

ENERGY'MON: BIG WAVE 2

By: Firingwall

The groan of several fans was joined by a new, smaller, handheld one. Melissa panted softly, aiming her new fan in her damp face. *So fucking hot... sooooo hot.*

The messy brown-haired woman laid sprawl out on the sofa. Her white t-shirt and gym shorts were drenched in sweat like the rest of her. No matter how much she wiped her brow or aimed however many fans at herself, she felt hot.

I feel so grimy... She groaned internally on the inside. *Stupid fucking air conditioning.* During the hottest week imaginable, the air conditioning broke at the house she lived at. A repair guy was called, but, of course, he was busy with seemingly everyone else in town and couldn't come right away.

Now, everyone was cursed to wait for cool salvation. *God, the electric bill is gonna suck this month.* Melissa groaned, remembering then that she paid that bill alongside the rent. All the fans running were going to cost her a lot.

But she couldn't NOT have them going given everything. *Guy can't get here soon enough.* She closed her eyes and tried to just not think about her predicament. *Can't imagine how JD or Rachel are holding up.*

...wait, where did they go again? Now that she remembered them, she realized she hadn't seen her roommates in a while. *Maybe they went out? ...probably should do that instead of just laying here and taking it... but what if the repair guy shows up or-*

At that moment, she heard laughter off in the distance. It was muffled due to all of the fans, but she could just make it out. It sounded like it came from the backyard. *Is that... no, why would they be outside?* The heat was even worse out there.

A few more chuckles, lighter and almost inaudible, followed. Someone definitely was out there.

Melissa didn't want to move. The thought of it sounded incredibly exhausting and pure draining. Yet, curiosity was getting the best of her. Who was making those noises?

Summoning the last bit of willpower, the woman got up from her seat and onto her feet. Huffing and muttering, she trudged out of her windy living room and into the kitchen. She reached the sliding door there that led out into the back and peered out.

For a moment, she thought the heat was getting to her more than she thought. What she saw was jaw-dropping.

Then she remembered who her roommates were, and the scene became a whole lot less shocking. Bracing herself, she headed out into scorching sunlight. “Seriously, this is what you guys have been up to?”

“Heh, look who finally noticed!”

“Yeah, someone’s lookin’ all hot and sweaty.”

“My kind of person... though a bit too scrawny.”

“Oh, don't be rude, dude!”

A large inflatable pool was laid out in the middle of the yard, several coolers next to it. Stuffed into the pool were two anthro Pokémon. It was the duo of Blastoise and Feraligatr, both large, bulky, packing muscleguts, and wearing only speedos.

Melissa shook her head as she stepped up to the pool. “I have so many questions.” Her eyes went to the pool. “How is this thing not exploding with... everything it's bearing?”

“You mean with all of this muscle and fat?” the Blastoise laughed, rubbing his stomach.

“She's just being sensitive, even though we don't care.” Feraligatr snickered, patting his tummy too. **“But to answer you, the pool is reinforced to handle turtle bulk and gator spikes...”** He turned, showing some of the frills on his back. **“...by our lovely neighbors.”**

“Ah-huh...” Melissa looked back at the large mons. She focused on their faces, doing her best to ignore their heaving, massive bodies as difficult as it was. “So, what are you two even doing like that?”

“Beatin’ the heat, obvys!” The Blastoise took a sip from his can and smiled. **“Being a water Pokémon is the ticket to being all cool.”**

“Wouldn't it make more sense to be an Ice-Type though?”

“You'd think so.” The gator monster frowned, grumbling as he looked off to the side. **“Tried that before. Doesn't work as much as you'd think it would in this heat.”**

“And don't even think about suggesting Fire Type!” The Blastoise huffed. **“Sure, heat won't bothah ya but you might spark something. This neighborhood does not need a wildfire to liven things up.”**

“So, we're just gonna chill out here in our pool, have some drinks, and wait til the repair guy eventually wanders over. Probably take a while, so we'll be like this for some time.”

“I don't mind all of this extra water bulk when I'm with you.” The two nuzzled and softly kissed. Despite the adult energy they extruded, it was a very tender, sweet moment.

Melissa could care less, rolling her eyes. **“Yeah, yeah, you guys do that.”**

“Well, it's not like you have to fry yourself!” Blastoise smiled, sitting up. **“We wouldn't leave you hanging, Mel!”** He reached over his cooler and pulled out a can.

