

Caitlyn plucked a warm bottle of suntan lotion from the sand and shook it. It glorp'd heartily back at her.

"Hey, Sarge!" she called out to Jefferson. He was a short distance away, laying out a blue towel in the shade of a beach umbrella.

"We're off duty, Caitlyn," he reminded her. Caitlyn and Jefferson, and Brianna, who was getting the cooler from the car, worked together at the precinct. Even despite Jefferson's natural small stature and mild nature, being a mouse, he was partnered up with the two girls to keep them in line. Today, though, they were just friends hanging out on the beach.

Caitlyn corrected herself. "Whoops, sorry. Hey, Jeffy, check it out!" She held up the bottle of suntan lotion and shook it in his direction. "Free sunscreen!"

Jefferson looked up at Caitlyn. He had that look on his face he got when he was trying to decide how to scold her. She imagined he might tell her they were still representing the district even on break, or to be careful with things she found on the ground. But he didn't do either, he just tipped his sunglasses down over his eyes and laid down on the blanket.

When Caitlyn saw that Jeff wasn't interested, she rolled her eyes and took a seat on the ground. Even though it wasn't yet noon, the sun had warmed the sand to a toasty heat. It was hard for a tigress to resist curling up on top of something warm and cozy like that. She stripped off the tee shirt and shorts she'd worn on the ride there, then leaned back in just her one-piece swimsuit.

For her, the beach trip was a chance to stretch her stripes and spend some time outside while not squeezed into her police uniform. Constant PT had given her a taut, athletic build, and genetics had given her a large bustline, both of which made the standard-size female uniform snug on her. It was weird, in a fun way, to not be so buttoned-in when around her friends from the squad.

At least she didn't have it as bad as Brianna, though. Speaking of, where was she? Caitlyn craned her head around and spotted her dark figure walking across the sand, making the trek from the parking lot across the dunes to the actual shoreline. As she got closer, Caitlyn could make her out more clearly, bit by bit. The striped tail, the black marks on her face, her red hair, and the large cooler she was carrying in both hands, bouncing against her stomach with each step.

When she dropped the cooler beside Caitlyn, it made a small crater in the sand. Brianna had on a two-piece swimsuit, and it was for one main reason: her stomach made it difficult to get a one-piece like Caitlyn's. It wasn't just pudgy or muffin-top-esque, it was more like a firm, torso-filling gut. She'd said it was because she was a tanuki, that the whole species was naturally round-bellied, but her eating habits weren't beyond blame.

All the same, she had to keep up with the same PT as Caitlyn did, so despite her roundness, she had much the same sort of tightly-toned body as the tigress. But even more so, since her belly was like she was weight training with thirty pounds around her stomach at all times.

"How come I gotta carry the cooler?" Brianna asked. She let out a small sigh as she sat down on the lid.

"You're gonna drink the most soda. It makes sense!" Caitlyn said, flashing Brianna a bright grin. She paused for a moment. Her hand grabbed the bottle of suntan lotion. She lifted it up with a smile.

"Look, I found free sunscreen. Wanna put some on?"

"Aw, dang, I knew I was forgettin' something." Brianna rubbed her arms thoughtfully. Then she looked down at Caitlyn and winked. "You wanna put it on me?"

"Sure thing," Caitlyn said. The tigress smiled and shuffled back up to her feet. She walked around the cooler and knelt down behind Brianna's back. With a sharp pop, she flipped the top of the bottle off and tipped it over her hand. A warm, runny glorp of lotion poured out of it and onto her palm. Her fingers closed immediately, keeping the lotion from splattering onto the sand.

"Guess it's kinda runny from being in the sun," Caitlyn said. She flipped her hand over onto Brianna's back, right between her shoulder blades. The stuff began to drip down along the faint ripple of her spine, so Caitlyn moved quickly. With soft, wet smacks of her paws against the sunscreen, she spread it across Brianna's shoulders and down the tops of her arms.

