

Party Monster

By Dragonien

“Boo!”

The sound, followed by a pair of hands abruptly grabbing Giza’s shoulders from behind caused the leopard’s whole body to tense and hop forward a half step!

“Don’t do that, Stormy!” Giza complained, fur bristling. “You almost gave me a heart attack!”

The chastisement was met only with profuse giggling. As Giza rounded on his ‘attacker’ he found himself looking down at a petite, thin female wolf with dark grey-patterned fur sporting blue chevron highlights underneath her eyes.

“Oh lighten up. It’s spooky season! If there’s any time it’s socially acceptable for me to scare you I’m pretty sure it’s now!” the wolfess retorted.

Unable to come up with a good response Giza instead chose to cross his arms and pout. The longer he held the obnoxiously over-the-top pouting gesture the harder it became to keep a smirk from creeping into his scowl. It didn’t help that Stormy met his pouting with an unblinking, deadpan stare as if challenging Giza’s expression with her own. After what amounted to well over a minute of staring the wolfess finally broke eye contact and instead made a show of looking Giza up and down. The grin that tugged at the edges of her muzzle betrayed the amusement hidden behind her still-stoic expression.

“Nice costume.” Stormy complimented with equal parts mockery and sincerity.

“You’re one to talk.” Giza shot back as his pout morphed into a toothy smile.

The two of them had both agreed to meet up and check out the massive Halloween block party that apparently was thrown every year in this particular cul-de-sac. Apparently, it was some decades-old tradition of the college town that on this street in particular, which was home exclusively to dormitory houses for the local university, every single house on the block was expected to throw a simultaneous party every Halloween. Essentially, they turned the entire street into an impromptu festival! After they had committed to going Stormy and Giza both decided to indulge in the Halloween spirit a bit! The both of them had agreed to come in costume. Neither of them could resist an opportunity to be obnoxious, however. So they both independently decided to purposefully come in the worst costume they could manage. Ironically, the both of them had wound up so dedicated to the little joke that they wound up putting more effort into their bad costumes than they probably would have had if they had actually tried to make good ones!

For Giza's costume the average-looking leopard had donned a pair of obnoxiously bright pink cat ears sticking up between his actual ears. Both were clearly connected to a headband that Giza had made no effort whatsoever to style his hair in a way to hide it. From his nose the leopard sported a cheap, plastic imitation of a golden nose ring that hung slightly askew and made it obvious that it was a clip-in rather than an actual piercing. The thing looked like it was ready to fall out at a moment's notice! One of the leopard's eyes was now colored blood red instead of its usual color while the other looked perfectly normal. One might have thought this was intentional if not for the other red contact being clearly visible standing out against the white T-shirt Giza wore. It was obvious even at a glance that the contact was not hanging there naturally but rather had been stuck to his shirt with some form of super glue as if trying, poorly, to give the appearance it had fallen out and stuck to his shirt. It took Stormy a moment to discern the last difference to Giza's usual appearance until she finally realized she was looking up slightly more than usual to meet his eyes. A glance down revealed that Giza appeared to have replaced his own paws with disproportionately huge werewolf feet in a too-small pair of sandals. Even a moment's glance showed they were made of felt and fabric and there was a clear dividing line around his ankle that, again, he had made no effort whatsoever to blend in or hide. They were shoes! Shoes shaped like oversized monster wolf feet. From the way the back of Giza's feet rose up at an angle Stormy could only assume he had some of those elevating insoles that acted like high heels to give him the appearance of being couple of inches taller.

For her part, Stormy had fully embraced the monster idea Giza had dabbled in with his fake feet. In fact, her costume looked like it actually had a lot of effort put into it! Every piece of the costume looked high quality and well designed, more like a high-end cosplay than a cheap Halloween costume. The twist was that, while the parts that were there looked surprisingly high quality, all of them stopped at a certain point as if Stormy had given up halfway through making her costume.

On top of her head sat a pair of obsidian dragon horns. Or at least, one of the horns was obsidian. The other was the same obsidian shade of black on one side while the other side showing pale white as if it hadn't been fully painted. Below that a large fang stuck out of the wolfess' mouth and hung over her lower lip. The false tooth looked to be a genuine plaster-cast and polished piece rather than something akin to those cheap plastic fake vampire teeth you'll find in the impulse-buy shelves next to store checkout counters. However, there was no matching tooth on the opposite side of her muzzle. Without a matching fang on the opposite side it made Stormy's toothy grin look lopsided. Stormy had even added a glittery, neon blue and glow-in-the-dark paint to the chevron under her eyes! So, when her head was cast in shadow or semi-darkness, they seemed to glow ever so slightly. The wolfess had even begun to paint intricate lines and shapes across one of her arms in the appearance of glowing veins with the same paint. Like the rest of her costume, though, she got about halfway down her forearm before the carefully drawn lines abruptly skewed to the side and vanishes like the brush had slipped and she had simply given up.

