The sounds of the breeze rustling through the leaves and the not-too-distant waves lapping against the shoreline were rudely interrupted by a sudden screech of rubber on asphalt as Scott's bike came to a sharp halt, his shoes noisily helping to grind him to a stop along with the brakes - which had always seemed a *little* bit loose, no matter how much he'd tried to tighten them. It was a hot day - no, screw that, it was *sweltering,* and Scott's forehead and hair were slick with sweat as he awkwardly peeled himself off of the bike's seat, waddling off the side of the cycling path with stiff legs. The asphalt quickly turned to grass - and then to grass afforded some shade by the dense treeline that sat a way off of the road's side. Scott guided his bike with one hand until it rested against a thick old tree trunk - *the other hand rubbing sweat out of his eyes, off of his forehead and out of his scalp as best it could* - and then, with a loud grunt, he half-collapsed, his legs giving out under him as if to say, *you really should have rested half an hour ago and not now, but at least you've found a nice tree to sit against while you're in the shade.*

Scott awkwardly shrugged his backpack off, and then two more noises joined the others - first a zipper being yanked at, and then an awful lot of things inside a fairly small bag being pushed and moved around without enough space to really do so. Scott grabbed the first of several water bottles he'd brought with him, first pouring it out over his head (*which he normally wouldn't have done, but his hair was already so slick it was plastered against his scalp, so - why not?*), and then beginning to gulping it down, letting out a wordless sound of relief even as his free hand dove back into his bag. It felt another water bottle, another, a half-crushed energy bar, and then - smooth, rounded hard plastic. Scott paused for a moment, looking at his surroundings to make sure there was enough room for what he was going to do before grabbing at it. He lifted it out, and *it* was a large sphere, just about big enough to fill his palm - white on the bottom and red on the top, separated by a grey-black band into which a button was set.

A Pokeball.

Scott moved his bag to one side and aimed the Pokeball rather squarely away from himself, a little bit like how someone might handle a gun they're worried might go off at any moment. He pressed the button and it gave a loud, deep *click* - and then Scott screwed his eyes shut as a burst of light suddenly exploded outwards, brighter than the sun in the sky overhead. Four heavy paws thumped down against the grass, and a happy feral roar sounded out.

The light faded, and Scott opened his eyes once more, grinning as much as he was able while continuing to drain his bottle of every bit of water it could offer up.

It was safe to say that certain kinds of Pokemon could be very colourful, and the one that Scott had just let out of her Pokeball was no exception. Vivid orange, dark tiger-stripes, and huge puffs of cream-coloured fur and tail-fluff - there was no mistaking the huge canine figure in front of him for anything other than an Arcanine. It, or rather, she, rolled her big shoulders and stretched out her legs, a happy grumble issuing forth as that colossally fluffy tail swished back and forth. Before Scott could even think of putting his hand up that muzzle was pressing in, nearly knocking his water bottle from his grip, a tongue joining in and starting to *lick-lick-lick*, more happy canine noises joining the previous ones.

"Ah- S-Summer, hold on a moment!" Scott protested, twisting awkwardly at the waist to keep his water bottle from being knocked out of his hands, continuing to drink even as his canine companion seemed dead-set on smothering the life out of him. Arcanines were *big* Pokemon, and even if Scott was to stand Summer would have been taller than him - and Scott was not standing. As it was, he didn't even come up to her neck. After a few moments of just barely managing to keep the Arcanine's cream-coloured muzzle held at bay Scott drained the last of the water from his bottle and let it fall from his hand, and immediately he was all but *smothered* in fluff.

Very *warm* fluff. It pressed into his face, his neck, his entire torso, the huge canine shoving and smothering as she tried her level best to curl up and fit into a lap that was *entirely* too small for her.

"S-Summer, it's a bit too hot for that!" Scott protested. '*Maybe,*' he thought to himself, as he began to sweat all over again, '*I should have put more effort into setting boundaries when she was just a Growlithe.*' He stuck his hands up, silky fur squeezing through the gaps between his digits even as Summer lowered her massive fluffy self down on top of Scott's poor, tired legs. "Maybe- sit *next* to me instead of *on top of me?* Please?"

Summer grumbled wordlessly, and - herself sat directly on top of Scott's legs, facing outwards, sphinxlike, her rear pressing against his chest - raised her massive, heavy tail and draped it on top of her trainer's head and shoulders. Scott had to turn to the side to avoid getting a mouthful of floof, the fire-type Pokemon's heavy mass resting atop him and adding to the already-uncomfortable heat. "Summer!" he said, sure that the sound was lost amid her tail. Summer wasn't stupid - if she couldn't *hear* a command, she knew she didn't have to *obey* it. Even if she was only *pretending* not to hear it. "Summer, I'm not kidding, it's too hot for this! The entire reason I sat down was to *cool off,* we can cuddle after we get home and I stick the AC on!"

