

# Pumping Up Ten Years Later

By: Firingwall

Click. The room came into focus. A desk was just barely visible at the bottom with a computer chair off to the side. There were bookshelves on one side, boxes on the other, a barren wall except for a door straight ahead.

“Hiya fol-OUCH!” The vision of the room shook as a figure appeared slightly from underneath the desk. Just slightly, their blue-haired head smacking against the underside of it as they emerged.

It was a woman, gently rubbing her head from her cranial injury. However, she had a smile on her face despite all. She reached forward, the vision of the room slightly adjusting to show her pretty face. “There we go... webcam readjusted...” she muttered.

She placed her hands on her hips. “Hi everyone! It’s Rachel Groves, your number one heartthrob for ten years running!” She winked. “Speaking of which, ten years... that’s why I got this stream together.”

She cleared her throat. “My lovely husband, and one of your favorite writers [probably], Firingwall, has been here on FurAffinity for over ten years now! It has been a wild ride. Sure, he wasn’t active every year early on if you check his gallery. Rest assured though; he has been with you all for quite a while now.

“So! That brings us to this event. I decided to take it upon myself to do something a little special. A fun little callback to the olden days to his first story written for FurAffinity.” She pulled out her phone and started typing on it. She paused though, frowning. “And before anyone says it, I mean by his first story he wrote for FA that wasn’t a sequel to something else.”

She tapped a few more times on her phone and held it out. On it, the screen showed a webpage on FurAffinity. It was for a story called Pumping Up, its icon being an official piece of Machoke artwork in jpg form.

“Ta-da!” Rachel wiggled the phone, the image getting blurry. “This is ‘Pumping Up’, a Machoke male-to-male and female-to-male tale from back in the day. It features Firingwall and moi turning into big, buff Machokes.”

She tossed the phone onto the desk, the room shaking briefly. She leaned in, her smile looking bigger and wider than before. “While the writing isn’t as good or polished as his later works, it is an important little tale that’s very near and dear to our hearts.”

Her look turned devious as her head tilted down. “So, how about a little callback, eh? Let’s make this decade anniversary special event a little sequel, shall we?”

She cleared her throat, hitting her chest briefly. “Ah-hem~ **Bulk Up.**”

As she spoke that magical phrase, her voice deepened on the second word. Very deep and thick, rather beastly.

She let out a low groan following it. Sweat formed on her forehead, her cheeks growing rosy. She huffed.

She hunched forward until almost her head and shoulders were blocking sight of most of the room. She groaned deeply, followed by moaning. Her arms spread out, shoulders quivering. She huffed and huffed.

She suddenly stood up straight with a quick burst of movement. As she did, she thrust her crotch out. There was a loud rip and tear as the top button of her jeans burst off, the crotch ripping open soon after.

With the new opening in her pants, she grinned. **“First things first, we gotta have proper equipment for this change.”**

She reached forward and the vision of the room slinked downward, focusing more on her crotch. There was a light sheen from beneath her pants, but it wasn't too visible. At least at first before she pulled down her pants. With them off, it was revealed she was wearing a rather big, black, rubbery speedo.

It was a speedo that was already rather bulgy and filled. It was incredibly stretched out, looking like a whole cantaloupe had been stuffed into it. That's not even including the fact it was tenting hard, something long and thick pointing stretching the underwear.

**“Yeah, I know,”** Rachel spoke, her head out of sight. **“No champion belt. Not a perfect Machoke without that defining feature, riiiiight? Well, I ask you, the people at home, this: do you really care about that missing feature... or do you care about the real, better edition that lies just below the belt.”**

There was a soft giggle and her hands came down to the speedo, grabbing its sides. With a careful tug, she started pulling it down, the fabric getting caught on the large tent in the front. She quickly fixed that, yanking it off the pole and letting loose her new features.

It was a pair of balls and a large cock. They were both dark grey, human-looking in appearance despite the color. There were long, red markings along the shaft of her cock, very similar to the markings on a Machoke's arms.