The tanuki's tail, curled around the side of her waist, twitched. Her chest rose as she took a long breath. For a moment she hunched her shoulders, then let them fall back. "That's...kinda nice. Some special brand or somethin'?" she asked. She cocked her head, looking over her shoulder.

Caitlyn held up the bottle and turned it over. "Nope, just regular sunblock. Maybe you should moisturize more," she said. She squeezed out another pawful and pressed her hands against Brianna's shoulders. They pressed back. The crests of her shoulders and her rounded deltoids had slipped Caitlyn's notice the first time. Caitlyn's paws were like a mini-massage, making Brianna's ears flick pleasantly.

This time, her paws ran from Brianna's shoulders down both arms at once, pushing the lotion along her fur. When she came back to smooth out the coat and brush it into Brianna's fur, she took her time. Her fingers rose up and fell down over Brianna's biceps. Despite just having her arms hanging by her side, Caitlyn could feel a bristling tension inside of the muscle. Brianna clenched her fists at the touch. Caitlyn brought her hands back up the undersides of Brianna's arms. Tucked into the crook of her armpit, there was a tuft of thicker body fur where Caitlyn hadn't seen any before.

With a smile, Caitlyn tugged on the fur between her fingers. Brianna flinched and clapped her arms against her sides, but Caitlyn just giggled. "Someone hasn't been shaving," she teased.

"I don't need your feline groomin' tips," Brianna said. She flexed her arms; Caitlyn squeaked. Her fingers were trapped in Brianna's armpits until she managed to twist them free.

With another big splurt of lotion, Caitlyn went to work along Brianna's back. Her paws fell into a natural kneading motion, which Brianna responded to by leaning back and making a pleasant grunt. She worked down and outward from Brianna's spine, spreading the lotion and rubbing its moisturizers and conditioners into her fur and skin. The ripple of Brianna's muscle shimmered in the light as the warm sun caught the gleam of the sunscreen.

"Geez, Bri, have you been putting in extra PT?" Caitlyn asked. She stroked her hands down Brianna's sides and squeezed her hardening obliques just enough to feel their firmness. The extra muscle helped to lift her shoulders and keep her back straight, even with the extra weight in front. Brianna had always been a bit larger, since she had her belly to work with, but looking at her now, she looked like she'd been pumping iron for the past few months.

The question snapped Brianna out of her hundred-yard stare. She'd been gazing into the distance and making small noises of approval from the back of her throat. Her chest rose and fell quickly, as if she was excited, or agitated. "What? Nah, but thanks. Keep goin'," she insisted. She glanced over her shoulder at Caitlyn again, then winked and raised an arm to show off how the muscle shifted. Impressive, definitely, but Caitlyn still wondered where she was getting the newfound bulk...

...she had no idea. Okay, enough wondering, back to the sunscreen!

"All right, gonna do your front now," the tigress said. She got her feet, swished through the sand, and then kneeled in front of Brianna. With a fresh spurt of sunblock in Caitlyn's hand, Brianna barely had enough warning to close her eyes before the tigress spread it across her forehead and cheeks and ran a streak of it down her muzzle.

Brianna cracked her eyes open, but her pupils struggled to focus. Her lips were parted slightly, her breath hot, and she was breathing deep enough to be almost panting. She looked maybe dizzy, tired, drunk? Caitlyn wasn't sure.

"You okay?" she asked. Her stripes curled in a frown as she pouted at Brianna.

"Did I say stop?" Brianna asked, then blinked and pushed some red hair from her face. "Sorry. I'm fine. Just keep goin'."

The cooler creaked beneath Brianna as she leaned back, legs spread, her heavy belly sticking out. Her palms were propped back against the edge of the cooler. Caitlyn squinted slightly, peering at the tanuki's tense, thickening muscles and listening to her quick breathing. Then she shrugged, smiled, and loaded up another handful of sunscreen.

