#### Detective Charn

Detective Charn stepped out of the chilly March twilight and into the bustling police station of the capital city of New Taxis. The police station bustled with activity, officers running back and forth between desks, phones ringing, and the smell of stale coffee and old wet dog fur. Many people paused to take notice of the tall tiger-man, walking casually into the station with a confident stride, long reddish-orange fur and black stripes standing out against his crisp white-collared shirt and navy blue trousers. His tail curled and flicked behind him, leaving a peculiar 'heat wave' motion in the air.

Detective Charn looked around, folding his arms to his chest and smelling the air. He turned his head, staring directly at a group of male detectives in the breakroom. He knew that they called themselves the "Hoofer Squad" and they looked delicious. A ram, a zebra, a llama, an elk, a moose, a donkey... and a bull. The bull was the biggest of them, and Charn could smell the masculinity baking off of him like steam from a fresh apple pie. Charn's mustard yellow eyes flicked, shifting to NUT MODE, and he could see the bull's package, tightly wrapped inside a straining jock strap, clearly the largest of the entire group. Charn grinned.

"That's my partner."

He walked up to the group, introducing himself. The officers got quiet, glancing between each other. The city was prey-only. They had heard a predator was being transferred in, one of the survivors from some disaster that had destroyed a small town off to the north.

"You must be the new guy," the black-furred Angus bull said, as he finished assembling his gun. He holstered it, standing up and offering a hand. "I'm Detective Harris." Harris was a large and imposing figure, towering even over Charn’s six-foot frame. His broad shoulders and thick, muscular arms were draped in a navy blue uniform, the sleeves rolled up to show off his impressive biceps. He had a thick, intimidating mustache that curled over his upper lip, and his brown eyes He glanced around. "and my partner is...Hey, Panko, where's DeWitt?"

"Just went to talk to the Captain." A zebra said, his fur bristling as he stared at the tiger.

"Thank you, pleasure to meet you, partner," Detective Charn said, shaking the bull's hand. He was careful, not squeezing at all. "The captain's office is...?"

"Straight down the hall, on the right. Just knock first."

Charn grinned, nodding and tipping his hat as he walked towards that office. He could smell the two men in the office. A ram and ... oh my. Someone big. A moose. Charn licked his lips as he pressed into the door, letting it slam closed behind him.

The two officers in the room locked eyes with him; the ram looked surprised, and the moose was not amused. The moose stood in front of a big window, his size blocking out the light. He had a broad chest and wide shoulders that seemed to fill up the entire room. His fur was black and thick, like velvet, and his horns were sharp and long. He wore a navy blue police uniform - a crisp white-collared shirt and navy blue trousers - but he looked uncomfortable in it. It was too small for his impressive body frame. Charn could sense that the moose's fat cock and balls were painfully compressed into the small space between the moose's bulky thighs.

The ram was short compared to Charn, but he made up for what he lacked in size with attitude and volume. His brown fur bristled, interrupted from shouting and pacing around Captain Garrotte's office as Detective Charn entered. DeWitt pointed to the tiger accusingly. "We were told there were TWO survivors, and that neither of them is a predator!"

Charn cleared his throat before introducing himself to break up their heated argument: "Detective Charn, reporting for duty."

Captain Garrotte stepped forward. His voice was deep and gruff, and he spoke with authority.

"Detective Charn, what are you doing here? This is a predator-free city; We were clear with the state authorities that no predators could be assigned here."

Charn nodded his head thoughtfully. "Well, I was definitely assigned here. Whatever the issue is, I'm sure it can be sorted out, and in the meantime, I am here to serve you and the city to the best of my ability." It was clear he was not going to take no for an answer. He then turned his attention to the ram, looking down at the prominent bulge in the front of the detective's pants. "Are you Detective DeWitt, Detective Harris' current partner?"

