

# October 2022 Story Raffle

## Phen

*Prompt by Sol-Fyre-Stories:*

*Some variation of Phen in a Pokemon world- likely a Ho-Oh, because... well, phoenix... discovers that their abilities to use Double Team and Growth have additional effects, such as being able to use them as much as they want, being able to stack them as much as they want, and having them affect certain parts of them. Chaos involving massive hordes of massively endowed- and also just massive in general- Ho-Oh Phens ensues.*

## Pokemon Phen

The firebird dominated the gym with her presence. Phen stood nearly 12 feet tall, her crimson-feathered curves and cocks nothing less than imposing before the scrawny boy that faced her, eyes wide below the brim of his cap as he clutched the spent Pokeball.

“Aren’t you...” he started, searching for the right words to describe the excessive avian. “Aren’t you a bit *big* for a starter Pokemon?”

Phen shrugged. “Aren’t you a little small for a trainer?” Her thigh alone was wider than than the young man and the twin shafts that hung heavy between her knees, dangling off her even fatter sac, looked dangerously close to claiming that same honor.

The Trainer gripped his pokedex tight. “I’m just fine, thank you. Besides, you’re the one getting physical in the fights.”

“Oh yes. Very much so.” Phen caught him staring and grinned, leaning forward to let the magnetic pull of her deep, inviting cleavage pull him in. It was downright pornographic to let such an endowed grrl walk around in the nude, but such was the world of pocket monster fighting—not that Phen fit in any confined space for long. “So, what’s the plan, Trainer? How do you want me to get *physical*?”

“Uh.” He wrested his gaze from the firebird’s head-dwarfing tits—narrowly dancing around the outer edges of her fertile hips—and fixed his attention on the pokedex. “Well. We should check out your moveset. Maybe practice a little. Let’s see here, your first move is... Grow?”

Phen giggled. “As if I need to be told. Sure thing, Trainer.” She struck a confident pose, hands on her hips, and simply *rose* upwards with a shimmer of yellow sparkles. The floor groaned under her abruptly increasing weight, her feet sliding smoothly outwards as she grew taller and taller, smirking at her trainer all the while.

The Trainer gawked, understandably, at the display. “Uh,” he started, as the towering firebird’s knees rose above his head, “shouldn’t it be stopping now?”

“Should it?” Phen replied, smiling brightly. She passed 25 feet tall and struck the ceiling with the top of her feathered head. “Hah! Fine. Let’s say that’s enough. For now.” Her eyes, bright and full of mischief, found the Trainer in the shadow of her mighty figure. “How’s that for Grow?”

He retreated a couple of steps, craning his neck to return her gaze. “That was *one move?*”

“Doesn’t feel like it, right?”

“Not at all! I could’ve sworn—”

“Not to worry. I can wring out a bit more juice from the Power Points I spent.” Phen hefted her breasts, which—with a return of the yellow sparkles—*bwoomphed* out into her hands, growing as easily as her height had. Her already huge tits swelled way beyond comparisons to her own head and into ‘beachball’ territory and straight onto ‘pumpkin-sized’, claiming her front completely for her proud, perfect bust. “How’s that?” she asked, groping her herself while her dark, fat nipples caught up to the upscaling (and overshot the goal, obscenely puffy). “A good use for the PP, no?”

Her trainer made a sound that might have been a word, but came across as little more than a gasp caught in his throat. He had to move back to the wall to even *see* past Phen’s feathery boulders and meet her gaze.

“No? Well, not to worry. There’s plenty more of me to grow.” She slapped her ass, which, just like that, grew even more ample, augmenting her seat-swallowing rear. But that was not the focus of her attention. Instead, the twin ebony pillars between her legs trembled and fattened up, the power of *Grow* urging them past her knees, past her shins, fuck-flesh flowing from her loins at an alarming rate. Her balls dropped likewise, gurgling loudly as they filled and stretched her coral-colored scrotum.

“T-That’s enough!” the Trainer called, blood drained from his face. He stared down the firebird’s third and fourth ‘legs’ respectively, now comfortably resting on the floor in front of her, a mixture of precum, raw, condensed musk, and ball sweat pooling around them.

“You think?” Phen shrugged. “I *guess* so. For the first move, at least. Want me to go again?”

“No, that’s quite alright, thank you!” The Trainer said, waving his hands frantically. “Let’s see what else you can do. You’ve got other moves, right?”

“I do.” Phen put the palm of her hand against the ceiling of the gym, leaning forward with a playful smile on her beak. The building groaned at her weight, but she paid it no heed. “You wanna call it out for me, Trainer?”

