

I haven't written a foreword for one of these before, but I wanted to talk about something real quick. I just wanted to thank everyone who supported me this year. Although my posting has been lackluster, I am happy with the content I've made so far. I improved a lot over the past year. I hope to improve more next year. Enjoy the scribbles!

- Reed

John Doe Gets the Flu(mlp idea I had while sick)

"ACHOO!" John sneezed. "Ugh."

If there was one thing this man hated, it was getting sick. The flu was the worst. A beautiful warm day, and he was shivering like it was winter. Aching all over. His throat as scratched up as it could be. His nose running like a river. Could barely eat anything. Getting the flu was a yearly thing for him. At least on Earth it was.

Last month marked his first year in Equestria. Today was the first time he had gotten the flu in Equestria. He had hoped he left this disease behind him. Fate had other plans. He didn't know what triggered it, but he knew he couldn't leave the house. He didn't want to get the rest of Ponyville sick. As far as he knew, this was his planet's flu. Last thing he wanted was to give an alien disease to the public. Without any Earth medicine however, all he had was his immune system.

It sucked because he had plans today. He had some books to give back to Twilight. Applejack wanted some human help around the farm in exchange for lunch. Granny Smith's cooking was worth a few hours of labor. Rarity wanted to meet up to give him new clothes. None of that was happening today. Today was nothing more than lay on his couch, sip apple leaf tea, and listen to music on the radio. He had taken the precaution of making a sign for his door after trying to eat breakfast. It warned ponies that he was sick with a disease from his home world, and couldn't leave the house. It was almost lunch, and it seemed to work so far.

"John?" a voice asked as a knock was heard at the door. "It's Appleja-."

There was a pause. She must've stopped to read the sign. A thought popped into his head. He got up, and hobbled to the door. The mare was caught off guard at his appearance when he opened the door. He kept his mouth covered with a tissue.

"Land sakes John!" she said as she stepped back. "Ya look terrible!"

"Tanks Abblejack." he said as he blew his nose. "I know."

"Ya look green as grass." she said. "Is there anything ah can do?"

"Yeah." he said as he reached for the two books by the small table. "Could you take these to Twilight? I promised to give them back today."

"Sure thing sugarcube." she said as he put the books into her saddlebags.

"Tanks." John said as he blew his nose again.

“Get well soon.” Applejack said as she trotted away.

“ACHOO!” he sneezed as he closed the door.

Applejack had never seen John so sick before. If could barely get around his house, it had to be serious. The work at the farm could still be done without him. Just a little slower. In the meantime, there were some books to return to the library. She trotted up to the tree. A quick knock on the library door. The door was opened by a familiar dragon.

“Hey there Spike!” she said.

“Hey Applejack.” Spike said. “What’s up?”

“Got some books John wanted to return in the saddlebag.” she said as she turned to the pocket they were stored in.

“Thanks for droppin’ them off.” he said as he pulled them out.

“Ya might wanna clean ‘em first.” she said.

“Why’s that?” Spike asked.

“John’s sick.” she answered. “Somethin’ about a disease from home he didn’t want spreadin’ around.”

Suddenly, a bounding of hooves on wood was heard. Rushing to the door. Spike was quick and got out of the way. Suddenly, an excited purple unicorn was right in Applejack’s face.

“John’s sick with a disease from his home world?” she asked, a little excited.

“That’s what ta note on his door said.” she answered as she lightly pushed her friend back.

“Eeeeeee!” Twilight squealed. “An alien disease! So much scientific potential. I’ll have to go over and get samples.”

“He’s sick.” Applejack said. “Let ‘im rest. Last thing he needs is ya pokin’ with who knows what fer science.”

“At the very least, I’m telling Princess Celestia.” she said. “It’s proper procedure on alien diseases.”

“Fine.” the orange mare said. “Ah gotta git back to ta farm. See ya later.”

“Bye now!” she said.

Dear Princess Celestia,

There's been an interesting development with Ponyville's resident human. John seems to have come down with some type of sickness native to his home world. He's quarantined himself in his house. Following the Standard Equestrian Procedure for Diseases of Unknown Origin, I will procure a hazmat suit before the collection of samples.

*Sincerely,
Twilight Sparkle*

"There!" she said. "Spike, to Princess Celestia please."

"Are you sure about this Twilight?" Spike asked as the letter burst into green flames. "Applejack said to leave him alone."

"It's an alien disease Spike!" she said. "We need samples to study. The scientific importance is too great! Now come on, we have to get going."

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Ponyville Hospital." Twilight answered. "Nurse Redheart should have some hazmat suits I can borrow."

The sight of strange things in Ponyville was something Rarity had gotten used to. The sight of her friend Twilight was certainly one she didn't expect. She was out to get a quick lunch when she saw her. Twilight was wearing some kind of smooth material. It covered her entire body. There was a visor so her face could be seen at least. The covered unicorn gave a wave as she walked up.

"Hey Rarity." Twilight said in a muffled voice.

"Twilight darling, what in the world are you wearing?" Rarity asked as she walked up.

"It's called a hazmat suit." she said. "I need it to see John."

"Oh? Has something happened to him?" Rarity asked.

"He's sick." she answered. "A disease from his home world. I sent Spike back to my house to get some supplies to collect samples."

"That sounds...interesting." Rarity lied.

"Oh I know right?" Twilight asked excitedly. "The things I'll learn. I just can't wait! I better get going. Take care Rarity."

"You too dear." she said.

While he wished he had chicken soup, veggie soup was a close second. His half-decent cooking skills cobbled it together. It tasted pretty good. It felt nice on his sore throat. If he had some cold medicine, he'd be set. Oh well. He wrapped his blanket tighter as he sipped away. The loud knocking at his door was a rude interruption however. He made his way over to the door. He covered his face with a tissue before opening.

"Twilight, why are you wearing a hazmat suit?" John asked.

"How else am I supposed to safely collect samples?" she asked, as if it was a silly question.

"Here's a more specific question." he said. "Why are you here? ACHOO!"

"You're infected by a sickness from your home world." she said. "This is a rare chance to study it."

John knew telling her no would be fruitless. She would pester him about it until he caved. The easiest way to get her out of here, was to get it done quickly. Begrudgingly, he stepped out of the doorway. She happily trotted in. A myriad of instruments levitated behind her.

"The Ponyville Hospital didn't have a hazmat suit for Spike, so it's just us." she said.

"Yipee." he said as he hobbled over to his couch.

"I'm so excited." she said. "A chance to study an alien disease."

"Can't you just cure it with magic?" he asked.

"I have to know how it works first, John." she answered. "Now first up are the mucus samples."

John very much wished to lay back down, but the small vial under his nose said otherwise. He sat there as his nose dripped out the mucus Twilight so desired. After a few aggravating moments, the vial was pulled away.

"A hundred milliliters should do." she said. "Now for-."

Twilight found herself cut off she saw a yellow flash through John's window. It felt like a teleportation spell. Princess Celestia?

"One moment John." she said as she trotted to the door.

She opened the door. Just in time to see a giant glass dome drop down from above. It was large enough to encapsulate the house. It left enough room to walk around in the yard at least. On the glass in front of her were the standard runes for passthrough glass. A number of ponies in hazmat suits were beginning to walk through. Princess Celestia included.

"I received your letter." Princess Celestia said. "Until we know more about his disease, John's property is being officially quarantined."

“Understandable.” she said. “I’ve already begun collecting mucus samples.”

“You seem to have a handle on things here then.” the princess said. “The scientists I brought can assist you in any way you need. I’ll make an official announcement.”

With that, the princess already walked back through the glass. She was speaking with the growing crowd. Though discerning her speech was impossible with the glass dome. No matter. She had a test subject to return to.

One pony in a hazmat suit was annoying enough. Now there was a whole entourage. Six other ponies alongside Twilight. Every time he tried to lay down, one of them would prod him for a temperature check. A few were scribbling notes while staring at the mucus samples.

“How often do you get this disease?” one of the hazmat ponies asked.

“Once a year.” John answered.

“How long does it last?” another asked.

“A week if I’m unlucky.” he answered. “With water and sleep, a couple more days.”

“Maybe we can make this a yearly occurrence!” Twilight said excitedly.

The others nodded in agreement. John groaned as he laid back down on the couch. At least until one of the ponies asked for another mucus sample.

As all villains do, Queen Chrysalis was quietly plotting. Silently observing. She had been wracking her brain for a way to defeat these vile ponies. Ruling Equestria was her greatest goal. She needed to devise a plan. The perfect plan. A flawless plan.

There was one idea on her mind currently. The human. The new two-legged alien creature. All the resident ponies seemed to adore him. She wasn’t sure what made him so special. However, their adoration of him was something she could exploit. Foalnapping perhaps? His freedom in exchange for the crown. Only one problem. There was a glass dome around his home. Word of him being sick with a disease from his home world.

That was it! She could foalnap him, take his alien disease, and spread it to the ponies. Then she could invade the kingdom when they were too sick to fight back. It was perfect! All she needed was to wait for the perfect time to take him.

HFY – Kim (a story I was going to write for r/hfy when I was active there)

Friidahl was glad to have time off from work. The kih'trin was glad to have a break from the endless labor of intergalactic engine core shipping. Every waking moment spent making sure no engines were a percent out of tolerance. Making sure micro black holes weren't forming. The job was stressful, and harm to one's sanity if not properly trained or well experienced. The credits he made from the job? More than he would ever spend. Most of the crew were that way as well. A lot of them would send most of their money home to care for their families. There was a handful of crewmembers that didn't care for the money in the slightest. They simply loved the so-called excitement of imminent danger.

Humans.

Absolute psychos by intergalactic standards. Even the war-loving zilnats thought they were nuts. Humans were a mixed bag. You could get anything from the crazy ones shipping engine cores, to the gentlest souls that can make meals to make you question everything you've ever eaten. If you were lucky like Friidahl, you had a human that did both.

John Gets Mixed up with King Sombra (mlp idea I never got off the ground)

"Hmm." Sombra said as he was perusing the human's mind with his magic. It would be unconscious for a few hours, and he was bored. "So your greatest desire deep down is your father's approval. So desperate in fact, you would abandon almost anything for it. This gives me an idea."

