

# SUB TRIGGERING KORAIIDON

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Story done for and featuring Wyrachurr of FurAffinity

*"I do say so myself, I've done a marvelous job of modifying and fixing that game! It'll run perfectly now! Even beyond that, I think you'll be \*very\* pleased with the results, Pokénerd."*

*Nope.* Peter huffed, brow furrowing. *Not impressed at all with these results.*

Peter sunk further back into his sofa, his frown only growing. He was currently playing Pokémon Scarlet, but he was getting to the point where he wished he wasn't anymore. The game still ran poorly with all of its known bugs, glitches, issues, and soul-draining slowdown.

In fact, the more he played, the more he was convinced that it was actually worse now when it came to its framerate. Usually, it took a while of playing to build up to that slow, molasses movement speed of the camera and characters. From the start now, it was just bad.

*Should've expected this.* He huffed again, hands tightening on the control. *You got a witch to "fix" and "mod" a game. They're magic experts, not tech heads.*

Peter wanted to blame the person who recommended the witch in the first place to fixing his game but couldn't remember who. They were very insistent and, admittedly, very convincing. The idea of magic fixing and modding a Switch cartridge so that a game would work and run better sounded incredible.

Yet, it was all but a nice dream in the end, and the reality was cruel.

*This... I can't deal with this.* He was at his limit. The game had finished loading him into Mesagoza and once he arrived, it felt like the game was moving in single digit frames. Even hopping on his Koraidon to run wasn't making this faster.

*I'm done.* Peter saved his game and closed out of it. *I'm getting a refund. This sucks.*

He tossed his controller to the side and got up, moving over to his console in its stand. He opened up the game compartment and pressed down on it. The cartridge popped up.

Then, when he pulled his finger away briefly, there was a zap. He stepped back wincing as pain ran through his fingertip and into his arm before disappearing.

*Da hell was that?* Peter groaned, whisking his hand about, some numbness settling in. *I don't need this crap either.*

He took a look at his hand suspiciously, staring down at the finger that was shocked. There was... nothing. Nothing wrong. Nothing off-looking. The numbness was settling down into an annoying tingle, but that was it.

Peter looked at his hand for a little longer, almost expecting to see something. After a moment, he moved on, taking the game out and putting it back in its case. He gave his hand another shake, still feeling a little tingle in it.

*Really hope that didn't damage the game anymore than it already-*

There was a knock at his door. He smiled, his annoyance fading away. *Finally, he's here!*

He put the case down and headed for his front door. Opening it, he found his buddy, JD, waiting for him there with a bag with takeout food in it. "Hey man!" his glasses-wearing friend said cheerfully, "Sorry about the wait. Line was long."

"Totally fine!" Peter motioned for him to come in. "Just glad you came over. It's time for some revenge!"

"Oh?" JD chuckled as he stepped inside, giving Peter a bemused look, "Is that what's gonna happen in Mario Party today? Well, I look forward to your feeble attempt."

Peter chuckled, closing the door and taking him over to the kitchen. The two stepped over into the kitchen table, JD placing the bag down on it. He took out two containers and popped them both open. One of them had fried chicken in it and the other had a large sub cut into two.

JD pushed the sub container towards Peter as he sat down. "I didn't know what you liked on your subs, so I just got a basic one."

"That's fine. I always like these." He sat down and pulled the container closer. He reached for his lunch.

And then he flinched. His hand cringed again. He gave it another look quickly. It still tingled, if faintly, but there was still nothing he could see. Everything looked fine.

"Something wrong?" JD asked as he pulled his food closer.

“Oh... it's nothing.” Peter whisked his hand again. “Just got shocked by some static electricity before you showed up. Shocked me pretty good. Hand is still tingly.”

“Gotcha.” JD smirked, taking his chicken and giving him an evil chuckle. “Looks like your revenge won't come easy today then.”

“In your dreams!” Peter laughed. He gave his hand one more good shake before going back to his sandwich. Time to forget about that weirdness and dig in!

He took the first half of the sandwich and... stared at it. He looked it over, the toasted buns and crispy ingredients sticking out the sides. His nose sniffed the air, taking in that delicious aroma. The guy couldn't help but just absorb it all in.

