

Pokéblocks to Help Grow Strong

By: Firingwall

“There we go!” The machine rattled as some light thunks were heard within it. A second later, a few Pokéblocks fell into view in the dispenser. The Berry Blender had finished its job.

May smiled, bending down and scooping up one of the blocks. She brought it to her nose and took a small whiff of it. The sweet aroma made her body tingle delightfully. She always loved the scent of those little blocks.

She stood up and looked around. Everyone in the hall was busy doing their own thing. She softly giggled, placing it and the other blocks into her Pokéblock Case. *Gotta stop doing that in public. I look so silly.*

With her work done, May stretched and nodded. *All set. I'm ready for the Contest now!* It had been a while since her Pokémon performed in one of these events. As such, a few of her extra, specially made Pokéblocks were just what the mons needed. Every little boost helped.

She stepped from the machine and through the hall towards the door. People passed by, employees and other Coordinators were all around. No one seemed to give her much notice. On some level, that was disappointing. Had she really been gone that long that no one would actually recognize her now?

But for her, that was just fine. It would be a pleasant surprise for everyone later.

She stepped out of the Contest Hall, the sun blinding almost as she stepped into the daylight. It was a clear, beautiful day, the salty sea air rather pleasant on her nose. Things, in general, were just nice there in Slateport.

For the 25-year-old Coordinator, it had been a while, even beyond her break. She hadn't been to Slateport, or even her home region of Hoenn, in years. She had been traveling to various continents for a long while on her contest-winning journey. She had won so many and traveled so far that it finally wore her down.

Now, after a year break and relaxing in the Alolan Islands, May had returned to Hoenn. What better place to make her grand return to the coordinating scene than on her home turf?

Now, she hadn't enrolled yet at the Contest Hall or made any official announcement on any of her social media feeds, hoping to make a surprise entrance. She was waiting for just the

right moment to do so. It was a bit risky to show up at the hall like that and expose herself, but it had worked out ultimately it seemed.

May walked down the path from the hall and stretched, yawning slightly. All this planning and prep had made her a bit tired. Perhaps she would soak in the rays before she worked on the next stage of her plans. There was a nice, quiet little park nearby if she recalled.

The Coordinator walked for a few minutes, taking a couple of turns every so often. Eventually, she did find the small park, same as it was so many years later. No one was around enjoying it, so it seemed like she would have some peace and quiet.

She found a bench facing a fountain, carved Wingulls squirting water from their mouths into the pool of water below. It was a pleasant sight, May settling in and relaxing. Her eyes began to close, ready to soak in that sun.

She felt and heard a low rumble. *Oh...* She placed her hand to her stomach. *I forgot to have lunch. I've been so busy.*

She didn't have a lunch packed on her, but she did have the next best thing to satisfy her tummy for the time being.

May glanced around again. The park was still empty. She took out her Pokéblock Dispenser and popped out one of the blocks she just made. She tossed it into her mouth and ate it, a sweet, delicious flavor striking her.

Most people would find it silly, but she did love the taste of Pokéblocks. She got dared to try one when she was really young, and it ended up sticking with her to this day. She always snuck one in when she had the time.

After eating a second one, she put the dispenser away. *That'll work for now.* She leaned back into the back. *Enjoy some peace and quiet and then get some real-*

“Well well well!” A shiver went up May's spine, a haunting voice coming up from behind her. “I see you're a fan of Pokéblocks too?”

The Coordinator jumped to her feet, spinning around. Behind her stood a Hex Maniac, one around her age and not like the usual children she's seen around going through a “phase”. This Hex lady chuckled to herself, staring at her unblinkingly. Her eyes looked so empty.

May could only gulp. She didn't know what to do or how to act. Hex Maniacs, from her experience, were always strange girls and ladies, off in their own, creepy worlds. One of them had seen her, eating food meant for Pokémon. What would she do?

Thankfully, there was no threat. The strange lady smiled in a way that might have been considered “brightly” for her. “Ooooh, I do love Pokéblocks too.” She twiddled with her long, purplish locks, still chuckling. “The tastes are unlike anything normal human food provides, each flavor so incredibly potent that it could raise the dead!

“I especially love the taste of the spicy, bitter, and dry ones the most. They make me feel so... “alive”! I'm sure it's the same for you.”

“Um, sure!” May felt a little better. Someone else got her like for Pokéblocks, even if they were a bit off-putting.

“I've been experimenting and making my very own Pokéblocks with my own *special* touch!” The Hex Maniac grinned, leaning in over the bench. “Perhaps a fellow fan would enjoy and appreciate the taste of them?”