With his horn glowing brighter, the wisps of dark magic began to pull white spheres out of the human's head. An equal number of black spheres would be pushed in. The dark king's smile only grew wider.

"Controlling your mind would be foal's play," he said. "That hold can be broken by them. Memories however, are not so simple."

The unconscious human groaned in discomfort. Inside his mind, memories of his life on Earth were fading as the white spheres were pulled out of his head. Memories being raised by a kind and caring Sombra took their place as the black spheres were pushed in. When he awoke, he would no longer be John Doe. He would only know himself as Prince Somber, the adopted son of King Sombra.

It had been five days. There still wasn't a sign of John since Sombra abducted him. Princess Celestia had the Royal Mages working around the clock. Princess Twilight had only been taking thirty minute naps between locator spells. Even Princess Cadence had search parties scouring the Frozen North. Nothing. Not a trace.

Rainbow Dash was inconsolable. She refused to leave John's house. Despite everypony's best attempts, she couldn't handle the loss. She had finally opened her heart, and the human she loved was ripped away from her. Whenever somepony visited, she would be wearing a shirt of his. It helped her cope.

Today, Fluttershy was bringing some groceries to John's house. Rainbow still needed to eat. There were fruits, vegetables, a jar of her favorite Apple family cider, and a small surprise from Princess Luna. She took a deep breath as she knocked on the door.

"Rainbow?" she asked. "It's Fluttershy."

There was silence. Then, the door handle jiggled. It slowly creaked open. A wave of stench invaded Fluttershy's nose. The sight was unnerving. Her friend hadn't bathed in days. Her hair was more of a mess than usual. Bags under her reddened eyes. Parts of the fur on her face matted from all the tears. Today, she was wearing the red shirt John gave her with holes cut for her wings.

"H-Hey Fluttershy." Rainbow said tiredly. "What brings you here?"

"Umm, I brought some food for you." she answered.

"Awesome." the blue pegasus answered. "Come on in."

Despite not leaving John's house for five days, the place was still clean. Well, as clean as the human could be. The two walked into the kitchen.

"How've you been holding up?" Fluttershy asked.

"Today marks the first time I can answer that without crying." she said with a smirk that quickly faded. "It still hurts, but I know I just have to trust Egghead and the princess. They'll find him. So whaddya bring me?"

"Just some basics." the yellow mare answered. "Fruits and vegetables. Oh, and Applejack sent a small jug of cider. Princess Luna said something about this shiny bag cheering you-EEP!"

Fluttershy was caught off guard as her friend snatched the shiny bag out of the saddlebag. Pupils dilated as she held the bag in her forehooves. It looked like the strange bag John ate out of when they first met three years ago. 'Barbecue Potato Chips' he called them. Rainbow was immediately addicted to them, and was sad when his supply ran out.

"Princess Luna wrote to me about this last year." she said as she stared at the bag. "She had been trying to recreate the flavor to surprise John. I gave the royal chefs some pointers on the flavor."

Rainbow put her teeth on the bag, ready to tear it open. She paused. She took a deep breath, then put the bag on the table.

"I think I'll wait." she said. "Sharing it with John will be way cooler. Thanks Fluttershy."

"You're welcome." Fluttershy said. "Why don't you get washed up, and I'll make us some lunch?"

The human held a hand to the side of his head as he awoke. His head hurt a little. The candlelights were forgiving as he opened his eyes. He looked to the side of the bed to see a familiar gray stallion.

"My son!" King Sombra said. "I'm so glad you're finally awake!"

"Hey dad." Prince Sombra said tiredly. "What happened?"

"A minor accident while practicing your magic." he said. "Do you feel alright?"

"Everything feels a little hazy." the human said as he sat up. A strong hoof pressed him back down.

"Oh no you don't." his father said. "You're staying in bed until I say so. No telling what damage the magic did. I'll get lunch made, and we'll eat in here."

The human groaned in annoyance, but did as he was told. His father was strict, but caring. Teaching magic to an adopted human was no easy task. The training went back as far as he could remember. Although his memory was a little fuzzy. Maybe the magic did affect him.

It would be another ten minutes before his adopted father returned. A plate of food floating in a purple aura. Wonderful smells filled his nose as he sat up.

"Fish and roasted wild greens." his father said. "Your favorite."

"Thanks dad." he said as he took the plate. He began to chow down immediately.

Sombra couldn't believe how simple this was. The human's former memories were truly gone. Even the bond the two once shared some time ago, was no longer in his mind. Although despite the king's best efforts, he couldn't destroy the human's former memories. They had collected into a glowing white sphere, and resisted all the dark magic thrown at it. It would have to stay hidden for now.

All he had to do was pretend to be a kind and caring father. The human would still desire for his approval, which would make his plans far simpler to execute. He had one last thing to check. Were the memories changed the way he wanted?

"Son." Sombra said. "I want to make sure that the magic didn't affect your memories like last time."

"Okay Dad." the human said as he finished off his plate. "Ask away."

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Prince Sombra, the adopted son of King Sombra." the prince said.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"In a cabin, deep within Everfree Forest." the prince answered.

"Lastly, what is our goal?" he asked.

"Save Equestria from the Tyrannical Sisters who stole the kingdom from you." the prince answered.

It was perfect! The memories were changed exactly how he envisioned they would. A baby human found abandoned. Adopted by a king without an heir. Raised as the son he never had. Years spent as father and son. Barely escaping the coup from the sisters that now rule Equestria with an iron hoof. The two biding their time in a hidden cabin. Waiting for the moment to strike so they may save the kingdom. It was like something out of a bedtime story, and the human believed it wholeheartedly. Now all he needed to was make sure his 'son' still had his dark magic training burrowed in his mind.

After that, a visit to taunt a certain pony sounded wonderful.

Twilight lost count of how many cups of coffee she had drank. Not a full nights' sleep in what she thinks was five days. Hard for her to tell anymore. The latest nap was over. Now it was back to the tracking spell. She had checked the entirety of northern Equestria. Now she just had to check the southern half. The setting sun seen through a window signaled that the day was ending. She pulled herself off the couch, and walked to the kitchen.

"Hello Twilight." a familiar voice said.

"Hi." she grumbled.

The pony behind the voice levitated a cup of coffee to her. Only after a sip, did her tired brain make the connection. Her eyes opened wide. She looked up to the friendly face of Princess Celestia. Bags under her eyes shown that the both of them were lacking sleep. The two sat down at the kitchen table.

"I thought I would check on you and your progress." the princess said.

"Everywhere north of Canterlot has been checked." Twilight said between sips. "I was about to start my tracking spell on the southern half. My thirty minute naps have kept me awake enough. I should have the south searched in another five days at this pace."

"So you haven't had a full night's sleep in five days?" the princess asked, concerned.

"I need to find John." the young mare said. "Rainbow's a total wreck. She hasn't left his house in days."

"You need proper rest." she said. "You can't over exert yourself like this."

"Your highness..." Twilight yawned. "I'm not even tired."

"Uh huh." Celestia said as she levitated the cup away from the purple alicorn.

"Really..." she argued tiredly. "I can keep going."

"Of course." said the princess as she levitated the young mare up the stairs.

"I need to help find John." she said.

"You can help more in the morning." Celestia said as she tucked the younger princess in bed.

The sun princess couldn't help but sigh to herself as she sipped her cup of coffee. The stress of John's abduction was weighing on them all. When Sombra last had his hooves on the human, he turned him into a weapon. He tricked him into learning dark magic. Almost had the revenge the evil king desired.

She took a deep breath, then a sharp exhale. The coffee was drunk. A flash of her horn, and the two cups were clean.

Celestia got up, and walked out of Twilight's castle. It was time to return to her own. Her bed was calling. She closed her eyes and mentally prepared to teleport.

"There you are." a deep voice said.

Her eyes shot open. Coming down from the sky. Emerging out of his shadowy form. It was him. Her horn glowed bright.

"Sombra!" she said. "What have you done with John?"

"Touch me, and you'll never see him again." he growled.

Celestia couldn't afford to call his bluff. She had no guards with her. She was exhausted from the duties of the crown on top of coordinating a nationwide search. The glow of her horn ceased.

"Fine." she said. "What are your demands?"

"No demands." he said. "I doubt you would surrender the throne for one human."

"Then why are you here?" she asked.

"I am willing to make a deal for the boy's return." Sombra said with a sly smile.

"A deal?" she said.

"A simple spell." he said. "He asked you once before."

Of course he would make a deal for that. The spell John innocently asked her to perform at the Galloping Gala. A spell to give the king his own body once more. Back when the two were one.

"Still feeding off his dark magic to keep your spirit among us?" she asked.

"Be grateful I don't take his body for myself." he growled. "The boy serves me well, for now. Do we have a deal?"

It was off-putting. He trained the human in dark magic. Made him a prodigy. Far excelled with it than any pony ever could. Why would Sombra then put all this effort into capturing John, only to trade him for a body? Was he that desperate to put off the afterlife? No. Something wasn't right.

"I wonder though Sombra." Celestia said. "Who needs who more? John Doe has spent the past month enjoying his life in Equestria. His knowledge of dark magic has given him a prestigious position with my Royal Mages. He even found love. The world has moved on from you. John's moved on from you."

Sombra opened his mouth to speak, but stopped. He winced as transparency rippled across his body. It seemed the fallen king had banked on her giving in to his demands. Without the human's dark magic to sustain him, his hold on the mortal plane was fading.

"It seems you need him more than he needs you." she said. "Here's my deal: return John, or fade away."

Somber was flying as fast as his shadowy form would take him. Why would Dad confront Princess Celestia in his weakened state? The invisible trail his father left was getting weaker. He didn't see his father anywhere in Canterlot, so now he was checking Ponyville.

The trail pointed towards Princess Twilight's castle. Sure enough, there he was. Princess Celestia was there. His father was fading!

"Dad!" he shouted as he shot towards them.

Time was not on his side. He slammed his hands on the ground as he landed. A wall of nullstone twice his height, was between them and the princess. It was large and wide enough to give them the precious seconds he needed. He turned to his father and began to feed him his own magic. The fading stopped. Dad opened his mouth to speak, but staggered. Somber crouched and grabbed onto him.

"Don't worry Dad." he said. "I got you."

