

Josh groaned, pushing a palm into the base of his shell. His back popped, a cascade of relief.

“Damn, I’m gettin’ old...”

The hours-long bus ride to Lavaridge Town didn’t help. The poor bearded Blastoise, cramped in his own section, had to pay for two seats thanks to his bulky build.

Surrounded by rocky mountain ridges, there wasn’t much else here. A few sparse trees hugging the outskirts of the rural town, exposed roots clinging to jagged edges. In the disturbingly short distance was a looming volcano, its open top smoking like a chimney—apt, considering its name. The brochures had guaranteed that it was entirely safe, but Josh hedged his bets.

A quick Surf would get him down the mountainside and to safe ground fast enough.

...Probably.

Despite the fresh air and the dazzling view, his destination was the Pokésen: a popular retreat for sore backs and aches—and the only tourist trap that this place otherwise had to offer. After the last few days, he could use it. Memories of his bar, now ground zero for Raze’s sex-capades, lingered in his mind as he stepped toward his destination. The massive Incineroar practically burst down his door after hours, sauntering right up to the bar and tugging the bartender right into a deep kiss.

The carnal destruction that followed was enough to make repair crews a permanent fixture in his dark dive bar.

Sometimes he wondered if he had inadvertently created a monster. The wrestler’s win streak had been unbroken from the moment a scrawny human had put lips to the edge of his glass. Now, a towering, hirsute wall of fire cat visited him regularly, making sure to pay him back with interest for the new life he had been gifted.

Not that the herculean Incineroar remembered much of his prior humanity. Like with the other lost souls who had wandered into his bar, a fresh start meant letting go of old baggage.

Which was funny, considering all the extra weight they packed on through their explosive transformations. Of them all, Raze was his finest work—an incidental collision of potential and a transformative spark.

Josh grunted, rubbing over his aching ass. As gratifying as it was to create a rising star, he needed some self-care from the behemoth’s antics. Hiking his bag over his shoulder, he made his way from the dusty bus stop to the entrance of the PokéCenter. The door hissed open, sliding along worn tracks as the Blastoise ambled in.

It was emptier than he expected. Nurse Joy, ever the ubiquitous presence, stood behind her countertop, a finger swiping over a tablet screen. Blue eyes lifted, following the soft chime in Josh’s wake. She wore a genial smile, automatically sliding onto her face as Josh approached.

“Welcome to our Pokémon Center!” Joy greeted, setting down the tablet to politely clasp hands in front of her. “We can heal your Pokémon to perfect health.”

Josh exchanged nonplussed stares with the diminutive woman.

“I-I’m sorry,” she stammered after a painfully protracted moment. “It’s...a force of habit.”

Josh chuckled quietly. “I bartend for a living. I understand the feelin’.”

“Are you here for the hot springs?” She tilted her head, pink, perfectly bow-looped hair bobbing. “...Or do you require medical attention?”

“I think I’m here for a lil bit of both.” He grunted, pushing on his lower back for emphasis, eliciting a sympathetic smile from Joy.

“Lucky for you, it’s a slow day. We don’t have many visitors on weekdays.” She sighed, exhaustion billowing behind it. She didn’t need to elaborate; the bags under her eyes spoke of the workload she was wrestling with.

“Well,” the big Blastoise rumbled, “sign me up for a few hours at the onsen, and I’ll get out of your hair.”

It turned out the onsen wasn’t far from the building. A back hallway led to a naturally rocky tunnel. Humidity spiked instantly; the walls dripped with condensation. Josh inhaled deeply, letting the air clear his travel-clogged sinuses. He could smell the minerals—a surprisingly salty tang.

Sunlight poured in through the mouth of the cave as Josh stepped through. Water cascaded over granite ledges, rippling their way down several levels. It was difficult to get an accurate read on just how large the pools were, hazing steam obscuring the distance as easily as morning fog.

Josh’s clothes immediately clung to him, growing damp as they plastered to his off-season build. As a water-type Pokémon, it didn’t bother him in the slightest. However, he didn’t exactly want his already snug-fitting clothes to shrink, so he headed towards the changing rooms nestled in the back.

