

Twitching as he woke, Jasper Klau felt dizzy and groggy. As the tiger opened his eyes all he got out of it was glaring from above and even more disorientation, and the sense that he was being restrained when his attempts to cover his eyes went nowhere. His wrists were bound – his ankles too, though he was.. comfortable? Ish? The tiger was lying on a bed of some kind and.. and he wasn't alone. A quiet gasp over that point left him wincing, aware he'd given away that he was awake.

“Ah! There you are. Sorry about your glasses, Captain Klau. They broke during the scuffle when we were bringing you in. We'll get you new ones though, don't worry. They're not *really* necessary for this part.”

With any kind of subtlety clearly being pointless, Jasper went straight for intimidation and force. Unfortunately for him no attempts to yank his arms or legs free did any good, the tiger was bound *quite* securely with arms and legs both stretched as wide as they could get.

“Woman, I am a *police chief*. You had best let me go right now before I give you what you deserve for this – and maybe take what I want while I'm at it! Now you-”

A sharp buzzing around the sides of Jasper's skull left the tiger going limp where he lay, eyes open and mouth hanging agape while a *huge* cow leaned over his naked body and started to wriggle something into his mouth. It was kind of dense, almost like caramel, with a hole in the center of it. It stuck to *all of his teeth* once she got it in there, and then came the hose snaking through the center of it. Jasper couldn't move, let alone resist as the thing was tucked snugly in and his jaw was pressed closed down around it all. It stuck *hard* and promptly started to tingle all through his mouth while a thick, creamy liquid began to trickle into the back of his throat.

“You know.. I try to be gentle about this, usually? Like, the two other girls we had through here this week – there had to have been some good in them at *some* point. Who knows, they might even grow up again someday. You, though?”

That buzzing was still at work, Jasper couldn't focus through it. Couldn't think at all really. The tiger was just limp, helpless even beyond being restrained, forced to lie there while some fat cow monologued at him and pawed around at his body. She currently had herself busy around his waist with.. something. Whatever it was it involved her lifting his belly up.

“Already a bit of a chubster aren't we? I suppose desk jobs do that. Not that that's a bad thing, hun. No, it was you taking bribes and planting evidence and conveniently letting witnesses be discovered by criminals and then that incident with that poor teenager you bludgeoned.. No, you're

in for the long haul I think. Life without parole, so to speak.”

It took everything Jasper had in him just to manage a loud, prolonged grunt of protest. Even then it was feeble, and the cow was clearly unimpressed. She just gave his belly a poke and let Jasper watch as his gut started to swell outward, gradually enveloping her finger as he started getting visibly fatter right then and there. The cow held that pose for a few seconds, just long enough for it to sink in for the tiger what was happening to him. After she had her fill of that Jasper felt her hold his gut up higher while it struggled to become too big to do that to. A sharp little poke followed it, with a bit of a burning sensation afterward. Not too painful, but it lingered, right on the left side of his hips, and *deep* in. A moment later the same thing happened on his left.

“I really do wish we didn't have to be *quite* so hard on anyone but.. just- what were you thinking? You *hurt* people and.. This.. this isn't helping. Well, you won't be doing so anymore darling. Not when we get you properly fattened up and when that bit of sweetness does its trick.”

An inquisitive whimper was all Jasper could manage while he felt a pillowy softness wrap around his middle. One that stretched nicely as he grew, and he was growing *fast*. His hips felt weak, and they were getting more so by the moment. Even his feeble attempts to squirm weren't really having any effect and.. and then came the hot, wet shame of not just being fitted into a diaper but *using it*. After that, Jasper started to properly, finally, freak out.

Which just earned him a pat on the belly, on his *enormous* and still swelling belly. Jasper's whole frame started to quiver and jiggle after that, rapidly losing any sign of any physical aptitude he might have still had from his younger days policing and ending up just.. obese. Gelatinous. The kind of person he expected to see on scooters in a supermarket and it was still getting worse – and he was *still wetting himself*. Jasper couldn't force it to stop, his muscles just weren't listening to him.

And that tingling in his mouth was getting.. weirder, more intense. The caramel seemed to be dissolving steadily but something was wrong, Jasper was just having a hard time figuring out precisely what as he flexed his jaw and whimpered.

“Mmmn. Sorry dear. It's a hard policy for this – if we think you're likely to try to hurt the other kids we can't leave you the opportunity.”

Whimpering turned to frantic attempts to properly panic again. Even just to get his limbs free, or moving, or.. anything. It wasn't working though, and Jasper was starting to struggle to even concentrate on the attempt. As fuzzy as his nerves were starting to feel, so too was his head. The

blubbery heap of a cat was starting to look quite pathetic.

