

*“Cheers, love! The cavalry’s here!”*

Time bent and spat out a lass in an orange tracksuit and chronal accelerator, twin pulse pistols spewing pellets. Long legs carried her forward into the fray, lines of light tracing her path for several yards behind her. Moving quickly was what Tracer did best, and with her personal timeline stretching forth in front of her, the time-cop could see just where to shoot, just when to jump, just how to dodge, just who to arrest. Policing had never been so easy!

Tracer’s modified weapons were set to a non-lethal mode, nano-dart pellets laced with tranquilizers spraying across bank robbers and leaving them unconscious on the floor as she flashed through the lobby, halls, offices filled with terrified workers. Weapons fire followed her after-images but soon those weapons clattered to the floor as the assailants were subdued, one by one by one. When the occasional bullet grazed by Tracer’s glowing skin-suit, a bright flash from her chronal accelerator sent the British policewoman skipping backwards to the instant before, allowing her to twist out of the way and land a more accurate blow.

Lena Oxton, also known as Tracer, still felt the sting of these phantom wounds, but she carried out her mission with alacrity, making short work of nearly two dozen armed robbers. Pausing to offer chipper cheers and quips to innocent bank bystanders to reassure them of safety now, she made her way to the bank vaults, following the trail of defenders the would-be criminal masterminds had left behind to slow her down. Speeding up a wall to kick-flip in a high arc over a make-shift barricade, Tracer downed another two criminals and landed on her feet, steam rising from her pistols. A smart flick of her thumbs and the nanite canisters ejected, empty. Lena let out a breath.

“Damn! Calvary should pack a bit more ammo next time.” She muttered to herself, as she rose to take stock of her surroundings. Clipping her empty pistols to her belt, she looked around, finding herself in a four-way hall. The sounds of shouting men and of a high-powered laser drill melting through a metallic vault door drew her attention down the left hallway. Spotting a security camera looking right at her, Tracer stuck out her arm with her thumb popped upright and flashed a cheeky smile, then sped off in a blur of light down the hallway.

Out of ammo, but not unarmed, Tracer plucked a triangular device from the belt at her hip and primed it. Vaulting down the hallway, she skidded into the open, to behold a group of five men surrounding a massive, partially melted vault door. One of them was visibly different from the others, his features hidden beneath an oversized trench coat. Triggering her chronal accelerator, Tracer blinked forward straight into the midst of the men before they could turn their weapons on her. Her thumb released the Pulse Grenade’s primer and she let it fall, blinking back to whence she came. Launching two fingers off of her forehead, Tracer paused to regard her soon-to-be-defeated foes.

*“You need a time out!”*

And then she was gone, just out of range of the electromagnetic pulse that shut down the laser drill, fried electronic weapon systems, and paralyzed cybernetic limbs. Unable to suppress a cheerful grin, she expended her final blink charge to reappear at the vault entryway to behold her victory, a boastful quip ready on her lips.

Four heavily armed and armored men lay twitching and spasming on the ground, sparks flying from weaponry and body-modification enhancements alike. Even the lights flickered and the security cameras hung smoking and sparking on their perches. The laser drill slumped to one side, the barrel half-melted and rapidly cooling before the not-quite-breached vault door. Lena felt the rush of excitement of winning a race flash through her veins, her lips already moving to deliver her line, her hands reaching behind her back to produce a pair of handcuffs.

The fifth figure moved, and rose, taller than Lena had realized them to be. They hadn't been affected! Lena's boast fumbled out past her lips as she craned her head upwards to take full stock of this last criminal, surely the leader. A sudden sense of unease came over her, and she scowled. *That wasn't right...* The thought last only an instant, but it was enough for Lena to make the decision that would revise her own life.

Lifting her hand to her choral accelerator, Lena flicked the device into its more dangerous 'experimental' mode, and felt time skip back around her. A crush of light and noise buffeted her, but Tracer found herself back right where she wanted, in the moment before the Pulse Grenade exploded. Reality asserted itself into its proper order of sensory input. Exhaling, Lena allowed herself a quick double-check of her personal timestamp, ensuring she had also regained her last expended charge of Blink. Delight scrawled across her face as she saw she had indeed successfully revised her own timeline, and she activated her Blink to deliver a *better* quip this time.

After all, what was the point of having a time-travel device if you couldn't use it for some right and proper British humor from time to time? Tallyho!

Lena, in her signature tracksuit and nanotech equipment, struck a straight-legged pose with one hand on her hip. As the same four men writhed in same four ways she remembered, she flicked her handcuffs out and spun them around her fingers, her re-thought quip prepped on her lips for when the leader would turn to look at her.

But the leader was already looking at her. In fact, the trenchcoat was on the floor and the lights in the room were deeply, darkly filtered through the thin brown membrane of bat wings that stretched across them. Lena didn't remember having to look *up* so severely, nor did she recall the ceiling of the vault room to be as high as it had been before. Her delivery sputtered once more.