After the two finished chuckling at each other's obnoxious costumes and briefly arguing who had done bad costume was better, they both turned their attention back towards their surroundings. They had decided to meet up and start their party crawl at the house of the only person they knew on the block. They wanted to start somewhere familiar since it was their first time at this event. Darren's house was a simple single story ranch style house that normally would have been indistinguishable from any other cookie-cutter house. Tonight, however, the normally bland building had been covered with all sorts of hanging pumpkin cutouts, fake spider webs and other, more elaborate but increasingly rushed and lazily installed decorations to celebrate the holiday. Clearly someone had been really excited about going above and beyond decorating only to get bored near the end. Ironically, the theme matched Stormy's costume rather well.

As the pair walked up the driveway towards the garage, where they could already see a half dozen drink stations set up, the burly tiger host noticed the two of them. It was hard to miss the sight of the looming big cat even if his barbarian loincloth costume that bordered on public indecency wasn't helping to draw attention to him. A big, toothy grin spread across the tiger's muzzle at the sight of them and Darren quickly turned to walk down the driveway and meet them.

"Hey hey! What's up, guys?" Darren called to them.

As usual the tiger's voice was slightly louder than was necessary. Thankfully, being outside, his loud voice wasn't as bad to deal with. He was just one of those happy, loud, overly-enthusiastic guys with a big heart and not enough self-awareness. Not that his overall well-meaning nature made the hard slaps he gave to the backs of both the leopard and wolf and able to send Giza and Stormy both stumbling forward.

"Glad you guys could make it!" Darren all-but cheerfully. "And nice costumes! I never would have thought to dress up as an incomplete Halloween costume before!"

The tiger's booming laughter made the two wince from its volume and proximity. Despite the discomfort they both did their best to force smiles on their faces. Thankfully the tiger was too oblivious to notice the strained effort it took to maintain them. Completely oblivious to the discomfort he was putting his guests in, Darren reached down to rifle through one of his pockets before pulling out a small plastic bag of nondescript, unwrapped chocolate balls.

"Hey, I got to keep an eye on the other guests before they tear the kegs open but check these out! My dad works at the chocolate factory downtown and I swiped these when he wasn't looking. I think it's some new chocolate they're making and I thought I'd field test it for him. Give it a try and happy Halloween!"

Before either of them could get a word in edgewise the tiger had shoved the bag into Giza's hands and dashed off towards the garage. Glancing down at the mystery chocolates, the leopard gave the bag a quick sniff and then tossed it to stormy.

"Here, you take them. I think I want to get something to drink before I get a bunch of chocolate all over my teeth."

The wolfess smiled and snatched one of the chocolates up to pop in her mouth with glee.

"More for me!" she cheerily replied.

Giving her shoulder a playful shove, Giza made his way towards the house with Stormy following close behind. Despite having only been a few second behind him Darren had already vanished out of sight by the time they reached the garage door. Not that it was surprising considering the chaos they saw going on in his backyard. A half-dozen card tables have been set up around his pool with varying amounts of alcohol, kegs, and bowls of punch spread all across them in varying levels of dishevel. Dozens of people milled about in varying levels of inebriation; some of them already drunk enough to be visibly stumbling. Not that their lack of sobriety stopped the party-goers from dancing along to the thumping EDM music blaring from a pair of Bluetooth speakers hanging nearby.

The pair weren't exactly party animals so the environment wasn't really their kind of scene. Neither let that stop them from trying to enjoy themselves. Even if neither of them had much of a compunction to actually dance, it was impossible to resist bobbing their heads and occasionally tapping their feet in sync to the music. Eventually they both made their way to the far side of the pool where the punch bowl was. Considering the large array of alcoholic beverages around it wasn't surprising that the punch had been left mostly untouched. However, the half-empty bottle of vodka sitting next to it also told Stormy and Giza that the punch probably had more kick to it than it appeared.

Staring down with a look of trepidation, Giza glanced back and forth between the punch bowl and the vodka bottle. He wasn't exactly a big drinker and was second-guessing his craving for punch. When he turned to look to Stormy with an eyebrow raised questioningly she simply stared at him, unblinking, as she popped another chocolate into her mouth. She didn't need to say a word for Giza to know exactly what she was thinking. He was the one that wanted punch.

Giza's frown turned into a glare of obstinate determination. The leopard scooped up a cup and valiantly swept it through the punch bowl to fill it. With another look back at Stormy as if challenging her wordless insinuation, he made a show of tipping the cup back and downing all of its contents in three large gulps.

"Oh god!" Giza exclaimed as the alcohol-laden fruit juice burned its way down his throat.

As the leopard hunched forward and coughed to try to clear the taste from his throat Stormy struggled and failed to suppress a laugh. After stopping to catch his breath for a moment, the leopard felt a firm SWAT against his back that nearly made him stumble forward onto the table. Thinking Darren had snuck up on him he turned to one side to see empty air. Then, looking to the other side he saw that it was stormy that had slapped him!