Caitlyn splashed her hand right in the middle of Brianna's chest, then stroked down through her fur, covering the tops of her breasts. With her palms still damp with sunscreen, she pushed her hands against the tanuki's stomach, rubbing in the lotion starting from the top and sliding down around the big dome. Brianna's thick arms and shoulders flexed; she leaned back further, spreading herself out for Caitlyn's hands.

The faint sound of creaking fabric came to Caitlyn's ears, but she passed it off as Brianna shifting around on the cooler. Her bikini stretched around her breasts as she breathed deeply. The straps sunk into her skin. Caitlyn pulled back. The stiff fur growing from the middle of Brianna's chest and down the midline of her stomach just barely missed Caitlyn's nose as it sprung up.

"Okay, just gonna do your legs, then I'm done!" Caitlyn said. "You *sure* you haven't been working out?" Brianna only gave a grunt in response.

Oh well. Caitlyn wasn't going to worry, then.

She squirted out a big handful of the stuff, slapped her hands together, and wrapped them around one of Brianna's thighs. The tanuki's eyes were half-lidded, her legs spread, her cheeks flushed, and her heart pounding so hard that Caitlyn could feel her heartbeat through the pads of her fingers.

"Keep goin'," Brianna sighed. She looked back over her shoulder at where Jefferson was sitting, relaxing in the shade—maybe even sleeping. She lifted both her arms, flexing them so that biceps and triceps and shoulders all squeezed together and bunched up into big, imposing forms. "Hey, Jeffy!" Brianna called out.

Jeff stirred from his nap, sat up, and blinked in the sunlight until he saw Brianna, broader and bulkier than she'd ever been. Her arms were built like entwined tree trunks and her bikini's straps were stretched thin over her shoulders and around her broad sides. Even her belly looked like it was bigger, trying to keep pace with her enlarged breasts.

Brianna had always been fit. It was part of the requirements of being a police officer. But before, she looked at most like someone who could beat you up in kickboxing or judo. Right now, Caitlyn thought Brianna would be a dead ringer for a burly barbarian if she was clapped in chainmail and given a giant axe. She finished Brianna's legs, then sat back. She was almost convinced that Brianna was, in fact, growing. *Almost*.

"Like it?" she asked, firing a wink over her shoulder at Jeff. Brianna grabbed the bottle and stood up, accidentally bumping Caitlyn right in the mouth with her wider, thicker gut. She turned toward Jeff, posing with one foot up on the cooler. Caitlyn poked her head around Brianna's side.

Jeff stuck his sunglasses into his orange curls. "What's going on with you two? Is this—it's that bottle of sunscreen, isn't it?" he said. He got up to his feet and walked across the sand toward Brianna. "Give it to me, it's got to be dangerous."

His face ran right into Brianna's hand. No matter how hard he pushed or twisted, she easily kept him at arm's length. "Nah, this stuff is grrreat!" she growled. With an effortless push, she sent Jeff stumbling back through the sand until he fell on his rear. "Hah, sorry. This stuff is just makin' me feel like I can do anything," she said. A big grin hung on her face.

"Okay, enough playing around. Give me the sunscreen, right now," Jefferson demanded. He stood, shook off the sand, and marched forward again only to get caught by Brianna's hand again. She held him back by the shoulder, then tossed him, sending him tumbling back into the sand.

A concerned pout pulled Caitlyn's stripes together as she tried to peer over and around Brianna. "Hey, be careful!" she said, then added, "...and don't hog the sunscreen! I wanna try some too."

Brianna's eyes lit up as she turned back toward Caitlyn. She practically pounced on her, dragging Caitlyn down to the ground and straddling her with her thighs around the tigress's hips. "Don't worry, I got this," Brianna said. Her grin was wild and aggressive, wide-eyed and sharp. She held the bottle out straight from her chest, pointed down toward Caitlyn. "Hey, Jeff! I'm usin' it on Cait now," Brianna called over her shoulder.

