

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #2

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Thank you all for the support. :3

SPONTANIOUS DRAGONIFICATION

Art by: [Janus](#)

ACHOO!

How the heck does one manage to sneeze after becoming bigger than a galaxy? Was there just dust floating about in the void of space between whirling clusters of stars and planets? Those suckers would need to be the size of planets to have an effect on a goddesses nose.

Xilimyth absently wiped her nose horrified at the prospect. Looking at the two galaxies literally orbiting muscular cheetah-dragon hips, she saw no apparent damage to their usual spiral rotations. Although, it did make her lose focus on the major relationship woes of a couple anthro ants on one of the planets she had been observing. Ugh, it would take her a light year to even find another inhabited planet to watch now.

While the involuntary motor reflex was soon forgotten, the celestial beings residual energy continued to propel its planet-sized fragments of her soul across many spans of time and space. Within only a hundred light years it entered the rim of one of her galaxies. From there the gravity and heat of many stars broke down such fragments while they sped past. Bits of dracat planets became dwarfs, and then asteroids, comets, and finally little more than a spray of shimmering dust.

After only a few thousand years this cloud of mystical energy reached a particular blue ball orbiting a single sun. The bulk of it simply burned up in a very dazzling light show witnessed across the planet's poles. But a very minute amount of dust, no more than forming a single handful of sand, speed on through across the contents. At least until it smacked right into the back of a blond-haired wolf just after he had left his regular visit to the Cheesecake Factory.

"Ah-phoo!"

Janus sneezed after only taking three steps out into the open air. A second later he sneezed again. An odd rush of heat washed across the back of his head as he used a spare napkin from lunch to wipe his nose. Not like for the Autumn season to bring on such a harsh sinus friction.

"Ugh, maybe I put too much pepper on that sandwich." He chuckled and resumed the walk home. Yet Janus' nose did not stop itching, so he tried wiping it with the back of his hand. That brought about a weird sensation of rubbing dried paper across his snout. Holding up the hand to better investigate made the wolf's ears drop. The typical brown fur of his appendage seemed to be melting before his eyes, shifting hues into a coat of bright golden scales. "Ooorrrrr maybe there was a nutritional reason the ham was on special? YIP!"



No sooner had the hand become coated in shimmering reptilian scales than it swelled double in size, and then triple. Janus involuntarily made a fist with the growth of newfound muscles in his enlarged fingers. When they uncurled, it revealed a very impressive span of rough palm and finger pads, with a set of claws over an inch thick replacing fingernails.

"DOUBLE YIP!" Janus gasped as the changes did not stay resided in just a hand. Muscles continued to bulge in a slow creep down his wrist all across the attached forearm, converting fur to scales along the way. When they began to consume around his elbow, the forearm suffered a hard surge in size to become monstrously long with rippling bulges beneath the thick golden scales. But that was nothing compared to how his bicep exploded out the sleeve of Janus's favorite Autobots shirt. A feat made worse when he accidentally flexed, creating a lump of muscular power to exceed his tiny head in mass.

Letting his armrest ended up brushing new claws against the concrete of the sidewalk. Janus could only gawk at how thick the scaled appendage looked even slumped limply. Walking with it was even more challenging with how heavy everything added up to be. Heat washed over his vision, making it hard to lean for a counterbalance. "Got to...find someone...so not right...mmmhhh..."

Janus hobbled around smacking his giant changed hand against to sidewalk for a makeshift crutch. Heat drizzled down across his body with mounting intensity, making it hard to think clearly. He just needed to get back inside the restaurant long enough to call an ambulance before letting this weird allergy wreck things further.

A bit too late for that, Janus realized when his still regular hand refused to reach for the door. Instead, it had been rubbing the crotch of his jeans almost nonstop during his attempts at moving about.

"What the heeh...hhnngggghh!"

Janus collapsed against the wall of Cheesecake factory with hand clasped the space between his thighs tightly. The hold did nothing to prevent the lurching feeling of his privates starting to swell. Something other than his physical contact was causing overwhelming stimulation across his whole pelvis. Alterations went about unseen beneath denim and boxers, eliciting sharp pleased growls from the wolf. The entire area soon lost definition with his rubbing, becoming a smooth round bulge. His pants button shot off into the street right before its zipper lost the fight for containment. Janus' Pikachu boxers swelled free looking like he tried to smuggle a basketball in his crotch.

The concern rose when Janus' palm failed to find any indentions for the equipment usually befitting a dude. Although there was still plenty of pleasurable sparks firing off from a moist slit further between her legs.

"O-okaaay...t-this is definitely some kind of infection." Janus somehow found the will to get her hand off the swollen bubble of her new groin. Whipping her gaze up and down the street seemed like finding any additional assistance would be near impossible. The world had suddenly felt incredibly still, centered only around the wolf and her changing form. Not even cars could be seen passing through distant intersections. "Uh...someone? Anyone!? WHOOP!"



Something popped in Janus's hips, which turned out to be the seams of her pants. Both big and little hand slammed against the wall to keep balance as her entire center of balance began to shift. The bulge of her crotch jolted skyward in an arch that bent Janus over backward trying to stretch out the pressure in her pelvis. A longing whimper of lust escaped between Janus' pursed lips, her head rolling back in surrender to her hips widening.

Her pants gave out a little at a time. Golden scaled flesh peeked over the tight hem pinching in desperation to keep some form of modesty left on the wolf's backside. The bulge of excited womanhood her crotch had become far less noticeable as her hips spread to help emphasis Janus' new gender. The whole area merged together for childbearing curves beyond the limits of a little man's jeans.

SHRRRIIP!

Of course, Janus' butt would not be far behind. The twin cheeks of her glutes tensed involuntarily only to release in a surge of growth that shoved their pants down with excessive amounts of muscle. When the fat began to pile on top of such titanic glutes any sense of modesty was doomed. An immense flood of relief caused Janus to cry out in a girly joy when the seams of her seat split entirely. Her ass spilled forth as two monstrous balloons. Involuntary humps of the air caused them to jiggle and bounce, coaxing more thickness to better match the curve of her hips. Janus' boxers could not hold such cheeks back as they ate his remaining article of pants into a thong.

There was no need to worry about the jeans legs clinging to what scraps hugged Janus' waist. Much like the fur becoming scales, the curves poured down her filled ass into each thigh. The denim quickly pulled taunt from mounting piles of muscle and fats, straining in the quiet air of the street.

"Nya-aaahh!!" Janus bucked the air again to several loud pops. Each pant leg exploded off a pair of thighs softly curved, yet baring the full power to crush rocks between their scales. In fact, something equally thick was suddenly forcing its way between them. With a sharp yip, Janus looked down and blushed to see his tail growing out under her fat butt. It was like watching a balloon inflate as new cartilage expanded only to be engaged in abundant muscle tissue. The soft coat of fur melted into the same golden scales pouring across her body until a mighty lizards tail flicked testingly against the sidewalk at Janus' shoes.

Speaking of which, Janus bit her lips curling toes at the pressure traveling down her legs. Much like her thighs, both calves grew considerably longer, pushing her further upwards against the wall in newfound height. Like the rest of her transformed areas, they quickly made short work of

Janus's pants until only scraps of denim clung in weak nets around powerful muscles wrapped in soft scales.

A strange bloated sensation overcame both of Janus' feet that almost made him fall on her new fat tail. Standing back up into a wide stance she could see the fiber starting to puff outwards. Her attempts to try flexing out the tension did nothing but make her feet pulse faster, getting bigger with each little surge. The toes especially began to inflate against the tips of each shoe, forming definitive indentions.

Janus' shoes put up the strongest fight of all her garments, but when she suddenly sprouted claws, the war was lost. They pierced through leather as easily as knives through butter, raking indentions into the sidewalk.

The draconic feat broke through quickly after. Janus wobbled a few tottering steps, merely letting the clustered pieces of her shoes fall off her swollen feet. She highly doubted there was a shoe size comprehensible to compare them too, but at least they felt proportionate to the rest of her incredibly muscular and bottom heavy lower body.

"Got to...ffffind h-help..." she turned back to the entrance to Cheesecake Factory, trying to ignore the heat burning across her scalp. The door was mere feet away but given the tension in her body that journey might as well have been miles. "G-got to ah...aaahh...AAAHH-KCHTUU!"



Much like life, the sneeze came at Janus hard and fast. In a split moment of hunching forward to expel air, several things happened at once. The most prominent was the tearing noise that overshadowed Janus' sputtering. Two wings, longer than her hulking body was tall, exploded out the back of her shirt. Their generous muscles stretched up towards the sky almost clipping the restaurant's roof. Thick leathery membrane fanned out in a looming shadow before curling against her back into a relaxed position.

At the same time, Janus had hugged her stomach with both mismatched hands. Only they were not so mismatched after the rush of the sneeze caused the once wolf's arm to shred through its shirt sleeve, becoming thick and golden as its sister. Janus gawked with nose running as she straightened up to admire her complete set of ten monstrously strong claws.

The last change to register was when she forced each claw to retract back into their thick sausage fingers to better feel along the surface of a new flat stomach. Well, flat was still not an appropriate term. Instead of the usually modest lair of guy pudge, Janus felt along very firm, thick, ridges in sets of two stacked down her midriff. She had never seen abs before, especially ones that looked ready to grate cheese. By contrast, her waist had caved in response to the massive release of air. It left her with an hourglass curve further exaggerating the fat still sloshing around her wide child-making hips.

She had very little time to feel those out when her wolf nose began to tingle again. Lips curled up in response trying to pull back while an invisible hand wanted to stretch her face out further.

"Ah, no...grrraahh...come ooon...ooaaah KTC-PFFFTTT!!"

Janus tried to cover her nose, but the beefed-up dragon hands could do little to pinch something so tiny. Although as she rocked forward to blow spit and air into her palms, the cupped space inside quickly filled up. Pulling her hands back in a pathetic growl, Janus' thumb and finger felt around how much her muzzle had swollen out. A forked tongue lolled out from between very sharp teeth from her labored panting. There was no trace of the leather button of a wolf's nose. Her nostrils fused with the tip of a powerful reptilian snout.

"Mmmhh...gah!" Janus propped herself best she could against the wall wheezing from the lingering pleasures of her change. Suddenly having wings made it awkward but they managed to fold under her armpits for a bit more room. "That's kind of sweet...wha-m-my voice too?"

Hands shot back to her altered face trying to take in what was not easily seen. While her muzzle may have thickened and gained some very impressive chompers, Janus had become rather softer looking in general. She had a bright gold face befitting the goddess voice escaping puffed girly lips. An appearance further complimented when hair cascaded across her muscular shoulders. She watched amazed at years of growth happening in seconds right in her palms, leaving a cape of golden locks swishing across her thick butt.

It was getting hard to breathe. Janus gulped desperately for stronger servings of air. Having a much bigger mouth helped in that regard. Each attempt caused her chest to puff out thicker and harder against the elbows of her wings.



“Huff huff! Ah, gawd! Huff! So good!” Little jets of orange flame shot out from deep within Janus’ thick neck. It only excited her further as she clasped at her chest with monster hands and wings. Breathing became more of a stimulate than a necessity. Her whole torso broadened with rich, powerful muscles wrapped around dense dragon bones. “Huff! M-moarrrrr! Huff huff huff! Please give me moar!”

The pushback became more intense with each gasp almost as if responding to Janus’ pleadings. Firm muscles of her pecs became hidden under a developing layer of creamy fat. Which continuously inflated in large deposits as if her breaths were directly feeding them. Such squish

only excited Janus further, making her hands press and rub harder along the soft scales straining her shirt.

“Graa-RRRAWGGHH!!” Something gave inside Janus, causing her body to surge in a big rush of growth. The breasts that had developed against her wings went from baseballs to beachballs in an eye blink. Somehow her shirt ripped in several places but still managed to mostly remain around the weighted mammaries. At least it kept their swollen nipples hidden, but a generous amount of golden flesh bulged out from under the hem.

Janus slapped her hands against the wall, rolling her head back to release a rwar of fire into the air. She could literally feel her palms rubbing up along the painted bricks as her body gained whole feet in height. Hips bucked against the open air spreading so wide the camel toe in her boxers left nothing to the imagination.

She was getting so big, so strong, even for a dragon. A looming titan compared to the wolf nerd that just wanted to swing by Gamestop before going home. Heck, the brown dragon guy that had served her coffee inside the Cheesecake Factory would be shadowed by her boobs. Janus had little reason to understand why this transformation had occurred, but she knew there was no way this could get any better.

“AHEM!”

An indignant cough somehow found its way through the clouded euphoria in Janus’ thoughts. Plus the feeling of something solid and blunt jabbing her thigh was fairly jarring. Her eyes dreamily propped open taking in the world from a new, higher perspective. At some point in her changes plateau, the flow of time seemed to have found it proper to resume flowing.

That meant cars driving past...with people inside gawking at the half-naked dragon striking a sexy pose next to The Cheesecake Factory. Not to say anything about the gaggle of restaurant dinners, mostly guys, crowding at the window her curves had become squished against

Janus shot straight up to attention, eye wider than the hubcaps on cars that passed by. Wings folded further under her arms to try being a cloak against her muscular curves with minimal effect on such broad muscles.

Before she could even consider squeezing her twelve-foot frame into the restaurant, there came another sharp jabbing just above her right hip. A glance down made Janus blush to see a female

cop glaring up over the rim of their sunglasses. Ticket pad and pen were already set to deposit who knows how many law violations becoming a dragon amazon in public warranted.



Janus forced a quivering smile. The blush spreading across her face was enough to turn her scales a shade of rose.

“Um...I can totally explain this, officer?”

END

Dogmeats Never Change



Image by: [Yuki](#)

As soon as the rain had stopped, it was back to business as usual. Food does not find itself in the ruins of a wasteland. Unless it is still alive, in which case that made things harder as the stupid thing might try biting back.

