

Energy'mon Covershoot: Nature Fresh

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YCH Commission done for NoivernofGemini

Salty stepped into the clearing and looked around. It was a peaceful spot, surrounded by trees and nature. A small tent was pitched off to the side near the treeline while in the center of the space was a picnic blanket and basket.

Over to the side, between that blanket and tent, was a tripod. A camera was set on it, its owner currently adjusting something on it. They were a green raccoon man, mumbling to himself as he fiddled with the buttons.

So, this is where the "magic" will happen. Salty nodded pleasantly to himself, even smiling. "Not bad."

"Mhm!" A deep, jovial voice responded, coming up from behind. A tall, buff Flareon man stepped alongside him, placing a large paw on his shoulder. "I think it's great! For this shoot, it felt right to do it outdoors in the wilderness! We needed natural ambience that would enhance the pictures and bring out the perfect inner mon!"

"Pfffffft," snorted the raccoon, looking up from his camera at them, "Wilderness, he says! We're in a public park in the only area that is wooded enough for us to be alone, while also not too wooded that it would mess with the lighting and staging."

"What my assistant and friend, Ken here, means is that he'll make you look good in this stunning environment!" the Flareon declared, giving the raccoon a look.

"Sure, Eisen! That's **exactly** what I meant!"

Salty smiled, not really giving the two's exchange and annoyance between one another a thought. He was just excited. Sure, he had a few jitters on the walk over, but they were gone now.

He was so pumped, so hyped for this gig. He loved Energy'mon, loved everything about it. The pure rush and energy from drinking those energy drinks was amazing. The raw power, strength, and form that followed were all unbelievable.

If he didn't have prior commitments or jobs that required him looking normal, he'd be downing Energy'mon all the time.

But his love for Energy'mon and need to work happened to come together perfectly that day. An opportunity had arisen for the fans of that drink. They could model for their upcoming calendar and, out of everyone who applied, he got picked! He was going to be Mr. March!

Now, Salty had never done any modeling before, but that didn't mean he was going to pass this up. He was going to give it his all! Plus, from what he read and learned, it didn't seem like experience was required all that much.

“Okay!” Eisen said to Salty, pulling his attention to him, “Now that you're here, let's get you all situated!” He pointed over at the nearby tent. “Go change in there. We got something for you to wear that won't tear after your drink.”

“Frankly, I still find this silly.” Ken huffed, shaking his head. “Swimsuit in the forest with no river or even a pond nearby?”

“Tsk!” Eisen waved his paw dismissively. “He doesn't understand the creative vision me and the top brass at Energy'mon have. Just go get changed and we'll get going.”

Salty gave him a nod and headed over to the small tent, ducking inside and zipping up behind him.

There, he found the clothing. It was a green speedo, the letter “E” embedded on the center of its crotch. *Well, gotta advertise, I suppose...*

Salty slipped out of his clothing, putting it all in a neat pile in the corner. He kept his ponytail up though, hoping this time around he would be able to keep it.

Just as he put the speedo on, his eyes wandered and looked down upon himself. Seeing himself like that, he couldn't help but feel... underwhelmed. He felt so bland, especially compared to that clearly Energy'mon-ified Flareon out there with the muscles and big bulge in his shorts. His bulge wasn't nearly as impressive.

However, he knew that would change soon enough, and he shouldn't let it get to him. He had done this before and soon, it would be time to strut the new him.

Salty stepped out of the tent in his green speedo, ready to take on this photoshoot. Though that confident step was interrupted by a big flinch and cringe as he stepped on a branch. It jabbed right in his soft sole.

D-dammit... He carefully walked over to the two after, making sure to avoid any more sticks, rocks, or anything else on the ground. Though, it didn't do much to relieve the awkward feeling of grass and grainy dirt rubbing against his feet as he did.

He couldn't wait to have durable paws.

“So, what's next?” Salty asked as he stepped up to the anthros, who were finishing their argument.

“This is what's next.” Ken leaned down next to the cooler beside the camera, pulling out a bright green can from it. “Have a drink!”