*"Shocked to see... me?"* Lena squeaked, her voice clenching in her throat as she met the leader's gaze. Two immense, sapphire-blue eyes, perched atop a muzzle with a leafy-tipped

nose, looked into hers and looked *through* her. Despite the chronal accelerator keeping her pinned to this beloved timestream, she felt as she did when untethered. Flashes of the past, some she didn't remember or couldn't be possible, scattered through her mind unbidden. She stood there stock-still for seconds on end, speechless as she felt as if her entire personal history had just been seen and scanned by some impossible demon.

*"Electrified."* Came the response, perfectly timed to rebut Lena's quip. A woman's voice, uttered from a powerful chest and throat, and spun through lengthy, plump lips. Words made to dance across an elongated tongue, which lashed between two lengthy bat fangs. Chocolate-brown fur bedecked the entirety of the bat woman's head, save for white tufts of fur inside lengthy ears standing tall. Gold- and Silver- piercings bejeweled the edges of those ears. Lena swore she could hear her own heartbeat echoing off those radars.

"Coy, you're a big beastie, aren't cha? Do you know Winston?" Lena hurled, her sharp tongue honed from years of taunting. Her body was already in motion again, beginning a light jog around the edges of the room, circling her opponent while she took stock.

"Good, think of the anthropomorphic ape. You could learn to be a bit more like him, *Tracer*." The chiropteran woman retorted, her gaze following Tracer's movements without deviation.

Tracer's thoughts raced. Whomever this was, she knew her alias and her partner's. The leader-creature was imposingly massive, and not human, despite the humanoid figure and shape that sprouted wings that brushed the ceiling. Physical intimidation notwithstanding, the bat's discrepancy from her personal timeline was worrisome. Coupled with her abilities on cooldown and her ammo packs depleted, she found herself with the consequences of her selfish decision.

"You know? This isn't working how it usually does." Tracer said, her hand lifting for her chronal accelerator again. She had enough juice for one more personal rewrite, just after the pulse grenade's detonation but before her third blink. She would undo her undo and blink back for backup...

The immense bat woman made no move to stop her, and so Lena activated the experimental mode again and began to hurl backwards. Light and sound inverted and she felt herself untaking her steps around the room.

Yet to Lena's horror, the bat woman *continued to move*, even flashing her a wide, fanged smile across the animalistic muzzle. The time-traveling cop was helpless to change her past trajectory, jogging backwards around the room to where she started. The lights-tinting wings flexed and folded against the bat's back as she strode forward, extending strong, brown-furred fingers not to where Lena was, but where she had been and was about to be.

Tracer's body pushed itself into those hands, resuming her straight-legged pose. One hip was neatly fitted into the cusp of an awaiting hand, her ample ass pressed to the bat's palm. Lena could feel the warmth from the woman's body heat, and could smell an earthy scent of fur and natural musk. The other outstretched hand was soon fitted with Lena's shoulder, one large thumb with a long nail-claw pressing gently to the human's smooth cheek. Her normally wild bangs were nudged out of place, to more fully show Lena's face and eyes.

As her second failed quip was sucked back into Lena's mouth, the bat spoke over them.

"You need a time out."

Lena's backwards travel through time halted. Time halted. Motion halted, except for Lena's breathing and the bat woman's warmth. She was moving forward in her own personal timeline again, but not as far back as she wanted. Her breaths came hard and fast, her chest bouncing as she sucked in air and scent, like an animal trapped in a hunter's cage. In all Lena's countless years of tethering and untethering from time, she had never experienced someone moving *through* time, as if it was simply another spatial dimension. Now, she was caught - but why was it so...

"Arousing?" The shapely bat woman trilled, relaxing the firmness of her grip on the human, brushing a thumb claw across Tracer's brow to shift her bangs to the other side of her face. Lena gulped and nodded silently, fidgeting slightly. More questions filled her mind, but her roiling emotions pressed them back. Her instincts were taking over, and not the police kind.

"I've met cops like you before, Lena. You get off on power, and it doesn't always have to be *you* who has that power." Her voice wrapped around the human much as her hands had, filling Lena's ears with the same sensual sensory input as she felt on her waist and shoulder, her eyes and nose. Every interaction with this unnamed creature elicited an unreal response of affection and desire, sending the human's normally stoic poise into a wobbling, knee-quaking series of twitches and thigh-clenches. Whoever, or whatever, this creature was, she *did* know Lena.

"Cor... who, what are you?" Lena gasped, placing her smaller arms on the muscular forearms before her. She still had to look up a long distance, and with proximity, she saw she had to look over the woman's exceedingly impressive bustline.

"I am Echoen, and I am here to 'Rabbit you like a cockney.'" Echoen crooned, her accent changing mid-sentence to perfectly replicate what Lena had heard so often in the pubs in her pasts, the ones she had never been to. Confusion scrawled across Lena's face but her body relaxed further, nearly drooping into Echoen's powerful hands. Tracer moaned, the sound reverberating off Echoen's chest, coaxing another instinctual squeeze from Lena's jogger thighs.

