

The Ultimate Bulk Up

By: Firingwall

Hey sweetie, got you something special! It's been a long time since we cut loose and let the "Ma" out, right? Let's have some fun! I'll join you once I'm done with my errands. Love, Rachel.

JD read the note over one more time before looking back down. On the bed in his and Rachel's bedroom was a white dress box. Opening it up, he found the letter and below that? Something special, a pair of latex, tight black short shorts and a championship wrestling belt. The belt drew his eye the most, taking in its double row of brass knobs, its golden belt buckle, and the red P emblem in the center of that buckle.

The sight made his heart race a little. Rachel was right, it had been a bit, but even still, he recognized what this was almost instantly. How could he possibly ever forget?

These belonged to a Machoke, a powerful, buff, masculine Pokémon. These were the clothes that such a beefy mon wore.

Seeing those clothes, images rapidly flashed in his mind. He remembered the Machoke. He remembered being the Machoke. That Machoke who spent a lot of time with another Machoke, engaging in intense, laborious, intimate "activities" together over and over. His cheeks grew red as he remembered, feeling a twitch below in his crotch.

Machoke was one of the first transformations he had experienced together with Rachel. It was something special they shared, something deep to them on so many levels. They had become Pokémon in body and mind, becoming total meatheads Fighting Type mons that only wanted to exercise, flex, and gratify themselves.

Gratify themselves over and over, constantly. It was crazy, unbelievable, and yet exciting and so invigorating. Those dense bodies with their muscles clashing and rubbing against each other, their strength and passion coming together... utterly incredible.

Guess... JD gulped gently, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead. Guess she wants to do this again? Those memories grew intenser, hornier. He suppressed a tremble as best as he could. I don't see a pair for her... guess she has hers elsewhere? These are just for me then.

JD stood there for what felt like the longest time, saying and doing nothing, eyes locked to the tights. She wanted this, wanted to do this with him. It has been a long time, but now, she wanted the two of them to come back to it.

She picked out the perfect time, I guess. There was truth in that thought. JD had a three day weekend for once, no plans or obligations to be anywhere. Their roommate was out of town, visiting her mom and probably not back for a while. Rachel certainly had no plans.

No one was going to be bothering them. They would have all the time to themselves with no interruptions or pesky life things getting in the way.

Freedom. He quivered at the thought. Enticing, pleasant, pleasuring freedom. Why not throw caution to the wind for this? It had been a while since he purposefully engaged in a transformation with Rachel on purpose. It was fun when it was planned and they had the time to do everything they wanted without interference, if only for a few days.

Okay. JD took a deep breath and released it. *I'll do this, Rach. You want a big, strong Machoke? You'll get it.*

A sensual quiver ran up his spine. *As long as you give me an equally good Machoke too.*

With that, JD began undressing. Piece after piece came off, the man moving through the motions like a robot before placing them carefully on the bed. He placed his glasses in a dresser drawer. No need for them to get damaged.

With everything set, the nude man took the tights and belt from the box and brought them over to the couple's full-length mirror. It was a center piece of their bedroom, one most often used to admire themselves after a transformation. Rachel used it far more often than he did.

Positioned in front of it, he redressed. The tights went up first, their rubbery, latex texture awkward on the skin as it rubbed against it, tugging on leg hairs. He managed to get it around his crotch without issue but noted that it felt snug. It was more form-fitting on his junk than he remembered, but it wasn't uncomfortable.

If anything, his rod seemed to like it. He could feel it throb, pressing into the latex and tenting it. It was like it remembered the texture and knew what was coming.

Keep it together for now... JD released another breath and little tension, putting the belt on next. It snapped into place without issue, no problems tightening it on him either.

He looked up into the mirror. He could see his reflection, if a bit blurry without his glasses. What he could make out was ridiculous in his mind.

That feeling would fade soon. A proper attitude adjustment was right around the corner.