“Join the fun!” He tossed it into her hands. It was nice and cool in her palms, a little bit of ice stuck to it. Looking at the logo, it read, **“Energy'mon: Big Wave”**.

“Seriously?” Melissa asked without missing a beat. **“You want me to... be like you?”**

“Well, I'm mostly suggesting it for health reasons so you don't pass out, but...” The blue turtle stroked his belly. **“Being like this is pretty great.”**

“Thanks but no thanks.” Melissa shook her head. **“I'm really not interested in putting on several hundred pounds here. Seems like too much trouble.”**

“Your loss!” The Blastoise reached over and yanked the can out of her hand. **“We'll just continue staying wet and bulky then.”** He cracked it open with one of his claws and started chugging it.

“Let us know if the repair guy ever shows up! We'll be here!” Feraligatr chimed, getting his own can and downed it.

“Later Mel!” The two mons waved goodbye as she headed back inside, wiping her sweat drenched face.

I shouldn't have gone outside. Melissa opened the refrigerator and leaned her face into it, letting the cold tickle her cheeks. *So goddamn hot.* Her situation wasn't great indoors either, but it was still preferable.

She looked at the shelves on the fridge door. *Well, they were right about one thing. Having a drink sounds nice. Not surviving without that.*

There we go. She found her bottle of water she left there and wiped her brow again. *Hopefully, you're cold enough n-* Pulling the bottle out, she saw there was something behind it.

It was a unopened can of Big Wave laying there, already chilled and waiting to be drunk. Her eyes lingered on it for the longest time.

...I don't need that.

She closed the door and took a swig from her bottle, putting the can out of her mind. *Hmm... could stand to be colder. Probably toss some ice cubes in and-*

More hearty, deep laughter echoed from the backyard. She sighed and glanced out the window above the sink. The two bulky mons were laughing it up, clinking their cans together and taking big swigs. Once they were finished, they leaned in and nuzzled one another, their hands slipping over their bodies.

Melissa looked away quickly, blushing and huffing. *Well, at least somebody is doing fine.*

She glanced at her bottle and took another drink, frowning. *I'm certainly not.* Fans, cold water, nothing worked. Stepping outside into the unsheltered world hadn't helped matters either. She was boiling hot, and it was only going to get worse and worse. Who knew when the repair guy would actually show up.

Her eyes drifted over to the fridge, and back to the window. Her cheeks reddened more as a certain thought entered her head. Things were not going to let up for a long while. She needed some semblance of relief.

Melissa's hand tightened on her bottle, her teeth biting into her bottom lip. *Uurrrgh. Stupid muscleheads.* She returned to the fridge and put her bottle away. *If this doesn't go well, I'm taking it out on them.* Out came Big Wave in its place.

The glasses-wearing woman lived in a very transformation-focused home. She'd seen her roommates go in and out of new forms on a regular basis, including with Energy'mon. It was never a permanent thing, so she knew if she took the plunge, she'd return to normal later. She just didn't usually like getting involved in that stuff outside of special circumstances.

This would have to be one of those situations. *It'll be just for a little bit.* She cracked the can open. *Don't have to worry about work or anything either. Library is closed for renovations.*

Her eyes went down to the can. *Just for a day or two.* She brought it slowly to her lips, her grip tightening. *Here... here goes nothing.*

The first sip was a ride. It was just the taste of blue raspberry with extra sugar in it at first. *Not bad.* She licked her lips and felt a surge not a second after the drink went down her throat. Goosebumps broke out everywhere as her limbs trembled. She clenched tightly, hand tightening on the can a bit and spilling some of it.

Melissa took a few breaths as the feeling passed. She blinked several times, breathing in and out slowly. *Oof, that was a rush.* She brushed her forehead. *Not sure I feel... about...*

The feel of her fingers going against her forehead was wrong. She had been brushing it all day, but now, they felt rubbery and thick. It was like she was wearing a dense rubber glove made for heavy duty cleaning.

Looking at her hand, she saw why. It was blue and black. Not in a sickly way, but something more inhuman. The tips of her digits were black, traces of her fingernails vanishing into them. The rest of her hand was a deep ocean blue.

It starts... Melissa's hand twitched and pulsed. Suddenly, five became four digits in the blink of an eye. Another throb and her hand inflated, nearly tripling in size.