It was fairly standard, open lockers, showers, and benches; though it was more wood paneling than Josh was used to. He undid his button-up, working the curvature of his huge pecs and the rounded belly that sat proudly underneath. Fur crawled up from his crotch, dark strands caressing the cream-colored underbelly. It spread over his chest like a luxury carpet, finely trimmed with a dash of salt to match his full beard. Shimmering thick thighs out of his slacks revealed the jockstrap that clung, the front band obscured by the looming curvature of his solid, spherical stomach.

Josh cut a handsome figure, and he knew it. It was half of the allure, after all. Customers stepping through his door and seeing a glimpse of the ‘Mon they could become. Pulling his jock off with an elastic snap, he stuffed his clothes into one of the central lockers. Rummaging through his bag, he found what he was looking for.

“I doubt Joy would approve, but...” He gave the gourd-shaped bottle a shake, a classic cork stuffed into the top to seal the alcoholic contents. Dipping thick fingers into his bag produced two matching wooden cups. He chuckled to himself as he slipped them together under his palm.

You never know when you might meet a friend, after all.

The heft of his body bounced with every step, from bulbous glutes to swollen pecs. Wide soles slapped the water-slicked rock as he scanned the edge of the springs. At the top, the water was

hottest, cooling as it flowed down the tiers. As he moved closer, about to dip his toes in, he spotted someone through the fog.

Near the middle was a lone human, shoulders hunched forward in silence. Josh's short, pointed ears perked. The man lifted a bowed head in response to the thudding footsteps. He looked young, with shoulder-length brown hair, the tips damp and clinging to his neck from the humidity.

"And here I thought this place was for 'Mons only," Josh chided with a friendly baritone. The flush to the human's cheeks was unrelated to the heat.

"I...I guess not," he muttered, sparing furtive glances at the burly Blastoise that loomed over him. "It helps me unwind." It was less of an explanation and more of a "Please don't tell..." It made Josh's smile soften, the big Blastoise lowering himself down, careful not to wash away the diminutive man as he displaced water.

"Nah, don't worry. Your secret's safe with me." Josh groaned lowly as the heat permeated through him, warming him to the core. The tension in his lower back instantly slacked, giving him relief he hadn't felt in days.

The human next to him wore a secret smile, sinking a little lower into the salty-white wash. "I guess you needed it too."

"You don't know the half of it, kid..." he said with a relieved sigh, bordering on ecstasy. He spread his knees, accidentally bumping the man next to him. He shied away, but otherwise kept close, his arms hunkered forward under the frothy water.

Josh gave him a lazy side-eye. "Got a name?"

"S-Scott," he stammered, surreptitiously returning the glance.

"Y'know it ain't illegal to look, right? I don't bite," the azure turtle responded with a smile that split his dark beard. "More 'n a few guys have been interested in this ol' shell over the years." The flush over Scott's face deepened as he fidgeted.

"Sorry..."

"It's cute how shy y'are," Josh said, his semi-soft pecs bouncing in time with his rumbling chuckle.

He sank nearly to his chin and mumbled, "I'm not used to the attention." There was an unspoken "from guys like you," but Josh wasn't about to pull that from him—yet. A comfortable silence stretched between them, drawing them closer.

Natural charm. Works every time.

Josh eyed over this newest specimen. He was a lot like the guys who wandered into his bar. Bags under his eyes, a wrinkle to the corners of his mouth where a frown usually creased. Unhappy with his life, looking for a new start or a form of relief.

Josh felt bad for the kid. He had to wonder if this was some of the only meaningful interpersonal contact he's had in a while.

"You doin' okay there, son?"

The low timbre shook Scott out of his absentminded reverie. "Oh, me? I... I'm okay. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you got that look about ya."

"What...kind of look?" he apprehensively asked.

"I'm a bartender. So I see plenty of guys comin' in who got troubles heaped up on their shoulders. I can let ya have one of my ears, if you want." Scott bit his lower lip at that. Judging from the way he was bashfully looking over Blastoise's bulky body, he probably wanted more than just that.

"I just... There's a lot on my plate. Work is exhausting, I don't really have any prospects or a relationship," he ranted, floodgates opening as he pushed fingers through his bangs. "It makes me feel...old."

There was a whine to it that made Josh's heart sink. "Old, huh?"

"With none of the experience or...I don't know, success that comes along with it?" He had lowered to the point where his breath bubbled in the mineral-saturated water. "I feel wrung out."

