

“Ngghhh…”

A Litten bit the end of his pencil, sitting in the dark of his dorm room. The only light in the room came from the monitor in front of him, the feline’s laptop illuminating his face with a pale blue glow. His upper fang poked out, biting into the rubbery end of his eraser, his free fingers drumming over a flipped open textbook. His brows were furrowed, deep in concentration as he stared at the figures and forms that were displayed on his laptop screen.

A last minute cram session. Sure, he already knew the content inside and out, but he wasn’t about to let any imperfections ruin his score.

He didn’t want to take that chance. He was smart, and he wanted to keep things that way. A dip in his GPA would not only embarrass him, but it might impact future career opportunities as well.

The Litten’s thumb slid over the rough white stone that dangled from his neck. The padded end of his digit sifted over it, scratching subtly over the pumice-like texture. In times like this, it felt like a good luck charm—in addition to its more practical qualities. He had it since he was a young teenager, determined to keep himself from evolving.

Why?

He was exceptional—not in brawn, but, rather, in brains. Unlike the rest of his family of Incineroar, he was bound for greater things. That’s why he was attending one of the most prestigious colleges in the Kanto region. Genetic engineering was a career he was interested in since he was young. Why did evolution occur? And why did it drastically change personalities—even competency in certain species of Pokemon? They were mysteries that he had a personal stake in: something he felt compelled to understand and unravel.

Miguel sighed softly as he closed his eyes for a moment. He felt a burning sear behind his lids, eyes dry from having stared at the bright screen for far too long. Just as he was starting to idly doze off, the sound of thumping footsteps could be heard outside. They came racing right up to the door, pausing only a second before it burst open.

“NGAAHHH-!”

Miguel flailed, arms going everywhere, Everstone swaying around as he thrashed around in just his boxers and a white t-shirt. His glasses nearly popped off of his nose as he listed dangerously back, the front wheels of his chair flipping into the air—on a crash course for the floor.

Blinking, the Litten slowly opened his eyes, realizing that his descent had…halted? Turning his gaze, he saw a heavily muscled figure blocking out the light from the hall. His meaty arm was outstretched, holding the back of his chair, keeping it from tipping all the way back. Gently, he was lowered back down, bleary eyes blinking a few times.

The form of a wide grinning Thievul came into focus, the fox-like Pokemon holding up the chair with just a single hand. “What’s up, Bro?~” he asked, his voice a subtle, yet goofy slur. Miguel’s nose jumped, his expression screwing up as he picked up hints of alcohol in addition to the usual earthy musk that radiated from his boyfriend.

“You’re drunk!”

“Chaaaarged as guilty!” the hirsute fox said with a dumb laugh, letting the chair go, Miguel bobbing back and forth, clinging to the seat like a startled cat as he went with it. The feline’s cheeks burned as he pushed his glasses back up his nose, trying to avert his gaze from the heavily muscled Pokemon who was looming nearby. He must have been at least 300 pounds of pure muscle, swollen end caps for delts pushing out his shoulders, making him look like a living wall. His stringer tank didn’t do him any favors, the fabric practically a loin cloth for his chest, meaty pecs pushing out the front, lats hanging out the sides.

“Aw, c’mon!” He laughed, leaning forward, pressing his heavily muscled chest against the Litten’s head. Just to make sure he couldn’t escape, one of those large hands reached around, gripping the cat’s cheek, turning it so his nose went straight between his meaty pecs. “You know you love me!”

“*Lukas-!*” Miguel snapped. “I’ve got exams I’m studying for!” He huffed, trying his best to avoid inhaling too much of the masculine musk that radiated from his roommate—and lover.

“*Pssshhh*, you study *toooo* much-!” Lukas said with a roaring laugh, wrapping a heavily muscled arm around the smaller ‘Mon. A meaty fist swung in, knuckles burying between Miguel’s pointed ears, giving the cat a merciless noogie.

“You should be studying too! You’re going to fail your classes!” he snapped, eyes screwed shut, brows furrowed as he tried his best to ignore the situation he found himself—surrounded in the musky, and somewhat sweaty embrace of the absurdly thick Thievul. “H-How are you even this sweaty?! It’s *freezing* outside!”

“Natural heat~” he responded smoothly. Or, as smoothly as he could, considering the alcohol coursing through his system. “I don’t need to be a fire type to keep you warm at night, *baaaaabe...~*”

Miguel flinched from the smell of the larger male’s breath, waving a hand in front of his face frantically. “I’m serious! I need to study!” He was legitimately getting angry at this point, his cheeks and the insides of his ears heating up. “You’re not listening to me!” he snapped, his voice cracking in a way that made him anything but intimidating.

“Aww... Don’t get mad, *Liebste..~*” he said with a drunken giggle, some of his first language starting to leak through thanks to the intoxication.

The Litten growled under his breath, still blushing furiously. It wasn't that he *didn't* like what was happening—quite the opposite. He loved his boyfriend's massive body and all of that rippling muscle. He loved the musk that came off of him, along with all the other assets the hunky Thievul possessed: that wide jawline, thick stubble, even the fluffy patches of mustache that stuck out from either side of his muzzle.

The only problem was that he tended to take things too far.

He was often too rowdy for his own good, Lucas not knowing when to stop. Despite this, he always meant well, and Miguel was well aware of it. Unfortunately, tonight, his patience was running dangerously thin with his antics—especially with alcohol amping them up.