Salty took and looked at the can of Energy'mon. The flavor name on it was “Nature Fresh”. “Huh...” He spoke, mostly to himself, “I don't think I ever had this flavor before. I wonder if it tastes good?”

“I'm sure you'll love it!” Eisen winked. “Or, at least, you'll looove the results!” Salty smiled. He was probably right about that last part, anticipation increasing.

The man eagerly cracked open that can and gave it a sniff. He couldn't get a read on the smell. It sort of smelled like Mountain Dew, but not really it either.

Salty braced himself, taking his first sip of Nature Fresh. In those first few seconds of drinking it, he recognized the taste. It definitely was something similar to Mountain Dew like he thought before. Not his favorite soda, but it wasn't bad either.

Then, once those seconds passed, he forgot everything. Salty let out a long moan, body trembling. His hands clenched, especially the one holding the can up to his mouth. More of that energy drink spilt into his maw, and he ingested more.

As it went in, his mouth twitched and trembled. His lips turned gummy and darkened, the color becoming that of an earthy brown. His teeth sharpened as the liquid splashed against them, somehow strengthening.

Wh-whoa... Trying his best, Salty managed to regain enough sense to stop himself before he crushed the can. He pulled it back, swallowing whatever was left in him.

He quivered again, his nose letting out a snort. It too gained an earthy brown tone as it flared. Nostrils shifted, nose tip lifting and stretching. They all formed a canine-esque snoot.

“Not bad...” Salty licked his chops. “Not bad at all!” Hairs began to sprout along his chin, but not brown ones like his hair. Light green facial fuzz was sprouting, giving him a soft stubble that didn’t stand out too much.

That was until the other hair grew in. More fuzz sprouted, mixing underneath the facial hair and spreading further out until it cloaked his entire face. It was a tannish yellow, lighter than his own skin and making that green pop.

Salty breathed in and out, feeling a new feeling striking him. It was numbness, and it was all over his head. He rubbed his forehead, gritting his teeth as he braced himself. His chompers looked fierce and canine now.

Pop. Crack. Pop. Crack. Small noises came from his mug as it slowly lurched forward, reshaping itself into something bestial. Eventually, it formed a short but strong muzzle.

Numbness faded, allowing him to breathe. Salty reached up, feeling his mug. He grinned cockily. *Nice to have these chompers back.*

His head throbbed, causing him to close his eyes briefly. That tannish yellow fur spread to the rest of his mug, fur on the sides of his face scruffier and longer. His eyebrows thickened, turning green. His brow densified a little as well.

After a moment, he reopened his eyes. They were sharp and had light, almond brown irises to them.

“Looking good so far!” Eisen chuckled, leaning in and looking at Salty, “Almost fully photogenic, at least for a headshot.”

Salty chuckled as well, not minding the handsome fire type leaning in close. “Almost fully, eh? Well, give me a bit, and I’ll be lookin’ pretty damn handsome!”

At that moment, green streaks began to appear in his hair. They ran from the roots to the very tips, washing out that dark color. The band that held his ponytail in place snapped as the hair grew thicker and thicker.

In fact, the hair took on an unusual shape as it grew. It began to look like healthy, green leaves from a quick glance, running down the back of his neck.

Salty didn’t notice, suddenly snorting and shaking his head like a beast. His ears moved to the top of his head. stretching and reshaping themselves. They resembled fox ears in a way.

There was yellow fur on their bottom half while the top half was green and had a leafy look to itself. Earthy brown fur sprouted within the ears.

Salty took a deep breath and released. He could sense the changes were slowing down. So, he took the moment to reach up and feel his head. "How are you feeling?" Eisen asked cheekily, winking at him.

"Handsome!" Salty smirked, finishing his inspection. "Don't even need to see it, but, mmm, I can feel it!"

"That's great and all, but pick it up!" Ken huffed, "We only have so much sunlight!" Salty snorted but gave a knowing nod regardless. He'd rather enjoy the ride, but, he guessed, work had to come first here.

Plus, why delay the rest of his body looking good, right?

