

Add a Touch of Legendary Sizzle

By Firingwall

Commission done for kalethefolf

“Hey, you made it!” Julian looked off to the right after stepping into the backyard. There was JD, waving him over.

Julian smiled, waving back and heading over. “Yeah, of course! Didn't want to miss out!”

JD and him were co-workers at a local big box store that got along fairly well. The blonds often chatted on breaks and helped each other out when possible. They were as good of friends as two fellow employees at the same retail job could be.

One day, the glasses-wearing friend had invited him to a backyard cookout he was having the coming weekend. Julian couldn't refuse. He loved a good barbecue, especially in the prime summer season when the weather was actually good.

When he arrived, there were already plenty of people there, eating, chatting, and drinking away. He didn't recognize them, assuming their friends or family of his buddy. It might be intimidating to some, but he wasn't worried. He was sure he could get along with anyone there.

He felt his stomach rumble. Meeting and chatting with everyone would have to wait until after he ate.

“So glad you could come!” JD said. He wiped his brow, flipping a burger on the grill he was manning. “What can I get you? I'm making a little of everything here.”

Julian looked at the offerings being cooked, a good range of hot dogs to even grilled chicken that smelled positively delicious. “I'll go... hamburger.”

JD scooped one up with his spatula, slipping it onto an open bun on a prep table beside him. He put them on a plate and handed them over. “Here you go. If you want anything on it, go talk with Rachel over there.”

He motioned to a different table a yard or so away. There was a tan woman with long blue hair manning it, currently squirting someone's hot dog down in ketchup.

So, that's her. JD talked a lot about Rachel, his blue partner. He loved her to death but said she always had a way of surprising him, everyone around them, and even herself at times with her interests and hobbies. She could be an utter handful.

Julian gave his friend a nod and headed over to that other table, wondering how this first meeting would go with this “infamous” lady.

She gave him a warm smile as he approached. ““Sup! I'm Rachel. Can't say I've seen you before!”

“I'm Julian, JD's co-worker. Nice to meet you.”

“Same!” The two shook hands as she eyed his plate. “Sooooo, what can I get ya?”

“Well, I would like to get some cheese, lettuce, and ketchup on this. The basics... I'm not feeling particularly exciting right now.”

“Heh, that's quite alright!” Rachel fetched the ingredients from the cooler beside her, layering the toppings on the patty first. She seemed pretty nice from this first impression.

However, as she reached for the ketchup, she paused. It looked as if an idea popped into her head with the way she suddenly smiled. “Saaaay, do you like spicy food?”

“I guess. I mean, I don't usually go for it, but it's nice to switch things up sometimes; be a bit adventurous and all that.”

“Welll...” She leaned over the table, her voice growing hush and sly, as if she was about to sell him something shady. “I got something that might interest ya!” She let out a goofy chuckle. “I got this special hot sauce online the other day called *Flaming Rainbow Bird Sizzle*.”

“Sounds like a mouthful.”

“Mhm! It really gives everything a spicy kick that is mouth-wateringly tasty on a whole new level!” Suddenly, her mood drooped, the woman slumping over the day and lowering her head. “I keep offering it, but no one is interested! It's like they don't trust my taste at all!”

Julian couldn't help but chuckle at her dramatics. “Well, that's a shame! I'm sure it's plenty tasty and perfectly safe to try.”

She stood up straight and nodded. “Mhm! It's perfectly safe, I promise!”

He smiled. “Well, why not then? I'll give it a shot!”

Rachel's eyes lit up. "OOOOO! You're serious!" She grinned from ear to ear, even applauding lightly. "You won't regret this, I promise!"

She looked up and over Julian, her stare a bit harsh. He looked behind him, seeing JD, still busy working the grill. He turned to ask her what was wrong, but she was already back to sunshine and smiles.

Leaning down, she reached under the table and pulled out a bottle of hot sauce, plopping it down between them. There was the "Flaming Rainbow" label on it, along with the silhouette of a bird flapping its wings. He couldn't help but feel like he's seen that shape somewhere before.