"Funny, considerin' you're soakin' in a hot spring."

A corny joke, but it made the young man smile. "So...why are you here?" he asked, honest curiosity behind those hazel eyes.

"Eh, workin' bar is a good job, but it's killer on the back." Josh arched himself for emphasis, belly surfacing for a moment, white whorls washing from its hirsute curvature. "Standin' all day takes a toll." As friendly as he might have been with clients and newly made friends, Josh wasn't about to go into the real reason for his deep-seated aches.

"I guess it's sitting in a chair for me," he said as water flowed over the pool's lip. "I asked for a standing desk, but HR keeps giving me the runaround."

"Wishin' you had a more active job?"

"Something... Anything, really." He was liable to float away in the churning currents, if it weren't for the huge azure arm looping loosely behind him.

"*Mhm-mhm...*" Josh rumbled thoughtfully. "You'll have to forgive an old man for prying. You're probably here to get away from all that."

Scott laughed, rising slightly in pitch as that arm circled further around him. "W-Well, it's nice to vent..." He watched as Josh reached behind him, producing the gourd-shaped container and twin cups. "Are, uh, outside drinks allowed?"

The Blastoise let out a bark of laughter. "This ain't a theatre! I don't see the harm in sharin' a drink with a new friend." He uncorked the flask with a pinch of the stopper, releasing with a satisfying pop. Creamy white poured from the neck and into the wooden cups, sloshing to the lip.

"O-Oh, um..." Scott cleared his throat. "I've never—"

"Had sake before?" Josh finished.

“N-Not just that. Any alcohol, really.” Reluctant though he was, he still took the offered cup. He gave it a few testing sniffs.

“It’s an old vintage from my personal stock,” the Blastoise informed, tipping his own to his lips. It was sweet, generally more so than most of the things Josh served. He let out a low rumble as the tang washed over his tongue and splashed the back of his throat. It wouldn’t affect him—not outside of the alcoholic contents.

His companion—full of untapped potential—on the other hand...

Scott stared into the cup, his reflection swirling in the cloudy liquid. Squinting, he could have sworn he saw something else in there—an entirely different face. It was craggy, anthropomorphic, overlaid over his. A white beard flowed as piercing ruby eyes glared back at him.

And then it was gone.

Scott forcibly blinked. “I think the heat is getting to my head...”

“I’m sure it’s the stress you’ve been through.” He nudged gently, gesturing at the cup still nursed in Scott’s hands. “Aged to perfection. I’m sure you’ll enjoy the taste.”

“Maybe...” Scott sniffed at the edge again, his tongue flitting over soft, pink lips. It was alluring, a fruity aroma rising tantalizingly from the beverage.

“It could mark a new chapter in your life, eh?” Josh squeezed gently with that looped arm, a bicep pressing snug into Scott’s side.

“It’s just a drink.”

*It’s so much more.* Yet, Josh wasn’t about to say that out loud, wearing a charismatic smile until his persistence finally won out. He watched with budding excitement as Scott finally lifted the edge to his lips, taking a swallow.

“That’s... “ Scott gasped softly, coughing. “It kinda burns...”

“That’s the alcohol content. C’mon—finish up.” He slid a dense digit under the bottom of that cup, pushing it up for the little human against his thigh. Scott’s fingers dug into the huge forearm, holding onto it as the tips vanished into the hirsute patches coating them.

He polished off the cup with a few more coughs, wiping at his chin with a forearm. “It kinda tastes like...peaches?”

“Plum,” he lightly corrected before taking a casual sip of his own cup.

“Oh yeah, I guess.” The young man awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck. “I’m not very experienced.”

Josh watched him with a cracked side-eye. “In flavors, or alcohol?”

“Both, I guess.”

Poor fellow. His lack of world experience bordered on painful. He had seen clients like him stumble into his bar before, but this guy seemed to be a two-by-four of a human being. Not that there was anything wrong with that. It was sad to see such a blank slate—potential unrealized.

It was a few minutes of growing silence between them that keyed Josh into the idea that...maybe he was wrong about that hidden potential. It was rare, but he wasn't infallible. Seeing the potential in people was more intuition than science.

There weren't any signs of transformation. No moaning, no sudden surge in size as his body warps into something bigger, *better*. He suppressed the disappointment under a warm, beard-parting smile.

