

# Unleash the Sea Muscles

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“Hey, wait a minute! Haven’t we met before?”

“Hmm? Have we?” The clerk scratched her chin. “Humans tend to blur together after a while, sad to say.”

“No, I’m sure!” Josh gasped. “Yeah! You’re the green lady from that odd store before!”

She giggled. “You’ll have to be more specific! I work in a lot of places~.”

Josh was sure he had met this witch before. For one thing, he doesn’t really meet a lot of witches or green women in his day-to-day life. For another, checking the nametag revealed that her name was Traci. He had definitely met her before.

In particular, it was a year or so ago. He had bought a copy of Super Smash Bros. Ultimate from a peculiar shop she worked at. The game resulted in some... curious and, admittedly, fun outings for him. For a time at least. The effects had long since worn off, and the game didn’t provide the same results as it used to. Still, it was fun while it lasted.

Either way, it felt like a small world for Josh. He wasn’t expecting to see her again, and certainly not in this thrift shop at the very least.

Still, no time to reminisce. He got straight to business. “Look, I haven’t been to this store before. You do have VHS tapes, right? Where are they?”

“Oh, that’s over there in that far corner over there” Traci pointed off into a distant corner of the store, one blocked by a lot of shelving. “Looking for some old movies and shows?”

“Something like that.” Josh gave her a nod and walked over to the area, moving around a rather maze-like area built out of shelves. Eventually, he found himself in an area with row upon row of VHS tapes as far as he could see.

“Careful! Don’t make too big of a mess! I just finished cleaning and reorganizing that whole corner this morning!” Traci called, out of sight now.

Josh rolled his eyes. *I won’t.*

Besides being an avid gamer and collector of video game merch, Josh had another hobby. He liked collecting VHS tapes. Despite the digital age and things being more available than ever to access, a lot of old shows and movies were still lost, only found on old media like tapes. He liked seeing if he could find old stuff he'd never heard of.

He took his time, skimming through what was there. He grabbed a couple, mostly for old anime shows that weren't licensed anymore or had different dubs back in the day. He turned to leave, satisfied with his finds.

But then he noticed something else behind him. So distracted by the tapes, he failed to see the gaming section behind him. It was filled with old stuff he never heard, nothing seeming of note. A couple of uninteresting games, CDs in nondescript cases, and...

### *A Master Ball?*

It was a replica of a Master Ball from the Pokemon series and a pretty good one at that. It looked shiny, brand-new like it was made yesterday. It stood out immensely amongst the other used items hanging around.

Josh set the tapes down and took the ball. Curious, he pressed the button in the center. It didn't open. It felt like something was inside of it, and from what he could tell, the ball looked like it could open.

It only made him more curious. *Might as well.* He thought, grabbing his tapes again. *At the very least, it would look nice on one of my shelves~.*

And a little bit of alphabetical reorganizing later, Josh finished. He took a step back, looking over the shelf of his special side room. The tapes he got were now placed among the rest of his collection. It was a nice sight, feeling happy with his hard work.

He stretched and rolled his shoulders before leaving. *Time to treat me to a movie~.*

Josh strolled back to his living room, eyes on the remote, ready to figure out one of the many streaming apps he was subscribed to. However, as he got close to the table where the remote lay, he saw something else. The Master Ball was still laying out.

He shook his head, chuckling, "This is what happens when I get too heavy on organizing things~."

The guy took a seat on the sofa next to the table, grabbing the metal ball off of it. He gave it a shake. He couldn't hear anything, but the weight for sure indicated there was something in there. He started yanking on the edges, pressing the button a few times.

*"I'm sorry, but I don't know what's in there." Traci shrugged.*

*"Don't you work here though?"*

*"I do but that doesn't mean I know everything here!" The witch huffed, "Yes, I spent a good day cleaning and polishing that item in particular [And you can see the marvelous job I've done at that], but I still don't know what's inside it."*

*Well, she definitely did a good job at cleaning it,* Josh thought, gritting his teeth as he tried harder and harder. He tried prying it open one last time, but the ball slipped from his grasp into his lap.