There was a loud crunch, and Melissa looked at her other hand holding the can. It had swelled as well, crushing the drink in its grasp. The liquid splashed all over the floor, making a sticky mess that would need to be cleaned up at some point.

H-holy crap! Once Melissa remembered. Right now, all of her attention was her swelling, thick hands. *That stuff comes on fast!* Her teeth chattered together, feeling more shivers go down her limbs and body.

Placing the can down on the counter, Melissa took a moment to look at her black and blue hands. Besides the rubbery, thick feeling of them, her skin had a glossy, slick look that popped in the light. It also had a poison dart frog vibe to it.

Guess this is happening. Not sure where this is going, but hopefully it does help keep me cool. She started dropping her hands down. *Pretty heavy though. Hope this-*

Her arms pulsed and throbbed, suddenly over tripling their size in mere seconds. Her muscles alone were almost as thick as her original twiggy arms, an extra layer of fat added over them to provide a touch of softness. Ocean blue pigment and amphibian-esque skin followed closely behind.

Melissa blinked and took a look at both of her arms. *Well, at least I went with a tank top for today. God, none of my sleeves would've survived that.*

She moved one of her hands onto her arm. *Mrrmph. These things are heavy. Better beef up everywhere soon.* Her fingers gently placed themselves onto her bicep. She pressed into them, stroking them gently and observing their shape. *N-not bad... Feel st-strong and-*

She grunted and then shook her head. *No. I'm gonna change, but I'm not gonna be some stupid meathead about this.*

Her fingers ran over her bicep and onto her forearm, tracing over and around it. As she reached the top of it, her hand was batted away. A large, ovalish, dark orange bump sprouted, two smaller ones growing on either side of her forearm.

Shit, these are weird. Melissa poked the biggest one. It was far squisher than its thick appearance led her to believe. She glanced at her other arm, seeing the bumps sprout there as well. “Wait, I recognize these **things. They're mrrrmph!**”

Right on her back, just below the neck, her skin bulged. Two more orange bumps, ones on the bigger side of things, sprouted. They grew beneath the straps on her top, feeling rather tight on them now.

Melissa shifted and rotated her shoulders a little, since she couldn't lift her arms well enough to reach the spots. *Mmph... that's annoying.* She looked at her hands again. *I'm turning into Swampert, right? Gotta be... Been a bit though... did he usually have all these extra orange things all over him?*

She rolled her shoulders again, trying to shift her top some more. There was a low rumble as the ocean blue rolled onto her shoulders. They rose and broadened until they nearly doubled in width. Her trapezius muscles grew rapidly, rising and making it almost as if she had no neck with how built she looked.

The extra width was too much, the straps on her tank top breaking. Her form grew bigger as her entire torso widened, her chest especially puffing out. All of the extra girth and weight put her off balance, pushing her forward until she almost fell.

She gripped onto the kitchen counter, holding steady. *Stupid, weird proportions.* She snorted. *Better grow into them fast. These twiggy legs ain't cutting right now.*

*Humph... probably could **hit the gym to buff them some more... and work on keeping these awesome guns all-*** Melissa shook her head. *No. Keep focused, mind. Not gonna act or feel all... **all... oh god...***

It was hard to notice before given how heated she was from the weather. Now, she could pick it up. There was a peculiar heat brewing within her. It made certain parts of her tingly sensitive. Her heart raced at this... primal, hungry feeling.

A hearty, low moan escaped her mouth as her breathing intensified. Her chest ached and slowly began to expand. Her small breasts were plumping up, looking almost another cup size or two larger. However, it wasn't just that. Her breasts were widening and firming up, looking square-ish in shape.

They definitely weren't breasts, bra cups no longer able to contain them. The bra snapped in the back and collar tore down the center. Her chest heaved forward, tearing more room open until it bulged fully out. She had a massive pair of thick pecs.

God, these things are big... Melissa gulped gently as she looked down on them. They light blue below the collar bone, smooth and almost glossy like her arms. Her nipples poked out, now dark blue themselves. *I'm not sure about-*

HEY! She yanked both of her hands away and gave them a good shake. *No touchy-feely, you guys! This is about staying cool, not feeling myself up.*

Not about feeling those thick, bulgy pecs. Those dense, powerful arms. A certain heat began worming its way through her body. *Not groping these nice, **beefy muscles... exploring all this handsome girth and mass and-***

Melissa smacked her head and gave it a hard shape. Heavy huffs left her as she tried to refocus. *No... not gonna be a stupid musclehead like them. Just focus on the big... big... biiiiiig picture here.* She bit her bottom lip. So **big**.