"Well, that's okay. Yer plenty young, so you got a lotta time on your hands." He exhaled, closing his eyes as he leaned back against the edge. "Enjoy it while ya can. Try new things." The sound of cascading water washed away subtleties, a soothing sound that set Josh at ease as the heat worked through his sore muscles.

There was an awkward cough, an attempt to start a conversation. "So... Do you have any kids?"

Josh snorted sharply, unable to wipe the smirk that plastered his blocky muzzle. "Me? Nah. I already look after too many adults. Ain't got time to raise kids of my own." He leaned further back, pecs pushing into the air as he lazed. "Besides, I'm about as straight as a pretzel. Never been interested in the fairer sex."

"That's too bad."

Maybe he misjudged the man after all. All those furtive looks might have been nothing more than bashfulness. It left Josh wondering just how off his sense of judgment was today. Maybe it was the fading ache in his lower back, or the unfamiliar location throwing him off.

"You're missing out," Scott continued, a rumble in his throat that made Scott's ears perk. "I've got more than I can count. Even got some grandkids on the way."

Water sloshed, washing Josh with enough force to nearly unseat him from the molded ledge. He cracked his eyes open, turning his head only to be met with a wall of chest.

The mousey man was gone. In his place was a wall of dark azure-furred muscle. He rivaled the size of his companion, mirroring his laid-back pose with his bulging pecs pushing proudly out. Dark nipples pointed downward, hiding under the jutting girth of twin mounds. So distracted with his ample cleavage, Josh nearly failed to figure out what he was transforming into.

Though the kabuto on his head clued him. A Samurott—and not an ordinary one either.

*Hisuian.*

He had the sake bottle in his huge, hirsute hand, pouring himself a drink into the cup. His bicep bulged, crashing into his pectoral as hose-like veins snaked over a mound that was nearly as big as the man that once floated in those steaming pools.

Part of Josh wanted to knee-jerk comment on how he could have asked for more—but he was far too fascinated with the ensuing transformation. What started as dark hair turned salt-and-peppered. Silver crept into a beard that wrapped around his jawline, a blocky thing with a jutting chin and matching dense brows. He was in his prime, though with the beginnings of fading youth. His eyes crinkled around the edges, the first lines forming across what would no doubt become a craggy expanse.

“Mmhhh...” the Samurott took a deep drag, closing his eyes before exhaling. “Mmm... So many kids. Lost track of how many litters I’ve made over the years.” He caressed his midsection, something that was distinctly jutting underneath those powerful pectorals. Abdominals had proudly formed, bloated bricks rounding out into a powerful core. They tensed, flexing as a casual burp passed the Mon’s lips.

“World’s lucky that I fuck guys on the regular,” he said, his already rumbling voice dropping in pitch as his neck thickened, a few veins crawling up the edges like slithering anacondas.

“And why’s that?” Josh could barely keep the excitement from his voice, watching eagerly as the man expanded by an order of inches in all directions.

“Because I’d outbreed *everyone*,” he said with a low, euphoric moan. His body rumbled, his stomach swelling, a rippling center that pushed mass through the rest of him with a powerful *clench*. Pecs shoved forward, delts blew out as his back packed with enough mass to shove the burgeoning Samurott forward.

“I wouldn’t doubt it...”

He snorted sharply, shaded rubies swiveling to his slowly-shrinking partner. “What would you know?” There was a taciturn growl to his words, knees surfacing from the water as hundreds of pounds of muscle swelled from his bulging body. A huge tail looped up behind him, crashing across the rocky walkway behind as he adjusted his growing form in an ever-shrinking pool.

“I—” Josh had to move, and quickly, thunderous thighs shoving him carelessly aside as the waters sloshed dangerously, gushing out of their once-peaceful pool.

He didn’t bother with the cup anymore. The Samurott sipped the edge of the flask to his lower lip, the plumped, jet-black appendage sealing around it as he began to chug. His Adam’s apple bobbed, his body creaking, groaning as Scott’s potential was fully tapped. The dark strands began to bleach, beginning with the roots. It went through his hair, scouring it of color until it was white as snow. It spread like wildfire across the thick curls of his chest, traveling down immense arms, creating a stark contrast with darker base fur.