That was a risk any dog was willing to take for a bit of decent grub. Food had already been scarce for some time. Having to slumber under an old stairwell to wait out a radiation storm for days did not help. All the familiar scents were washed away under a blanket of burning green rain. It's lingering mist tended to burn a dog's nose while trying to find any signs of prey.

She would probably have to start lingering around the various human settlements until something worthwhile came along. They never seemed too bothered by the presence of a wandering mutt. Perhaps because she did not try biting everyone's throats like most hairless mongrels roaming around. That and she still had all her fluffy brown fur, a rarity for such a polluted wilderness. She guessed it gave a more child-friendly appearance. Most of the local kids loved running out to provide her with treats and pets.

'Dogmeat' was the official title most people liked to give her when she walked by. The dog had no idea what it meant, but it sounded fearsome, so she eventually took a liking to it. Perhaps they saw her as some kind of local mascot or companion. Lord knows many tried keeping her in their homes as a pet, but Dogmeat never felt right like that. She was a wanderer, enjoying the excitement such freedom brought to the little piece of post-apocalyptic hell that was her territory.

Not that she felt above helping the more excellent humans that lived along with her range. In fact, they found her help more often than she visited them. Usually nothing her expert nose was incapable of doing with ease; find an item here, track a scent there. They were fun breaks from the usual hunting routine, often ending with a very yummy reward and lots of pets.

Today just did not seem in dogmeat's favor for those. There were two kinds of rain in the wasteland; the standard wet stuff that annoyed her nose, and the glowing green stuff that burned for hours after it had stopped. While both made hunting hard, the second rain tended to completely trick her entire senses.

Some time spent endlessly wandering later, and Dogmeat was sure she was heading nowhere near any of her regular settlement haunts. Worse she might have even walked right out of her territory. The last thing she needed was to be ambushed by some hairless whelps without also a chance to sniff them. At least the further out she went, the less rain seemed to have poisoned the area.

Eventually, she just settled on going towards the first building that did not look heavily damaged, or populated by anything dangerous. That ended up being a very red, boxy-shaped building. A few humans had once referred to it as a 'barn' where they seemed to like growing food nearby. That was a sign worth raising Dogmeat's hopes, if not the clenching pain of her stomach. More so when she caught the scent of those two-headed cow creatures before spotting them in a fenced pen.

Ear perked in a curious survey of the surrounding settlement. The place was full of scents unfamiliar to her. Aside from the barn and pen, there was also a two-floor shack nearby looking like it could house a few people. But there were no sounds or scents of humans nearby. She padded very slowly over to the front furniture to get a better whiff. There was a table with chairs and plates set up, along with several shelves lined with old junk. All of which had the most peculiar scent of a feline Dogmeat had never smelled before.

Perhaps the owners had an animal companion of their own looking out for intruders. No, that could not be, or she would be finding it's paw prints all over instead of the usual boot trails. And those were as fresh as they could get, made an hour ago at the longest.

She was crushed to find there were no foods on the plates. Not even moldy old table scraps. Dogmeat was just about to be on her way when a breeze drifted over the scent of fresh fruits. Big black canine nose tugged her along around to the houses opposite side where the sight made her tail perk right up.

Sprawled about before the mutt were rows upon rows of fresh growing foods. All were neatly arranged in square patches based on each kind. She saw wild vines of those big, green, melon fruits, bushes of plump red strawberries, and enough carrots to stuff a hive of mole rats.

What really drew attention, however, was the tree. Centered in the middle of the crops like some monument was a luscious tree abundant in full green leaves with dozens of over-ripe fruits hanging from its branches. Its very nature seemed to radiate out in the dead grey of the wasteland.

Dogmeat trotted closer, losing the need for stealth under the allure of such beautiful scents. As she got closer to the tree, its fruit seemed to be the strangest thing about this little patch of heaven. Just one was larger than both her front paws combined. Their skin covered in a weird, fine fur dotted by big purple blotches. Usually, those were supposed to be a massive sign of rotting. Instead, she pressed her nose right up to the lowest hanging fruit and took a big old sniff.

In all her short canine life, Dogmeat had never smelled such an array of euphoric bliss. That included the time she got her muzzle stuck in a bottle of Buffout. She was starting to make her own little rain drooling over this beautiful new plant.

Before there was even time to think it over, her fangs had sunk into one of the large berries. More juice than ever expected gushed out to stain her fur in bright purple colors. Not that Dogmeat felt like complaining about how beautiful the amount flowing across her tongue tasted. That only solidified her resolve to yank the fruit off with a jerk of the head and devour it. Surely with this many, the actual owner would not miss a few.

The meat was just as delicious as everything else about the fruit. It had a flavor like everything and nothing she ever tasted before. As if someone took all the best aspects out of several pre-war fruits and mixed it together with its own unique juice.

Speaking of juice, Dogmeat's ordinarily brown fur was getting painted an elegant shade of violet with each bite. Some kind of radiation must have really affected these berries, for she was swallowing at least three mouthfuls of juice to each bite she chewed. And that was just the liquid that did not go raining down her chin to the ground. How its meat could sponge up so much was beyond her understanding or concern. It did an excellent job quelling the rage of her stomach.

Dogmeat's tail wagged at full height as she licked the last bits off the ground. Not even the contamination of dirt ruined her meal. She had never felt so full since that time having an entire two-headed cow carcass to herself. Juice was practically sloshing about in a very tight belly with each step taken back towards the small tree. Surely the owners would not miss another berry, just to hide away in case nothing special came along her usual hunting grounds.

"Is someone out here!?"

There was a clank of a latch, and the door to the shack groaned shrilly as it swung open. Dogmeat froze from nose to tail in deadpan fright, teeth an inch away from another of the tasty fruits. The voice had not sounded like the deep grumble of green giants, or the scratchy half-dead wheezing of raiders. It was actually somewhat soft and almost gentle, but still surprising in its sudden presence.

Heavy thuds of unmistakable footsteps came across the wooden boards of the porch. What actually got Dogmeat's brain working again was the all too familiar sound of a gun cocking. Slowly she padded around to face the shake and was just as surprised by the farm's owner as they seemed to be of her.

She was probably not human, or at least not a human Dogmeat ever smelled before. The body's general shape indeed matched for human though. Perhaps more so with hips straining the buttons of her overalls and breasts that looked like she stuffed two melons in that plaid undershirt. Thick boots dig into the soft soil as she stepped out of the shack. Sunlight reflecting off blue fur of her bare arms and face. Her lighter hair was long and flowing behind her like a piece of the sky had been cut out onto her feline shaped head. While she leveled a shotgun up into both arms, a thickly muscled tail swished about hitting its bulbous tip against the ground.

While there was a strong urge to get closer for a better sniff of this human-ish creature, the fact they were holding a shotgun held a higher priority. Dogmeat tried giving a few barks while adjusting her ears into a friendlier expression. That always got people to warm up to her fast. But as this being got close, she could see it's emerald eyes opening so wide they glowed in the sunlight. It's muzzle slowly dropped in dumb shock taking the scene in. Dogmeat quickly took a few cautious steps back with a whimper of apology. Her entire attention focused on the creature's weapon.

"Oh no no no nooooo!" Ashi the Mew wailed. Her pace quickened towards the dog. "Please tell me you did not just eat those berries on my tree!?"

Dogmeat recognized the tone of harsh human emotions in an otherwise heavenly voice. While she wanted to believe Ashi meant no immediate harm, they were also running right at her with a shotgun at the ready. It would not have been the first time someone tried pumping a load of buckshot into her butt over a snack. And it was also not worth taking a risk opposing survival instincts.

"Hey, wait! Stop!" Ashi continued running a bit more, but the bouncing of her bosom made it mildly irritating. She staggered to a stop at the berry tree wheezing for breath as she watched the dog leap over the hip-high fence and bolt into the wasteland.

Seconds later it passed seamlessly through the psychic barrier that Ashi had invested the bulk of her powers. Otherwise, she would have just levitated right after the poor beast with some mental stimulation to calm it down.

"This is all your fault!" she said to the berry tree as if expecting her glare to make it feel bad. "I spent all last night making a barrier to repel humans and those buffoon green men, and what do you do? Just attract every wild creature in a five-mile radius why don't you? Ugh! The girls are going to chew my ears off if I bring home another one after I promised exactly this would not happen again."

She gave the tree a swift kick of her boot that caused three over-ripened berries to fall off. After quickly securing those and her shotgun back into the shack that was a temporary home, Ashi waved her arms to dispel the protection that had been meticulously placed on her farm just hours earlier. At least it was a great relief to no longer have to exert her mental muscles keeping everything maintained. Almost immediately the power flowed subconsciously back into her body, repelling gravity from her curves until she felt as light as the balloons they resembled.

Looking back over where the dog had fled made Ashi's tail jerk. She knew that the closest settlement was in that direction, having planned to trade much of her other products with the locales as souvenirs to take back to her home dimension. The poor beast must know where it was going, or just panicked aimlessly, but either way, a lot of people were about to get a big surprise.

"At least she'll be easy to find in a few minutes," Ashi said flatly to her tree. "Try to not give me more trouble at least. Okay?"

Meanwhile, Dogmeat got a surprising mile or two before being overcome with urges to vomit the gallon of juice sloshing around her belly. At least there were no signs of pursuit her keen ears and nose could pick up. That had to have been one of the strangest mutant creatures she had ever encountered in all the Commonwealth. And this was including that slug-human thing that crawled around on several arms.

Thanking her lucky milk bones not to have bullets in her hide, the German shepherd looked around for a place to relax and digest her meal. A quick breather did nothing this sickening feeling. While there was no longer need to vomit, her stomach still churned in peculiar ways.

An old world house was nearby that seemed up to the task. Large sections of its walls were long since broken away, but its roof looked intact enough to provide at least rain cover. She hobbled over rubble through one of the gaping holes. Something was most certainly wrong, her back legs were growing stiff and hard to move correctly. Dogmeat barely made it to a couch in the corner before a shifting in her hips caused the canine to roll onto her back in a whimper.

Almost immediately she could tell something was off and that stupid fruit was probably the cause. Looking down, Dogmeat was perplexed to see her back legs no longer stood up naturally into the air like her forelegs. Instead, they laid flat on the ground parallel to the rest of her body. A position she knew should have been anatomically impossible.

Perhaps that creature really had shot her after all. This was just some kind of delayed injury of buckshot dislocating the limbs. But there was no pain to indicate such a theory. All Dogmeat felt was a near constant tightness in her muscles and some odd tugging sensations.

The right leg was gingerly lifted into the air. Dogmeat felt relief to at least still have control over her feet. Maybe even more so, as she rotated and stretched them out in ways she never could before. It was only the sharp tugging that made her stop experimenting, and in so doing let Dogmeat realize those feelings were because her legs were stretching longer.

Both thighs let out a loud groan as they ballooned up with exceptional muscles, giving round curves past widening knees and into sleek lengthening shins. It left them looking triple their regular length and unfit for a canine, but her paws were suffering the worst of it. Her heels were flattening out of their arch to become level with her toes in a rapid series of rapid pops. The toes themselves suffered their own case of swelling, with the inner ones plumping into large meatballs and each progressive toe becoming a less pronounced size than their inward neighbor. Even her dewclaws migrated down to become the smallest wiggling outer digits. They startled Dogmeat into realizing her legs resembled those of humans

Except furrier...

And clawed...

And still having pads on their soles...

It was a strange feeling to wiggle one's toes for the first time. But not nearly as odd as when her pelvis shifted. Dogmeat let out a sharp bark thrusting her entire pelvis into the air due to her spines change to a steep inward curve. Her hips spread in a wide crack to better settle new legs in fitting sockets. Ample amounts of growing fat caused her buttocks to swell up into a jutting bulge that melded with the curve of her thighs. The canines mind spun a bit when it slapped back to the dirty, cold floor quicker than expected. Dogmeat would have thought she landed on a pillow, were she not able to feel the concrete beneath her tail.

There was no time to consider that as her chest collapsed. Ribs flattened out while her entire torso thickened and grew. Dogmeat whined at the disturbing feeling of her organs moving about

into new accommodations. Her middle, in particular, collapsed into a strange inward taper like she had ended up squeezed between a giant green man's hands.

Another loud pop, closer to her ears, made Dogmeat yelp in alarm at both forelegs falling limply to the ground much like her back legs had. She looked down panting to watch her shoulders grinding back and then spreading outwards. Suddenly with another pop, she found the control to her legs returned, but with surprisingly more directional capability.

That helped a lot rolling back onto all fours, although that just made things even more awkward. The disproportionate lengths of her legs left Dogmeat's bloated rear raised high in the air like a permanent playing position. Granted her tail wasn't wagging, being slightly stuck curled between her fat thighs.

That changed a bit when her forelegs grew out. The ground rapidly got further away from Dogmeat nose but stopped abruptly short of making her back level again. Which was a bit confusing as she watched muscles develop and thicken her biceps, but not to nearly a degree as her thighs. But then her paws went through a more drastic change of stretching and widening. Toes snaked out of their palms into furry sausages, developing a new set of joints, and then a second set. The dewclaws stayed at the sides of her heels but still swelled into their own dexterous digits. Claws and pads remained, giving her an incredible amount of gripping power.

A trait she utilized for the first time trying to levy herself up against the couch. That did not get far before popping in her neck rocked dogmeat back into a sitting position on her back legs. She yelped and shifted her tail out from being sandwiched between the fat of her rear and calfs. Another pop followed a hard cramp that Dogmeat tried twisting her head to stretch out. She was worried something finally decided to break under all these changes, but another pop caused her nose to jerk up and rest facing parallel from her shoulders. Her spine cracking a bit as neck bones settled in at the base of her skull instead of the back.