The orange-and-dark-furred mass smothering Scott into dust shifted minutely. There was a quiet, huffy "Arcanine...", the sound of which was half-muffled by the tail doing its best to swallow Scott's entire world into cream-coloured fur.

"Summer, I'll put you back into the Pokeball if you don't shift..."

Slowly, Summer picked herself up off of her trainer. Very, very slowly, to the point that it could barely be called *obeying* at all. She plodded to one side, keeping her tail pressed against Scott's upper body as it shifted with each of her movements, as if it was a feather duster and he was something very old and very dirty - and then, finally, plopped herself down, the tail finally moving itself, but the Arcanine's muzzle defiantly staying glued to Scott's lap, and in doing so filling it.

"There we go," Scott sighed. "Was that *really* so hard, Summer?"

Summer let out a *wurf* in response, her tail thumping from side to side as she laid down in the cool grass. Scott moved one of his hands to scratch behind Summer's orange, diamond-shaped ears, the other grabbing for the bottle he'd dropped, shoving it back into his bag, and just as quickly pulling out a replacement. "Thirsty?" Summer didn't respond, doing her best to sulk at the absolute *indignity* of being forced to move a couple of feet to one side, but her tail was picking up the pace, thumping from left to right faster in response to her muzzle being petted.

Scott rolled his eyes.

"It won't be *that* long before we're home," he said, looking down at his legs. Gingerly, he poked one and then the other, biting at his lip. He did his best to move them, finding them stiff and dead. Flexing his toes resulted in a faint feeling of pins and needles. "Crap. Okay, uh- maybe it *will.* But, still. We can stay here for a while until I'm good to pedal again. Next time I won't push the distance so hard." Scott grinned. "And if my legs are completely dead then you can carry me back home as an apology for crushing them."

Summer's heavy tail batted against Scott's side and his grin grew into a smirk.

"Well, it's your fault for being so heavy," he said. Summer *wurffed* again, and Scott leant back against the tree trunk he was sitting against, stretching out. A loud yawn came from between his lips without warning, and he blinked. '*I guess I really* ***did*** *push the distance on that bike ride a bit more than I should have. Hmm...*' Bringing his watch up, Scott pursed his lips in thought. It wasn't particularly late in the afternoon, and even if it took him a good hour or two to cycle back home he'd still have plenty of time before dinner... So there probably wouldn't be any harm in closing his eyes for a little while and resting. Right?

"Summer?" Scott asked, those big orange ears perking up the sound of her name. "I'm going to close my eyes for a bit, okay? Maybe half an hour at most. I'm just going to set an alarm quickly... Okay, done - and then, when that goes off, I should be fully recovered from the bike ride and how long and hot it was. Then, we'll make our way back home. Sound good?"

Summer's eyes flicked up to meet Scott's gaze as he took a long gulp from his second bottle of water. She made a vague, canine noise. "Arc?" Scott nodded and gave her a scritch behind the ears - not *too* hard, otherwise her tail would *never* stop thumping. "It won't be *that* long, and my legs are killing me." Summer seemed to sulk a little, but didn't protest. "I love you too, Summer. I'll be awake again before you know it."

With that, Scott folded his arms over his chest and closed his eyes and leant back against the tree behind him, shuffling about as he tried to find a position that could be called properly *comfortable.*

He rolled his shoulders and, seeming to have found a comfy spot, let out a sigh - and then did his best to go still and quiet.

Summer watched him for several minutes as he gradually dropped off, the big Arcanine's gaze lingering on her Trainer until she turned away, picked her muzzle up off of his leg, and *streeetched.* Summer grumbled to herself, already feeling rather bored as she sat down and turned her muzzle this way and that, listening to the sound of the breeze and the sea and the handful of wild Pokemon nearby - *a few Wingulls flapping through the sky and squawking, some things too small to be seen darting through the undergrowth* - and huffed.

It was no fun, being a Pokemon whose master was asleep. Summer glared at the bike that her Trainer had ridden on, growling under her breath at it for making him so tired and unable to walk with her along the beach or into the forest like they usually did - battling whatever wild Pokemon were too stupid to flee at the sight of an Arcanine before heading back home. Walking round to the bike, Summer spared Scott a glance, making sure he was actually asleep - before nudging at the bike, causing it to fall over and into the grass, one of the pedals banging softly against the ground.

'*BIKE has been defeated*', Summer thought, or at least something akin to it, letting out a growl just loud enough to be triumphant without running the risk of waking her Trainer back up. Her foe beaten, and having gotten to experience something that - *to her mind* - at least *vaguely* resembled a Pokemon battle, Summer was satisfied for a few minutes more.

But only a few minutes more.