“Uh, yeah, sure.” he said, frantically paging through the small screen of the pokedex. “Next on the list is... Double Team!”

The towering avian lit up with a bright shimmer and moved left and right at once, her figure splitting into two. (As if one Phen was not enough to make the gym feel cramped...)

“Wow. Your illusion looks so realistic!” the Trainer said. “You’ll be able to fool anyone with that.”

Phen giggled. “Yeah. About that...” The bird copy stepped around her trainer, trapping him between the two Phens. The heat radiating between her legs was oppressive, the potent sexual scents enough to make anyone dizzy. “Which one of me do you think is real?”

He eyed the doubled avian. The heat of her “Good question. You *look* identical, but it’s just an illusion. So I just need to tap you, and...” He poked the closest cock, as real and heavy as can be. “There! Found you.”

“You sure about that?” The second bird came in from behind, her hefty cocks slamming her trainer forward.

He stumbled, sprawling onto a fat, drooling cockhead. “Wait, what? Did you change place?”

Phen and Phen pinned him between her sweltering shafts. “Let’s just say that I don’t execute the move in the classical way. After all, why make a fake clone when I can make a real one?”

“How the hell?” the Trainer said, struggling to find purchase in the wrinkled folds of foreskin. “That’s not possible!”

“Sure it is. Here, let me show you.” Phen giggled and called out in stereo. “Double Team!”

The gym groaned under the strain as the gigantic grrls split once more, filling the spacious hall with curves and cocks. For the Trainer, the walls disappeared from sight, as enormous, feathery breasts flattened against them. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw an astoundingly fat ass turning and crashing through the masonry as Phen’s bodies surged to take up any available space inside.

“Whoops!” she called amidst a cascade of crumbling debris. “Damn place is too small. Maybe you’d like to take us out of here, Trainer?” Three faces turned downwards from above, fixing their eyes on him through the narrow cleft between cockflesh and breasts.

“Holy moly, I—how should I even do that?!”

“Easy.” Phen said, her voice as calm and melodic as ever through the noise of the gym falling to pieces around her fat, feathery booties. Just ask me to use Grow again.”

“That... that’ll just wreck the place even faster!”

She grinned. “Well, if you want to stay stuck between my cocks for the next couple of hours, that’s fine too. You’re in charge, after all.” Her bodies shifted in place, her hot, sweaty shafts sliding in even harder as their endless fonts of pre quickened. “I have plenty of entertainment right here...”

The Trainer grit his teeth. “Fine, you win. Do your move.”

“Which move, little Trainer?” Phen’s colossal cock throbbed against him, pre soaking him to the bone.

“Grow! Grow, Phen!”

She smiled. “With pleasure.”

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The gym did not so much explode as it simply ceased to exist. One moment, the battered building rocked from side to side, feathery balls and butts sticking out comically from all sides. Then it disappeared in a flash of red and black.

The Trainer came to on a piece of flat ground. He sat up, waiting for the world to stop spinning, and finally looked around the small, grassy clearing that he found himself in. Strange, that looked like the path leading up to the gym. But where had all the trees gone? They had to...

“Ahem,” a booming voice rang out. “Up here, little guy.”

He looked up. And up. And up.

And sure enough, there she was. Still four of her, still absurdly endowed. But nothing could have prepared him for the *magnitude* by which Phen had grown taller. Clouds drifted in front of a face obscured by an atmospheric haze, so far away that it was impossible to take in all of her at once and her feet disappeared behind the distant mountains on the horizon. The four of her stood in a circle around him, her balls forming an outer wall behind her as her ever-fattening cocks lay tangled across the landscape, narrowly sparing the patch of land between them from their embrace.

What was he to say to that? His pokemon—his *starter*—had become utterly gigantic, dozens and dozens of miles tall in the span of a single move. You could build a city on her boob alone!

“There we go. As you can see, we got out successfully.” She winked. “Great job, Trainer!”

“... Yeah. So, uh, how long does that buff last?”

“Long enough to enjoy it however you’d like. Or are you not satisfied yet?” She leaned forward, her titanic tits hanging heavy over a sprawling forest, slowly growing closer to the canopy.

“This is quite enough, thank you! We can’t even fit you in a stadium like this. So, how do we shrink you?”

“I don’t like that word. And I’m not sure I understand what you mean with this strange word ‘enough’. Not something that I’m familiar with.” She grinned, distant stars glittering around her headfeathers through the atmosphere. “What’s the matter, my little Trainer? Am I too much to handle for you?”