"I thought I told you to stay at the cabin." his father said.

"You risked everything to save me once." Somber said. "I figured I should return the favor."

The chat was cut short. The princess cleared the wall, and landed behind them. The memories were still fresh in his mind. Being captured by her months ago. Kept as her pet human. Even gave him a pet name.

"John!" she said. "I'm so glad you're alright."

"No Celestia!" Dad shouted as he limped in front of Somber. "I won't let you take my son again!"

Somber stood up, the purple glow of his hands bright. He had no clue if his father's training was enough to take her on. His father was still weak, despite the recharge. He needed to make the tough choice. Using his shadowy form, he rocketed forwards. He made himself tangible, and used to momentum to tackle the pony princess.

"Run Dad!" Somber shouted.

His father was in the sky without hesitation. Somber barely made a few feet off the ground before everything went black.

Celestia was exhausted, and confused. After dismantling the nullstone wall, she teleported back to the castle with an unconscious John. She sat in the throne room as she waited for a guard to retrieve her

sister. She had a few guards restrain the human with magic. Luna walked into the throne room, an equally confused look on her face.

"Tia, why is John restrained?" she asked. "Has Sombra possessed him again?"

"No, thankfully." Celestia said. "It's strange. I encountered Sombra after leaving Twilight's castle. He was trying to bargain himself a new body in exchange for John's return. Then suddenly, John appears to protect Sombra. Sombra called him his son. Then John attacked me to give Sombra a chance to escape."

"Son?" Luna asked. "What on Equestria did Sombra do to him?"

"I have a few ideas." she answered. "However, I would like some rest. The sleep spell should keep him out until tomorrow. Let's keep the guards on him for now. I want to be absolutely sure before I do anything else."

"Rest well Tia." her sister said.

Getting Rainbow out of the house took a lot of work, but Fluttershy pulled it off. Twilight helped with telling them about Princess Celestia finding John, and all Elements of Harmony being needed at the castle. Then, she made sure Rainbow had her favorite shirt on. It was the shirt Rarity had made for John not long after he admitted his feelings for Rainbow. A cloudy sky pattern with a rainbow around the neck. Lastly, Tank was sitting on her back.

The train ride was rough. The farther they got from John's house, the more worried their friend got. Kept worrying about what Sombra might've done to the human she loved. Constant reassurances the whole ride.

Only when they got to the castle, did she finally start to calm down. Her old confidence shining through. They were taken to the throne room, where the princesses were both waiting on their thrones.

"Thank you all for coming." Princess Celestia said. "I know you've all been worried about John. Last night, unexpected events brought about his return."

"Is he okay?" a worried Rainbow asked.

"The situation is...complicated." she answered. "It would be best to show you."

Twilight was familiar with most parts of the castle. The dungeon was her least favorite. Rarely used, and always creepy. Dark and decrepit surroundings were a strong pivot from the friendlier visage of the castle. They were all following Princess Celestia down a corridor that looked even creepier than everything else. Twilight huddled up with her friends as they walked.

"This was originally built for restraining large and powerful creatures." Princess Celestia said. "I thought I would never have to use it."

At the end of the corridor was a door. It looked to be wrought iron weaved through wood. Two guards wore heavy battle armor. They stepped aside. Princess Celestia looked back.

"This might be a fair bit disturbing." she said as the doors opened.

Somber was close to escape when he first woke up. The guards were no match for his magic. Some nullstone on their horns, and he was free to fly throughout the castle to freedom. Unfortunately, the guards were quick to organize. Exits were shut. Both princesses quickly overpowered him when he got cornered. A nullstone cage was conjured by Princess Celestia, and he was forced in. His shadowy form was unable to squeeze through the bars. They took him underground. Guards surrounded him. Now Princess Celestia returned, with her so-called Elements of Harmony in tow.

"Why are there so many guards?" a blue pegasus asked.

"He's danger to himself, and others." Princess Celestia said. "After I left Twilight's castle, Sombra came to me. He tried to bargain himself a new body in exchange for John. Instead, John came and attacked me to save what he think was his father. I had no choice."

"Stop calling me by that pet name!" he barked. "I am Prince Somber, the adopted son of King Sombra. The true ruler of Equestria!"

"My sister perused his memories last night." she said. "He truly thinks he was raised by a kind and caring King Sombra. The John Doe we know is not here."

The elements seemed bothered by that. The blue pegasus seemed bothered the most. Now he had a second to actually look at her. She was wearing a shirt that looked like it would fit him more than her. A cloudy sky with a rainbow wrapped around the neck hole. She had a turtle on her back. John promised his father he wouldn't look for a mate until after they retook the kingdom. However, something about her was...captivating. Perhaps that was why he didn't react as she trotted up to his cage. Tears in her eyes.

"No!" the pegasus said. "John's still in there! He has to be!"

They must have been very desperate to get him back under their control. This pegasus could've been one of his caretakers. Dad was pretty thorough at getting Princess Celestia's brainwashing out of his head. His memories of the events were spotty. For the better. However, it didn't mean he couldn't mess with her mind a little. A little spell to bring out her fears. She was in reach anyways. His hand darted out, and he put his palm to her forehead.

Everything went white.

[i]John found himself at a loss for words. Rainbow's morning brain forgot that he was staying with her. He was naked in the shower, and she crawled in. He watched with shock as she casually flipped her soaked hair. After a second, her head shot up. She looked around. Her eyes darted up and down a few times. Her face went so red, the blue of her coat was nearly gone.

"Omigosh I'm sorry!" she spat out in a breath.

She bolted out of the shower. He could see her silhouette through the shower door. Despite Shade's advice earlier about mares, he couldn't help himself. He slid the shower door open a little and poked his head out.

"Anyone ever tell you how cute you look when you get embarrassed?" he said with a soft chuckle.[/i]

Somber clutched to the sides of his head as the pegasus rapidly backed up. He wasn't in pain. He was trying to get that vision out of his head. His hands were quickly pulled away from his head by a yellow glow. Princess Celestia and her cohorts had gotten much closer to the cage. The look from her was a mix of confusion and curiosity.

"Twilight." she said, "Keep his hands restrained. Guards? I'm opening the cage."

"Yes princess." Twilight said as the glow on his hands changed to purple.

"At the ready!" one of the guards said.

A lot of glowing horns suddenly pointed his way. The front of the nullstone cage disappeared. The princess stared him down, and he stared right back. He could feel her magic working through his mind. With the tight hold on his hands, he had no spells at his disposal. The downside of Dad's training doing all spell-casting practice with his hands.

A black glowing sphere began to appear above them all. It had a large white patch on it. In the black of the sphere, moments of his youth could be seen. The white patch had the vision he just saw.

"I think one of his old memories was just restored." Princess Celestia said. "This memory was a moment considered important between him and Rainbow Dash."

"It's the first time he called me cute." Rainbow said in an almost a whisper. "Also the first time I saw him naked."

"Your highness." Twilight said. "Do you think it's possible we could restore his memories with this?"

"It's probable." she answered. "His old memories were removed and replaced with these by King Sombra. This just proved we might be able to save him. Although I'll have to consider this first."

"But your highness!" Rainbow shouted.

"I understand you're upset." she said. "However, I can't let our chance to save John be risked on what could very well be a fluke."

The nullstone cage was resealed. The princess left with her elements. Rainbow looked back to Sombra. Her face was sad, but her eyes were hopeful.

"You risked everything to save me once." she said. "I Pinkie Promise I'll save you John."

"Graaaaaaah!" Sombra roared to himself in the cabin. "How can one boy be so dumb?"

The king blamed himself. He created a son that was fiercely dedicated to his father. Going to Celestia this early in his plans was foolish. A mistake that cost him his source of energy. No doubt the princess has John under lock and key now. No easy foalnapping this time.

A shiver ran up his spine. Not a good sign. With a glow of his horn, he summoned the sphere containing John's old memories. It floated in front of him. It was almost all white still.

Just a single patch of black near the top.

Somber woke up by the smell of something delicious. In his tired state, his nose guided him to the side of the cage facing the door. He opened his eyes. In front of him was a plate, floating in a red aura right in his face. It was levitated by an older red stallion with a short gray mane. He wore a white cloak with a gold outline.

"Mushrooms and minced garlic omelet, buttered toast, and fresh apple juice." he said. "Still your favorite I hope."

The elder had a smile under his mustache. Somber felt, relaxed around him. He wasn't sure why. Though he wouldn't question a free meal. He grabbed the plate, and set the glass down. There were no utensils to eat with. Probably didn't want him holding anything sharp. His hands worked just fine.

"Thanks." he said between bites.

"Well, I can't let my darkmage eat prison scraps." the stallion said.

"Darkmage?" Somber asked.

"Right, your memories." the stallion said. "You don't remember, but you worked under me before you disappeared. I'm Casteer, but you preferred to call me Gramps."

Gramps. The name echoed in his mind as his vision went white.

[i]John nervously followed Princess Celestia down the hall. He had barely finished breakfast with Fluttershy when he was summoned to Canterlot via chariot. All she said was follow her. She did originally promise no punishment would befall him. It was Shade that made him do those things. Was that just for the public? Was she imprisoning him for his dark magic? The questions swirled in his mind. Princess Celestia looked back with her motherly smile, and he calmed right down.

"I'm sorry for being so vague." she said. "I wanted to surprise you."

The doors at the end of the hall opened as they approached. A red stallion with a familiar white robe walked out.

"There you are Casteer." she said.

"Good to see you again Gramps!" John said with a wave.

"Careful John." Princess Celestia said. "As the archmage, he's your boss now."

"B-Boss?" he asked.

"The research on dark magic and nullstones is lacking." Casteer said. "A proficient darkmage would be quite helpful. The training he gave you now means you're the expert on the subject. I'm excited at the possible things we can learn."

"You make it sound like I'm a Royal Mage now." John said jokingly.

"That's because you are." the princess said. "Consider it your community service. You start tomorrow."[/i]

Princess Celestia had barely finished her breakfast. The last bite of the pancakes were swallowed when Casteer ran into the room. He barely got his words out between deep breaths. When she finally understood him, she ran down to the dungeon as fast as her hooves could carry her. She looked at the human. Huddled in the corner of the cage. Rocking side to side.

