

A Turn Of The Mage

Speeding around a corner with lights and sirens both occupants leaned closer to the windscreen in shock and more than a little fear. A second later the rookie next to him almost hit the glass as Vern slammed on the reverse jets. The vehicle went into in a sideways slide that left them sitting in the middle of the street. Thanks mostly to the late hour the sidewalks of said street was clear of pedestrians and any other traffic. It was no wonder considering just two hundred yards from their position a fifteen foot tall gecko was lifting its latest vicim in the air by an arm.

"Fuck." Vern muttered even as he reached for the door release. He could hear the fear in his partner's voice as he called in for more backup. They were going to need it. The latest victim was one of their own. He stepped from the patrol car, slipped on his helmet and grabbed his QuantumStaff from the roof rack. He quickly came around to the front of the vehicle and waited for his partner to join him as he activated his staff. It took less than two seconds, plenty of enough time to see the huge gecko had breached the other Techmage's armor.

"Come again 47?" Came over the comms link.

Vern lifted a paw to activate his comm and said "Confirm, level three and draining another 'mage."

He only listened to the reply with half an ear. Looking at the raccoon at his side he gave a nod and moved to his left. The rookie he had as a partner, trainee really, moved in the opposite direction, racing to circle the overlarge gecko. He was for a moment irritated again at being saddled with such a green trainee. He was one of the department's best mages and yet he was constantly at the end of the line when considered for promotion. He hated politics, but thats what seemed to get others promoted over him each and every time.

Shaking his head to the irrelevant thoughts Vern focused on the gecko. He saw the captured 'mage had lost more than a foot of height in the brief time it took to begun their assault.

The huge gecko had the struggling wolf in both hands pinning the wolf's arms to his side. Gripping the disarmed wolf she grinned down at the shrinking 'mage. Both of her thumbs covered more and more of the wolf's exposed chest. Physical contact was the only way one of her ilk could steal another's size.

"47, backup responding, six minutes out." Came over the comms. Vern almost rolled his eyes. Six minutes was going to seem a lifetime against this foe.

In the seconds it took to race into position his mind pondered over the situation. The gecko had either bought a hack or had done it herself. These things were happening more and more frequently too. Everyone had a personal nano suite, Vern had one himself, one of the best models actually. Actually he had a much better model than the standard issue the department gave out.

The typical Nano-Suite was meant to constantly maximized their health and also do all the things the now obsolete phones and pads used to and so much more, if one knew how to use it. As a TechMage Vern knew how to use his, and even a few additional APS he'd improvised for his own use. Thing was, much like the equipment they'd replaced Nano-Suites too could be hacked. A hacker, a good hacker could

do amazing things with a Nano-Suite once the limits were disabled. The evidence stood before him once again.

Trouble was they had the same limitations with their Q'staves that hackers had in hampering their efforts. It required physical contact to subdue an overzealous hacker. However, two mages armed with four foot Q'staves and working as a team could typically keep an out of control size changer at bay, most of the time. That extended reach was now all but nullified by the increasing size of the gecko. And she was still obtaining more mass from the wolf in her grip. If they didn't stop her soon the huge rogue would be the one with the advantage.

Having raced halfway around the gecko not even slowing Vern pivoted right and started his advance. It didn't help his chances that she'd chosen to focus on him. Having already activated the 'staff and with both her hands occupied his first strike was toward her groin. Considering her size advantage this wasn't a time for niceties, beside's she'd already taken almost half another mage's size from him.

Instead of allowing the easy hit she brought a leg in to block his blow. Forced to back away to avoid the follow through he was less than surprised to see his partner knocked off his feet by her tail. She stepped toward Vern even as she shifted her grip on the wolf. Now able to hold the still shrinking wolf in one hand she stood massive. She grinned down at him from somewhere around sixteen feet tall.

He spared a glance to his partner. The raccoon had managed to somehow maintained a grip on his staff and was getting back to his feet.