"Come on big guy. Can't you hold your punch? It's not like it's alcoholic or anything." She teased.

Glaring her down, Giza filled another cup and held it out towards her.

"Then you shouldn't have a problem having some, right?" he challenged.

To his surprise the wolfess only hesitated long enough to toss another of those little chocolate in her mouth before snatching up the cup and downing the entire in one go! Afterwards Stormy just let out a sharp, satisfied sigh before tossing the empty cup back at him.

Normally, Stormy was reserved then that. Giza could already feel his face flushing from the exorbitant amount of vodka that had been in the punch and he had a good deal more experience with hard liquor than Stormy did. Add that to the notable amount of mass he had on Stormy Giza expected her to start swaying on her feet at any moment! Which is why Giza was so shocked when the alcohol didn't seem to have any effect at all! As if to emphasize this, Stormy had already returned to looking around at the various party-goers while tossing another of those chocolates into her mouth.

After Giza took a few moments to ensure that Stormy wasn't going to keel over from abrupt alcohol poisoning the two of them decided to mingle a little bit. It didn't take them long to lose interest in this particular party, though. Darren was a good guy but he very much had powerful frat-boy himbo energy and the majority of his friends and guests reflected that. The music was a bit too loud and the guests were already getting a little too rowdy for either of their taste. At the rate it was going this party was probably going to be the first one to have the cops called on it considering the concerning escalation of alcohol. It didn't take long before the leopard and wolf decided to check out one of the other parties.

The second party wasn't much different from the first. Darren's neighbors clearly shared his idea of a good time and, if anything, this party was even more keg stands and beer pong than Darren's had been. That didn't stop Giza from trying one of their mixed drinks. The wanna-be bartender mixed Giza up a fruity cocktail that he could barely taste the alcohol in. Despite this, the drink still packed roughly the same impact as the overly-spiked punch from the previous party and firmly solidified the buzz Giza had been building. For her part Stormy had yet to bother with more than a token sip of alcohol and a bottle of water, seeming more interested in the bag of chocolates Darren had given them that she was steadily making her way through than anything the parties had to offer.

The third house on the block was for more relaxed than the first two. While there was still music playing it was more casual 'mingling' party music rather than the heavy electronic thumping rave music from the previous parties that kept your pulse just shy of a heart attack. Because of this the party consisted of more milling about and conversation than hardcore dancing. Of course, they still had plenty of alcoholic beverages despite the less frantic party atmosphere. Can't have social interaction without social lubrication, after all. Considering Giza had already gone two rather hefty drinks deep on the hard liquor tonight he decided to take it

easier and enjoy a beer now that he didn't have to fight through a bunch of jocks to get to one of the kegs. As the leopard finished pouring his drink and savoring the first sip he felt a faint rustle of air against the back of his neck. Immediately after he nearly dropped his drink as a soft voice spoke unexpectedly close to one of his ears and startled him.

“You smell good.”

Upon spinning around to face the source of the voice he found himself looking down at Stormy. The toothy, slightly dreamy grin on her face showed off her sharp teeth in a way that the light reflected off of them in a rather intimidating manner. The sight momentarily distracted Giza with the realization that he hadn't noticed quite how good of a job Stormy had done on the fake fang extensions. Then, the distracted leopard registered what she had said and it dawned on him Stormy had been standing with her nose practically pressed into the fur of the back of his neck, sniffing him!

There was something else bothering him as he stared the wolffess down, something that seemed just a little bit off. However, the leopard's cheeks abruptly flushing with heat that had nothing to do with the alcohol coursing through his system did an excellent job diverting his attention. Between the building inebriation and sudden sense of self-consciousness Giza was too distracted to put his finger on what was out of place. All he was able to manage was to stammer for a few seconds trying to form a coherent response as his brain stalled like an engine with a dying battery.

“I ah um thanks I mean uh yea I guess I did start using a new shampoo the other day?”

Giza's response came out more as a question than a statement, not that it seemed to bother stormy. Giza was suddenly keenly aware of how Stormy was standing significantly closer than was necessary; bordering on invading Giza's personal space. He could even see her nostrils flaring slightly every few seconds. Evidently she was still sampling his scent. Although the leopard couldn't tell if the smile on her face was from Stormy actually enjoying his scent that much or if it was just her reaction to the chocolates that she, even now, continued to pop into her mouth and swallow down as she met his gaze.

Thankfully the wolfess broke eye contact with him before Giza's discomfort grew too much further. He had been practically squirming in place under the intensity of her undivided attention and practically collapsed from the release of tension he felt when she turned away. Stormy turned to walk around him with just a bit of an unnecessary flourish of her hips as she moved to pour herself a drink from the keg behind the flustered leopard. Giza was about to try to say something else but stopped as he watched Stormy raise the plastic cup and chug its entire contents in three large, loud gulps. The moment she finished she smacked the cup down onto the table with more force than necessary, before popping another chocolate into her mouth as if as a chaser to her drink. Only once both had settled in her stomach and she let out an audible sigh of satisfaction did she turn her attention back to her leopard companion.