"Why can't I remember Dad's face?" he whined to himself.

John looked right at her. Eyes full of fear. Tears streaming down his face. The tough facade he held since his capture was shattered. He slammed his body against the side of the cage. He did it with such

force, the whole cage threatened to tip over. The loud bang surprised the guards. He reached towards her through the bars.

"I'm sorry!" he shouted. "I'll be your pet again! Just stop taking my memories away! Please!"

Celestia wasn't sure what overcame her. Motherly instinct perhaps. Despite being an adult, John's sobbing was like that of a foal. She opened the cage without as much as a word. She ran over to him. He fell into the embrace of her forelegs. Tears streamed from his face, and onto her coat. She unfurled her wings, and wrapped them around him. Only now was she understanding. To her, he was just a victim of altered memories she needed to fix. Another problem to solve. To John, it was so much more. To him, Sombra was his father. The father that raised him. Loved him. It was something that would sound ridiculous to anyone else. To him, she was the heartless monster that ripped him away from the only family he had. Twice now.

"I'm sorry John." she whispered.

The sun was setting. In the halls of the castle, the Royal Sisters were having a not-calm discussion.

"Have you gone and lost your mind, Tia?" Luna asked.

"You didn't see the pain in his eyes like I did, Lulu!" Celestia answered. "Piecing his memories back together is damaging his mind!"

"So you will just give in to Sombra?" she asked. "You will aid his return?"

"I don't know!" Celestia shouted. "We can't let this continue. Whether or not this was Sombra's plan, I can't let John suffer like this. His altered memories have him convinced we kept him as a pet. His old memories aren't coming back fast enough. I...I don't know what to do."

"Perhaps that is the solution." Luna said.

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"It is simple." her sister said. "Right now his focus is on maintaining his fake memories. If John's brainwashing has him believing we kept him as a pet, let us use that to aid the restoration of his true memories. He thinks we are an enemy holding him prisoner. Perhaps we can use this false fantasy to ease the strain on his mind."

"Of course!" Celestia said excitedly. "We get his mind to focus on something else, and the piecing of his memories could be less of a traumatic strain. Lulu you're a genius!"

The two shared a hug. It had to be the strangest idea they ever had. A lot of ponies would have to put on their best acting faces. One pony in particular.

Somber found himself getting annoyed at the use of the sleeping spell on him. It was only annoying because they used it right after he woke up. Now he was groggy as he pulled himself up. He opened his eyes in confusion. His head didn't bump the top of the cage, and the bottom was soft.

He wasn't in the cage anymore. It was some kind of room. He had been laying on a couch with a pillow and blanket. Everything looked human-sized. The place felt, familiar. His thoughts were cut off by voices in another room.

"Are ya sure about this Rainbow?" a voice asked.

"I need to do this." Rainbow answered.

Somber leaned towards the voices, and the couch creaked. The voices went quiet. Six heads poked through the kitchen doorway. It was the Elements of Harmony!

An Uncomfy Story of Lust(My first attempt at writing sex)

Stocking was probably the easiest job at the grocery store for a human. Pete preferred it over being a cashier. Having predators of the anthro variety yell at him over an expired coupon and threaten to eat him was not a fun experience. At least that was something the grocery manager understood. The bear never let him leave that department. No matter how many times the old bat of a service manager called for the human. Helping customers find stuff between putting up cans of soup was more his style.

“Pete Laurel to the front desk please.” a voice buzzed over the intercom. “Pete Laurel to the service desk.” He could already hear the grumbling of his manager in the next aisle over. There was no way they were getting him to work a register in the last twenty minutes of his shift.

“Excuse me?” a voice asked. Pete turned around to look for the source of the voice. He sees a pair of blue jeans. He looks up and sees a yellow shirt. Looking up more, he sees a pair of breasts that completely obscure the head behind them. He knew who it was.

“Hey Jason.” Pete said as he stood up, a full head taller. Jason Yenara. A good friend of the human. They had met up when the hyena was selling his potions at the local market. He never knew independent apothecaries were a thing. The only potions he had seen before then were the ones he would stock on occasion. The human gained a quick interest in the world of independent potion-makers. Been friends ever since.

“Was here buying supplies when I saw my favorite human working.” the hyena said. “Thought I’d say hey.”

“That’s nice of you.” he said. “Why are you buying supplies here though? I thought our store-brand potion ingredients were too low quality for your customers?”

“For a functional potion base, yes.” Jason answered. “Today though, I only need herbals for the smell and aftertaste. My usual potion shop’s closed. The owner’s on vacation. I got my first business client, so I couldn’t wait.”

“That’s awesome!” Pete said. He knew independent apothecaries getting consistent work was a pain. Mostly, it was due to the stigma of them being inexperienced people who use internet recipes. He knew Jason went to magic school to get certified. The hyena was no slouch when it came to his potions. Not a single bad review in his public apothecary record. “Is it gonna be a one time deal?”

“They said I could be their main potion vendor if their customers like my product.” the hyena said with a toothy grin. “They want the product tonight, so I’m on a tight schedule. My brother’s timing isn’t helping though.”

“What did Reed do?” he asked.

“He took the scooter to see his beefcake bear boyfriend.” Jason grumbled. “I’m stuck taking the bus. I was already late getting here because the bus got picked up by some macro wolf’s kid.”

This was certainly a great opportunity for Pete’s friend. His first business client. Taking the bus in this city was terrible. A macro of any age picking up a bus was pretty normal. The transportation problem was something he actually could solve for his friend.

“I can give you a ride home.” Pete said. “My shift’s over in fifteen minutes. I even have the weekend off, so we can chill.”

“Dude that’s awesome!” the hyena said as he pulled the human in for a hug. The top of Jason’s hair brushed against Pete’s chin. Pete tried his best to not think about his best friend’s double basketball chest pressed against his. “I’ll buy my stuff, and wait for you outside.”

The two parted ways. Pete went back to stocking his cans. There weren’t too many left. Just the five cans of tomato bisque. After that, he was walking past the big doors into the backroom. A few pieces of cardboard to be tossed into the crusher. It was a quick toss into the machine. The moment he turned around, he saw the scowling bat walking towards him.

“Hey Cheryl.” Pete said. Before the service manager could start yelling at him, his boss was already walking up.

“I told you a dozen times to stop calling him to run register.” the bear said.

“I’m behind on getting people to their breaks.” Cheryl spat back.

“Putting a human on register in a predator neighborhood?” the bear asked. “Are we really that desperate?” Pete’s boss looked towards him. “You can head home Pete. Have a good weekend.”

“You too boss!” Pete said as he walked out. He could hear the two managers arguing as he untied his work apron. He tapped his name badge to the punch clock just outside the backroom doors. He quickly made his way past all the customers and to the front door. Pete looks to his right to see Jason sitting on the bench. He was talking to a gray wolf.

“My roomie was tellin’ me about the indie potion scene last week man.” the wolf said. “Totally gotta hit you up later.”

“Here’s my card.” the hyena said as he handed a business card to the wolf. The wolf pocketed the card and waved as he left.

“Always gotta hustle huh?” Pete asked.

“Oh you know it.” Jason answered as he stood up.

The two walked side by side. The scooter wasn’t too far. With the number of scooter drivers in the area, the scooter parking up front was a blessing. Dodging cars from careless drivers was annoying enough when he was helping with carts. With a double snap of his fingers, Pete’s scooter whirled to life. Jason once commented that they were ‘scooter twins’ since the two had the same model and color.

“Alright.” Pete said. “Let’s get you loaded up.”

AUSOL Outline

Madison Ellis(9ft) - 52 – main bunny milf. Online porn star

Pete Laurel(6ft) - 23 – main human. Is a virgin. Works at a grocery store

Jason Yenara(5ft3in) – 26 - bustyboy oc

Plot

- Pete is at work, stocking some soup cans
- Jason Yenara walks up behind him and says hey
- Pete looks up and can't see past Jason's chest, but he knew it was his friend
- He stands up to say hey
- Jason was stopping by to pick up some ingredients for a batch of potions
- His usual potion supply shop was closed
 - Owner was on vacation
- Jason groans about how Reed is using the scooter to visit his dild of a boyfriend
- The hyena has to use the bus
- Pete offers him a ride home on his scooter, since his shift ends in 20 minutes
- Pete even has the weekend off, so they could hang out
- The offer is accepted
- After Pete clocks out, he sees Jason waiting outside on a bench
- He just handed some wolf a business card
- An independent apothecary always had to hustle
- The two go over to Pete's scooter
- Jason always joked they were scooter twins since they had the same one
- Jason's groceries went into the space under the seat
- Pete got on, and Jason got behind him
- Pete blushed hard when Jason's breasts pressed against his whole back
- He tried not to think about it as they drove to their destination
- After a short drive, they got to Jason's place: Reed's Cakery
- They go in and head upstairs
- They chill in the living room with a couple of beers
- A cauldron sits on the coffee table
- Jason is working on a batch of potions between sips of beer
- It's a batch of libido potions for a sex shop
- Jason asks if Pete wants one, since this batch will have a bit left over
- Pete declines, saying he has no one to use it for
- Jason looks at Pete for a moment before asking if he's a virgin
- Pete immediately denies it
- Jason reaches between his breasts, and pulls out a vial
- He says it's a truth potion, and it only needs skin contact to work
- Jason asks again, and Pete mutters out a yes
- The hyena reassures his friend there is no shame in it
- Jason even offers to take his virginity
- Pete declines, saying he's straight
- Jason says he can make a genderswap potion in 20 minutes
- Pete is firm, saying it would feel weird to have sex with a friend
- Jason backs down, mentioning he forgot how old fashioned humans were
- Jason asks what Pete's ideal woman is
- Knowing the hyena had a truth potion in reach, he answers
- Pete says: experienced, physically strong with a gentle demeanor