The ram scoffed, mouth dropping open as he gestured to the tiger with one hand. "Yeah. We've been partners for three years." He turned back to the massive moose, gesturing with one hand to the tiger. "Captain, he CLEARLY isn't even a real detective!"

"I certainly am," the tiger said, his eyes glinting yellow. "Allow me to demonstrate my deductive skills. Captain Garrote, have you noticed the size of Detective DeWitt's bulge? Doesn't it bother you that your detectives are beholden to illicit drugs?"

Detective DeWitt stammered, shocked, as the Captain's face glowered.

"I don't know who the hell you are, or what the hell they've been doing 'upstate' but if you think any of my men are taking NutMax-"

"Sir, I know they are." Detective Charn said, grinning widely. "If you'll just allow me to demonstrate-" With one swift motion, Charn reached out and swiped a hand down the ram's back, shredding through the back of his uniform, his belt, and lopping off the ram's short stubby tail in the process. DeWitt stiffened, arching his back as his pants and tail dropped down between his legs.

Charn was already moving, stepping forward and grabbing the detective's wrist as the ram tried to grab for his gun. With his other hand, he cupped the ram's junk through his briefs. Yeah, that was a BIG handful. This dude was packing. Charn could feel power rising inside him already. Yummy. Charn grabbed the neck of the ram's massive scrotum between two fingers, right through the ram's straining briefs. He yanked down, the fat sack and the soft flaccid cock he had grabbed with them pulled free of the ram's body as if they were nothing more than ripe fruits from a tree. Charn let the tatters of underwear and severed cock fall to the ground, as a gout of pent up blood burst from the ram's denuded groin. The tiger held up his purloined equipment in front of DeWitt's stunned face.

"These are far too big for a normal ram," Charn said, as he bounced the huge balls on top of the ram's stunned snout. "I'd say you've been using heavily for months. Tell me where you're getting your stuff from... and I won't throw you through that window."

"Captain!" DeWitt said, but he was unable to move, to defend or attack, forced to watch, paralyzed as the tiger rolled and daubed and humiliated him with his own massive nuts. "Stop him!" Blood oozed and drooled down his inner thighs, the ram's legs quaking in pain and terror.

"I can't..." the moose whispered, staring aghast at the tiger playing with his charge's balls. "It's like watching something beautiful unfold."

Charn purred, lifting the huge sack up over DeWitt's head to admire the catch himself. The clever tiger purred with approval, letting the soft fur brush against his naked fingers as he examined them from every angle.. They were the biggest ram nuts that Charn had come across, and chubbier too, like two large balls of doughy goodness waiting to be devoured.

He could feel the heat emanating from their cores and could almost taste the salty sweat that had collected between them.

"They're certainly impressive. You must have been born with these. Captain?" With a satisfied smirk, Charn turned to Captain Garrotte and beckoned him forward with one hand. "You can agree that the size of DeWitt's testicles are... unnatural, right?"

The moose nodded slowly, stiffly, the whites in his eyes showing.

"You're lucky that I report your whole precinct back to the feds. Fortunately for you, I forgot my breakfast this morning, so this whole secret can stay just... between... us." The tiger grinned, opening his mouth wide, showing off the strong sharp white fangs. He crammed DeWitt's proud nuts into his maw, the ram bleating in protest.

"My nuts, Captain, he's eating my-"

Charn flexed his jaws, biting down with such sudden force and power that the two balls exploded in his mouth. Most of them remained, but the scrotum itself and some of the excess tissue was forced out through the very narrow gap of the tiger's fangs. The streamer of compressed, high velocity flesh, shot out of his mouth and hit DeWitt in the side of the head. The effect was instantaneous and catastrophic. The ram's skull exploded, a confetti of brains and blood shattering across the far window as the gelded corpse twitched in the middle of the captain's room.