Vern backed a few more steps and sidled a bit to his left. As he picked up the wolf's discarded Q'staff he watched the gecko's grin widen. He guessed she knew as did he that it would take about half a minute for the staff to recognize another mage before he could access its capabilities. Fortunately the 'mage had activated the stave before his capture. Grinning back his defiance of her advantage he brought both staves together and started twirling them in his paws. With both ends glowing they were almost impossible to tell apart.

It was a difficult maneuver with two staves but he managed it without losing control of either. He shifted his arms in and out and turned in small circles in an effort to confuse the gecko. Much like a con's shell game he would have to keep her guessing which staff was his. If not for the situation he'd have enjoyed putting on such a light show. He came out of his act with both staves lined up side by side and one clutched in either paw.

Resuming a one handed ready grip for each staff he grinned up at the gecko. Her own smile had faded.

He forced himself to keep his eyes on their advisory. He didn't need to give the gecko any warning of his partner's advance. The raccoon was only a step from the huge gecko when he stopped cold and shouted "Behind you."

Vern half turned and understood why the inexperienced rookie could freeze. Everything seemed to happen at once. The female swatted his partner with a tail swipe again. The huge male that had come out of nowhere was right behind him and lunging down to grab him. He rolled to the side managing to keep both staves from impeding his progress. Even before he completed rolling out from under the huge male anole his partner hit the front of their hover car. The impact forced the raccoon to lose his grip on his staff and it went tumbling through the air to disappear behind their vehicle.

Back on his feet Vern adjusted his feet to face both giants and stood ready to hold them off by himself until his partner could get to his feet. A glance to the raccoon told a different story. His limbs were in splayed out at odd angles and he wasn't moving. Vern would have to keep the two giants occupied by himself until his partner's Nano-suite could heal him.

With his heart sinking to his gut he backed from between the two adversaries he now had. "Central, we have a second subject. That's two Level Threes, working together."

Glancing at his partner he saw slight movement but it looked like he was at the very least stunned and out of the fight for the moment. He moved to stay between the male and his stunned partner but the huge male's size allowed him to reach the stunned raccoon well before Vern had any chance of stopping him. Forced to consider the female Vern could only watch as the fourteen foot tall male picked his trainee up by the back of the neck.

He could tell by the way the raccoon's arms stayed at his side he was still stunned and unable to defend himself. With the female moving toward the huge male he could do nothing to stop the anole from taking advantage of his partner. As the gecko stepped to the side of the huge male Vern stood helpless and could only watch as the male poked a claw inside the collar of the raccoon's armor.

"47, more units responding. Hold fast." Vern heard in his ear.

The anole slid his claw down the raccoon's front slicing through his armor effortlessly. The wolf in the female's grip was now so small he was barely long enough to where his legs extended out of her fist.

"Central, they have Remoary." Vern replied. He was tempted to advance but knew it would be futile. His partner was already lost to him. He was forced to stand and watch as the male slid his finger's inside Remoary's armor.

"Hold until backup arrives."

The anole groaned the next instant. His head went back as he lifted his victim higher. Already much more muscular than a normal person the male's frame expanded even larger. He was clearly using most of the stolen mass from the raccoon to grow his muscles. With a blink Vern realized the male was also growing another part of himself. The typical male crotch area lizards had was typically subtle what with their equipment being internal for the males of the species. This male's size was far from subtle as his crotch area bulged even larger.

By the time Vern was able to activate the acquired staff his raccoon partner had lost more than a foot in height. Remoary had also regained enough of his senses to grasp the anole's fingers. The male's chuckle at the raccoon's futile efforts made Vern grit his teeth in frustration.

The female opened her fist to stare down at the tiny wolf. Grinning, she turned her wrist so that Vern could also see. The wolf was less than a foot long. Her thumb pad covered his entire upper body and ever more of him as he shrank under ten inches. She had topped sixteen feet and looked to be halfway to seventeen from the stolen mass of the wolf. Once she was done with the captured mage she dropped him on the roof of Vern's cruiser.