"Dammit!" Why won't you work?!" He huffed, jabbing the button several more times. Again, nothing happened.

"Uuuugh, forget this nonsense!" Josh huffed. He gripped the ball and tossed it at the armrest of the sofa. It bounced off and fell onto the cushion softly.

**Click.** It opened.

*Of course, it would hap-* For a moment, Josh could see absolutely nothing in the ball. Then, all he saw was light. A huge flash of bright yellow and silver light blasted out of the "toy", hitting him like a stun grenade.

Josh snapped his eyes close a second too late, throwing his hands up in front of his eyes even later. The blast had him dive back against his side of the sofa in some desperate scramble. It didn't help.

The young man felt the light wash right over him. There was something familiar in it. Something warm, welcoming almost. Something... wonderful that he felt before.

But Josh had no time to process it. The light vanished only a few seconds after it struck him. It was over just like that.

*What the fuck was that?* His eyes slowly began to open, the piercing white starting to fade from them. *What even the fuck was that? Kind of cruel... cruel... wha?*

His vision slowly returned and with it, he could see his hands. He could see his bright, silverish-white hands. No veins, pores, fingernails, wrinkles, or hairs at all. Just his very smooth, white hands that if he were to squint very hard, he could just make out some streamlined scale texture to them.

Josh's head tilted, staring at his mitts. He looked at his hands carefully. He tilted them, flipped them around, and even wiggled each digit.

They were real. These were his hands and fingers. This was all very real, but also strangely familiar.

What came next was familiar as well. The silvery-white began to flow down his wrists and onto his arms like leaking paint. Josh quickly pulled back on his sleeves, trying to keep an eye on things shifting as best as he could.

Though at this moment, the familiarity finally struck him. *This is like when I turned into Greninja*, he thought. *Though... a little less awkward.* Wearing clothes on smooth scales certainly felt better than on rubbery frog skin.

Either way, Josh wasn't too sure about this as the changes left his sight, no matter how far back he pulled on his sleeves. He could feel the texture going up onto his shoulders and downward. He wasn't looking for a transformative experience that day.

His eyes went over to the Master Ball laying open across from him. *Definitely that thing's fault. At least it didn't shock me, but how did it-*

A familiar, green woman popped into his mind. *Traci.* This was the second time something like this happened after purchasing something from her. *She's a witch. Maybe she's... infusing objects with her magic?* Sure, that sounded enough like magic to him.

Josh could deal with that later. He went back to his gawking, lifting his shirt up as he felt that curious sensation reach his torso.

Sure enough, his new skin was flowing down it. No more hair or blemish visible, no even nipples. That silver white had already covered the sides and, just out of sight, his entire back. However, his chest and belly were different, the scaly skin now a light blue.

Staring at himself, the man nodded. *Well, I know where this is going to lead.* He slipped off his shirt, tossing it to the side. No need to tear any clothes that day.

Josh placed his hands on his sides, sliding down and then over onto his stomach. His skin felt so much smoother and slicker than his last form. While he liked being a Greninja, that rubbery skin did make him feel odd at times... and a little sticky.

*Hmmm... I feel I've seen this before.* This body, or at least these particular colors, felt awfully familiar to Josh. It was at the tip of his tongue, but he couldn't quite place it.

As he pondered, his back quivered. From his silver-white skin, bumps appeared in two slick rows going down his back. The bumps expanded, thinning and changing color to dark blue. They stretched into plate-like protrusions, sticking out away from his body. However, they folded back against his skin before he could notice.

Josh shrugged. *Doesn't really matter. It'll come to me eventually.*

Time to strip some more! Josh slipped off his pants and tossed them into the pile with his shirt. He was just in time to see the silver-white tone spreading from his torso down south. It quickly coated his hips and drizzled onto his legs.

Further and further the new change fell, and more of that warm, pleasant feeling filled him. It was similar to when he became a Greninja. Yet, it was not as strong as that one. Still pleasant, but its power wasn't as enticing or exciting.

Eventually, the scaling hit his feet. The changes flowed over them, removing the last trace of his pale skin. As it engulfed them, his feet grew. They stretched forward, getting longer by the second. Toes merged and toenails vanished, their shapes shifting to three thick, square-like digits.