That had just finished registering when a tightness gripped at Dogmeat's chest. Looking down she saw only the uppermost pair of her teets remained. They rose through the thick tufts of fur becoming incredibly puffy, and then bloated. She yelped in embarrassment, placing human-like hands over them to feel their near-continuous swelling as gravity began to impose on their weight. Sh did not conceal them for long. Their growth took only seconds before Dogmeat's

hands started to get pushed away, exposing more soft flesh bulging out from around her padded palms. Just as she began to worry about her fingers being overwhelmed the rapid growth decided to stop. It still left an ample amount of soft-furred mammaries that nearly tugged her off balance when they were finally released to hang freely.

Their arrival brought Dogmeat to the stunning realization that she had become human or at least some sort of crazy half-human-dog thing. A German shepherd was hardly an expert on anatomy, but she had seen enough to recognize the female's general characteristics. In fact, she would fancy a guess she now looked an awful lot like that blue cat farmer. No wonder she wanted Dogmeat away from those delicious berries if they were irradiated to all hell and causing mutations.

Talk about one of her worst choices in a meal since that bottle of Buffout. Oh well, dwelling on it now seemed pretty pointless. Dogmeat grappled with the old couch to get onto shaking, unfamiliar legs. In so doing she noticed an itch behind her still triangle ears and shook her head to try being rid of it. Not only did that not work, but she felt something odd moving about.

Running a hand over her ears, Dogmeat blinked at feeling lots of very prominent fur had grown out of her head into a shaggy mess. In fact, it was still growing even as she held it. Soon large clumps of dirty gold hairs draped over her eyes obscuring their sight. She tried to rock her head back to get them off, but they seemed attached to her skull. The back turned out to have poured an exceptional length to these fine hairs, as they swept across the fur of her shoulders in a rather pleasant sensation.

At least the golden hair complimented her usually drab browns and greys colors. As if the wasteland did not have enough of those already.

Dogmeat circled the couch in stiff, clumsy steps trying to get used to walking on two legs. Good thing she still had her bushy tail for a counterweight against these incredibly huge human teets. Apparently whatever those radiation berries changed also applied to her instincts, for she was soon padding around the old house with a bouncy sashaying grace as if always being born a curvy half-human.

Twisting and turning to check herself over for any other surprises, she could not help smiling in admiration over such a healthy looking body. The fact she could smile now even made her tail start wagging across the plump cheeks of her rear. She gave one of them a smack like she had seen human females do to tease mates, and got a thrill at the way her fat reverberated the force across her pelvis. This was undoubtedly one mistaken theft she would not be regretting in the foreseeable future.

There were still cramps and aches from her body, but Dogmeat shrugged them off as side effects of their already drastic change. Prospects at having a life like any other two-legged creature brought a rush of joy that pushed aside all over rational. Too bad there was very little here to do with expressing such emotion.

No sense not giving a quick look around anyway. She padded on over to the kitchen failing to notice her footsteps had grown heavier. Hell, now she could actually reach cupboards and open doors. A new perspective others take for granted opened up a whole new world to Dogmeat. She was flinging open every cabinet and closet in sight. The notion of even finding anything behind them lost under the act of merely being able to perform such tasks.

She was getting so excited that she was not even noticing when hands had stopped reaching up and began reaching out to cupboard handles that were eye level. Nor was she hearing the rattling of furniture in time with her rapid footsteps as she dashed between rooms for more things to search.

It was only when she found a locked door upstairs that something felt off. Especially when Dogmeat tried to tug at the handle, and it ripped right out with little effort, along with a huge chunk of the door it was attached to.

Dogmeat's blank expression drifted from the gaping door hole to the hunk of a door in her hand. And then catching sight of her arm made her jaw drop. The limb had become massive, with thick meaty bulges riding deep ridges between joints. Her free hand could barely grip the bicep, which brought the realization that its arm had also bulked up in such a fashion.

More concerning was the feeling of very large, soft obstructions that needed reaching around. Dogmeat looked down and barked in alarm at no longer being able to see the ground while standing straight. Both of her human teets had swelled with arguably the most mass out of all her body. They jutted out several feet forward even while hanging in an apron down to her navel. Apparently, they grew along this mounting strength enough to make their weight virtually unnoticeable.

Yes, she was apparently still growing. Hands timidly explored under the soft mounds of mammaries to feel the deep ridges of abs that developed along her stomach. There was a sudden tightening in her gut, and Dogmeat gasped at the ridges of abs pushing back. She withdrew her hands to flex both arms, admiring the swell her biceps until she realized they were continuing to grow even when held at their most tensed point.

Dogmeat barked again with a quick look around, seeing that everything was getting smaller relative to her perspective. Floorboards were starting to groan under her, and she feared possibly knocking down the rest of the house if this continued.

She bolted for the next room where much of the second floor had already collapsed. Each footfall caused a low rumble that made wood and plaster crack around her toes. There was little need to lower down. Dogmeat ended up smashing her head through roof plaster in a short hop without feeling a thing.

It still left a profound crackling impact on the already broken tiles when Dogmeat landed in a crouch onto the kitchen floor. She looked back over her shoulder barely surprised to find her rear had not been spared any excessive growth. Along with even more curving layers of fat, there was also a strong rock-like rigidness to her hips. It made her wonder if a radroach could get crushed under those cheeks just by sitting on it. There was no need to check on her legs even if she could easily see them. Just trying to stand up she found it impossible to keep her thighs from rubbing together with each step. Their swelling was forcing her into an increasingly wider stance that was putting a lot more sway into her body motions when she walked.

What did surprise Dogmeat was when she stood up to full height and could see eye level with the floor she just jumped off of. A few seconds later she grew to easily see over into the rooms above.

Whimpering at an increasing sensation of claustrophobia, Dogmeat made a break for the hole she came in. It was clearly too small for her now, but she still intended to squeeze out before she brought the whole building down.

Instead, the force of her charge helped in making the hole wider. There was only a brief second of resistance as the ring clamped in around her breasts and shoulder, and then a thundering crash rang around her ears. Dogmeat kept going a few steps before managing to stop her heavyweight and turned back with curious ears and tail.

The hole had been made much more significant without so much as putting a scratch on the German shepherds hide. Large clumps of brick continued to fall off the foundation as the building itself gave a long groan. Moments later Dogmeat jumped as the second floor gave way, taking the whole house with it.

She bit her lower lip watching until the last bit of roof tile collapsed into a useless pile. At least her growth had stopped, even if it left her a muscled dog bigger than the house she just demolished. She gave a small flex in new admiration for her biceps. Hell, she might be even stronger than those house-sized green humans that occasionally lumbered around. She would have to find a fire hydrant pipe to swing about to find out.

"Having fun, are we?"

The only thing more amazing than seeing a fifteen-foot tall amazon dog jump is the earthquake caused by her landing. Dogmeat tried ducking for cover behind trees to avoid an expected hail of bullets. All that really accomplished was her large teets snapping the whole cluster off their trunks and getting branches stuck in her cleavage.

"Yeah, the whole size and muscles thing takes a bit of adjusting."

Dogmeat blinked, looking down to see the blue feline creature...floating...a short distance away. It gave a cheerful wave coming to a stop just enough to avoid getting blocked from view by Dogmeat's chest.

"You ran off before I could introduce myself," the feline said. "Name's Ashi the Mew. What's your name?"

Dogmeat tilted her head in a confused whimper, though ears and tail rose in cautious curiosity. That shotgun was nowhere in sight, so things seemed friendly enough.

"You can talk now, you know? It's like a hard-wired side effect or something."

"Really? I can talk?" Dogmeat blinked, raising a surprised hand to her muzzle as it flapped in new ways. "Holy hell! I can talk!!"

"I'll say," Ashi said with a big grin. "And that's a charming voice you gained. Can totally see you like a lounge singer with a sparkling dress."

"Um, thank you?" Dogmeat felt her cheeks blush for the first time too. Knees and elbows pressed together in a failed attempt to look smaller. "B-but what happened to me? I almost look human, and you got so tiny all of a sudden."

"Ooooooh? You think I'm tiny?" Ashi lowered herself back onto solid ground as her eyes half-closed in concentration.

She suddenly let out a grunt that made Dogmeat wonder if she was in pain. Moments later it was clearly not the case as her body surged double in size, and then triple. Her frame gradually rose up towards the sky, digging trenches in the ground as from rapidly increasing boot size. When she reached around eye-level with Dogmeat's navel, she began to fill outwards as well. Ashi rocked her head about in sensual moans as muscle piled upon muscle. Arms rippled and flexed to

show ever-increasing bulges. Hips spread wide from inches to feet that strained her overalls. With every deep breath, those already impressive mounds tucked away pushed the denim out further and further. Meanwhile, her butt jutted out behind her into an amazingly perky shelf.

Yet the part that fascinated Dogmeat the most was the fact her clothes were not breaking with the transformation. They creaked and groaned like crazy, but seemed to be growing just enough to keep from being split apart. Even her boots dug little trenches in the ground as they swelled to keep Ashi's paws covered. Though they still seemed just a step behind as they clung tightly to each and every curve as if meant to show off what was underneath. There was even a bit of cleavage showing through that undershirt neck when Ashi stopped her growth. She now stood eye level with Dogmeat and used this to lean in, making their massive chests press together teasingly.

"How about now?"

"W-w-what are you!?"

"I told you; I'm a Mew." Ashi looked a bit hurt by the question but seemed to shrug it off before Dogmeat could feel too bad. "I guess you don't have Pokemon in this dimension."

"What's a Pokemon?"

"Exactly!" Ashi leaned in harder, making Dogmeat huff. Their teats had become amazingly sensitive and soft in their growth. She hardly felt any resistance until the smooth furred flesh was practically pushed up into her chin. "I think it better we focus on the more important details. Like the two building sized animals standing in the middle of a wasteland."

"Yes, please. I'm getting more confused with everything you say."

"Well, sorry!" Ashi giggled and gave Dogmeat a playful shove.

Dogmeat staggered back several steps almost tripping on an old dumpster. She was suddenly grateful for her size and mass, or Ashi's minor impact might have sent her flying an impressive distance.

"What's your name?" Ashi said. Her thick tail was wiggling high in the air now with a glowing scent of joy. A rare calming aura around these parts.

"Dogmeat..."

"Dogmeat?" Ashi blinked, unable to show some surprise. "Not what I would have picked, but if that's your name, that's your name."

"It's what most people like to call me," Dogmeat said with tail and ears folded back. Her fellow giants reaction suddenly made her judgemental about such a name. A lot of first times were happening to her today.

Seeing this, Ashi put a comforting hand on Dogmeat's shoulder. "Hey now! I didn't mean anything by it. If you like the name go with it. Anyone complains you can just sit on them."

That got a chuckle out of Dogmeat, who looked back to caress her rear. Not even that dumpster would make an adequate seat. "Thanks..."

"No problem, Dogmeat." Ashi clapped her hands together. "Alright, so, in quick order let me explain the situation before we destroy more old buildings. My name is Ashi the Mew. I think I already said that. Hello! I come from another dimension, that's very far away from here before you get too confused, and it's filled with a whole bunch of animals collectively referred to as Pokemon. Let's not go into that too much, but the important detail is that my particular species has psychic powers that allow me to do a wide variety of fun things like traveling to other planets and times. I came to this world to grow those special fruits you ended up eating. I discovered

them and their effects a few years ago. Most of us tend to call them goliath berries, on account of how it makes us what we are now; big and undeniably sexy."

Ashi paused to give both her arms a hard flex. They surged out in rippling hunks of tight sinew that made Dogmeat blush, though the canine dare not break her focus on the monologue. Even an excellent dog's mind had a hard time paying attention, and Ashi's scent was very intriguing. "There are others like you?"

"Like us, sweetie. And yes, I used to be a tiny runt of a mew about the size of your palm before eating the first one that ever appeared in my garden. Not only do those crazy berries make you some kind of half-human hybrid, but it gives you superpowers to greatly multiply everything about your body; size, muscles, sexual appeal, even natural abilities. I bet the change did some wonders for your senses."

"Hmmm?" Dogmeat thought for a second before some dust wrinkled her nose. Hit with some inspiration, she brushed off the wet black tip of her muzzle and took several deep sniffs. "Holy two-headed cow, Ashi! I can smell everything now!" she leaned in closer, pressing breasts together in her excitement to sniff at a shocked Ashi's mouth. "I can tell you've been floating around here for several minutes before I crushed the house, by accident mind you, what direction you came from, your favorite color is sky blue, and that you ate mirelurk eggs with a side of non-irradiated Cram for breakfast...last week."

"Heh, that is so cool!" Ashi beeped Dogmeat on the nose to get her to move away again. "Not sure how you can tell my favorite color by smell, but still neat! Though to be fair, I use my psychic powers to remove radiation from everything I eat. Another little perk I couldn't do without the berries help."

"But why were you growing them in the middle of the wasteland?" Dogmeat looked down, hefting her massive chest orbs in pensive thought. "And you weren't even big back there."

"That's cause we can change at will, silly!"

And just as suddenly, Ashi began to fall out of Dogmeat's view. The canine had to step back and lean a bit to watch her deflate in seconds. Muscles seemed to just shrivel up while curves straightened out to create a lot more slack back into those overalls. Ashi struck a pose looking back to her previously modest demeanor, with thin arms and a body rocking like an average female. Except, of course, breasts that still pushed out the front buttons of her overalls noticeably.

"See? It's as simple as wishing for it." Upon seeing the skewed face of over-exerted concentration on Dogmeat's face, Ashi quickly added, "But it's going to take a bit before you can do it. Sorry, I should have mentioned that sooner. That first transformation you were forced through is your body absorbing the berry's effects. It'll be a few hours before you finish adapting to it and can control the effects freely. No matter how many times I try modifying it, that's the one side effect that never seems to go away. Gets a bit troublesome in tight spaces. Anyway! Why not strut around and get used to your new, goddess self? A human on their best day could probably never reach this level of awesomeness!"