The massive Mon loosed a pleased exhale, tossing the empty container over his shoulder. His tongue slid salaciously over his lower lip as his eyes rolled shut. Changes washed over him, the years speeding forward for this father. His jawline cracked, swelling as his chin jutted forward. The beard crawled across his face, a long, proud mustache flowing from his testosterone-chiseled features. The cracks across his face grew, age lines proudly etching the testament of life experience for everyone to witness.

A huge hand reached up, pulling the kabuto from his head, revealing a bundled topknot. A tug of a leather tie allowed long locks to unfurl, cascading as a stream of white to his lower back. The water sloshed, agitated by the increasing mass of the man it was forced to share space with.

Or, rather, ceded space.

Steaming waters washed onto the walkway, flooding over the lip of the falls and overflowing the basins below as Scott expanded to fill the space. Josh, while outright giddy, was starting to grow nervous. He had never had a client grow this much before—or age so far. He was half the Samurott’s size now, and he wasn’t showing any signs of stopping. Growing past 10 feet, it was

a question of how the sizable senior would even leave the place—or if he would simply take up permanent residence in retirement.

One thing was for sure: he wasn't losing virility. A leviathan rose from the waves, a monstrous cock twitching between his knees, a hooded head lifting into the air as a dollop of pre the size of a baseball formed. It pushed against the underside of his solid gut, denting into the lighter-blue ball. Jet-black flesh glistened, matching plate-sized nipples and a proud, sizable lip.

The Samurott was watching him now, glaring past overwhelming bulk with expectant ruby eyes.

"Scott—"

He snorted sharply. "Who's Scott?" He lifted one of those white-furred brows. "My name is *Kaito*." His correction wasn't kind, impatience dripping from every disjointed word—as if merely conversing was nearly beyond his tolerance. Pink scars etched across his body, slowly tearing through once-unmarred fur, revealing a lifetime of conflict. It made his already intimidating appearance outright menacing, especially with his commanding crimson gaze.

The finishing touches were more than just a cherry on top. More like the entire tree. He expanded, body rumbling, weathered hide struggling to keep up with the expansion of mass. Kaito's belly ballooned, nestled under twin pectorals as it heaved, lifting and jutting into the arch of his cock. The turgid length grew, distending past the edge of the falls, precum oozing like a broken faucet into the churning waters below.

The old man lifted his arms, folding them behind his head with a satisfied growl. Heavily furred pits practically exploded from under his sedan-sized limbs, a veritable carpet of white. Lats spread like wings, grazing bulging glutes that lifted him from the waters, making the steaming depths akin to a kiddie pool. The hair lengthened, dipping down to his tail, spreading like a cascade over his absurdly broad back. As wide as he was tall, he was a living force of nature, an alpha Pokemon aged to—from what Josh could only guess—was nearly *two* centuries.

"What're you starin' at, *boy*?" Kaito boomed, glaring, barely able to see over the hiked-up edge of his barrel chest. His beard threatened to blend with the coating covering it, his face having swelled, masculine features augmenting to fit his new, brutish nature.

"I—" Josh was at a loss for words, his jaw openly hanging. He had never witnessed such an explosive transformation before. While still respectable in his own right, this alpha had dethroned Raze as the *biggest*.

"I asked you a *question*," He snarled, turning. It was enough to churn the water, his massive stomps cracking the edge of the pool where they perched, toes the size of trash bins curling over the edges, obsidian nails glinting. There was more Samurott than water now, the flow rushing around his bulging body, tracing the deep ravines between serrated, hirsute muscle.

"A-An alpha..." Josh muttered, his voice taking on a servile mewl as he was forced to the edge by Kaito's enormity. He seemed pleased by the shift, the corner of his heavily bearded jaw twitching up. A huge hand surfaced, water drizzling in a steaming rain as he stroked the edge of his endowment, feeling around the hooded head, the tip of an index finger teasing the slit.

“Good. You’re here to service me.” It wasn’t a question. A huge hand gripped behind Josh’s shell, pushing him until he was up against that sizable side. His muzzle bumped the edge of a swollen pectoral, rough dark beard brushing against a nipple that was as big as a hubcap.