She reached down and groped her balls, her figure shaking. Gripping her dick, she proceeded to do the same, moaning on top of it. **“Oooooo yeah. Man, did I miss these guys so much. Still feels good after all these years.”**

Rachel pumped her cock for a bit, pre starting to form at its tip and drip. She moaned more, her body slouching. The area around her crotch slowly turned grey like her equipment, the coloration spreading to the hips and presumably behind her, just out of sight.

**“Hrrrmphhhh, ooooo~”** She let out go her male parts and took a few breaths, stepping back so she was more in view. **“Sorry folks. Get... get a bit lost there at times when I do this stuff. Best if we move on and focus on the details of this transformation, right?”**

She let out a deep breath and pointed to her hips. Her hips looked far flatter than before, having lost their round shape. She ran her hands down them as her legs naturally spread further apart, her stance a bit more mannish. **“As you can see, the first changes are naturally below the belt, removing any unnecessary traces of curvature.”**

She started turning around, flipping her rear to the front. The grey skin texture had already spread onto her butt, which was deflating. Her round, perky ass was flattening fast, ass cheeks spreading slightly as they widened. They shifted into a square-ish, tough shape, far more toned and fit now.

She reached behind and felt her ass, giving it a firm slap. The sound was like hitting a dense piece of firm meat. **“And now, there’s the rear, much more befitting of the masculine, built mon I’ll be soon enough.”**

She turned around, her head slowly shifting out of view somewhat. She grew a few inches, now just out of camera range. Her shirt lifted, revealing the bottom of her navel.

There was a chuckle. **“Heh, look like mah body got bigger~ These ‘choke things happen of course, but it may be tricky for me to stay completely in the camera, mah.”**

**“But not a problem for this part.”** She stepped forward and grabbed the computer chair, pulling it front and center. Positioning herself, she brought her right leg up onto it so it could be front and center, mostly visible.

Her leg looked swollen, skin bulging and greying. The limb’s musculature was swelling quickly, bulging her thigh muscles to a thicker, denser figure. Her knee popped, growing to match her thigh as her calf ballooned to match. In a matter of seconds, her leg was nearly triple its original size and width.

She brought that leg down and lifted the other, revealing it had changed as well. **“Mmm, big ma’ changes. Legs getting bigger, hips stronger, Rach... I’m getting taller, ‘choke. I’m really feeling Machoke changes now.”**

Rachel chuckled, the camera’s vision readjusting to fully show her head and torso again. **“Sorry, ma’ can’t help it. Saying Machoke or some variant of it, ‘choke, becomes more natural the longer the transformation goes on. It gets harder to think and I feel the ‘choke call of the wild calling to Machoke... me. Don’t know why this ‘choke doesn’t happen with any other Pokémon-related change, but mah don’t care~”**

She paused and looked down. Her thin purple top was stretching in the waist. She lifted the top, revealing grey skin passing onto her stomach at this point. Her waist had indeed widened and on top of that, abs were starting to form.

**“Mmmm, Rachoke... Ahem, I always Machoke like this part a fair a bit. Showin’ some real ‘choke muscles now.”**

She chuckled and yawned. **“Though I... Rachel... Rachel always Mah like this best, ‘choke.”** She stretched her arms and shoved his chest forward. Her breasts seemed to wobble before slowly retracting. Her generous amount of cleavage slowly faded, the stretched top of her shirt slowly hanging loose on her.

Her mounds flattened, Rachel laughing. **“Rachel need no breasts.”** Her chest quivered again, widening and stretching. The skin turned grey as the areas expanded, swelling and raising enough to form impressive pectorals.

She snorted, rubbing her chest. **“Rachoke only need pecs. Pecs are best.”**

As she rubbed, a gruff, animalistic moan escaped her maw. Her entire body shook, especially her head. Though almost obscured with her head slightly out of the camera’s vision, three small, brown ridges had risen from the top of her skull, poking out of her hair.

Rachel panted, shaking her head. **“Rachel... choke thinks... umm... thinks... thinks hair Machoke overrated. Rachoke need no hair.”**

She reached up and touched her scalp, rubbing it furiously with her fingers. Long, blue hair slowly fell out, falling onto her shoulders or getting caught into her hands. She rubbed for several minutes, fingers going all over and around her ridges. Eventually, she let go and shook her head, causing the last strands to fall out.