"You... you want to jaw? Then why all...why all this?" Tracer loosely indicated with her arm to the frozen-in-time robbers and the glowing red laser drill behind the bat.

Without taking her piercing sapphire gaze from Lena's face, Echoen smiled. Lena's heart fluttered like a bunny's thumping paw. "You don't -chase- time travelers, dear. You *bait* them. This was the perfect scenario for you to win with just your normal abilities. See if you would... cheat."

Tracer gulped, and released a groan. "The quip..."

"The quip." Echoen responded, at the same time.

"Look, mate, if it's reeeally that big of an issue I'll-"

"You took the carrot, and now I'm going to Rabbit you. I meant that both ways." Echoen's grip hardened around Lena's smaller body, drawing the intimidated speedster's attention back to her hot and flushed body. Her nanotech suit felt hot and itchy, and her boots felt tight. Her hips squirmed as she fidgeted, her heart pitterpattering faster as she felt different.

"W-wha? *Squeak!*" Lena half-sneezed, her nose nudging forward back into her visual perception, a pretty pad of pink atop a softly rising ridge of a short lapine snout. A soft moan spilled from her softening, plumping bunnywoman lips as she transformed. Fuzzy gray fur began to sprout all over her face and body, puffing out her form-fitting nanosuit as her form changed. Her tongue licked over her prominent incisors, tasting new pearly teeth push out for a prominent overbite.

Echoen lifted the transforming Tracer, smoothly transitioning the changing woman from barely standing into buried against the bat's prodigious, muscular, heavily endowed body. Softness and heat surrounded Lena, the cop's ears stretching upwards like long twin gray antennae, before flopping onto either side of Echoen's tits. She could hear the heavy volumes of milk that filled those chocolate-furred bosoms.

Instincts told Tracer to kick her legs; and she did, in time to feel her shoes stretch and tear around broadening bunny paws. Thick toes spread out, capped with small dark claws and covered in fur. Her thighs burned as they thickened into lapine haunches, her uniform further distended as her hips broadened. Lena hadn't felt self-conscious about her ass before, but now that she could feel a wiggling bunny's tail just below her spine, she could also feel how large and round each of her rumpcheeks were becoming.

Lena placed her paws upon Echoen's breasts, looking up soulfully at the immense monster of a bat, who seemed taller than before. Looming ever-larger, taking up more space as Lena took up... less. The bunnywoman's feet found purchase on the battybeast's knees, stabilizing her as she was held aloft by a far larger person's hands. She saw herself reflected in the bat's sapphire eyes - barely a trace of her humanity was left, her entire body swathed in velvety gray fur and

her features unmistakably lapine. Aside from her anthropomorphic build, Tracer couldn't recognize herself.

A tight pressure began to fill into Tracer's chest, causing her to wince. Echoen coo'd in an almost motherly fashion, as much as an 11-foot demon could make such a noise. The sound soaked in through Tracer's new ears and she felt the pressure increase, and a heat blossom between her thighs. Her handpaws dug her small fingers into the bat's breastfur, and her face flushed, feeling her hips beginning to move on their own - to grind, to squirm, to buck, to.... Thrust.

"Wh...what is this?" She managed, around her reconfigured, somewhat cartoonish teeth and lips and tongue. Her cop uniform hung off her body in tight-fitting tatters as she proceeded to hump against the bat's hot'n'huge body, a burning need building within her depths. Echoen's grip began to loosen; Lena found herself not running away, but instead staying to grind her increasingly heated self against the closest thing.

"I'm sure you're familiar with the fecundity of rabbits." Echoen murmured, almost seeming to turn her attention away from Lena, cupping her ass in one hand and letting her grind and squirm in place. "You'll need that for your new... beat." She smiled, lifting her other hand to place it upon the vault door. Lena glanced over, her face beet red and her hips pumping back on their own. It looked like the vault door from the fight before, but it was.. Different. Brighter, and while still damaged, it looked less high-tech and more like a stereotype found in cartoons.

Perking her ears, the horny rabbit cop looked around the room and saw everything was as disturbingly unrealistic as the vault door. The entrance room was still the same size, while Tracer was relatively tiny now, but the damage from the fight earlier seemed less significant. The robbers, no longer writhing in reverse motion, were still strewn across the floor. Yet they had the greatest differences that Lena could tell: their body armor indicative of animalistic features. All four of them were wrapped in distinct suits that allowed their long, gray trunks to protrude from their helmets without giving away their identities.

Mashing her pelvis against Echoen's thigh, Lena chittersqueaked in hot need. Her pussy ached and felt flush, and the tightness in her chest from the squeezing of uniform around her breasts felt too arousing. The bat seemed slightly distracted with these alterations in reality, yet the urge to copulate was overwhelming, as great as her urge to take flight and flee. The longer she stayed adjacent to this bat, the hotter and hornier she felt. The more sexualized she became.