"Next party?"

Giza again hesitated for a moment before giving her a nervous, flustered smile.

"Uh... yea. Sure."

As they made their way out of the quieter party environment, he couldn't help but notice a subtle change to Stormy's presence near him. While the wolfess was still letting him lead the way she was walking noticeably closer than was necessary. Once or twice Giza swore he felt that faint tickle of air on the back of his neck again. Whenever he turned to look back all he found was Stormy still walking a close, yet still respectful distance away. If he didn't know better Giza swore the wolf girl was starting to flirt with him. Just as quickly as it had come Giza dismissed the thought as just his inebriation playing tricks on him.

By the time they made it to the fourth party he had calmed down considerably. Either that or the alcohol in his system was mellowing him out enough that he didn't feel as compelled to dwell on the situation. Unfortunately, the fourth party was another high-octane rave-like event that had people bumping and grinding against each other while uncomfortably loud synthesized music boomed at a high enough volume to vibrate the walls. The music was

so loud that the only reason Giza could think of that the cops hadn't already been called for a noise complaint was that the rest of the block wasn't much quieter.

Neither of the two of them were big on the whole club scene. Not to mention the leopard in particular was having a nervous self-consciousness about dancing with Stormy in an environment that was clearly encouraging more provocative forms of dance. That didn't stop him from bobbing his head along with the beat every so often as he made his way towards the snack station. Giza figured it would probably be a good idea to get a few nuts or chips or something else absorbent in his stomach to help dilute things considering how much he had been drinking already. Unfortunately, as he made his way towards the table with Stormy following behind, a nearby reptilian dancer jumped back a bit too far and Giza ended up tripping over his tail and stumbling directly into the broad back of a burly tank of a bear.

"The fuck? Watch where you're going, runt!" the imposing ursine snarled down at Giza!

As the bear rounded on Giza the sheer size of the ursine in front of him hit home. The guy was at least four inches taller than the leopard and had to weigh at least twice as much as Giza did! And it was obvious the majority of that weight was muscle. From the way the bear's imposing body swayed slightly even with him standing still it was obvious the bear was absolutely hammered. Then again they didn't really look like the type that had much tact or self-control even when they were sober.

"S-sorry! I just tripped and-" Giza started to apologize, only to be cut off by a meaty hand grabbing a fistful of his shirt.

"Yea you'll be sorry when I'm done with-" the ursine drunkenly slurred only for him to be cut off mid-sentence as well.

The difference was that, while Giza was cut off by the bear grabbing him and threatening violence, the bear was cut off by a set of knuckles impacting the side of his jaw! The force of the punch, mixed with the bear's drunken lack of coordination, caused him to let go of the leopard and stumbled backwards. It was only by grabbing onto the edge of a table

that nearly buckled under his sudden weight that the bear kept from falling flat on his ass. With wide eyes, Giza turned and traced along the attackers arm until he found himself staring eye to eye with stormy!

“Back off, meathead.” Stormy growled menacingly, lips pulled back and exposing her teeth in an outright snarl.

Normally the short, petite wolf girl was about as far from intimidating as you could possibly get. However, whether from their collective inebriation or the addition of the monstrous features of her costume, both Giza and the bear found themselves swallowing nervously at the sight of her fang-filled snarl. Her fangs were massive and terrifying enormous in their own right to make her look more like a wild animal than a person in that instant.

Neither the bear nor his two wingmen seemed willing to continue the confrontation. Too busy staring at the threatening wolfess, he didn't even spare a glance towards Giza before he and his friends both turned tail and all but outright ran to vanish into the crowd. Only once he was no longer visible did Stormy finally relax and turn her attention back towards Giza.

By now the two realized that there were more than a few people staring at the both of them, their attention drawn by the spectacle. Normally Giza's self-consciousness would be driving him to escape the multiple sets of eyes on him. Being in the spotlight was never his thing and always made him uncomfortable. At that moment he didn't even notice how many people were looking at them, though. He was too distracted by his alcohol-addled brain finally being able to process and understand what he had been unconsciously noticing for the last hour.

Stormy was taller.

A quick glance down confirm that she wasn't wearing a different pair of shoes that might have given her a few extra inches of lift. Then again nothing short of elevated platform shoes could have reasonably gotten her close to closing the distance between her height and his. Considering that she was now fully eye to eye with him even that was unreasonable. More

concerning still was that she was still bristling from the confrontation and was hunched forward slightly. So, when the riled-up wolfess finally relaxed and straightened up, the leopard found himself having to angle his eyes upwards about an inch to meet her eyes!

“Ah...St-stormy? What... what’s...” Giza stammered, unable to form a coherent sentence.

