

The automated mail conveyer clicked and rattled, overlapping metal-and-plastic plates disappearing in orderly lines into the innards of the great machine only to reappear at the far end, freshly laden with letters and parcels. Hopscotch sighed and pushed his sunglasses up to blearily rub his eyes. In the second it took him to do so, he nearly allowed an envelope to rush by. He snatched it up, quickly scanned the address, and flicked it into the appropriate tub. Settling back into his routine, the postal clerk mechanically grabbed, read, and sorted the mail as it passed on the belt. Illegible, faded, torn, incomplete or incorrect, anything the computer scanners couldn't process was routed for manual sorting, sent on a roundabout journey of belts, buckets, trays and carts until it whizzed by Hopscotch's dimly-lit, poorly-ventilated corner of the plant for manual sorting.

Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr.

Like a pudgy moon rising over a steel horizon, Eddy's pale face peered around the corner of the great machine.

"Make sure you take your break on time, Hopscotch. We've got a schedule to follow. If you take it late, Mary has to take hers late, then Leroy has to take his late, then Martin is late to lunch, and we're all behind schedule. You don't want us to be behind schedule, do you?"

It took a full minute of lecturing before Hopscotch even realized he was being spoken to, Eddy's voice droned on precisely the same frequency as the mechanical rumble of the sorting machine. Hopscotch dignified Eddy's babbling with an acknowledging grunt and the pudgy face withdrew. Even Eddy, the plant supervisor, addressed Hopscotch by his nickname. Since paycheques were dispatched through the main office and sent through the mail, it's doubtful Eddy even knew what Hopscotch's name really was... That train of thought dwindled into the vanishing distance of Hopscotch's mind as he resumed the mind-numbing task at hand.

Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirr. Click-flick-whirrCHUNK. CHUNK-GRR-PWOIT?

The great machine lurched and shuddered, causing the slender little fellow to hop backwards in alarm! Sparks blasted from the air vent and the conveyor belt undulated and writhed like a dying sea serpent. It groaned and heaved, making such a tremendous racket that he wondered at the absence of alarmed co-workers rushing over, eager for an excuse to stop working! Finally the machine shook, trembled, and coughed out a single thick, heavy envelope. The belt groaned, quivering as it carried the large brown packet to Hopscotch's station, then fell still, the sorting machine dying with a low whine.

The envelope sat there. Oddly-shaped or unusually heavy parcels could sometimes cause a jam, but nothing had ever made the sorter do THAT! He peered closer. The envelope was apparently made of heavy brown parchment, stained in patches with something oily,

possibly from the insides of the sorter. The flap was sealed with a blob of dark red sealing-wax, stamped with some kind of icon. A crown? Where the address should be was written one word in faint, smeared, almost illegible pencil.

Hopscotch

He blinked. The envelope sat there. He took a step closer, up to the belt, looking down at the envelope. Obviously it was for him. And from someone he knew, since it wasn't addressed with his real name. Someone could possibly have sent it like that on purpose, improperly addressed, knowing it'd be him that eventually saw it... But what about the machine? Hopscotch looked around. Nobody seemed to have noticed the veritable explosion of the sorting machine. He looked back down at the envelope. Well... It WAS for him... Hopscotch looked around once more, then reached down and lifted the packet from the belt.

"HELLO!"

No sooner had he plucked the thick envelope from the conveyor than a wide, fang-toothed grin split the parchment! Two bright, green, bulbous eyes popped into being above and to either side, like bubbles rising in a pot of soup. The face leered up at him from the surface of the envelope, shouting in an excitable, queerly-accented voice!

"YEAH! YOU! HIYA!"

Hopscotch yelped in surprise and alarm, thrusting his arms away from his face and flicking his hands, but the envelope stayed put, adhered to them as if it was glued there! What's more, the whole thing was beginning to look glossy, shiny, like it was soaking wet, or made of rubber, or of some kind of goo... It clung to his hands and began to shift between them, the texture changing altogether into something warmer, softer, and squishier...