Her cheek twitched, followed by her eye. **Biiig**. Eyes clenched shut as a throb went through her entire head. She hunched over, groaning as more throbs ran through her head. Her skin bulged and bubbled, inflating and deflating.

Then, there was one large pulse. Strands of her dark chestnut, messy hair fell out as her head reshaped. Three black fins jutted out on the top of her skull, two thick and tall while the inner was thinner. They ran from her brow all the way down the back of her neck.

Melissa's eyes weakly opened as the throbbing began subsiding. Her head even felt heavy now, her whole face sore. She reached up to her cheeks as the skin finished bubbling, orange conical gills sprouting down her cheeks to her chin. Her fingers touched them gently, retracting back at first before pressing down. They felt just like the bulges on her arms.

She blushed deeper than she had before. So **sen-sensitive**. Warmth bubbled below in her shorts. *They're like-OH!* Her hands were batted away as three long, spikey filaments sprouted out of each orange bulge on her face. *Shit!*

With those new additions, the soreness faded. Melissa took a deep breath and reached back, touching the extensions. She quivered. *H-holy crap.* She ran her fingers from the tips down to the base, going slower as she did. *Ph-hew! Those are st-stimulating. Gonna... gonna be a challenge putting a shirt on with these too.*

She lightly chuckled, amused by her own joke before groaning again. There was one last throb, and everything changed. The rest of her hair fell out. Her nose flattened and left behind two slits to breathe through. Even the shape of her skull shifted into something beastly, fitting her bulging neck muscles.

As her ears faded in, her glasses started slipping down before stopping when her noggin widened. As her frames started bending, she quickly grabbed them and set them down before they could snap. There was no way she was going to pay for a new pair.

“Well, that happened!” Melissa mumbled, rubbing her light blue jaw. “Glad that's over now and... ah... my voice.” The pitch had dropped into a hearty deep bass. “**I mean, I guess that makes sense. A Swampert would sound silly with my old voice.**”

A low gurgle echoed from her stomach, bringing her attention down. She started to lean over her pecs to get a better look when her torso bloated. Her narrow waist and flattish tummy? Gone in seconds as a hefty, light blue gut swelled out. The tear in her shirt rocketed down with the expansion, everything ripping right off of her.

Melissa could only blush, jaw lowered at the sight. Everything above the belt was not her old self. It was that of a large, bulky, **masculine** Swampert.

Shit... this is a lot. She placed a hand on her tummy and gently squeezed. Despite its size, it wasn't as squishy or soft as she expected. It was dense and heavy, like her arms. She had a true muscle gut, and she... liked it.

What she didn't like was the increased weight. Her lower half, especially her legs, were still unchanged and they had to support at least an extra two hundred pounds in pure girth. The soles of her feet ached, her legs wobbling. She had to lean on the counter with one of her arms to avoid falling over.

Fuck, this is heavy. Her fingers dug into the counter's edge, a soft crack heard the harder she gripped. ***I need to speed this up, stat!***

Melissa eyed the can she set down. A lot of it had spilt out when she clenched before, but there had to be some left in there.

Throwing all caution to the wind, she snatched the Energy'mon and chugged down all that was left in a gulp. The blue raspberry taste was so good on her tongue, her mouth tingly from it. Her body was left quivering by the time she finished.

She crunched the can when she was done and tossed it away without care. Melissa sighed, letting out a gruff belch and licking her chops. ***Phew! Bring it fucking on! Bulk me up!***

It was as she wished. Her feet were the first to swell. The toes twitched and began crawling forward, widening and merging together. Ocean blue amphibian-esque skin washed over the new three wide, pudgy digits as the feet widened. They were over double their old size in mere seconds.

Her calves and thighs pulsed as blue poured down and up. Fat and muscles filled her legs to the brim, a new found strength washing away the weakness and pain of the old. Sure, her gym shorts were fairly tight as her hips and rear widened shortly after. However, the lack of strain on the legs and all the relief made up for it.