“Sorry, hun. One-way treatment for you, but it'll be over quick. The stuff in there is going to sink into you and keep things soft inside your head – and it never really leaves once its there.”

The caramel gunk stuck in his mouth was melting faster. Enough that, as he struggled with it, Jasper felt like he could maybe dislodge things with a little work. Unfortunately, even though it *kind of* worked, it didn't get him what he wanted. There was still a feeding hose in him that was leaving him growing thick, flabby neck rolls and growing so heavy he doubted he could go anywhere even without the restraints on him. It was too far in and too rigid for Jasper to really escape it. Though, as he cleared things in his mouth out further, he was at least finally privy to what the bizarre feelings in there were over the last few minutes.

His mouth was empty. No fangs anywhere, just that damned hose and flat smooth gums and his clumsy feeling tongue. Jasper *needed* to scream, to lash out, but-

“Guh! Nodda kyid..! H-helph.. mmf- nng nn-ot dsserv f.. flb- hweelbmeh!”

The words fled. The tiger went quiet – shaken – feeling a fresh rush of shame as tears pooled in his eyes. Between how uncooperative his mouth and tongue were being and how sluggish and thick his thoughts were starting to feel no amount of concentrating was helping. The tiger couldn't make words happen – and he *was* trying. He knew how they worked, or.. he ought to? Letters, which made sounds, which made words and then sentences – but something kept getting lost mid-way through the process.

In the meantime he kept running his tongue over where his teeth should be, at least when the cream still pouring into his mouth gave him time to. Jasper could still feel himself getting fatter, he felt himself pressing against the bars of the crib with his sides and forming new soft rolls all over himself. The longer he lay there the worst it got, but he couldn't do anything to fix it. The only person with any control over it was that big cow looming over him smiling, and saying.. something. But the longer she talked the less Jasper comprehended what was being said.

“Don't worry – it's almost over, and then nobody's going to hurt you and you won't hurt anyone else either. I mean, not that you *can* really. We're going to keep your claws trimmed too just in case, so- well. You look like you're too far gone to understand anymore anyhow. You just relax and let it happen dear. It's a far nicer end to your old life than you'd have had otherwise, I bet.”

Amid sluggish, crawling thoughts all Jasper could do was squirm more and try to hold onto

anything – any little piece of himself – but everything just kept slipping away..

Jasper woke sluggishly, but then nothing the tiger did went particularly quickly anymore. Around him he heard the sounds of the other kids playing.. Kids was a term the tiger thought loosely though. Not that he ever really had *words* for thinking anymore, but as time passed after the ordeal in the crib he found he could still scrape together abstract concepts *pretty well*.

Not that this helped him with anything. The tiger struggled to crawl his way out of the pile of toys he kept around him, he wanted everything he could get hold of but when he woke up there were always things missing that the other kids had scampered off with and he had to go back and try to find them again. Which wasn't easy – Jasper couldn't dig his fingers into the ground because of the thick mittens he was tied into and his claws were blunt anyway – but even without that being a problem he was just *too fat* to make much headway.

Too fat to *crawl* – almost. The tiger's belly dragged on the ground while his feeble hips struggled to keep his knees under him. Jasper was already wet, but the effort of getting onto his hands and knees and starting to go out in search of the few plushies and other toys that made him feel secure and like he had what he deserved and needed left him having yet another accident. By now he mostly just stopped and blushed when that happened, ending up in a saggier and heavier diaper than before but not letting it stop him for long. Someone would come along and clean him up eventually – they always did. Though it happened so often he was mostly left in *just* the diaper.

Or maybe it was just that he was so damn corpulent that none of their 'baby' clothes fit. Jasper watched the others get around by him, all of them moving faster and easier than he did as he struggled to push his belly out of the way and ended up losing his grip and collapsing onto his gut while his toothless mouth babbled and drooled. A *couple* of the kids laughed, but that got them stern looks from their cow nanny.

Not too far off, Jasper saw the two he kind of recognized. The pig and the chinchilla saw him as well, but they always seemed nervous when they looked at him. Not that Jasper knew *why*, it wasn't like he could hurt them, right?

Lying there, wriggling and starting to make upset grunting sounds, Jasper couldn't hurt anyone anymore. The big tiger baby was just that now – and all it took to placate him for the time being was the nanny coming by to stroke his head, push one of his favorite toys into his hand, and

hold a *real big* bottle up to his mouth. Jasper latched on quick, suckling greedily and relaxing where he'd stumbled. That was only going to mean *more* of a mess in the near future, but for now he was satisfied. He had what he wanted – and deserved.