Rachel uncapped the bottle and poured a little bit of the sauce on top. "There we go." She placed the bun on, meticulously centering it. "Hope you like it!"

"Thanks." Julian picked up his burger and took a rather big bite out of it. He chewed it slowly, letting the flavor dance on his tongue.

His first thought? *Tasty!* It was pretty good, and that sauce she added did accentuate its flavor well. Second thought...

"Hey! Rach!" Julian flinched mid-chew as JD suddenly appeared beside him, huffing like he sprinted over. He adjusted his glasses, looking between the bottle and Rachel. "What are you doing? I told you, we're not using it!"

"I'm not using it, sweetie!" Rachel said, putting on such an innocent, sweet-sounding voice that Julian nearly laughed, "I'm staying the same, good woman you want! No changing on my part! I'm just sharing it with your coworker."

JD's jaw dropped, the man instantly turning to face his pal on a dime. "Hey! Are you okay?!"

Julian didn't answer, barely noticing his friend's worry. His mind was stuck on his second thought. *Oh crap, this is so damn hot!*

His mouth... no. His **head** felt on fire! That sauce was incredibly tasty and did wonders for the burger's taste, but, dammit, it certainly hit like a semi-truck!

Hot... His eyes started watering, nose burning on the inside. *So hot!* His hands started trembling, forcing him to quickly set the burger down before he dropped it.

He needed water... or was it milk in this situation? He didn't remember and couldn't think straight enough to figure out whatever was best. He just needed to drink something fast, feeling his head burning up quicker now.

He opened his mouth to ask for something but no sound came out. He felt something else, something burning, flaming in his stomach the second he opened his yap. Whatever it was, it was climbing his throat, gushing out like a geyser.

Or, perhaps, a volcano.

He didn't know what, but it was bad. He instinctively jerked his head back and looked to the sky. He opened mouth even wider.

FWOOOOSH! A huge pillar of fire blasted into the air. It soared high into the sky, everyone at the party jumping or stumbling back in shock. JD definitely scrambled back the furthest, being so close to Julian in the first place. His jaw looked like it was almost going to hit the ground comically.

HOLY SHIT! That was all that Julian could think, seeing that biblical, flaming tower blaze out of his maw.

As almost as it started though, it, thankfully, did not last long. The fire seemed like it ran out, dissipating at his mouth before completely vanishing all at once.

Julian stepped back, closing his maw. He slapped his hands against his face in a panic, feeling every spec of it. Despite it all and the warmth of his cheeks, he felt nothing off. There was no fiery, burning sensation in his mouth, throat, or belly. He didn't even have heartburn!

It was almost as if it had never happened despite everything to the contrary.

“Ju-Julian! Are you okay?!” JD asked, carefully approaching him.

Julian barely noticed his friend's concern again, starting to feel a little woozy. He put a hand to his head, rubbing it gently. “I-I feel... I feel...”

Then, his head was away from his hand. All at once, his head jerked upwards. His neck had suddenly begun to stretch, growing well over a foot. Red feathers sprouted out of its base, running quickly up to just below his chin. A green band of them sprouted just above the shoulders as well.

Julian blushed, his face scrunching up as he looked down. He suddenly was much taller with his enhanced neck, even bendier too. He looked down at his friend, whose expression dropped back to total shock, and gulped.

“JD, whauhs pappein’ tuh meesh!” His mouth numbed, words slurring and hard to comprehend now. The feeling stretched his nose and across his cheeks, a new heat building within them. Everything felt wrong.

His head suddenly wobbled, vibrations going down into his numb nose then maw. A golden yellow ran down the bridge of his nose to its tip, skin hardening then widening a little. Nostrils were sucked in, slits opening along the sides of the hard surface. The sniffer extended out, the tip of it lifting then falling into a pointed end.

The hardened yellow spread onto his lips and onto part of his cheeks. Everything morphed and shifted, teeth and maw becoming one. It pushed out with his nose, tongue growing very red and extending with it.