Rather than give him time to try and form his question, Stormy reached out to grab one of Giza’s wrists. Much to the leopard’s shock he felt the sharp points of Stormy’s claws press into his skin. Thankfully she was careful enough that they didn't break the skin but it made it abundantly clear that those unnaturally large claws on her fingers weren't props. Add that to the fact that she was now strong enough that when she started tugging him towards the exit he had no choice but to stumble along behind her. Where before she would have struggled to make him sway in place with the full force of her pulling now it was him that was being dragged along with ease by her. Once the two of them were outside she led him to a secluded corner where two of the houses’ fences met and blocked them from view.

Giza felt his back pushed against the wooden fence a split second before a hand smacked loudly against the wood right beside his head. Hot, moist breath flowed from Stormy’s mouth as she panted as if inexplicably short of breath, her muzzle mere inches away from Giza’s face. Had he worn glasses her breath would be fogging them up to the point of uselessness. The adrenaline of the earlier confrontation had helped clear some of the alcohol buzz from his mind and, now that he was thinking more clearly, Giza couldn't believe he hadn't noticed the changes until now.

At some point the horn headband Stormy wore had fallen off. In its place a pair of real ebony horns had sprouted from the back of her head! There was no mistaking them for partially painted cheap plastic ones from before. As he had felt earlier and could now see out of the corner of his eyes her claws had lengthened and sharpened into wicked points far larger than normal and were so sharp they were effortlessly digging gouges into the wood of the fence. Her teeth had similarly enlarged, particularly her two front fangs at either edge of her muzzle that had replaced the one fake tooth. The enlarged teeth now gave her an almost primal, feral appearance reminiscent of a lupine version of a saber tooth tiger.

And then there was her body itself. It was ridiculous that he hadn't noticed how tight her clothes had become. Even with her having strategically torn several of the seams open for her costume to give them a ragged appearance the difference between those and the actual tears that her actually enlarging body created were night and day. Considering that he was now having to look up at her he guessed she was at least a foot taller than she normal was; easily putting her above the six-foot mark. Adding to that intimidating increase in size was an accompanying increase in her overall muscle mass. Whereas normally Stormy was a bit on the thin side now her body was lined with thick, hardened muscle. It wasn't quite thick and meaty like a bodybuilder was definitely enough to make her look brawny and powerful, not to mention far more than she had been sporting earlier that day. It was tight, lean muscle meant for action rather than admiration. Even the incomplete, drawn-on tattoos had changed into lines of fur that looked to be colored blue all the way down to the root. If he stared hard enough Giza swore he saw those strands of fur glowing slightly. In short... Stormy looked like a monster.

A real one.

It was at that moment Giza came to truly understand the meaning of the term scaroused. He couldn't tell if this monstrous version of his lupine friend was about to mash her lips against his in a kiss or literally bite his head off and his body was reacting to both possibilities simultaneously. The leopard couldn't help but wince and clench his eyes shut as her muzzle leaned in closer, fearing the sharp bite of fangs as big as his fingers digging into his flesh. Instead, all he heard was a sharp inhale of breath followed by a voice that somehow sounded both familiar and foreign.

"You smell really good..." he monstrous Stormy rumbled. "Really...REALLY good..."

Her panting breaths became more drawn-out as if she were savoring each inhalation of air. He swore he could actually see her body shudder slightly each time she sucked in a breath of his scent. None of that made it easier for him to process what the hell had happened to her nor figure out how scared he should actually be. Thankfully it seemed, at least for the moment, it didn't seem like she was about to maul him. Then again, a couple of hours ago it didn't seem like she would transform into some kind of monster either so what the hell did he know?

Giza tentatively reached out an arm towards her. He purposely moved his hand slowly as if afraid sudden movements might cause her to attack on instinct. Slowly, tenderly, the leopard cupped one side of her muzzle in his palm and Stormy reflexively leaned into the touch. His thumb brushed across one of the two overly-large fangs jutting from her mouth. His eyes widened slightly as he did, as if part of him had been expecting this whole thing to be some delusion and they would turn out to still be plastic.

“Damn... these really are real, aren’t they?...” Giza whispered aloud, more to himself than to her.

Despite his whisper she heard him loud and clear. Feeling a surge of confidence bordering on outright cockiness, the monstrous wolf girl reached her free arm out to grasp his hand in her own and pull it down from her face down to her bicep. The leopard’s eyes widened again in shock, instantly feeling how rock hard the muscle was. He had expected it to be firm just from the look of it but even when he squeezed his fingers as hard as he could her bicep didn’t so much as budge! Instead, Giza instead felt his fingers being pushed apart! Stormy had raised her arm from where it rested against the fence and instead curled it inwards to flex her bicep for him. While her body was still on the lean and athletic side the clearly unnatural amount of sinew woven into that tightly knit muscle bulged obscenely the moment it was flexed. Her bicep felt like it practically doubled in size underneath his hand while somehow seeming to get even harder to the touch! There was an abrupt pang of fresh fear that welled up inside Giza as he realized just how ridiculously outmatched in strength he was despite Stormy only being a couple of inches taller than him. He had no doubts that if she wanted she could pick him up and twist him into a pretzel without breaking a sweat. Even if she had been her normal height and built like this he still doubted he would have stood a chance of overpowering her. And as much as that made him concerned were she to become as monstrous in personality as she looked in appearance it also gave him a strange thrill of excitement.

