

“Hmmm...” Delicate fingers quickly typed away. “...sorry! We don’t seem to have any regular copies of Smash Ultimate in stock. We only just started carrying games, so I suppose that was expected. We’ll be beefing up inventory eventually though.”

“Oh. I see.” Josh felt his heart sink at that. The young man had been all over the area, hunting for that game all day.

Josh was a gamer, a big one. He wasn’t always up to date or had the money to buy the hottest games, but when everything lined up, he was there. Super Smash Bros. Ultimate was the latest game he was invested in, finally getting around to Nintendo’s premiere, non-racing, multiplayer experience. He even went on a bunch of amiibos as well!

However, when it was finally time to buy the game, luck had run out. Every store, whether major or not, did not have a copy of Smash. High and low he searched, but here, at the end of the line, he had exhausted all options. There was always the option of a digital purchase, but he was more of a physical kind of guy. He liked seeing the box game on his shelf.

He let out a sigh, despite how much he tried to suppress it. He didn’t want the employee, Traci according to the nametag, to feel bad. She couldn’t help that her place didn’t have what he wanted. She probably had enough annoying customers to deal with anyways.

*Though...* Josh subtly looked at her. That green skin, long nose, mostly black attire, and particular hat she dawned. All of that said she wasn’t the kind of woman who’d put up with a frustrating customer.

Regardless, despite how much he wanted to avoid it, he was out of options. *Guess I’ll get an eShop card or something if she has one.*

He was about to ask, but stopped. She was looking at him, staring rather hard. There was almost a mischievous glint in her eyes, especially as she began to smile. Nervously, he asked, “Umm... is something wrong, miss?”

“Oh! Nothing at all!” She adjusted her glasses, her smile turning warmer now. “In fact, I have some potential good news if you’re interested.”

“Really?”

“Mhm! I think I can hook you up with a copy of Smash. Got a copy in the back that I was fixing. Bit of an expert on fixing games, you see~.”

Josh felt his heart literally soaring at that. “W-wait, really? Oh my god, that would be so-”

But then, he stopped. A funny feeling popped into his head. A feeling that made him suspicious. “Wait... there’s not a catch to this, is there?”

“Oh, it might be a little glitchy or odd,” the green woman giggled, “Our electronics end up being a tad strange after spending time here for a while. Usually means I have to fix them, but if you don’t want to wait, you can have our special right now.”

All of that felt ominous to him. The way it was all worded made him rather suspicious... but on the other hand, every other part was filled with joy and excitement now. “Okay then, I’ll take it!”

“Great!” Traci chimed, “One special copy of Super Smash Bros. Ultimate, coming right on up!”

Josh tossed the bag onto his bed, his body jittering and anxious. He was excited, beyond excited. He finally had it. He finally had his own physical copy of Smash Bros.

In a flash, the TV and then the Switch were on and ready. The case was open, and the cartridge was shoved into the system. There was no time to wait! Fun awaited.

*What to do, what to do?!* His mind raced excitedly, so many ideas coming to mind. He grabbed the controller and started up the game. His hands still jittered and shook with anticipation. He couldn’t stand it, even though he was only moments away from beginning.

*Okay, okay, what do I start first? Just straight into Smash mode, hop online? Maybe start unlocking everybody right away? Probably should do Adventure mode then. Ugh! So much to do! What should I...*

His eyes wandered off to the side where his shelf was. All of his amiibos were laid out on display. Maybe he could play around with those first and see what he could get?

The title screen appeared, and he looked back to the main menu, taking in all the options laid out before him. He looked back at his figurines again. After a bit of careful thought, he decided to go for it. Why not mess around with that first?

He went over and picked up the Greninja amiibo. It was his favorite Pokemon after all, and he just felt fitting.

He opened up the Games & More option of the main menu and found his target, the Amiibo section. He carefully held the figurine over his controller’s control stick, but paused briefly. *I don’t have to unlock Greninja in the game first before using him, right?*

*...eh, I’ll find out soon enough.*

When the indication came up, Josh pressed the amiibo on the control stick. There was a small pause and then a pop-up window appeared. "Loading..." was splayed across the screen. He took a deep breath.

Loading...

Loading...

Loading...

He frowned. *Am I not putting this thing on the-*

ZAP! Josh yipped and dropped the controller and figurine to the ground. He groaned then. His hand hurt, it stung, it tingled. It felt like a strong electric bolt rocketed through it all of a sudden.