The former human sigh. **Better!** She wiped her brow. **So much better.** She fanned herself with a hand as she used the other to feel her side. **Should be done now. I'm fully W-Watermon now, right? All big, b-b-bulky, and water-f-filled.**

So... why... why do I still feel so hot? “**So hoooooooooooooooooah!**” Melissa hunched over, moaning and panting. Her pupils dilated as that heat from before burned brighter than ever before. Everything felt so sensitive and touchy.

The Swampert swelled all at once as their body pulsed. They went up several feet and nearly doubled their own width. Their eyes went between the arms and then the legs, watching their girth balloon. Hell, it looked like if they tried to flex their arms, their bulging biceps would be almost as thick as their head!

Fucking hell. Melissa slowly stood up, still panting away. They held their arms. **So fucking huge.** Their eyes narrowed. **Maybe... maybe I could just feel them... just once.**

They gripped their right bicep, fingers tightening into their meaty muscles. They quivered again, even snorting. For all of their life, they had always been scrawny and small. They never had such bulk and mass before. It was rather addicting and even empowering. It made **him** feel like a big shot.

Wouldn't hurt to like... give it a try? Melissa weakly smiled, his heart racing. **Those guys always do it and... it's silly.** He felt a warm pulse in his loins. **B-but... why not?**

He held out his right arm and clenched his hand into a fist. He felt that sensation below again, causing him to bite his bottom lip. **Do it... do it!** He bent his arm back and flexed as hard as he could.

His eyes rolled almost all the way back as his jaw dropped. He bellowed like a horny monster, shaking the whole time. His crotch felt on fire, a touch of dampness coming to it.

All at once, his gym shorts bulged. From his vagina, two large, heavy balls popped out, a long, thick, dark blue cock following behind. The slit closed as the area shifted to fit his new equipment. His balls pulsed, swelling to the size of grapefruit, as his rod pushed with all its might against his shorts and underwear.

The tip of the bulge where his cock pressed into grew damper and damper. Eventually, the color shifted to orange while the material turned airer and more elastic. Underwear merged with shorts, the material shrinking and reforming into a tight speedo, one that could barely hold his erecting penis.

“**FUUUUUCK ME, that felt good!**” Melissa goofily smiled, still huffing as his arm fell to his side. “**That... that was a lot andSHIT!**” He glanced down and saw his new, large testicles and cock stuffed into his equally new speedo. His balls looked like they were going to spill out the sides, the tip of his rod already partially doing so.

**Cockcockcockcockcockhawthornyfuckfuckcockballsfeel
bigugelargecockcockhuge!!**

Melissa panted and panted. ***Huge...*** His gut expanded out more, pecs swell until they were almost as big and bulgy as his head. It all blocked his view, but yet... ***I'm so fucking huge!*** His heart raced, joy... horny, needy joy overflowing.

Gotta feel! His eyes turned orange as they clouded with lust. ***Fuck me, I gotta touch this awesome bod!*** He grabbed his pecs, sinking his fingers in and squeezing tightly. He moaned without shame. He groped and pushed them together, pushing the sides of his arms into his musclegut to squeeze it as well.

Totally... totally get it. He chuckled. ***I get everything!*** How could he not? The power, the glory, the joy, the pride? It was glorious! His roommates were so right about being that massive and dense. Was there anything truly better?

The whole time he was groping and playing with himself, there was one final addition. From behind, a black tail fin grew out. It looked fairly dense like the ridges on his head, but was really fairly soft and bendable so that sitting or laying down would never cause discomfort.

Oh yeeeeeah... Melissa chuckled in between a moan, his fingers twisting one his nipples. ***This fucking rocks!*** His cock head poked out of his speedo, leaking pre. ***I'm a big, mega...*** He blinked. ***Oh! Duh! I'm a Mega Swampert. That explains everything.***

Everything about me is Mega, heh.

He squeezed his pecs one final time and moaned with all his heart, “**Fuuuuuuck yes!**” The last trace of humanity in him, his face, pushed forward into a proper Swampert muzzle. His equipment jiggled and inflated, balls almost as big as coconuts and a cock to fit them. They now happily surged out, visible past his gut once again.