"Now then," Charn said, as he swallowed the remaining tissue down. DeWitt's balls, with all their sperm and all the future children he could have had, immediately sizzled and dissolved in his stomach, the tiger growing an extra inch immediately. He grew an extra ten pounds of muscle as he approached the moose at his desk, licking his lips clean of any remaining residue "Let's see if we can't settle this without anyone else getting hurt."

"What do you want from me," the moose said, the front of his pants stained with urine. The tiger glanced at the moose's prodigious bulge and smirked.

"Don't worry. THOSE... I can tell... are all natural. I'm Harris' partner now." He looked over to the twitching corpse of the ram, blowing a kiss to it and knocking it backwards, flying cleanly through the large plate glass window and into the river that flowed outside. "Looks like DeWitt resigned."

"You're a monster," Garrotte said, trembling with rage and terror.

"No, I'm your BEST detective. I'm the only chance you have to save this city," Detective Charn said. He slapped a bloody business card onto the moose's desk. "This is where DeWitt is getting his drugs."

Garrotte looked down at the business card. It was for the gym down the street. "No, that can't be right..."

"It is right. You got an infection, Captain. I'm the cure. Tell Harris I'm his new partner."

Garrotte's jaw flexed, the moose considering his options. There were two, he rationalized. He could die, horrifically, right now, or he could go along with this insane, psychopathic tiger. "Fine. But... they'll wonder about DeWitt."

"They won't. Trust me." Charn said.

The two men walked back to the break room, where most of the officers scattered. Harris remained where he was sitting at his desk, still cleaning his gun, and a rabbit sat on the edge of it, sipping coffee. The bull looked up, to the grinning tiger and his Captain, both spattered with blood, the tiger's lips and jaws stained with blood and... cum? He immediately stood up, as the moose lifted his hands. The rabbit lifted a cup in greeting, not seeming to care about the stains.

"At ease, detective. DeWitt..."

"Where's DeWitt? Is he okay?"

"He's fine," Captain Garrotte said, "He's taking a case, effective immediately. Deep undercover."

"Deep underwater," the tiger corrected with a chuckle. The rabbit chuckled as well, and Harris' eyes narrowed in confusion.

"What kind of joke was that?" He asked, bewildered. "Captain, what's going on?"

"This is detective Charn. He's your new partner, until DeWitt returns from his mission," Captain Garrotte said, gesturing to the tiger. Charn leered at the bull, staring directly at his crotch.

"Jesus Christ, Harris, please tell me those fat balls are natural, I'd HATE to have to eat them right here in front of everyone!" Charn joked loudly.

Captain Garrotte winced, but the rabbit and a llama walking by both snickered at the humorous little joke. Harris' jaw dropped.

"Did you-"

"Harris, he's your partner now. You have to .. help him with his own case. It's a federal case, and he's been sent here to help with it." The captain said, his lips and mouth moving automatically and with authority. Harris could see Charn's lips mirroring them, and the bull stood up finally.

"Careful," The tiger said, as his tail swayed up into the air, regarding the bunny. "You don't want to get yourself hurt, do you?" The tail swiped, and the top half of the cup popped off, steaming coffee spilling out over the rabbit's fingers. The rabbit winked to Harris, lifting the cup to his mouth and sipping from it, not seeming to notice that one of his thumbs were floating in it.

Harris looked from the rabbit, to the tall imposing moose standing by, watching impassively, to the grinning tiger and his tail, which was now lazily curling around the rabbit's throat.

"This is insane, I- '' was all he got out, before the tiger's tail flexed, curling and tightening around the rabbit's neck. The rabbit's eyes bugged out of his head, his smirk turning into a brief "o" of surprise, glancing over to Harris before the tail lifted the entire head up and off of the rabbit's body. The spine detached from deep inside, crackling as bones separated and slid up through the stump in his neck. The body flopped forward, and the head was tossed backwards, landing perfectly in a trash can as the tiger grabbed the twitching body. This one he lifted up, shaking and squeezing the rabbit's body, pouring the blood over himself. The blood soaked his face, his blue uniform, gouting in heavy blasts as the rabbit's body attempted to keep surviving. He crushed the rabbit's headless body like a juice box, and then dropped it to the floor, his tongue licking unnaturally out and across his snout and cheeks.