- He quietly says: tits big enough to smush his head
- Jason asks if Pete wants her bigger, or smaller than him
- Pete wants bigger, but no macro
- Just big enough to overwhelm an unconfident human
- Pete finishes his beer
- Jason polishes off his beer as well, and sniffs his cauldron
- It's missing a crucial ingredient
- He needs a steroid hormone to give this batch the kick it needs
- Pete asks where he would even get that
- Jason casually answers that he could get it from the androsterone in human blood
- Pete shifts away from Jason on the couch
- Jason's phone rings
- He reads the notification on his phone
- His mom texted him
- She needed some help with her computer
- The libido potion required his total focus
- He didn't want to disappoint his first major client
- Pete, seeing his friend struggle with two problems, offered to solve both
- A quick bite from the hyena's sharp teeth got Pete's forefinger bleeding
- A few drops into the cauldron, and the color changed
- Jason reached between his breasts and fished out an eyedropper of a pink liquid
- A drop on Pete's finger healed his bleeding finger
- Jason says now he has to watch the cauldron to make sure the potion settles correctly before bottling
- Pete offers to put some dinner together while waiting for the beer to work through his system
- Jason says to go into his bedroom
- He has a gray potion in his top dresser drawer that gives instant sobriety
- Pete goes and gets the potion
- He blushes hard when he sees the potion is in Jason's bra drawer
- Slams down the potion, then goes to put the bottle in the sink
- The two have a dinner of mac n cheese
- After a bit, Pete heads out for Jason's mom's house
- The house was made for someone quite bigger than him
- He knocks on the tall door
- He hears the thumps of steps approach the door
- The heavy door opens
- His sight is filled with a fluffy white robe tightly concealing a chest to rival Jason's
- He cranes his neck up to a towering bunny
- He can't see past her chest
- She bends forward to reveal her face
- She tilts her head to the side, asking who he was
- He stammers out that he's a friend of Jason
- She smiles, saying Jason had messaged her
- She welcomed him in
- She introduced herself as Madison Yenara, Jason and Reed's mom
- Pete tried to focus on anything but her body as she led the way
- Madison said she was having internet issues
- The signal kept going out at random
- Her porn streams required a perfect connection

- His eyes went wide
- She was walking into a bedroom
- The setup was fairly simple
- A mirrorless camera hooked up to a laptop next to an armchair
- Camera was pointed at the armchair
- Microphone was on an arm above the chair
- The modem and router were in the corner
- One was on top of the other
- When he touched the router, it was extremely hot
- Pete says he found the problem
- He explains that the router was overheating
- He leans the router against the wall
- He gets up and says the router will cool down pretty quick, then her issues will be gone
- He turns to see Madison was right behind him and had removed her robe
- She was only wearing a bra and panties
- Her heaving chest and developed muscles were in plain view
- He could barely speak a word
- She sniffs him
- She'll say 'oh sweetie, you're a virgin'
- He'll ask how she knew
- He's pulled close to her, face full of breasts
- He's lifted off the ground
- Face to face with his feet dangling
- She talk about her natural gift to sniff out virgins
- She says she'll take his virginity, under one condition
- She wants to stream it for her audience
- He finds himself sitting in her chair as she turns on the camera and checks her camera settings
- His brain is screaming
- This was his best friend's mom
- He asked himself if this was how he really wanted to lose his virginity
- He flashed back to his friend calling humans old-fashioned
- Anthros were always so casual about sex
- One time wouldn't hurt
- She starts her stream
- Pete found himself lifted again, then sat down in her lap
- She whispers to him that no matter what the viewers want, she'll be gentle
- The stream is on screen, and the viewers are rolling in
- Madison greets her viewers with her head rested on top of Pete's
- She talks about how today's show is special
- She'll be taking the human's virginity live
- She tells her viewers to use their lovely donations to send in their ideas
- Pete's eyes go wide as a number of chat messages talk about her doing things he had only read about
- The first donation comes in
- The message says for her to take off his clothes for him
- He finds himself helpless as Madison's powerful hands undress him slowly
- He feels somewhat humiliated that she's doing in while he sits in her lap like a child
- Though he can't deny that her powerful hands feel so soft
- Her fingers dance across his now bulging crotch

- She teases him that he's enjoying this
- He blushes hard as he's now down to his underwear and socks
- She pulls off his socks
- Her huge, soft fingers feel all around under his underwear as they're tugged off
- His stiffer than steel boner is exposed
- He reaches to get himself off
- She quickly traps his arms under hers, stopping him from getting off
- Madison coyly tells him that until the camera is off, getting him off is her job
- She rubs his thighs as a new donation pops up on the laptop
- Another viewer wants something a little more tame
- They want Pete to "make out" with one of Madison's biceps
- He turns around in her lap
- She gives her left bicep a hard flex
- He finds himself bringing his lips to her muscle
- He begins to kiss it all over
- She occasionally flexes it as he continues
- She comments that her other bicep is getting jealous and needs attention too
- He switches to the right bicep without thinking
- A part of Pete can't believe how relieving it is to give in to his deepest inhibitions
- The ding of another donation catches his attention
- This viewer wants her to suck him off while she holds him high in the air
- Her hands reach for his butt
- She hoists him up as he uses her hands as a seat
- It felt like she was using even less effort to lift him
- Before he can protest, his cock disappears into the warm wetness of Madison's mouth
- A strong suction force sends Pete's head reeling back
- Euphoria overwhelms his mind
- He grabs onto her head and holds on for dear life as she continues to suck
- She stops holding him, now sucking him off hands-free
- He practically screams as he orgasms into her mouth
- After she swallows, Madison grabs Pete and lowers him back into her lap
- The audience was loving it
- Then, a donation pops up
- A big one
- It's from a long-time supporter
- He wants the bunny milf to breastfeed the human
- As he's repositioned, Madison tells Pete she hasn't breastfed since her last 'guest'
- She hoped he was hungry
- She unhooks her bra, revealing her breasts
- Pete is utterly speechless
- Madison giggles at his lack of response
- She slowly brings his head to her left breast
- Her nipple fills a portion of his mouth
- He rubs his tongue against her nipple
- It hardens
- For the first few sucks, he can feel the milk move through the weightiness of the breast
- The milk quickly fills his mouth
- He swallows mouthful after mouthful
- It becomes a little overwhelming

- As he tries to pull back, a strong hand stops him
- Madison tells him he needs his fill
- He powers through and swallows more
- He eventually fills his stomach
- As milk drips from his lips, Madison tells him he did a good job
- She tells her chat to say goodbye to Pete
- She said she was putting him away after the milk finished
- Before he could ask what she meant, everything went hazy
- Her powerful hands caressed him as he fell asleep
- Change to Jason's perspective
- He bottled up his potions and was in the middle of taking them to the sex shop
- He decided to check on his friend and mom on the way
- He walks up to the door and knocks
- His mom answers in her nightgown
- She crouches down, since Jason is almost half her height
- He sees a sleeping Pete wedged between her breasts
- He shakes his head and asks if her internet problem was fixed
- She says yes, and thanks him for sending his cute human friend
- Jason asks for Pete, and Pete's clothes
- He didn't want his mom to shrink this friend too small
- She huffs about he can't let go the one time it happened
- She reaches between her breasts, and pulls out the shrunken naked human
- Jason takes him while she gets his stuff
- With no place to safely hold him, he does the same as his mother
- When she comes back with Pete's stuff in a bag, she smiles at the sight before her
- They say their goodbyes, and Jason fishes out Pete's scooter key
- Change back to Pete's perspective
- He wakes up when something massive is rubbing against both sides of his body
- All he sees is the two soft boulders he's squeezed between
- They both feel fuzzy
- When he frees his arms, a voice teases him for finally being awake
- Pete looks up to see Jason's massive face
- Jason says they'll talk after this delivery
- Pete tries to push against the incoming giant finger with both his free arms
- It's in vain as his body disappears between the breasts of his friend
- Pete overhears a conversation
- Jason's making his potion delivery
- Pete sees a relatively giant wad of cash slide past him
- They chat while Pete's squishy prison shakes from the scooter ride
- Pete asked if Jason was upset at him for sleeping with his mom
- Jason said no, as he accepted his mom's milf behavior years ago
- As Jason parks the scooter, he jokes about how at least she didn't shrink Pete too much
- She had gone overboard before
- He started to tell his tiny friend about the incident, but walking up the stairs caused a problem
- Pete was jostled deeper in the recesses of his friend's breasts
- He couldn't hear anything but a muffled voice
- His feet were brushing up on the bra when a giant pair of fingers pulled him back up
- He was in his previous position again, but facing his friend this time
- They were in Jason's bedroom

- Jason said he would make a potion to grow him back in the morning
- It was late, and he was tired
- He pulled every non-Pete object out from between his breasts and placed them on his table
- He pulled off his jeans and shirt, then got into bed
- He's too tired to fully strip down
- He grabs a tissue out of the box for Pete to use as a blanket
- Pete fears he'll be crushed in his sleep
- Jason tells him his breasts are far too soft for that
- A quick squeeze to demonstrate makes the tiny human disappear for a moment
- Jason tells his friend goodnight before falling asleep almost instantly
- Pete realized he had two options
- Sleep or explore
- He was plenty rested from earlier
- It took effort, but he escaped his mammary prison
- After he climbed off of his friend, Pete took a moment to really take in Jason's size
- Mostly just his mountainous breasts
- He goes to stand before them
- Jason rolls over
- The giant breasts slam down on Pete
- The next morning
- Jason wakes up
- He gets out of bed and asks Pete how he slept as he walks to the bathroom
- Jason laughs as he sees himself in the mirror
- His friend is dangling from the side of the bra

The Enhancement Project: Beginnings(furryXhuman macro/micro sex story I never started)

Rough Idea

Phil Mullins. A human. He's in his early twenties. He's in a van with extremely intimidating anthros. Just yesterday, his doctor said his blood test had some strange results. The doctor said it was beyond anything he understood, so Phil would have to go to a special facility where they would help him. The van filled with unidentified anthros showed up this morning.

After a day of driving on back roads, they end up at the facility around sunset. A mouse is standing at the entrance. Her name is Taylor. He is welcomed to The Enhancement Project. An organization dedicated to creating natural methods to improve the physical body. Phil tells her he doesn't know what's going on. She tells him that there's something special in his body. Something they had been searching for. What's in his body, will give him a special ability no one else in the world has. He is offered a place to stay in exchange for letting them try to find out how his ability works. He agrees.