Gathering her willpower, Tracer released her grip from Echoen's breasts and kicked off the bat's knees with her newly powerful, bounding legs. Easily backflipping, Tracer landed on both paws in a splayed stance with one hand...paw, on the floor; natural, a sprinter's pose, still adequate for her combat style. The sense of sexual escalation slowed. She still wanted to *fuck*, but she could keep her momentum going.

Echoen made only a slight motion when Tracer bounded off her body; snapping her fingers, the dilation in time ceased, and the sounds of sparking camera wires and groans of electrically stunned elephant robbers filled the air as they should have before. The completion of the reality revision left Lena breathless for a moment, but her training kicked in once more and she ducked back behind a barrier.

“Oi! I don’t know what you did,, or what’s going on with me body - gyaahh, theese teeftht! - but it’s not right or propa!” Tracer squeaked out behind the barrier, quickly gathering up the longer strips of her modified uniform and tying it off around her *decidedly* much more curvacious and endowed body. Her cheeks continued to burn with a blush through her fur as she found she was inordinately busty, each of her four breasts as relatively large as a basketball now. Despite their size they nestled perfectly against her body and, while appropriately heavy, her huge hips and powerful haunches helped her move about with little difficulty. Luckily, her loins were still covered by her sturdy belt and armor plates, though matters were much worse in the rear; her ass was *gigantic*, each globe of furred bunny butt larger around than a medicine ball.

Four, elephantine groans pulled Lena’s attention from her self-investigation. Peeking her ears and eyes over the rim of the barrier, Tracer noticed that the midsections of all four gray-fleshed guards were oddly rounded, and pushed prominently up into the air. Like her, their uniforms were stretched and filled to the point of breaking, but unlike her, they were much, much closer to Echoen. Long gray trunks shoved from their faces to cast off their helmets, revealing wide flaps of elephant’s ears. Their bodies surged upwards and outwards in height and size, armor plates falling from bulges upon their chest and between their legs. All four navels popped outwards simultaneously, and Lena saw the outlines of large, four-fingered hands push from within their stomachs.

Training warred with instinct. Tracer blew a puff of air to knock her ears out from her eyes, fluttering her longer lashes. Training told her to escape but her instinct said to stay. Training won over for now as she had more distance and a barrier between herself and the corruptive creature causing problems with causality nearby. Deciding to flee, she allowed her new ears to be used. The transformed cop could tell exactly where Echoen was on the other side of the barrier, could hear the beating of the huge bat’s heart. There was something else there, she could swear, but an increasing sense of tight fullness in her midsection reminded her that events were still playing out not in her favor. “A’ll arrest you, jus’ you blimey waif!” She swore, her eyes darting back down the corridor she came from, measuring the distance for a sprint with her bountiful bunnylike body.

Gathering a breath, Tracer bolted, her legs stretching out behind her in a long hop. She sprung off the floor and landed three meters away, ducking beneath a shower of sparks from a broken security camera. A few sparks landed in her fur, her gray pelt insulating her from errant electricity. Maintaining her momentum, Lena hop-sprunged further down the hallway, measuring the distance to the next turn while her long ears laid back against her head, following the

sounds the bat-creature made to denote her presence. Putting as much distance and as many objects between them as possible.

Turning the corner, Tracer maintained her top speed, but she could feel herself slowing. Her four full, milk-fattened breasts slowed her considerably, and were beginning to present a serious level of side-boob peek out from every side. Her lapine-widened hips and bunny-thickened thighs did well enough for carrying the bountiful swells of her bubble butt, but the increasing weight within her belly made it difficult for her to kick up her knees as far as she wanted. "Cor!" She swore, turning the next corner, panting heavily and blushing furiously, realizing that she would be running out of here naked. No time!

"Oi! Ou' 't'way!" Tracer shouted at the top of her lungs, her voice emerging as part squeak, part moan, and part flustered cop. Her large buck teeth made it even more difficult to talk, her tongue constantly rubbing against the back of those ivory incisors. She turned the third corner and could see the vault exit. "Si'ua'ion in progress! Clear 'h scene!" Loud clunks heralded her arrival as her armor plates finally failed and she sprung, four feet high and four breasts bared, each the size of soccer balls, out into the bank lobby.

Lena stopped, looking for the closest exit. What she saw was a wide-eyed array of *animal people* staring at her in shock. Many were in cartoonishly garish police uniforms, but a host of mammals in business or casual attire were intermixed. All of their eyes were upon her, and she could only stare back at them in shock. These were *not* like Winston, and her body, too...

Interrupting her bun-in-the-headlights moment, a swift pressure built in her breasts, and then released in four thick streamers. Milk erupted from her enlarged nipples, and Lena could not help but bite her lower lip with her buck teeth as her four tits surged larger in size, building with even more lactation pressure. Gasps rattled through the gathered anthros, and many began backing away. A few were splattered or sprayed with Lena's hot lapine cream, but most civilians fled out the doors and most cops encouraged them to do so quickly.