Summer laid down in the grass and looked up at the sky, quietly grumbling at passing Wingulls as if the sound might draw them down to her for another quick battle, sneaking glances at her Trainer in the hope that he might finally wake up and take her home so that, if she *had* to lay around doing nothing, she could at least do it in front of the television.

As Summer alternated between flopping around in the grass and grumbling boredly to herself, however, something occurred to her. She paused, flipped over and pushed herself into a stand, and then went back to look at the bike she had defeated fair and square in battle. As she did so, the gears inside Summer's doggy mind began to turn.

Scott had said that he was tired because of the bike, but not *only* because of the bike. He had *also* mentioned the heat - and as Summer thought about *that*, she came to a realisation. It wasn't *just* a hot day: it was a *sunny* day. And Summer, as an Arcanine, well knew that *Sunny Day* was a move that certain Pokemon could use. *Had* some Pokemon used that move? Had the sun itself somehow used the move?

Whatever the explanation, Summer knew that one thing was certain: the Sunny Day was attacking her Trainer like any other Pokemon move would attack herself, making him sweaty and tired, and if there was one thing that Summer would never allow - *other than bathtime* - it was another Pokemon trying to harm her Trainer.

Casting one last look back at Scott, Summer drew herself up tall and then walked out of the shadow. The sunlight was warm on her furred hide, almost suspiciously so to Summer, now that the Arcanine had convinced herself that the weather was some sort of malicious attack; and Summer grumbled a challenge under her breath as she stared up into the sky.

Most Pokemon wouldn't have thought to try and challenge the sun to a battle, but most Pokemon weren't Summer. Most Pokemon also didn't have the secret weapon that *Summer* did, which had won her and her Trainer, quite literally, too many battles to count.

(*Although, given that Summer's ability to count started at one and bottomed out somewhere around four, that* ***was*** *underselling just how many times it had won fights before they'd even begun.*)

That secret weapon was a little ability called *Flash Fire.* To most fire Pokemon, being hit by a fire-type move would have been a mild inconvenience (*depending, of course, on the strength of the move that had hit them*); but to Summer, it wasn't even that. Not only were fire-type moves unable to *hurt* Summer, but instead they actively made her *stronger*, her body absorbing them and powering up her own moves in turn. Normally this would have allowed the Arcanine to, say, take in a fireball and return it twice as hard - but now, Summer stood glaring up into the sky, baring her teeth, fully intending to take in the heat of the sun itself.

The Arcanine rolled her shoulders, and licked her chops, and growled.

If Scott had been awake and watching her antics, he likely would have watched for a few moments and then gone right back to sleep, having chalked Summer's behaviour up to *Summer being Summer*. If he had been *paying attention* he might realised that something was already amiss: rather than merely the power of Summer's fire-type moves increasing, the sheer *amount* her Flash Fire was already taking in meant that the power of Summer's *everything* was increasing, the Arcanine's stats beginning to tick upwards: HP, Attack, Defence, all of it! At first each of them grew by ones and twos, then by threes and fours; but soon each of the already healthily-powerful Arcanine's stats was increasing tens and twenties at a time, all of them continually leaping higher and higher at a pace that started out alarming and rapidly increased to *terrifying.* If Summer had been capable of *snickering,* she doubtless would have; having already boosted herself to tournament-steamrolling levels of power after a few moments of greedily soaking in every bit of heat the sun had to offer. It wasn't long before each of Summer's stats began to peak up into the 300's - and then even past than, into the 400's. The 500's. On and on Summer went, growling defiantly up at the sun as she continued to drink in an entire sunny day - and, very soon, the sheer extent to which Summer’s Flash Fire was working became evident, as more than just Summer's *stats* started to grow.

Slowly, Summer's paws began to roll out over the grass, a millimetre at a time. And, at the same rate, her *head* began to push up higher. Her huge, fluffy tail, lowered heavily against the ground, puffed out a little in all directions. The same happened with her mane, with her torso, her legs; *all* of Summer was *growing* now, **getting bigger** just like her stats, and - just like those same stats - though the growth started off slow, it didn't *remain* slow for very long at all.

Summer, like most Arcanines, was a very big Pokemon - to be more specific, Summer had always been right around her species' average of six feet and three inches, when standing up. And *had* was the important word, because now Summer was just a little bit *bigger* than that average: with every passing moment, she drew closer and closer to six feet and *four* inches as the sun's heat poured into and empowered her further, and *further.* It took Summer the better part of an entire minutes to grow from six feet and three inches to six feet and four inches - but growing from six feet and four inches to six feet and *five* inches didn't take half as long. And nor did reaching six and a half feet tall take half as long as *that.* Summer's growth, which had started out so slow as to be completely imperceptible to everything and everyone save her, had quickly become rapid enough to be fully visible to the naked eye - the towering Pokemon gradually stretching taller and broader, paws flowing out over the grass, now growing not by millimetres, but by half-inches - and, soon, by *entire inches* at a time.