It was weird. He was sure it was just a plain old submarine sandwich that he got from that restaurant plenty of times before in the past. There shouldn't be anything out of the ordinary about it. Yet, it looked incredible, better than any sub he had ever seen in his life. It looked as if it was mana from heaven.

His stomach made a low gurgle. Staring at that sandwich made him very, *very* hungry.

Peter's body tingled all over, a little bit of drool forming around his mouth. It looks so... so good. He licked his lips, wiping away that drool. When he did though, a rather long, pinkish, reptilian-like tongue slipped out and back in in a flash.

He shook his head. *Ugh, my brain is weird today. Hope this doesn't screw me over in the minigames. I'm gonna be the-*

“You gonna eat or what?” JD asked in between bites of his chickens, only noticing his friend just holding his lunch.

“I'm eating it, I'm eating it!” Peter brought the sub in and started opening his mouth. It opened and opened, growing longer and darker. Dark gray scales coated his face, nose retracting into two small slits. Then, it snapped shut like a crocodile, gobbling up the entire half.

JD let out a loud cough, striking his chest a few times. He definitely wasn't expecting that to happen.

Peter didn't notice his friend choking. When he bit into that delicious sandwich, something clicked within his mind. A sharp shiver ran down his spine like lightning. His pupils dilated and shifted brown. The irises turned orange within as the sclera went yellow.

***MORE!*** His mind was quiet until that urge screamed inside it.

Peter obeyed, grabbing the half and devouring it in another large bite. His large jaws and sharp teeth chewed to shreds before gulping it all down. *Gooooood.*

As he ate, his head morphed. The shape of it pulled, flattened, and smoothed, gaining the angular, reptile look befitting his muzzle. Gray scales spread across the entirety of his head, his ears flattening away once they reached them. The only spots that didn't turn gray were his cheeks, gaining an ovalish white accent on them instead.

*That tasted gooooooooood.* Peter sighed, leaning back in his chair. He licked his chops again, eyes closing and soaking in that scrumptious taste. Had he really been that hungry for a sub? It seemed so silly, but it felt like he was. Maybe he should've asked JD to get him two?

Pondering the thought, his white hair began morphing. It reformed into a crest of feathers that went from his forehead to the base of his neck. The feathers grew and grew, spiking high into the air. They were white but had a band of yellow and magenta at their base. There was one feather that was completely magenta, hooking out and hanging down the center of his forehead.

*I wonder if he'd be up for me ordering seconds?* Peter opened his eyes and sat back up. *He might not want anything but I'm...* He looked at his friend. He was looking back, jaw dropped and with the most perplexed look on his face.

"What?" he asked JD. Twisted, brow-plume-like tendrils popped out of his brow above his eyes. They were white with those bands of yellow and magenta at their base like his feathers. They flowed up and curved long.

JD's mouth moved, stutters and incoherent nonsense tumbling out of his mouth. It felt like he stumbled over his words for quite some time before he managed to utter something coherent. "Ummm, how... how are you not noticing... well, any of that!"

"Any of what? What are you talk-"

Peter shook suddenly like he was in an earthquake. He grabbed the table, causing it to jitter a bit before settling down. He opened his mouth to say something, but all that came out was a gasp. From his chest and down to his navel, his shirt burst right open.

A large, tire-like gular sac expanded out of him. Tire-like was very accurate with its black, tread-esque front and ridges. The sides were white with a star with several points in the center. The sac extended far out, even going past his muzzle in length, and caused his body to widen and grow to actually support it.

“Holy crap!” Peter managed to get out after a moment. What the hell was coming out of him? He had to reach over and touch it, just to confirm that this was really happening.

Both hands went for it but stopped suddenly. They were trembling softly, digits jerking and flinching. The pinkies suddenly merged with the ring fingers as black scales sprouted over his digits. Light grayish webbing appeared between the middle two fingers as fingernails extended into claws.

Tearing could be heard from below. His socks had split open, four black digits coming out with their own webbing. They were similar to his hands but only stretched longer and wider.

Peter got to his feet in a panic and nearly fell over, stumbling on his new enhanced feet. He managed to keep balance, but it was a struggle and required waving his arms about. During it, the dark gray scales were spreading down his arms and legs. There was a light gray, diamond-like pattern that appeared on his upper arms and outer thighs, hidden by his clothing.

