

One-Night Smash

By Dragonien

"Quiet, you're gonna get us in trouble!"

"You worry too much."

the pair of hushed voices echoed through the dimly lit warehouse, rebounding off the walls with that eerie resonance only a large space devoid of other people could manage. The sheer silence of the warehouse made the sharp bang of the double doors smashing open with far more force than was necessary seem like a gunshot in comparison. the noise didn't bother either of them, though, beyond the mild concern of the taller party that someone might interrupt the two. Thankfully, the other party was doing an expert job distracting him from his concerns.

Were anyone to have walked in on the two they would have found them locked in an unbalanced mixture of wrestling and making out the likes of which would have been viral gold had it been recorded and shared online. The larger of the pair was quite a head turner from the sheer size of him. While his body was lean and athletic, impressive but nothing of particular amazement to write home about, his easily well over eight-foot height made him stand out like a sore thumb. Cherry red hide along his serpentine body made him supple and smooth to the touch, something that his partner was clearly enjoying the tactile sensation of in lieu of the more rigid scaly texture most dragons had. His serpentine, wingless body rolled and stumbled further into the room with surprising grace; making expert instinctual use of the powerful, prehensile tail jutting from his back to help him keep his balance. The thick locks of jet-black hair hanging from his head partially obscured his sapphire eyes where they stared into the face of his partner and, mixed with the lusty snarls coming from his throat past his exposed fangs, gave him quite the intimidating appearance. Despite his impressive stature and predatory appearance, it was his partner that truly would have been turning heads and racking up views online.

While physically less impressive overall, no one would ever mistake her for anyone else. Rad was the most well-known person in town, both from her crime-fighting supernatural feats and from the more lurid 'accidents' she tended to get involved in. Short, lavender fur covered her from head to toe save for the thick mop of emerald green hair atop her head and the thick mass of pink flesh that was the tail that looked almost more saurian than rodent jutting from her backside. She must have been at least two feet taller than her partner but that made her no less intimidating to anyone that knew who she was. While the dragon otherwise might have clearly had the advantage in size and strength, Rad's body was augmented far beyond that of a normal woman her size and even someone twice as big as her wouldn't have been much of a match. Which is why it as both unusual, and amusing, for her to be so comparatively helpless in the dragon's arms.

As the two stumbled in to the room, Rad's legs were wrapped tightly around his middle while her arms raised to grapple with his own. One of her arms held firm to his left wrist and held his arm out away from her while the other wrapped around the back of his head, forcing it down against her own in a rough kiss. With her super strength she should have easily been able to have her way with him but, for all her strength, she was no match for the clever shifting of his free arm as it shoved a pair of fingers up under her armpit and relentlessly tickled at her. The bout of giggles that rolled from her unbidden sent her body into spasms that made it hard for her to keep her grip, Dragonien using the opportunity to pull free and catch his breath. Then, while still tickling at her he spun on his heel and slammed her up against the wall next to the warehouse door; pinning her between it and him. If it had been anyone else the impact might have been rather painful as Dragonien was neither small, nor weak and hadn't modulated his force very well. But, again, Rad wasn't a normal rodent and the wall would

dent before any real damage was done to her. More than not hurt her, though, the rough treatment only encouraged her and within moments she had restrained his arms again from their tickling barrage and dived in for another kiss. Was it masochism to enjoy rough play when you knew you were too tough to actually get hurt? After a few more minutes of the rough play with one another that left Dragonien's shirt partially torn open where she had grabbed at it and Rad's shorts sagging down to half-expose the left side of her ass, the two finally calmed down for a moment. Dragonien had made it out a bit worse for wear in the exchange; even with him being unnaturally strong and durable for someone his size it was still a far cry from any true supernatural strength like Rad had. he was sure he would be feeling a few bruises in the morning.

As the two took a moment to take stock of themselves, they finally took a glance around the empty warehouse they found themselves in. Rows of wooden crates lined various shelves in the back of the warehouse while a large table covered in a half dozen objects of various origin, make, and technological significance were laid out in the center of the open room. Dragonien, taking a moment to step away from the frisky rat, wandered his way towards the table and brushed his fingers over a couple of the items before turning back to her.

"So this is where they take all that weird super villain stuff?" he asked.

Rather than answer, Rad reached down and began pulling at the hem of her shirt. It had already ripped along one shoulder from their rough-housing and rather than bother trying to hold it up or deal with it sagging she decided to just discard it. by the time she was tossing the torn piece of clothing across the room she had Dragonien's full attention once more; the dragon shamelessly staring at her lacy black bra-clad upper body. Smirking, the superheroine gave a light puff of her chest to accentuate her bosom in its bra to tease him before finally answering.

