

In retrospect, eating that candy was probably a bad idea.

The first signs of the transformation came when he felt his pants start to get tight all over; he expected to get slightly fatter, considering the sheer number of calories packed into that thing, but never did he imagine that it would happen so quickly! It wasn't until he placed his hands on his buttocks that Dandy realized it wasn't his belly growing larger and overflowing from his belt, but his ass and thighs occupying an inordinate amount of room on his frame, far more so than they should. He barely got a couple of seconds out of this before he heard the fabric begin to tear, his soft flesh bulging from within the holes and inviting him to lose himself in how unbelievably soft it was.

On a far less wholesome note, what he was carrying between his legs decided to join in on the fun as well; his zipper lasted about as long as his belt did before breaking up completely, his package tearing through the middle of his pants as it began its descent to knee-length. Rhythmic pulses hit from within, each one adding inches onto his lower body, until there was no more hiding it; with a final, loud rip, anything he might've been wearing was turned to scraps, and the whole world could see what was happening to him. It was about as good an excuse as any for him to bring his hands to his shaft, allowing him to feel its surprising smoothness, interrupted only by the occasional throbbing, courtesy of his heartbeat reaching all the way down. His package was extremely sensitive as well, and despite his best efforts to keep his wits about him, he could already feel a climax approaching when he began to lose control over his ministrations. It took all of his mental might to yank his hands away from his rod... only to have them land on his ass instead.

He had briefly considered sitting down thanks to all that extra weight giving gravity some more weapons against him, but now that he got to experience the full plushness of his rear, the mere thought of it was borderline heretical. No, he had to stay up, had to give himself full access to his burgeoning cheeks as they packed more and more mass onto themselves; he felt his pudge overflowing from between his fingers, his hands sinking deeply into his body as he squeezed himself as hard as he could. Within a few moments he had practically vanished up to the wrist, while his ass wobbled aggressively with each motion.

The one thing that rivalled it in terms of *needing* to be fondled and caressed were his thighs. Just as his hips were flaring out to match the colossal behind he was developing, so too did his thighs begin to inflate and fill with soft flesh, their surface becoming smooth and tinged oddly green; it almost looked like a glow emanating from within, with a warmth to go along with it... at least until Dandy got to experience his skin being turned into scales right in front of his eyes! They seemed to sprout from nothing, hardening over where his skin used to be, emerald in colour

and so smooth as to invite the most tender of caresses. Such a pity that it was his cock's turn again!

That thing was already fat enough that Dandy was having some trouble even holding it with both hands. Instinctively, he began to pump it, trying his best to work it with what limited strength he had left in his arms. Didn't take a lot for him to reach an edge, but not necessarily *the* edge; there was still a release, still the splattering of cum all over the ground and the sounds of churning as his balls clenched while delivering their payload, but it lacked that raw satisfaction that he remembered his orgasms having. It was less a climax and more just... a thing. Like he had a fully inflated balloon and, rather than letting it vent completely, just had the tiniest sliver of air escape... while filling it up even more somehow.

There was no doubt there: his nuts were still growing, as was his shaft, and not only did they seem even heavier right after painting the ground white, but he was rearing to again just mere seconds after supposedly being done! It would've been worrying if not for how much it overpowered his ability to think; without even considering the consequences, the transformed trainer began to jerk off *again*, eager to see if a second orgasm would do anything to stop his continuous growth.

It didn't. And that was exactly what he wanted to see.

The rest of his body wasn't turning as fast as his lower half, but it was still doing its part. The coating of green scales spread through his torso and towards his head, mercifully sparing his hair while still giving it the same green tinge... and a red outline on some of its outer strands. His skull rounded and elongated, not only giving him a draconic muzzle, but also extending two bone spurs off of either side, which grew to resemble something akin to horns, quickly coated by the same material as the rest of his form. His midriff too was given some of the pudge his ass and thighs were gorging themselves on, not only giving him a rounded pot belly, but turning his once-defined pecs into a pair of deliciously soft moobs, both of which, again, he would *love* to get his hands on.

If they weren't so busy on his ass, of course. That thing was getting enormous, and to a certain degree he began to wonder just how he was going to walk from that point on; he was already unable to do anything but waddle, and even then he ran the risk of toppling over at any time... which itself would lead to plenty of trouble if he happened to press his entire body weight on top of a shaft that seemed intent on becoming as big he himself was. Seeing as it was *still* spurting thick ropes of his seed at minimal stimulation, who knew what might happen if it was given some *real* pressure to deal with? Thoughts for later; now he needed to find something better to do with his hands.