Dogmeat rolled her eyes but could not help dropping her bosom to give her own guns a flex. After processing, most, of that information dump the strain of muscles swelling in their stable state was feeling really good. She found she could even flex her rib muscles to make the massive amount of fat latched on ripple. "Clearly you've never seen the ugly green humans."

"Oh yeah! The scary 'super mutants' or whatever they like to be called. That was partly why I came here!" Ashi began to slowly rise into the air via some unseen force. Her body starting to weave and twirl about in some kind of boredom dance. At least she seemed to be doing this so Dogmeat would not have to talk to her hunched over with breasts on knees. "There's something around here they use called Forced Evolution Virus to make normal humans grow big too. I was cultivating those berries so I could try mixing the two together and see if it'd make us even more awesome!"

"But they didn't smell irradiated, though it was a bit strange smelling anyway."

"Thanks, but yeah. I haven't even found F.E.V. yet. Soon as I set up the farm everyone and their grandma has been coming by to try shooting me full of holes for shiny objects. Seriously, one of

those raider groups had an old lady carrying a Gatling gun. How do you even begin to deal with that!?"

A loud shaking rumble cut Ashi off in her little rantings. Dogmeat had started laughing so hard they were coming out in sharp barks while one of her legs thumped the ground.

"Trust me," Dogmeat said once she had calmed down. "I have seen far stranger things in the wasteland, and don't like thinking about why they came to be."

"Fair enough!" Ashi giggled but soon fell into a serious slump. "Anyway, yeah. Things are so violent here I can't even go looking for the virus. Had to use all my powers just to set up barriers tricking humans and mutants into thinking there was nothing on my land. Apparently, I shouldn't have focused solely on them if any stray mutt could just waltz in and chow down. Uh...no offense."

"None taken!" Dogmeat reached down to poke Ashi very lightly on the nose with a finger almost as big as the mews legs. "I'm starting to rather enjoy this."

"Well glad to hear that. There are some friends back on my homeworld that would kill me if you went on some kind of wild mutant rampage. Actually, they still might hang me up by my tail when I show them you, but let's worry about that bridge when we get there. Okay?"

Dogmeat could only manage a swallow and half-hearted nod. After seeing just a sample of Ashi's almost casual god powers, the idea of her still afraid of something was unsettling. It was a reminder of a sad truth to the wasteland; there is always a bigger fish monster.

"So!" Ashi gave Dogmeat's boob a playful punch that barely registered at their relative sizes. "What's say we go back to my farm and gorge on some conventional produce. I bet you've never had real apples before. Not those packaged 'dandy boy' ones."

"That sounds interesting. I've never eaten any old world..."

A rapid tapping in the distance caused both girls to stiffen. Dogmeat's head whipped off towards the noises general direction, ears perked and alert. They were both resident to the wasteland long enough to know the sound of gunshots from anywhere.

"Raiders?" Ashi said after making sure an explosion was not coming from her farm.

"Mhmm!" Dogmeat growls softly, her ears flicked as all focus zeroed in on the sounds. "Four of them, only one in heavy armor. I can hear their footsteps. They're using semi-auto pistol fire and one rocket launcher. They got two dogs with them and...metal tearing sounds. They're shooting at houses! Oh crap! There's a settlement in that direction."

"Dogmeat WAIT!!!" Ashi held out a hand in vain, her yells drowned out in the thunderous booms of Dogmeat's footsteps dashing across scorched landscape towards civilization. She pulled back to chew on her fingertips. "Ooooh, I hope this goes better than last time a goliath cut loose..."

What would constitute as a 'better' turn of events would really vary from person to person. For Dogmeat, even this raider attack just added to what was becoming one of the best days of her young life.

END

A Date With Groovia



Art by: [Jason](#)

A pretty warm day for Halloween. Even with the sun slipping its last bits under the horizon an air of warmth remained blanketed over the park. An offering from nature many neighborhood residents were taking full advantage of. Gaggles of children were cutting across paths to get to the next block faster in their candy collecting routes. Couples were meandering about in various degrees of costumed, and inebriated, states. And of course the usual joggers and pet walkers not so into the chance for holiday celebrations.

Lana indeed had plans to join in, even if she had no apparent means to stand out on a spooky evening. The young red-headed woman remained unnoticed sitting at her rest bench along the park's main path. Legs crossed while she smoothed out her blue skirt for about the fourth time in a minute. Large, circle-rimmed glasses needed adjustment again as she whipped her head a bit too fast in scanning for new arrivals.

When no one still seemed intent on heading her way, those twitching green eyes of hers shot up towards the far horizon. Thankfully the sky remained a bit on the clouded side today, but those were quickly clearing up. She could not see it, but the bright light of a full moon was already blazing along the outlines of the floating balls of puff moving through the sky. That alone was enough to heat goosebumps across her skin. A bit unusual since she only had a blue sweater for warmth. The matching skirt and black socks did very to help in that regard. It was okay, a little chill night air would barely be noticeable for her once the date arrived.

“Ugh! Keep it together girl.” Lana caressed her knees falling back into the breathing exercises learned for just such occasions. It helped calm the nerves for a while, but her heated desire refused to go away with a night this young. “Of course he'd be late. How often does Halloween get a full moon?”

Then again she might have gotten here early in the excitement of setting up her style of surprises. Lana absently pulled her cell phone out to check the recently installed dating app on it. No, they were now five minutes late and counting. It was a pretty handy program providing blind dates setup via GPS for free. At least for the first date. The one, in particular, Lana was scanning across the park for again had listed an interest in ‘larger than life or exotic traits’ in a woman.

Lana aimed to deliver both of those tonight. Assuming the dude actually got here in time. The clouds were teasingly starting to thin, revealing a bit of the glowing white moon behind them.

“Lana Helia?”

Oh, crud! How long had she been staring at the moon? Being locked in a catatonic state was a great form of first impressions. Ugh! Probably looked like a total weirdo even to a random passerby. No point but to roll past it now, just turn on the old nerd girl charm.

"Yup, that's me! Gak!"

Lana lept to her feet so hard her knee-length ponytail whipped into her face. Sputtering to get the mesh of red hair back under control, she took in the sight of who had broken her trance.

He was a typical blonde guy, not overweight or overly fit, decked in a red shirt and jeans. Shame he had declined anything for a costume. Having matching green eyes with Lana's did help generate a nice parallel feeling between them though. Yet he was barely a head taller than the nerd girl. A bit on the short side for this evening's plans, but might make it more fun. The sudden fumbling on Lana's part seemed to dissolve what tensions he had been holding on to.

"I'm Wes, nice to meet you," he said with a cheerful smile and wave. Before Lana could respond his other hand came from around his back to present her with a pair of tulips. "Ready for a spooky, scary date?"

"You have noooo idea!" Lana accepted her small gift with a hug in return. The boy might be a good charmer at this rate. "Let's hop in my car. I know a great diner that serves...what?"

Their friendly embrace separated into a sudden sense of worry. Wes' smile had faltered as his eyes were not staring directly into Lana's, just a bit further up.

"Y-your hair...?!"

"Hmm? Oh...oh crud!"

Lana knew what was going on before she even reached up to investigate the reason for her dates distress. It was an all too familiar sensation of feeling hair shifting around and thickening across her head. While such an event was impossible to see right now, Lana had observed it many times while standing gleefully in front of a mirror. Her mind could easily see the bright red locks

darkening into a jet black as they curled into a bush of spiral patterns. The once long ponytail slipped from its forgettable tie-on to feed into Lana's scalp, further thickening out the developing afro.

Shifting a gaze back up to the full moon slipping out from behind the clouds, Lana gave out a mournful sigh. There was no holding back now. The stupidly cute Wes had taken so long getting here that her surprise was coming out prematurely. Still, she could work with this minor hiccup in the plan. Turning back to Wes, Lana gave him a smile that revealed the way most of her teeth had gained a much sharper edge. Although it was the way her eyes changed from green to a dark brown that really made him take cautious steps back.

"Sorry about this. I mean to-hahh HRRRKK! GACK!" Lana coughed rather violently before straightening back up. She already adored the look on Wes' face at suddenly becoming a few inches shorter than her. "Be cool, baby! I wanted to change for our date at the restaurant, but I just can't hold back my jive now that big brother moon is out, you know."

"Uh...you...y-your voice?" Wes had a bit of a problem trying to process all the events unfolding before him. Even as he watched Lana was shifting from one foot to the other. The shaking of her hips and fist bumping the air almost made it look like a dance performance for him. With every step, a bit more of Lana grew out and bigger, expose more of her curving midriff between sweater and skirt. When she finally stopped a minute later, her dense afro began to cast a moonlit shadow over Wes. "W-what is all this!?"

"Yo, guess I better give a clearer skinny," Lana said in a voice way different from moments ago. The nerdy girl's tone deepened into something much more sensual. There was almost a low rumbling behind every word giving a dramatic sense of power to her looming presence. "I ain't trying to psyche ya. I just heard your profile saying you into sick foxy dames. Well, just sit back and enjoy this groove for a while. Trust me, it'll be banging."

There was no sensible way Wes could think of to respond to that. Not that he was sure Lana would register any of it. Without offering any kind of explanation further, she merely plucked her round glasses off a nose that was developing an odd puff of black skin and stuffed them under the neck of her sweater. With those out of the way, she raised her hands forward to intertwine her fingers before rolling them both up in a stretch toward the bright ball in the sky.

Lana stretched out her whole body with a thunderous crack that made Wes jump. Another resounded across the park that had costume kids scanning the skies for invisible storms. She stretched out her limbs repeatedly in other poses. Many of them came with a fanged grin and wink obviously meant to be a show for her dates benefit.

While the sounds of adjusting bones diminished, there was still an adverse effect from Lana's warm-ups. Already each round of posing caused her body to pulse, puffing up from head to toe before settling with a bit more muscle added to her figure each time.

"Oh yeeeeeah!" She flexed both arms in a goofy battle cry. Their respective sleeves swelled like balloons before exploding into a confetti of cloth. When the now bare arms relaxed, they still retained enough rippling muscle mass to make hams jealous. Lana grinned down at Wes, teeth shining in the moonlight. "Mmmpphh! Pretty far out, huh babe? Nggh! Always nicer to build up a brick house in front of an audience, you dig?"

With a loud grunt, Lana hunched forward in a hard stomach crunch. When her middle straightened back up her stomach went from an impressive flat to a substantial toned state. Another hard crunch, however, bubbled up large indentions that puffed into a full-on washboard of abs. Lana's tongue rolled out in a pleased mix of groans and growls while her hands rubbed along the ridges of her stomach. She almost appeared to be panting like a...

"Holy crap!" Wes said in a whisper. The puzzle that was Lana seemed to fall into place just as he spotted the fine coat of fur blooming across her stomach. With each pass of the palms, it seemed to coax her coat thicker and fluffier. The growth itself apparently did not want to stay confined there as it infected the tips of each finger as well. Thick brown fur slowly trickled up each arm making the chilling night air much more enjoyable. "Are you...you're a werewolf!?"

"Grrwar! Cool beans! You got it in one go!" Lana gave her expanding hips a wiggle in reward for his guess. Her legs were quickly beefing out to catch up with all that upper body strength. Each thigh had it's bulking power hidden under an exceptionally thicker layer of soft fat, causing them to rub together in a way that slightly stimulated the growing fur. Luckily her calves bulging meat more than made up for it. Their socks ripped to shreds easier than rice paper, giving Wes a

full view of their furry conversion. "Most people get fired up just watching me get the groove on. Glad to see you're totally digging this jive."

Wes blushed in realizing just how intensely he had been watching Lana swell up with raw muscle power. It was the last thing he had ever expected to see on a blind date and was probably not unwelcome in the slightest. The only part giving him pause was the way she bumped her hips back and forth in the start of another funky dance. She was getting incredibly bottom-heavy even at her towering height, and there was only so much a nerdy girl's skirt could cover.

As if sensing Lana was about to give more than a little bit of a teasing show, her skirt fluttered into a surprising action. Just before her most private areas could blimp out into the open air, the hem tightening around Lana's rump suddenly flipped out with a lot more cover. Its entire material seemed to change while unseen hands tugged the fabric further, around her curves and past the knees. Once light cotton now wrinkled with the firm stiffness of denim. By the time it reached Lana's skins the skirt split to wrap both legs separately. A button and zipper formed along the front of her crotch, shortly followed by a belt loop and pockets until she was wearing a regular muscle-hugging pair of jeans.

"Wow! How are you doing that?" Wes gasped at seeing Lana's sweater going through a similar transformation. The turtleneck collapsed in on itself, and then kept going. Her chest unveiled in all its brown-furred glory as the sweater's front opened into a broad square cut. Its cotton thickness thinned considerably into a thin white material. Even the tears around each sleeve were sewing themselves back together, forming much shorter ones that gently hugged the bulk of each bicep.

Lana giggled as she turned to fully present her back to Wes. "What's wrong? Did you want to howl at my full moon?"

Before Wes could begin stuttering a reply, he watched Lana pull at the belt loops of her pants with black claws. Impossibly the entire seat of denim stretched with her. The pants distorted and creaked loudly almost like a rubber band before she let them go with a loud snap. Yet it was hard to process what happened in that instant. The pants resettled into a form of fabric wrinkles, but on a butt that had spontaneously grown double in size.

"Hugga budda huh?" Wes' mouth hung open unable to turn his stare away from the woman's jiggling rear. The massive amounts of fat and muscle suddenly added onto it still remained snugly sealed behind their jeans.

"Makes me look fat huh?" Lana barked laughter as she gave her hips a few more shakes that added on even more inches. "How about now?"

