

Mad Moon Risin'

Story Copyright by Tazel Sixpaws (2011)

Character of 'Moonfire' copyright to her creator.

Even for a raccoon, the dark circles under his eyes couldn't hide the fatigue in his face. Two weeks of hardly any sleep would definitely cause anyone to lose a bit of spring in their step, and wipe smiles from faces.

A gaze at the long line in front of his counter did nothing to assuage his feelings of hopelessness in being able to get out at a decent time tonight. Customer service on the weekends for a big box mart was never any fun, for anyone. And it was after a big Friday and Saturday sale, so Sunday saw everyone returning the cheap crap their company sold, for a myriad of reasons.

He'd heard them all. "Doesn't fit." "I'm allergic to sweat-shop-created fabric." "It doesn't match my nose hair." Whatever. If he was a valuable green stone, he couldn't have been more jaded. "Next in line please." he said, with the enthusiasm of Ben Stein on quaaludes.

A fat badger waddled up and plopped down an open box of creme cakes. "I want to return these! They don't taste anything like they're supposed to!"

For the sake of thoroughness, Jerry muttered something about an apology and poked at the box. Out of a count of twelve, only one had survived the badger's assault. He looked up skeptically. "You ate nearly ALL of them?" he asked.

"Well I *had* to find out if they ALL tasted that bad! But I couldn't return an empty box, so..."

Jerry managed a little smile. As low as the pay was, as much crap as he got from idiots just like this, he was more than happy to use the company rules to his advantage. He jerked a thumb at the wall, whereupon said rules proudly hung. "No returns of consumed food items if amount is less than 40% of entire capacity."

The badger blinked at the sign, as if trying to decode these strange English words. "What do you mean?" she finally burbled, her chins vibrating under her other chins.

Jerry leaned forward. "You ate too much of it. We're not returning it." Another smile.

This caused Mt. St. Blubber to start vibrating and sputtering. "Well I... Humf! I want to speak to your manag..."

Without even acknowledging her by a gaze or a word, Jerry shoved the single doomed creme cake back in its box, and gave it back to the woman. "NEXT IN LINE PLEASE." he shouted. The

corpulent customer huffed and waddled off to the side, idly reaching in and grabbing the creme cake to unwrap it.

Jerry mentally sighed with a gale force wind. "If I have one more stupid return reason... I'm gonna wreck the store or something." he muttered to himself.

A short clearing of a throat snapped his attention back to a girl in line. She seemed like a girl, built like a young one, but obviously was older than a female. Black fur, a wolf muzzle, glasses, t-shirt and shorts, and no physique to speak of. Couldn't have been about 5 feet tall. "Excuse me..." she said, softly, demurely. "I would like to return this, please." She gently placed a box on the counter in front of Jerry.

The raccoon twitched his tail. "They can't even OPEN them for me?" he said again, in his mostly-inside voice, to the blush of the wolfette in hearing range. Like he cared. Only five more hours of this crap and he got to go home again. Unless a miracle happened.

He opened the box, marked 'Happy Birthday, Moonfire', and found a large green sleeveless dress. He held it up and stared. The thing must have been for a woman TWICE her size. "What...ehh... is the problem?"

"It doesn't fit, obviously." came the reply. The wolf looked a bit uncomfortable, her footpaw rubbing embarrassedly over the floor. "I got it as a gift from my vixen friend, but it is the wrong size."

Inside Jerry's mind, he was playing out the possible scenario of what kind of friend would be dumb enough to get something THIS big for someone THAT small. Was it for a joke, that she'd never fill out such a garment? Was it because she was an idiot?

Whatever. Wasn't his job to figure out why. He looked down at the girl, who was still blushing, but firmly entrenched in returning the thing.

To hell with it. To hell with all of it. Jerry's care-ometer just tanked at zero. He was gonna do things his way. And the less work he had to do, the better. He tossed the garment back in the box and shoved it back to her. "Sorry. It's not defective. Not returnable." he said, with only the slightest hint of sincerity.

The wolfette blinked, her glasses going slightly askew. "B-but why?" she asked, her open muzzle staring at the box, and then at the raccoon. Tears started to form in her eyes. Jerry grinned a bit. He always enjoyed watching the women bawl. Some men, too. Wusses.