Seven feet from paw to toe came and went remarkably quickly, Summer's growth only speeding up the bigger she became. Perhaps it was the strength of her Flash Fire ability swelling along with the rest of her, or maybe a *bigger body* just meant there was more of her to absorb the sunny day's power - but regardless of how or why, it didn't take even a full minute for Summer to grow to a full seven and a half feet in size.

And *eight* feet followed just as quickly.

Summer had never seen or heard of an Arcanine as big as she now was, and she didn't intend to stop whatsoever - not until the Sunny Day responsible for her Trainer's exhaustion was well and truly *dealt with.* Nine feet came, and ten feet followed with it, and tree branches began to snap and crack as Summer's huge, broadening back shoved meanly up against and through them - and speaking of *her Trainer's exhaustion*, not even that noise was able to rouse Scott from his sleep. Still growing, and quickly leaping up to a full eleven feet in size, Summer turned herself round to take a look at her trainer: both checking that he was okay... and checking that he *was* still asleep.

Then, Summer walked fully out of the shade she'd still mostly been inside of and out onto the side of the road, gazing up at the sun with defiance on her muzzle and a silent growl on her lips.

*Eleven* feet immediately swelled to *thirteen.* And, just as quickly - thirteen to fifteen- no, sixteen! Already, the gigantic and growing Arcanine was attracting attention - Wingulls squawked overhead, flocks scattering in instinctive panic at the sight of Summer; a lone cyclist came into view in the distance, stared for several long moments, and then turned right back around the way he'd come from in a panic! Scott likely would have shared that panic, if he'd been awake - not merely because of Summer's near-twenty-foot size, but because of just how *high* her stats were getting! Had there ever been a single Pokemon in history whose every stat had been almost- no, uh, make that *over* 1,500?

Maybe *Arceus* himself?

Maybe.

But maybe not even Arceus had stats that reached up to over *2,000* each, just like Summer's now did after mere moments. The increasingly house-sized Arcanine moved fully into the road, swallowing more of it up under herself and into her shadow and under her gigantic fluffy tail with every passing second, her smooth growth only growing in rapidity as she herself swelled further and further. Her eyes quickly flicked to Scott - the exhausted trainer *still* somehow completely asleep (*his bike ride and the Sunny Day* ***really*** *having done a number on him, it seemed*) - and then, she let out a growl. It was a strange sort of growl - challenging, and of course intimidating beyond measure, yet *also* kept as quiet as possible so as to not wake Scott up. It was the sort of growl that said, wordlessly, *all of you Wingulls come down here and we can have a Pokemon battle, me on one side and every single one of you on the other! The Sun can be the second round, and maybe that'll get you to stop blasting at my Trainer with that Sunny Day of yours!*

Unfortunately, neither the sun nor the wingulls squawking in a panic - *yet at the same time too amazed by Summer's now-thirty-foot-size to actually* ***flee*** - took the Arcanine up on her gracious offer. Summer let out another growl, this time one of frustration, and with as much grace as her colossal form could manage (*which admittedly wasn't much, any gracefulness having long been exchanged for total, raw, overwhelming* ***power***), reared up onto her back legs, the front paws swiping in the hope of catching a few lone stragglers. Summer's tail, the fluffy mass itself near as big as an entire building, provided a suitable counterbalance for her immense weight, the ground shaking under each tarmac-flattening pawfall (*though not shaking* ***enough*** *to rouse Scott - who had now begun to snore, the sound entirely lost under the increasing cacophony Summer herself was responsible for*).

Summer grumbled in frustration as the Pokemon overhead refused to accept her polite requests for even a single Pokemon battle. She reared up higher, *swelled* up higher; and as she tried to reach even higher still - paws extending out as far as they could reach; the Flash Fire pouring more and more *power* into her with every passing second, stats beginning to draw close not to *3000*, but to *4000* - an odd change began to come over her.

As Summer reached and reached, letting out an accidental roar of irritation that nevertheless failed to wake her sleeping Trainer, her body began to transform. Instead of growing any larger (*not that said growth was* ***stopping*** *in any way while all of this occurred*), Summer's body began to assume a new shape altogether. Her back legs, awkwardly supporting her as she pawed up at the sky, began to *move*; working down and round slightly with grinding creaks of shifting bone. A pair of hips flared outwards above those legs, and Summer's shoulder's thickened with new mass, her muscles and bones reworking themselves as her digits wriggled - her front paws remaking themselves into a pair of hands as even her neck locked itself into a new position.