"NOPE! FAT CHANCE, BUCKO! I *GOTCHA*!" cackled the voice, the fang-toothed mouth wide open and smirking with delight! Hopscotch tried again to throw the crazy thing away from him, but it was stuck fast to his hands and, what's worse, his fingers were beginning to sink into the shiny, sticky surface. The envelope had begun to swell, getting rounder and blobbier, it no longer even really resembled an envelope... The red wax blob had swollen up into a big round red nose in the middle of that giggling, leering face, the green eyes wide and mad with mirth!

"KEEP TRYIN'! I'M SURE YOU'LL GET IT THIS TIME!" it shrieked gleefully as Hopscotch tried to scrape the lump of goo off on the sorter machine. It seemed a little late for that, though, since the glossy goop had spread to fully engulf his hands and was crawling steadily up his arms, covering them in a thick sheen of quivering brown stuff. Thinking quickly, Hopscotch turned toward a tall stool, provided for his posterior comfort, but which he habitually neglected in favor of standing. First raising his arms high, he brought the manic goo-thing between his hands swiftly down toward the stool's

wooden surface, attempting to smash it off! A clever gambit, perhaps, but the goo-thing simply split in two, his arms swishing uselessly to either side of the stool. The separated halves (the face having vanished into the slime) lurched upwards, engulfing Hopscotch's arms up to the shoulders. With a sinking cold feeling in the pit of his stomach, Hopscotch realized he could no longer move them...

Of their own accord, his arms extended in front of him. Then, impossibly, they began to change... First they swelled dramatically, bulking up with shiny brown goo-muscle, looking so out of place on Hopscotch's slender body! They flexed and posed, all on their own, making exaggerated muscle-man shadows on the wall. Just as quickly as they had bulked up, his arms slimmed down, smaller than before, dainty and slender and girlishly smooth. His delicate shiny-brown hands flicked and swished in effeminate gestures. Through it all, Hopscotch could hear a quiet, gleeful giggling in his head...

Distracted by the show his arms were putting on, Hopscotch failed to notice until too late that the goo had spread over his shoulders and across his chest, subsuming his clothes and dripping down his torso, squishing and absorbing whatever it touched into the same gooey rubbery collective whole! His torso thickened and bulked up, slimmed down and smoothed, sprouted a pair of enormous, cartoonish breasts, then re-absorbed them just as quickly... Finally, his tummy sagged down and pushed forward into a fat, wobbling pot belly, bouncing gently. Just like before, the grinning face appeared, rising up from within to surface on Hopscotch's gut, giggling madly at him.

"HEY! HEY, YOU HAVIN' FUN?! THIS IS GREAT! YOU GOTTA BE HAVIN' FUN!"

"Stop!" shouted Hopscotch! "What the hell is going on?! Who the hell are YOU!"

"I'M THE FREAKIN' KING OF THE MOOGLES!" the face shrieked, rotating about on the semiliquid surface of his belly like a duck swimming on a pond. "AND WE'RE GONNA HAVE US SOME FREAKIN' FUN!" It cackled once more before blooming below the surface again. Hopscotch could feel the face, though, inside him, the giggling Moogle King's submerged presence roaming through his body...

By this point, the goo had slid down the back of his pants, invading some very personal places and melting his lower garments into itself as it consumed his legs... It almost felt like a hand, fingers of warm slippery goo cupping and lifting his family jewels and giving them a squeeze! His 'equipment' responded despite his mental protests, firming up just in time to be swaddled in more glossy goo. He could swear it was rubbing him, undulating in waves, it felt so good, so very good... And then it stopped entirely as his cock was smoothed out into nothingness, a family-friendly patch of smooth brown shiny rubber between his legs, just like everywhere else! Elsewhere, changes came and went so quickly he couldn't keep track. Fat butt, tiny butt, HUGE butt, dragon tail, cow tail, bunny tail, snake tail - no legs! Four legs, like a centaur! Huge rabbit legs, ballerina legs, short stumpy legs... His shoes dissolved into the surface of the brown goo, and that was that... From the neck down, Hopscotch had been wholly absorbed into this... Goo-thing.

Something rippled at his neck, a film of goo extending like the hood of a hoodie sweater in reverse, rising up in front of his face and bringing him nose-to-big-red-nose with the Moogle King...

"HIYA, SPORT!" it yelled!