Recovering from her sudden onset bout of lactation, Lena drew breath again and forced down her still-rising hormones and breeding instincts. Spotting an emergency exit through an officespace, she turned her hypersexualized body to bolt again for the door. Her ears could still hear Echoen, and pick up the increasingly loud and increasingly *numerous* sounds of trumpets and goans. More distance was needed.

Bouncing vigorously through the empty office, Tracer made it to the door and paused to catch her breath. She felt a tremendous weight in her midsection and, looking down around her own huge and still ferociously lactating breasts, she could see that her belly had ballooned to extreme proportions, as if she had swallowed a watermelon. She could feel motion within, and with it, a pounding maternal pleasure. Shock gave way to bliss once more, and she stood there at the exit door for a moment longer than she meant to, savoring a fresh rush of growth.



Tracer's pants had finally had enough. Her hips violently expanding wider threw off what cloth and armor had clung on, her immense rear end packing on inches worth of flesh, fat and fur. She had to spread her stance further apart just to maintain balance, and her spreading toes made it difficult to not want to lean into the bliss. Each of her now three-toed paws were swollen and swelling larger, heavy digits sending signals of pleasure through their increasing nerve-count. The mere act of standing was becoming sexual, everything about her *existence* becoming a form of overriding bliss. She could hear Echoen turning down the second corridor now...

Forcing in another breath, Lena commanded her arms to push the door forward. They did, but something was not right about it. Since when did she have four arms? She could clearly see them all, four four-fingered hands with palms pressing on the PRESS-HERE bar, ending with a clang to unlock the mechanism. Her curiosity was drowned out by a sudden surge of swelling pressure from her breasts again, four eruptive geysers of milk hitting the door and sending it flying open.

Tracer moved to exit, but she only got halfway before the immense width of her hips lodged her right into frame. A frustrated moan and a stamp of her foot sent a shock of pleasure through her ass, which widened further, mashing her rear end against the doorframe and truly trapping her. Her thighs ground against the door and each other, reminding her of the extreme heat that she could feel from between them. The swell of her belly only added to that heat, turning to a fire, each kick and squirm of her apparent progeny acting like squirts of gasoline onto her burning lust.

"Cheese ahn' cracka's!" Lena cursed, perplexed by her own choice of words. Just one more thing about her that deviated from the norm! Wrenching and working her hips back and forth, she tried to force her body through the doorway, fighting through the urge to just stand there and cum. Her legs felt tensed like coils, the flood of milk from her breasts was blasting several feet out in front of her into the alleyway, and she could begin to see the curve of her own immense pregnancy - fine, she admitted it! - around her own tits.

Lena's ears flipped backwards as she heard Echoen enter the lobby behind her. Shuddering hard, feeling her head shake, a second set of ears stretched from the sides of her skull to also listen in. Tracer's vision blurred, and she rubbed at her cartoonishly shaped bunny head with all six of her hands. She could hear *everything* the bat was doing to the remaining policeforce, the sounds sinking into her skull and encouraging her growth to begin to bend the doorframe around her shape.

Trumpeting sounds echoed around the bank lobby, as whatever species each animal had been before, was overridden with a tide of gray pleasure. Echoen stood amidst and slightly above it all, her height still considerably more than the converted elephants rising around her. Tracer could hear that *something* behind the steady beats of the huge bat's heart, almost a sussuruss. With three sets of ears adorning her head, she could hear far more than her mind was ready for.

Already, Lena's body was far more than she was ready for, too. The building around the doorframe crumbled as the entire frame was bent and warped around the massive shape of her hips and ass. Aching bliss pumped in from her great legs, as if the pressure she put on her huge pawtoes and pads could be enough to achieve orgasm alone. The kicking, writhing, and multiplying forms within her immense womb sending forth a flood of hormones and motherly urges through her system. She couldn't even tell *who* she was anymore, her thoughts racing.

With the sensation of stretched taffy, Tracer's shoulders widened and her neck divided. A seam formed across her muzzle and face, and on both sides her face began to *push* outwards, smoothly splitting. Her mind filled with the thoughts of another, and her vision came into focus again once she turned her heads to look at each other.

Blinking, the two-headed bunny-Tracer stared wide-eyed at herself, like looking into a mirror. Agonizing bliss knocked both of her from her stunned stature as a similar taffy-like tingle sparked deep in her hips and ass. Intense stimulation caused both of her minds to squeal out in bunny orgasm, orgasms pumping repeatedly through her bottom as she *stretched* forward, further away from it. New legs with immense lapine toes touched down on the steps outside the emergency exit door. Forelegs, as differentiated from her now *massive* hind legs. The further she pushed forward, the longer she grew, her spine arching as the full shape of a huge feral rabbit emerged between both sets of legs.

The two-headed bunnytaur kicked both of her massive hind feet in unison and ejected herself with a WHUMP into the alleyway just outside the bank. Her body hit the wall and bricks came flying forth, the wall weakened by the onslaught dosage of bunnymilk that continued to firehose from her enormous tits. The six massive breasts that adorned her lower tauric body began to sputter and squirt, rapidly filling with milk to eagerly join their upper sisters. Her twelve ears splayed wide, then focused on the gaping hole in the bank her bunny butt had left, where Echoen now stood.

