

POISONOUS MUSCLES

By: Firingwall

The sun shined brighter than usual that day, or perhaps it seemed that way to Picnicker Nancy. Today was a good day, and everything just seemed a little brighter for her.

Wooden boards gently creaked beneath her feet as she crossed the bridge over the small river. The young woman stretched her arms as she walked, smiling away. *Finally, a day to relax!*

For her, this was just what she needed. This citizen of Fallarbor Town had spent too many days in a row trudging through and collecting the volcanic ash on Route 113. It was all part of her job as the Glasswork Shop, stuffing as much of the dirt into a bag so it could be repurposed into beautiful glass trinkets and items.

It was such exhausting, back-sore-inducing labor. She also suspected it couldn't be very healthy either, constantly sorting through the crap a semi-active volcano spewed on a continuous basis. No amount of protective wear was going to help after a while.

It was a high-paying enough job, but her time with it was growing shorter and shorter surely. Her mind always wandered to finding something a little better back in town, one that at least offered her more spare time. She barely got time to herself and was seriously not living up the "Picnicker" trainer title she had.

Today would make up for that. Sure, she was too exhausted to actually make and pack a picnic but that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy the great outdoors. She went to Route 114, one with a lot less ash. The plan was to head over to the waterfall on the grassy side of the river and just spread out. The sound of falling water was relaxing.

Nancy needed something like this, something calming so she could just soak in some ambiance. Maybe she would let her Pokémon out to join her as well.

Crossing the bridge, she came upon the far greener part of the route, a comforting sight high up in the mountainous region. She took a right and headed on the path near the river.

It had been a while since she had come there. The path was far more overgrown than usual, the grass long and going up to her thighs. *Yeesh, who maintains these roads?* She thought, frowning and trying hard not to trip over anything she couldn't see. *I got to talk to somebody in town about this.*

Her mind wandered, the grass climbing above her waist now. *Wait, who do I talk to about this? Mayor, parks department? Maybe I should look it up when I get-*

Then, she twitched. Off to the right, there was rustling, some of the grass shifting and waving. *Right, right... Wild Pokémon.* Her head looked over towards the movement as she continued walking forward. *Better be careful. Never know what you'll run into-*

Her right foot came down. “**HISSESSSSSSSSSSSS!**” It stepped upon something thick, wide, and large.

Nancy stumbled over the large lump in the high grass path and hit the ground with a thud. She groaned, rolling onto her back. *What the hell?* She slowly sat up and looked where she had stepped. There was a large, thick, long body covered in purplish black scales.

The grass parted on one side as a head stuck through. An angry-looking Seviper was staring at her, its red eyes harsh and almost seeming to glow with rage.

She felt her heart almost skip a beat, goosebumps breaking out over her body. *Crap crap!* She had stepped on a landmine. Sevipers weren't the most pleasant mons on even the best of days. This one she had pissed off something fierce.

Her horror only rose when she saw the next thing. Another part of the grass parted on the opposite end of the serpent body. The blade-like end of the Seviper appeared. The sharp, red half glowed neon pink, the other half purple as it slowly rose higher and higher.

Poison Tail. Her heart almost skipped another beat. Part of her mind, some part very deep inside, felt the glowing was strange. Poison Tail usually had a different aura to it.

However, her fear and terror drowned out that “well, actually” little voice inside of her. Nancy needed to act now or terrible things would occur. She reached for her waist, fumbling for one of her Pokéballs that was hooked to her belt.

But, she was too slow. The Seviper struck, the whole scene over in a flash.

The tail swung, and Nancy felt a hot flash of heat and intense pain. She yelled louder than she had ever done in her whole life as her entire arm ached.

In the chaos of it all, the Seviper gave one final hiss and vanished, disappearing amongst the tall grass.

Nancy panted rapidly, pupils dilating. Her entire arm shook and quivered, pulsating repeatedly with pain. The world blurred in and out, colors rapidly flashing.

Despite it all, she did her best to sit back up. She needed to see, needed to know. How bad was it? Her head slowly tilted down to her arm. She held her breath, expecting the worst.

It wasn't... as bad as she thought it would be. The slash of the tail had struck her arm and only her arm, not even appearing to go very deep.