After a few days of testing, they learn more about Phil's ability. A hormone they can't identify is causing an increase in mass when it enters a foreign body. Said hormone is only found in his sweat, saliva, semen, and blood. Even stranger, they can't find a single sperm cell in his semen. They find an abnormality in his brain. When the part of his brain involving sexual stimulation lights up, the part of

his brain that dictates logic almost shuts down entirely. Taylor can't make heads or tails of it all. Neither can other scientists.

Although this won't stop some from taking advantage of it.

Characters

Phil Mullins – Human. 24. Wants to control his power to grow others. Has a fetish for large, dominant women that can overpower him.

Taylor – Mouse. 32. The scientist that leads the research on Phil. Wants to help him. Might have feelings for him.

Rose – Naga. 58. Another test subject at T.E.P.. She is part of an effort to reintroduce the naga variant of the anthropomorphic snake species. Will probably get addicted to growth, so will try to have sex with Phil a lot. Will be the one to exploit his fetish after he confides in Taylor, and she's overhearing it.

Greta – Bear. 42. Not a scientist, but works for T.E.P. in security. Former military. Tries her best to keep Phil away from Rose's seductive coils, but sometimes thinks about using his power for her own fun.

Orchid – Squirrel. 28. A psychologist that monitors the mental state of test subjects. Will have her post-patient interview logs mixed in the story. Exposure to Phil's power will most likely be accidental.

My Giant Doberman Supersoldier Girlfriend(macro furryxhuman story I got writer's block on)

Coffee tasted so damn good. Even at four in the afternoon. For Staff Sergeant Jane Maren, a half gallon of black coffee was perfect. She would possibly go through another half gallon after this one. The coffee wasn't for energy. It was more of a stress reliever. Relief for the afternoon ahead. She leaned against the wall next to the coffee machine. The warmth of the coffee washed past her muzzle and down her throat. Her chest heaved under her tight green camo with each breath. The anthropomorphic doberman hoped today would be a peaceful day. She sighed with relaxation.

"Get back here you pain in the ass!" a voice echoed down the hallway. Jane sighed before looking to her left. "One day Al. Is one day too much to ask for?" the doberman spoke to herself before putting her coffee down. She stood in an authoritative stance, knowing what was about to happen. Taking a sharp right into the hallway was a human. Early twenties. Barely six feet in height. Light brown complexion. Pretty much skin and bones. That was Albert Kingston. One of the most inventive people she knew. His skills are the reason she even works at this operation. Every soldier at this classified base is only here because of him. The Alternative Weapons Project. While his skill to make weapons out of anything was unmatched, he was a bit of a mad scientist. He ran up to her with a mix of relief and exhaustion. "Morning Sergeant!" Albert said between exasperated breaths. "Who is it this time?" Jane asked calmly. "Corporal James." he explained. "He was helping me test the new rapidly expanding immobilization foam. I finally got the solidifying process to reach a level of hardness similar to cement. It worked fine in small scale, but large scale seems to have an unforeseen...caustic effect upon removing the subject."

Before she could ask more, Corporal James came bounding down the hallway. Albert immediately hid behind her. A six foot nine brown bear with a nasty temper. The fur on his arms and head were gone. The fur on his torso and legs gone. His clothes were gone, except for his underwear and socks. He was unbelievably pink. "Corporal James!" she barked. The bear stopped right in front of her. He stood at attention, anger still in his eyes. She looked down at him. Her eight foot frame stood above the corporal and towered above the human that cowered behind her. "Why the hell are you naked corporal?" she asked angrily. "That meatbag melted my fur and clothes, ma'am!" he shouted back. "One!" she yelled. "His name is Albert Kingston, not meatbag. Two! We are here to test any invention he creates for the United States Army! So if he wants to melt your fur, put you in a tutu and make you dance like a ballerina, you do it! Do I make myself clear?" The fury in her eyes made Corporal James' melt away. "Y-Yes Staff Sergeant!" the bear stammered. "Good. Dismissed!" she barked.

The furless bear quickly left. The stern facade began to slip from Jane's face. "He's gone Al." she said. "You can stop hiding behind me." Albert stepped out from behind her and rubbed his head. "Thanks Sergeant." he said. "Guess I need to change what acid I use to trigger the expansion process on the foam." The doberman shook her head as they walked down the hall. "Only you would figure out a way to make a bear on this squad bald in seconds." He rubbed the sides of his head. "This is what I get for trying a pre-Dust chemical compound." First Sergeant Maren's eyes went wide. "How did you of all people get access to pre-Dust technology?" she asked. "My buddy Professor Carl Jesper works for the pre-Dust Conservation and Research Center." he answered as they approached a door. "He allows me to take a peek at stuff sometimes. Back to the drawing board I guess."

The metallic door they stood at hissed as it slid open. A room compact with technology. Numerous touch screen displays with notes scribbled on them. Countless containers and contraptions. Albert walked in. Jane's eight foot tall frame wouldn't fit. The room was made for him after all. A few glass containers clinked together. After a moment he walked out of the room. In his left hand was what looked like a massive green pill. His fingers barely wrapped around the bright green pod. "Alright Sergeant." he said. "I changed the triggering acid to something less melty." Jane chuckled. "Melty. Very scientific." Albert chuckled as well. "Let's get to the arena and test this new one out." They rounded a corner to the hallway leading to the arena. Albert let out an oof. He bumped into someone. In a split second, she realized it was Major Clemens along with a number of other military leaders. She could see the bright green pill drop out of Albert's hand. It hit the ground, and fizzled.

One hour and countless buckets of liquid calcite later, they finally managed to remove everyone. The german shepard was still brushing off solidified foam as Albert talked to the others the major brought with him. "The liquid calcite should've melted all of the immobilization foam. If you find any in your fur later, just pour some milk on it. The calcium should break it down just as fine." he said before turning to the major. He was eye level with the german shepard's neck. Major Clemens' face was a mix of annoyance and approval. "Once again Mr. Kingston," he said "an unorthodox demonstration has yielded positive results. Both the generals and the manufacturers want to approve immediate production of your immobilization foam. At least this wasn't a repeat of the dummy gas incident." Albert breathed a sigh of relief as the major returned to his guests.

Albert walked over to First Sergeant Maren, who was still pouring liquid calcite over her arms as she sat on her knees. She tried to hide her smirk. "Dummy gas incident?" she asked. "Last month when you were off on a joint op." he whispered. "I was testing that gas I told you made subjects more compliant. I was in the arena. The major had some generals and weapons manufacturers in the seats. We all had gas masks, but it turned out that the gas worked too well and made the masks useless. We had the brains of toddlers for an hour. Major Clemens and a few generals had...relieved themselves. Our funding was

increased and all security footage of that day was erased." Jane bit her tongue hard. The funniest thing she ever heard, and she had to keep a straight face.

After cleaning herself off and standing up, Major Clemens approached them. "Mr. Kingston." he said. "I have someone here from Geni-Corp. Our oversight committee approved them for production of Project GESS and-." Jane watched as Albert's kind attitude quickly went dark. A nasty scowl and an intense stare, even for a human. The next few minutes had the halls filled with shouting. The major demanding Albert hand over the production process for Project GESS. Albert shouting back at him. Project GESS was a touchy subject for the scientist. Genetically Enhanced Super Soldier. Jane herself was a product of it. A scrawny five foot six doberman, to the hulking mass she is now. It doesn't come without side effects. Like the entire squad stationed here, no one could remember their lives before the treatment three years ago. Complete blank. The classified nature of the project meant she couldn't look at her own personnel record to know who she was. Her superiors were at odds with Albert when this side effect was discovered. Almost the entire process for Project GESS was in his head. He destroyed all copies of his notes on it. Though the government technically owned Project GESS, they couldn't do anything without him.

Major Clemens sharpened his stare on the human. "This conversation is not over." he said as he stormed off with his colleagues. Albert still held his furious scowl. A soft hand on his shoulder immediately alleviated it. Jane knew he would never let anyone recreate Project GESS. His rapid creation of non-lethal weapons was the only reason the major never pushed past arguing for it. There would be times he would go several days without sleep. She became his unofficial guardian. She would drag him to a bed and watch him sleep. He had this borderline unhealthy drive to keep building more non-lethal weapons. Anything to keep the government's mind off of Project GESS.

Jane rubbed his shoulder. "Let's get some beer and food." she said. He brushed her off as he walked to his lab. "I need to get something slapped together for regrowing Corporal James' fur." he said. "I also have a new iteration of my knockout gas I need to work on. I still have to-." Albert was cut off as a massive arm wrapped around his torso. His body was lifted a couple feet off the ground. He was being carried. "We are getting food and I'm getting a beer." Jane said. "After that, you're getting some sleep. Don't even say you're not tired. I checked the cameras. Four days this time. The only thing in you is water and coffee." She hated being this blunt, but these were the only breaks he would take. When he was forced to stop. She stood him down in front of his lab entrance. "Get out of the scientist getup." she said. A bit of grumbling behind the doors. Albert came out. Jeans and a blue button-up shirt. "Satisfied?" he asked. "Ecstatic." she bluntly answered. "Now let's go."

Carl just barely got his cumbersome bookcase in front of the door. The angry bashing on the blocked entry signifying how close he cut it. Too close. He dug the folder out of his messenger bag. He shoved it into the trashcan next to him.

The bashing continued. Muffled shouting in another language. He saw the bottle of whiskey on his bookcase. He dumped the bottle into the trashcan as he desperately dug around his bag for a lighter. Heavy steps could be heard on the other side. His fingers fumbled around one. The wood on the door was starting to splinter. The fire was started without hesitation.

The door finally gave. The force of the bookcase and door being pushed sent Carl to the floor. A hulking figure that was larger than the doorway moved the bookcase with one hand. It crouched to get

into the room. Another figure stood in the doorway. It snapped its fingers. "Bring him." the shadowy figure said.

The hulking figure reached towards Carl.

Jane had an appreciation for this bar. The closeness to the base made for a nice walk. The human that ran the bar always gave her a discount. A grumpy Albert was sat at a booth in the corner, eating a large garden salad with oil and vinegar dressing. She had a pitcher of beer. It was always quiet around sunset. The nighttime scene wouldn't happen for another hour or two. The elderly caucasian walked to the end of the bar where the doberman was sitting. He smiled a soft smile, pointing to the half empty beer pitcher in her hand. "Refill?" he asked. "Thanks Sal, but I'm good." she answered. "I'm just waiting on Al to finish his salad." The bartender nodded in response. "Alright. How've you been? Haven't seen you two in the past couple days." he said. "Yeah." she said. "Things have been busy. Been doing PR stuff for the army past four days. Just got back this morning."

