

# Groove of the Night

By: Firingwall

The air was cool that fine, summer night. The city was hustling and bustling with people as they hurried from place to place. Amongst the crowd, a small woman navigated down the sidewalks, her shift having come to a close.

Lana Helia yawned, adjusting her glasses on her casual stroll. She was thin with chestnut brown hair, long and done up into a big ponytail. She wore a heavy, blue turtleneck and long dark blue skirt, all appropriate for her assistant librarian position.

*Gotta get the car fixed*, she thought, tried as she strolled down the street, *I hate walking home and taking all of these shady shortcuts*. As she thought it, she took a hard right and started moving down a wide alley, hidden between an apartment complex and some retro dress store. It certainly didn't look safe or out in the open, but it cut ten minutes off her walk by navigating through it.

*Seriously, I keep pushing my luck with this. One day, I'm gonna be the subject of a... hmm?* Hurrying down the alley, her pace slowed to a crawl as she something shiny caught her eye. Sitting on top of a large stack of cardboard boxes, piled up against clothing shop, sat a curious, golden peace sign medallion.

Lana carefully approached the item, looking at it closely. It looked brand-new with no sign of wear or damage from being left outside. Glancing up, the light reflecting off the object was not coming from the light above the alley door, but full moon high above the sky. The heavenly body looked almost as if it was peering through the building to shine down there specifically.

*Huh, weird. Wonder why this is out?* Despite the comment, Lana didn't really care that much, turning away from it. It was time to get going again...

...or was it? Looking back up at the moon, Lana felt a shiver roll across her body. Her arms trembled, her thighs pressing up against one another. A cold sweat grew across her brow as her eyes crept back over to the peace sign.

Looking upon the jewelry, her heart started to race. Her hands clenched shut for a moment before one reached out for it. *I-I... I don't why but... it couldn't hurt to... to just put it on, right?*

Her hand grabbed the thick string that held the medallion and carefully, slipped it over her head. She adjusted and fixed her hair, carefully moving the string around the outside of the turtleneck. Looking down, it still seemed to shine brightly the moon's glow upon it.

Lana's mouth twitched for a moment, a smile cracking. She gulped and spoke, her voice deep, but womanly, "Hot damn, don't this thang look good on me!"

She shook her head, her cheeks blushing softly. *Where did that come from?* She thought, scratching at the top of her head, *I sounded reeeeeeally weird there!*

As she scratched away, she felt something odd. Her hand began to receive pushback, being slowly shoved away. Her soft hair was growing frizzy, strands thickening and clumping together oddly. Its color was darkening swiftly, drowning it in a sea of pitch black. Her ponytail retracted along with it, slipping back towards her head hair as it began pushing out.

Her ponytail vanishing, her hair swelled as more of it frizzed and puffed up. Her soft victory rolls unraveled for a moment before curling and thickening up, absorbed by the black mass upon her head. The long, wavy strands that fell in front of her ears were sucked in as well, leaving no trace her original style or hair.

Instead, upon her head laid a massive, somehow bigger than a beach ball, afro. It was very light despite its size, while also being very flashy and striking.

Lana's eyes creaked to the right, catching her reflection in a darken window. Her gaze shot straight up, and she quickly raised a hand, grabbing a chunk full of thick hair. "Hot damn!" she cried, "Mah hair blew up it real good, like someone stuck an air hose in 'nd started blowin'!"

She looked into the reflection, staring at her 'fro as a small smile cracked on her face. It looked reeeeeally good on her. She shivered gently, her smile growing larger and flashing some rather sharp looking fangs.

Beneath her afro, her ears twitched. Along the rim of them, light, chocolate brown fur began to sprout. The tops of them stretched outwards into points as the insides concaved, lighter fur growing within. Reshaping themselves into something more canine, her twitchy ears slipped the sides her head until they were further up, pressing gently against her hair.

"Dang gurl!" exclaimed Lana, her hands going from her new hair to her ears, grabbing at them gently, "Whatcha gettin' all furry now? ...wait, what the hell is up what mah voice now?"

She took a deep gulp and hit her chest, coughing gently. Her chest seemed to raise with each pound and cough, her shirt seeming to tighten around her breasts. However, her attention didn't to turn to that subtle bit, more focused on her tone and voice.

"Mmmmmhmmmm," she spoke, feeling out her vocal cords, her tone deepening with each light hit, "Na-ah, dis voice ain't mind, dat's for sure. Huh, it almost sound like I'm some kinda... kinda..."

Her eyes went wide, her jaw hanging low as a thought occurred. She strangely sounded like some of the female characters from some old 70's exploitation films she watched. Specifically, some of the blaxploitation kind, but almost like an exaggerated version of one.

Her mind swam, her hand gripping her forehead as she tried thinking over everything. However, she found herself quickly distracted by the soft, fluffy feeling upon her palm. For a better look, she pulled out her cell from her pocket and looked at herself a bit more closely.