It still stung and hurt like hell regardless. That slash gave her a long cut that went up her arm from the wrist to her short sleeve. There was no blood... possibly.

All she saw was purple. Was it poison? She couldn't exactly focus on it with how blurry her vision was. Even if she could, she didn't want to look at it for long.

All she knew was that she was prepared for anything. She was a picnicker after all, a woman of nature and the great outdoors.

Nancy found the strength and drive to slide her backpack off her shoulder. She opened it up and rummaged around in it, quickly finding one of the antidotes she packed. She wasn't sure how well they would work for humans, but she wasn't going to overthink it.

She started spraying the spot, wincing and looking away as she hosed the area down with the antidote. She didn't know how much she would need, so she kept spraying and spraying until she was sure she had emptied the entire bottle. You couldn't be too careful about these things.

After a moment, things seem to settle. Her breathing returned to normal, along with her vision. The pain subsided somewhat. *Okay... she thought, dropping the empty bottle and reaching back into her pack to get some bandages, okay... treat the wound and head back to town... maybe... maybe I'll see someone on the way back.*

She had something of a plan and that would do for now. She turned back to the cut, trying to unwrap some gauze with her teeth.

When she looked back, the spot was... looked healed?

There was no open wound, no sign of blood or anything oozing out of her. The only thing dripping now was the liquid antidote she sprayed her arm with. The skin had closed up all on its own apparently.

In its place though, there was a mark. The skin was purplish black along the spot where the injury was. Looking close, it was soft and scaly.

It looked almost like that of a Seviper.

Something was terribly wrong, Nancy knew that deeply. Her heart was starting to speed up, sweat dripping down her forehead. Her pain was gone, but the heat of it lingered.

The heat was spreading. It moved out away from the wound and across her arm. Muscles and skin pulsed as the black scales spread with the heat, going up her limb and underneath the sleeve of her green shirt. She could feel it reach up into her shoulder.

The scales spread down onto her hand, fingers beginning to twitch and jerk themselves. The darkness crept onto the digits, slowly flowing up and all the way to the very tips. Her fingernails stretched forward, growing longer, pointier, and redder until they were like claws.

Nancy stared at her red nails, her head pounding. *N-no... this can't be happening.* Her mind ran over all the possibilities. Did the poison infect her with something? Was this an allergic reaction? Was this Pokérus?!

None of her ideas felt right, her head pounding more. The heat started increasing, her face scrunching and her teeth gritting. Her hands tightened into fists as her right arm throbbed. Claws dug into her palm, but, despite their softness, her scales weren't pierced by them.

The purplish black-scaled arm throbbed more, positively quaking. Slowly, it swelled. Muscles, tendons, bones all increased, strength tripling as width doubled in pure mass. Her short sleeve ripped up to her shoulder, unable to contain the building bulk.

Nancy began to pant, feeling that heat starting to spread away from that arm. It crossed over both shoulders, the first one still pulsing, but not for much longer. A large, yellow hexagon mark appeared on it, a circular bump rising out of its center.

She only had time to glance at it briefly before the sounds of further tearing distracted her. Seams along the shoulders' top split and the collar broke open. Her shoulders rose and broadened at once to a burly shape like that of a Machoke. Neck muscles widened as her head grew to match.

Nancy's eyes felt like they were going to bug out of her skull, her heart going faster. Black scales raced across both shoulders and onto her other arm, another hexagon marking

appearing on it too. She slowly lifted her other arm to look, but found it difficult to do soon enough.

The arm flopped against her side as it ballooned, matching the first in pure muscle and strength. *So heavy...* she thought with a huff, looking at her massive guns. She felt heavier and heavier, starting to sway. *Hard... hard to sit up.*

Nancy hunched forward, panting slowly while her mind raced faster. *What... what do I do?!* What could someone do? What could anyone do in a situation like this? She certainly had never experienced anything like this before or, for that matter, heard of anything like this either.

Gotta be... gotta be a way out of... of... Her mind drifted away from the thought as she noticed something. Flashes of blue were falling in front of her eyes. At first, she thought she was seeing things again, but then one of those flashes brushed against her cheek.

