

# Plumping Up to Dragonhood (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

“This place is a lot brighter than what everyone said,” Cindy said, pushing herself up onto the ledge. She took a moment to breathe and peered over the side. She had climbed a long way.

Meteor Falls, a lovely, almost otherworldly site in Hoenn. Its cavern positively glowed gold, the whole cave lit up despite being no holes to the outside or even a light system setup. A giant waterfall fell in the heart of it all, the water considered to be the purest in the region. People from all over came to this place to train their Pokémon and discover its secrets.

Cindy was an Ace Trainer with a mission in Meteor Falls herself. She had come to look for an elusive new member for her team: a legendary, hard to find Dragon-Type Pokémon.

She stretched her arms and cracked her neck, turning from the ledge and heading towards an opening in the wall. *One dragon*, she thought, *properly trained and powerful and I'm good to go. The Elite Four awaits!*

She chuckled as she entered the dark hole. It was another tunnel, one that was actually dark and dim compared to the rest of the Falls. It looked a bit ominous, but if there were dragons to be found, it would certainly be down the path.

She took a few steps in, her field of vision dropping. It sent a chill up her spine. She took another few steps and a loud, bellowing roar echoed throughout the tunnel. Her body shook, hairs standing on end.

However, despite it all, she smiled. “That sounded big,” she chuckled, “Real big. May not even have to do much training depending on what it is.”

She reached for a Pokéball, readying a pal that could fight and help light up this annoying darkness. However, the dark issue would quickly be corrected. A pale, orange light began to blare from deep within the tunnel, slowly brightening everything.

She squinted at it, wondering what it was. The light was getting closer and closer... and then, it hit her. It was a beam of orange energy, zooming through the tunnel on a mission.

At the very last second, she dodged to the right. Most of the beam passed harmlessly by. Part of it, however, singed her arm as it grazed it. She winced and fell to her knees, panting heavily. She wasn't expecting that.

*What the hell was that?!* She looked back down the tunnel, but it was pitch black once more. No signs or sounds of whatever was there before.

It seemed that way at least. Cindy took no chances, immediately backing off and returning to the lightened cavern. *No way am I messing with that nonsense*, she thought with a huff, *better head back to town. Uuugh; bet I got a nasty-*

In the full light, she could see things clearly. Such as the fact that her arm was neither burned nor singed. There was no trace of damage at all despite the pain she experienced.

What she did discover though was the fact that her arm was looking rather orange-ish. Her pale, soft skin on the right arm was covered in light orange scales. Equally soft, but in a different, tougher way.

*What the hell?! What's wrong with my arm?!* She lifted her arm up for a closer look but felt a sudden great strain on it.

Her arm was swelling, the orange, scaly skin spreading. It wrapped around her forearm and elbow quickly as bone and muscle mass increased. However, her arm didn't look fitter or bulgy with muscle as the changes moved onto the bicep. It looked rather chubby and thick; a dense layer of pudgy added to the limb.

She could feel her eye twitch, her body twinge. Looking at her hand, she watched it slowly transformed to match her arm now. Fingernails turned dark grey as they stretched to the fingertips, forming cone-like claws. As the hand inflated and swelled, the middle and ring fingers merged together.

*This is insane. This can't be happening!!* Cindy groaned, leaning to the right as her limb started to weigh her down. She tried pulling up on it, but it was difficult.

But the issue began to relieve itself in an unconventional way. Her jacket sleeve ripped as her arm fully transformed. Her shoulder broadened to better match the appendage, thickening and lengthening for a more square-ish shape. The other shoulder swelled and expanded as well, similar, scaly, orange changes hitting it.

She frowned as she witnessed her left arm transform, slowly coming to match her right. *This has to be because of that beam attack, she thought, but what kind of move can do this? What kind of Pokémon has thissssssoooooooooo~*

Her mind melted for a moment as a strange, but erotic warmth rolled over her. She shivered intensely, biting down on her bottom lip. She pressed her legs together, rubbing them gently. Something deep and powerful had hit her.