“Big girl.” Stormy growled smugly.

Giza couldn't tell if she was speaking in overly simple sentences because she was losing her ability to communicate normally or if she was just screwing with him. Knowing her, the latter was just as likely as the former. Then again, he'd never been around someone who was turning into a monster before so for all he knew her mind really was getting more primal and animalistic. He had no idea what could have done this to her. It clearly had only started after they had met up. Otherwise, he was sure he would have noticed some of these changes before he had started drinking. But they have done everything together tonight! In fact, the only thing he could think of that he hadn't shared with her that night was...

"The chocolates!"

His sudden loud exclamation caused Stormy to jerk her head backwards in surprise. In hindsight, it probably wasn't a good idea to startle a potentially dangerous creature like her by shouting in their face. At least not when he didn't know how much self-control she still had. Luckily her mind seemed to still be working perfectly fine because realization clicked a moment later for her as well. Hastily, she clumsily fished around in her pocket with a hand now too big and with claws too sharp to do so without tearing the fabric. Eventually she was able to produce a small fabric bag, now over two thirds empty, of the chocolates Darren had given them. Stormy experimentally raised the bag up in front of her face and sniffed at it. After a moment her eyes widened.

"They smell weird.... Didn't notice before..." she said in that half-animal growl her voice had become." And I smell..."

She paused mid-sentence, trailing off as her head twisted upwards and began sniffing the air. Her muzzle turned back and forth for several moments before her eyes widened and her lips spread into a terrifying, toothy grin.

"I smell more."

Before Giza could think of a reply, Stormy reached up and simply tore the bag of chocolates open. The leopard stared in shock as Stormy dumped a handful of them into her

mouth, barely even taking the time to chew before swallowing! The augmented wolfess visibly shuddered in pleasure after the chocolate settled in her stomach as if she could already feel whatever effect they had been having on her accelerating from the additional dosage. Too shocked to do more than stare, Giza swore that he could actually see her fangs elongating, her claws sharpening and her whole body seemed to puff up slightly but noticeably larger in the dim light mixture of street and moon light. He was so distracted by the sight that he didn't realize what was coming next until her enlarged hand was pressed over the front of his face, cramming a handful of the chocolates into his own mouth!

“SWALLOW...”

Her voice wasn't just accentuated with a growl this time. It was a full-throated, commanding snarl. Whether from fear, reflex or some Instinct in the back of his subconscious obeying the primal domineering force of the command, Giza forced himself to swallow down the sugary, slightly off-tasting treats. Only once she was sure he had swallowed every last one did she let go of his muzzle.

And then she picked him up.

Treating him like a little more than a sack of potatoes, Stormy hefted the leopard over her shoulder and ran out onto the street. Dozens of people milling about turned to try to catch a glimpse of the gray-furred monster sprinting its way down the street but couldn't catch more than a glimpse of her or her passenger. She ran with her body hunched forward so far she occasionally used her free arm as part of her stride like a gorilla would! As if her running method wasn't strange enough she was able to run like this so fast that she risked surpassing the local speed limit! All of this would have been fascinating and terrifying for the captive leopard if he wasn't too distracted by the strange sensation welling up in his stomach and radiating across his body.

He could feel things inside of him unnaturally changing and rearranging themselves. Organs, bones and muscle reshaped and reformed inside of him in ways Giza couldn't have put into words if he tried. He felt the muscles in his arms and legs stiffen and tighten, feeling like springs being wound tighter while also being made sturdier to produce and withstand that

much more force when released. Despite the speed they were moving Giza found that he was able to see things passing by with increasing clarity as his senses sharpened. Smaller changes such as these continued elsewhere like his teeth and claws alongside the more obvious transformations. The leopard could feel his clothing slowly pulling tighter across his frame and knew he must be getting bigger just like Stormy had. Not that it seemed to bother her. Despite his own changes it was clear that Stormy was still experiencing her own changes as well. Not only that but, if the way her arm around him felt even bigger than it had when she first picked him up despite his own changes was any indication, she was changing faster than he was!

Thanks to Stormy's already unnatural speed only increasing further as her transformation continued it only took a few minutes to reach the candy factory Darren's father worked at near the edge of the suburb. By now Giza's changes had progressed far enough, his senses sharpened far above normal levels, that he too could catch the traces of the tainted candy in the air. The smell made him salivate, unexpectedly hungry for more. Maybe it was whatever the chocolate was doing to him or maybe a baser urge craving more of the power he felt from his changing body. Then again it could also be that he just wanted to share something with Stormy, even if what they were sharing was transforming into a monster.