Josh let out a soft breath, lifting his feet up. They were both almost two feet in length, significantly longer than before, and a little heavier as well. Still, he moved them about casually. Sure, it was weird, but after walking with frog feet, this was nothing.

Though... was it just him, or did they look farther away than a second ago? Josh set his feet back down on the ground. They definitely seemed further away and so did the floor.

However, the truth wasn't exactly that. Josh's feet and legs hadn't grown longer at that moment. His head had instead. His neck suddenly decided to grow, adding extra inches to it and stretching away from his body.

He had no time to think it over, however. A weird sensation came from behind him, pushing back against his sofa.

Josh stood up, a little wobbly on his new feet initially. He looked over his shoulders. There was a tail. A long, silver-white tail was growing out above his behind, pushing against his sofa. He took a few steps forward away from it, but the tail kept growing and filling up the sofa.

Eventually, he got far away enough so his tail would stop doing that. At that point, it was half as long as his body. Not only that but at the end, the right and left sides of it bulged. Blue plates sprung from them.

*...wait!* Josh gasped, suddenly feeling like an idiot for not getting it sooner. *That's it! I'm... I'm turning into a Lugia!*

As if to reward him for his realization, his head throbbed. He flinched, gritting his teeth. His brown hair began to fall, floating and flickering down to the ground. Soon, his dome was smooth and hairless.

Josh huffed, rubbing his head as it throbbed further. *I'm... turning into Lugia.*

More and more of his skull shifted. Ears faded back into his head, sinking into his skin until nothing was visible. Yet, his hearing remained. The scaly texture flowed onto his face, removing the last of his human skin.

His head shook, Josh feeling weak in the knees. His eyes clenched shut as he groaned, "I'm... I'm Lugia!"

His entire skull transformed, soft cracks and pops following. The back of his head stretched out several inches into a sharpish point. His nose faded in as his mouth went out into almost an avian-like muzzle, nostrils at the end. His eyes shifted slightly to the sides of his face as the bridge widened. Top it all off, blue spikes appeared around his eyes, stretching away from his head and giving his gaze a harsher look.

The pain faded. Josh took a few deep breaths, brushing his head. *At least that's over with.* He opened his eyes and looked down at himself.

*Not bad.* The Pokemon anthro smiled. He looked further down past his stomach to his briefs. *Although, I wonder...*

Josh stretched open his underwear. Sure enough, his cocks and balls were different. They were both blue as his stomach, though his rod's head was silver-white. The equipment was overall still human besides the new color choices. Also, their size was larger too.

Not that it was a bad thing, mind you.

Josh let go and his underwear snapped back. He twitched, blushing gently from that sensation. *Yeah... I'm different. Everything is different again.*

He ran his hands down his sides, across his arms, and brought them to his face. He took in every inch of their texture and shape. The young man even held his tail, feeling its weight and girth. All in all... this was pretty nice.

Josh smiled. *Well, I can roll with this. Being a Lugia wouldn't be so bad. Heck, I can probably even wear most of my clothes this time around. I-*

But something gave him pause. Thinking about it, it did seem strange. The last time he transformed, it wasn't merely just turning into the 'mon itself. It brought growth and strong, powerful feelings, especially down below. This was quieter almost.

*Weird...* The whole thing felt incomplete. It was like something was missing in comparison to becoming a Greninja. It was almost disappointing.

Still, how could Josh be truly upset? Lugias were awesome and now, he was as well. Heck, maybe it was time to figure out if he could fly or not. Sure, his arms weren't like Lugia's, but it was worth a shot!

Josh gathered his clothes from the ground and headed back over to the sofa. First things first, time to do a little cleanup. No need to worry about responsibilities later. Clean up then go out and have some fun!

On the sofa, the Master Ball was still laying out on the cushions. He reached over and closed it. **Click.**

**Pop!** The ball reopened without issue. *Of course, it would easily do-*

And as before, another blinding flash of light came out of it. Josh dropped his clothes and nearly stumbled backwards. "What the fuck, man?!" He yelled, his eyes snapping shut again. "Whyyyyyy?!"