She panted a bit, slapping her face gently with the back of her new, orange hand. A bit rougher than before, but it helped get her focus back, that was fine. This sudden burst had made her mind all fuzzy and warm. It was incredibly hard to focus on anything but that growing feeling down below.

Scales climbed her neck the whole time. They passed up the back of her head and onto the scalp, almost invisible due to her long green hair. However, said hair fell out, dropping to the ground all around her. On the top of her noggin, a small rounded horn spike sprouted.

*Gotta... gotta stop this...* she thought, trembling more, *but... but can't...* Her hands moved behind themselves, reaching over and grasping onto the crotch of her black shorts. They swiftly tore open the zipper and button, releasing a powerful odor that arose from the loins.

Cindy tried to resist and calm herself, but the second the scent hit her nose, resistance fell. She trembled, licking her chops and moaning. Her nostrils flared, the bridge of the nose widening as the entire shape rounded.

Her eyes went crossed as a clawed hand moved in, heading towards her loins. She panted heavily, orange scales covering her face as curvy, wiggly horns arose out of her skull. Part of her pleaded to stop, but she couldn't. Every other part was crying out to continue. She must do it.

But before it could even reach her folds, a claw bumped against something else. It was soft and pudgy. It was also incredibly sensitive. A single touch caused her to fall to her knees, her body shaking and shivering with pleasure.

Sweat dripped down her forehead, her eyes rolling back as she panted. Her poor shorts tightened as her body began expanding. Hips, rear, thighs, and legs were all thickening, turning orange and scaly. Soon, rips and tears were heard following the growth.

Cindy shook her head, trying to focus as she inched her head down. Emerging and merging with her vagina was a light sand colored cock and balls. They were small, but the more she looked at her rod, the more it grew. It stiffened, stretching longer and thicker than it was.

*Crazy, just crazy.* Her hand moved towards the rod. *No... no I shouldn't.* It inched closer. *I really shouldn't...* It was a hair away. *...maybe... maybe just a little touch? Just a simple stroke.*

A loud bellow followed. She quaked with pleasure, her body heating up as pre dripped out. Her shorts, already on the edge, suddenly ripped apart as a long, thick tail blasted out. It had similar creamy orange scales as her skin, with a light sand underside. It stretched several feet long, slamming upon the dense ground and leaving a large crack as it came out.

“Oooooooh yeah,” she moaned, licking her lips. The remaining traces of her hair fell out, leaving her bald. Her small ears shrank away, first pressing up against the head and fading into it. Only small, noticeable holes were left behind to hear out of.

Her hand slid across her cock, causing her to moan again. *Sooooo good... why is this so good?* She clenched her eyes shut as she slid her hand again, letting out an animalistic snort. *This is more than good though... it feels like something else... it... it feels like... like...*

“Power.” She grinned as she gripped her cock with one hand and then the other, the rod pulsating. She moaned as her face pushed forward. Her jaws stretched out into a round, blunt shaped muzzle. His nostrils merged with the muzzle, forming two slits to breathe out of.

With both hands in place, Cindy began pumping her rod. She huffed, grunting. Her body quivered as it slowly inflated more. Her white t-shirt and jacket stretched as the mass beneath it expanded and filled out.

*Soooo good. So powerful... all of this is great... but... there's something else...* She licked her chops. There was something else so nice.

There was a rip, and then another. The back of her jacket split down the middle, followed by her t-shirt. Her bra snapped as well as her back bulged out; two large, growing bumps emerging out of the scaly backside.

She paid that no mind as one of her hands slipped off her cock and moved to her belly, which was popping out of the shirt as it rode up on her. The hand squeezed the stomach gently, a tingling sensation striking her. Her cock pulsated, growing longer as her balls swelled past cantaloupe size.