JD's hands tightened into fists before he released them. *Okay, I'm ready.* He closed his eyes, his mind drifting back. *Let's see... trigger phrase.* How those previous Machoke changes went, it required a certain phrase to be said to get the ball rolling. *Been almost ten years for me at least... what was it...*

Like a bolt of lightning, it hit him. His eyes opened, a smile forming. *Oh! Fucking, duh!* He cleared his throat. "Bul-

The first word couldn't even be finished. A powerful, intense blast of heat raged in his loins before rolling through his body. His tights bulged as his penis throbbed. It pressed against the latex harder, rubbing into it.

Oh fuck, man... He panted. That felt incredible. It had been too long.

His equipment throbbed and pulsed in unison, those tights of his bulging and stretching further. He could feel his body getting hotter and hotter. The pleasure of it was great, but it wasn't merely pleasurable heat. It was mostly uncomfortable heat, like the kind one would find on a scorching, summer day.

Maybe... JD huffed, feeling all the sweat beginning to form on his brow and even his back, *maybe I should turn a fan on.* He definitely didn't remember the changes making him feel like this before.

But, before he could even turn, his form throbbed and held him in place. He grew taller, taller by the second until he was now over seven feet/two-hundred centimeters. His frame grew to match, broadening wide as muscles and bones strengthened beneath him.

Looking into the mirror after that throb, he smiled. Even with the blurriness, he could tell the extra weight he had built up over the years had melted off. He was down to a trimmer, fitter shape that he could be proud of.

Although, there was a shape he desired more that would come.

Despite that, he could hardly enjoy now, let alone later with how uncomfortable he felt. His body was sweating all over, glistening in the room's light. It was simply unbearable. The sweat even seemed to melt the body hair and blemishes right off of him.

He couldn't see that, but his nose certainly could pick up on something. All that sweat was releasing a strong, musky body odor. It was intense and overpowering, like he had just gotten done after doing a series of exercise routines for a full hour.

He sniffed the air gently. Then he snorted harshly. His body quivered more intently, his cock pulsing and somehow stretching his tights further. *Mmmm... that's not bad.*

Not bad... bad at all! His pupils dilated, turning bright red. His brow thickened, eyebrows vanishing from it as it shifted his stare into a fierce look.

His vision cleared up, everything coming into focus in the mirror. He could see his face, his body so much better. *Yes!* JD snorted, taking in more of that musky aroma. *Let's do this!*

His rod pulsed, his tights feeling a touch wet now from excitement. *Let's fucking do this!*

Suddenly, he swayed. His balance was thrown off for a moment, forcing him to readjust his stance. *What the hell was that?*

He looked down and nearly flinched. His feet had radically shifted. They were much longer, the skin thicker and tinted light, bluish gray. His toes though were the real eye-catcher, now down to two per foot and very long themselves.

That's different. It had been a long time since JD turned into a Machoke or even looked at the official artwork for one. However, he was fairly sure the mon had more toes than that and that their skin was grayer and darker.

A sharp, pleasuring throb hit him, forcing the thought from his mind. He gritted his teeth, snorting as his hands clenched tightly again. The muscles and veins in his arms pulsed once and then twice. Slowly, the muscle mass within them began increasing. Forearms thickened, biceps bulging with thick density.

JD grinned, holding out his arms. *Well, at least these guns are normal!* He chuckled, lifting his arms and flexing them. His muscles bulged enticingly, a surge of power and strength coursing through him at that. He loved that feeling, moaning softly.

He breathed in and quivered more. The sweaty musk of his exposed pits wafted up into his face, letting him get a full blast of it. *Fuuuuuuuck, I smell like a beast now! Hell. Yes!*

His head throbbed, his eyes clenching shut and grin widening. His noggin pulsed again, change striking it all over.

First, it was hair, falling out or retracting back into his skull, leaving him bald as can be. Then, his ears pulled back into his head, leaving no trace of them behind at all. Thankfully, his sense of hearing did not vanish.

His head pulsed harder, the man leaning forward and hanging onto the side of the mirror for balance. From his skull, three long, narrow bulges swelled from his head. They grew longer, narrower, forming curved ridges. The ridges turned a dirty, golden brown, one going straight across the center of his head and back. The other two traced his brow, adding to his fierce gaze.

JD opened his eyes again after the head pain stopped. He saw the ridges and only looked more confused. Those were definitely not like a Machoke's. These were longer and more curved.