By the time Stormy sat him down outside one of the fire exits Giza was shocked to find he was now eye level with the top of the door frame! Despite his significantly increased size he was still shocked to find that Stormy was still well over a head taller than him! More than that her body had begun to bulk up with more visible muscle beyond the lean athletic strength she had before. If Giza's build was like that of a well-built track star Stormy was closer to a pro bodybuilder in size! Despite the door being made of reinforced steel a single punch from the mutated wolf girl was enough to smash it clean off of its hinges! The warped chunk of metal went flying across the hallway within with enough force to crack the concrete of the opposite wall! Stormy wasted no time in ducking down to squeeze through the door, barely able to fit without having to break the frame apart in the process, while dragging the momentarily shocked leopard behind her.

Prowling their way through the facility it only took the two freshly-minted monsters a couple of minutes to find the test kitchen where the tainted chocolate smell originated from. After Stormy ripped open another security door the two found themselves in a small, or at

least small for the two seven-plus foot tall creatures entering it, room that looked equal parts kitchen and Laboratory. But none of the equipment that looked like it would be just as at home in a mad scientist's laboratory even garnered a moment of their attention. Instead, the moment they had entered the room, both the leopard and wolfess had their eyes trained on two large fifty-gallon vats of liquid chocolate in the room and the small assortment of pre-made candies in a tray on a nearby table. Both the vats and the premade chocolates absolutely REEKED of that strange, alluring tainted scent that had drawn them here.

Stormy was the first to cross the room. She didn't even bother with the pre-made candies on the table. Instead, she hunched down over the waist-high barrel, ripped the top off, and stuck her muzzle directly into the liquid chocolate. Even across the room Giza hear the audible gulping sound of Stormy guzzling the chocolate as quickly as she could swallow. In those few moments that he hesitated and watched the wolfess indulge her body began to visibly grow! The remains of Stormy's clothes tore off as her shoulders and back widened and thickened with each passing second. Giza watched with widening eyes as Stormy was forced to hunch down lower with each passing second over the barrel to keep her drinking as he height increased. When he realized how far behind he already was the leopard's attention snapped away from her continuing changes and he joined her in ripping off the lid of the other vat and imitated her gluttonous guzzling.

For what felt like an eternity the two of them lost track of everything around them. They vanished into the blissful sensation of the warm chocolate flushing down their throat. The addictive, pleasant tingling and faint burning sensation reminiscent of the soreness that comes after an intense workout. It was like a drug for the two of them; each mouthful sending a fresh wave of pleasure surging through their bodies. It wasn't until something hard smacked against both of their heads that they were pulled out of their trance. Their collective irritation turned to shock when they realized that their heads were now pressing against the ceiling of the room!

And they were both still kneeling down.

Glancing down, both of them realized that they had long since grown so large that they had picked up the fifty-gallon drums like they were little more than cups and had drained them dry. Hell, the last few seconds of their trance had been spent sticking their tongues

inside to lick up any remaining droplets. Yet, despite having cleaned out their source of the tainted chocolate, both of their bodies continue to grow and change.

As Stormy braced her arms against the ceiling and shoved through its bony protrusions began to push themselves out of the back of her elbows like small, natural stabbing implements. Her teeth and claws had further enlarged to the point that multiple fangs beyond the two saber teeth gave her a significant overbite while each of her fingers look like they were tipped with something rivaling the dewclaw of the Velociraptors from Jurassic Park. The formerly fake tattoos lining her body had long since been replaced by bright blue-colored streaks in her fur that had become fully bioluminescent! They glowed along her fur like veins that seem to pulse brighter in tune with her heartbeat. In the few moments it took her to stand she went straight through the second floor and the third floor as her growth spiked! By the time she was fully upright her head had torn through the roof of the entire building! When her eyes opened, having closed to protect themselves from the dust and debris, a second pair of glowing eyes opened above the first pair!

Giza was spared neither the growth or mutation of his lupine companion. His own body surged larger as if competitively trying to keep up with Stormy as he followed her in standing. Unlike her, though, his body rapidly began a far more extreme reshaping of itself. His lower body thickened considerably; hips widening and legs swelling in girth to nearly saurian proportions! His tail whipped out behind him, expanding with additional meat and mass with each swing until it was smashing through the concrete walls behind him with the force of a wrecking ball! The newly enlarged appendage was still covered in spotted fur but now hung heavy and full of muscle; less feline and more reptilian in appearance now. His upper-body bulked-up as well but didn't quite reach the extent that his lower body had; giving him a distinct, bottom-heavy shape while not leaving him outright disproportionate. Hardened plates of bone grew in over the fur on the leopard's torso like a breastplate of bone armor while smaller plates formed in strategic locations such as the back of his hands, his kneecaps and up along his throat and the bottom of his chin. Smoke began to curl from Giza's nostrils as his head, too, broke through the ceiling next to Stormy's. The little wisps of smoke drifting up into his field of vision acted as a sign to the mutated leopard that his insides were changing just as much as his outsides.