“You know perfectly well!” he sputtered, before stopping. He had to maintain the upper hand, that’s your role as a trainer. Calm and collected. Even in the face of a quartet of giga-macro hyperherms. So he drew himself up and returned Phen’s look. “I’m a little dizzy, that’s all. I can handle anything you throw at me.”

Her faces lit up. “Great! That means I can stop holding back, right?”

“You... What?”

“Yeah! Let’s get freaky.”

“Wait! I didn’t ask you to—”

“Double Team!”

The sky filled with blinding light and left eight Phens giggling down at him. “See, this move is good for more than just making copies,” she said in the manner of a good-natured teacher. “We can’t be satisfied with just that. What else can we make more of? Well, I already have two cocks, but...”

Another flash of light. Phen’s copies helpfully hefted each of her four gargantuan cocks, lifting their oppressive weight with ease. Behind her, the set of balls that rested on the ground and yet reached past her own shoulders had multiplied as well, several pairs stacking up.

“See? Much better. That’s not to say that you can’t do both.”

The cry of “Double Team!” rolled across the landscape like a boom of thunder. 16 birds, now with 8 cocks each, the new Phens holding up the speaking bird’s additional shafts to support her lecture.

Somewhere below, at the very bottom of the rising mountains of curling cocks, the Trainer watched, staring so hard his eyes felt like they might pop out.

Phen’s all-seeing eye turned to him, still smiling playfully. “You don’t seem convinced. A bit too uneven? Have no fear, dear Trainer.” She reached down and snatched him up between a pair of delicate fingers that, after a vertigo-inducing sweep through the sky, deposited him on the mile-wide expanse of a fat, puffy nipple. “I won’t stop until you’re entirely satisfied.”

A press of breasts all surrounded him, mountains of crimson-feathered curves in their own right. And then, with their singular cry of “Double Team!”, the amount of

boobs in their vicinity doubled, as the now 32 Phens sported a second pair of tits. “How’s that?” she cooed, teasing the tiny Trainer between her enormous nipples.

He made a sound in reply, almost, but not entirely, muffled by the literal tonnes of tit that surrounded him.

“That good, huh? More, then!”

The crowd of birds doubled once again. Her breasts were too large for a body several times her size, hanging beyond her hips; and yet, by the sheer power of her sizelust, all four pairs fit on her chest. Half a hundred giantesses sprawled across the landscape, happily sharing their excessive selves with the world and, above all, with their tiny Trainer stuck at the epicenter of her expansion. Announcing her growth was superfluous at that point: there was no part of her not constantly getting bigger, better, shapelier. Rivers of cockflesh pouring out between her legs, innumerable scrotums stacking up to dizzying heights, all turning the atmosphere into a lusty haze of her own scent as her cum washed across the planet.

Her Trainer felt it all, somehow. Deep beneath the many miles of tittlesh, of hundreds, then thousands of giga-grrls all converging with one will. His own was spent. He could not deny the teasing any longer, the lusts that Phen so blatantly indulged in and inflamed in his own desires. Every one of the firebird’s incalculable orgasms made him want to join her all the more. They came harder, faster, her clone-spurts intensifying. He embraced what he could reach of her; a nipple the size of a whole country; but she clearly felt it and reciprocated, hands coming down towards him, rubbing, fondling, teasing and edging finally leading towards the climax, the high point that she had so expertly lead him towards.

He shuddered, letting the sea of excess swallow him.

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Today was a big day.

He would finally become a Trainer and get his own pokemon.

He had been looking forward to it for weeks. So why did he feel so damn groggy?

The morning passed in a haze. He felt as if he had forgotten something, but chasing it felt like grasping a fading dream. And he did not have time to daydream, he had to go get his pokemon!

He left the house and got on his bike, only mildly concerned by the darkening sky. It would take more than inclement weather to stop him today!

But then she spoke and it all came flooding back. “Morning sleepyhead.” Her voice boomed from all around, throwing him harmlessly into a bush.

“Phen?” the Trainer asked, staring upwards in awe as he picked himself up. “Is that you?”

“Who else?” Her sly smile appeared in the sky against the inky black backdrop of space as she brought the planet up on the tip of her finger. But she was far more massive than that; little pearls of light glittered in her feather-hair; whole galaxies, little more than glitter to her divine magnificence.

“I hope you got your rest, little Trainer. You’ll need it.” A universe of Phen grinned down at him amidst an infinity of curves and cocks. “What moves do you want to practice today?”

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