"Fuck, I love cop blood."

"Jiminez," Harris whispered in horror. He glanced at Garrotte, who gave an almost imperceptible nod. "DeWitt..."

"It's best for you two to go to the gym. We think that's where the drugs are coming from," Garrotte said. "You should go quickly. You should leave this station, quickly."

"Yeah. Come on, big nuts! You can drive, since I have no idea where the fuck we are, right?" The tiger swayed excitedly, seeming to be charged, and as Harris glanced at him again, he saw the clean uniform again. No blood at all, just a regular detective with a charming grin.

"Okay... We'll check out the gym."

"The gym, and anywhere else that your investigation takes you. I don't want either of you back here until the case is solved," Garrotte said, grimly. Harris nodded.

"Okay, buddy," Harris said, as he stiffly walked to the door. He could feel blood trickling down the inside of his neck, where the decapitation had splashed him, knew he was spattered with it, but nobody else in the room even seemed to realize what had happened. People were laughing, chatting, taking calls, interviewing perps. "Come this way."

"On sec!" Charn said, as he looked at a young stallion, being questioned by a detective, slouching down in his chair. Charn reached down, unzipping the stallion's fly and reaching inside. A wet tearing sound and he lifted a long, black, flaccid cock up out of the stallion's groin. The cockless stud kept staring at the detective, not seeming to care, not seeming to even realize that he was two feet down on cock. Charn caught up with Barris, munching on the flaccid dick like a Slim Jim.

"Sorry, I'm not used to being in a PREY CITY, I just can't help but *indulge*!" Charn said cheerfully, as they headed out to the sidewalk and the greater city and away from all of Harris' coworkers and friends.

"DeWitt was enhancing his form with drugs." Charn said, as he strolled through the bright morning day. Harris trailed behind, as the doors to the station closed behind him, leaving the two of them out in the open. The tiger's tail swished, the feline almost dancing down the sidewalk.

"I.. yes, I think he was." The bull said. Sherwin, the harmless homeless opossum dude that always slept on the bench in front of the station, was just waking up, reaching out to Detective Charn with a frail hand. Harris tried to gesture to him to not, but the opossum saw a fresh face and had to ask.

"Change, sir?" Sherwin asked, looking up hopefully at the grinning tiger's face.

"Of course!" Charn said, grasping Sherwin's hand in his big feline paw. The opossum looked at the hand in surprise. "I'd be happy to give you a change... of scenery!" Charn said with a laugh, as he turned and twisted, lifting Sherwin up off of the bench and caber tossing him. The opossum screamed as he sailed across the street, gaining momentum and height with each second.

"Oh god," Harris said, holding a hand over his mouth as the opossum barely cleared the three story building, but did not clear the billboard just behind it. A grinning female fox held up a cup of coffee in the ad, and the possum hit dead center in the coffee, exploding into a splatter of guts and viscera. "Charn... why did you do that?"

"I increased his visibility!" Charn said brightly, continuing down the street. "Now everyone in the city can see him. That's community minded service, Harris! So, where's the gym that DeWitt was getting his drugs at?" They turned the corner, and Harris gasped again, this time at the sight of his former partner's body, crumpled on the ground amidst a pile of shattered glass. His stomach tightened, twisted in his belly.

"DeWitt... where... where's his head?" he asked, as Charn walked up to the corpse.

The tiger winked at him, as he lifted up one foot. "It's on a mission. Captain Garrotte said so, remember?" He stomped downwards, and the ram's corpse exploded into a mist of guts and bone fragments. The car next to the tiger's windows exploded, the tires popping as the whole vehicle rocked back and forth. "Try to focus, Harris. DeWitt failed, but you don't have to! Where was he getting his drugs?"