Melissa sighed and let his arms all to his sides. He looked down at himself and smirked. ***Mega-sized!*** His eyes went down his arms and onto his gut. ***Mega everything.*** His gaze went further and onto his heaving bulge. ***Mega... mega...***

He gently licked his lips and breathed in, his nostril slits breathing in deeply. There was a musky scent in the air, one similar to a gym on a hot day. He sniffed again. No, it was something more primal. It was more a scent for attracting mates.

Attracting big, strong, handsome mons like himself. Big mons he can grope, feel, hump, fuck, and-

No! Melissa snapped back to Earth in time, yanking his hand away from his throbbing cock. He shook his head and took several deep breaths, trying to calm himself down. ***Not... going down this rabbit hole.***

He spent several minutes taking deep breaths and relaxing. The intense heat of his crotch began to die down, his rod growing limper. ***Phew! That was too close.*** He sighed and let his shoulders fall. ***Not... not gonna be a big, dumb, horny musclehead.*** At least, not as much as he had been. ***Not... not why I did this.***

The Mega Swampert took one final big breath and released it. ***I did this... to cool off. Just that. Only that.***

When he thought about it, Melissa did notice something. Outside of a lingering, hungry heat in him, he felt... good? The thick, heated air of the room barely felt noticeable. The sun was shining on him through the window and that was doing nothing either. He felt incredibly cool!

Melissa lit up. ***They were right! Those guys were right! I'm not melting!*** Now, he didn't exactly know the science about how it worked. Was it really down to being a water type or was it something else? It was something to think about.

But later! Right now, he could go for a cool little dip himself.

Mega Swampert strolled out of the kitchen and through the back door once again. He barely made it off the patio before applause and a lot of silly hooting came. His Blastoise and Feraligatr roomies were cheering and calling out to him.

“Sup, big guy!” the Blastoise shouted, ***“Didn't think you were gonna show. Something about not wanting all of his godly bulk?”*** He playfully patted his belly.

“Okay, okay, you two were right!” The Swampert awkwardly chuckled and blushed, **“Don't rub it in. I am feeling a lot better now.”**

“About everything?” the Feraligatr winked.

“Melissa” looked down at himself and back at them with a small smile. He patted his belly too. **“Yeah... pretty much.”**

“Well, congrats on joining the Bulk Club! Always great to have another!” the turtle chimed. **“You're gonna have a much better summer now with us... or just until the air conditioner is fixed. Whatever works for you, bro.”**

Swampert nodded. **“Yeah. So, I was thinking... I'm cooling off, but I feel like cooling faster, ya know? Sort of like what you guys are doing.”**

“Oh?” The gator sat up. **“Well, I'm sure if you ask the neighbors, they can hook another Water Mon up with his own comfy pool!”**

“Why don't I just join you guys?”

The pool mons looked at each other, their bright faces fading for the first time. **“Well...”** the Blastoise awkwardly said, **“I don't think you could fit in here with us.”**

“Oh please!” The new mon stepped closer to the pool. **“If you two guys can fit in there, I can squeeze in as well!”** The Swampert stepped into the pool.

And then the large mon slipped. He stumbled forward and collided into his roommates. There was a loud thud and shared **“OOF”** amongst the guys as they fell backwards against the inflatable pool rim.

There was a huge pop. Water spilled everywhere as the pool deflated into a pile of rubbery vinyl. Their coolers were washed away as water raced everywhere.

The three large anthro Pokémon laid there in a pile, groaning. **“Awww man, I liked that pool!”** the Feraligatr huffed, rubbing his head. **“Second time this summer I'm gonna have to get another one!”**

“Sorry...” Melissa groaned. In hindsight, and frankly, not even in hindsight, that was an incredibly stupid move. Due to his best efforts, he did not become a musclehead mon obsessed with his body and form. However, what he did was pretty much a dumb jock moment.

Melissa started to get his balance and push himself up. His roomies moaned. He realized his hands were on their pecs, gripping into them. His big belly and arms were pressed against their massive forms too. He could feel their bulges on different parts of him, throbbing.

It felt great.

The Swampert could feel his own package twitch and awaken laying there. He stared at his friends, and they stared back. Their faces, confused initially, slowly pulled into smiles the longer he laid and groped them.

Maybe when they got their new pool, it wouldn't be one that was TOO big. Just large enough to squeeze the three of them together so they have their bulky forms rub together. Just three large, heavyset water Pokémon in one inflatable pool together, beating the heat and cuddling close.

Melissa could enjoy that.

THE END