She walked out from around the bench up to May. She pulled a dispenser out of a pocket in her dress and popped a block from it. It looked different to her. Pokéblocks tended to be one, pure color. This one was bright blue with yellow splotches over it.

May couldn't help but give it an odd look before turning her attention back to the Hex woman, who somehow looked even more ominous and eerie now. “Here,” she lightly chuckled, “Try it! I'm sure you'll like it.”

May felt warning sirens blare in her head. She wanted to turn down the offer and move on. However, she couldn't help but wonder if this lady would start blabbing about her eating Pokéblocks to the public. She definitely didn't want that embarrassment hitting just as she made her grand comeback.

So, caution was thrown to the wind. She took the block from the lady and ate it in one gulp. *It's... weird.* May's lips twitched. *Dry... spicy? ...is that sour?*

There were so many flavors in that singular block. Certainly nothing like the ones May created that focused on sweetness alone. It was an interesting novelty, but nothing more. The one thing she did appreciate is that it didn't have any of the bitterness that Hex Maniac mentioned liking. Bitter Pokéblocks were just the worst according to her taste buds.

Now that she tried the block, perhaps she could safely move on. May gently gulped and spoke, “W-well, it was interesting. Thank you, but I gotta get-”

She cringed, biting her bottom lip. Her stomach gurgled and cramped like her insides twisted. *Ooooh, that doesn't feel good.*

May wrapped her arms around herself, holding tight. Then, tighter. Her sleeves and gloves felt fairly tight and squeezing as well. *What the hell?*

May held out her arms and hands, looking at them. They were bigger. Their shapes were toned and fit, musculature a touch more pronounced like she lifted weights every so often. Even her hands were larger, her fingerless gloves constricting on the palms.

Wait... Size wasn't the only thing off about her hands. Her fingernails were shorter and even thick! What happened to that manicure she got recently?

She couldn't think about that for long. The tightness spread across her frame, falling down below the belt.

Her legs lost their slender, feminine shape, calves and thighs growing denser to match her arms. Her wide, round hips pulled inward, losing their notable curve. Her perky butt flattened a little while remaining firm and shapely, perfect for her fitter shape.

Her shorts felt a little looser after all of that, especially in the back, but not too loose. They remained form fitting with the more masculine shape.

The same could not be said with her jacket. Her torso was broadening, losing its lady-like shape. Shoulders lifted and widened, putting her on par with some of the fighting gym leaders. Her waist widened, chest stretching out and causing her breasts to look smaller than they were.

It all made her top unbearably suffocating. *Tight...* May grabbed the zipper and yanked it down. *So tight!* She breathed heavily, pulling off her top that was suddenly several sizes too small for her. She tossed it to the side, leaving her with her sleeveless white undershirt, able to breathe normally again.

Better! May sighed, wiping her forehead. *What... what is going on with...* Her eyes went down. *Whoa...*

Without her jacket, she could see how big she was. That thin shirt was so tight and small on her, not even covering her navel now. She could see how toned her stomach looked and, out of curiosity, she rolled her top up enough to reveal abs beneath.

Holy crap! May's cheeks reddened deeply. She placed a hand on her tummy, tracing the light outline of her abdominal muscles. They felt strangely... good?

This can't be right. May started panting. *Something is so wrong here! I'm... I'm cha-*

Her eyes widened, her breathing increasing. Her large breasts, the ones she had since she was even fairly young (for better and for worse in her opinion), were making a slow but efficient exit. They dropped centimeter after centimeter with each intake and exhale of breath. From D to B to A, her shirt fell back as her chest felt lighter, free from years of weight upon it.

In no time, they were just gone. She reached up, almost wanting to check for herself, but paused. She felt the warm area pulse. Her chest swelled a little, but in firmer, squarer shapes that still pressed against her shirt. She had pectorals.

Oh Arceus! May gulped gently and reached a hand back again. It pressed into it, feeling its density and thickness. *Yep, very real. All very, very real.*

This is happening... May took a deep breath and released it. Despite all of it, she couldn't help but feel odd. Odd in the sense of her own reaction to it. Certainly she was surprised, taken aback even. She felt sore in the muscles, and her own clothing was constricting. Yet, she wasn't too freaked out or anything.

If anything, the feeling of it, developing this masculine form... wasn't too bad?

“What do you think?” May suddenly remembered she wasn't alone. The Hex Maniac was closer, her eyes bigger and alive with their piercing curiosity. “My special blend, quite invigorating, isn't it? Something I discovered through careful brewing.”