Caitlyn lifted her head and peeked in his direction. Jefferson had scuttled off to the shade of the umbrella again. His cell phone was to his ear, and she thought she could make out the words, 'get me the chief' on his lips.

But then, Brianna squeezed the bottle. Caitlyn squeaked and wrinkled her nose as a big glob of the sunblock splashed onto her chest. Little flecks of it flew everywhere, splashing her on the nose, flying into the sand, and splattering up against the neckline of her one-piece. Brianna dropped the bottle next to Caitlyn, then pushed her hands into the lotion and rubbed it across the front of her chest.

Unlike Caitlyn's slow kneading, Brianna didn't take it easy. She grabbed and groped, squirming on top of Caitlyn, flexing her thighs and squeezing her down against the sand. Like the sand, Brianna was firm and her body was radiating heat onto Caitlyn's fur. Caitlyn opened her mouth, to ask Brianna one more time if she was feeling okay, but right then her heart rate kicked into high gear.

Something about the lotion and the way it soaked into her skin excited her body. Her tail went from lazy swishing to whapping against the sand, and she went from laying flat to curling herself up against Brianna's hands. She arched her back, making it easier for Brianna to get her lotion-covered hands up around her sides and across her shoulder blades.

Where the lotion went, a sensation settled into her skin. It wasn't quite cool and refreshing, but not hot and intense either. It was both, like the immediate relief of aloe on a burn, or like a sharp gulp of cold water that hurts after a long jog.

And where that feeling went, Caitlyn was growing. She had doubted whether it was really happening to Brianna, but now that it was on her, in her, and pressing outward from inside her, she could tell it was real. To be honest, it was a;sp fun.

First to start was her chest. Two forces pushed in opposite directions: her breasts, trying to spread out and roll to either side under their new, growing mass; and her swimsuit, pulling her breasts together, hugging her more and more tightly and squeezing her bulging cleavage against the snug neckline. Her shoulders flinched and twisted when Brianna's hands roamed over her nipples. They were too sensitive, and lit up at the slightest touch.

Then, that hot-and-cold sensation moved over the rest of her upper torso. With her arms spread out against the ground, she could track the thickening of her shoulders as the sand shifted beneath her. Her obliques swelled into Brianna's grasping hands.

Caitlyn lifted her head, staring down at the center of her chest, where thickening white fur sprouted up above her cleavage. It formed almost a mat, a thick chest tuft that rested on top of her breasts and plunged down between them. The same prickling-follicle feeling was tickling the undersides of her armpits, too.

"Look at these!" Brianna growled. Rearing back, she grabbed both cups of her own bikini and tugged them down. She shoved her breasts forward (along with her belly) and grinned. "I think they're still growin'."

Caitlyn thought she heard some murmurs from all around them, people stopping and staring at the topless tanuki on top of her. She craned her head back, trying to see who might be watching. Brianna took the opening to lotion up her hands again, then stuck them both up underneath Caitlyn's one-piece, through the leg holes. She started right on top of her bellybutton, slapping her hands down, then spreading the lotion with eager, grabby strokes.

"Oh, mannn. What's *in* that stuff?" Caitlyn groaned, more to herself than anything. The lotion seared its way into her abs, tightening her lower torso with snugly-packed muscle. The tautness of her upper back spread down lower, stretching out new muscles that seemed to tug in her midsection and highlight her hips.

Brianna unabashedly pawed through Caitlyn's bush and dragged a finger or two across her folds. The tigress gasped and tightened her legs and pushed on Brianna's arm, but she was so much stronger compared to Caitlyn that a simple push could barely move her. In the wake of Brianna's fingers, thicker, fluffier hair sprouted up between Caitlyn's legs and sent a thin trail crawling up between her

abs. For a moment, the muscles in Caitlyn's pussy clenched. Her knees buckled and she made a deep moan in the back of her throat. That hot-cold, ache-and-relief feeling was throbbing between her legs now, and it was making her dizzy.

