

From Cooltrainer to Tough Pokémon

By: Firingwall

“Wait, what do you mean its closed?” Cooltrainer Alexa was outside of the large, vast cave system known as Victory Road that warm day. She felt she had been slacking in her training and that her skills weren’t as sharp as they could be. Thus, it was time for some intense training on Victory Road with her team, spending several days together working on their skills.

“I’m sorry,” the Pokémon League official said, shooing the young woman away, “but there’s too much going down on Victory Road right now. The Pokémon have been acting up and getting more aggressive than usual.”

“But I’m a trainer!” Alexa grumbled as she was directed away, “I can handle whatever you got down there with my team and...”

“It’s too risky,” the official huffed, directing her back towards Viridian City, “We had several reports of trainers getting injured and hurt already. We can’t just let anyone else head down there. We’ll announce on the news when trainers can return. In the meantime, just head back if you don’t mind.”

Alexa didn’t say anything, just storming away and off a side path towards a forest. She could cut through there and head back to Viridian City without much trouble. Maybe she could just train somewhere else for a while, like the Seafoam Islands or plan a trip to Mt. Silver.

Like hell I’m going to be turned away, she angrily thought, rushing into a deep part of the forest, far away from the sights of the officials and rangers guarding the path to Victory Road. She had a plan, something involving an old relic her family had owned for years now. Something that made her family very close with their Pokémon.

Once far away enough, she glanced around just in case. She sighed in relief, pulling off her backpack and setting it down onto the ground, thinking, *okay... let’s do this...*

Reaching around within it, she pulled out a small, curious-looking stone. It was completely smoothed out and it was rainbow-colored. It was quite beautiful, but she paid its appearance no mind.

She clutched the rock tightly and thought with all her heart, *please, make me strong.*

Unsurprising to her, the stone glowed brightly. So bright that Alex had to close her eyes in fear of being blinded, but she could still feel it in her grasp, changing form. When she opened her peepers again, the rock had turned into a championship brown belt with a gold buckle.

“I see,” she mumbled, “that’s how it’s going to be, ay? Well, whatever.” She took one final deep breath and placed the belt around her waist. It was much too large for her, taking her quite a bit of time to fit it on.

However, the moment she got it on perfectly, her clothing glowed as well. She closed her eyes again and when she reopened them, she found herself almost completely nude. All that she had on now was the belt itself and a mysterious, rather form-fitting pair of tights that didn't even cover a quarter of her thighs.

She huffed, placing her hands on her hips and pouting her lips. She spoke, her words slow and gruff, "Clothes... gone. Hmph... no need clothes... clothes get in way of training and tight on muscles..."

Her English was dropping and her mind was simplifying. She was not worried though. She had done this several times before and knew things would be fine. It was best just to go along with the ride and do what comes naturally now so she can train later.

She looked down at her hands, noticing them quiver. Muscles began building, her fingers turning into meaty sausages and her palms quadrupled in size. Her fingernails popped out her fingers as her skin turned stone grey, the texture rough and thick.

Alex grinned and clamped her hands as hard and tight as she could, a surge of power rushing through her veins. The skin changed to grey as well, trickling up her forearms slowly. Too slowly in fact for her.

"Need muscles," she huffed angrily, "scrawny body..." She lifted both of her arms up and gave them both a huge flex. Her move was rewarded as they instantly turned grey, red streaks appearing on her forearms and biceps. Speaking of which, her muscles quadrupled and ballooned up like mad, her new guns making any bodybuilder jealous.

She chuckled and felt up her arms happily, "Muscles good... Maaacchokee... Machoke body want... be Ma... choke stronger..."

Her body grew warm and sweat began to drip down her forehead. Panting slightly, she ran her thick, powerful hands over her forehead and through her hair. But doing so, her long, elegant purple hair slowly fell out into thick clumps, leaving her completely bald.

Once her hands had finished going over her head, the skin where they touched turned grey and tough. Her own neck widened and shoulders broadened as her head grew. Thick, brown fins sprouting out of the top of her head, her noggin flattening and her brow protruding out.

"Maaaccchoke..." she huffed, words becoming more and more difficult to say, "b-body... chhhooooookkkee... not... strong... maaaa... needchoke... more..."

Her attention turned downward as her shoulders broadened, her eyes falling on her breasts. She let out a snort and placed her powerful hands on them. She began massaging and squeezing them, her body tingling and twitching spastically.

But such a feeling did not last. In fact, it was almost gone after a minute as her chest turned grey. Her breasts slowly shrunk, flattening for a few moments before growing and widening again. This time, her chest hardened, becoming an incredible, impressive set of pectorals.

She chuckled and patted her pecs, mumbling out, “Maaaaccchoke. Pecs... Maaaaa, bet... bet... chookkkkeeee better! Maaaaaacccccchhhhhhhoooooke!”

Her ability to speak English was lost to her, but it mattered not. She was becoming a Pokémon and the less human she was, the better. Her nose flattened into her face as it and her mouth pushed out into a short, but strong muzzle. Her ears sank into her head and her eyes turned red, her brow moving down to make it look like she always glaring.

From the chest up, she looked completely like a Machoke, but she knew that wasn't going to be enough. She needed more power, more strength, more muscle and girth. She lifted one leg into the air and stomped onto the forest dirt with all her might, hoping to kick start some more changes in her.

Happily, it worked as her leg quivered, ballooning up. Her foot jumped up several sizes, shoes being way out of the realm of possibility for her now. Her leg swelled, filling with beefy muscles until it was on par with her arms. Happy, she stomped down with her other leg, changing it the same way and pushing her up to over six feet tall.

“Machoke Ma! Choookooke, Machoke Machoke!” She chuckled happily, filled with so much pride over her increased physique. Patting her stomach and waist areas a bit, they widened and flattened, giving her a more fit and toned look.

She gave her right arm a big flex, a large, excited grin crossing her muzzle as her bicep bulged. *So big, she thought, bigger better... Machoke need bigger! Machoke need... more...*

Her head tilted down, looking upon her crotch area in her shorts. The area was so flat and barren, containing the last trace of her female side. She huffed, thinking, *need bulge... Machoke need bulge to mate... for fun...*

She shook her head, getting that weird, but tempting thought from her mind and went back to focusing on her bulge-less tights. She took a deep breath and pulled back her crotch, stretching it out as far as she could. Then, with a mighty thrust, she threw out it as hard as possible.

Instantly, a large, impressive set of male equipment was given birth, his female side sealing itself shut and a surge of testosterone coursing through his body. It looked like the Machoke had a pair of grapefruit and a large sausage stuffed into his tight shorts now.

The Machoke let out a mighty cry of delight and excitement, no longer Alexa. He was now a large, beastly Pokémon with instinct, urges, and wants. However, in the back of his mind, the trainer remained, still partially in control enough to guide and influence her new being.

The Machoke bent down and grabbed the trainer bag, tossing it over his shoulder as he prepared to head back to Victory Road. *Must train, he thought, scratching at his balls as he swaggered back towards the cave, must... train body... Machoke train team... Machoke then... then train... then mate... Machoke be best Machoke...*

THE END