"Welcome to Zootopia, dear." The naked bat coo'd impossibly again, her voice like a motherly pearl that made Lena's pussies plump and gush in inexplicable orgasms. Just hearing the corruptive demon's voice echoing through her many many ears. The words soaked into her split minds, filling them both with new purpose and meaning. Zootopia, that was an oddly familiar name...

"You're Officer Hopps, right?" Echoen continued, walking across the alleyway towards the still bloating, swelling, severely pregnant and hyper-endowed bunnytaur. The name pounded into Tracer's minds, familiar and yet... not. Lena could feel herself losing herself, and gathered up all her will to steel herself against this aural, mental intrusion. It was barely enough, enough to collect herself where she was most comfortable - in one head.

"Yes!" "NOH!" She said, simultaneously. Judy blinked at her counterpart curiously, as if seeing

her for the first time. Tracer panted from her second, pawing at her face with two too many handpaws, eyes lidded. "Oi'm meself, ya cur.... Cursed smarm!"

"To the both of you, then. There's a new law in town," Echoen continued in stride, crouching near Judy/Tracer's tauric backside. Reaching out with one powerfully muscled arm, she gently placed her hand upon the rabbittaur's lower belly. "The Three E's. Echoen, that's me." The bat placed her other hand on her prodigious sheath, stirring her finger in a slow swirl to gather a slight string of seed.

"Elephants, that's them." A chorus of sexual trumpets blew behind the bat, as Tracer and Judy could hear the corrupted and hypersexualized elephant people simultaneously orgasm together, and somehow add even more phants to their ranks. Echoen slid her arm between the bunnytaur's backmost legs, pressing her palm against the plump swells of her engorged pussy.

"And Expect the Unexpected." Echoen chimed, the susurrus of her self turning to the song of life, and her arm plunging into Lena's shared snatch all the way up to the elbow. Bliss billowed up from her passage and into the core of her lower womb. Her forebelly surged larger, as siblings swelled within their linked wombs. On the outside, the dual-headed bunny was apparently dual-pregnant as well, her tauric torso blimping out around a severe case of rapid pregnancy. Her six breasts surged larger and dominated much of her vision, and threatened to prevent her toes from reaching the ground ever again. Their growth only slowed once Echoen removed her arm, soaked in her estrus which, too, poured forth from her pussy in a great stream.

Rising to stand, Echoen walked over to the front part of the enlarged bunnytaur. By now, the bat's behemoth black dick had spilled from its sheath and swung penduously between her knees. That cock swung and slapped the head occupied by Judy right across the face, who responded with a dull moan and three lustfully gripping paws, and one of Lena's as well. Tracer bent her neck to avoid the blow, struggling to hold on to her sanity from the bombardment of bliss that swelled up from within her own body. She was so *horny*.

Echoen crouched again, the act causing her cock to plunge into Judy's slaving bunnymaw, buck teeth cutely digging into the bat's dark and throbbing flesh. Tracer could taste what she was tasting on her own tongue, could feel her counterpart swallowing several feet of dick. Could see her second self's throat stretched several times larger than it ever could have normally. Defiantly, she jerked her head upwards to look the bat woman into eye, scrounging for another slur to hurl.

"You know, quips and slang got you into this mess in the first place." The bat murmured, a slow roll of her hips stirring her cock within Judy's seemingly endless throat. The bunnycop gazed lustfully upwards at the bat's sheath, as if she had been corrupted by the bat long ago. "Not everyone gets to re-do. Judy, here, for example." Echoen sweetly stroked over Judy's many

ears, a sensation that forced relaxation to creep up Lena's neck. Her wombs surged larger and dozens of offspring kicked at her squishy cervixes.

"After her flings with Nick, she wanted more. She truly followed Zootopia's example - to try everything." The bat grinned broadly, and Judy grinned back, some part of her still alert and awake, and *enjoying* herself. Lena could see it in her bunnycop counterpart's expression.

"At first she started small. Real small. Kinky thing shoved shrews into the soles of her shoes, and they paid her for it." Lena felt Judy wiggle all of her toes, all of them, and feel them swell even larger, beginning to push at the ground and walls of the alleyway. Every one of her digits ached with a swelling pressure of continued growth, paws that wanted to press and be pressed against.

"She moved up, to furred folks the same size of her or slightly larger. Foxes, weasels, there was no dick she wouldn't suck." Lowering herself slightly further, Echoen's cock sunk fully into Judy's gulping throat, bumping the bunny's nose with the rim of her sheath. Lena could smell it, the musk, the pheromones. She ran her tongue over her buck teeth, sucking the flavor from the fog of lust that the bat exhaled. Amazingly, the bat's sheath bloated around a swelling shape, a *second* black pillar of dick slipping through, bumping along Judy's chin and throat to stuff between their shared uppermost breasts.