He grunted, bending forward again as another pulse hit him, this one thankfully enticing. His big toes clenched as his legs throbbed. The lower limbs swelled, building up as equally brawny and dense as his arms. The floor creaked beneath their weight and power.

This transformation was confusing. It was both familiar and different at the same time. Close to a Machoke's but with unique details. He would be confused if not for it still containing the raw, horny power that he loved.

The changing man managed to stand back up straight, looking into the mirror as he huffed and moaned. He stood as proud as he could, taking in his form. He could feel the heat again, building within his torso now.

Slowly, he swelled. Abs became visible across his tummy, showing their density and shape. *Yeeesssss*. His chest bulged, swelling and forming visible pectorals. They bulged again after a moment, swelling thicker and puffier. They seemed far bigger than before.

Fuuuck yes! He didn't mind it one bit. The added sweat glistening off his pecs made them look even better!

He grinned and leaned his head towards his chest, breathing it in. *Goddamn, I smell good*. His head fell back, soaking in the tantalizing aroma of hard work. He shuddered, feeling damper below in his tights.

His wet skin began turning light, bluish gray everywhere, extending up from his legs and appearing over his chest. It thickened where it changed color, its texture and girth not unlike that of a pachyderm almost.

*Need... need **more!*** His bulge throbbed, those latex shorts stretched for all their worth. They stretched further out in front, his rod almost double its length by now and extra girthy. At the bottom, it stretched wide and far, his balls past the size of apples. The scent of sex and cum reeked from those tights, mixing perfectly with his new, natural body odor.

He didn't know why everything had been so different, all the strange and new twists on his old, beloved form. What he did know was that he loved it. He needed it to keep going, to keep growing, expanding, and as fast as possible. He couldn't be this puny anymore. He needed to be the most powerful mon so badly!

An idea struck him through the horny mists that had fogged his mind until now. It was time for a boost, using that powerful aroma that had been egging on his transformation.

He stretched his shorts open as much as he could, feeling a wedgie coming on, and let that sweaty, sex-fueled musk flow up like a rising geyser. He trembled like never before, his rod throbbing and shoving itself free of its clothing confines. It was long, but it was also light bluish gray, much like his skin.

He realized with what little clarity he had that that was wrong. When he was a Machoke, his dick had red markings similar to his arms along its shaft. They were missing. *What... what's-*

“Fuuuuuuuuuuck!” He bellowed, pre dripping from his rod's head. His body felt on fire, passionate flames rising into his head. His face throbbed and swelled, pushing forward and stretching out on the sides, pulling his nose into it. The skin hardened, turning yellow and beak-ish almost.

Looking weakly into the mirror, he could see it. That new muzzle of his... it belonged to that of a Machamp.

Everything made sense. No wonder he both looked and didn't look like a Machoke. He was becoming its evolved form.

JD moaned delightfully, his equipment swelling with pride and even more growth. His cock had extended nearly two feet long, its girth quite thick. Its tip smacked against the mirror, jizz dripping down its glass. His balls kept expanding until JD pulled his tights down more. They hung free, now the size of coconuts almost.

Machamp, eh? He was still hung up on that new fact, grinning pleasantly at his reflection. It wasn't exactly what he expected or wanted, but he couldn't really complain, could he? ***Mrmph, Machamps big! Fucking big and bulky!***

His hands made their way down south, one gripping his rod and the other clutching his balls. At once, he began to pump and grope the two in unison. ***HeIIII, yes!*** He moaned again, his voice deeper and more bestial. He loved it. He wasn't sure if it was as good or better than when he was a Machoke, but it hardly mattered. He just loved it.

“FuuuMaaaa... FeeeeeeMaaaaacha...” He grunted and moaned, **“Feel... J... Machamp feel... feeeeee... Maaaaachamp!”** He snorted, words failing and inhuman cries leaving his throat now. His body swelled further and further, pushing him taller and wider.

The upper portion of his back pulsed, bulging in a massive lump. The weight of it bent him forward, but he hardly noticed or cared. He was too happy, too caught up in his horny, excited bliss. Dear Arceus, it had been too long since he experienced such lustful wonder!