She gripped the seat of her jeans and pulled much harder this time. After getting the denim to stretch incredibly far before meeting resistance, she released to a similar effect. The transforming wolfess barked happily as her rear ballooned out to meet the snapback of its jeans. It was a bubble butt that dreams were made off, perfectly outlined by the magic of her freshly formed pants. Just enough fat to give a hard bounce to every step. An ideal rump for dancing to the grooves.

"Mabbala freggle nacks!" Wes managed to sputter out in response to such a rush of bottom-heavy growth. In his defense, a wolf's tail chose that moment to slink its way out of a pre-made hole above Lana's rear. Its extensive length and fluff made it easy to give him a playful face bap.

"Mmmh! Wuff! I totally agree, babe. Now I'm a perfectly fine fat cat for some Jiving. Although..." Lana grinned as large triangle ears began to rise out from the upper sides of her afro. Clawed furred hands reached up to cup the still nerdy breasts barely poking out of her t-shirt. "I think we can both agree I'm a bit bottom heavy now, ya dig it?"

"Um...y-yes?" Wes gulped as his eyes also fell on Lana's bosom. Once a modest size for a tiny nerd girl. Now they looked virtually nonexistent melting into the powerful pecs that bloomed with the rest of her upper body strength.

Naturally, Lana was not about to let her girls go the night looking so pitiful. Enveloping each in her large hands, she first pushed deeply into the muscle behind them. Lana gave out a satisfied groan when she felt something give and began pulling her chest outwards. The whole area, shirt and all, distorted several feet from apparent elasticity. Wes became deafened by the creaks of strained rubber as he watched this strange event occur.

They snapped back with a gunshot bang when Lana suddenly released her breasts. Nothing but pure magic muscles must have been infused with the changing wolfess. Her body barely rocked back from such a mighty force striking her chest. It also did wonders at filling up her mammaries. Both wobbled violently against each other for several seconds before settling back into a much thicker layer of fat. Pecs became blanketed over by a surge of cleavage rising up through the open neck of Lana's shirt.

That sloshing display seemed to please Wes a lot more than Lana. Her black wolfish nose wrinkled in annoyance while continuing to knead her mounds. It coaxed a little bit more size out of them, but no better than fondling two ripe oranges.

"Wruff! Come on girls, we need to make a good first impression. Blow up nice and big for mama wolf."

Encouraging words seemed to have even less of an effect on getting more mass out of the brown fuzzy bosom. After another game of tug and snap only upgraded them to some modest coconuts, Lana threw her hands up with a sigh.

"Okay then, I guess the main wolfess has to show you, chumps, how to really bring the funk."

"Um..."

Whatever inquiry Wes wanted to make, and boy did he have many, it was shot down with a smiling wink from Lana. She opened her mouth in a show of growing fanged teeth to take the mother of all breaths. Lana's chest expanded from such a rush of air entering her lungs that she became top-heavy in a slightly cartoonish way. A thumb quickly shot up into Lana's mouth as she hunched forward, cheeks puffing with her stored air now being forced into the single digit.

Wes would have thought such an act impossibly ridiculous if not for all the growing, ripping, and shifting he had already witnessed these past few minutes. From somewhere deep inside Lana's buff fluffy body came the unmistakable steady hissing of something being inflated.

POP! SHRRIPP!

In fact, there had been so much attention on the werewolf's chest that Wes nearly had a heart attack from the sounds of destruction at his feet. Well, more specifically at Lana's feet. The simple, bland black loafers she had arrived in finally lost their long battle to contain feet definitely beyond the size of your average nerd. Both fronts were torn from their soles allowing ten very thick round toes befitting wolf paws to slink on out. Their blunt claws wiggled about in relief to escape for open air. Yet the shoes seemed to use the destruction as a means for their own transformation. Much of the material slid off Lana's growing wolf's feet into the soles, which rose drastically to give the monster girl even more height. Only a single thick band remained firmly wrapped near her ankles to keep Lana's high heeled platforms in place. She did not seem to have a problem with this extra foot worth of footwear, moving about in clinking steps as naturally as if she were born wearing them.

Granted Lana was more concerned with her breasts after she had pumped all the air from her lungs directly into her arm. Her nose wrinkled in a deep, pensive stare at her chest, even as it began to bulge out with the beginnings of a muzzle. Suddenly her ears perked through the afro in a burst of inspiration. Both of Lana's hands whipped up to give her boobs a sharp, drum sounding, smack.

ker-FWOOOOMPH!

"Aw yeah! That's what I'm talking about girls!" Lana barked happily as she stroked her breasts, which had exploded into a pair of beach balls. Forget pecs, it was going to be hard seeing most of Lana's stomach with those bazookas hanging out. No way they were filled with air either. Not with the way she jiggled them in each palm. "See? You don't have to be shy in front of our new friend. He totally likes seeing you."

Wes coughed trying to avert his eyes from the brown cleavage making waves across Lana's now taunt shirt. The only thing more amazing than such a sudden increase in bra sizes was how the fabric stretched to keep such balloons contained. At least to the extent of staying publicly decent. Those small wolf moons were wrapped in all the right ways to invite a gaze at Lana's bulging square neckline. "H-how are you doing this?"

"Oh, it's easy, babe. You just grab on tight and give them a little shake. Here."

"That's not what I-WHOA!"

There was no time to react. By the time Wes realized Lana had grabbed each of his hands in her monster-furred ones she had already guided them to rest against the plush surface of her tits. His whole body felt petrified trying to comprehend these soft bounties he was holding.

"Aaawww yeah baby!" Lana, on the other hand, rolled her head back letting a long canine tongue hang out in a goofy smile. Such an expression of joy helped encourage Wes to start giving her big guns a tentative petting. "You would not believe how groovy it is when someone else works the fur. Just makes...makes me wanna...aaaAAAWWWOOOoooOO!!"

"Wow," Wes said eyeing Lana's face cracking and contorting under the vibrations of her howl. Jaws stretched out towards the moon above. Black nose plumped into a big button atop a proper wolf's snout. He did not care how her animal call made his skull rattle. Nothing could have pried his hands from this werewolf's boobs. "Lana, you have got to be the coolest thing I've ever seen."

"Call me Groovia, babe. I like to keep these two sides of my life a bit apart, you dig?"

"Waaait! Did you say you're Groovia?" Wes' eye lit up brighter than the stars above them. He really kicked himself for not recognizing that afro sooner. "The super wolfess that took out Dr. Psycho and her cyborg squad the other night? THE Groovia, defender of the city and everything awesome?"

“Oh? I take it you must be a fan.” Groovia was so happy to have a face covered in fur now. It made it easier to play off the gushing praise without her blush showing. “Guess that makes my surprise a little more funky fresh for you huh?”

“Are you kidding? This is amazing!” Wes looked ready to start doing his own joyful dance like it was an early Christmas. “I get to date a superhero. This is going to be the best Halloween of my life. Man, we probably should've had me in a costume. We could have matched.

“Sorta grills the point of being a surprise though, babe.” Groovia maintained a classic stoic pose of heroism smiling patiently at his excitement. Of course, her hips were a bit too big for him to see the way her tail was sweeping the sidewalk clean. “And speaking of date, you should probably let go of those so we can get started. Not that we mind the jiving.”

“Wha-oh! S-sorry.” Wes jerked his hands from Groovia’s breasts looking like thunder struck him.

“I just said we don’t mind, silly. But goodness, don’t you look so cute all flustered.”

And with that Groovia stooped forward to scope Wes up into the mother of all bear hugs. Her beefed wolf arms encompassed much of the surprised human, leaving only his legs to dangle helplessly in the air. Wes could not really protest much. Mostly this was due to having his head shove directly into the open window of her shirt cleavage muffling his weak attempts at vocal noises.

After a few seconds of letting the little guy soak in her mammaries, Groovia gave him a peck on the forehead and gently set him back onto solid ground. This little show may have been forced prematurely, but the response he gave was far better than she could have hoped. Especially considering the last three dates tended to, well, flee in terror at the sight of a little girl growing into a mountain of fur and fangs. Superhero or not, it did kind of cut an imposing atmosphere.

There was just something different about Wes. Forget about having an interest in the exotic, she could smell unmistakable arousal under all that AXE body spray. Wolf’s noses are amazingly

useful for picking up social cues. Groovia finally felt desired, and she planned to give the little guy one banging good night to thank for it.

“Let’s take my car,” she said, resting a big fuzzy hand across Wes’ shoulders to guide them out of the park. “I get the feeling I’m not going to fit in yours anymore.”

“I’ll say,” Wes replied with a chuckle. Not that he wanted to complain, but the wolfess packed a lot of herself into those bodacious hips. Every other step sent them bumping their pliable mass right into his head. Thankfully her grip kept such sashaying from tripping his stride.

But then Wes found it a bit confusing where he was actually lead. They walked along a short distance silently enjoying each other's unique company until reaching one of the parks four parking lots. This one, in particular, was on the more far side where anything beyond was merely forest and highways. Only three cars rested here in very distant spaces. None of which looked remotely fit for accommodating a rump as massive as Groovia’s.

“So...uh...where are we going?” Wes could not keep his voice completely steady, especially with how close they were getting to the dense treeline of the woods. Irrational flashbacks to classic horror movie werewolves made him start questioning just how secure Groovia’s hold was on his shoulder.

“To my car, babe. Mellow out, it’s not going to bite.”

Said hand on Wes’ shoulder gently steered him a bit to the left with Groovia’s hips. He had completely failed to notice the red Mopar up until now. Thankful his beefed-up date stopped them from slamming into its hood. Then again, he also had trouble believing such a vehicle was hers. It was not even large enough to fill out the white lines of its parking space. Only as an afterthought did Wes remember she came to the park in a much smaller, less rounded, shape.

“How..uh...how are we going to fit in yours? It’s smaller than my car.”

“Hm? Oh! Righto!”

Groovia beamed as her free hand casually plunged wrist-deep into the canyon that was her cleavage. She almost gave poor Wes a nosebleed watching the way such rummaging sloshed the massive orbs around in their shirt. But after a few seconds, she yanked her hand back out triumphantly holding a remote in a ring full of keys.

It was promptly pointed at the car with Groovia’s index claw pressing with expert tenderness on one of the little buttons. The Mopar's headlights flashed with the nationally famous ‘beep-beep’ of a car alarm being disabled. Although her car seemed to want to do much more than that. Metal sensually as the frame stretched, extending its many parts with it. Tires puffed out and changed to a bright purple color to give it much more height. Seats extended wider and thicker, developing a sleek leather casing. The roof itself peeled back from the windshield, vanishing into the metal behind the seats to leave a suddenly much larger Mopar topless.

“Hop on in! I need to grab some junk out of my trunk, dig?” She giggled at her own pun while releasing Wes. Shaking her way to the trunk, she popped the lid. Wes barely got to the passenger door before it slammed closed again. Groovia surprised him by leaping over the trunk and backseat right into the driver's chair, leaving Wes’ jaw hanging open. Her attire had gained the addition of a long-sleeved leather jacket and belt. A golden buckle the size of a dish rested on her crotch with a giant G engraved on it.

Wes quickly recovered from his amazement to climb in the more standard way. Something told him to get over these amazing displays of physical prowess soon, or this was going to be a very long night.

With a turn of the keys, the Mopar roared to life. They were soon speeding along the highway towards their date. The drive itself was actually rather quiet. Wes had been happy enough just dating an adorable redhead gamer girl. Having seen her literally balloon out into a towering wolf goddess left him too excited to want to ruin this moment with awkward questions. Groovia was equally happy for Wes’ open acceptance of her groovy wild side. Sadly being a superhero also meant taking super risks. The last thing she wanted was to put the sweet little human in danger by blabbing out secrets in her rush of fun.

Before either knew it, they were pulling into a new parking lot. This one much more filled out with various cars of noteworthy prestige. Wes hopped out waiting for Groovia to kill the engine to join in. Even something like opening a car door had to be done with style for this woman. A bump of the hips closed it in a way that presented her rear for Wes to admire.

“So, uh, you come here often?” Wes jerked his gaze towards their destination when Groovia glanced curiously over her rear at him. A flashing sign labeled ‘The Solar Fox’ depicted a slightly animated fox leaping over a sun.

“You know it, babe!” Groovia gave him a happy pat on the shoulder as she walked past. The arousal had grown strong off the human again, but she had to hold back a little on the teasing. Strutting her fluffy brown style in platforms was already getting them enough stares tonight. “I can’t count the number of times I’ve had to chill out scrubs trying to rob this place. They even named a burger after me.”

“That’s really cool!” Wes skipped to keep up with his dates long strides. “Do you fight crime during full moons as an instinct kind of thing?”

“Hmm? Oh yeah, I guess so. I mean I can usually blow up into my groovy form any time I want. The moon just makes it super hard to resist. I just always liked trying to help people even before I got...well...”

“Fluffy?”

“Yeah. Let’s sing with that tune.”

Groovia lunged ahead to grab the double doors before Wes could. They were flung open with a howl to give the pair a flashy entrance. Even with Groovia hunched down to scrunch her afro through the doorframe, people waiting in the lobby stopped their conversations to admire her intentionally dramatic posing.

“There’s everyone’s favorite fluff ball of funk!” the receptionist, a fairly elder woman dressed as a witch, walked over to embrace the giant wolfess in a hug. “Afraid we’re surprisingly behind for a Halloween night. Your reservation is going to need a few more minutes to set up, but Jake is at the bar if you’d like chill a spell.”

“Slammin, Issy! You always know how to treat a fox right.”

Wes barely got a polite nod in with the woman before Groovia’s hand wrapped around his head to be pulled away. Her bumping hips made a clear path for him through the crowd of customers and bustling waiters into the adjoining bar area. It was a bit of a mystery what she was planning to do at the bar, seeing as it would take two stools to support either side of her rear. At least until Wes saw she was making her way to an obviously cleared seat made of flashy steal with a very large cushion. Groovia settled her curves into it perfectly before patting a stool for Wes to join her side.