"Yep! everything from weather machines to doomsday devices are all stored in here! Everyone in the precinct says it's all creepy as hell so no one ever wants to be in here unless the chief is forcing them to catalog stuff so we've got the whole place to ourselves!"

"Won't we get in trouble for being in here? Seems like the kind of place that they wouldn't want random people to be." Dragonien asked with a raised eyebrow, more speculative than concerned at this point.

"Na. I mean, I'm the town's superhero! I'm like the head crime fighter, which means the chief's gotta listen to me! So if I wanna invite some cute boy in to the warehouse where all the stuff I consifa.... confisc... the junk I took is kept then I'm gonna do it!" Rad replied with absolute certainty in her voice despite the struggle and ultimate failure to use the word she wanted.

"I uh. Don't think it works that way. Also, you think I'm cute, eh?" Dragonien teased, winking at her.

"Well, part of you is at least. I'll admit to you having a cute ass." She replied with a grin, trying to hide the light blush that spread across her face with a bit of bravado.

Slowly, a grin spread across the dragon's face. with two long strides he stepped up right in front of Rad. Directly in front of her, the size difference between the two of them was fully apparent; Rad's eyes barely level with the bottom of the dragon's chest. The dragon's very well-defined chest. The blush on her face deepened to the point that it was almost visible and she had to make a conscious effort not to take a step back from the suddenly looming dragon.

"That is so not fair" She huffed aloud, trying to look up at him but not quite able to make herself meet his gaze. "You know I have a thing for tall guys. Who told you that you could be all... loomy like that around me?"

"Not my fault you're short." He retorted with a grin.

"I'm not short, you're just all freaky tall!" she growled out at him despite being unable to hide the smile on her face. "And don't think you can just have your way just cause you're taller than me!"

Taking the initiative, Rad reached out and grabbed a fist full of the front of Dragonien's already-damaged shirt. He gave a soft exclamation of surprise as she tugged him forward; her unnatural strength jerking forward several hundred pounds of dragon that no normal person with her stature should have been able to so much as budge. Again, Dragonien found his lips locked with her own; serpentine tongue intermingling with her mammalian one as they roamed across each other's teeth and jaws mid-kiss. Then, just as abruptly, she shoved him backwards with enough force to send him crashing down on top of the examination table behind him. The loud crash of the metal folding table buckling beneath him, mixed with a chorus of objects and devices hitting the ground, went unnoticed as she literally leapt forward atop him. Suddenly straddling his torso, Rad paused for a moment as he brain whirled trying to make some lewd innuendo about the bigger they are the harder they fall but after a solid 30 seconds of awkward silence nothing came to her and she instead glared down at Dragonien as if it were his fault.

Dragonien, for his part, couldn't keep a grin off of his face. Both the amusing belligerence from Rad as well as the rather pleasing view he had from down below her kept him in quite the good mood irrespective of her rough treatment of him. When he tried to lift up a bit, hoping to slide her down into his lap rather than on top of his stomach, he met with the immovable object that was one of her hands pressing down on his chest; supernatural strength on full display keeping him down on his back. He tried to squirm free a second time from her grip only to see the rat's smug grin growing wider as she shamelessly lorded her effortless overpowering of the larger dragon over him. As he squirmed, though, something got caught under his back and he grunted in pain as a sharp corner dug into his shoulder.

"Aww. Big bad dragon can't even overpower lil ol me?" Rad taunted, pressing her fingers down a bit harder against his chest.

"No. Rrf... Somethings poking into my back." he complained, distracted.

After another few moments of struggling he was able to get his arm underneath him enough, despite Rad's continued pressure on his chest holding him in place, to pull a small chrome-colored device out from where he had been laying on it. The device itself looked almost comically toy-like; reminiscent of some old toy ray gun from the 80s made of cheap, painted plastics. Dragonien was confused by the sight of it but Rad's eyes went wide like a kid in a candy store.

"Oooh...! Is that..?!" Rad all but squealed.

"What?"

"It's Doctor Dorkus, I mean Devious' matter retrans... resanst.... I dunno he had some dumb name for it, but it's like, a growth ray!"

Dragonien arched an eyebrow up at her dubiously. It wasn't so much that he didn't believe it was what she said it was. After all, he'd seen the news reports and even been nearby a few times when some of the crazier super battles had gone on; including the one where Rad had been turned into a fifty-foot-tall giant to battle some giant dinosaur. It was more the strange excitement in her eyes when she saw the device that gave him pause. That wasn't the reaction of someone that was concerned about what some super-powerful super science weapon could do; it was the look someone got when they were eager to do something incredibly irresponsible. Before he could question her intentions, however, the device was snatched from his hand and raised up in front of her face. Her green eyes were all but glowing with excitement as she looked the device over before turning it to aim straight at her chest. Before he even had a chance to speak against it, she was already pulling the trigger and sending a blast of glowing neon-green energy bursting from the device and slamming straight into her torso.