A part of him shivered. *Wait... does... does this mean I'm gonna change again?*

Josh braced himself. He felt a familiar feeling creeping in as the light blasted his body. The sensation was warm, so intense. It heated him to his very core.

It was a feeling that raged below in his groin.

*Oooooh~*. He let out a low grunt. *Feels... feels like it's back*. This sensation was reminiscent of when he became a Greninja. How wonderful.

The light began to fade once again, Josh relaxing a little. Not too much so as he shivered, sweating now. His underwear suddenly tented as his cock awakened. Blood began pumping as his balls shook. They pulsated and swelled, filling his briefs.

Josh let out a heavy pant, his heart racing more than ever. His eyes weakly opened, the look in them fiercer than before and his irises blacker. *Oooooh, man, I missed that~*.

His body shook slightly, much more subtle than before. Doing so, he rose a bit. His form gained a few inches, not just in the neck this time but all over now.

Josh cared less. He looked down at himself, saw that big tent in his underwear, and reached for it. A finger poked and stroked the very tip of it, that hot feeling growing. The very tip of the bulge dampened in response.

The Lugia shook his head and took a deep breath or two. *Focus man, focus!* He took a long breath and released it, his arms and legs still a little tingly despite his best. *Getting too far ahead of myself. Need to take this nice and slow. Enjoy the most out of it.*

He reached for his underwear and began pulling it down, bending as he did it. The beast was careful. He hadn't destroyed his clothing (much) yet, and he had no plans to start doing so now. The underwear slipped over his long rod and got away from his balls, able to fall to the ground the rest of the way once he reached his thighs.

With that taken care of, Josh stood up. He was taller again, his head almost hitting the ceiling. He was even wider in his frame.

Yet, the new mon just looked at his erect cock and heavy balls with a smile. *Looking really good now!*

Josh shivered as he breathed in, taking in a strong sense of musk emanating from down below. His shoulders broadened a little bit more, upper trapezius muscles expanding. Fat started to melt off of him.

*...ah, the hell with it!* Why take it slow? Josh should enjoy this. Just go with the horny, high flow and enjoy every second of it!

The Lugia grabbed his cock, gripping it tight. His arm tensed up from instant contact. The muscles in it swelled a little. Shivers broke out from that touch, racing into the other arm. Said arm, in turn, gained some extra muscle mass as well.

*Gooooood.* The Pokemon man snorted with a devious grin. He liked that first touch.

Time to really kick it into gear! Josh began to pump his cock, teeth gritting in pleasure as his body shook to his core. His breathing intensified, his chest widening with each breath.

*Fuuuuuuuuuuuck yeeeah~.* Josh panted, licking his chops. His chest rose, bulging forward into meaty pectorals. He loved masturbating as a Pokemon. The sensations were far more intense and sensitive than as a human.

And as a legendary mon this time around? Somehow, it felt even better! He was in complete, utter bliss, cum dripping down onto his hands already.

Josh's body was growing fast, the surge of lust fueling it. His balls were ballooning past their grapefruit size already, the seed continuing to churn. His cock gained an extra few inches. He grew taller and taller by the second, hitting the ceiling. Somehow, he didn't even notice that, merely tilting his long neck down to avoid brushing up further against it.

*Looooove this.* Josh snorted, whisking his head briefly as his stomach flattened and bulged out. *Fucking looooooove this shit!*

His mind was a blur as he pumped harder and harder. Abs started appearing on his stomach as his limbs swelled again. His biceps were ripped and pumped, legs firmly toned and fit with thick calves. His stance grew shaky though, wobbling back and forth.

Then, Josh fell back. He collapsed onto his sofa as his form grew several inches and added on more weight and bulk. His sofa let out a loud groan and creak as he fell onto it, nearly cracking down the middle as his tail slammed in first. His feet went up and spread out, knocking over the coffee table in front of him.

Yet, Josh did not care. He was too focused. He could feel a certain twitch in his rod. *Almost... almost there...*

His breathing increased as one more surge hit him. Just a bit more muscle growth in certain areas, along with some extra height. Upon his stomach, an eight-pack set of abs fully grew, adding to his incredible physique.