Soon, the man had a long, striking beak that stretched out almost a foot, taking up a good part of his face.

There was silence, everyone in the party quiet as can be. Julian could just make out the extension out of the corner of his eyes. He reached up, his hand having to stretch a little farther now, and felt it. He traced its smooth surface and pointed tip.

“This... this can't be good...” he mouthed. The entire thing made him feel woozy.

JD gulped, approaching his friend closer. “Y-you... you okay?”

“I... I don'tCOUGH!” He tried to finish his word but out came a cloud of ashy smoke when he coughed.

The cough made his head feel numb all over again, a slight pulse echoing through it. His eyes closed, vision blurring over. The red feathers from his neck crawled onto his face, slowly coating every spot of it. The exception was around his eyes, which had black feathers instead circling around them, seemingly extending out of the edge of his beak.

As the feathers crawled over his ears, which vanished beneath them, and towards his hair, his mop began to shake. Most of his blond locks shrunk in and became more red feathers. Some of it though grew and grew, extending upwards almost like a mohawk.

After growing almost taller than his head, the hair morphed. The blond became a striking gold, material merging and shifting into huge feathers. They curled at the very tips like a spiral, the feathers bending to the right and drooping down over part of his head. It was like he had a nifty, styled haircut but with plumage.

He gulped, slowly opening his eyes, now a striking, almost glowing red. “What...” he spoke, his voice bassier, “What just happened?”

“I think my girlfriend just played a bad prank on you.” JD shot a look at Rachel, who looked away and not-so-casually whistled. “You’re... kind of... well...”

He took out his phone, tapped it a few times, and held it up high for Julian. The bird head leaned in to look. It instantly clicked. “Isn’t that Ho-”

The camera dropped out of view as he rose higher and higher. He soon towered over everyone by good two, or even three, extra feet. He definitely felt a little vertigo now.

He also felt warm again, the sensation growing by the second. Red feathers had fallen down into his collar, emerging out of his short sleeves. They spread down his limb, stopping just a little past his elbow.

There, the skin blackened. Its texture was coarse and rougher to the touch as the color darkened. It crept down to his hands, which jerked and throbbed, clenching and unclenching. Fingernails jutted forward, stretching into stubby talon-like claws. Digits pressed into one another, merging down to four per hand.

His beak open, eyes darting between his new bird hands. *Holy shi-*

He winced, grinding his beak. There was an intense, uncomfortable pressure from his shoes, drawing his eyes further down. They were bulging in three spots per foot: two in the front and one in the back. They kept bulging until sharp tears ran out.

Large feet-talons broke free of his sneaker leather. Two very long toes in the front shredded the caps while a smaller one in the back broke open the heels. They were very similar to his bird hands, black with roughish skin and claws. Though, the claws this time appeared sharper, letting them easily cut through the footwear.

The dark skin spread up his ankles and up to just below his knees. Feathers sprouted, though this time white instead. They went up, disappearing beneath his shorts.

Julian hardly noticed that, focusing more on his feet. He lifted one and set it down, wiggling the toes on it and the other. He kicked the tattered footwear away, placing his new feet on the ground. The sensation of them was so strange, yet... there was something about them...

But, once more, he was distracted. His body was heating up intensely. It was almost hard to breathe, sweat breaking out.

So... damn hot! Without even thinking, he pulled his shirt off over his head, struggling a bit with his extended neck and beak. Beneath it, he showed off a far fitter, buffer shape, one that had never looked that toned or even had a trace of abs before.

More feathers quickly sprouted. White crawled up, out of his shorts, coating his tummy and up to his collar bone. Red feathers grew along the sides, up past his collar, and all over his back. No trace of skin was left unchanged now.

Julian knew it before, but this only confirmed it harder. "I'm.... I'm like a Ho-oh now!"

"Hence, *Flaming Rainbow Bird Sizzle!*" Rachel declared, shaking the hot sauce bottle rather proudly. JD shot her another look, which she happily ignored.