"Feelin' good, huh?" Brianna asked. Caitlyn nodded, her mouth hanging open for deep breaths, trying to keep herself cool. Her swimsuit rode up against her tightened, muscular mound, and she couldn't dig it out with Brianna pinning her down with her new bulk and belly.

Brianna loaded up her hands with more lotion. A quick clap evened them out, and then she leaned forward. Her breasts wedged against Caitlyn's, both pairs soft and squeezable. The pressure made Caitlyn acutely aware of how tender her nipples were, and she began to squirm and groan. Brianna backed off, then squeezed up against Caitlyn from below, avoiding the tips of her tender chest.

The tanuki's paws worked the conditioner and moisturizers and whatever other strange ingredients into Caitlyn's arms. She felt slick afterward, as Brianna hadn't combed the lotion into her fur very well, but it didn't stop the sensations. Her skin and fur was taking in the sunscreen all the same, and as they did, she felt the swelling and the paradoxical sensation. It was like having thick cords slowly wrapped around her arms, like she was slowly filling out her skin until it felt taut and snug against her fur.

Caitlyn was no stranger to physical fitness, but now she was becoming truly strong. Strong enough, even, to get her way. The thought of wrestling Brianna to the ground flashed through her mind, followed by the thought of fighting her into submission. Followed by savage cuddling, of course, but the thoughts were still aggressive by Caitlyn's standards. She couldn't help them. It was some part of the lotion. She wanted to be aggressive, take charge, push people around. Maybe even literally.

"Feels funny," Caitlyn growled, baring her teeth. She felt like she was holding in a roar by clenching her jaw like that. Her eyes threatened to roll back in her head when she blinked and her head lolled from side to side as waves of power and arousal rolled through her body.

Brianna only needed one hand to keep Caitlyn pinned to the ground as she turned around, now facing Caitlyn's feet instead of her face. She grabbed one of her legs, pulling it up by the knee, then squirting the suntan lotion directly onto her leg. With a slap and some quick rubbing, she spread it across one thigh and calf, then the other, and left the lotion to slowly osmose into her skin.

Caitlyn gripped the ground and dug her claws through the sand. She breathed hot and fast, as if she'd just run a few laps around a track, even though she'd barely moved. Her body was practically crackling with all her pent-up energy and tender aches.

"Bri, I feel so hot," Caitlyn panted, grabbing at the tanuki's shoulders and dragging her down closer.

"I'm hotter though." Brianna winked, then moved in to kiss Caitlyn. The weight of her body kept her pinned to the ground, despite the new, trembling strength in the tigress's bulkier form. They couldn't

just be pressed up against each other, though. The longer they laid like that, Caitlyn began to grind up against Brianna, and Brianna rolled her hips back down against Caitlyn.

"Wait," Brianna said, pulling herself free from Caitlyn.

"What?" Caitlyn asked, pouting up at her.

Brianna grabbed the bottle of sunscreen from the sand as she pushed herself to her feet. "Jefferson," she said, wiggling the bottle in her hands. Caitlyn grinned and followed alongside Brianna, her tail flicking eagerly.

Their fellow officer-on-break was still underneath the umbrella, talking quietly into his cell phone. "And make sure you send someone who can restrain them." He checked his watch. "Ten minutes? Thanks, chief."

All of a sudden, his shade vanished. The umbrella spun away across the beach like it was doing cartwheels. He turned around to see Brianna, topless and towering above him to the point that he could barely see over her belly. Caitlyn was next to her, just as ripped and muscular, with the same excess outcroppings of fur running down her chest and stomach as Brianna.

"All right, fun's over," Jeff said. He was doing his best authoritarian tone. "I called the precinct. Either you give me the sunscreen, and we all go back and get cleaned up, or they'll drag you back. Your choice." He held his hand out, not showing a hint of hesitation. For a mouse, he could be stoic when he needed to.