Chub. That is what it was: chub. It felt good to be both powerful and chubby. The mixture of hardness and softness was undeniably appealing. It certainly was more fun than being just another boring trainer.

Her shoes bulged, stretching out at the tips before exploding out all around. Out came three large, orange scaled toes. Upon each toe was a large claw, a little longer than her finger claws. Her feet were several sizes larger as well, now better able to support her mass.

She groped her belly and pumped her cock further. She bellowed out a heavy, deep moan as his equipment swelled again. The rod stretched out over a foot and half, thicker than a soda can it looked. The balls swelled more and more until they touched the ground, big as basketballs and pulsating as they churned with more seed.

*Chub and strength... he huffed, just... just like a Dragonite...* It clicked with him. The scales, the tail, the hands and claws, the form... that energy. It all made sense to him.

He pumped and pumped his rod harder, pre dripping down onto the cave floor. He groaned out, “Dragggggg” several times, the remains of his jacket and shirt tightening further. Eventually, there was one final rip and they fell apart into tatters. Out dropped a sand colored, scaly big belly with moobs, any trace of femininity completely gone now.

He panted heavier, shoulders and chest rising over and over. *Almost... almost...*

His pupils dilated and he bellowed out a powerful “**Dragonite!**”, the cry echoing through the cave in full, bellowy, deep glory. His rod pulsated as it blew its load, spraying gallons of the seed on the ground and over the edge of the cliff.

The new anthro quivered delightfully as from behind his back, out exploded two wings. They seemed rather small, only four feet for a wingspan with green underbellies. However, their growth and a quick flap of them launched him onto his feet and off the ground.

The Pokémon took several breaths, brushing his smooth head and wiping the sweat away. His cock had gone limp, finishing its spraying. His mind was settling, allowing him to truly take in everything that happened.

Looking down at him, really studying himself, there was a sense of surprise. He had really transformed into a large, big equipment Dragonite anthro. It was a bit overwhelming.

But not too much as he smiled, groping his belly with both hands. “**Heh,**” he said, “**I am amazing-looking! Big belly, nice big moobs, big balls~ Heh, forget ever exercising again! I am perfection!**”

Groping his cock and balls, he shuddered and sighed blissfully. *Soooo good. I'm gonna like these new additions. ...probably not gonna find any clothes that'll fit these pieces...*

There was a small pause, followed by uproarious laughter. “Who needs clothes anyways? Not like anyone is gonna be able to tell me what to do.”

Looking around, he spotted his backpack and Pokéball belt on the ground around him, having fallen off at some point. He casually put the belt and balls away in the bag, thinking, *well, I'm all changed now and feeling great... but what now?*

He stroked his muzzle tip, nodding to himself. He still wanted to compete in the Pokémon League and as far as he was aware, there were no rules against Pokémon beings competing. While it may be difficult, he could still feasibly challenge the Elite Four and become the Champion.

*I'll figure it out when I get back to the Pokémon Center... though, I'm gonna need to update my Trainer Card. A bit out of date now. Ain't no way I'm passing as a Cindy.*

He laughed to himself as he turned around, facing the tunnel entrance where he was first attacked. *Oh whatever, not like anyone can stop me. Just need to throw my weight around [heh] and I'll be good to go. No one's gonna want to mess with... with... Knight!*

The Dragonite smirked. Knight... that sounded a whole lot better. More fitting for a large, manly beast anyways.

Knight stretched his arms, cracking his neck. Regardless of the future, he still had a goal. He did come to Meteor Falls for a reason. He walked back towards the tunnel, stepping into it. Despite being still dark, the area felt a bit lighter and more visible, easier for him to see through it.

The anthro began walking along, moving with a bit of a confident swagger. He still needed a dragon type for his team, and he was pretty sure he could not participate in the fights himself despite everything. Maybe he could recruit the mysterious Pokémon that roared and changed him in the first place.

Knight chuckled softly. Or, if the being was a little bit more human than expect, maybe personally thank them for the form they gave him.

*THE END?*