"But she kept going bigger. Everything meant everyone. She porked everyone on the force, including the pigs." Lena's cunts flared, clits aching as her constant eruptions of estrus stroked them like everflowing rivers of bliss. "She joined the nudist colony and ate the ass of every alligator, antelope, zebra and bison she could find." Lena's immense butt wobbled as she kicked her legs involuntarily, her rumptunnel aching for someone, anyone to fill and fuck it.

"But her biggest challenge, she saw, was a simple, family-friendly, Elephant Ice-Cream shop." Both of the bat's dicks blew *ungodly* volumes of hot ejaculate into Lena's bunny-corrupted body, and upon it. Two handpaws covered her mouth as delicious spunk flooded up through her throat and splattered past her lips, and she had to swallow so much of it back down. Her loins and joints ached and throbbed as more and more cum filled her bellies, digesting and absorbing at an absurd rate to feed the growth of so much young, so much bun, so much... more. Lena felt strange aches she had never felt before.

"Not a flavor was left unspoiled by Judy's 'Official Business.' Ah, the things she could do with peanuts blown up her cunt by an elephant's trunk." The bat mused, joy sparking across Judy's eyes at the mention of that trick. Hot, throbbing need ached from all of Lena's loins as stiffness and creaking, pressured spheres pushed out between breasts and bellies. New needs flooded her drowned mind.

"Thing is, when someone uses their power a bit *too much*, that draws my attention." Echoen stroked Tracer's ears now. The bat's touch made Lena want to squeal out and cum her brains

out, but she fought it off and only silently fumed and blushed as she orgasmed anyway. All eight of her ears quivered, and she could feel a taffy tingle in her brain again. Already, she could taste a second Judy's head, licking up the length of Echoen's cock.

"Judy had them introduce a secret new flavor of icecream. 'Carrot flavor' they called it, but only available upon special request. Judy found a new use for Night Howlers, the effects when *ingested*..." Lena squeezed her eyes shut as she felt her head stretch and swell again, a dozen paws rubbing at her head as she added a third Judy to her other side now. Three of the corrupted bunnycop and just one of her, out-voting her body's motions and limbs and overriding her self-restraint.

"Of course, if she had stopped just there, that would have made a fine adult sequel, sold in risque shops or a comic in my porn store." Echoen continued, casually rising to her feet and pulling her pricks out from the slathering bunny faces below her. Fat blasts of bat cum basted all of their faces and Lena felt herself urgently licking the syrupy white sludge from her face. "But Judy had to go one step further. The elephants, well, she found them to her liking a bit too much."

A wall of gray rose up on either side of Echoen. Lena's eyes went wide, looking up at behemothian beasts of sexuality. Smooth gray skin adorned rows of massive breasts. Vein-fattened gray cocks throbbed in ways Tracer found her own cocks - she had so *many* cocks now - mirroring. Their heavy bellies were obscenely pregnant, rivaling even her tauric belly's size, all of them stirring and bumping with still-growing life. Lena could feel the aching joy from all three of Judy's heads, their brains forcing hormones and desire into Tracer's system. She wanted to be like them, too.

"Now, this Zootopia plays out the same way, again and again, for her. An outbreak of elephants, a new partner, and then..." Echoen steps back, her voice carrying clearly despite the army of enormous hands reaching down to pick up the hugely bloated bunnytaur, lifting to all eight of her oct-taur rabbit feet. Their bellies and milk-pouring breasts surrounded Lena and Judy on every side. She could feel their cocks frothing with her own, several shafts plunging into her pussies between each set of thighs. Two trunks were shoved down Judy's throats and, impossibly, began to pump with cum, swelling with medial rings and trumpeting with seed.

"Don't worry, you cockney'd time traveler. I'll leave enough clues for Winston to figure out how to pull you back. Eventually." The grin on the bat's face was devious, and the susurrus that surrounded her briefly drowned out the moans and groans, creaks and gurgles, huffs and trumpets of the horde of hyperherm elephants fucking and breeding her huge bunnytaur body. It sounded like squirrelchatters, voices and ideas spouting the lewdest ideas Lena could imagine. Lena still could not imagine what she was currently experiencing, and the bat was causing it all.

A giggle and a moan from the remaining Judy head caught her attention. Holding back as much of her willpower as she could, Tracer glimpsed to her close compatriot and saw the bunny's sweet face become distorted by a swelling gray shape pushing forth from her nose. An

elephant's trunk began to push forth from Judy's face, reaching forth to pet and stroke over Tracer's face and ears, entirely too loving. Lena felt several of her erections tense up and blast tremendously hard in orgasmic bliss in response, unable to stop herself from cumming so explosively. She swore she could see several elephants around her all swell even *more* pregnant when her cum sprayed him.

One of Judy's cocks snaked up between Lena's uppermost pairs of breasts, interposing its broad bell head between Lena's face and her Elephant-infected bunnycop heads. Yet, singing bliss filled her shaft as a seam formed on her prick and began to push her cock into two, beginning with her cumslits. Twin fountains of cum trumpeted forth to blast directly into her face like a hot hose, saturating her tongue with the taste of her own ejaculate. She wanted to drink her own cum so fiercely, and the flavor made all of her offspring kick at her womb walls with an intense jealousy and lust. They all wanted some, too.