Julian just nodded. He knew he recognized that silhouette from before. The shape of the bird was very obvious... though, thinking about it, he realized something. He looked over his shoulders, staring at his back.

He was missing something. It was something important. Something that would make him complete. Something that he felt... no, for sure knew that he **needed**.

That was when he felt a jerk, something that shoved him back. Looking back over his shoulders, he could see a new bunch of feathers. They popped out right above his rear, long and spread out like a fan. They were blazing gold, much like his crest.

He partially smiled. *Okay... better.* His heart beat quicker. They looked really nice. *But... I could use-*

As if answering the call, there was another throb and jerk backwards. Huge, wide wings sprouted from his back. They stretched long before curling back like a circle. The top of the wings were coated in hot red feathers, a second layer beneath them being white with green tips.

"Oooooo!" Rachel squeaked, applauding "Awesome!"

Julian agreed. His wings were awesome. Quite frankly, all of him was! While certainly a surprise at first, he did dig this look. The impressive aura, the power... It felt so...

The bird man quivered, a striking chill running down his spine followed by a burst of heat. His toes clenched, claws digging through the dirt. Another pulse struck him, this time below the belt. It wasn't normal heat, but something more... enticing.

He could see it. The crotch of his pants had grown. That normal size bulge was swelling, pushing outward into something prominent, protruding. His clothing thankfully seemed to stretch to contain it, but it hugged his cantaloupe-size package, carefully showing it girth.

He could feel it pulse beneath his shorts. It wanted attention, wanted to be touched. It was a legendary piece of pleasure fit for a legendary bird as himself. A perfect end for such a transformation as that.

Of course, he wouldn't do any touching now. It was already a bit much that he took off his shirt in public. No need to make this more awkward than it was.

Julian took a deep breath, deciding to play it cool. "Wow..." he casually brushed his wavy bird crest back. "That was some spicy sauce, right?"

"You..." JD asked nervously, "You alright? I'm really sorry Rachel tricked you like that!" He shot her a look, the blue-haired lady still smiling away. "She really shouldn't have-"

"I'm more than alright, buddy!" Julian chuckled. "I feel great!" He rubbed his beak gently. "I look so damn cool as a Ho-oh!" He ran his hand over his torso. "Look how buff I am, too! Do all of your cookouts go like this?"

"Errr... no..." JD blushed.

"Only the best ones do!" Rachel chimed, giving him a thumbs up.

"W-well..." JD cleared his throat. "I'm sure we can change you back. You don't have to go around looking like-"

"BZZZZZZZT!" Rachel declared, doing her best impression of a buzzer sound. "JD, I think you're overreacting here!" She giggled, looking at Julian. "Do you want to turn back?"

The new bird just laughed. "No way! This is great! Now this is the way to enjoy the summer!"

Rachel looked at JD, giving him what could only be described as the smuggest, most self-satisfied look in the world. He frowned but said nothing.

She looked to the others at the party, who had been watching so quietly that Julian had almost forgotten they were even there. “Sooooo,” she asked, “Does anyone want to try some of my special spicy sauce now?”

She barely finished when people started rushing over to the table, holding up their food whether it was just bitten into or almost finished. JD stepped back, muttering, “Well, it's good that we're not, like, in fire season or anything...”

Julian chuckled, picking up his burger he set down earlier. He took his second big bite after all this time. He was able to surprisingly chew it quite well with his beak.

The burger still tasted quite good, the spicy punch of it dancing upon his tongue. It wasn't as hot or stinging as before, but he understood why. He was a legendary fire Pokémon now. What would a little hot sauce really do to him?

Though, the warmth of it still made him tingle down below. His crotch throbbed, the bird doing his best to stifle a moan. He could see plainly that his shorts were tenting hard.

It was going to be hard ignoring this if it kept up. It felt so needy, and his desire to placate it grew stronger.

The Ho-oh glanced around. Everyone was busy eating their food, looking like they were going to erupt themselves, or getting their grub coated in hot sauce. Perhaps now was the perfect time to fly away and go deal with this.

The End