Summer barely even noticed her transformation from a 'regular' Arcanine into an *anthropomorphic* one until she tired of trying to convince various avian Pokemon to do battle with her, huffed, and then looked back towards the ground, suddenly realising that there was a *chest* in the way. Not a feral barrel-chest, bulging with muscle - but the sort of chest only a female human could have had. The Arcanine blinked, muzzle tilting left and right as she looked down at herself, twisting to try and take her new body in. "A-Arc... A-Arrr..." Summer grumbled, frowning in an all-too human expression. Her fingers wriggled as she poked and prodded and squeezed, barely noticing as she crested the, unbeknownst-to-her, classic height of fifty feet. "V-verrr... *Rrrr...*"

Summer's muzzle scrunched up in confusion for a few moments as she wriggled her tongue around inside of her mouth.

"S-Strange... Canine..."

Summer shook her head, brushing off the stunning transformation that had just entirely and completely reshaped her body - and either not quite noticing or not caring that she was now talking like a *human* as opposed to a *Pokemon* - and turned her attention to something else, which was much more important. Namely, growing. Summer's powers and ability to absorb had grown along with her body, each of her stats now peaking well into the 10,000s, and for a moment the Arcanine simply shifted paws, widening her stance and on instinct spreading her arms out wide, as if to look up at the sun itself and say *is that all you've got?* It was, indeed, *not* all that the sun had - and Summer let out a giddy growl as she swelled even further, pulsing bigger and stronger in great heaving surges of growth: 60 feet, 70 feet, 90 feet - the more she grew, the more her rate of growth grew along with her; and, still swelling, pumping past 100, 120, 150 feet, Summer turned back to her Trainer, crouching down and down and *down*, muzzle filling the sky over him as her swinging tail harmlessly smashed into everything in its path.

Incredibly, Scott was still asleep, his tiny snores so quiet to the 200-foot Summer's hearing that she had to concentrate to hear them properly. The 250-foot Arcanine grinned, thought for a few moments, and then looked towards one of her new hands. Her fingers wriggled conspiratorially. "Ti-tired...C-canine," she sniggered, and - gently as she could manage - dug her fingers into the ground. Effortlessly her claws sheared through the road's foundations, though ancient tree roots, and then burst out back out of the ground, both from Summer cupping her and and from her own continuing growth.

The 350-foot Arcanine grinned - *mostly lovingly, but with a good deal of smugness* - and then lifted an entire chunk of land right up out of the ground. She stuck her tongue out as she brought it up and up, concentrating as she did her best to tip the entire thing - Scott, bike, tree, ground and all - onto her chest without waking her sleeping Trainer.

It was an awkward enough process that by the time Summer had finished, she was closer to 600 feet tall than she had been to 500.

And by the time she started walking, she was closer to 700 feet tall than 600.

And Summer’s growth hadn't stopped, or even slowed: it was *still* ***speeding up***.

The ground shuddered under Summer's house-dwarfing paws with every step she took, now *far* too big to even attempt to fit on the seaside road her Trainer had ridden his bike down, and so instead the unstoppably-growing Arcanine walked alongside it, leaving a trail of colossal footprints in the sand like something out of a giant monster movie, each one noticeably bigger than the one before it. Even though Scott had never ridden out this far on one of his bike rides, and even though Summer had been inside of her Pokeball the entire time, from such an insane vantage point she was easily able to look down on the entire landscape and see the way back home - as well as more and more far-away little people beginning to pause and stop and stare in total and complete awe, shock, and perhaps more than a little bit of *fear,* at the near-thousand-foot-tall Arcanine stomping towards them, already having *far* outgrown the entire beach, and drawing nearer and swelling larger with each thundering footstep.

The great flocks of Wingulls that Summer had been so intent on challenging to battles - along with the various Pidgeys and Starlies and other flying Pokemon in the region - found themselves especially glad that the growing giantess' attention had shifted away from them, and that they were no longer in danger of being challenged to the sort of battle that only a god might have been capable of winning (*given that Summer's stats were all well in excess of half a million*). They were much less glad that this was only the case because Summer had grown *so* large that she could barely even see them anymore - there'd already been plenty of panic when Summer was a 'mere' 20 feet in size, let alone when her head had grown up into a flock and scattered the entire thing without notice; and even that had failed to compare to the sheer terror the poor wild Pokemon had felt when the Arcanine's chest had risen up over them, quickly followed by her belly, then her hips, and then even her thighs!

All of this was nothing compared to the reactions Summer was getting from down on the ground, though - people stared, screamed, ran away from the *giant monster Arcanine*, or some combination of the three; wild and Trainer-owned Pokemon alike barking, hissing, spitting or yowling (*most in terror, but a handful in challenge, either from seeking to protect themselves or their Trainers or out of sheer ego*) - and despite their bravery when it came to tackling crime, the policemen had no better answer to Summer than anyone else. Planes flying overhead - *that is, gradually less and less overhead, with how much and how quickly Summer was expanding* - swerved as far away from the unspeakably colossal Arcanine as they could, passengers and pilots alike pressing up against windows, staring in mingled awe and fear as she *kept on growing*, adding dozens and hundreds of feet of size to herself as easily as breathing.