And with that, Josh hit it. His pupils dilated. He lifted his head back, almost hitting the ceiling despite sitting down. He bellowed louder than he ever had before, even as a Greninja. The roar could be heard for a mile, “LUUUUUUUUGIA!!!!”

The mighty legendary’s cock erupted, cumming out like a geyser. Seed splattered the walls, ceiling, and floor all around him. Items and electronics were not spared.

The sensation went on for what felt like minutes despite how truly short it was. Still, it was more than enough for Josh to fall back. The entire sofa collapsed in on itself as he hit the floor behind him.

The legendary buffmon panted, desperately trying to gain breath and control himself once more. He loved how much fun that was, how much he unloaded, the sensation of it. This was leagues better than being a small frog... even if it took it out of him a bit more.

Josh laid there with his eyes closed for a bit, basking in it. Eventually, he sat up and sighed. He looked down at himself. That chest... those abs! He placed a hand upon them and squeezed. Soooooo big! He was going to love this!

He took a minute to feel one of his arms up. That bicep was pretty nice as well, so tough and bulky! It was perfectly fit for a beast like himself!

*Yeah, now this is something I could get u-*

Josh stretched an arm out to flex but knocked over a light. The sudden crash snapped him back to reality. He looked around. *Holy crap! I’m fucking huge!*

That wasn’t an exaggeration either. Josh was at least over ten feet tall. His body was wide and heavy. He had an incredibly long tail as well that certainly didn’t help matters.

The first thought that came into Josh’s mind was “cool”. However, that was only fleeting as he looked around more. He was in the largest room of his home. Given how cramped he felt

already, the size of the doorways and other rooms... how was he supposed to live there? Heck, how was he supposed to leave the place or even just get out of that room?

Not to mention, the other problem that he noticed. The entire living room was a mess! Sure, it was fun when he cummed, but now the place was covered in sticky gunk. He needed to do some serious cleaning before anything was permanently damaged or ruined.

Josh scratched the back of his neck as he looked around. "Well... this is a problem."

"Or is it?!"

The Lugia jolted, head snapping over to the window. The blinds had pulled open, the window wide open (weren't those closed and locked before?). From it, a familiar, green face was leaning in with a big smile. "Hiya again!"

"Hey! You're that witch girl again! What the hell?" Was she following him now?

Traci smiled, leaning on the window sill. "I see you're enjoying your Master Ball, but ah-oh! Lookie there! You enjoyed yourself too much, huh? I may have polished that ball a taaadd too much!"

"Ah-huh, yeah. What are you getting at?"

"Weeeellllllll, would you like some help with your predicament?" Traci's smile turned more pleasant and warm, almost professional-like. "I can help you with your Lugia situation by offering you a size-changing option while also cleaning up this big mess!"

Josh perked up. "Well, that would be nice. I could use... hey! Wait, did you plan this?"

"Whhaaaaaaaa?!" Traci gasped, slapping her hands on her cheeks. "Nooooo! Me, make my own economy out of situations I just so happen to be involved with? Goodness me, no!"

He huffed. She wasn't fooling anybody nor did she seem to try and hide it either. This was all incredibly annoying.

Still, Josh had to admit, the results of his transformation were fun. The consequences of it were less so. Being able to shift to a small size (or bigger one at some point later) did sound rather tempting. Plus, someone other than him cleaning up this mess was good.

Then, a really wonderful thought hit him. Traci did cause both of his transformations, did she not? He asked her, “Wait; if I can get something that allows me to adjust my Lugia size... can I get something that can let me switch back into being a Greninja too?”

“Greninja?” Traci looked wistfully off into the distance. “Hmmm, that is doable if a bit messy with your genetic code.” She looked back at him. “I can make that happen, though it’ll cost ya extra and require you to sign a few waivers too.”

That seemed sketchy, questionable even. Still, Josh was up for it.

Things were going to be awesome from now on being able to switch back and forth between both Pokemon. However, he would need to spend some time as Lugia first. He really wanted to see what he could do with such a godly body~.

***THE END***