Brianna lifted the bottle in one hand. and with her other, she pushed her bikini bottom off her hips. "Oh, you want the sunscreen?" she asked. Caitlyn watched, shifting from one leg to the other, hands crossed tightly over her chest so that she didn't start trying to rub herself. Just wait, Brianna had a plan, she told herself.

Jeff barely had time to open his mouth before Brianna was on top of him, shoving him down to the ground. Her fist tightened around the bottle of sunblock. A line of the stuff splattered up from the waistband of his swim trunks to his chest. Brianna squeezed her thighs against either side of Jeff's head, sitting on his shoulders and tucking his snout up against her bare pussy, covered by the thick dome of her belly.

"Now, lick!" Brianna said, flexing her thighs and twisting her fingers into his curly hair. The mouse beneath her squirmed and made muffled shouts of distress, but he was much too small to be able to wriggle his way out.

With Brianna taking care of his head, Caitlyn got the rest of Jeff's body to play with. She quickly settled down on top of him, pinning his hips down by sitting on them. She pushed her paws into the



trail of lotion and began to scrub it up and down. Kneading it into his fur, his muscles began to bristle right beneath her paw pads.

A groan squeezed its way into the air from between Brianna's legs. She had the bottle still, and she was spreading it across Jeff's shoulders and arms. Where her paws passed, soon there sprung up new muscle, bulking and thickening quickly on his smaller frame. His arms tensed, hands gripping Brianna's thighs, trying to pry her off with his growing strength.

Pressure rose up from beneath Caitlyn, lifting her off the ground by a half an inch, then another half. As Jeff's body thickened, it was pressing up against her, rising further up into the crook between her legs. She scooted back, sitting on his thighs instead of his waist.

Caitlyn lifted her hands off of Jeff, to take a better look at the thickening muscle sliding down his sides. A trail of coarse fur led down the middle of his rising stomach. She followed it with her fingers, spreading the lotion down, all the way to the top of his swim trunks. Then, with a grin, she tugged them off entirely and rubbed her lotion-covered hands over his shaft.

A more wavering moan came from Brianna's lap. Caitlyn laughed to herself. She hoped Jeff could feel the same exciting, dizzy high that the two of them were riding. She backed up for a moment, making sure to rub the sunscreen into Jeff's thighs and calves. The corded muscle began to rise almost immediately, twisting thicker and tighter.

Jeff's knees bent, sticking up into the air. His hips wiggled and squirmed on the sand. By the way he was flexing and tensing, he was feeling something intense. Caitlyn could guess what it was. Extra fur was sprouting from his package, growing shaggy around the base of his cock and the underside of his balls. But not just that; his cock was growing. Half-stiff, it lay across his stomach, hanging off to one side of his bellybutton. Slowly, it inched across his abs.

Looking at it, Caitlyn felt all the fire and aching that had been rolling around in her body for the past few minutes all come to a sharp point. The fact that people were now standing at a distance, staring at them, was beyond her notice. Everything else might as well have been sand, because her attention only extended to Jeff and Brianna and the sunscreen and his cock.

With a little squeal, Caitlyn lunged forward. She locked her hips around Jeff's and leaned up against Brianna's shoulders for support. With one hand holding herself steady, she used the other to guide his cock between her legs and tug aside the crotch of her swimsuit. She dropped down, impaling herself on top of him. A loud growl of pleasure came from her own throat and a deep groan from between Brianna's legs.

Caitlyn could almost see the way her pussy muscles flexed and tightened behind her abs, as if they were thick enough to make her groin bulge subtly. For a girl who was always more playful than anything,

she felt more like a wild animal than she ever had. She bobbed up and down, moving quickly, grabbing fistfuls of sand like she was searching for anything at all that she could hold onto.