More chocolate brown fur was sprouting everywhere. Across her forehead, over her cheeks, around her lips, and more. Thicker tufts were growing along the sides of her face, just below her ears. Her eyebrows thickened a tad themselves just so they weren't drowned by the wave of fur around them.

She placed a hand upon her face, letting her soft touch slip through the fuzz. "Mmm, furry. Ah like it, all dis fuzz~"

Her face tingled, growing numb for a second. Her nose blackened and turned bumpy, rather wet to the touch. Her nostrils flared out as the tip lifted up, her jaws twitching slightly before pushing forward. Her cheeks restructured slightly to better fit her jaws, which stretched out into a short, but strong muzzle.

Her ears twitched as she looked at her reflection. Her heart started beating faster, the pounding ringing in her head. A lovely, sensual wolf woman was looking back, her head having replaced Lana's.

There was silence. There was stillness as Lana gazed upon her new head. Her mind was running a mile a minute as she processed the sight.

But the end results were nothing but joy. She grinned, flashing her fangs at the camera before pocketing it. "Mmmhmm, momma loves her new hot look. Can't complain with dat 'fro 'nd muzzle~ Boys are gonna be eatin' all mah hands with dis charm 'nd sexyiness."

She sighed happily, stretching and looking up into the sky. Her eyes locked onto the moon above, shivers radiating down her spine as her facial fur stood on end. She chuckled deeply, "Mmmm, dat moon is makin' feel even finer dan ah already am~"

Her hands clenched tightly, vibrating gently. Chocolate brown fur sprouted upon the back of her hands in unison, swiftly spreading their reach across her grasp. Fuzz wrapped almost around all of her fingers and palms, except for a few, small spots. There, pitch black pads swelled up in place.

As her fingernails sharpened and lengthened, stretching to the tips of her fingers, her arms began to shake next. Muscles and tendons pulsated, pressing against her skin as her bones toughened. Her arms swelled and stretched in response, rubbing and pushing against their soft, blue sweater sleeve confines.

Lana began to pant, her eyes snapping to her arms. She could feel them grow and swell right there and then. She lifted them up for a better look, watching them start to tear holes in her sleeves. From the holes, brown fur poked through them instead of her pale skin, sprouting alongside her impressive muscle growth.

"OH BABY, LOOK AT DEM GALS GROW!" Lana declared loudly and proudly. With a wild grin, she lifted them high up and flexed as hard she could. **RIIIIIIIIIIP!** Her blue sleeves exploded off her arms with a satisfying tearing sound. Her biceps and muscles ballooned out greatly, pushing them up to bodybuilder proportions without looking gross or unnatural.

“Hell yeah gurl!” boasted the proud woman, licking her chops, “Ah’m feelin’ all tough ‘nd buff now! Ain’t no crazy cat gonna be missin’ with dis gurl!”

She sighed pleasantly and looked down at her legs. Her small, thin pale legs. So scrawny and unimpressive to look at, unlike her badass arms. Maybe she could fix that up a little bit?

Lana looked back up to the moon and sighed, quivering as she felt the rush wash over her. She tensed her legs, sensing the powerful feeling flowing through them then. Her thin, almost invisible leg hairs thickened and darkened, rapidly growing across her lower limbs. The muscles within them swelled and bulged, her hips following suit as well.

She started raising up, her body growing along with her legs, pushing her all the way to six feet tall in a matter of seconds. Her skirt ripped on the sides as her hips bulged. Her lovely black dress shoes began bulging as well, fur flowing down onto her feet as they swelled to fit her meaty legs.

“OOOooooooooo yeeeeeeah!” Lana moaned, licking her chops and swaying her hips from the left to the right slowly, “Dat’s da ticket. Keep on makin’ dis hot mama even bigger ‘nd sexier, baby!”

She kept staring at the moon, her body tingling more and more as her height kept increasing. Her thick sweater rose up on her torso, sliding up and over the hemline of her skirt. Doing so, it uncovered something strange, denim belt loops with a thick, black belt in them. On the belt, a golden, shining belt buckle with a bold “G” in the center.

“Come on, Moonie~ Keep fillin’ dis gurl with yo rays! I ain’t big enough yet!” She declared, a manic grin on her face. Everything was clicking for her now. Her sudden change after putting the pendant on and the full moon blaring above her head? It was all too obvious and frankly, all she wanted now was to continue getting big.

**RRRRRRIIIIIIIIIP!** And big is what she got. Her skirt tore right over, her dress shoes exploding off her large, canine feet soon after. In their place though, in almost the blink of an eye, a large pair of bell bottom jeans sprouted from below the belt and ran all the way down to her ankles. Upon her feet, yellow, open-toed, two-inch platform shoes dawned them now, making a satisfying click and clack upon the paved backstreet.

Lana grinned, placing her hands on her hips and swaying them to the sides sensually. “Mmm, yes please!” she chuckled, “With des shoes ‘nd jeans, ah’m lookin’ fly ‘nd...”

Her vision went blurry, her eyes straining. Annoyed, she grabbed her glasses and yanked them off her snout. Her vision instantly improved much to her delight. She stuffed them away casually into her large afro, disappearing instantly.