Echoen stepped fully behind the onrushing tide of gray, lustful fuckphants that poured out of the bank and filled the streets, filled the alley, and flooded every hole in sight. Tracer/Judy's tauric body almost completely filled the alleyway, with elephants on every side, fucking and breeding her bigger and themselves being rampantly impregnated by either each other or the multi-endowed lapinetaur. From time to time, sputters of a cockney'd accent could be heard through the din of sin, indicating that it would be quite some time before the former human would be fully corrupted.

Stretching her incredible wings, Echoen casually calved off the edges of both buildings to either side of her, rubble harmlessly bouncing off the gray bodies below. She snapped her wings and launched herself upwards, both of her double dicks leaving an arcing splatter of cum that soaked into bunnyfur and embiggened the body below. Rising to the sky just above Zootopia, Echoen could take in the full scope of the Elephant Epidemic sweeping the streets and neighborhoods, converting fur to gray flesh, scales to something more, and squeals of bliss to trumpet blasts of incessant, unending orgasms.

"I think you've earned this one, Judy." Echoen crooned, with such a motherly tone that it murmured through the sounds of all the sex. "Everyone will get to try Everything, all thanks to you." Another snap of her wings and the bat blew the scent of elephant and bunny far to every corner of Zootopia and much of the surrounding countryside.

Bellies in bunnyburrough bloated with sudden and swift progeny. Pussies popped open below rounding, filling bellies, soon with full-grown gray arms and trunks easing past those new or existing petals to pull out groaning, gushing, and growing hyperherm elephants. The rodents in Little Rodentia squeaked in unison as their noses picked up the heavenly scents of sex, muzzles pushing forth into trunks that rapidly thickened in size. The hot sands of Sahara Square sizzling as cum and cream splash down upon them, sprayed by gray cocks and graying breasts of the burgeoning beasts they belong to.

Everywhere, Echoen's epidemic of elephants spread, the infected converting into ravenously sexualized elephants, or rabbits, or transforming hybrids of both. The lines between species began to oscillate around a double set of helix, as DNA was rewritten as casually as time, to bring forth impossible volumes of life, and lust. Lena was subjected to them all, every one, her link to Judy also linking her senses to every convert corrupted across the planet. Never losing consciousness and always retaining her semblance of self, she felt every pleasure as it emerged from new flesh and couldn't stop feeling that pleasure even when new ones emerged.

Buildings burst with elephants. Sewers erupted with stretching bunnytaur rumps. Entire streets were filled with rabbits, fucking back to back. Commuter stations were overwhelmed with tidal waves of estrus that the mere scent of was enough to slowly convert and corrupt into a bunnyphant of hyperpotent lust. Tracer could trace every point of contact and feel what her linked fuckbunny mind could. She could remember each and every moment, re-lived a thousand times in a million different orgasms.

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Eventually, Winston pulled Tracer back to the proper timeline. The human gasped, falling to the floor, her armor clanking when she hit the tile of the bank vault entranceway. Her mind swam, disoriented, unsure of herself. Was she still a bunny? An elephant? She would very much like to cum right now. Her crotch was *soaked*.

Swiftly, the powerful and powerfully intelligent gorilla lept over to help Lena up. She rose, unsteady, releasing an exhausted breath. "Cor..." Was all she could say, her body still aching from some temporal aftershocks. Did any of that really happen?

Glimpsing back to her surroundings, Tracer saw the laser drill, depowered. The security cameras were still broken. There was not a glimpse of gray or bunny anywhere, which somehow disappointed Lena greatly. Judy would be sad, she thought.

Clutching her time-module to her chest, Lena Oxton let Winston walk her out of there, his explanations empty on her ears. How she missed her long ears, how she wished she had a cute trunk. She would *fuck* Winston so hard with it...

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Echoen flipped through Winston's notes, casually skimming through his computer files. Nearby, a squirrel licked at bright-orange icecream on a cone that looked like an elephant's trunk. As she recorded the ape's technique for rescuing Tracer from her clutches, the squirrel intermittently interrupted her train of thought with a dirty thought or a lewd suggestion on what to do with the ape's technology.

“The crossover potential is limit\*lick\*less!” He slurped to her. “Overwatch and Zootopia, with an Elephant infection? \*slurp\* Classic. How about Overwatch and My Little Pony? \*lick\* Turn everyone into princesses who get off on how intricate their dresses and hair can get.”

Studiously ignoring him, Echoen finished stealing Winston’s secrets, and proceeded to wipe any trace of herself, and of Balros’ dribbles, ice cream and otherwise. “We will stick to this one a bit longer. I have a feeling that Lena Oxton will need a few more ‘do-overs’ before she can shake off the effects.” The bat smiled, the stuff of wet dreams.