"Ooh! It's still on the same settings!" She all but moaned aloud as her whole body began to glow with the faintest aura of green.

The aura seemed to center the most along her torso and around her midsection. Faintly it began to stretch outwards and, as it did, her body began to pull with it. It was almost like the aura was a lens that was slowly distorting Dragonien's view of the rat like a fun house mirror, though it was more accurate to say the light was changing shape and her body was being dragged along with it. She didn't actually get any taller, which was surprising to the dragon. Rather, her body began to swell outwards with newfound curves and thickness as if she were 'developing' right before his eyes. Her snug black bra began to push outwards as her breasts swelled easily a full cup size larger if not a bit more; straining the underwire to the brim and leaving a tiny hint of her purple-furred flesh muffin-topping over the edge. At the same time her shorts began to ride upwards as her hips thickened and swelled prodigiously. Her ass ballooned to nearly a third again as large as it had been before in the course of just a few seconds; growing large enough even Dragonien's comparatively huge hands would have struggled to comfortably palm each ass-cheek. Which, of course, the dragon immediately reached up to test.

As the effect faded Rad ground herself lightly down atop the dragon, momentarily lost in the pleasure of her body unnaturally changing. The feeling of firm, powerful fingers squeezing into her now even-more-ample backside and kneading into the supple flesh certainly didn't help her moment of distraction. When she finally recovered enough to open her eyes again she stared down at the dragon shamelessly palming her ass with a wide, shit eating grin on her muzzle. Her eyes held a tiny bit of manic glee in them almost like the transformation had put her on some kind of high. Dragonien didn't seem to have anything to complain about though, if the way he was grinding back up against where she was straddling his lap was any indication.

"Devious is a huge perv. He tried to make me too top and bottom heavy to fight him last time." She explained, her breath coming in the tiniest bit of a strained pant as she tried to hide how turned on the device and its effects had made her. "Didn't work. Almost crushed him to death under my tits. How embarrassing would that be? Here lies some asshole; crushed to death under a car sized boob."

"I can think of worse ways to die."

Rad smirked down at the dragon, relaxing her arm's pressure on his chest enough that he could sit up slightly. When he did, one of his arms moved from where it was palming her ass and instead snatched the device from her hand. Still in a bit of a lusty haze, it took Rad a second or two to realize that her hand was now empty. When she did, she glared down at him and started to reach for it only to be chastised and have his arm stretch out beyond her reach. She may be far, far stronger than him, but he still had longer arms.

"Na uh. This is mine now. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were getting off on having some evil super science weapon turning you into some big busty bimbo." he accused.

The look of indignation she tried to muster died on her face as he abruptly shot her with the device again when she tried to open her mouth to protest. Again, that same green energy enveloped her and her body began to alter once more. Her hips and thighs ballooned outwards until her short-shorts rode up well past her mid-thigh and became little more than a glorified pair of daisy-dukes. Her bra, much the same, strained in the front as her swelling chest struggled against its imprisonment and flesh bulged out around its edges. Most likely if it hadn't been for the rat's super-natural strength and durability the pressure that the overly-tight article of clothing was putting on her chest would have probably been suffocating; she looked like she had a pair of D cups stuffed in a small B cup bra. All the while the changes were taking effect, her head rolled backwards and she bit down on her lower lip to stop a groan of unabashed lust from escaping her lips; unwilling to give the dragon that much for his treachery. Despite her resistance, though, it was pretty obvious the effect the device was having on her.

When the effect ended her hair hung in front of her face like a wild woman's, her eyes half glazed over with barely-contained desire. It was surprising to Dragonien that she didn't just attack him right then and there from the way her expression made it look like she wanted nothing more than that at the moment. He was honestly a bit concerned that it had affected her more than he had intended it too. She was a super hero, after all. She was strong enough she could twist him into a pretzel if she wanted, or break bones even by accident so he felt a bit like he was playing with fire. Then again, that added thrill of danger also kind of turned him on a bit as well.

"So. Uh... is that a... ye-" he started to ask, only to have his last word cut off by Rad slamming her hands into his shoulders, leaning down over him, and jamming her muzzle against his in another kiss.