“So what’s good here?” he asked, plucking a drink and snack menu from between some coasters.

“Oh, you have to have a blooming onion, babe!” Groovia took a moment to order them drinks before tapping Wes’ menu with a claw. “Especially if Ralph is cooking tonight I say go for the Prime cut. I tell you, the dude grooves with food what I do to a dance floor.”

“...sizzle on an open flame?”

“I was going to say brings the heat and adds lots of spice, but I guess that works too.”

“Oh...” Wes felt a little bad watching the way Groovia’s ears drooped at his attempted dry wit. Smooth way to take the wind out this dates sails. And that was a pretty hard feat with the size of this woman’s ‘sails’ billowing out that shirt. Their drinks came, so his mind raced to think of a toast to bring back the ‘groove’ in her step before this silence got awkward.

Instead, they barely got a hold of their glasses before a loud crack rang out from the lobby. Groovia especially had to clasp her fuzzy triangles in a yelp. The hyper hearing had drawbacks when disturbances were least expected, but that was enough to nearly shatter her brain.

“Alright, nobody move!” Several more cracks, which Groovia and Wes recognized as gunshots, quickly quieted the panicked diners around them. “This is your typical shakedown. Hey, don’t get cute going for the exits. I got guys waiting out there for ya. Get your wallets and valuables at the ready. We’ll just take those off your hands, and you can get back to eating your overpriced oiled patties in no time.”

All the customers waiting for their turn to dine began spilling out from the entrance arch to join their panicked peers in the bar. Herding them in followed three figures wearing traditional black cloaks with Ghost Face masks. Wes had half expected them to be waving around shotguns or assault rifles but found their little handguns just as intimidating from their dangerous ends.

Groovia was less impressed. While these hoodlums were busy trying to get dumbstruck people to line up against the walls, she took the confusion as an opportunity to down her drink in three swigs. It was only when she clanked an empty mug back on the counter that Wes remembered who exactly his date was. When she stood from her stool, it was like watching Godzilla rising out of the sea. Groovia's entire aura had changed, sending a shudder through Wes just watching her wade through the crowd of people towards these villains.

Somehow, the looming frame of agitated muscles and jiggling curves failed to be noticed by any of the crooks until Groovia was upon them. Two were still busy trying to get people lined up for an easier method or robbery. Ironically most of their difficulty came from the fact bar flies were just as mesmerized by the nine-foot werewolf babe suddenly entering the fray as the guns being waved in their faces.

The third had made a rookie mistake of setting his gun on a table while passing a burlap sack around for valuable collecting. An opportunity Groovia did not waste time acting upon. She plucked the discarded gun into one hand taking a second to giggle at how her fingers could never fit through its trigger guard. With one clench, her hand instantly converted the gun into a useless ball of bent metal. The loud snap it made when muzzle broke from its grip was finally enough to signal to the crooks that they had a problem in their midst.

"Wha-HEY! Mppphh!!!"

Not that awareness could really help them at that point. No sooner had the thug realized he was staring up at breasts larger than his head than Groovia had snatched his sac and enveloped him down to the ankles in burlap. The other two crooks were surprisingly quick to recover from such a sight, leveling their guns somewhere between Groovia's chest and head.

"Don't move you overdressed steroid bi-WHOOMP!"

That was about all one thug got out before getting his sacked companion thrown into his Ghost Face. While Groovia had no trouble tossing the guy with one hand, his friend seemed unable to cope with the weight. Both went down in a squirming tumble of panic unable to properly get up with all the blind flailing.

CRACK!

Groovia blinked as a tiny mosquito bite registered on her left breast, sending her poor girl into a very violent jiggle. The bullet that had just been fired ricocheted off her pliable furry flesh into the ceiling somewhere behind her. Thank goodness for the robust curvature of such breasts. It would have been awful to accidentally bounce such a velocity into the crowd of stunned onlookers.

Her gaze lingered on the small welt smoking in her cleavage a second longer before diverting it to the equally stunned thug. Groovia only took one step closer for his discharged pistol to drop from all the shaking his hand was doing. He tried to back away from each advancing clunk of her platforms but soon found himself pressed against the wall along with his would-be victims.

"Now look here, big boy," Groovia said while crossing her arms with a stern snarl only inches from the quivering ghost costume. "I'm trying my darndest to be polite here, and I'm sure we'd all be groovy with you not threatening to ruin anyone's night more than you've already..."

One thing no one had noticed when the bullet bounced off Groovia's boob was its sharp diversion straight into a fire sprinkler in the ceiling. The resulting spark proved just enough to set off every other anti-fire nozzle across the room.

Magic seemed infused to Groovia's afro, being the only thing to not become sobbing wet. Somehow that made her even more threatening when she grabbed her stuttering prey by his shoulders.

“Hey don't fret. That could have gone worse.”

Wes said that a total of three times in over an hour. While his super huge and hot date made quick work of such amateur robbers, their impromptu shower ended up flooding into the kitchen. All the diners had to leave with soaked clothes and a full refund for their troubles. Since the place was going to close in three hours, they decided to shut down and spend time cleaning up once the police took statements. Which is why is the pair found themselves air drying in a fast food parking lot later.

“It was reckless, and you know it!” Naturally, Groovia's superhero ego took that as a huge loss. While Wes was being a sweetheart helping dry her off with a surprising number of towels from her Mopar, her only solace was no one got hurt from all the careless gunfire. “Stupid hero instincts wanted me to show off for you. If my chest had been slightly lower I could have got someone killed.”

“But you saved the night,” Wes said with a beaming smile. “A little waterlog isn't bad. At least the worst people are complaining about is having to find another source of dinner.”

“Heh. Yeah. That includes us, babe.”

Groovia took a seat along the side rim of her car. Struts protested surprisingly little to her weight while she reached for one of many brown paper bags piled in the back seat. Once the police had sent them back on their date the only place left for hot chow was the ever favorite drive-thrus of the golden arch variety. Taking out one of the small boxes inside her bag she flipped it open and wrinkled her black lupin nose at the tiny hamburger it contained.

“I had planned for a much more romantic dance than big macs.”

“And I still say it was awesome to see the great Groovia in action.” Wes finished stuffing all the wet towels into the trunk before flopping his partially dried self into the passenger seat. Helping himself to his own bag of junk food he shot Groovia a broad grin. “Why worry about ‘what if’ so much? No one got hurt, and now I got the rest of Halloween night to spend with one hot wolf. This is already going to be my best anecdotal story for years to come.”

Groovia did not look back, but Wes' words did put a bit more wag in her tail. Their makeshift dinner of greased fried food continued in relative silence. Every now and then some other late drive-thru customers would shout silly things to Groovia. And of course, she was not about to send a captive audience off without a flexing pose for their Instagrams. Such adulation seemed to pep her back to normal in no time. Before long it was close to midnight, the Mopar had its back seat decorated in discarded wrappers, and their clothes had become a bit stiff but dry enough to head on out.

Wes found it amusing when Panic! At the Disco came on the radio as Groovia sped them off. "So where to next?"

"Why a slammin' movie, of course!" Groovia ruffed his blond hair playfully before making a sharp turn for a brief run down the highway. "What groovy date isn't complete without one?"

"Guess you would really like late night showings, eh?" Wes said with a thumb jerk at the moon teetering high over their heads.

"Heehee. Not as much as you might think. Even someone as stellar as me needs her sleep."

"Oh."

Wes saw quite a modest crowd of cars as they pulled into the theaters parking lot. Mostly teenagers, some in costume, hung around the ticket stand and lobby making the most of their party nights. Most of whom suddenly focused all attention on Groovia's towering physique soon as she was spotted. She had to be super careful not to accidentally kick at the horny teenagers trying to wade through them.

"No, thank you! Sorry! I can't take selfies now. Excuse us! We're in a bit of a hurry here. Yes, that wig is super groovy. Clear a path, dig?"

In the end, Groovia did have to put a bit of push into her hips to get them into the theater. Not that a lot of the guys experiencing puberty seemed to mind. Many of them even tried to follow, nearly swarming Wes in the process. Even with her tail draped protectively across his shoulders, such a human date was beneath their time.

"You sure it's okay not to take a few selfies?" Wes teased watching Groovia slide some kind of note to the stunned vendor.

"I got to admit I underestimated all the fans grooving with me in this city. Thank you, babe," Groovia finished at the vendor when she was passed two tickets. Leading Wes into the lobby, they were both trying not to groan at the long concession line. "But I can't spend all night dispensing the big guns for fans. Otherwise what's going to be left for you?"

Wes gave her a blushing smile, wrapping an arm around her waist best he could for a thankful hug.

"Good to have you back, Ms. Funky!" The usher was another kid looking on the edge of adulthood. But this one Groovia did not mind giving a warm smile to as he stamped her tickets. "Your theater has been set for a while now. We were starting to worry you weren't coming."

"Sorry about that homie. We...had to take a shower."

"Oh...kay?" The usher shot Wes a confused look, but Wes seemed more interested in hiding a blush behind Groovia's abs. "Well, everything cleared out with payment so just let the concession take care of anything you need."

"You guys are the best!" Groovia took their marked tickets, giving the usher a peck on the forehead before guiding Wes off towards the hallway of theater showings.

"You made a reservation?"

"Better, sweetie, these guys are so chill on our date boogie I got us our own little private party. That means any treats and a theater all to ourselves."

Wes blushed at just the thought of them being alone in a whole auditorium. "So what movie do we see anyway?"

"Oh, you're not spoiling the surprise that easily." Groovia wagged a finger in mock shame. Before Wes could follow up, he got the soft curve of her hip pushed into his face. A not so subtle nudge towards the concession line. "You hold a place for some sweets while I get things properly set, ya dig? Just show them a ticket and get anything you want on me."

"Sweet! Anything?" Wes flexed both arms in a much less imposing display to his wolf woman. "I don't think even my mighty strength can carry all of it to you."

“You're cute! Be back in a flash.”

Groovia turned to give Wes a bap of her fluffy tail before strutting off. There was definitely a lot more bump to her hips with each step now. It sure kept Wes captivated all the way until she finally turned into an unmarked auditorium.

All those hormones entertaining Wes died upon turning to get snacks. The line for concessions had since doubled during their period of flirtatious banter. No point getting upset. He slid his way into the back while he could.

Their little exchange certainly did not go unnoticed either. Soon as Wes got positioned to relax a guy two places down turned to him in surprised awe.

“Dude! How on earth did you score a date with that super babe?”

“Uh...” Wes shifted feet at seeing half the line turn in matching interest for his answer. “T-to be fair I wasn't planning it either. W-we met on a dating app, uh, Furry Finder.”

“No way! Maybe I should sign up for that. You think Busty Bird is on there?”

That got a minor chuckle out of the line. Wes did note a good number of people going for their phones soon after. A silly exchange like that certainly helped to ease his tension a bit. No more fears about people getting offensively envious with his presence next to a fluffy brown goddess at least. The night was going to be great cuddling up on that mountain of muscle with nothing but a movie to worry about.

“Hey, you can't just barge in like-WOOPH!”

KA-CHNK!

Well except for maybe the apparent sound of a gun chamber loading.

“You gotta be kidding...” Wes turned but could not finish his sentence with the barrel of a revolver pointed at his face. It gave him a newfound hatred for being in the back of lines.

“Shut up, punk!” shouted a familiar Ghost Face mask, in an extremely torn up black robe. The fact his cheap khaki’s and plaid shirt could be seen underneath would have been funny without the relic weapon being waved about. He gave Wes a hard push into the other patrons, quickly sweeping his aim across them as dawning panic set in. “Let’s do this quick and clean everyone; wallets and valuables in the bags, and we’ll be out of your movie-going experience. Don’t make things difficult for everyone by trying something funny.”

Four more of the ghost-faced thugs began to walk the line stripping wallets and purses as they went. All of them showed extensive signs of wear that made Wes chuckle. The guy that snatched his stuff was even missing a large section of his mask. Something that became a lot less funny when the gruff face behind it scrunched up into a snarl.

“Got something to say to me punk?” He grabbed Wes by the collar to pull them close enough to smell the weed on his breath. “Cause let me tell you, I have had a night and could really use an excuse.”

“Bob, for freak's sake let it go!” shouted one of the thugs further up the line. “He’s not worth the extra five minutes.”

“Shove it, Frank! You didn’t get mauled by the world's biggest bimbo.” His gripped tightened when Wes inadvertently let out the air held in his lung. “Come on, get a good laugh in. I’ll sleep well with money AND half your teeth in my bag of candy.”

A sudden gust sent a cold shiver down both their spines. Wes almost thought the lobbies lights had dimmed with it, but from his vantage point could see that it was a massive shadow being cast by another inevitable arrival.

“Excuse me, laker.” Groovia sounded surprisingly calm despite the fierce glow to her eyes. Her sharp tapping on the masked man's shoulder proved enough to jar his balance but thankfully not dislocate the joint. “You can say whatever you want about my bodacious bod, but that’s MY man you’re trying to hustle up.”

“Oh crap, it’s that mad beast again!?”

“SCATTER!!”

Sad for the poor guy holding Wes that his friends had much quicker reaction times. The entire gang was dropping their collective loot and booking for any direction that was away from the towering afro wolf. When he did recover enough to spring into action, it proved pointless. Not that he posed much of a threat to bullet-proof breasts, to begin with. Groovia caught his arm in mid-swing, applying just enough pressure on his wrist to make the rusted up gun slip out of his fingers with a loud cracking of bones.

“I’m not mad, plum angry though.” With that, Groovia easily tossed the man by his broken hand clear across the lobby. Her aim being dead on to send him crashing atop one of his accomplices just reaching the front exits. “A little case in point there. You okay, babe?”

“Wha-uh?” Wes blinked unable to find words at Groovia smiling down on him over her sloshing chest. It was uncanny how fast her mood shifted like a light switch depending on who she addressed. “Y-yeah. A little shaken but not stirred.”