Salty took another drink from the can. He quivered, but it didn't slow him down. He kept on gulping that energy liquid down, his body trembling with both excitement and anticipation. It wanted it now and wanted it all.

So, the man began to grow as he took a breath. First, it was just in his height. He pushed up until he was at eyeline with the Flareon. The two exchanged looks and pleased smirks.

Then came the muscles. They began to build up, any excess fat melting off. His frame widened, if just a smidgen. Trapezius muscles built up, neck thickening to better match with his larger head and frame.

The tan yellow fur began creeping down his throat, while other splotches of fur grew in on particular spots of his body. Thick, bud-like splotches of green came out at the ends of his shoulders, out of his elbows, and on his knees. They provided a leaf-like look to him.

Tan yellow fur flowed over his shoulders, onto his arms and his chest. The latter rose, pushing out and broadening. Fur circled around his nipples, which turned as green as his hair.

Salty looked down pleased, breathing deeper and deeper. The more he changed, the hotter he felt all over. He may be changing into a new form, but that feeling was still the same and still all too wonderful.

His arms tensed up as his hands clenched, crunching that can into a small heap. Tan fur flowed all way down them, slowly beefing them up to where it looked like he lifted weights on the regular.

As the yellow fuzz reached his wrists, the coloring shifted. The fur became brown as his nose, a nice, earthy rich color to it. The skin on his palms and fingers bulged, swelling into puffy, green pads. Bringing them all together were short, black claws that his fingernails became.

Salty casually examined his new paws, smiling wider now. "Nice..." He lifted one of his arms and gave it a big flex. His bicep bulged very pleasantly. "Very nice!"

"Agreed!" Eisen stepped up beside him, flexing his own arm. He put it against Salty's, measuring beef against beef. Salty loved it. It was sooo hot.

Fur kept going on down, cloaking his whole torso. As a six-pack set of abs formed, the fuzz reached where his speedo was. Green body hairs sprouted, forming a thin, happy trail out of his crotch and up his navel.

Some extra green hairs grew on his chest as well, adding to his ruggedness. It was pretty hot-looking as far as he was concerned.

Salty couldn't help but let out a primal, eager snort and huff as the fur went in and out of his speedo, heading down his legs. There was a huge burst of pulsating pleasure and joy, the bulge in his only clothing shaking. *Ooooooh yeah!* He quivered. *Here's the best part!*

The bulge ballooned, swelling far past any normal, human size. The clothing thankfully grew to match as his bump reached the size of a cantaloupe. The top of the bump tented hard, stretching the speedo open on top. Salty could see a furry sheath below and something hard and green extending out of it.

His nostrils sniffed and breathed heavily in after. A strong musk came flowing up, one that he had to soak in.

Ooooooooh yeah! Salty breathed in deeply. That smell was just as good... perhaps even better than any Energy'mon form he had before. It was so fucking good!

As his rear tightened and firmed, a nub grew right above it. It extended out, yellow fur growing at its base before something shifted. It thickened and spread, color turning green and making it look like he had a leaf for a tail.

The fur at last reached his legs, covering the rest of his untouched skin. His thighs and calves bulged, putting him on par with an experienced runner. The coloring changed to an earthy brown at his ankles and extended all the way to the tip toes of his feet.

His feet twitched and clenched, transforming themselves into bestial paws. Green pads sprouted upon his soles, bone structure shifting to a more animal-like appearance. Toenails swelled and stretched into black claws, green pads sprouted beneath his feet.

Salty looked just like a Leafeon. A very nicely fit, firm, strong Leafeon man.

Salty smiled, feeling his chest and abs. “This is pretty cool! I've never been a Leafeon before, but it's pretty damn awesome!”

“It *is* pretty awesome,” Eisen said with a nod, “And it's still going to get better. You're almost there, bro.” Salty was confused about what he meant, but only for a moment. He realized he was missing something very important: the same amount of muscle definition and bulk that Flareon had.

That was when one final pulse hit him hard. One final burst of intoxicating pleasure and lust filled him to the brim, making him moan and snarl. His package throbbed at it, swelling more and more.