And at the very end of it, his pupils dilated, and his fist stopped it pumping. He raised his head up high and bellowed with all his might, **“MAAAAAAACHAAAAAMP!”**

His cock erupted, splattering the bottom half of the mirror with his love juice. The large bulge on his back erupted, stretching into two large bumps that grew longer and longer, taking shape and form. Two huge arms had sprouted, happily flexing their new biceps eagerly.

“JD” went for almost a full thirty seconds before running dry. His rod went limp, balls shrinking just a little. He grunted and stood up straight, as much as he could with the extra arm weight on him. He fully took in his reflection.

There was no man anymore. There was only a Machamp, one with such a large, burly, masculine physique and striking arms. He liked what he saw from top to bottom.

“Heheh,” the Machamp chuckled with a smug grin, **“Ma! Macha... Machamp!”** Only his Pokémon dialect came out now, but he didn't mind. It fitted him better.

He struck several poses, finding it easy and natural to flex every limb as if it was second nature. ***Heheh, looking good, me!*** he thought, some human intellect and mental capabilities still remaining, ***Machamp makes for good Machamp! Machamp is great Machamp!***

The Machamp paused for a moment. ***Machamp had name... what was it?*** He frowned. ***Mrrumph, thinking no fun. Machamp is Machamp. Machamp remember name later.***

The Pokémon didn't care. What did a Machamp need with a name? Machamp was Machamp. He was smart enough to remember he was human before and that was good enough for him. He didn't need to cause any problems by thinking and acting like he was always a normal Machamp.

Although, he could still certainly act and indulge like one to some degree!

His many hands made their move. One went back down to his rod and started massaging it. An upper back one reached down and groped a pec, kneading that pleasant, dense flesh. He grunted and snarled. He loved it with all of his heart. Everything about this was perfect.

Though, there was one thing that could make this perfect. Somebody else could join him in this fun, a partner, a mate, a fuck buddy.

The Machamp grinned, imagining it now. Another to breathe in his musk, to lick the sweat off his pecs, to feel his muscles, to suck on his cock. Or, perhaps, maybe they could bury their own right up his tight rear.

“Maaaaachamp!” He snapped. He was so horny. He needed someone else bad!

“Machamp, MA!” Machamp turned, his heart soaring. His desires had been heard.

A new Machamp was there, standing in the doorway. He was just as thick, bulgy, and gifted as him. He too lacked tights, letting his large junk and fuckstick hang freely.

The first Machamp, FM, grunted, **“Maaaaachamp, Ma?”**

“Machamp! Ma-champ, chaaaaamp!” The words were unintelligible to any weak human. For true, beefy mons as themselves? They understood each other well. The new Machamp, NM, was asked if he was once human too, which he said he was. **“Maaaa, Macha... Machamp, Machamp!”** He can't remember his name or much else either, but he didn't care.

“Maaaaachamp!” FM agreed, perfectly happily.

The two Fighting mons approached until they were tip to tip. They leaned in amused and spoke some more. NM exclaimed how much he missed this, FM remarking they had never become this big before. Both agreed it was just what they needed.

With those words shared, what followed needed no exchanges. Instinct and desire drove them. They were there, they were horny, and they needed each other. They pushed closer, their rods rubbing their shafts together and their puffy pecs nipple to nipple. Their hands found each other, clenching tightly. Their eyes stared deeply into each other's, lust burning within them.

Then, they began. Their hands released and started moving over each other's bodies. They massaged and clenched different parts, feeling each other's gains and wonderful bulk. They had to size each other up before they got down and dirty. They breathed deeply, taking a whiff of each other's scent. It was the right thing to do.

The first Machamp loved every second that followed, their embrace more intimate and wanting. He missed this so much. It was just like before, now with even better, burlier, sweaty bodies. It was like a dream coming true that he never knew he wanted.

Whatever happened in the future, that Machamp made a promise to himself. They would do this again. No more waiting years upon years. They would do this more often, more frequently when the time was right. They would bulk up again, happily, lustfully.

THE END