"Oh, uh. Uh." Harris' mind reeled. "The Pumping Station. It's close, right up the street here. Listen, Charn, please... don't kill anyone else. We're cops. I don't know how you have such power, but..."

"But... I'll do whatever I want with it." Charn winked to Harris over his shoulder, then veered across the street, towards a hot dog vendor. As he did, a bicyclist crossed in front of him. Charn slapped the bicyclist out of the way, the poodle's face briefly surprised before their torso split into three equal segments and splattered in a pile of wet, twitching organs that got tangled in the spokes of their bicycle.

"Gimme your biggest sausage!" The tiger said to the fox behind the cart. The man lifted up the brim of his cap, to say something in response, but as soon as he saw the tiger's mustard yellow eyes, he stopped. Harris caught up with Charn, trying to ignore the trail of blood that led to the bicycle.

The fox was already unzipping his pants, pulling out a length of fox cock and letting the soft length flop forward into the boiling hotdog water.

"It'll be... just a minute..." The fox said, in a strained voice. He glanced over to Harris, confused, eyes tightening in pain. "And... would you like anything?"

"My friend wants a meatball sub!" Charn laughed, then pointed to the fox's cock. "I said your BIGGEST hot dog, this is only medium sized!" He leaned forward, and grabbed the fox's head, pushing it down into his torso. There was a sickly crunching sound, the fox's arms flailing and twitching, tongs flying off and skittering down the sidewalk. As his head was jammed down into his torso, the fox's cock got bigger; blood or whatever being pushed into it, extending it from seven soft inches to a full foot in a matter of seconds. "PERFECT!"

Charn swiped off the 'hot dog', munching on it as the dead vendor fell forward, torso falling into the bubbling hotdog water. Harris hurriedly pulled the dead man up, letting him fall to the ground, too stunned to do more as he hurried after Charn. Should he even be calling these deaths, these MURDERS in? He just had to keep Charn as far away from the cops as possible, as far away from crowded places as possible.

"No, you just have to point me towards the BAD guys!" Charn reminded Harris, as he strode confidently towards the gym. Harris was struggling to keep up, and the tiger had looked up to the bull when they had first shook hands, but now the tiger was... taller than Harris? The bull was seven feet tall, but the tiger seemed to be nearly eight. The tiger slid the hot dog down his throat in a single gulp as he got to the Pumping Station. The building looked like a repurposed car dealership, with big windows showing a crowd of men working out on various machines, sweating and working on making their bodies as good as possible.

A rhino was standing outside, drawing from his vape. Detective Charn walked up to him, and grabbed the rhino by the large, mounding bulge in his crotch. "You a dealer?"

The rhino looked down at the tiger's hand on his dick, then sneered at the cop. "Man, fuck you." He spit in the tiger's face, and then squeaked, as the tiger's fingers clenched into a fist without letting go of his bulge first. The rhino staggered backwards, staring in horror at the pulped remains of his groin that was dripping out of his torn, ruined shorts, his face blanching as he looked back up to the detective, then to Harris. "The FU-"

And then he was gone. Charn stepped forward, and swung his foot up into the rhino's crotch, the man exploding into fist-sized gibbets that rained upwards and outwards, a mushroom cloud of gore that painted up over the entrance and sign of the gym. The vape pen clattered to the ground, as Charn turned back to Harris.

"So, he was totally using, right? He had a fat sack." Charn licked the gore from his fingers, as pieces of rhino began to fall and spatter on the sidewalk and road around them, the heavy head hitting the pavement with a disgusting crunch. "Yeah, he tastes like DeWitt. Definitely a user. Come on, we're hot on the trail."

Harris followed Charn into the gym, silently trying to warn anyone who would make eye contact to leave. The desk receptionist, a squirrel he knew as Manks, had just enough time to look the two cops over before the tiger's tail sliced through his chest, splitting him in half. His rib cage collapsed in on itself, his lungs wheezing as they bubbled and farted out through the open wound, the grunting squirrel falling down behind the desk.