“Much bedder!” she declared, stretching her arms and shoulders, “Dose glasses was crampin’ mah style anyway.” As she stretched, more brown fur erupted across her body,

covering the last untouched area, her torso, swiftly. Her shoulders broadened while her waist pulled in, making her hips look even larger than they already wore.

Stretching her back, she pushed her stomach forward. Across her soft, flat belly, muscle began to build and strengthen. Through the fluffy fur, visible somehow, a strong, powerful six-pack arose, fitting perfectly with her beefy proportions.

Finished with her stretched, she placed a paw upon her belly, feeling the tough muscle there as well. She moaned, joy filling her heart and mind, “dis is great! Ah’m so tough ‘nd strong ‘nd sexy now! Ah da biggest, toughest, most-”

*You could be bigger and better.* Her eyes widened and she quickly looking down at herself. She looked at her chest and placed her paws onto her rear.

“Dayum, dat’s right! Ah could be bigger ‘nd bedder! Ah need... ah need... some blowin’ ‘nd puffin’!” She grinned widely and raised one of her hands up to her face. She clenched it into a fist, except for her thumb. She brought it to her wolf lips and stuck it right in.

She didn’t know how or why she knew this, but it did not matter. It needed to be done. She took a deep breath and huffed into her thumb. A huge, gigantic surge of pressure blew through her entire body, flying straight to her back. Not her butt, but just right above it.

**FWOMP!** Out shot a large, fluffy, chocolate-brown tail. It was longer than half of her body and with its fluffy fur, wider than both of her legs combined. It swished about happily, before going limp and swaying occasionally.

*Mmm-MMMM! Ah got sum nice tail, but what’s bedder dan nice tail? More nice “tail”~* She took another deep breath and puffed into her thumb harder. She felt the next surge raced straight through, heading for her rear again.

This time, it stuck to her butt, which wobbled and shook like Jell-O. Her ass cheeks surged forward in her bell bottoms, the material wrapping around and conforming perfectly to their round shape. Her jeans even dipped a bit into her ass crack, showing off their new, globe-ish shape and form.

Lana chuckled softly, groping one of her butt cheeks before giving it a satisfying slap. She quivered with joy. She was close. Almost done. She knew she needed one more good puff into her thumb, and she would reach a satisfactory level of “big”.

But satisfactory? That wasn’t for her. She wanted super, groovin’ big. A big that would blow minds and hearts. Eagerly, she brought her other hand up, clenched it, and stuck her other thumb into her mouth. It was time for extra power.

With all her might, she blew into both of her thumbs as hard as she could, almost coughing at how much air she dispelled. The feeling was stronger than ever, her eyes rolling back and her body like Jell-O at that point with how she wobbled about. Her arms went limp and hung from her sides as her chest shook.

The sound of an inflating balloon from an air canister roared loudly, her breasts swelling and swelling. They jumped cup size after cup size, her sweater rapidly stretching to contain their ballooning size. They grew rounder and larger, yet not heavier and backbreaking. They felt so light, like a large, fluffy pillow.

**Rip... rip... RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPP!** With one final tremble, the remains of her blue sweater exploded right off her body like the rest of her clothing had. Her breasts made the mighty leap to an impressive, godly G-cup. The whole while, a white top appeared in place of her bra, wrapping partially around her mounds to hold them in.

Her peace medallion bounced in the air by the explosion, before landing peacefully in the large, valley of cleavage that sat upon her impressive chest. **Poof!** Wrapping it all together, a black, unzipped, leather jacket appeared upon her torso, which oddly hugged and conformed to her thick arm muscles.

Lana shook her head, her afro shaking with it. “WHOA! Ah feeeeeeel guuuud! Dis gurl feeeeeeel nice, floatier dan air! Ah feel like a million bucks!”

She grabbed at her breasts, groping them tenderly. She bit gently down on her bottom lip, quivering at the feeling. This was all she ever wanted. Her life was so boring and dull, nowhere as exciting or stimulating as all of those wild movies she wanted. Now, she felt just as fresh and hot as all of those lovely ladies and just as free... in her own way of course.

She smoothed out her afro, carefully fluffing it for maximum density and puff when the clothing store’s side door opened. A young man, probably around her age, stepped outside with a trash bag. However, he only took a step or two before catching eye of the large wolf woman.

“HOLY CRAP!” he yelled, jumping back in shock and dropping the bag.

The furry woman grinned, devious, “fun” thoughts running through her mind as she eyed the guy. “Hey dere handsum,” she cooed, walking over and leaning forward, shoving out her chest at him, “Ah take it ya never seen a hot mama like me before, huh?”

He stuttered, his cheeks blushing, “Wh-who are you?!”

An answer instantly popped in her mind. It was different than before, but yet, it felt so right and appropriate. It was a hell of a lot better than what her previous answer would have been, this one seeping in personality and attitude.

“Oh hun,” the wolf declared, flexing her arm, “Da name is Groovia Airewolf, your new tight, groovy squeeze!”

*THE END?*