He shook and whisked his hand about, groaning more. *Wh-what just happened?*

He looked at the screen. Something was wrong with it. The sound was gone, the menus were distorted, words were flipped, some colors were off. There was even a stutter and flicker to it at times. It was all wrong.

Except for Greninja. His favorite Pokemon was on screen, looking perfectly fine and ready to go.

*Well, that works at least.* Josh thought, somewhat happy, but mostly concerned and frustrated. *She said it would be somewhat glitchy.* Though, was this really what she meant? Given everything, maybe it was best to return the game and ask her more questions.

He winced again, shaking his hand a little bit more. His hand felt so weird and numb in a way. There was some sensation and feeling still in it, but what remained felt off.

He looked at his hand now and flinched again. This time, it wasn't pain or feeling. It was something else, his jaw dropping at the sight.

His fingertips... they were blue.

But it wasn't just that they were blue either. Trying to get past the shock, he leaned in for a closer look. The fingertips were bigger? No, they were bigger and bulging. They were widening and growing rounder, more ovalish in shape. His fingernails were vanishing, slowly melting away into his skin.

But it just didn't stop there. The changes began rolling down his fingers. His digits grew out, extending two more inches. Then they started merging, pinkie with the ring and pointer with

the middle. The remaining fingers lengthened a little further, a thing, yellow skin rising up between them like webbing.

Josh couldn't say a thing. His jaw couldn't drop any further. His heart couldn't race any faster. He was at a total loss. This was really happening now.

His hands shifted further away from any trace of humanity. Hands and fingers elongated, adding several inches to them. The blue tone spread across the fingers and onto his hands, moving up to his wrists, which looked oddly thinner now. The texture of his mitts became smooth, wrinkles, lines, and hairs all gone. Smooth and... rubbery slick as well.

Josh stared and stared at his hands. The changes appeared to have stopped. No more blue was going past his wrists. He felt some form of relief, but that didn't really make the situation all that better.

Though... a thought occurred to him. Looking at his fingers, studying them carefully and turning them around, Josh's forehead wrinkled. *I feel like I've seen these before... but where?*

He sighed. *Definitely seen these, but it's just not coming to me. What's-*

He winced. His shirt felt oddly tight. No, not just the shirt itself, just the sleeves. Looking at them, there seemed to be some bulging on the forearms, right before his elbows. Bulging that was rising and widening too.

His heart beginning to race again, Josh nervously pulled back on one of his sleeves. It took a little bit of effort between his odd hands and "thicker" arm, but eventually it pulled back. On his arm, there was a grayish white bubble bump. It was ovalish in shape, and it grew more and more, taking up a lot of space on his forearm.

He pulled back on his other sleeve and sure enough, the same thing had happened there. There were no words for this, only confusion.

However, panic did not set in, another round of tightness striking him once more. This time, it was coming down below in his legs. Without even thinking, he quickly leaned down and pulled up on his jeans. His legs still looked fine and normal.

But he knew that couldn't be just it. He quickly (mostly fumbling) undid his zipper and pulled down his jeans, again struggling to get them off. Sure enough, the mysterious ovalish bubble bulges were there. They were ballooning out on his thighs, just above his knees.

The young man let out a small gulp and nervously reached forward. He pressed down on one of his thigh bulges with his fingers. He shivered. It felt strange... but not bad? It was hard to describe.

Either way, when he did that, blue began to move. The rubbery blue tone finally spread past his wrists and up his arms. The changes moved around the bulges and underneath his shirt. The feeling of his shirt on his new skin certainly felt odd and clammy.

*Crap crap crap!* Josh panicked. He was transforming! He was turning into some kind of blue... some kind of blue freak! It was terrible! This couldn't be happening! It couldn't be-

Then, unconsciously, he rubbed his head in frustration, scratching at it. He quivered, legs turning inward. His cheeks warmed. Rubbing his odd hands against still, normal human skin felt... oddly nice and relaxing. It felt strange rubbing them through his hair though, but everything felt... not bad?

But what did really feel fine was that other sensation he was getting in his arms. When he bent them, the muscles in them naturally flexed. And when they flexed, muscle mass started to increase. Biceps inflated ever so slowly, his shirt sleeves becoming just so tight.