The Factory simply began to collapse around them at the two monsters continued grow and tear their way out of it like bursting free from a fragile eggshell. Both of them had already surpassed fifty feet in height and were still growing larger with each passing second. The two behemoths took a few tentative steps into the open field next to the factory, giving them both more space to grow without shoving against each other as they had been doing up to that point. Their feet spread out wider on the ground as they grew along with the rest of them; leaving each footprint deeper and larger than the last. Then, abruptly, it all stopped. It was as if the engine fueling their changes suddenly ran out of fuel. The changes stopped so abruptly that both newly minted monsters lurched forward slightly from the sudden lack of upward and outward momentum. At first both of them felt an overwhelming sense of anger and outrage that they had been robbed of that feeling of enlarging; of growing more powerful. It was only now that they felt the changes, at least for now, had stopped that they finally took the time to take stock of what exactly had happened to them.

Giza looked like someone had mixed his DNA in a blender with several different dinosaurs and maybe a dragon or two thrown it in for flavor. His whole body was now best described as pear-shaped. He sported a set of massive, powerful haunches and an enormous tail that now had more mass in it than both of his arms combined! While still covered in a fine coat of spotted fur Giza Now supported armored plates and scales across various parts of his body. This included a row of dangerous-looking spikes lining his spine all the way from the middle of his shoulder blades down to the tip of his tail. While his upper body was visibly defined with enough muscle they could have given any bodybuilder a run for their money even if he had been a normal height it was clear the majority of his strength was in his lower body. As he stood there looking himself over and panting in excitement, wisps of smoke and blue-tinted flames flickered from the edges of his lips every time he exhaled. That made him grin a wicked, terrifying grin full of teeth bigger than a full-grown adult! Then again considering his height it wasn't unreasonable for him to have teeth that large. He had to be well over a hundred feet tall now if not closer to a hundred and fifty. He was a monster, a Titan! And, as he turned his head to look back at his companion, he noticed he was also still shorter than Stormy.

Easily half again the monstrous leopard's size, even Giza's titanic self was barely as tall as Stormy's chest! And that was taking into account her new posture forcing her to hunch forward. That meant she had to be well over two hundred feet tall and probably closer to two hundred and fifty if she stood fully upright! If Giza had embraced the classic reptilian giant

monster motif in his mutation then Stormy's body had followed the path of the werewolf. That is, if the werewolf had also been exposed to high levels of gamma radiation and blasted with a growth ray for good measure.

Her entire body bulged with monstrous amounts of muscle that should have looked disproportionate and cumbersome but instead somehow seemed to fit her frame perfectly despite looking massive beyond what nature should possibly be able to allow. Her spine curved slightly now which was what forced her to naturally hunch forward much like the classic werewolf that her body seemed to have modeled itself after. Her arms were slightly larger than was proportionate for her body; making them big enough that, if she chose to, she could run as easily on all fours with them as she could on just her legs. Her fur was still the same varying shades of gray but still retained the glowing blue lines that now flared visibly brighter every time she flexed or strained herself even slightly. However, it seems like something more demonic and wound up mixed in there with the wolf monster's DNA. Stormy now sported two pairs of eyes, all four of them having black sclera instead of white which made her glowing eyes that much more noticeable and attention-catching. Not only that but when Giza glanced towards her face it felt like he was being drawn to those unnatural eyes and found it increasingly difficult to look away. Only through strained, conscious effort was he able to resist the strangely hypnotic gaze and look away. The small pair of ebony horns that had grown from the back of her head early that night had doubled in size and now curved further downwards while with a second pair of smaller horns had sprouted next to the first pair. Even with her herculean physique Giza, with his massive self reminiscent of the type of monster that might have been found rampaging through Tokyo, clearly had the superior proportionate mass between the two. However, considering how much bigger Stormy was than the mutant leopard overall, she still certainly had him beat in overall strength.

As the two behemoths finally calmed down from their changes and self-exploration they turned to grin at each other. A meaty feline reptile hybrid hand reached out to meet a wickedly-clawed lupine paw between the two of them as both newly-minted monsters clenched their fingers tight and knocked knuckles together in a gigantic, monstrous version of a bro-fist to communicate to each other that they were both still in there, still themselves, monstrous forms or no. Then their hands parted and their wicked grins returned. Despite both of them still being aware and (More or less) in control, both of their instincts were screaming for an outlet to test the power of their newfound bodies. It was a desperate urge to fight, to destroy... To hunt.

As the two titans turned their attention towards the city soon to be their playground miles away a chocolate engineer was staring wide-eyed at the emergency taking over every TV channel. It had just been a little bit of radiation; it shouldn't have hurt anything! They had sold the cocoa beans to him for pennies, how could he resist a deal like that? He couldn't have known this would happen! Strangely, though, the tiger's primary emotion wasn't fear or guilt at the realization of what he had done; what he had created. Instead, as he stared at two monsters smashing on TV their way through the suburbs and stepping on houses like they were toys, all he could say was

"Damn. Wish I'd tried some of it too."