“Oh... ah...” May wasn't sure how to respond with all of these strange feelings swirling within her. She scratched at her chin absentmindedly as she struggled for the words, noticing how scruffy her chin was. Had she grown some facial hair as well?

She wasn't sure, but she was sure about something: she was getting hot. That heat in her chest from her new pectoral growth was spreading all over.

May breathed heavier, pulling at her tight top as it grew sweaty. The Hex Maniac grinned more maddeningly than before. “Here it comes, the big finish! Now that most of the body has adjusted, the rest will rush over you.”

And rush it did. The Pokémon Coordinator shuddered, biting her bottom lip. She grew, not too much but just enough. She gained an extra foot in height, towering over the other woman. Her figure grew denser again, most of her feminine frame replaced by something traditionally masculine but not overdoing it either.

Her face twitched and jittered as it bit a little harder into her lips, which were looking a little less plump. Her jaw thickened and became more pronounced, her cheekbones not as highly risen. Her nose widened a smidgen, eyebrows thickening. Traces of her were still there, hidden a touch by her new manly looks.

Her hair began shortening, May catching it out of the corners of her eyes. Her two long, bouncy hair bangs that extended away from her head, the ones that took so much hairspray to stick like that, pulled back to her head. They shrank, their strands getting messier and tangly. The light chestnut brown darkened to a deep oak.

She reached up, feeling her big hair bangs one last time before they vanished into her head. Her fingers traced the locks up into her much shorter, messy mop. She loved her hair style, having it for almost fifteen years.

But she liked this as well. Not just because it was probably time for a change, but because she liked all of this? It was hard to explain, but everything was feeling right. She... they(?) felt right. Like this was all just perfect for them!

“You didn't answer,” the purple-haired woman cooed in her misty, mysterious tone. “What do you think? How do you feel?”

“I feel...” May gently gulped, their throat thickening, “**I feel... gooooooooood.**” They shivered as pressure hit them below in their shorts. The area bulged ever so gently, noticeable for anyone who looked there.

May cleared their... no, his throat. “I feel great!” He chuckled happily, enjoying the bass in it. He looked down again at himself, a new feeling arising. “I look great too!”

He lifted an arm and flexed, his bicep bulging a little. His dainty arm couldn't muster such a thing before! He felt tougher and quite handsome! Sure, his outfit still squeezed in a way that was a bit much, especially down below, but everything else was just fine.

“How nice,” the Hex Maniac chuckled, her eyes slowly going over him. He couldn't tell if she was ogling his new shape or admiring her handiwork. “Mmm, I do hope you enjoy it while it lasts. You'll return to your normal self tomorrow after a good night's sleep.”

May nodded. That was good at least. It'd be a bit of a pain to be stuck like this.

Though, he wouldn't mind staying like this for a time. He felt like a whole new person and not just because of his body changes and stirring sensations within. He felt so differently that he wouldn't mind trying out so many different things as a guy.

"Heh, I can see it in your face." The girl chuckled, her eyes staring deep into his. "You're interested in this more, are you not? Well, I could sell the recipe to make more of those Pokéblocks if you want. I don't mind sharing. Good money will go to funding more hexed food... err, special Pokéblocks in the future."

May didn't hear that part. His mind was locked onto the idea he would be able to become a man again. "That sounds great!" He reached into his pocket, struggling to yank out his wallet with it stuck so tight in those shorts of his. "I'll buy it and every other Pokéblock you have. I... I kind of want to spend some time like this for a while."

"I'm sure you do, *May*." May flinched, the Hex Maniac's eyes narrowing and her grin growing devious. "I thought I recognized you. Don't worry, heh, I wouldn't dare tell anyone about this. Where's the fun in that? You enjoy this new, invigorating form. Just don't forget your contests. You did return home to start them again, didn't you?"

"Errr, yes. I just thought I could-" A thought came to his mind then, a fun, potentially exciting idea. She was right about him coming back to start doing contests again, but why just do them as May? Why not try to freshen things up as a whole new, handsome man?

The idea was too perfect. A chance to enjoy this new form longer while returning to the contest scene! It excited him, even if it meant having to buy a brand-new wardrobe on top of just being new regular clothes.

Not that that was bad either. He did need to look his best and this opened so many new possibilities.

May smiled. "Oh, well, I don't think there will be any chance of me forgetting my contest duties. In fact, I think it's time for a new era, one where Mason the Pokémon Coordinator will make his grand debut in the Contest World!"

THE END