

Parking his bike and shutting off the engine, Zeke hopped to his feet. The abandoned greenhouse that Burgh used to keep his bugs in before moving them all to his gym was a popular spot for ghost hunters, teenagers, and most importantly, people like himself. The cold night air brushed against his stomach and arms—the leather jacket barely covering anything. It made him shiver like a bitch, but it was worth it for the tough look that scared any wannabe vigilantes from trying to jump him.

Despite being hailed as the cornerstone of the region, Castelia City was ridden with shady alleyways and even shadier characters rummaging inside them. A crawling ecosystem of illegal dealings lived underneath the city's shiny exterior, and he was just one out of dozens of gang members trading away things like Slowpoke tails and Jellicent extract in exchange for ten thousand PokeDollars per product.

They said they'd leave the package right in front of the entrance... They're dead meat if I don't find it.

Megastones were outlawed across the planet except for Kalos, but that didn't stop eager entrepreneurs from seeking out the wondrous stones that turned Pokemon into beasts of war—all for the enjoyment of a populace hungry for battles beyond what the Unovan league allowed.

I didn't even know a Serperiorite was a thing. Must be pretty rare, cause I thought that the only Unovan Pokemon with a Megastone was a freakin' Audino of all things...

Zeke pushed against the pair of moss-covered iron doors. Dirt, dust, and organic material that had gotten stuck between the metal floated off to the ground as the doors creaked out loudly, their high-pitched shrill making him turn away and close his eyes in irritation. He pushed all his might into his arms, veins popping as he slowly pried the entrance open with nothing but brute force.

“Ngh... Come on!”

With one final push, the doors finally split open with a final haunting screech that drove a pack of wild Woobats through the broken patches on the ceiling. Directly in front of him—illuminated by the moonlight peering through those same gaps—lay a box that stood out from the rest with its clean, dust-free appearance. It even had a giant stamp of a Ditto winking cheekily, a giant ‘OPEN ME!’ message underneath.

“Tacky.”

He cut the box open with his pocket knife. Lo and behold, the green gem with red streaks trailing down its gleaming surface was resting inside, protected by polyester pellets. It truly was there. His skepticism had been nagging at him all night long about it being nothing more than a scam, but the proof was in its hands. It had the same pearl-like feel as all the other Megastones he sold.

Zeke could just barely believe it. Serperiors were already incredibly rare in Unova—only granted to the most wealthy of trainers or by people under Professor Juniper’s tutelage. He was guaranteed a line of filthy rich brats eager to show their mega-evolved Pokemon.

“I... I’m going to be rich.” Even just saying it out loud felt unreal. “I’m going to be *rich*.” Holding the gem carefully in his gloved hands, Zeke stood motionless—completely engulfed in awe that his ambitions were finally within his reach. “I-I can’t believe it! I’m gonna be rich! I’m *finally* going to be ric—”

The gem gently vibrated in his hands. That slight quiver was enough for the rush of joy to wither away in an instant. A sinking despair traveled down to his gut. He had lost merchandise before, but never something like *this*; something so precious—so valuable—so important...

“I can’t lose thi—”

The gem’s shaking turned erratic like the stone had gained life on its own. It began to sway side to side across his hands, Zeke just *barely* holding onto it and keeping it away from the ground.

“H-hey, what the hell is this?! MegaStones aren’t supposed to act like this!” Thinking fast, Zeke covered the entire gem in his hands. “Stop!” He screamed at the gem, not even sure if he would get an answer. He could feel it thrashing inside his grasp. It was restless, its struggle growing stronger and more violent.

Then, it happened. The sound of glass breaking. Something then slithered up his hand—sticky and murky, like liquid superglue spreading across his gloves. Zeke breathed in through his teeth—clenched as hard as he could to keep himself quiet. But then, it reached his hand, and the cool grimy feel of the liquid made him recoil in shock.

“SHIT!”

The gem slipped out of his hands. He launched himself to the ground to catch it before it crashed against the floor, but he was too slow; the gem shattered underneath him, and he landed right on top of it with a massive *splash*. Goo droplets flew into the air as he slammed down against the floor.

What the...

A large puddle of green sludge had formed from the broken piles of the MegaStone. It was a dark, murky green that had spread across the floor in an instant. It stuck to almost the entire front of his body, accompanied by a pungent scent reminiscent of pounds of cut grass.

“S-shi—” He coughed out a chunk of the slime that had gotten in his mouth, wiping the rest of the goo from around his mouth with his arm.

“Oh... Oh *fuck*... **GOD DAMMIT!**” Zeke arched his head skyward. His scream echoed across the greenhouse, the despair of what he had just lost crashing over him like a bucket of ice-cold water. “NonoNO! This wasn’t supposed to happen!” Zeke’s gruff, nicotine-ridden voice began to break down into a panicked diatribe—no different from a child angrily throwing a tantrum.