She looked down, jaw dropping. Her blue hair was falling out! Locks were already all over her lap and, if she looked behind, more had certainly fallen down her back and onto the ground. There was probably a bunch caught up beneath her cap.

The scales had made their way up the back of her head now, spreading on her scalp. Hair fell out as a result, leaving her bald as could be. Another yellow hexagon marking appeared, covering the bottom back of her head and top of her neck.

Nancy just groaned. She wanted to reach up and feel the damage, but, even if her arms weren't so heavy, part of her didn't want to know. Another part wanted to crack a joke about not having to worry about paying for that haircut she was thinking about, but she couldn't muster up such a feeling.

Regardless of what she wanted, she forgot about her hair for the moment. She noticed her outfit was starting to feel constricting. The buttons on her camping top stretched and pulled. Her shorts fit very clingy to her figure.

Her body was growing. Several feet were gained in only a few seconds, her width expanding to match her quite impressive shoulders. Her scrawny form was gaining a stronger, broader frame, one that was becoming all too fitting.

The scales were spreading down her fast, more yellow markings appearing along the backside. Just as the scales reached her rear, something popped out. It was black tail nub, growing just a few inches long and barely noticeable between her top and shorts. Its end was red and looking rather pointy.

Nancy didn't notice such a thing. She was too busy looking down her front. Her body was so big now, so brawny and strong. She tried moving her arms, finding it much easier now. That was good at least, right?

If she could move her arms, maybe she could move the rest of herself? She looked back to where the bridge was. *Get back to town, see a doctor... Nurse Joy... somebody at least!*

She tried moving a foot but winced. Both of her boots felt incredibly tight, the toe caps pulsing and then bulging.

Soon, ripping followed. Three red, sharp claws tore through the front of her boots. The soles split from the footwear as her feet kept growing, the tightness unbearable at times. She gritted her rather sharp teeth, watching as three-toed, dense, black-scaled feet broke free.

My boots... She internally moaned. *My feet... my... legs?* Now that she looked at them, she could see the black scales had spread onto her lower limbs, not a trace of her old skin left visible from her point of view.

Wait... Her mind turned to when her arms got scales. *This means...*

It meant larger legs as a raging swell flowed through them. Muscle mass filled her thighs and calves, getting sturdy density and thickness to match her arms. The strength boost helped tear what remained of her boots and socks, leaving them exposed. Her shorts legs tore, but only a little in the seams, much to her relief.

However, what relief could she really have at this time? *Craaaaaaaap! I'm turning into a freak!* She groaned, reaching a hand down and feeling one of her reptilian legs. *I'm such a freak. A completely, utter... utterly buff... strong...*

A burst of heat came from below the belt. She trembled, hunching forward a little. In her shorts, right by her crotch, the area bulged just a little.

Nancy shook her head. *I'm... I'm losing it. Wh-why would I think that?!* She frowned, slightly biting her lips and unaware of the two, long red fangs that stuck out of her maw now. *I gotta keep it together. Need to... to...*

“OOOoooooooo!” A deep moan emanated from deep inside, eagerly escaping as her entire body pulsed. Heat flared up all over her, causing quakes and muscles to spasm.

It was the calling of more growth, hitting her torso hard. It swelled, greatly expanding in mass to match with her godly arms and legs. Her poor clothing never stood a single chance, everything getting tighter and tighter on her until...

The dam burst. Buttons broke and snapped off along the front, while her shirt and then her jacket spilt down the middle in the back.

Purplish black scales were exposed for all to see first, along with more yellow hexagon markings running down her back to her tail nub. There were other markings on her body now shown, such as the yellow, triangular bulges across her waist or the sharp, almost lightning bolt-esque, light purple marking across her chest.

Yet, she did not see or look at them. Her eyes were locked momentarily to her tummy and to her chest. She had bulging abs, protruding out and dense as steel. Her chest was stretched out with her broad shoulders. It was flat to a degree, her breasts gone when her bra stretched across. She now had large, rather protruding abs that would rival a Machamp.

Oh... Nancy panted, sweat dripping down her forehead, oh shit.