Jerry did his practiced thumb-jerk to the rule sign. "Ain't obligated to return things that are not manufactured as defective. I don't see anything wrong with this. Apparently who got it for you was an idiot, miss 'Mooooonfire'." Oooh, he was bringing out the big guns now, saying the name like a stoner would.

The wolf's tears started to flow, but the eyes narrowed to half their size, hands clenching as talons came out. It seemed rather cute on the small girl. "Don't you dare call my friend an idiot! Shi happens to LIKE this color on me!"

Jerry yawned. "And apparently, can't estimate size worth a crap. Sorry babe, if it was like one sleeve was longer than the other..."

"IT'S SLEEVELESS!"

"...maybe we'd be able to do something for you," continued the raccoon. "Sorry." he repeated, again with the required molecule of sincerity in his voice. "Next in line!" he called over the girl's head.

Those paws clenched harder. "No! You are NOT going to brush me off that quickly! This doesn't fit me, and I can't use it!"

Jerry stood up to his full six feet tall and looked her straight in the eye, not wanting to take another moment of this. "Look, BITCH, I got a long line behind you, so either get your stuff and go, or I'm gonna have to call securi..."

The raccoon stopped for a moment as his brain reminded him of something. She was very small when she came in here. Now she was eye-level with him? Did she just... grow a foot taller?

"You big box customer service people are all the same!" growled Moonfire. She definitely was at least six feet tall, actually more like seven now, as she rose up in front of the counter. The shorts and T-shirt were trying in vain to contain what was most definitely muscle. Lots of muscle. LOTS of it. As every second brought them closer and closer to a full-on rending.

Jerry stepped back a moment. "Uhh... m-miss..." he said, finally starting to find a more diplomatic voice. The other shoppers gasped and murmured, as the wolfette continued to swell larger. Soon her head brushed against the ceiling, about ten feet away.

"I've been a customer here for YEARS! And never ONCE had a problem!" The glasses slipped from the much, MUCH larger face now, as the neck the head was perched on thickened with the same kind of muscle spreading over all the wolf's body. The tail grew by leaps and bounds - longer and thicker by the moment. It swept away anyone foolish enough to stand behind the now-giant black wolfess - the sole customer in Customer service right now.

Jerry tried to run for the side of the counter, but a huge *SLAM* stopped him cold, as about five feet worth of very, VERY muscled arm smashed down on the countertop, and the counter behind him. The steel frame groaned and buckled with the weight. "No!" came a much deeper voice. "You are NOT LEAVING until I GET MY REFUND!" bellowed the fearsome female, as

she got down on her knees - not because she was capitulating, but because she could no longer stand up.

The raccoon started to panic, and ran for the other side. An even LARGER arm came down, completely obliterating the fixtures with muscles that just wouldn't stop growing. She looked like she could bench press a delivery truck. A quick look at her size made Jerry realize she could be mistaken FOR a delivery truck! This girl, not 5 feet tall and scrawny beyond belief a mere minute ago, was now the picture-perfect representation of an Amazon - muscled, toned, and HUGE. About twice what she was a moment ago, about twenty feet tall.

Of course, being a male, Jerry couldn't help but look at what was swaying on Moonfire's chest - a very unmodest pair of naked breasts, each the size of a compact car as the wolfette grew even larger, faster, filling up ALL of customer service. The sounds of panic behind her filled the air to accompany the tortured squeals and groans of plaster, drywall, steel beams, and other foundation being pushed aside by the swelling woman.

As she saw the raccoon ogling her breasts, she gasped, and growled. "How DARE you! You big box men are all alike, doing whatever pleases you, taking advantage of your customers and damn to the consequences!" The huge muscles started to flex, the groaning replaced with the sounds of shattering, her previously brown eyes turning red in sheer rage. Moon started to back out of customer service, which was a good thing, as only her head was starting to fit into the section now. The rest of the fifty-foot tall - rather naked - wolf was busy growing, getting stronger and more muscular. Customers in other parts of the store began dropping whatever they were doing and just... staring at what was being presented to them. Women covered children's eyes, males either squirmed or screamed, and the panic quickly ensued as they realized that huge naked wolf butt... was getting closer. Bigger. Firmer. A lot stronger.