"Accompolice," Charn explained, as he stepped into the gym. A kangaroo in a red training polo, with the gym's name emblazoned on his shirt, hopped up to them, grinning brightly.

"Hi! I'm Praline. New here? Looking to increase your gains?" The kangaroo was casually flexing, his biceps threatening to split through his shirt, his massive pectorals filling out the shirt to capacity. Harris had always admired the kangaroo's natural build.

"He's not a user," Harris said, quietly, and Detective Charn's eyes narrowed.

"I am actually. You think you can help me gain more?" The detective grabbed the underside of his shirt, lifting his uniform up over his head and baring his own powerful chest. He was about as big as the kangaroo, jacked in a powerful way, his stripes seeming to squirm hungrily as he sized the helpful roo up.

"I sure can! Pumping Station is a top of the line facility, with dozens of regimens you can use to... to..." Praline stammered, watching as Charn slowly curled his arms together, fists raised up into the air at first, and then elbows bending, muscles flaring out as he pulled his arms down into a front double bicep pose. When Charn finished, muscles POPPING into full definition, Praline's clothes exploded off of his body, leaving the roo naked and exposed in front of the much taller Charn.

"You'll do PURRfectly!" Charn rumbled, his voice deep and syrupy, as he reached for the kangaroo. Praline couldn't stammer, couldn't back away, paralyzed by the power, the sheer intensity of the tiger's magnificent form. He let himself be grasped by his own biceps, lifted up into the air, staring helplessly into the tiger's great, tooth filled jaws.

Charn bit down with a crunch into the top fourth of Praline's body, his jaws shearing through shoulders and collar bone, taking the kangaroo's head and neck entirely, crushing it into pulp with a single bite. Harris watched, his cock hardening impossibly as he watched the big tiger stud suck on the bite in Praline's torso. Muscles slithered up from the kangaroo's arms, his pectorals and abs all loosening and sliding up like oversized boba-tea bubbles, being slurped right out of his body and into Charn's. Blood gurgled and splattered in the tiger's maw as he drained everything that made Praline strong and healthy and powerful out of him, leaving a crunchy, crispy, withered corpse that crumbled into something like coffee grounds as the tiger cast the body aside. The tiger was steaming, smoke seeping out of his stripes and into the air as he bulged, swelling and growing taller with each second. It was amazing and beautiful. Harris pointed with a hand to the boxing ring, his finger shaking as he gestured to the biggest men in the gym.

"Them... those are the guys... they were selling to DeWitt."

Detective Charn lumbered towards the men. They were all mean looking, with brands, piercings, tattoos and massive muscles to complement the massive bulges between their thighs. A Rottweiler stood in the boxing ring, his massive lats so developed that they looked almost like a cobra's hood flaring just behind him. He was a powerful animal, with a thick neck and a broad chest. His fur was a deep black, and his eyes were a piercing yellow. He had his dukes up, waiting for his opponent to make the first move. The lion was shorter but more massive than the dog. His chest fur had been shaved off, and a large icon of a lion's head had been tattooed in golden ink across it. The lion stood, legs spread, arms rigid at their sides, as he glared at the bouncing, weaving Rottweiler. It would only take one hit to take the dog down. His triceps were stupid thick; a backhand from the lion would knock a normal man out. Of course, neither of them were Charn.

Detective Charn approached, as the two men sparred on the ring. Harris blinked his eyes, trying to understand what he was seeing. As Charn approached, the various bulges of the men began to glow. None of them seemed to notice, but Harris could see their massive endowments, safely tucked away inside their jocks and briefs. How could he see that? And why were they glowing? As he watched, he saw various muscle groups beginning to glow, as well, and somehow he just knew... these were the men's favorite muscle groups. Their prized achievements of their bodies.

What the fuck was Charn going to do with them?!