The sensation brought his attention there now. Josh looked at his arms. They were never this big before. He flexed them with a bit more purpose, the biceps looking even bigger. They were definitely never as large when he did that before either.

He flexed them again, just staring at them. There was an odd feeling within him. Seeing how big his arms looked, just that hint, smidgen of power in them... he felt good. He felt satisfied, an odd sense of pride rising within.

A sense of pride that went away when another awkward feeling hit. It was now in his feet, and he could see it right away. His poor socks were stretching out.

He grabbed and pulled on them with all his might. There was some friction and difficulty though, the wool fabric just sliding against something that wasn't letting go easy. He had a feeling what it was too, which was confirmed when they eventually came off.

That blue, rubbery, amphibious skin had made its way to his feet at last. With it came stretching, his feet already nearly an extra foot in length. Five toes were now down to just two with big, bulbous ends. The digits were stretched long and wide away from each other, with yellow webbing in the middle. They truly did look like frog feet.

Josh watched then as the blue tone proceeded up his ankles and up his legs, beneath his pants. Even though he couldn't see it, he could still feel those changes happening. That rubbery texture on denim was so odd.

Then he felt the changes come to a stop right in his crotch. He suddenly felt really awkward and warm, his jeans bulging a bit. He twitched. Was he supposed to feel this way?

Whether he was to or not, the young man found himself distracted once more. This time, it was something much more dire. The world around him seemed almost foggy. Things were out of focus, blurring a bit. Worse of all, every so often, there would be a flicker of something passing by his eyes that he could make out.

And he had a good idea what was happening. He took his glasses off. The world came into perfect vision.

And with that vision, he realized the flicker of things in front of his eyes was his hair. His heart raced, more strands of hair falling from his head.

He reached up and felt his noggin. There were bald spots everywhere! Rubbing and feeling around didn't help the matter too, that rubbery, bulgy digits pulling out locks with ease. In a matter of seconds, he truly was bald as could be.

*Crapcrapcrapcrapcrap!!* He panicked hard, immediately standing to his feet. And standing up, he found the ground was farther away than it used to be.

...and his body felt different. Standing firm and tall, he looked buffer. His arms swelled again, looking thicker than ever. His torso was wider and even his legs were swelling up. Thick, buff thighs with tone calves to match. He looked so incredible now, pride and satisfaction growing stronger within.

Looking at his hands and feet again, gears started turning in his head. Josh blushed as things started coming together. The vision in his head became clear, and it all clicked.

He was turning into a Greninja! Certainly a more humanized, buff version of the Pokemon, but a Greninja nonetheless.

His transformation continued, striking more of his lower half. His rear firmed up and expanded slightly, growing in a tone, fit butt. His boxers stretched, pulling outwards as his jeans were pushed down. His underwear stretched and stretched until the band snapped slightly. A short, pointed blue frog tail popped right out, the skin around its base also turning blue.

Realizing what he was becoming, Josh began to pant, sweat forming. Everything felt so weird and different now. Yet, those strange feelings swelling within him weren't exactly bad.

In fact, they were starting to get better and better. And hotter.

Without thinking, he started pulling off his shirt. He just needed it off. He didn't know why, but it felt right.

He struggled getting it off and soon enough, knew why. Much like his feet, his skin was glossy and rubbery, with a bright sheen to it as its color shifted. Blue was coating his back and sides, but the front with his chest and tummy were a creamy yellow.

He blushed. *Why did I just do that?* This was so awkward for him despite how internally he felt. The more he looked, the more right and natural it felt for him.

He tingled again, his heart racing. His stomach rumbled gently as the area began to expand. Musculature slowly grew, pushing out and forming a strong set of abs. His chest stretched and pushed out too, widening and thickening up into an impressive set of abs.

One look at all of his muscles and all that awkwardness melted away. *I'm... I'm so jacked~*. His heart raced further, pride building within him.

*This isn't too bad, right?* Josh slowly grew an inch. *This is pretty cool*. He grew three inches. *I'm feeling so... so... so powerful and huge!* He grew a foot in length. *Yeah! Why the hell was I worried?*

Josh now reached seven feet tall. He was becoming a beast of a Greninja. What really was there to be concerned about?

Nothing. Nothing at all... and that thought made his boxers bulge, bigger than they usually did. He quivered. Big, strong, powerful Pokemon... what a way to live!

He took a few more breaths, taking a moment to look down at himself. He was getting rather steamed up. ...what do I look like down there?