She couldn't look away. Her pecs, her abs, those biceps and thighs when she managed to look at different muscles. Her body burned excitedly, wanting. She never cared once about muscles and strength on a person, let alone found it attractive.

But seeing all of that on her? She felt pride, attraction, excitement...

Horniness. The bulge in her shorts pulsed, and she groaned. It pulsed again, swelling larger and more prominently in her pants. It pulsed one more time, finally drawing her attention down to it.

Oh no... She gulped, jaws quivering. I'm turning... turning into a guy! She twitched. No... not just a guy. She looked at her torso, the markings on it, and then on her shoulders. I'm... I'm turning into-

There was a loud rip. Nancy jerked her head back to look over her shoulder. The grass was parted behind her, a thick, scaly tail with a sharp red end extending from her back. It had the same yellow hexagon markings as her body running along its top. She recognized it easily.

“**SEVIPER!**” she cried out, watching the tail swish and then curl up around her... him? Nancy suddenly felt more “him”-ish than her anymore.

*I'm turning into a Seviper... A Seviper man... He gulped, feeling that pulse again. His gaze locked onto his crotch. A Seviper with a big... **big...***

Without even realizing it, his hand moved on its own. It reached over and clamped onto his bump, gently squeezing it. His pupils dilated.

“HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!” He hissed, his face twitching and pulsing. The remaining traces of his skin were washed away in scales. Not just black ones, but yellow and purple. Yellow covered his bottom jaw while purple slathered the upper one, covering his nose and up under his eyes before pulling into a point.

There were a few pops, and his face lurched forward. Nose flattened into two thin holes to breathe out of, ears vanishing from his skull. His dome flattened, reshaping as everything moved out. In mere seconds, his head was that of a familiar serpent.

Dddiiiiicccck! He squeezed his bulge some more, feeling it throb in his grasp. He grew even larger, clothing tearing and breaking away. The rest of his jacket and shirt hit the ground in clumps. His bra followed soon after as his pectorals swelled even more, now thick, puffy muscle meat with dark purple nipples.

Nancy never noticed, too busy groping and squeezing his bulge. In return, it grew bigger and bigger in his grasp. The button and zipper on his shorts burst open, and soon he was growing a large, cantaloupe-sized bulge barely held in by his underwear. Said underwear was damp and musky, the tip of it throbbing harder.

Fuck... The large mon squeezed his junk one more time. **FUUUUUUUCCK!** His entire body shook, violently vibrating. His gaze was dizzy, heavy pants leaving him. **“Fuck.”**

That shake knocked some sense back into him. He got a real good look at himself, the horny haze that covered his eyes fading to a degree. He saw what he was, a large, burly Seviper man. A monstrous form that made him afraid of what he saw.

However, part of him also saw something else. He saw something incredible, something impressive and awe-inspiring. He saw something he liked... no, quite possibly loved.

All of these conflicting thoughts and emotions, he simply felt lost. ***What should I do?*** the Seviper thought, looking over himself again, ***maybe... maybe I should just go to Nurse Joy? She knows more about Pokémon.*** He wasn't sure if he was joking or being serious with that thought.

For now, he couldn't stay there in the deep grass. He found his backpack and his Pokéballs, which had broken free from their latches after his shorts broke. He put them in his bag and prepared to get up.

Suddenly, he froze. A cold shiver went down his spine. It felt like he was being watched.

No, he knew it. Perhaps it was because of new heightened mon senses, but he could feel it. Many fierce, strong, *hungry* gazes were fixed upon him all around the tall grass. There was breathing and perhaps... hissing?

The Seviper man scrambled to his feet, momentarily dizzy by his new height before focusing on what was important. He was embarrassed by his new changes and new look, but they did do one thing right. They made him feel strong, strong enough to face whatever was out there.

“Well, well, well. Lookie here.”

“What a fine specimen.”

“Sooo much power and strength! I want my hatchlings to have that.”

“I just want *all* of that all over me!”

Strength faded. There was a light glow momentarily from the deep grass and then rustling. Five... no, ten Seviper anthros stood up as well, almost as tall as him. They were all ladies... ladies with such pleasant curves and incredible breasts.