“What the *FUCK?!!*” He angrily stomped on the puddle, his boot slamming against the liquid. He stomped against the destroyed remains of his spoils, barraging his feet against the puddle... until his feet suddenly clamped up in place.

Zeke immediately tried pulling back, mouth hanging open as jagged breaths parted his lips. Out of the puddle, small tendrils had come up and wrapped themselves around his boot. The curls of slime refused to let go of his foot, more and more sprouting from the puddle to coil around Zeke’s boots.

“L-let go!” His pleas were ignored. The unfeeling, lifeless mass of slime completely engulfed his boot. It didn’t grant him the same reprieve for his other foot—completely swallowing it in a mere second like a shark gulping down a fish in a whole bite. “S-STOP!” As it held onto his feet, it *squeezed* them mercilessly, holding onto them so fiercely that his feet and the puddle basically merged as one. “I’M GONNA FUCKING... AGGGH!”

It then crawled up on his legs. The slime began to press against his jeans, vibrating with an ebb and flow that was disturbingly alien. It squelched loudly with an almost life-like shrill. Zeke didn’t know what it meant at first, but he soon figured it out as he felt the patch-like texture of his jeans disappearing and being met with the cold, slimy feel of the slime. “A-ah! What the fuck?! No, those things cost me a fortune!”

Just as the slime did with his feet, it squeezed his legs to the point that it almost acted like a second layer of skin. No space was left between his body and the green coating that was consuming his entire body in an agonizing crawl. Zeke began pulling desperately on his ‘pants’ to try and tear them off, trying to prevent it from creeping up to his groin. He gripped the layer, pulling with his nails dug into the fluid to try and tear it, but his efforts were for naught. He couldn’t keep up with the amount of liquid traveling up his body.

The goo immediately wrapped itself around his member. It enveloped it completely, then mounted even more goo to form a bulge around it—composed of layers upon layers that obscured his cock under the round, green lump. “W-what the...” The rubber still kept squeezing his dick, masturbating him from within the suit—doing so *agonizingly* slowly. “F-fuck!” He immediately lunged at the bulge, squeezing it desperately to try and pry the slime away from his cock. He gripped even harsher, the *sqrkk*-ing sound growing louder and louder, echoing in his head ever stronger.

“L-let... mpmh—” He bit his lip, trying to suppress a moan from the barrage of overstimulation. It pumped his cock faster by the second, refusing to slow down. It used the constant push of his member to crawl up his behind, spreading around his butt, turning his ass cheeks into two shiny green orbs. “So... ghood... Gotta stop...” As he slowly lost balance, the slime took its change.

With his ass cheeks coated, the slime dove in. “A-AGH!” Saliva flew from Zeke’s mouth, the crescendo of his building arousal resulting in a high-pitched, whiny moan. The goo pushed deep within through his hole, using itself as a lubricant to push more and more of itself. The large tendril expanded inside, expanding his hole further while forming a gap inside itself as

well. The green protrusion slowly gained the shape of a hollow plug that kept his entrance spread.

“G-gotta... resist...” His tongue lolled out of his mouth, drool splashing against the puddle. His hand had mindlessly drifted off to the bulge, gripping the null lump with his entire palm, and began rubbing it desperately in an attempt for release.

In the meantime, the goo had begun to crawl up his torso. It covered his taut belly, highlighting the musculature on his muscle gut and pectorals with the same pattern as his jacket. Underneath a less opaque, light-green membrane began to crawl up underneath the ‘jacket’, encompassing his entire midsection, shoulders, and arms.

His hands were quickly encompassed by a pair of gauntlets with the same leafy texture as his jacket and pants. Yellow coatings that resembled long plant-like stems then went alongside the edges of the grassy jacket, extending past it to firmly pinch his hulking arms, prodding at the definition.

Then, the membrane began crawling up his head. With the arousal continuing to build on the tip of his penis—still edged out of a climax by the coats of latex covering it—Zeke didn’t even realize that it had reached his face. His eyes rolled back in pure euphoria as the latex slowly covered the top of his face. Blinding lights assaulted him and made him aware of his fate; the latex pulled harshly on his muscled body, highlighting every inch of his frame and refusing to budge no matter what. Even just moving slightly caused the entire suit to squeak loudly like a balloon being violently squeezed, and the sound for some reason lulled him deeper into the pleasure-ridden crevices of his brain.

So strong... All that I could ever want... is being...

“Serperior-Man! Ready for action!” The newly rebirthed hero flexed, feeling his musculature pulsate with adrenaline as the suit squeezed his bulge mercilessly.