The huge tail whipped around, levelling displays like they were paper cup castles. She never moved, but her paws were growing backwards as her body shot up in length, feet-longer per second! Growls could be heard shaking the foundation of the Big Box mart, as her growth simply seemed to accelerate.

Moonfire's words could be heard all over the store without the use of the now-busted public address system. "All I wanted was a refund! A simple refund! And you have the gall, the audacity, to think you're better than I am, and deny one single return because you FEEL LIKE IT?!?"

Jerry, of course, was pinned under a very angry, wrinkled black nose, those red eyes staring holes right through him. He whimpered as she started to rise. And rise. And rise some more. But she wasn't standing up! The store was easily about five stories tall... and she was easily filling all of its height now, with simply her body on her hands and knees.

THEN she started to stand up.

Any foolhardy customer who remained for the show would have simply been getting a facefull of concrete and dust, as the titaness crushed the ceiling with her incredible bulk. Yes, she was bare ass naked - not even the plus sizes section could hope to contain her now - but the muscles were starting to take attention away from the obvious attraction of female genitalia.

From outside, onlookers screamed as the giant wolf *BURST* through the ceiling of their favorite Big Box Mart, howling in relief as that whole store was beginning to get a bit more confining. She was at least three times the height of the store, now, the red eyes looking around the people standing around... who had hopefully stepped back.

"WHERE... IS.... HE?!?" she bellowed. More gasps, and some faintings occurred. By males. Wusses.

An eartwitch helped identify the sounds of scrabbling under the totally decimated building, where customer service once semi-proudly stood. Bending down, as her skyscraper body would have to do, one simple finger flick of rubble atop other rubble sent huge slabs of debris flying off like she was flicking off a mosquito. Her red eyes narrowed as she leaned in, peering into the dusty confines.

And there, huddled under a sign that said, "We proudly service you with a smile", was Jerry, shivering, in a pool of his own urine. He whimpered as he saw a huge, HUGE pair of black fingers reach in, and with an apparently practiced demeanor, used its claws to pluck the petrified procynid from the destruction, pulling him up, up, up into the air. Over a hundred and sixty feet in the air,

Jerry screamed like a little girl, as he stared right back into those red eyes, the huffing of a very perturbed wolf the size of a small mountain glaring back at him. "WHERE... IS....MY....REFUND?!?" she bellowed. Actually, she whispered it, but at that close range, it was a bellow.

Without the benefit of a till, Jerry only had his own wallet to help along any idea of a monetary reprise. He shakily fished out what money he had, and dropped it into the gigantic van-sized black paw waiting below him. The wolfess looked at her palm, and huffed. "Small change. It better be there, or I'm lodging a complaint with your headquarters! Especially after you called me a BITCH."

Jerry quivered and whimpered, dangling as he was so high above the rubble. Moonfire got an evil grin. "Maybe they'll even... LET YOU GO."

And with that, she released the raccoon, who screamed, flailed, and emptied his bladder a second time all the way down... into the fluff of Moonfire's tail, which she brought around to make sure he didn't get KILLED. No, that would have been too easy.

He scrambled out of the forest of fur, and looked up at the huge wolf, who was still staring down at him, seemingly deciding if she wanted to grind him into the pavement like a cigarette butt. And all that looking up and falling down finally made him do what he wanted to do a while back.

He fainted.

Moonfire let out a car-shaking chuckle, their alarms beeping in protest to being shaken so. But if that was bad for them, then her first step out of the ruined warehouse-store made them REALLY flip out. Literally. The shockwave flipped over most of the cars, simply by her bringing a hugely muscled footpaw onto the ground.

As she walked towards her home, she let herself go and started growing again, taking out city blocks with each step. She was simply glad she didn't have to stay that shorter size for much longer. And as Moonfire kept growing and walking, she dropped the wallet intentionally in a nearby puddle that was the city lake reservoir. Let THAT be a lesson to him!

And let it be a lesson to all of us in customer service.

Don't. Call. The customer. A bitch.