The male was growing taller as well. Now easily at fifteen feet and as heavily muscled as anyone Vern and ever seen. While the male looked gruesome and overly bulky the female had chosen to remain lithe and stood huge and, he had to admit, sexy. If not for the situation he'd have had trouble restraining his arousal. Together they stood and smirked their contempt at the average sized cougar before them. They acted as if they had all the time in the world. The male finished draining the raccoon's size and dropped him on the roof of their cruiser.

"Waiting for backup?" The female asked.

Vern stood silent. There was little he could do but buy time for reinforcements to arrive, should they let him.

With a glance to his partner the male added "We're waiting for your backup too."

With an odd expression on her face the female looked to the male. "Keep him here." she ordered and turned to walk behind the patrol car.

Vern could see her progress over the top of the vehicle and knew it would be pointless to try stopping her with the male focusing on him. When she leaned down he understood her intent and started smirking at the futility of her efforts. Picking up Remoary's staff the gecko walked back to stand next to her partner. Vern continued smiling at the female even though his partner's staff looked to be the size of a soda straw in her hand. He could do nothing but watch as she lifted her arm to look at the staff in her paw before closing her eyes.

Obviously concentrating on the staff Vern realized she was the one responsible for the hack that had caused the night's spectacle. His assessment was confirmed by the male as he glanced and turned to the cougar with a wide anticipatory grin. Vern activated his comms again and warned "Code seven in progress. I repeat, Code Seven in progress. Subject is attempting to hack a Q'staff."

The reply was instant. "Copy 47, hold until backup arrives."

Vern's mouth opened in shock. He looked behind himself desperately suppressing an urge to back away from the pair. Considering the size the two had reached he was forced to judge her a competent Hack-mage. With enough time she just might be capable of hacking into his partner's staff.

He couldn't yet see the backup but could hear the sirens from their approach. He watched the two as the noise of his approaching backup increased. He was increasingly disturbed at the expression of concentration on the female's face. Vern all but sighed with relief at the distinctive sound of reverse jets firing behind him. In seconds he was flanked by two more officers and still more sirens were approaching.

"We have to advance now to break her concentration." Vern said, his eyes locked on the massive female.

"Relax, we'll have more than enough to handle them in few more seconds." Was the reply from his left.

Surprised at the reluctance to engage Vern glanced at the officer in question. He almost groaned at the sight of the lion standing next to him. The product of a recent promotion the lion was less than accomplished as a mage and clearly failed to understand the implications of the female's focus on a stolen Q'staff. A few more seconds and he felt the presence of four more mages step next to them. Sparing a glance at them Vern said "Alright, the female is trying to hack the staff. We have to attack now to break her concentration."

"As you were, lieutenant." The lion ordered.

Even though he outranked Vern it was often a given that the first mage on scene had right of command. This was not the time for petty rank disputes. Should he get in an argument with the new captain it would only benefit the female's attempted hack. Looking to the lion he said "Very well, what is your command?"

"Standard encirclement, once we're in position we'll converge as one on my signal. Go."

Vern saw more than a few looks of thinly veiled contempt as they moved out. He was about to join those heading to the left when the lion ordered him to stay at the center, with him. Once they were alone

the lion ordered him to prevent either of the two giants from attacking him until the situation was contained. Vern tried convincing him of the female's possible hacking ability but the lion ignored him. Vern was forced to stand and watch as his comrades circled the two waiting giants. The female was still undisturbed and able to concentrate on hacking into his partner's staff the entire time.

Even as the lion continued to delay the gecko smiled. An instant later light flared from the ends of the staff in her paw casting long shadows everywhere. Even before the flare faded Vern could see the gecko's eyes open, they shone as bright as the ends of Remoary's staff. At the sight of the female having accomplished what the lion had thought impossible Vern suggested they retreat and regroup with a greater force.

"Go." The lion ordered instead.

Vern turned to stare at him in shock. Turning back to the action he could only watch as the two giants easily dispatched the mages attacking them. In a matter of seconds the two had either disabled or captured their opponents. The male set about peeling the armor off the meerkat in his grip. Amazingly the female didn't bother removing the armor of her prey.

