

Beautiful days didn't come this early very often in Manitoba, so Ja'aran wasn't going to let this one go to waste.

The handsome snow leopard met up with some friends after work to make the most of the remaining hours of daylight. It was even warm enough that Ja'aran could wear a smart short-sleeved shirt, allowing him to show off his arms a bit. They weren't quite where he wanted yet, but they were well-built enough to warrant a reveal of the work-in-progress.

The group enjoyed the early-evening view of the sun beginning to set over downtown Winnipeg while on the Esplanade Riel, and then they grabbed dinner in a bustling neighborhood nearby.

Time passed quickly, and by the time Ja'aran and his friends finished up and began to go their separate ways, it was already dark out. He'd have to walk through some sketchier parts of the neighborhood to get to his ride, which he usually tried to avoid.

There had been several high-profile reports of violence in the area recently. Ja'aran wasn't too concerned. He struck quite an imposing figure, even though he was really a big softie. But walking through the streets in the dark still made him a bit nervous.

Right on cue, the sound of a commotion caught his ear from a nearby alley.

"I told you, this was your last chance!"

Ja'aran peered around the corner. A coyote had a rabbit pinned against a wall, a knife pulled with the tip pointed toward the bunny's throat.

"I'll have the money next week," the frightened rabbit squeaked. "Please. My wife just had our first child."

Ja'aran watched in shock as the scene unfolded in front of him. Neither of the furs involved noticed him as he tried to figure out what to do. Should he call the cops? Should he slip away and pretend he never saw anything?

"That's not good enough," the coyote snarled, shoving the rabbit against the wall and pressing the knife's blade against his chin. "Give me your wallet."

"I— don't..." the bunny protested, weakly.

The coyote threw a punch, connecting hard with the rabbit's face and producing a stream of blood from one nostril. "I said, give me... your... —"

The enforcer's voice trailed off as the two looked up in fear and awe at the massive snow leopard now looming over them.

Ja'aran didn't know how exactly he had grown so suddenly. After he saw the coyote punch the rabbit, he felt a rush of righteous indignation run through him. He knew he had to do something, and in a matter of moments, he had grown taller than even the tallest building in the area!

The coyote dropped the knife and tried to run, but he never had a chance. Ja'aran crouched down, careful not to cause too much damage to the surrounding city block, and simply plucked the miscreant up between two huge, furry fingers.

"What to do with you..." Ja'aran thought as the coyote squirmed in his grip. He soon got an idea and walked over to the riverfront. "I'd better not catch you threatening anyone again, understand?" After getting a fearful nod from the canine, Ja'aran lowered his fingers to a reasonable height and let the coyote drop into the river.

As he turned away, Ja'aran was surprised to hear a burst of applause and cheering. He didn't know it, but the yote had been notorious in the area for causing trouble, and the shopkeepers were thrilled that someone had finally taught him a lesson.

Ja'aran blushed. "Oh, it was nothing." He heard a few whistles and catcalls throughout the crowd, and only then realized that he had grown out of all of his clothing except his underwear, which concealed a well-shaped package. Not only that, but in addition to size, he'd developed the body of his dreams, with muscles bulging well beyond what should have been physically possible. His blush got deeper and he struck a few poses for the small, adoring crowd, awestruck himself by the way his biceps leapt as he flexed.

But there was another thing he wanted to take care of, more important than showing off his beefy body. Ja'aran headed back to the alley and found the bunny leaning against the wall, still catching his breath. When he saw the snow leopard return, his eyes became filled with fear again.

"Don't worry, buddy," Ja'aran said, kneeling down on one enormous knee and offering a hand out to the rabbit. "It's okay." The bunny hesitantly stepped on to it. Ja'aran then slowly raised his hand up to face level. "I'll make sure you don't have to worry about that happening again."

The bunny teared up and hugged Ja'aran's thumb. The snow leopard smiled and made it a bigger hug, pressing the little rabbit into the soft, fluffy fur between his pecs. "Now, let's you get you home. Where do you live?"