“Mhhh...” He grunted, thrusting his hips out of the pool, grinding his length against the distended overhang of that powerful dome. It might have softened with age, but the outline of a distended muscle gut was visible under the scarred, hairy padding. “Gonna breed you,” he growled under his breath. “That’s all you’re good for...”

Josh gasped as he felt a thick digit push under his nub of a tail. It slid salaciously between his leathery cheeks, pushing through the scratchy hairs that coated them until it bumped against his entrance. Kaito didn’t need to ask permission—he simply entered. The fat finger stretched the Blastoise’s plump donut wide, stretching it like a rubber band as it massaged his insides.

“A-Ah... Haahhh...” Josh gasped, his cock already at full attention, grinding against the detailed redwood that was Kaito’s thigh. He didn’t get a reprieve, the monstrous Mon pulling him up properly over his stomach. A tongue slipped across his lips, his jaw gripped hard. It plunged into him as easily as that digit, filling his mouth and dipping down his throat. The two exchanged saliva, snow-white and pepper-black beards mingling as Josh’s mind threatened to shut down.

“Heh... How easily you’re overpowered...” Kaito said, his breath hot against Josh’s lips. “Be thankful you won’t carry my next litter.” With the way he whispered into his ear, Josh was almost a little disappointed.

Fingers scissored into Josh’s ass, stretching him wide, gaping him to the point where even the heated air felt cold. He clung to the mountainous wall of Mon, but he felt like a toy—barely bigger than the belly he was resting over. It was creased, split down the middle of the abs hidden beneath. His thick cock nestled, glans kissing a cavernous, fur-lined navel.

“Mhh... Gonna be a good toy. Gonna breed ya...” He growled, thunderous voice shaking through a neck that was barely visible underneath his broad jawline, swollen pecs, and hiked-up traps. “That’s all you’re good for.”

“Please...” Josh gasped, his aching, gaped ass craving more than a few thrusting fingers. He knew it was ridiculous, that he was only a quarter of the size of the man he was riding, but he never needed anything more in his life. The salty, mineral scent was superseded by masculine musk, radiating from the alpha Samurott that had outgrown the pool.

“I wanna hear you *beg*,” he snarled against Josh’s ear, his mammoth body hunching forward. “I wanna hear you *break*.”

It was around then that Josh realized he was in over his head.

There was nothing for it. Pheromones radiating from Kaito were like a speeding train, slamming into Josh’s pent-up urges with enough force to nearly break his brain. “Please...” he whispered, his voice a whine, unused to being so utterly submissive.

“Again.”

The helmeted head nudged his entrance, banging against it incessantly—but just enough to hold back. Enough to let him know that, if he didn't comply, he wasn't going to get fucked by this alpha.

*"Please... Please, Sir..."* he whined, repeating the phrase under his breath like a mantra.

An almost cruel smile spread across Kaito's bearded mug, his craggy features twisting as his bell-bottomed jaw ground against his chest. Grabbing the Blastoise with both hands, he pushed him down, spearing him over the end of his cock. Josh howled, pain and pleasure mingling together as he stretched around the end of that log-sized cock. It didn't stop him from feeding more of it, spreading his thighs wide, bloated balls on the verge of tipping over the falls from sheer size.

Josh barely could get his legs around that bloated ball gut, straddling it, his own cock half-sunk into the massive Mon's navel. He couldn't think, couldn't speak, his mouth hanging open, tongue lolling out as his eyes rolled back in his head. There wasn't a need for balance; those powerful hands took away his autonomy as they gripped him like a living fleshlight.

The Blastoise's rounded middle distended, stretching as it reached halfway. 3/4th's of the way through, the outline was clearly visible under his creamy underbelly. He gasped, hands perched over those planetoid pectorals for balance as every last inch was crammed inside him.

If he thought he was sore before, it wasn't going to compare to tomorrow.

The first clap was like the crack of thunder, Josh crying out, his voice rising in pitch as he threw his head back. Kaito exhaled in unadulterated ecstasy, his eyes rolling shut as he squeezed the Blastoise harder. He thrust, working his hips with enough force to transform the onsen into a wave pool. Mineral-infused waves rose, crashing over the walkways, smashing against the side of the building that housed the lockers. It cascaded down, traveling the levels, smashing into the fence that divided them from the outside world, obliterating it.

"You're gonna take every last drop," the virile elder snarled, bringing his face close to Josh's.