Rachel smirked, sliding her mitts over her smooth-ish scalp, completely bald now. **“Rachoke think better without hair. Rachoke look better. Does ‘choke think so too?”**

Rachel leaned in and looked down below the camera’s sight. She muttered something under her breath before. **“Audience want more muscles. Rachoke want more muscles too!”**

She lifted her shoulders and wiggled them, letting out loose pops and cracks. She rotated one arm and then rotated the other. Her shoulders broadened and raised, adding to her heavy, masculine appearance.

The shirt started to rip, first the spaghetti straps and then down the front. Her top had slowly been stretching over her torso harder and harder, especially as it widened a bit more. It finally reached its breaking point with her shoulders and then her bulging six-pack. Head and arms aside, she was one dense, beefy ‘mon.

Rachel huffed, grabbing her top and pulling. It tore off with ease, the transforming figure declaring, **“Rachoke need no clothes besides thong and belt. Human clothes bad, ‘choke.”**

She lifted both of her arms, clenching her fists. Her hands seemed to swell, turning grey themselves as each digit thickened. She raised her forearms and flexed both limbs together.

**“Maaachoke!”** She declared, her arms shaking as they ballooned. Muscles and tendons bulged all at once, swelling her limbs into dense, grey powerhouses. Along their sides, red lines appeared, adding to her Pokémon appearance.

**“Rachoke don’t want to cover Mach’ arms and body with ‘choke clothes. Muscles must mah be shown and flexed. Only need thong and belt.”**

She winced, shoulders clenching. She grinned doing so, flashing her teeth. Her canine sharpened and grew a touch longer, poking out over her bottom lip. **“Belt and thong ‘choke pride of all Machoke along with Mach’ muscles. Rachoke Machoke!”**

Rachel winced again and started to pant. The shape of her head flattened a tad but was still somewhat dome-like. Her brow thickened and angled slightly to give her stares a serious, fierce vibe. As her eyes turned red, she huffed, **“No... Machoke Machoke. Machoke always Machoke.”**

Grey skin crawled up from his torso and onto his neck, which widened. The rough skin moved onto his jaws and up the sides of his head. His ears quickly shrank, flattening against his skull before melding into it. All that was left were unnoticeable holes that he could hear out of.

Rachel hunched forward, gripping his knees. He looked into the camera. There was a smile on this face. **“Gaaah, Rachoke... ‘member little. Maaachoke... feel good, better. Ready... ‘choke... to be... Mach mah... Machoke!”**

With a few cracks, his face shoved forward. His nostrils flared and lifted up into his head, forming reptilian holes. The bridge and tip of his nose widened and stretched out, along with his jaws. His nose melded into his upper jaw, forming a short, but dense muzzle.

**“Maaaaachoke!”** The new Pokémon man moaned happily, standing up straight and stretching his arms. He glanced around the room. *“Machoke, Mach? Maaaachoke.”* He looked confused, scratching his face.

He looked forward and leaned in his face, filling the camera’s view. **“Machoke?”** He lifted a finger and jabbed it. The vision of the room shaking.

**“Machoke, mah?”** He huffed, looking around again. He frowned, seeming confused.

But not too confused or worried. Machoke shrugged and licked his chops. He felt up both of his arms, flexing them. He smirked as he watched his biceps bulged, a beautiful look in his eyes growing evermore.

He looked down. He grabbed at his cock, still hard and erect. He moaned instantly upon touching it, his body shaking. **“Maaaaachoke~”** Pre dripped from his rod as he began to pump it.

**“Maaachoooooooooke!”** He cried, panting heavily. His balls churned, more cum dripping out of his dick. **“Maaaacchoke!”** He bellowed, grunting and moaning. His pumping quickened and turned more fierce. **“MAAAAAAAAAACHOKE!”**

With one final burst pump, he bellowed louder than he had before. White seed sprayed out of his rod, splattering everything ahead of it. That included the camera vision, everything growing blurrier and messier by the second.

And then, the feed became glitchy and static. Eventually, it cut out entirely.

*THE END*