Vern could see the fox was shrinking within his armor. She had obviously added the capabilities of a Quantum Staff to her Nano-Suite, and she was growing ever larger. Vern's mind clouded at the sight. She appeared as a goddess. Tall massive and supremely capable her body continued to expand larger and yet her feminine aura only intensified. Vern couldn't help the physical reaction from happening in his pants. Despite being among her opponents he saw her as beautiful and commandingly erotic. Having witnessed her cleverness in hacking a Techmage's Q'staff in a matter of minutes Vern found himself more than intrigued with the female. He was sorely tempted to let his inhibitions go and join the gecko.

As the mage in her grip continued dwindling her focus shifted to Vern. It was obvious. He and the lion commander were bathed in the greenish light shining from her eyes. It was like standing under a spotlight. "Save the cougar for last. I have plans for him."

"Central, we're falling back. Call for more reinforcements." The lion sent as he raced back towards the cluster of waiting patrol cars.

Vern turned back to the gecko and anole. She was now several feet taller than the male and even more alluring. He could feel his erection pushing against the inside of his armor. "Fuck it." he said as he rushed forward discarding one of his staves.

The male moved to intercept him but the female put a restraining paw on his shoulder. She ordered "He's mine, let him come."

Knowing he'd be allowed to take on the female one on one Vern raced up and at the last second veered to the side. Leaping to the top of patrol car next to the female he used the added height to launch his true attack. She stood smiling at his efforts as his leap ended with him impacting against her back. His improvised move went better than he'd thought, by the time his momentum was spent and gravity pulled at him he had his staff at the front of the female's neck and again held with both hands. He pulled at his staff in an effort to choke the female.

She merely chuckled at his puny strength. "Nice try."

He felt an almost electrical shock pass into his paws and travel through his body the same time the ends of his staff flared bright, almost blinding him. His muscles locked up tight preventing him from releasing his hold on the staff. He distantly expected his armor to start sloughing off him, instead it felt as though it was becoming too tight. His balls confirmed his suspicions first, suddenly confined into a space suddenly far too tight for comfort.

"You impress me, I wish to have you at my side."

The shock continued traveling through him further clouding his mind and scrambling his thoughts. From the back of the female Vern could see the dismayed expression on the anole's face. It took Vern a second to notice the female had grasped her former partner with both hands and was keeping him facing her. He was shrinking in her grip. As Vern's armor split from around his growing frame he understood the anole's mass was being transferred to him. He was already large enough so that he didn't need the staff to keep his arms wrapped around the female's neck.

He knew he had a choice to make. Her scent filled his nostrils. The memory of the sight of her growing caused his cock to surge larger. He was becoming accustomed to the electrical feeling of mass and power flowing into him. He felt the restraining armor fall away from his modesty and the refreshing feeling of the cool night air on his exposed cock. He made his decision.

"Fuck it."

Releasing his two handed hold on his staff he slid off the female's back landing lightly on his feet. Looking at the patrol car only feet away he gaged his new size at close to eight feet and rapidly growing.

He puzzled at the contradiction. He was no longer in contact with the female HackMage and yet he still grew. Lifting his arm he examined his staff. The ends of his Q'staff still blazed bright. Smiling at the obvious he walked around to the front of the female.

At ten feet to the anole's dwindling twelve he looked up at the struggling male in the gecko's grip. He looked at his staff a moment. It only appeared to be shrinking in his grasp. A second of altering the code within it and it was returning to its proper proportions with respect to its mage operator. Planting the end off his staff on the ground Vern stood next to the female 'mage awaiting her orders.

Her eyes traveled over his exposed body, pausing briefly at his raging cock. A momentary lift of her eye ridges as she took in the sight of him explained everything. She smiled at him and offered the dwindling male anole to him.

Smiling back he accepted the male. It was a simple task of draining his size for a mage of his accomplishments. He looked to the female as he continued growing by his own efforts.

Her smile held uncountable promises.