"I'm gonna fill you up like a balloon. Like the *whore* you are, *Boy*. Do you understand me?"

When he didn't get an immediate answer, he slapped the Blastoise's ass, making it shake like a plate of azure jello. The handprint left behind wasn't kind either, a faint rise of pink in the outline of that broad, callused palm.

"Y-yes...! YES!" Josh wailed, crushed against the hirsute titan. All he could breathe was the alpha Samurott, his face forced between his pecs—then into his pits, as the mammoth Mon lifted his arm. The only thing that kept him from breaking was his larger-than-average stature. Even then, it was tenuous. He could feel himself stretching to the limit around the base of Kaito's super-sized shaft. Their hairy middles ground together, creating perfect friction around Josh's trapped endowment. His toes curled, thighs clamping around the edges of that rock-solid stomach.

"You're not gonna cum until I do—do you hear me?" Josh gasped as Kaito bit his neck, strings of saliva snapping before he squeezed. It wasn't enough to break skin, but just barely. The pinch was domineering, claiming as Josh was pulled partly off of that cock to compensate for their size difference.

It was nearly an impossible order. Josh's captured form was a conduit for pure carnal pleasure; every brush of the brutish Mon against him was nearly enough to push him over the edge. And he was being crushed against him, those huge arms wrapping around him with enough force to twist and crush dumptrucks.

His thrusts were growing erratic, his grip on hard stone tenuous. The rocky formations cracked and collapsed as huge stomps destroyed the lip of the pool. The water cascaded away in a torrent, flooding the lower levels and destroying infrastructure as it went. Not that Kaito seemed to care. He didn't move, like a boulder at the bottom of a lake, as he continued to feverishly fuck the Blastoise over his belly.

Precum quickly began to supplant the flowing waters, oozing into the damp space. It flowed back out of Josh, the Blastoise unable to contain the flood of fluids.

"Fuck," Kaito snarled, his arms popping, veins rising as he clutched the Blastoise tighter.

"Gonna fuckin' cum... **Gonna claim you—!**"

"P-Please—!" Josh whined, finally finding a single word in his jumbled vocabulary. Every thrust shoved that monstrous cock over the bundle of nerves deep inside, threatening to crush it into a singularity of ecstasy. Sweat dripped, beads rolling down the hills and valleys of Kaito's mountainous form, mixing with the pooling precum below.

It started off as a thunderous din. At first, Josh dimly wondered if storm clouds were closing in or if the volcano was finally going to erupt, drowning them in lava.

It didn't take him long to figure out the source. Kaito spread himself, padded heels grinding foot-wide rips through solid stone as it churned, the Samurott bracing himself. His body coiled, muscle bulging, straining against creaking, damaged pelt. His face twisted, baring fangs as he teetered on the edge. Bloated balls jerked, pulling up tight as they dimpled, visibly flexing inward from the force of his orgasm.

He tried to choke it back, but it was no use. The pressure as his stomach expanded forced sticky cum out both ends. Kaito exhaled, dropping back into the empty basin as he pumped his hips, clapping them against Josh's beet-red ass. The Blastoise's belly creaked ominously, distended to the point where the leathery flesh developed stretch marks. His navel popped out, a dimple as his cream-colored flesh flushed red.

The pool filled, sticky fluid taking up residence in the empty basin, and just as steaming as the waters that once filled it. His orgasm seemed endless, seed seeping over the broken ridge, contaminating the flooded pools below.

And then it ended. Balls dropping weightily into the basin, splashing a wave of viscous spunk. He stood, feet cracking, cratering the ground with his immense tonnage. Josh slipped off his slowly softening cock, dropping shell-first into the musky mess. He groaned, completely spent. He was half-stomach, bloated to the point where it was a distended orb he clutched for support.

Kaito snorted condescendingly at the pathetic display. "You," he boomed. "Next week. Same place."

Josh could only wetly gurgle.

It was good enough as the massive Mon moved from the pool. The earth shook, loose stones rattling like it was a scene from Jurassic Park. He towered as tall as the surrounding buildings, Josh barely cracking open his eyes to watch the departing force of nature.

“Forget the onsen...” He groaned, back cracking and popping as he barely got off his shell, “I’m gonna need a chiropractor...”