Before their conversation could continue, the door dinged open. Two vixens. Very grungy. Denim jeans with multiple holes. Leather jackets that have seen better days. One wore a pink shirt. The other had a blue shirt. Jane's grip on her pitcher tightened as they approached Albert's booth. She could see the look in their eye. Any time she took him out, at least one female anthro would always have that look.

"Hey you." the pink shirt vixen said. "My friend here wants to be a mommy. Wanna help out for fifty bucks?" The blue shirt vixen slid into the seat across from Albert. Jane could see her legs move under the table. Albert got a nervous look on his face very quickly. She slammed down the rest of her beer, before getting up.

The pink shirted vixen began to rub Albert's shoulder. Sly smile on her face. Jane stood behind the vixens. "Remove yourself or I remove you." she growled. The vixens turned around, and looked up. They left the bar. The doberman squatted down. "Are you okay Al?" she asked. He didn't respond. He got out of the booth, and ran off to the bathroom. She packed his leftover salad into a container for later. Any approaches for breeding always end like this. He never told her why he panics. He acts uncharacteristically quiet.

The walk home was uneventful. A few stares here and there. Some for him. Some for her. The close proximity to the base made for a quick trip. A nod to the guards at the entrance had them stand to the side. Albert tried to veer off towards the lab. Her grip on his shoulder prevented that. "I told you earlier Al." she said. "You got food, now you're getting some sleep." Another grumble. They came upon the barracks. The soldiers not on duty were usually off in town. She would have some time to make sure he fell asleep. Her superiors never questioned her unorthodox methods when it came to Albert. She was the only one he trusted. She was only one that he would listen to when it came to his well being.

The doors opened. The barracks were dimly lit. There were two soldiers already asleep. The doberman and the scientist walked to the very back. A bed was in a corner away from the rest. Jane reached under the bed, grabbing a luggage bag. She unzipped it, and reached inside. She pulled out some plaid pajama pants with a matching shirt. "Go change." she said. "Time for you to get some shuteye." Begrudgingly, he took the pajamas and left to change. Jane sat down in a chair next to the bed. She pulled out her phone. "Might as well check my e-mail." she said.

After ten minutes, Albert returned. Jane looked over to him, eyebrow raised. "You were gone awhile." she said. "Sorry Sergeant. Professor Jesper had called me earlier. I wanted to return his call, but he didn't answer. That man is usually glued to his work phone." The doberman gestured towards the bed. "Whatever weird science stuff it's about, can wait 'till morning. You. Sleep."

The same thing happened that always happens. In the time he stepped towards the bed, he would say he wasn't tired. As he got in the bed, he would say he had another twenty four hours in him. As he laid his head on the pillow, he would thank her for the meal. After that, out like a light. He would sleep for a good ten hours. Up at zero six hundred for breakfast. She would stay up for another hour. Always had to be sure he was asleep. She would retire to a nearby bed as well after that. Even super soldiers needed their sleep.

Carl looked at the pile of pieces that was once his phone. He had sent the distress message long before they caught him. The hulking figure was more visible in the warehouse they were in. A canine of some kind. The shadowy figure that commanded him was behind Carl. Claws lightly grazed against his neck. "Mr. Jesper," the shadow said "I just want to know about The Guardian Project." Carl's eyes went wide.

"Impossible. We destroyed it all." The claws went from his neck, to piercing his temples. They sent a shot of pain into his head. "True, but I know half of it's in that head of yours. I plan on pulling it out. How long that takes is up to you."

"Sir." a voice interrupted. "You should see this." The claws left the sides of his head. Claws were heard touching a screen. "Can you verify this?" the shadow asked. "No sir, but he can." The shadowy figure stepped in front of Carl. It was a black bat. Slender and tall. Long claws on his fingertips. He held a screen in his hands in front of the captured Carl. "Is this real?" the bat asked angrily. It only took him a few seconds to see what it was. "Good lord." Carl said. "I didn't think he would go that far."

Sunrise. Jane never needed an alarm. Albert never needed one either. He was probably up and eating breakfast by now. At least she hoped he was. She most likely would be bringing him food to eat. She went to take a quick shower. A splash of soap and hot water would help wake her up. Then again, she would also be drinking a half gallon of coffee as soon as she got dressed.

The water had just turned off. Jane was drying herself. She was getting her uniform on when there was a hard knock at the door. She was in the middle of closing her outer jacket as she opened the door. It was Major Clemens. She immediately saluted. "Good morning sir!" she said. "At ease First Sergeant." he said back. She placed her arm down. "You're in early sir." The major had a grim look. He was upset. "We have a situation. The Joint Chiefs and our oversight committee are on their way here now." Jane froze. What the hell was going on? The major pulled out a tablet. It was a news feed. Was that their base? "Project GESS was leaked to the public. Anything we knew, the world knows. Oversight wants us shut down. The leak was traced back to Mr. Kingston's office. I'm sorry to tell you this, but he has committed treason."

"T-Treason? Albert? With all due respect sir, Albert's a lot of things. Traitor isn't one of them." Jane responded. "As much as him and I disagree, he is a valuable asset to the government. His apprehension

is being handled by the feds. We've been ordered to stand down." Major Clemens looked at the shocked doberman. He took a deep breath. "Jane. I know you're close to him. You're the only anthro that human trusts. Hell, he built most of the non-lethal weaponry the government is gonna use to catch him. As your superior, I'm ordering you to stand down. On an unrelated note, this message was left for you." In the major's hand was a note. Jane grabbed it. The major left. She opened the note.

Jane

They took Carl. I had to do something bad to buy myself time. I need to save him. I hope that you stay safe. I don't want you involved. No one else needs to get hurt because of me.

Albert

P.S.

Thanks for the dinner.

"Dammit Al." she muttered to herself. Why the hell would he do this? What does releasing a classified military project have to do with saving a pre-Dust researcher? There was more going on. She needed to find Albert before the feds did. She stormed off to the barracks to change out of her uniform. All black outfit. Boots, pants, tank top, and jacket. As she walked outside, she saw a bunch of anthros in suits at the security gate. They were flashing badges. She quickly changed course to the lab. Just as she entered, she heard someone shout in her direction. Walking to the door was a mouse. Her name tag said Sheryl. She was one of the lab assistants. She was carrying a box. It had a canine-fitted gas mask, as well as a number of metal canisters.

"Hey Sheryl! Are those the old dummy gas grenades?" Jane asked. "Yeah." she answered. "The oversight committee wants all of Al's stuff handed over. They also asked for the new gas mask Al made. It filters out the gas." Jane squatted down. She grabbed the gas mask and a canister. "Might want to walk away." Jane said as she put the gas mask on. "I'm about to do something stupid." Sheryl quickly turned around and walked away without a word.

The door was opened. Numerous feds stood in the doorway. All of them shorter than her. The one in front was a green gecko. Large eyes staring her down. She pressed the button on top of the canister and tossed it on the ground behind her. "Staff Sergeant Jane Maren?" the gecko asked. "Yes?" she answered. "I'm Agent Harvey and...and...ehhhhhhhhhhhhh..." The agent began to drool. The other agents did as well. She pushed her way past them. They were on the ground babbling by the time she walked over to the gate. She tossed off the gas mask. The guard didn't even try to get in the way. She slipped away into the approaching crowd of journalists and curious folk. "Alright Al. Where would a smart guy like you run if you did something this stupid?"

Major Clemens stood a fair distance back. His last experience with the gas was a solid reminder to do so. Lab assistant Sheryl walked up to him, removing her gas mask. "All clear sir! Agent Harvey is coming to talk to you. A small heads up. The gas still has a lingering effect on his voice. A minor impediment."

The mouse left as the gecko angrily stormed to the major. "Mayjurr!" Harvey yelled. "What deh hell was tat? You hev your pepple gas mine?" Major Clemens stared blankly. On the inside, he was trying to

suppress every sign of laughter. “If my memory serves correct, Mr. Kingston said to drink something with citric acid. It should relieve the effect of the gas. He also said excessive talking prolongs the effect. For your own safety, please refrain from speaking at all. At least until we get some lemonade.”

Albert hadn’t been here in a few years. He knew getting in was easy. The only uncomfortable part was the bus ride uptown. All he had to do was get inside, and he would be safe for awhile. As he stood there, holding onto the pole, he heard the bus driver over the PA. “Human Population Zone. South wall.” The gruff brown bear in the drivers seat pulled the bus over. Albert pushed his way past a few anthros to get off the bus. A few humans got on, and the bus drove off.

He looked at the massive path in front of him. It was a lengthy line of anthros. The line lead to a wall. A concrete wall that was at least a hundred feet in height. He walked past the anthros. All of them trying to apply for a Zone Pass. The only way most anthros could even see beyond the walls. A city within a city for humans only? Everyone had their conspiracy theories. As he reached the wall, he saw the source of a lot of theories. They were tall. Arguably taller than Jane was. They might be muscular, but one couldn’t tell under the long, thick, gray cloaks they wore. They might have been canines, but determining the specific species was difficult with their metal helmets covering their heads. Red triangular glass for eye holes. They were the Wall Guard. Anthros that were trained for the specific purpose of protecting humans. Any human that lived behind the wall was under their protection.

Looking up at the guards was much more intimidating than looking up at Jane. At least he could see her smile sometimes. The two guards stared down at him. Blank looks on their metallic pseudo faces. “Entry for one human.” Albert said. “I’m expecting one guest later.”

“Description?” the left guard asked. “Jane Maren. Doberman. Female. Early Thirties. Approximately eight feet in height. Muscular.” Albert described. “Access level?” the right guard asked. “Access level M.” Albert answered. The guards looked at each other for a moment. They stepped to the side. A small steel door hissed open. Albert walked in as the doors hissed behind him. He pulled out his phone to check the time. “Almost eight. Gives me twelve hours.”