Even far out to sea, Summer was attracting attention. Wailords breached the surface of the ocean, suddenly finding their species-wide claim to being *the biggest Pokemon* rendered thoroughly null and void as a growing, darkening shadow spilled out and out across the land and sea both, now able to *thoroughly* (*and uncomfortably*) comprehend just how *tiny* a Pokemon such as a Bidoof or Pachirisu might feel compared to themselves as they continually strained their gazes up and up.

Perhaps if it had been possible to measure Summer in the middle of all of this chaos, the people and Pokemon panicking down below, up in the air and far out to sea would have realised that she had already left *one thousand* feet behind in favour of *two thousand,* and was already closing in on the half-mile mark like a predator on its prey.

With how big Summer had grown - *the once-normal* (*'once’ in this case meaning 'somewhere between five and ten minutes ago'*) *Arcanine having swelled up into an entire mountain's worth of female bulk, to say nothing of just how much of the entire land behind her was being swallowed up into a sea of cream-coloured silky fluff by her giant tail* - and with just how quickly she was getting *even bigger,* the 'walk' back to her home ended up being less of a *walk* and more along the lines of 'no more than two-dozen steps, and probably closer to one dozen than two' - each pawprint crushed down into the earth, sand and bottom of the ocean (*due to Summer's stance rapidly widening from sheer size alone*) dramatically bigger than the one before it, as if each had come from a completely different Arcanine.

With complete and total ease Summer bent down and cast the entire town her Trainer lived in, as well as the surrounding towns and the very landscape surrounding those towns, into an artificial night. She tilted her muzzle left and right, unable to stop herself from grinning, finding all of the chaos she was causing down below *incredibly* amusing. "H...H-hee!" she growled, letting out a sound halfway between an amused canine bark and a human's laugh. "T-tinies... S-scarrr-rrr-*rrrrred...*"

It reminded Summer a little bit of how some Pokemon she'd beaten had started to panic when they knew they were beaten, but before they were knocked out or their Trainer threw in the towel - only *this* was much funnier (*and in a way* ***cuter***) than any of those Pokemon had been. Summer listened to the pandemonium so far below her three-thousand foot body for a few moments, before squinting - leaning in closer, spying for something; her breath blasting tiles off roofs, upending a handful of cars and instantly defeating and knocking out several entire teams' worth of Pokemon. Summer quickly found what she was looking for, and grinned all the wider.

As gently and carefully as she could manage, the still-growing, increasingly-sky-filling Arcanine reached down from the heavens, extending a single gargantuan claw. She stuck her tongue out and hummed in frustration as she reached down for a single specific house, having to twist her claw sideways for its width to even fit in the too-narrow street she was contending with. For a few moments, Summer awkwardly moved her hand, adjusting the angle of her claw, until - with a rather loud and undignified sound, Summer popped the entire roof off of the house she had previously lived in. Reaching back for the pathetically-tiny chunk of land that she'd dug up and then accidentally swallowed up into her chest due to her continued growth, Summer gripped it as securely as she could, and lowered it down and down until it was roughly level with the top floor. She tilted as delicately as she could, and Scott tumbled off, fell freely through the air for a moment, and then collapsed into an awkward-looking heap on top of his bed, his bike crashing down onto the bedroom floor a few feet away.

Summer tilted her muzzle to one side, an ear bigger than a skyscraper hovering directly over her Trainer's house. Then she smiled, satisfied: not only was her Trainer safe and sound, but he hadn't even stopped snoring for a single moment. "S-sweet... Dr-rrr-rreams," Summer thundered with a giggle louder and deeper than could have been imagined, and replaced the roof of the house with about as much grace as a 3,500-foot Arcanine could.

Then Summer turned, burying both the entire town and a good portion of the surrounding landscape in silky, dense, cream-coloured fluff, and began to walk away. For those down below it seemed as if the entire world was shaking with every titanic footfall, but they did allow themselves to breathe a sigh of relief, with how it seemed the near-mile-high Arcanine had been distracted by something very far away. Each colossal stride carried Summer further and further away - specifically far out to sea, the waters of the ocean itself already little more than those of paddling pool compared to the swelling giantess! Her paws dug and crushed down into the deep sea bed, effortlessly pushing up hundreds upon hundreds of feet of debris in every direction - but to Summer, it felt like little more than standing on a wet beach and feeling the wet sand squelching and shoving in all directions under her weight.

Whatever feeling of relief and measure of calm might have settled over the town (*and surrounding country*), it was rather cruelly short-lived. In fact, it lasted for no longer than a few moments: just about long enough for Summer to effortlessly wade out into the sea, with plenty of open space and no danger of crushing anything that wasn't the ocean floor. Summer spread her vast legs wide and planted her paws in a steady stance, kicking up waves big enough to soak entire beaches, and tilted her muzzle all the way back to look directly at the sun.