Bubbles of excitement popped in her head, almost intense enough to make her feel angry. She couldn't explain it even if she was lucid; it was eagerness bubbling over into sheer ferocity. Claws out and back hunched, she pushed herself up and down over his cock until little colorful sparks fuzzed in the corners of her vision.

"You're feelin' it now, huh!?" Brianna shouted down at Jeff. Though Caitlyn couldn't see what she was doing, she could see the way Brianna was working her hips like she was bucking against his tongue. Jeff wasn't quite so soft to ride any more, but his harder, tighter body supported her hips on top of him. His arms relaxed, pulled away from the tanuki's thighs, and then grabbed onto Caitlyn. A strange rumbling growl came from the mouse's throat. Holding her hips tight, he raised her up and tugged her down, bending his hips upward to thrust into her.

All three of them were enveloped in the aggressive lust the lotion brought out of them. Jefferson's snout was crammed up against Brianna's bush while she rolled her hips down against him. His cock slammed up into Caitlyn's tight, muscular pussy, sending her and her excess chest fur bouncing up and down. Caitlyn was, somehow, still crammed into her one-piece. As tight as it clung to her enlarged frame, she was hardly any more modest than Brianna was fully nude.

The people watching from a distance had become a small crowd, clustered in a circle around the three of them. People were staring. Shocked, enthralled, offended--the reactions ran the whole spectrum, but everyone was trying to squeeze in to see what was going on. New people came by, saw the crowd, and joined in, curious to see what was happening.

Caitlyn planted her paws on the ground, arms spread and her whole body bristling. A hot feeling was rising up in the pit of her stomach, climbing up higher, into her throat and lungs. Her pussy tightened and she stretched her neck as far as possible as a roar split her lips. Her eyes fluttered back in their sockets and she began to wobble, dizzy and satisfied. A deep growl lifted out of her as, not one minute later, Jeff's own orgasm came, and she was left with a warm, dazed fullness.

From the direction of the parking lot, police lights flickered above the heads of the crowd, but it would be another ten minutes before the officers would manage to disperse the crowd so they could take care of Caitlyn, Brianna and Jeff.

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Caitlyn, Brianna and Jeff sat in the police chief's office, wrapped up in large blankets and squinting through the bright fluorescent light. The lotion was wearing off, and as their horny, aggressive highs ended, they all felt like they were in the middle of a particularly bad hangover.

The bottle of suntan lotion sat on the chief's desk, sealed up in a thick plastic bag with a red evidence tag across the top. None of them wanted to look at it, or really, at each other, but the chief said he wouldn't clear them to go home until he'd talked with them.

The door opened, and in came the chief himself. He walked in front of his desk, standing roughly in the middle, and stood there with his arms crossed over his chest. He kept a perfectly stern expression the whole time, with neither a hint of anger nor relief. He let an uncomfortable silence live in the air for ten, then twenty seconds.

"I've talked with internal affairs. Since this," he said, picking up the evidence bag with the bottle, "was just an accident, I don't have to press any charges. Count yourselves lucky."

The three of them squinted and murmured a "Thanks, chief."

"But I can't just let you off. Brianna, Caitlyn. You each get one month meter maid duty," he said.

Brianna grumbled and Caitlyn pouted, but the chief just ignored the two of them and turned to look at Jeff.

"Jefferson, for you...two months meter maid."

The mouse groaned. "What? Why me?"

"You're supposed to be responsible for these two. But since you were just as caught up in this as they were, maybe I've got to reevaluate that. You'll certainly have time to think about it. That's all, you're all dismissed," he said.

The evidence bag still in hand, the chief marched out of the room and dropped the bag in the arms of the first junior officer he saw, and barked at her, "Take it to evidence!"

Back in the chief's office, Caitlyn said with a groggy smile, "Don't worry, we'll come by and visit you while you're checking meters!"

Jefferson just groaned and closed his eyes.