The next thing wouldn't remain hidden though as another rip, louder than the previous two, blared. A very long tail shot out from above his rear like a cannon, tearing opening his jeans and part of his shirt. It was almost as long as his body and had a dark gray, tire tread-like look running on its underside. On the top side of the tail, that gray diamond pattern from his limbs ran.

“What's going on with-” More rips followed at Peter's shirt tore open even more. Along his shoulders, red, handlebar-like structures grew out and protruded backwards with a curve. “...me?”

“I... I think you're going Koraidon, man!” JD stuttered, getting to his feet too and slowly approaching his friend.

“Shhhiiit, why is this happening?” Peter groaned. The rest of his body was soon covered in dark scales, lighter ones appearing alongside and beneath his tire extrusion. “I just don't-”

Then, it hit him. He could see her, see that shit-eating grin on her face. That grin when she said those words as she handed back his game. “Of course, that witch.”

“Oh.” JD's expression changed on a dime. He cocked his eyebrow and stared hard at his friend. “You tried getting your game magically fixed by a witch, didn't you? You listened to my girlfriend's “advice”, right?”

Peter blushed, now remembering the person who advised him before. “Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time.”

He flinched some more, jerking about in place. Frills and feathers sprouted across his back, matching the ones on his head and tearing off the rest of his shirt. Long magenta frills sprouted out of his elbows last.

Everything had finished. Peter looked just like an anthro Koraidon of the shiny variety.

Peter looked himself over. Well, he tried to, finding his tire chest to be a bit cumbersome to see around. “This is certainly something.”

“I’ll say,” JD commented, pulling out his phone. “I have the coven’s number. Want me to give them a ring and see if they can do a house call to fix this?”

“Yeah.” Peter jokingly held up his clawed hands. “I don’t think I can really use my phone with these-”

The words fell away as something warm struck him. It was a strong, intense heat that washed right over him. His body quaked as a moan left his throat. It was so sudden, so fast.

*Holy crap, that feels good!* Peter moaned again, hunching over and breathing heavily. His hands clenched tightly, toes curling up. Suddenly, his arms and then his legs buffed up, muscle mass rapidly building up. His torso swelled a little as he rose, growing much taller than JD.

*Soooooooo fucking good!* Peter moaned, eyes rolling back.

His body throbbed, but not as much as his crotch. The bulge there started rapidly growing, stretching out his jeans and popping the button on them. The spot shook, dampening ever so slightly.

Another surge struck as his muscles beefed up even more. His legs thickened and ripped holes along the sides of his jeans. His arms were so dense they looked to be bulging, without even flexing, all the time. Dense pectorals surged out notably even with a tire stuck between them.

*I’m sooooo fucking hot!* One more series of rips blared through the room as his pants broke away, his underwear hitting the ground too. Freed, a large, pointed cock and set of heavy black balls were shown off fully, pulsing gently and eager for attention.

Peter panted and panted, looking over himself again. Even with the tire in the way, he could still see and feel his large equipment hanging there, eager to be tended to. The transformation was rapid fire in that final burst, but it had done the job. He loved this.

*Hellllll yeah!* Peter slid his hands down his pecs and across his puffy chest tire. The latter felt especially sensitive to the touch, his cock throbbing and dripping a little pre.

*"I think you'll be \*very\* pleased with the results, Pokénerd."*

*Well, she was right about that at least!* Peter chuckled to himself. *She should've been a bit more specific though.*

"Peter?" The Koraidon man snapped back to reality. "You... you okay, man?" He looked over at his friend. His expression had changed yet again, now one that was cloaked in red and bashfulness.

The Pokémon man laughed, flexing an arm to show off. "Of course I'm okay!" He pushed out his chest and roared proudly. "I'm better than okay! You see this? This is fucking awesome!"

"Well... err..." JD looked like he was struggling to get the words out as he looked anywhere but at his friend's enlarged dick. "Should I... ah, still call the witches for help?"

"PFFFFFFF! Later!" Peter grinned, stepping over to his face with perfect poise and balance now. He leaned his reptilian face right up to JD's, his friend leaning back. "In fact, I got a great idea for what we can do now. Let's have some fun!"

"Aaaaahhhh, what kind of fun?"

"Group fun!" The Koraidon's grin turned toothy and devious. "Why don't you invite Rachel over, and we play some Pokémon Scarlet together? I'm sure all three of us can have a ton of fun then."

***THE END?***