"WAIT! Slow down! Wataminnit!" Hopscotch yelped, trying to crane his neck back and away from the clearly-insane face of the goo-monster. "What's a Moogle?! Who ARE you, what's your NAME?! Why are you doing this to me?!"

"I'M THE KING OF THEM!" it laughed, eyes rolling about! "AND NAAAME?! I DON'T HAVE ONE! IDON' HAVEWUN! IDO HAV JUAN! HAPPY NOW?! IDO! IDO, KING OF THE MOOOOOOGLES!" As it rolled the 'o' about, the face rotated again, dizzily... "ANYWAY, YOU'RE CLEARLY BORED OUT OF YOUR TINY LITTLE SKULL! WELL GUESS WHAT! SO AM I! SO LET'S HELP EACHOTHER OUT, HUH?! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE NEVER EVER EVER BORED AGAIN, AND YOU... GIVE ME EVERYTHING ELSE! EEAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

The hood of goo swelled, looming over poor Hopscotch's exposed head, then curled over, engulfing it like a frog swallowing a fly. There was a panicking moment of darkness, then sensation returned. Hopscotch's vision seemed sharper, sort of... Like he was seeing things that weren't really there, but were also unusually real. He could swear he was looking through several walls, and somehow he knew that Dave was about to come around the corner, pushing his broom.

"I'LL SHOW YA!" shouted the voice of Ido in his head. "LET'S SEE WHAT THIS MEATSACK CAN DO!" As tall, broad-shouldered, lanky Dave meandered into view, his ears plugged with headphones playing an educational lecture as he pushed his broom, Hopscotch instinctively ran through his personal mental dossier on his co-worker. Dave, big, strong, somewhat lazy... Clearly thought of himself as too intelligent for this kind of job, but lacking in the willpower to put his energy toward a degree in anything useful. In his head, mentally eavesdropping on Hopscotch's thoughts, Ido giggled. "THINKS HE'S TOO SMART FOR THIS? HE'S RI~IGHT!"

Hopscotch felt his body quiver and compress, shrinking dramatically to barely three feet high! The malleable brown goo molded into the appearance of fur, short, stubby paw-hands and feet replaced his own, and a pair of red bat-wings popped out from his back! Finally, a red ball of fur on an antennae-like stalk sprouted from between his eyes, the natural form of the Moogle King taking over. The wings fluttered and Hopscotch, Ido in control, floated lazily over to the janitor.

"HIYA, DAVEY!" shrieked Ido, grabbing Dave's jaw and planting a huge, sloppy kiss on his mouth! Dave's eyes went wide, meeting the sparkling neon green of Ido's, then lost their focus. He slumped slightly, leaning forward and staring into the Moogle overlord's

gaze. The changes started immediately, and progressed much more quickly than did Hopscotch's own...

Dave's black t-shirt began to creak and stretch, splitting along the seams as pound after pound of fat layered onto his belly! His arms swelled up with flab above the elbow, but thinned somewhat below, his hands fusing into thick black-tipped hooves! Dave's legs quivered unsteadily, trying and failing to cope with the weight of his rapidly plumping belly... Seconds later, he sank to his knees, his massive fat gut resting on the floor along with the hooves of his new forelegs. Ido floated down to maintain eye contact.

"Buh...?" questioned Dave, as if trying to wake up from a deep sleep, slurring his words. "Feelsh... Feel funny? Wassha... I'dun knooow... Knooowww... Mmmm. Moooooo..." He babbled, his shirt shredding into myriad floating scraps as his shoulders cracked, the wave of fat spreading backwards! His jeans split along the middle seam, then disintegrated into more scraps. The floating fabric drifted like confetti, and when it cleared, Hopscotch saw through Ido's eyes the massive, beanbag-chair-sized peaks of Dave's new ass, the cheeks quivering as his legs reshaped into trotters just like his arms! His face was stretching, mouth and nose rounding out into a muzzle which filled up with a thick, soft, sloppy tongue, his ears twitching and stretching. A yellow tag appeared in one as a pair of stubby horns stretched out from the former janitor's forehead...

