(Warning: This story contains female muscle growth, graphic sexual content and taboo subjects)

Life on Earth was often filled with various things Starfire struggled to comprehend. She loved her new home, but she was often reminded she was a literal alien to this world, with customs she had to learn and adapt in order to fit in. For example, humans were such private creatures, hugging random strangers in the street was not forbidden but certainly not encouraged. It was a ‘rule’, but not a ‘law’. Their laws had to be respected and enforced, yet she still was coming to terms with how their justice system worked, and their role in all this.

Robin handled how they interacted with law enforcement; Cyborg covered any legality regarding their actions so they could imprison criminals. In Tamaran it was just a matter of the guard apprehending a culprit, the evidence was submitted and the criminal was sentenced. There weren’t all these procedures that had to be followed in case loopholes and other technicalities allowed a culprit to walk free. Starfire wasn’t certain she approved, but it wasn’t her place to judge.

Bottom line, while she adored Earth, and loved her friends dearly, it was still awkward at times, needing to get used to an entirely different culture. It felt a bit lonely at times, to be the sole tamaranean on the planet.

So, Starfire was ecstatic when her sister appeared one day.

Komand’r, or Blackfire as it was translated from their tongue, suddenly dropped in one day and began staying with her at the Tower. It was *great* to have her beloved sister at her side again, especially after being separated for so long. A thousand plans had already formed in Starfire’s head about what the two could do together, bond in a way only tamaraneans could.

But Blackfire was always the ‘social butterfly’ (oh she finally got the Earth term right!), she bonded with people so quickly and with natural charm, like she was a star pulling everyone in her own gravitational pull. She wanted to go out and explore, see what Earth had to offer. Although she would have liked to do more tamaranean things with her sister, Blakckfire was more interested in doing ‘Earthly things’. As her sister and new resident of the planet, Starfire was honored and dutybound to serve as her guide.

Blackfire loved crowds, she liked being around a lot of people, and she loved music and dancing, so it wasn’t long until she found Earth clubs blasting music at full volume, where humans congregated in such numbers that dancing became a turbulent sea of clashing bodies.

So in a twist, it was her sister who was guiding her, pulling her by the hand as she ushered her into the club. “You’ll love this place, sister, I bet it’ll be a… *transformative* experience for you” The walls vibrated with the loud music, strobe lights flashed with a myriad of colors as the dance floor was filled with dozens upon dozens of human youths.

Starfire had to admit she liked it too, the music, the rhythm, the lights, the sheer *spirit* humans displayed as they discarded all inhibitions and let themselves be taken by the rhythm.

“Ohhh, I have not danced in so long!” Starfire said in excitement.

Blackfire smirked in that sly fashion of hers. “Why don’t you show them how a tamaranean moves then~?”

Oh, she *would*. After familiarizing herself so much with Earth, it was time for the earthlings to see some tamaranean culture on display.