in a bid for freedom was stimulating his needy rod in the most brilliant fashion. As the wolf's thick, sculpted muscle rubbed up against the mighty member, Zeke found himself breathless with sheer pleasure, unable to concentrate on anything beyond getting off.

The sensation proved to be far too much as the wolf ground himself against the badger's considerable manhood, size flooding in through Zeke's form as he rapidly outgrew the struggling wolf. Two hundred feet, two hundred and ten... the badger grinned as Remus seemed to shrink against his cock, and decided to turn the tables somewhat. The badger shifted his weight, breaking from the grapple with a roar as he stood up and towered over the wolf. For a moment, the snarling rage permanently affixed to Remus' muzzle gave way to a shocked look of fear, but Zeke gave him no time to react, launching himself at the wolf and pinning him beneath his growing mass.

"Call in your cavalry, guys." ordered Zeke, casting a glance at the soldiers gaping awkwardly at the struggling pair. "Also you're gonna want to get a few mops for this next- FUUUUUUUUUUCK!" The gray wolf pinned beneath Zeke's throbbing rod had decided to deploy his claws in a bid for freedom as Zeke shot up in height to a respectable 250 feet. He noted with some satisfaction that Remus seemed to stay static in size, making his task all the easier as the impressive bulk of his cock began to match the struggling wolf for size, the wriggling providing a source of pure raw pleasure that seemed to know no boundaries, despite the often rough clawing. As he continued to grow, he began to put his weight against the wolf, rutting against the ground with Remus sandwiched uncomfortably between it. Pleasure built to incredible heights as the badger breathlessly smashed the wolf into the ground with his thick, meaty cock, grasping at it with both paws and frantically providing it with much needed stimulation as pre soaked into the wolf's fur and pooled on the hot asphalt below. The wolf's wriggling paws pushed up against Zeke's heavy sac, tickling them sensuously until he could take no more and a blast of cum squirted from the quivering tip of his cock. The badger fell back, moaning with ecstasy as pulse after pulse of pleasure coated the miserable-looking Remus with sticky whiteness, too worn down to struggle much against the sheer volume of cum the badger's behemoth balls were pumping out. 300 foot of badger and roughly 100 foot of heaving, erect cock reclined for a moment, exhausted by passion, before Zeke trapped the smaller giant beneath a pair of heavy paws.

The pair were too worn out to struggle as the military arrived en force, jets circling in the sky as armoured vehicles rolled up on the small, ruined base. They were shocked to see the rampaging

titan they had been called in to defeat already conquered, a large badger and his imposing set of genitals sat squarely on top of Remus, who was snoring loudly, stained white and dripping ominously. The pair seemed to have stopped growing, much to Zeke's annoyance, though he suspected the military would not mind if they didn't become any bigger. Slightly more useful was the fact the unbridled lust burning in the forefront of his mind had dissipated, leaving the badger's thoughts clear and focused, just the way he liked them. Though his misadventures had been enjoyable, he knew he didn't want to end up like Remus, rampaging and hurting innocents. He watched as a lion decked out in a fancy uniform dismounted a jeep next to one of his looming paws, switching on a bullhorn as he stared up at the giants. He looked as though he was about to speak, but realised what the sticky substance he was currently standing in was slightly too late with a disgusted grimace.

"Ezekiel Cole, if what I am told is correct, you have done us a great service in apprehending General Remus." he shouted through the megaphone, awkwardly standing in the gooey slick and trying not to get his uniform any dirtier. "We have come to make you a reasonable offer."

"I'm not going to war, if that's what you're asking." Zeke replied, the deep booming voice making the military officer recoil, desperate to keep his balance.

"Quite the contrary. We'll offer you a place to stay, out of the way so you don't scare the locals. In return for keeping out of the way, and possibly coming out to deal with threats like Remus, we can make sure you're comfortable. Hook up some cable TV or something. I don't know how we'll feed you, but I'm sure we'll work out something... and I think we'll probably have to get some scientists in to figure out just what the hell happened to you and him."

"You know, I don't think food will be a problem, I haven't been hungry since I woke up." rumbled the giant badger, considering his options. "That sounds great and all, but what about this guy? I don't think he'll take kindly to sitting in the middle of nowhere when there's stuff to break. Hell, I wouldn't want to see him loose in a city."

The lion looked over to the men assembled around the ruined camp, in particular to a fox wearing a long white labcoat with a wry grin. "Don't you worry. We have plans for him..."