While he worried himself on where next to pleasure himself, the transformation made its finishing touches on him. Two fleshy nubs appeared on his back, bulging into soft spheres before extending outwards, lengthening considerably for a few seconds before unfurling into a pair of wide, leathery wings, looking woefully undersized compared to the rest of him. Though it took him a few tries to figure out how to operate them, with his brain confused as to how to use two new limbs it had no clue what to do with, he eventually succeeded in flapping them about a couple of times... though it still took a while before they lived up to their supposed task and actually lifted them off the ground. It surprised him to no end that a pair of wings that tiny compared to him still had enough power to have him fly, even if it was barely more than a flutter a couple of feet off the ground; at least it let him internalize how *massive* he was in the literal sense, having to rest to recover his breath after “flying” for barely more than a few steps. It was just more fuel for the furnace, really; the knowledge that he was simply too curvaceous and heavy to even move around properly.

The last splashes of colour grew onto his scales, creating patterns of lighter green while adorning some of the edges around his head and wings with a deeper red, similar to the one on his hair. This change was reflected in his eyes, though it'd be hard to tell, considering the only thing Dandy kept from before the transformation were the goggles that miraculously held onto his face, their red-tinted lenses somehow the perfect shade to mix with the rest of his colouring. Not that he really noticed any of this; while his body was busy turning him into a voluptuous Flygon, he had been going through every bit of him to try and find where his hands could do the most “damage” to his libido.

He settled for his thighs for a bit, marvelling at how they had become about as plush and soft as his rear, though not to the point where his round fingers could dig into them as much. They were still inviting, but more in the sense that he'd need to invite someone else to take good care of them eventually. He briefly considered giving some attention to his tail, which he just now realized he even had; that thing snuck up on him when it sprouted from his lower back, and though it took a back seat for most of his transformation, was now filling up like a sausage with the amount of meat being pushed into it. His new appendage lengthened and widened so much that, before long, it was already getting busy snaking between his tremendous asscheeks, rubbing up against his inflated donut of a tailhole, before coiling around one of his legs. He involuntarily clenched, feeling its powerful grip tighten, its size burgeoning still... but something else grabbed his attention.

He had to pay attention to his package, which had gone without it for far too long. Both of his nuts were dragging along the ground, leaving small tracks in the dirt whenever he moved, while his cock, were it not so stiff that he could hug it without having to bend over, would

probably be trailing even lower than that somehow. As it stood, that shaft had reached what felt like an apex, turgid to the point where he couldn't even squish any part of it, the veins on its surface throbbing with each heartbeat, taxing his body so much that, before Dandy even knew it, he was on the ground.

He had lost himself staring at his cock, marvelling at it, not really recognizing when his legs began to shake under the weight and all the diverted blood. To be fair to him, the fall wasn't even that severe; with an ass as plush as his, it was the equivalent of collapsing onto a pair of very soft beanbags, barely enough to even feel the ground at all. At least now he could play with himself without having to worry about keeping balance, his legs being diverted to rub against his orbs while the claws on his feet curled up with about as much gusto as he bit his lip. To see something as magnificent as that attached to him was stimulation in and of itself, and he hadn't even bothered to start exploring it properly! Already he could feel another spurt coming, and indeed the burst of cum flew over his head and landed behind him, only egging him on further. It seemed like he would never find an end to it, that he'd just keep on cumming forever and ever until he blacked out... and even then it wouldn't stop!

Part of him wanted to be wrong, and yet he kept finding newer and newer depths to the wellspring of seed his nuts had turned into. His transformation had already begun to slow down, but either his balls hadn't gotten the message, or he was being forced to deal with all the backed-up climaxes he *didn't* have while turning into that thick piece of ass that was now on full display. Maybe his body went through so much that it couldn't even process it, and now that he had some free time, he had to go through the backlog. Whatever the case, it was obvious he was going to spend... a *while*, dealing with his constant release.

Minutes turned into half an hour turned into a full one, and *still* the ropes of cum kept firing from his tip, coating the ground and himself in a thick layer of musky white, driving him to ever-greater heights of mindlessness. He no longer cared about stopping, or even finding a limit; just rubbing that torso-length cock and having it keep spurting until he was dry, whenever that ended up being. Poor thing was left so battered by his own constant releases that he would eventually pass out, his shaft still throbbing as it spurted its last, leaving his body (torso especially) covered in his own spunk as the Flygon's cock began to recede to its smallest size. Yet again, the transformed trainer didn't care; he was warm, he was fuzzy, he was large, and even in his insensate state, his hands were flying all over his curves, eager to find as much of them as they could. Sweet dreams and lewd images flew through his head as he mumbled himself back to alertness, only to find out that it *hadn't* been just his imagination. Everything really happened, he really *was* that big.

And the day was just starting as well...