That barked a laugh that made several tense customers duck. “Oh my disco goddess, that was almost funny hun. Stay chill for just a second.”

Wes blinked, and Groovia was gone in another cold gust of wind. It did not take a second to figure out where she went as cries from the concession stand drew the attention of everyone present. From behind the counter, Groovia loomed with two thugs suspended several feet off the ground by one of her hands. Their united cries for help or mercy made her ears fold with her snarl.

“Look, dudes, you’re the ones that came in here waving weapons and dumping on everyone's party. If you keep struggling, I’m going to-BORF!”

In his flailing, one thug had accidentally swung his fist into a backhand that landed square on Groovia’s nose. That seemed to completely shut the wolf down as her muzzle contorted and eyes went cross trying to exam the struck button. No damage may have been done, but her narrowing glare told just how big a mistake that had been.

“To be fair, they could have at least let us stay to watch the movie.”

“Well, you also didn’t have to dunk them into the Slurpee machine.” Wes sighed as he watched the buildings pass by. A few hours of watching a werewolf dispense ‘justice’ and giving police statements later had found them once again on the road. A dashboard clock flashed four A.M. while the light of a dipping moon helped signal this as their last chance for a fun destination. “And all those wedgies you gave everyone seemed a bit overkill. Was hard just to watch.”

“You ever been booped on the nose, babe? That’s the ultimate bugging out button for canines, especially with a newspaper. Just cause my jamming booty can take a ballistic doesn’t mean those rolled up clubs aren’t evil as sin.”

“It’s okay hun. Really.” Wes reached a hand on top of one of Groovia’s on the wheel. He tried to ignore the red and blue tint in the fur on her fingers. “They still gave you a refund, and we can always come back. Can you really blame anyone to want to keep working after that and at this hour?”

“I know but still...” Groovia finished with a hard shudder and growl that had Wes recoiling on instinct. Her breasts puffed up slightly larger from taking a deep breath that she slowly exhaled. “I’m sorry, babe. It’s just I had so much planned for tonight, and it seems like crime wants to literally thwart our attempts at a grooving date. It’d be nice if the world just lets me have something nice to do with you.”

“Hey. For what it’s worth, having you save my life is pretty dang exciting from the human perspective.”

“Y-you almost died, you spoony man.” Groovia laughed despite a cracking in her voice.

“Pfft! That’s not possible when I’m dating a hot superhero.” Wes waited for some kind of retort, but Groovia giggled while wiping her eyes. “So where we going now?”

“Only place that ever helps me after stopping some hoods.”

With that Groovia turned off the road into a surprisingly packed parking lot for the time. Wes could quickly see why as the building it leads to towered two floors above them. A large neon sign showed the outline of a woman on roller skates advertising the place as the ‘Swerve N’ Groove.’

“A skating rink?”

“Yeah,” Groovia said as she killed the engine. As if realizing something she shot Wes a nervous look. “You chill with a bit of booting, babe?”

Wes blushed. “W-well, I do know how. I just haven’t done it in a while.”

“Oh, then don’t worry about that babe.” Groovia popped the trunk to change out her usual platformers with bright blue ones that had glittering pink skate wheels on them. “As your official superhero date, I swear not to let you burn out on any sudden falls.”

Wes would have loved to question what she meant by that, along with the practicality of skates on high heels. However, he could barely get his mouth open before Groovia blazed past at alarming speed. One of her beefy, leather-clad arms wrapped around his waist as she went, suddenly pulling him into the soft comfort of her breasts to carry along the quick trip towards the entrance.

Even this late hour proved not to be a deterrent for the late night Halloween partiers. Soon as Groovia shoved the double doors open with her free arm both her and her human date had to flinch their ears at an onslaught of noise that gushed over them. Chatter from dozens of patrons melded together into an incoherent sea of noise, dotted by sounds of video game machines all across the walls, and blanketed with a backdrop of popping music from a DJ booth. Tables were lined with peoples possessions and snack foods as most were taking to the rink. The lights were down low as a disco ball projected all manner of colors in sync to the thumping beats.

“I can see how you’d call this home,” Wes said with a smirk after Groovia set him gently back onto a carpeted floors.

“What!?” Groovia had already lost herself in the music. Hips jiggled about as each bump sent her skating along the floor.

“Nothing! I should get some skates.”

“Oh! Allow me, babe!” She did not even wait for a response before one push sent her speeding down between tables and storage lockers that circled the rink.

Cheers from fellow customers followed Groovia’s tail shooting past. Wes could not hold back a smirking eye roll watching her take a lap around the sitting area to dish out high-fives and well

wishes. Eventually, the enormous wolf made her way back to the rental counter and returned to her date with little human-sized skates in hand.

“How...did you know my shoe size?” Wes said after tying up to find the skates fit relatively comfortable for their used condition.

“I know what you ate for breakfast by smelling your breath, babe.” Groovia blushed despite sounding a bit proud of this trivia. “A werewolf has keen senses, but I’m the funkalistic hyper werewolf of the dance floor. I know a lot about you just by looking hard enough.”

“Is that why you’re looming so stoically right now?”

“No, that’s cause you’re not stalling out of skating with me. Come on dork!”

Wes laughed letting Groovia lead him along by both hands. It did not take long for him to gain some semblance of skill with wheeled shoes. His date was undoubtedly okay with slowing things down so her towering body could act as a balance. Before long they were doing some casual laps around the rink with arms wrapped around each other. The flashing lights and synth music took them to beautiful places.

If only such peaceful moments could last forever. Maybe it was destiny or fate that felt like intervening. Perhaps Wes had his own brand of sixth sense for trouble. In the future, he could never figure out why his head chose then to take a glance at the snack bar. All semblance of peace burned up at seeing the poor cashier girl being pushed aside by four men in Ghost Face masks.

Masks being a generous term as their disguises barely existed with all the rips and chunks torn out. Cloaks barely passed as torn up capes around dirty cheap clothes underneath.

“Um...Groovia?” Wes shook the giant wolf's hips trying to get her out of the humming daze she was in. “There's something I really got to tell you.”

“Mmmmh!? Don't get all sentimental already babe.” Groovia did not even look down as they skated past the men with bats and knives. “It's only our first date, and it's finally just going groovy.”

“Yeah, about that...there's a...”

The music suddenly cut out into a screeching static. Groovia let out a sharp bark clapping at her folded ears. Their skating coasted to a stop like many other startled couples. All lights blazed to life turning the room into a shining sun as something drummed on the speakers. Glancing over Wes could see the DJ standing up with a mic in hand; a slightly pale man with pink hair.

“Waaaait, that's not any of the usual DJ's.” Groovia gently pulled Wes behind her so plump wolf butt could be his makeshift shield.

Wes was surprised she did not notice such a fact sooner. If the odd epidermis hues were not eye-catching enough, the man's tank top and jean shorts were borderline gaudy even for this establishment.

“Ladies and gentleman,” the man spoke into the mic as he rummaged behind the mixer stand. “So sorry to put a sudden stop to your last minute Halloween enjoyment, but I regret to announce your usual DJ Tony could not make it in tonight on account of blunt head trauma.”

“Oooh, he's not getting out of here in one piece if he's hustling Tony,” Groovia said in a low growl. Nudging Wes towards the rink exit furthest from the gang of Ghosts, she began to gently glide towards the pink haired punk.

Of course, her towering presence caught the man's attention immediately, along with the entire attending customer base. The later of which quickly skated to the edges with Wes to give an enraged wolf plenty of space.

"Hey don't think I didn't notice your gorgeous tits enter this failure of a rink, funky flapping wolf!" The weird man stepped away from the mixer podium now holding a small steel canister. "Of course even if you ever curbed your ego enough not to make a big show those bouncing beachballs of your would attract anyone's attention in a crowd."

"Hah!" Groovia hardly slowed her skate towards the man. His weapons noodle-like hose and handle were enough to make Groovia bark with laughter. She had no idea what good a fire extinguisher was going to do for him. However, he did seem more confident than the Ghosts keeping a wide berth around the rink. "Look here, turkey, I may be the largest queen of funk, but my irritation with this same band of crackers has swollen bigger than both my girls combined. So if a grody punk such as yourself wants to wreck what's left of what was supposed to be my gnarliest night ever, you better have something amazing packed in that little tin can."

A surprisingly devilish smile spread across the pale man's face. Groovia's pointed ears swiveled to pick up knowing chuckles from the other members of the Ghost Gang. To her surprise, the man dropped his mic to adjust the muzzle not at her, but into his own mouth.

"I was hoping we could make you eat some words," he mumbled around the hose before squeezing down the tanks handle.

"Wait, don't tell me..." But Groovia trailed off as her ears snapped forward to pick up the sharp hissing of air going directly down the man's throat. "Oh, this is going to get super heavy."

An almost ironic statement with how the man sounded like a balloon inflating. It also did not take long before effects to that extent became literally imposed on him. Little by little his whole form began to swell, inching towards the ceiling while bones vanished under rich deposits of muscle. Within seconds he was glaring eye level with Groovia almost matching her in size and

thickness. A growth spurt that gave even a super wolfess reason to pause her advance a few feet short.

But the air continued to pump into this punk, causing even more unusual external effects. The rippling muscle bulges became less prominent due to skin brightening an even whiter shade. It was not until he shifted slightly that Wes could see that he had actually grown a very fine pelt of snowy fur. The pink hair did not want to be outdone and also exploded in a wave of growth that puffed out into a wild hip-length mane.

"Oh, lordy. Is he a werewolf too?" Wes said with a nervous gulp. From his viewpoint outside the rink, he could see the man grimace suddenly before a loud POP caused a foot-long spiral horn to erupt from his forehead. "Okay...well he's at least a were-something..."

The man let out a groan sounding a lot higher pitched than moments before. All off his body surged with another rush of muscles, beginning to rival Groovia's sizable power.

SHRRRIIP!! SNAP!

The tattered sneakers he had been wearing suddenly tore apart. A momentary glance down had a lot of onlookers dumbstruck to see that instead of bare feet the guy was starting to harshly clop around the rink on gold-tinted hooves. A little show of crackling fingers also had him showing off the fact each of his more substantial digits had become capped with the same golden keratin.

BWOOM!

But it was nowhere near as impressive as when his left pec spontaneously surged out into his tank top. It formed a pleasantly plump mound filled with stuff way squishier than air before gaining a bit of hang. Such a sudden appearance of a single breast made the poor guy look comically off balance.

FHOOP!

Until the second breast of equally basketball proportions fell out of his right pec. The new pair of massive mammaries squeezed together inside a top suddenly very snug for their girth, forming cleavage to give even Groovia bitter feelings.

"Mmm, yes!" the man moaned, in an undeniably higher range of octaves. His free, thick horse hand reached up to start massaging one of the newly grown boobs. The air seemed to help keep them insanely firm despite looking ready to overflow the collar of his top. Moans and squeaks continued over that ever constant hiss of air pumping into the mans widening face. He seemed to be enjoying himself while alternating rubbing each of his breasts.

Wes bit his lip hoping Groovia was not about to notice his equally growing interest in this transformation. He was not at all surprised when a loud crack suddenly forced the man's knees to slam together in a very girlish stance. Slowly those daisy dukes began to fill out in whole new ways. The band became loose from the punks ridged waist thinning out, only to stretch around hips pushing outwards more fit for carrying very big foals.

"Nnnngggghh!!" The man arched forward as his butt bumped high into the air. A rush of air flowed straight into those glutes causing an explosion from a flat board to bubbling shelf butt. Both white furred cheeks jostled about in their now tight confines, bulging out the underside of each shortcut leg. There was definitely nothing 'man' left as she gave that plump rear several good shakes, coaxing a flowing pink horsetail to slink out a precut hole in the fabric.

NEEEIIGH-GH-GH!!" A new unicorn mare tossed the spent canister aside. Claspng strong hands deep into the plush mounds of her chest, she threw her head back in a billowing bray of ecstasy. In so doing her jaw extended drastically, pulling nose flush with her mouth to become a fully formed horses snout.

Wes quickly moved to cover behind the rink wall to hide the tent in his pants. Just as Groovia was casting a worried glance in his direction to check for everyone's safety.

"What do you think of this meat, you afro bimbo!?" The mare struck a flexing pose letting pink hair and tail wave wildly from her motions. Biceps bulged, and thighs throbbed showing off the great power of a species built for continuous running. "You can call me the Unpoppable NightMare. Yeah, you ain't the only delicious buff babe with magic powers. Granted it took a while for me to get into it like this. Two years ago a stupid gypsie woman put a curse on me for popping her granddaughter's unicorn balloon. But eventually, I found out the magic that makes me transform if I so much as take a deep breath can be manipulated by other kinds of gases. You can see what helium does to these delicious thunder thighs, right? It was stupid at first, but I can't deny the perks of being even better than the likes of y...what the flying hell is so funny!?"

"Sorry! I'm s-sorry! Hahaha! I'm chill really!" Groovia looked anything but chill, hugging the sides of her washboard built stomach in barking throws of laughter. "It's just...heehee...Jeepers Creepers! You look like one of those corny cartoon ponies that spout friendship on the telly! Hahaha! Sound like it too!"

She was not alone in this reaction either. Only two sentences into NightMare's monologue caused everyone to go from horrified shock to mild surprise, to muffled sniggers. The mare's absurd 'bubblegum' punk appearance was matched with a voice pitched into an apparently permanent falsetto. Wes could not have considered her more ill-fitting as a criminal unless she had symbol tattoo's on her butt. Even her own Ghost Faced thugs had trouble keeping composure with their boss turning purple across her long horse face.

What happened next everyone needed several seconds to figure out. One instant Groovia and NightMare were several feet apart still dealing with such an embarrassing atmosphere. And then Wes blinked to a loud crack. Eyes snapped open to find NightMare was upon her opponent with a right hook straight into Groovia's jaw. Their distance had been closed in one hard stomp, leaving a hoof impression deep on the rink's floor.