"MOOOOO?!" questioned Dave, shaking his bovine head and trying to clear the cobwebs inside it! Ido just squealed with laughter, turning somersaults in the air, and stared harder into his eyes, turning the unfortunate fellow's brains into mush. Dave lowed again, dopily, his new tail swishing about. His ass cheeks began to rise again, making Hopscotch wonder incredulously how much fatter the huge brown cow was going to get... But when Dave's hind legs left the ground, lifted and splayed by his enormous pink udder, Hopscotch knew he was going to do something useful with his life after all! Dave's new udder quivered, larger even than his massive belly, his hind legs kicking ineffectually as they tried to find purchase on the ground. This only made his colossal udder wobble about more, beads of milk beginning to leak from the four teats.

Ido circled around the stupid mooing beast and giggled again, swooping through the air to deliver a solid SMACK to one huge brown buttcheek... Hopscotch could only watch in utter bafflement as "Dave's" cheeks spread slightly, pushed apart by the swelling up of his puckered tailhole! It inflated like a bicycle tire, soft and pink and gently pulsing, until Hopscotch felt sure it could accommodate his entire arm with no problem at all. He noted almost as an afterthought that the new Dave seemed to have no actual genitals to speak of, just a ridiculously fat moocow with a ludicrously huge, swollen udder and an obscenely fat, puffy asshole. Ido seemed to read the confusion.

"YOU'LL SEEEEEEEE!" He giggled, swooping away down the hall and leaving Dave to stare stupidly ahead, mooing and wiggling his ass.

Hopscotch's goo-ified, Moogles-shaped body cavorted through the air, piloted by the obviously insane Ido, until he rushed around a corner and came face-to-bottom with

Martin, shuffling along down the hall pushing a heavy tray laden with mail. Ido didn't even stop to read Hopscotch's thoughts on him, he simply scooted backwards through the air, then swooped forward and delivered a hefty kick to the elderly clerk's backside!

Martin yelped in alarm and toppled forward, disappearing into the deep cart of envelopes. For a full thirty seconds there was no further movement. Then, almost unnoticeably at first, a dark liquid stain began to spread across the surface of the mail. The envelopes began to get soggy, ink running, stamps losing adhesion and peeling off, until the entire cart was practically mush... And from the center, a quivering, translucent mass began to rise. It was a soothing shade of turquoise, slightly transparent, and obviously not Martin! Not anymore, anyway... The blob of blue-green slime oozed out of the cart and shlugged onto the floor, then began to rise up into a more definite shape! Cute, feminine facial features popped into being on the shape's new head, coils of goo like tendrils forming a long, swept 'haircut', dainty 'shoulders' topped arms that ended in pointed tentacle-like appendages, and the curvy 'body' ended in a single mass like a slug! With an audible pair of 'pops', two bouncing boobs of goo appeared on 'her' chest. The slime-creature blinked its translucent eyelids (an odd effect!) and giggled happily to itself.

Hopscotch began to phrase a question in his head, but Ido mentally hushed him. Scant seconds later, Eddy plodded heavily around the corner. His eyes fixed on his boring brown loafers, he didn't even notice the living slime girl creature until he slipped in a puddle of ooze and crashed onto his flabby backside! Wincing, Eddy rubbed his head and looked up... To see the former Martin looming over him, a curious, sweetly innocent expression on her face! Before Eddy could so much as begin a boring lecture, 'Martin' had lunged forward and wrapped him up in a huge squishy hug. Pillowy aquamarine slimeboobs mooshed into Eddy's moonish face, muffling his protests as he was slowly slurped inside the slimegirl's body. Inside, Eddy's form began to grow indistinct, slowly dissolving, absorbing into her mass...

Nearly doubled in size, the amalgamated slime-girl creature giggled again and oozed down the hall in search of more new friends. Trapped in his own head, Hopscotch had to admit to himself... That *was* pretty cool.

"TOLD YA SO!" screamed Ido out loud, rocketing off through the halls! After a few more twists and turns, the Moogle King and his captive arrived in the main facility hall, a cavernous room crammed with machinery. Ido blasted erratically through the air like a deflating balloon, swooping this way and that to smack people upside the head, kick them in the tush, or plant goofy kisses! His victims hardly had time to react before their inevitable transformations.