This time she wasn't playing around. The pressure on his shoulders was almost painful and gave him no wiggle room whatsoever to try to push up from underneath her and the sharp slam of his shoulders to the floor sent the device skittering from his grasp as the impact jarred it loose. Her tongue shoved its way into his mouth, nearly choking him on its unnatural length for a moment. She was soaking wet by now as she ground atop him, hips grinding and shoving down against his waistline hard enough that he felt his pelvic bone creaking from the pressure. Her torso similarly pressed down on him; her newly enlarged breasts squishing down against the firm musculature of his upper body in such a pleasant way it almost made him forget about how roughly the rest of him was being treated... almost. Despite the rough treatment and the clear indications he had poked the bear in the cage a bit too much, Dragonien wasn't one to surrender even in the face of overwhelming odds and struck back with his own 'attack's.

A sudden, sharp impact on her ass caused the rat to momentarily arch upwards; breaking the kiss as a gasp of surprise exploded from her lips at the slap he had given to her ass. In that split second of distraction, Dragonien braced his legs and tail beneath him and shoved for all he was worth, flipping himself bodily over and taking Rad with him. She may have been far stronger than him, but he still had leverage and physics on his side. With him now on top he imitated her own actions, hands pressing her shoulders to the floor as he loomed over her. Despite her superior physical ability, his larger body still held the more intimidating presence at a glance and for a moment Rad felt her heart fluttering as she saw a glimpse of the feral predator atop her in the dragon's own lustful gaze. One hand slid its way from her shoulder down to her chest and palmed one of her now-heavy breasts, shamelessly squeezing into the supple flesh with an almost possessive ferocity. That didn't last long though, before she was again abusing her strength and flipping him onto his back once more.

The two wrestled and struggled against one another for several minutes. Their hands wandered under shirts and bras, or into pants and underwear. buttons were popped free and zippers forced open, some fabric again being simply torn away rather than properly undone, until the two were more undressed than not. There had been more than a few new dents and cracks put in the concrete floor as well, something that they'd probably

have a hell of a time explaining when they finally calmed down; not that either of them gave a damn what got destroyed at the moment with how riled up the two of them were at the moment. Even when their flailing and sexually-charged wrestling broke another table or smashed several of the items on it into debris beneath them neither of them even blinked. So it was no surprise when a now all-too-familiar crunching sound of something breaking when Rad flipped Dragonien onto his back again didn't even register to the two of them... at least not until the sound of sparking electronics drew both of their gazes away from each other and towards the now-destroyed growth ray by their side.

There was a split second of silence broken only by the barely audible crackling of electricity inside the damaged device. Then, the machine simply exploded. Green light blasted outwards in every direction only to then seem to vacuum into both Rad and Dragonien as if their bodies were magnetized against the emerald energy. While Rad already had a good idea of what was coming, Dragonien got his own dose of the ray's effects for the first time; discovering that, while he was sure Rad did have a thing for having these kinds of things done to her, the device clearly also had some kind of aphrodisiac-like effect. The two of them, together, nearly blacked out from the sudden surge of lust that tore through them as the device's entire power source emptied itself violently into them; both spasming as their minds were all-but wiped of anything other than thoughts of fucking the other senseless.

Neither noticed nor cared that the air soon filled with the sound of shredding fabric. Whatever remains of clothing the two had kept through their aggressive making out rapidly finding itself outgrown as the rat and dragon both began surging outwards larger and larger with each passing second. One of Dragonien's arms shifted and his elbow smashed down on one of the few remaining examination tables, crumping it like cheap tin foil before shoving it aside as his arm continued growing with the rest of him. Rad's tail slammed into the ground behind her with enough force to leave a long crater in the cement as the tickle of her shorts tightening against her sensitive tail base before splitting open sent it spasming violently behind her. The rapid relief of the few bits of clothing they had left made it all the easier for Rad to line herself up and spear herself down on the enormous pillar of meat jutting from Dragonien's waist. Even if they had both been at a normal size the thing would have been massive enough to intimidate even her; at least for the moments before her competitiveness demanded of her to take the whole thing and be smug about it. In her current lust-frenzied state though, all that she could muster in the form of coherent thought was a loud snarl that her ever-increasing size turned into her words into a booming thunder.

"Just fuck me!"

Dragonien, for his part, was in little better mental straights. Fingers lined with claws sharp enough that, were it not for Rad's inhuman durability, would almost certainly be piercing the skin where they had a death grip on her curvaceous hips, squeezed and tugged on her waistline as he rolled his hips upwards in time with her own desperate slams downwards. Inch after inch of his massive phallus, rapidly changing from inches to feet from their increasing rate of growth, shoved themselves into her and filled her beyond anything she could remember experiencing before. Their increasing size and relative weight caused the bouncing and gyrations of their fucking to create increasingly noticeable tremors in the foundation of the warehouse they were in, not to mention pounding a growing crater into the cement beneath the dragon. And yet the two only grew faster, fucked harder, moaned louder as both their senses and their bodies overloaded from the effects of the misfired growth device.