The thought suddenly came to his head, and he got very curious. He needed to look... but maybe a better, more proper look.

He hurried to his bathroom to get in front of his mirror. Awkwardness did flow back into him a tad as he hurried, finding his increasing junk size to feel weird against his thighs and boxers. Hopefully that could be fixed in a second.

He stepped into the room, just in time to catch some other important transformation happening. The rest of his head was changing, shifting more frog-like but with a pointed edge. His ears had stretched up the side, turning into fins with creamy yellow outsides and blue backsides. Running from the center of his head and pulling out, a blue fin extension grew.

His head flattened a little, his mind growing numb and foggy briefly in all of this. His eyes pushed more to the sides as they narrowed to a more fierce look. His heart raced. He looked so cool... and rather hot.

He couldn't help feeling that, even as his face stretched forward. His nose faded into his mug, leaving behind two small nostrils to breathe out of. His frog muzzle pushed into a sharp point, blue covering the top and yellow covering his lower jaw and going down his neck.

All of that was just too handsome for him to resist, frog hands quickly snatching his boxers and pulling them down. He saw a light blue star marking on the outside of each of his thighs right away. However, that didn't matter.

What mattered was his equipment. In his crotch was a slit for his junk now, a large, dark blue cock extending out of it. It was just almost pushing a foot in length now, throbbing excitedly free now. A soft musk rolled off of it.

A few seconds of looking later and one of the new Pokemon's hands snapped it up, gripping his rod tightly. He started pumping and a strong moan left his maw. *Goooooddddd, that feels great!*

Everything was great. His cock was great. He looked great. He lifted his free arm and gave a flex, biceps bulging just a touch larger than last time. Those muscles he had were great.

The Greninja panted and moaned as he grew more excited. Everything was great!

He pumped and pumped, his body quaking more violently. This was a whole new level of sensation he had never reached before. Cum dripping and squirting out, his rod quaking, body twitching and shaking... it was wild.

And it was over before he even knew it. His pupils dilated, turning bright red as he bellowed, "GREEEEEEENIIIIINJJAAAAAAA!" Cum sprayed wildly as he let loose.

His jaw hung open, a goofy grin plastered across his mug. SPLAT! His tongue shot out and smacked against the bathroom mirror, several feet long and bright pink. It stuck in place the entire time he blew.

Josh eventually ran out, stepping back and breathing heavily. That was exhausting, but satisfying!

He looked down at himself and slid his hands across his body. There was some friction in doing so, his new amphibious hands streaking roughly against amphibious skin. Still, he liked the shape and feel of everything.

He smiled, but frowned just as fast. Ugh, there was some nasty, dusty taste on his... oh right. He rolled his eyes, realizing where his tongue was and yanked on it, his tongue snapping back into his maw without any trouble.



He looked into the mirror one final time, smiling. It was, admittedly, a bit strange to see a Greninja without his tongue out, but it was fine. He still looked incredible with his beefy blue arms and legs and amazing look. He could admire his new frog self for hours.

But he had other things to do, including gaming!

Once the horny high dropped, the anthro finally remembered he bought a video game today. He chuckled and strolled back to his room with swagger. Things felt a little off with his larger form and head, but he got movement down fast enough.

Back in his room, he found Smash Bros was still ready to go. The screen looked completely normal now, not a trace of glitchiness or screen tearing. *That's a relief...* He sighed. He looked at the screen some more and down at the fallen controller and amiibo.

*...is this whole transformation thing related to what that green lady said? I got zapped and now...*

The frog shrugged. *Whatever!*

What caused the change was unimportant. What was important was playing the game now. He grabbed the controller, held it in his hands...

...and quickly realized he had a problem that he couldn't dismiss. He only had three fingers now, which were very long, that bulged at the tips, and had webbing in between them. How was he suppose to play a fighting game with these things?

Josh fumbled around with the buttons and controls for a bit before eventually tossing it aside. He huffed, folding his arms and pouting. *Well, there goes that plan.*

...

...

The Greninja shrugged. Well, I can figure out how to play this game later. Right now though...

He looked at his fingers, wiggling them gently. Some water briefly forms between them before evaporating again. He smirked. Right now, it was time to try out this body and see what it could do. Surely he could pull off some of Greninja's moves if he tried. Why not have a real life fighting game experience?

THE END

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