With stats easily somewhere in the billions, if not *trillions*, it wasn't like doing so could even put stars in her eyes, let alone cause any discomfort.

Then, Summer growled in challenge, spreading her arms out wide, and the entire world shook.

And then, Summer *grew.*

But this time, Summer didn't *just* grow. Her earlier growth had been like a steady, accelerating trickle of size that increased in rate as Summer herself grew larger; but this new growth spurt was much more than a mere trickle. The best thing it could be compared to was a *tsunami* - or, perhaps, an *explosion:* violent, surging, ferocious and unstoppable.

One moment, Summer was a mile tall; the next, she had ballooned up to twice that size, growing so quickly that it sent even the colossal Arcanine off-balance, swaying from one side to the other. Then Summer doubled again, bursting up to *four* miles in height, the sheer force of her growth sending out giant waves in all directions, the tops of her paws beginning to emerge from the sea as the relative paddling pool of the ocean shrank dramatically with each growth spurt, already barely more than a puddle! Four miles pumped up to eight, Summer's head already peeking up into the stratosphere - in mere seconds, she'd grown eight times larger, allowing her to be effortlessly seen in far-away countries and by millions and millions of people, not to mention all of the hundreds and hundreds of planes flying through the sky; but such was the speed of Summer's expansion, that the people only now catching sight of her could barely even gasp in shock, before *eight* miles surged to *sixteen!*

And at the rate Summer was growing, she barely had enough time to realise that she was *sixteen* miles tall, before *sixteen* became *thirty-two,* a single growth spurt propelling Summer up and out at such an impossible rate that just as quickly as her head had entered the stratosphere, to was already soaring up into the mesosphere; the Arcanine growing *so* insanely, *impossibly* quickly, that the amount of time it had taken her to grow from one mile in height to thirty-two, was just barely over *five seconds.*

Summer burst, swelled, ballooned and surged even larger and larger still, the rate not merely *indescribable,* but just about *incomprehensible* - people had barely began to scream in terror began Summer's paws alone grew so large as to eclipse (*and roll over*) entire cities, everything getting harmlessly swallowed in silky pawfluff; pilots wrenched on their controls, shouting in a panic, getting swept up and carried along by what to many seemed to be an inexplicable landscape of orange or dark or cream-coloured fluff, Summer already having grown so vast that many couldn't even tell she was even an Arcanine, already so, so, so much smaller compared to her than dust mites would have been to her original six-foot self! And with every passing second Summer only grew more, and *more,* her eyes - unseen by anyone or anything down below - beginning to take on a gentle glow of their own, like that of the sun whose power she was greedily soaking up; *32* miles fitfully shoving and surging to *64*, the very curvature of the entire planet spreading out before Summer like a tiny map she was standing on top of, any possible detail entirely lost by impossible size and vast distance - at least, before Summer quaked harder, shook, barked happily, and doubled her size again... *and again!*

All of a sudden - to Summer herself, at least - the idea of being 64 miles tall didn’t seem particularly impressive. Not when she was already exploding *even larger* ***still***, pumping up not past 100 or 200 or even 300 miles but instead ***500***, violently swallowing more of the entire world with each new and ever-more-powerful growthsplosion - 600 miles, 700, *900*, the country-sized giantess letting out a giggle that the entire world could hear with total, complete and terrifying ease.

“***Hee… HEE!***” Summer tittered, as just over one thousand miles of anthropomorphic Arcanine quivered and shook and shuddered to twice that size in no more time than it took for her to blink. “***G-GETTING… BIGGER!***” Summer’s growing command of the English language might have been lagging behind the growth of - *well, of every other part of her* - but she wasn’t wrong, and if anyone down below had been able to hear her words as anything other than just one part of an all-consuming cacophony of growth, it probably would have only added to the frantic terror that Summer was unknowingly and unintentionally causing - and unintentionally *calming*, if in an equally growy way; as her paws alone consumed more and more of everything, harmlessly sweeping everything and especially every*one* up into silky toefluff and leathery pawpads and keeping it all much safer than might have been expected. And still Summer raged uncontrollably larger, shotgun blasting up and up *and up*, dwarfing every previous size combined - two-thousand miles becoming *four* thousand, and then *four* thousand growing to *eight* thousand, and *then-*

*And then?*

*And then -* ***Summer was bigger than Earth.*** Bigger than the *entire planet*. *Comfortably* bigger. Somewhere around half again as big.

And then, just as quickly, Summer doubled even that insane size, without even the opportunity to fully comprehend just how *titanic* she had become.