Mary squeaked in surprise. Then she squeaked again. And again... Her throat sealed up, a rubber valve installing itself as her body puffed up with air, her skin turning to glossy rubber. Her hands and feet puffed into silly useless squishy feline paws, a tail arched smoothly over her backside, and her butt and boobs expanded into air-filled spherical parody. Nylon strands formed whiskers, her features looking almost painted onto her cute, cartoonish kitty cat face... Her clothes simply vanished, exposing her valve-like

nipples and bellybutton, the lewd sex-toy cocksleeves where her tailhole and pussy should be. The living inflatable doll squeaked again, her cocksucker lips framing the squeaky-toy voicebox in her throat, and bounced lightly away in search of a playmate.

Leroy staggered backwards from the smooch he received, plopping heavily onto his swelling butt... He gained three hundred pounds in a matter of seconds, but three feet of height as well! His eyes grew dull and simple, his nose snuffling about as his hands and feet thickened into clumsy clawed paws... A shaggy pelt covered the big dumb bear as he hauled himself awkwardly to his feet. A look of confusion and surprise crossed his face as his underwear, the only clothes stretchy enough to remain on his huge frame, began to fray and rip... The elastic snapped, catapulting them across the room as Leroy's balls sagged out, the size of basketballs, bouncing in their fuzzy sac! His cock stretched up and up, nearly reaching Leroy's chin, bouncing gently in the air and leaking musky, sticky precum. Leroy whuffed amusedly, beginning to run his paws up and down the stiff length, when he paused, sniffed the air, and twitched a round-furry ear. From a distant hallway, he picked up a faint "Mooooo...!" and began to lumber off in search of a fat cow ass to fuck, his balls tapping the tiled floor as he waddled along.

"Ahh..." thought Hopscotch, remembering Dave the fat dumb cow and his huge velvety pucker. "Now I see..."

A voice echoed across the room, an angry query from the closed Postmaster's door.

"WHAT is going on out there? WHAT is all that noise?!"

"Janet..." muttered Hopscotch in his head. "Stupid old hen won't give anyone any peace... Hey..." In his mind's eye, Hopscotch began to smirk. "Ido... Do you think you... I mean, that we could..."

"SAY NO FREAKIN' MORE, MY MAIN BITCH!" the crazed magical monster shrieked! Hopscotch felt a tingle run through him, and the malleable body of the Moogles King responded. It was like two puppeteers controlling the same marionette, but with the same performance in mind...

When the door of the office flew open, what came out wasn't Janet. At least, not anymore. A seven-foot tall bright-yellow bird stood in the doorway, blinking stupidly, eyes unfocused. "Wark?" it asked dimly, its undersized wings flapping uselessly in the shreds of a ruined lady's powersuit. "Wark?"

The canarified Janet's belly wobbled and bounced, heavy and round, her thick, fluffy thighs meeting the smooth scales of her pudgy new talons. They'd have to do for hands and feet alike now, her silly little wings weren't going to be much help! The fat bird waddled forward confusedly, trying to work out what had happened to her... And why her mail plant was now populated with living sex-toys, slime beasts, animate inflatable pooltoys, and lewd sexualized creatures of every description, all engaged in one

confused, simple-minded orgy. Before her dopy bird-brain could even begin to puzzle all this out, Janet was interrupted.

"Wark?!" she asked, stupidly, as her panties began to sag. "WARK!" she squawked again, leaning forward and flapping her arms, dropping into a squat that settled her fat gut on the floor as a creamy-white, faintly blue-speckled egg, the size of a beach ball, slid out of the fat, puckered hole that now served as her all-purpose orifice! No sooner had the egg settled to the floor, eased down by Janet the big dumb bird's stretched out panties, than another began to push out between her plump fluffy asscheeks. Janet squawked dimly, settling down and patting her belly with her wings, squeezing out egg after massive egg, far too dumb to work out what to do.

Ido hovered, arms folded, above the din, gleefully surveying the chaos below. "SO, KID?! WHATTAYA THINK?!" he cackled out loud.

"I think... That there's a motorCYCLE RALLY DOWN THE STREET!" answered Hopscotch, his excitement building as his voice rose into the same gleeful shriek! Laughing madly in perfect synch, Ido the King of the Moogles and his host burst out a window and into the early evening sky.

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In unrelated news, the citizens and businesses of one small Canadian city were mildly inconvenienced to find that their mail had been inexplicably delayed.