All of the commotion and the increasingly intense tremors shaking the building finally called for the attention of some of the police officers in the adjacent building, only to have the poor, terrified beat cops run right back out of the room seconds after entering when they saw a now twenty-five-foot-tall dragon and similarly gigantic rat going at it. They made it back out into the hallway just in time before one of Dragonien's

feet smashed clean through the wall behind them, nearly pinning and crushing one of the officers against the inner wall before that too collapsed under its expanding mass. Before they were able to get to safety, though, both officers found themselves disappearing in a pile of rubble and debris as the leg behind them shifted and moved straight towards them, bulldozing over both of them and through a dozen or so feet of the building's interior.

Back in the warehouse, Dragonien had taken the initiative. Forcing himself to flip over and shoving Rad with him then rolling her over onto her front he used his superior mass to pin her down to the ground. Granted, with her strength it would have been little trouble for her to push him up off of her once more but as he pounded into her hard enough to literally shake the ground. By the third thrust his back was smashing into the thirty-foot ceiling each time he pulled back, and by the fifth thrust he was smashing clear through it. Within seconds the warehouse was little more than debris sliding off the back of the two growing monsters busily fucking each other senseless.

Rad's arms stretched out around her looking for something to grab on to. Fingers rapidly growing thicker than telephone poles tore deep gouges in the street, scooping mail boxes, cars and even people up in their grasp before crushing them without even realizing it when her palms pressed flat to the ground for support against Dragonien's next thrust. Their legs stretched out behind them like trains off their rails, smashing straight through building after building as they grew tens of feet larger every second. It was almost comical how the giant rat's enhanced bosom squashed down against the ground hard enough to create craters in the pavement beneath them, giving anyone in front of her growing mass quite the impressive view into the literal canyon of cleavage between them; only to have anyone stupid enough to stop and look be steamrolled over moments later by the oncoming wave of purple-furred flesh that grew over them. News and police helicopters both tried to circle in and either catch footage or demand the two cease their 'activities' together, but they quickly learned the error of their ways as the couple's still-increasing rate of growth soon had them growing faster than the helicopters could change direction. One news chopper smashed into Dragonien's shoulder and crashed to the ground below only to be overtaken by the growing mass of Rad's breasts while behind them a police chopper was whipped out of the air by a draconic tail rapidly approaching the size of a battleship whipping through the air.

The two had long since lost track of everything around them. They couldn't even keep track of how many times they got off as they screwed each other's brains out. Whatever effect the growth device had besides changing their size that made them so horny kept them so long after they came even a half dozen times; the momentary lessening of libido during each afterglow barely enough to let them come too and change positions with one another. By the time the two finally came down from their lusty devastation of the surroundings the sun was just beginning to set over the horizon.

The two lay panting, exhausted, against one another. Dragonien lay on his back with one arm draped out beside him with Rad snuggled up against his side with her arms wrapped around his upper body to half-use his torso as a pillow.

"Fuck me..." Rad panted in exhaustion, chest still heaving as she struggled to catch her breath.

"Been there, done that." Dragonien replied with a wry smirk, his own voice no less breathless.

A weak slap of the back of her wrist against his chest was all the admonishment Rad could manage to his bad joke, too tired even for a lurid comeback.

"How... How big are we? I Lost track." Dragonien asked absentmindedly; his eyes lidded mostly closed as he struggled to fight off the urge to sleep.

Rad pondered for a moment, glancing around as best she could with her unwillingness to actually move or untangle herself from the dragon. Finally getting annoyed at seeing no easy landmarks to give an answer she struggled to push herself slightly upright with one arm; just enough to see past Dragonien's body and to the surrounding landscape. She needn't have searched the ground for her landmark, though. As she tried to focus on her surroundings, she saw a little gnat flying right in front of her muzzle that distracted her. Going slightly cross-eyed, Rad had to take a long moment to focus her gaze enough to make out what she was looking at. When she did, her eyes went wide.

"Uh... We're big. Like...really big." She murmured nervously.

Unfortunately at her size each word she spoke was quite literally a sonic boom and the poor, tiny little passenger plane that had been flying in front of the mountain of her muzzle exploded in midair from the force of her words. The act of simply her speaking enough to cause devastation before her.

"Really really... REALLY big..."