No longer able to be contained, a vulpine rod popped right out of his speedo. It was already nearly a foot/thirty centimeters in length, pulsing gently. It was green as his fur and with a thick knob at its base. Pre was dripping down its shaft.

It wasn't the only thing throbbing. His body shook, bulking up little by little with each spasm. He soon was on par with the Flareon, a thick, beefy beast of pleasure. The only thing he was bigger at compared to the fire mon was his pectorals, far more protruding and bulgy.

Goddamn... Salty panted and huffed, his breathing hastening. His equipment also grew, his speedo somehow managing to hold in his balls, already well over the size of a coconut.

“Mmmrrrump...” Salty snorted, his body really trembling now. “I feel so... so...” Ken and Eisen stepped back and off to the side away from him. “I feel so GODDAMN GOOD!”

His green dick erupted. A thick stream of seed shot into the air and splattered the wooded grounds for a good twenty seconds. His eyes rolled back, tongue hanging out like a panting dog.

Eventually, he ran dry. His rod softened, slowly retracting back into his sheath. He was left panting heavily, over and over again.

“Phew!” The Leafeon gave his head a good shake, ears bouncing about, “Never... never gets old!”

“It definitely doesn't for me!” Eisen remarked, ogling the impressive grass mon.

“Well, it certainly takes up time, that much I know.” Ken huffed, unimpressed as he looked at his phone. “Could we get a move on now? Daylight is burning away, and we got pictures that need taking.”

“R-right...” Salty took a deep breath and released it, wiping his brow with the back of his furry arm. He pulled the speedo back up over his rod too. “Sorry. Always get a bit riled up after drinking an Energy'mon. It's just...”

He trailed off. Now that he was out of his horny daze, he could feel the earth below him. He could feel the grass and dirt on his paws and between his toes, no longer hurting them. If anything, the sensation felt normal, natural even.

Being connected to the earth like this made him feel at peace and even one with it.

Salty looked down and gasped. Wherever his cum had landed, grass and plant life had grown or grown even larger than before.

“Wow,” he remarked, scratching the back of his head. “That's never happened before! Can Leafmons do that?”

“Mhm!” Eisen smiled. “Energy'mon brings out not just the true, bulky Pokémon within oneself, but it also provides certain aspects of the mon itself. For instance, I'm fireproof and naturally warm all the time! Thus, you're more in tune with nature and can-”

The former human didn't quite hear him. A dirty thought had suddenly invaded his mind. He was at one with nature and had certain powers of a Grass Type Pokémon now? Why not give them a try?

His eyes closed as he soaked it all in. *I can feel you all around me, Earth. I wonder if you'll let me use you for some fun.*

He focused his mind, his ears twitching. A power, an energy coursed through him then, fur standing on end. He could make his dirty thoughts a reality. He knew what must be done.

Suddenly, vines sprouted forth from the ground. Before they could even react, the vines grabbed Eisen and Ken by their hands and feet. They were hoisted into the air and brought up to that grinning Leafmon.

“Da fuck man?!” Ken shouted angrily, “What the hell are you doing?!”

“Oooo, someone figured out his potential!” Eisen chuckled, looking into this as much as Salty was. “I wonder what you can do with these new powers!”

“Well, I'm certainly interested in finding out if you're up for helping me out, handsome.” Salty grinned, leaning in.

“I'm not consenting to this, jerk!” huffed Ken, “I'm a photographer, not a plaything!”

The former human shrugged and focused. The vines released their grip on Ken, letting him drop to the ground with a soft thud. “Mhumph, coulda set me down gentler.”

“Sure sure,” Salty said, rolling his eyes. He smiled again. “But since you're free now, mind taking some photos of this?” He glanced at Eisen and smirked, “I would love to remember this day, my first Nature Fresh, and how wonderful this all is.”

“That sounds like a great idea to me!” Eisen declared, the bulge in his pants tenting hard now. “Ken, get some pictures of this! After that, then we can do the photoshoot.” Ken rolled eyes but still went and got the camera.

Salty smiled. Modeling for the camera was going to be fun, he knew that for sure. However, this little preshow warmup was probably going to be even better. Best job ever!

The End