Groovia took the blow reasonably well, considering. The wheels on her skates left a smoking trail while carrying her back into the rinks far wall. A foot of solid concrete was no match for the massive rear of a wolf goddess. The entire area exploded away leaving Groovia pinching her tail on an uncomfortably makeshift seat.

"Still think I'm funny you bush head?" NightMare struck a pose flexing her brick of a rear.

"Well, to be fair, man, you look like cotton candy is coming out of your butt." Groovia hefted herself out of the wall leaving an upside-down heart hole behind. Brushing bits of debris off her pants, she gave a toothy smile to the surprised NightMare. "My turn? Okay!"

With a push of her own, Groovia became a large brown blur to the captivated audience. Their only sure way to follow her movements were the little trails of red fire left by her skates. Definitely had to be made of material as sturdy as their owner.

Yet, such speed failed to phase NightMare. She quickly brought a forearm up to block a punch as Groovia shot past. The impact of their muscles alone sent a blast of wind across the humans gawking. Groovia quickly circled around only to get another clothesline parried. An opening that almost allowed a golden horse hoof to trip her up in the process. The third time she decided to go for broke and leaped into a full on shoulder rush at those colossal snowball titties.

BWOOMP!

Wes had no idea why anyone would just stand there and take a tackle from someone as giant as Groovia. Then again, NightMare was only outclassed by inches at best. She took all her rival wolf had to offer, digging up trenches in the rink floor while being pushed back several feet. It looked akin to slamming oneself into a foam mattress but significantly hotter. Groovia's head was immediately enveloped in the fatty flesh of NightMare's cleavage. An unexpected result if the surprised yelp from the wolf was any indication. Her skates clanked rapidly as she grabbed each round orb trying to push herself free again.

"MMMHH-NNNEEIIIGGGGHH!!"

The billowing animal cry of a horse in extasy threw Groovia so off guard she seized up halfway through her pushback. She slowly rotated her head out of the horse's breasts to rest her chin upon their plush surface. Looking straight up Groovia stared in curious awe to find NightMare's snout rolled back towards the ceiling. Hot heavy breathes escaped her wide mouth in an undeniable rush of pleasure.

A rush that passed reasonably quick when NightMare lowered her head to stare back at Groovia. Catching her breath, a fist of hoofed fingers rose up ready to deck that smug grin of realization right off that stupid afro muzzle.

Which is why Groovia gave both breasts she was clasping a hard squeeze.

"Maaah! GAH! Whiiiiinny!!"

The fist uncurled as it came down to a gentle rest upon Groovia's own cheek. NightMare's whole body gave a hard shudder, knees clacking together in their struggle to keep the buff mare standing.

"Aw, baby!" Groovia relaxed her hands, letting the mares breasts come to rest before rubbing their entire curves. Giant wolf tail began to wag at the high pitched groan that came out of NightMare as a result. "Looks like you pent up all that air and it ain't good for you sugar cube. Bet the gypsy also didn't tell you about sensitivity side effects?"

"F-fuuuuck you, ooohhhgaaawd nniieegh!!"

Groovia squeezed in tighter to better embrace those sweet mammaries. One hand reluctantly let go so it could pop its way deep into the crotch of NightMare's shorts. At this, the crowd became increasingly confused at the random shift of this confrontations nature. Judging by how the rink boomed with whoops and cheers they probably did not care either.

"S-stop! N-neeigh no bitch! Not there! Haa paah!"

Oh, Groovia was not about to stop rubbing there after hearing such a cute gulping noise. Her rough wolf pads rubbed and slinked around NightMare's most sensitive lady parts while holding

onto her with her free arm. Long as she was working such a lovely lass, Groovia also had no qualms nuzzling deep inside her tank top to get at the puffed out nipples beneath.

If Wes were not finding this incredibly arousing he would have been offended the super villain was getting to third base before him.

"Ooooooh no, babe! Remember you started this little dance off. I'm just not about to let such a tender, helpless hussie go without finishing."

"Gggrragh! F-fuck yooooou nnnngghh!"

"If you have half the stamina you look I'd be awfully tempted for that dance. But I'm also on a date so let's be quick, dig?"

"Wha-AHH HAA!" NightMare bucked her hips hard feeling Groovia slip in deep with three fingers. It was like they knew right where to find her inflated sweet spot as they began to thrust all along her insides in earnest. If not for the wolfs support she would have collapsed on the floor writhing. "G-get off meeeeeee!"

"Oh, I'm about to!"

"N-no! Noo-ieeeegh!" NightMare wiggled about. A vain attempt at breaking free, but Groovia barely had to use her strength to keep their prisoner rooted. She was past the point of no return. The heat of all that helium was starting to compact into a tense center right at the wolfs fingertips. Everyone could see the struggle of NightMare's last resistance failing as she bit her lower lip. An affectionate nibble on her beefed neck was all it took to spill over the edge. "Nooo! No nononono! NoooooaaaAAAHH! HAAAH! NOO NEEEEIIIIGGGHHH!!!"

Groovia quickly pulled her hand out of NightMare's shorts to keep her steady. The horse's legs gave out in hard spasms upon reaching her orgasmic crescendo. Each hard buck of the hips against Groovia came with a high whinny towards the heavens.

But while those sounds were met with high approval by the rinks customers, Wes and a few others noted a much different tune almost as loud. Directly from the horse's crotch came a sharp squealing noise. The fabric of her shorts muffled it slightly, but it stayed at a consistently fast pitch. Groovia grinned wider as her directly holding NightMare allowed her to feel the horse shrinking at the same pace of air escaping out her crotch. Ridges of her epic muscles thinned out, followed even more drastically by the loosening of her clothes around dwindling curves. Hooves split back into toes that softened into pink flesh. Bushy tail and mane flattened limp as they fed back into the deflating body. After almost humping the wolf for a minute Groovia could not help giggling at holding a very tiny, very exhausted, human man once more in her arms.

Wes had to admit Groovia exhibited lots of patience waiting for the man to come down from such an orgasmic deflation. She cradled the guy almost like a newborn watching the intelligence return to his eyes. After a few seconds of staring each other down, it seemed to dawn on the guy something was off about his viewpoint. A lot of people giggled at watching him hold up a skinny little hand to wiggle it in confirmation it was his.

"This...uh...this isn't going to end well for me, is it?" he tried a weak smile.

Groovia showed every last fang smiling back. "You and your boys officially wrecked my date. This isn't going to end well for you, no."

Stars were vanishing from the sky as Groovia pulled her Mopar back into the parks visitor lot. She picked a space just one down from the more warn car Wes had indicated as his own. Both were a bit bummed out to see the sky starting to brighten into blue from a rising sun.

"Well..." Groovia sighed killing her engine. "I guess that could have gone worse."

"At least they didn't charge you for the damages to the rink."

"Hey, most of those were done by that laker horse's hooves." She shot him a small side smile.
"Not my fault their wall was built weaker than my dazzling junk."

"Heh. Maybe they'll polish the groove you left and name it after you?"

That got the first genuine chuckle out of Groovia since they left the rink hours ago. "Aah. I can't wait to read the social media on this night. Facebook will probably make a dozen memes of me before lunch."

"Well," Wes said tried to hide his blush rethinking about their past exhibitionism. "You did kind of handjob a villain into submission...and then drench him in nacho cheese and chilli...before hanging him upside down by the disco ball."

"I just wanted one date!" Her outburst made Wes nearly jump out of the car. "Sorry, babe. Crime fighting can make a gal pent up as well. I just wanted to be myself with someone that can dig a gal like, well, me. Are you seriously grilling on me!?"

Wes shook his head struggling to keep his laughter to a minimum. "No, no! It's just that I'd say you accomplished that perfectly tonight, right?"

Groovia cocked a suspicious ear towards him. "I'm sorry, babe. I'm out to lunch here. What's this mumbo you spouting?"

"Well, I mean this IS you, right?" Wes patted Groovia along one of her trunk thighs, enjoying the muscles bulging through such tight pants. "A super awesome werewolf that has everyone's best interests at heart. Yeah, you like to show off, but I bet you love inspiring all those people that we can groove just as well as your fine booty."

"You really giving me the lowdown here?"

"Absolutely!" Wes coughed. "Also seeing you and NightMare squishing boobs together was super hot. I think I'm still aroused."

"Oh, I've known that for hours, babe!" Groovia took a deep breath through her nose to emphasize the point. "But I'm glad you like the spice I'm packing. I just wish we could have had the grand groovy time I planed."

"It was super groovy in its own right. And hey, we can at least get one thing right."

"Groovia finally turned to face Wes with both ears perks. "Oh yeah?"

Wes rested a hand on her's, staring longingly into those golden predator eyes. "Hey, you're not thinking of ending this adventure without a good night kiss? It's the least I can do to thank you."

A sharp barking laugh blasted warm breath in Wes' face. The unmistakable smell of nacho cheese was on Groovia's gums. "You got me there, babe."

Groovia slowly closed her eyes, picking up her muzzle until her lips were appropriately pronounced. Wes made sure they were lining up proper before following suit. The size difference made him worry as he felt Groovia shift to lean in closer. He really did not want to ruin their last moments with an awkwardly placed kiss.

Which is why both were confused and annoyed when he ended up planting a kiss right between her eyes. Confused eyes shot open taking several blinks to realize Groovia was not looking as down on Wes as usual.

"W-wha-NNGGH!" Groovia shot back up in her seat clenching her stomach. Pressure built up deep inside her until her bodies instinctive resistance gave before it's force. Immediately Groovia blushed a bright purple feeling a rush escaping from her body. Squeezing thighs together did nothing to help staunch the flow regardless of their thickness. The harsh constant hissing of leaking air helped Wes figure out what was happening and where.

"Aaah! N-no! Not now!" Groovia looked at her hands to watch fierce claws slowly retracting back into fingernails. The fingers themselves shrinking while their pads thinned back out into human skin. Her gaze whipped towards the sun creeping up over the horizon, hair gaining a lot more swing from the afro losing its puff for a more flat red tinge.

"Groovia?" Wes gulped watching his date literally deflating before his eyes. His hand never left her thigh but was constantly shifting around as muscle mass dwindled. The very fabric of Groovia's pants lost its firm denim to become blue cotton. Both legs rapidly crept up feet no longer possessing the meat of a bodybuilder.

"I...I'm sorry, Wes," Groovia said in a voice cracking much softer. All hint of her jive accent faded while her muzzle shrank back into her face. Its pearly fangs losing their edge in the process. "Normally I can stay wolf during the day, but all that thug fighting knocked me out. I got nothing left without the moon."

Wes nodded watching Groovia look increasingly ill-matched for the large driver's seat of her car. The leather of Groovia's jacket began to pull itself back together already in the process of returning to a blue sweater. With a heavy sigh Groovia pulled the large round spectacles out of her cleavage, already half it's former glory and leaving, to put them on a half human nose. The natural bridge of a person was quickly forming while her nostrils gradually lost the rough black texture.

"Are...are you going to be alright Groo..."

"It's Lana now." the shrinking werewolf slumped back into her seat. She kicked ideally at the floor watching platforms return to regular slip-on for her human feat. An awkward shifting of her

hips allowed the wolf tail to snake it's way back under her skirt. The last bit of epic wolf to bid Wes ado before a normal nerdy redhead sat next to him once more.

Before Wes could respond Lana's Mopar gave out a loud groan. Luckily Lana took hold of his hand while the once spacious car began to compact in on itself. Seats lost their beautiful leather for a feeling of being used. It was especially weird when the roof grew back over their heads. At least the seats felt far more snug for normally sized butts. When all the metal finally stopped groaning, Wes glanced to Lana. She squeezed his hand staring back with shimmering green eyes. Light from the rising sun glinted off her glasses making that adorable young face look even sadder.

"So...uh..." Wes coughed trying to say something, anything to break this last flaw in their plans. "If you can do that almost any time, how does next Thursday sound?"

Lana rocked back like the question had attacked her. "Y-you serious?"

"Yeah, why not?" Wes smiled as his other hand brushed stray hair out of Lana's eyes. "You don't even have to bring the wolf. We can just make a day of it. I ain't about to leave a superhero out on the first date."

"I...I...er...Yeah! Of course!" Lana bit her lip quivering back tears. She quickly pretending to clean her glasses to wipe them away. "C-can I at least have that kiss?"

"Now what did I just say?" Wes said before pulling Lana in close by their shared hands.

It was a beautiful touch of magic to start their day on at least. Lana gasped into Wes's mouth momentarily surprised by their lips meeting, but she turned it into a moan as she leaned into it harder. Soon they were wrestling lips like true pros. Their hands roamed across each other's bodies. Hot breathes escaped out the cracks in their eagerness to keep tasting each others passion.

Maybe it was the thought of having a threesome with Groovia and NightMare that inspired Wes for his next course of action, but he would adamantly deny such inquiries. The notion of hot air filling his mouth brought back memories of both woman's regressions, so it felt natural to at least test a theory. Before Lana could even notice him pull back, Wes had already taken as deep a breath as he could before giving a kiss that sent the contents of his lungs down her throat.

"Mmmphhhh rrppt!?" The pressure immediately returned to Lana's stomach, mounting rapidly with all the air Wes blew in.

FOOF!

They separated in a bit of a daze by the rushing sound of something expanding. Lana giggled suddenly feeling dizzy. Something shifted around atop her head with each movement, making her reach up to realize her bushy black afro had returned.

"Oh my..."

"Wow, it actually worked." Wes was all smiles when his and Lana's eyes met.

A second later, Lana returned it with a devilish grin of her own.

"What's say we go back to my place and try out the extent of your lung power, babe?" Lana said with the deep resonating voice of a sixties disco goddess.

END.