Nancy quivered, blushing deeply. He could feel his bulge stir, throbbing at the sight of them. ***Wha-what?! What's happening?!***

The lady snakes approached at once, hissing and flicking their tongues at him. Their gazes were indeed hungry, going up and all over him. “So powerful.” “Such muscles!” “What a form! I want to be held by him.”

“Mhm, just strong arms.” Two of the Seviper ladies came up on his sides, stroking his arms and feeling his biceps. His underwear stretched further, feeling like it was at its limits.

Nancy trembled, stuck in place and unable... or unwilling to move. There were so many of them all around. So many sharp, dangerous, beautiful, curvy Sevipers. He wanted them all.

“He came out so well.” A shiny Seviper lady cooed, approaching from the front. Her eyes went up from his feet to his head, lingering on his crotch and pecs. “He's perfect. He'll be such a powerful mate and give us all what we want.”

He came out so well. Nancy moaned lustfully, but his mind focused on those words. He cleared his throat and tried his best to speak. **“Wha-what d-do you mean? I... I was attacked by a normal S-Seviper. I didn't-”**

“Oh that?” a different Seviper piped up, “That was when one of us in our disguise forms. We can't just wander around like this all the time.” She slid her clawed mitts down her thin waist. “People would be hassling us all the time.”

“Though, that did hurt!” another lady jumped in, looking a bit annoyed and glancing back over her shoulder, “My tail still aches! It's very rude to not watch where you're going!”

“**O-oh...**” Nancy mumbled, looking at her, **“I'm s-sorry.”**

That Seviper went back to smiling, moving closer, “Well, it's quite alright as long as you can make it up to me. I do need a good mate for the season.”

“We all do!” the other ladies spoke at once. They moved closer, some already a centimeter away. Breasts were playfully pushed out or up, some cocked their curvy hips, and some even slid their hands down and over their impressive forms.

Nancy felt hornier by the second. His body wanted them badly, and... his very being as well. Such sexy, gorgeous snakes with killer bodies... he wanted them! He wanted them now!

There was a sharp rip followed by a few more. His shorts broke at last and his underwear wasn't too far behind, joining the rest of his destroyed clothing at his feet. His hefty balls hung freely, his rod long, erect, and red. It pulsed, a tiny bit of pre dripping from it.

One of the ladies lept into action, a hand going underneath and stroking its shaft. He let out a long, pleasurable hiss as his mind fogged over with delight. ***Sooooo good! Keep... keep doing that! So good...***

He was fading fast. One last bit of resistance, or perhaps the old him, bubbled to the surface. **“W-wait...”** he groaned, **“Is... is this permanent? Am I... Am I like this for-”**

“Oh, of course not, sadly for us!” the shiny Seviper sighed, “You'll return to your boring form after your purpose is completed... usually after mating season is done.” She smiled again. “For now, you're not going anywhere. We need you.”

Need me... Nancy trembled. *Need me...* He licked his chops. *Need for mating...* He started to grin. ***They all need me badly.***

To be needed like this, it sounded like heaven to him. They needed him for something way more important than scooping up hazardous ash. This would certainly be less backbreaking and less toxic... in a volcanic dust sort of way. They wanted and needed him to fulfill all of their desires.

With that, his primal urges and needs took over. All concerns faded, his body relaxing. Something overcame him, a new instinct and way of being. It felt so natural and right that he let it flow out. **“Alright then, babes! What are we waiting for?”**

The Seviper stud put his arms behind his back and thrust out his cock, his balls bouncing. **“Who's looking to get fucked by this hungry snake?”**

The ladies didn't need to be told twice. With one final, horny hiss, they all happily jumped him. They sent him and themselves crashing to the ground, but it didn't remotely slow them down. Their hands were all over him or they were pressing and rubbing themselves into him.

The former Nancy could only moan delightfully, sinking into the intense love as they had their way with him. He could roll with this. Help some hot Seviper cuties with whatever horny desires they had? There was nothing wrong with that! He could indulge and have some... no, a LOT of fun!

Maybe later, he could take them over to that waterfall he was planning on visiting. Relax a little and enjoy the ambiance with his new harem.

THE END?