And then she doubled her size again. And again. Bigger and bigger Summer swelled, multiplying her increasingly insane sizes more, and more…

*And more…*

***And MORE.***

The stars in the background of space seemed to *pull* slightly, reduced to a half-blurred streak as Summer grew at a speed that was, to be frank, *frightful*. Now, with no atmosphere in the way to distort or bend the sun’s rays, Summer was *fully* exposed to all of the heat that it could offer her; and if her previous growth spurt was *explosive*, then that explosion had just become *nuclear*. First the Earth was completely and protectively engulfed into Summer’s cream-coloured fur, which was beginning to take on a brilliant golden glow the more and more she grew - a moment later the Earth was joined by the Moon, and neither Mars nor Venus were far behind. The Asteroid Belt was swept up by a post-planetarily-fluffy tail, and one of Summer’s paws accidentally bashed into Mercury, threatening to knock it out of position before her toes clenched, and the entire planet was lost between them like nothing more than dust.

Now, the sun seemed to swell before Summer; and at the same time as her growth had swallowed up more and more of the entire solar system it had also propelled her closer and closer to her newfound rival. The sun grew from a tiny distant disc into a little ball of fire and then seemed to rise up and out, exploding bigger in all directions as Summer finally became large enough, *close* enough, to see it as anything other than a distant bright light.

Any other Pokemon surely would have drawn back and paused, intimidated by the sight before them - but Summer was *not* any other Pokemon. She was *Summer*, and she was determined to win this battle and stop the Sunny Day that had caused her Trainer so much discomfort, and the Sun's attempts at stopping her with that same Sunny Day were only doing the opposite; feeding her up into something bigger and stronger than it could possibly deal with! And where any other Pokemon might have taken a moment to assess their options when faced with such a colossal challenge, or looked to their trainer to quickly boost their strength or resilience with an item or two, Summer looked at the sun dead-on, and grinned, and let out a roar the shook the solar system.

It was the kind of roar that said - *keep using that Sunny Day all you like, it just means I'll beat you* ***even sooner***.

And not that Summer understood the new set of changes cascading all over her now-glowing body, but with every passing moment she was ascending into something that could only be called a *goddess* - something closer to a Pokemon like Dialga or Palkia or even Arceus than anything else in existence.

Perhaps something even *surpassing* them.

And, speaking of *surpassing everyone and everything else in existence* - any hopes of Summer's that she would finally get to beat the sun itself in a Pokemon battle were rapidly and anticlimactically dashed, as she completely, totally and utterly outgrew it, just like the entire solar system she was filling more and more with each new growth spurt. It shrank away, dwindling to a toy and then a marble and then vanishing from view almost completely - small enough not merely to be held between two fingers, but so small it could be lost between individual fibres of Summer's glowing fur.

Summer let out a grumbling growl, half self-satisfied and half-disappointed. "***BEAT YOU,***" the Arcanine rumbled smugly as, almost unseen, the entire sun simply winked out of existence; every single bit of heat taken into Summer’s body to fuel her ascension into something more than mortal.

Deprived of its primary fuel source, Summer's berserk, rampant ultra-growth began to slow: from doubling with every passing second to every few seconds, and then to once or twice every minute - and then slowing further, like a set of brakes being applied to the Arcanine goddess and pumped with more and more force. Viewed from afar it would have *still* been so rapid as to be almost terrifying, but Summer was keenly aware of how her growth was tapering off at a growing rate, like a reversal of its early acceleration the larger she had grown.

Summer was also *keenly* aware of a great deal of many other things, now. She was aware, as her growth finally, *finally* came to a gradual, gentle halt, that she had become as big as the entire solar system, floating freely in space without any indication that this new state of affairs was anything but normal. Her fur that had previously been cream was now a brilliant, shining gold; the orange grown brighter along with it, glowing like fire, and the dark stripes and patches instead grown darker, black as the void of space itself. Summer giggled melodically as she beheld herself, marvelling at her own beauty, her colossal tail sweeping through space behind her, its sheer size taking it rather threateningly close to Alpha Centauri.

Summer was *also* keenly aware of all of the inhabitants of- well, *previously* the solar system, *now* ***her body***. She could *feel* them all in a way she couldn't *quite* put into words - *but doubtless soon* ***would,*** *at the rate her intelligence and vocabulary were growing* - and she could *feel* that they were all unharmed and safe, if rather horribly confused; every single possible need fulfilled merely by being even vaguely close to Summer.

All except for her Master, who - *though he was perfectly safe and comfortable and* ***especially*** *u*nharmed, given Summer's new goddessly, Arceus-tier (*Arceus-****dwarfing?***) *powers making absolutely sure it was so* - was still asleep in his bed, right where Summer had left him.

The newly-minted goddess couldn't help but grin, and she even let out a little giggle, as she realised something, the sound gently shaking the entire universe as she waited for her Trainer to wake back up:

There was *no* way she was *ever* going to be able to fit back inside of her Pokeball, after this.