“We both know you won’t do it.” Carl said. “You’re desperate, but not that desperate.”

The bat had his clawtips poking into Carl’s neck. He removed them, his bluff being called. When the captive took a deep breath, a sharp claw was jabbed into his stomach. He yelped in pain. “I only need what’s in your head. The rest of your body is very much expendable.” The captive man spit on the bat’s suit, earning him a strong slap across the face. “Go to hell. Albert won’t give up his half of The Guardian Project. He knows once he’s in the HPZ, he’s off limits!” The bat chuckled. “Albert’s disappearance into the HPZ is certainly an obstacle. His protector will also be an annoyance. That’s why I have what you would call a Plan B.”

The bat snapped his fingers. Carl felt the shake of heavy footsteps. Another walked out into view. It was a gray wolf. It wasn’t a wall of muscle like the canine. It was just as tall though. It had long arms, and long legs. Was it the darkness fooling his eyes or was the wolf blindfolded? The bat produced a clear plastic bag. It had a white coat in it. The bat opened the bag. He raised it to the wolf, who lowered his head to sniff it. It’s head began to twitch around in all directions.

It ran past Carl. Doors opened and closed. Whatever that thing was, he hoped the Wall Guard could handle it.

If it wasn't for the comfortable boots, Jane would be sore. Walking from base to the south wall of the HPZ was an hour of her life she wasn't getting back. She looked to the long line of anthros. The Human Population Zone was something she had supposedly learned about back in middle school. She knew her military status wasn't getting her in there. Overpowering the Wall Guard wasn't an option. It looked like two at the main doors. There were always more. She saw a video one of the soldiers shared. A Wall Guard member pulled a semi-truck bare handed. A feat she could pull off just barely with her own body. The GESS Project didn't come close to Wall Guard.

While lost in thought, she failed to notice the single Wall Guard approaching her. She was caught off guard for a moment. "Jane Maren?" the guard asked. "Y-Yes?" she asked back. "An inhabitant has granted you access level M. Please come with me for immediate entry." he said while gesturing towards the wall. A few of the anthros in line groaned at the sight of Jane skipping it. "Why would Al give me access if he said to not get involved?" she asked herself.

Jane followed the guards through a large steel door. She noticed a smaller, human-sized door next to it. They walked through into a dimly lit car park. Most of them looked like a fusion of SUVs and golf carts. As they walked to the closest cart, another Wall Guard walked towards her, black cloth bag in hand. Before he got any closer, the guard she followed raised his hand. "She has access level M." he said. The guard nodded, and left. The guard opened the back door to the cart and gestured for her to get in. The vehicle was definitely built for people their size. The guard got in with no discomfort. She had plenty of leg room. It was nice not to feel cramped.

The electric vehicle whirred to life. They drove towards a light on the other side of the car park. In case it was a long drive, might as well make conversation. "What was the black bag gonna be for?" she asked. "Protocol requires any visiting anthros to have their view obscured until they reach an approved destination. Those with access level M have equal access as humans. Access level M is given to anthros that have been vetted by the wall guard. Humans can give or revoke access of non-human individuals upon verbal request." answered the guard. "I was interviewed?" said the shocked Jane. "Yes." the guard answered. "You were thoroughly vetted approximately four years ago. Watch the bright light."

On cue, the light filled her eyes. It was a different sight. Countless humans walking up and down the sidewalks. The only humans she knew were Al and his friend Carl. She had never seen so many in person. No wonder the line to get inside was so long. The buildings looked no different than the ones beyond the wall. Maybe a hair smaller. It felt so alien. Was this how Al felt all the time? A small human in a world of anthros that either matched his height or surpassed it?

The cart pulled over. "We have reached the residence ma'am." the guard said. Both of them got out. As she stepped onto the sidewalk, she felt eyes on her. Numerous humans stared at her wide-eyed. Parents were gently pushing their children behind them. Others were walking away. They were scared of her. She didn't have time to ponder it. The guard was leading her inside a modern apartment building. She forgot Al even lived somewhere that wasn't the barracks.

Gabe was frustrated. The polar bear had a report on human behavior report due next week. He was only halfway through the line. Some super hot doberman chick got to walk right in. Another hour of boredom. He regrets not interviewing the old human that ran a diner downtown. Most of his friends in the class went with the diner. At least they were having fun.

Suddenly, a commotion was coming from behind him. he turned around to see what everyone was staring at. A really tall shirtless gray wolf was on all fours. He was blindfolded. He was sniffing at the ground. Gabe pulled out his phone to record the weirdo. At least he had a funny post coming out of this boredom. An approaching Wall Guard made the polar bear even more excited. "Things are about to go down." he said to the recording.

The wolf's head was twitching every which way. A tweaker? Some wolf with a weird sniffing fetish? A couple humans that were exiting through the main door were escorted back in by another guard. Before the first guard could even get a word out, the wolf darted past him. A third guard at the main door tried to block the path. The wolf slid under the guard's legs with ease. The doors just closed as the wolf entered. Both guards placed their forefingers on the right side of their helmets. "We have a security breach! South wall! Gray wolf! Blindfolded! Repeat! We have a security breach! South wall!"

Everyone in line was immediately escorted away from the wall. Gabe just lost his chance to interview a human in the HPZ, but at least it wasn't a total waste.

If his life was a movie, Albert needed a new writer. He just got his notes into the inner pocket of his jacket. An alarm blared. It echoed throughout the streets below. That wasn't a test. Someone broke into the city. He ran over to his balcony. In the distance, he saw a dozen Wall Guardsmen. They were chasing a gray wolf. Long limbs. Fast. Was that a blindfold? Too many things to think about. He walked inside and closed the sliding window behind him. A deep breath. The Wall Guard would handle it. They always do. Jane would be here soon. A call from a guard confirmed she was en route. He's glad he spent the time to write her a note. He didn't know what he would do without her help.

He went over to his bedroom. One last check of things before the next step in his plan. His thoughts were interrupted. Heavy footsteps in the main room. They weren't heavy enough to be Jane or Wall Guard. Childhood hiding drills came flooding back to his mind. He slowly slid across his carpeted floor towards his closet. He closed the closet door behind him. He had an old blanket in the corner. He pulled the blanket over himself and curled up in that corner. It was the best he could do.

The door creaked open. Heavy sniffing was heard. Albert had at least half a dozen gadgets to take this anthro down. All of them were in a bag. In the main room. The sniffing grew closer. A bit of light poked through the blanket. He felt the blanket being pulled away.

Major Clemens sat there. On his desk sat a letter addressed to Jane. It was from Albert. He looked at it again.

Jane

They took Carl. I had to do something bad to buy myself time. I need to save him. I want you to stay safe, but I know I can't stop you. If you want to help, go to the HPZ South Wall. I'll make sure you have permission to enter.

Albert

The german shepard laid his head in his hands. "What have I done?" he asked himself. He reached for the drawer to his right. He pulled out two things. A letter addressed to the Joint Chiefs. His formal resignation. It wouldn't mean much. He was looking at a court martial.

He also pulled out a pistol shaped device. It was a mix of glass and strong plastic. The inside was a bunch of copper and other things he didn't understand. Albert had built it for the major as a birthday gift. He called it a 'lightning gun'. The closest thing to lethal he ever invented. He never used it. A secret military base with a squad of super soldiers? The weapon was a good sentiment.

He stood up. He walked out of his office. Right past the lemonade-chugging federal agents. Time to do the right thing.

Jane's training gave her the ability to be calm in the most stressful of situations. Seeing a blindfolded wolf jump from several stories with Al in one hand certainly tested that. For all their size and strength, the Wall Guard were not slouches. As soon as they saw the wolf had taken a human, it was over in minutes. A tackle, and two guards had the wolf in custody. Besides a bruise where he was held, Al was fine. The two shared a hug before she crouched down to berate him.

"Do you have any idea how terrified I was?" she asked? "You leaked Project GESS to the public, then disappear into the HPZ? Now you have some blind seven foot wolf jumping down five stories with you in his hand?" Albert waved off approaching Wall Guard as she stood up. "Clearly I have a lot to explain." he said. "Let me deal with this first."

He walked over to the guards holding the wolf. "Guard. Can you check if the wolf has eyeballs under his blindfold?" Albert asked. The guard lifted the blindfold to peek under. "No eyeballs sir." the guard answered. "Thank you." he said back. Albert returned to Jane. "Black market genetic enhancement. Nasty stuff. Destroys ninety percent of your body to make one part perfect. His senses of smell and sound are beyond that of anything I could do with GESS. Impressive speed as well. Seems like there were side effects. I noticed a lack of speaking. Maybe a loss of vocal cords. Though I can't think of an explanation for-."

"You still need to explain what's going on Al!" she interrupted. "Right!" he said. "Let's go back to my apartment."

Jane sat herself on the floor. Her arms were crossed. "Alright." she said. "Start." Albert took a deep breath.

"It started last night." he said. "I got a distress call from Carl. He sent me a message he only sends when he's in trouble. I had gotten the message right before bed. Right while I was changing into those

plaid pajamas. I get a call. Some guy says if I don't hand over Project Guardian, Carl's dead. I knew if I leaked all the parts of Project GESS that weren't in my head it would buy me time. They would waste time trying to decode it all, and I would be able to get to Carl."

"Wait." she said. "What's Project Guardian?" Albert froze. He wasn't supposed to say that part. He sighed. No going back now. "Project Guardian is something that Carl and I discovered back when I worked with him at The pre-Dust Conservation and Research Center. We were going through a pre-Dust military operation when we found Project Guardian. It's...what I built Project GESS from. Project Guardian is a two stage process. Step one makes someone a super soldier. For example: you. Step two turns the super soldier...into a living weapon. More powerful than anything we can comprehend."

With the look on her face, it was clear this was a lot to take in. "I'm not sure what they're doing to Carl, but we can't let them learn about Project Guardian. It's too dangerous for anyone. Pre-Dust weapons are far too unpredictable. We destroyed the physical files and wiped the backups. I don't know how they discovered it."

"Alright." Jane said. "How does he get Project Guardian if it's destroyed?" Albert sheepishly rubbed the back of his head. "I can't tell you. Some of these secrets can get people killed. Just trust me on this ok?" he spoke with genuine fear in his voice.