“*Heheee...* Can you imagine what you'd look like as an Incineroar?” It was something he always fantasized about, imagining just how large his boyfriend would turn out to be should he ever opt to evolve. It's something they've talked about, even had mild arguments about in the past. Lukas believed that evolution was perfectly natural, meanwhile, Miguel wanted nothing to do with the topic.

Lukas pressed his lips to his lover's neck, nuzzling along the braided black rope of his necklace. Miguel seized up, his breath hitching as he felt the warm breath wafting through his short fur, bristly mustache brushing through it. “*A-Ahh...*” he gasped, shaking, shuddering subtly, pushing his hands on the Thievul's chest, impotently trying to push him away.

“S-Stop...”

“*C'mon...*” he muttered, warm breath wafting against the dampened fur of his boyfriend's neck. “You know you want me...~” he practically purred, fingers stroking around his boyfriend's lithe body.

“I said STOP-!” the smaller cat snapped. The back of his chair was pressed against his desk now, leaning dangerously back over his still-glowing laptop. It bathed both of them in sickly blue light, haloing around the Litten while lighting up the Thievul's face. “I've got to study! I can't help it if your evolution makes you stupidly horny—just leave me out of it-!”

Blinking, Lucas pulled back, staring at the heaving, angry Litten leaning back away from him. Those words seemed to sober him, his smirk sliding off of his face. Shock gave way to rising indignance, his brows furrowing as he glared down at the smaller Pokemon. “Oh, so is that all I am? Just some big, *dumb*, idiot?”

Miguel seemed to realize he stepped on a nerve, a portion of his anger burning off as he stared up at his looming boyfriend.

“Well, let's see how *you* like it, then!” the fox snapped, having reached out with a large hand. His fingers fumbled, grazing the front of Miguel's shirt before clasp around his necklace. The

feline's eyes went wide as the cord went taut; it snapped with a flex of that heavily muscled arm, the white stone being yanked away from him.

"*W-Wait!*" he pleaded, his voice breaking as it swung higher in pitch, grabbing frantically for the stone. It dangled, gripped by the broken string far above where he could reach. He fell out of his chair as his drunk boyfriend stepped away, the side of it clattering to the floor along with the pile of Litten.

Without thinking, Lucas pushed the window with one hand, nearly succeeding in shoving it out of its frame. The other reared, the stone gripped tight in his hand, reeling back before throwing it. The white stone gleamed in the light of the streetlights as it went sailing through the air, falling three storeys down before vanishing into a set of hedges below.

It was several seconds until the full gravity of what he had done hit him—a hard slap of reality knocking him out of his alcohol-induced indignance. A hand went to the Thievul's mouth, his eyes going wide as he leaned out the window, frantically looking for where the necklace fell. "*Shiiiiit...Shit, shit shit-!*" he hissed under his breath, turning to look at his boyfriend, red-furred form still crumpled on the ground. "Fuck! I'm sorry!"

"You...*IDIOT-!*" Miguel snapped, his chest heaving, bobbing up and down. He clutched at it, fingers digging into his shirt, a few beads of sweat already starting to form over his forehead. "D-Do you know what you've just done?!" he snapped, shaking like a leaf, barely able to catch his breath as he clutched tighter into his chest.

"H-Hey, it's..." Lucas stammered, waving his large hands back and forth disarmingly. "It's okay! I-I can get it back! I'll just run downstairs, and—"

An unnaturally deep growl interrupted him, the fox almost failing to recognize that it came from his *boyfriend* at first. Miguel's fist slammed into the carpeted floor, fingers flexing as he clenched his fist, tendons bulging. It looked like he was racked with pain, his body twitching as he let out short, strained gasps; it was enough to make Lucas worry that he might have induced the beginnings of a heart attack.

"G-Get AWAY FROM ME-!"

Lucas stumbled back, his hand slapped away with surprising force as he tried to reach out for his boyfriend. The eyes that glared up at him burned, glowing in the darkened light of the dimmed dorm room. He let out another strained sound that traveled up his throat as he clutched at himself. The cat's body seemed to stand on end, muscles flexing unnaturally hard under his short-furred pelt.

"I...I can call a doctor! M-Maybe—"

“Sh-SHUT UP-!” the smaller cat boomed, his entire body twitching as he hunched forward, slamming both fists into the floor in front of him. They twitched, fingers splaying before pulling back in. His fists were shaking, tendons bulging as they started to engorge. Subtly, but surely, they were growing larger, fingers fattening up. Forearms ballooned, pushing against his pelt, causing it to creak against the sudden onslaught.

He roared in pain, eyes screwing shut as he dropped his head down between his arms. His feet twitched, seemingly going through the same process as well. Socks strained, filling up as fattening toes jutted out the ends. Sharp obsidian nails pierced out the ends as he heaved and panted, sweat starting to drip down from him.

Lucas stood next to the window, the faint light streaming in illuminating his form. He was stuck—frozen—unable to move. This wasn't normal. It wasn't right—evolution was supposed to be painless, right? That's how his went, so why?...

It was then that he noticed something with Miguel's arms. His fur pattern had already begun to change—but not in the way that Lucas had expected. Deep red and black stripes began to form, rejecting the very idea of the smaller feline becoming a Torracat.

“I...I can't stop...” Miguel whined, shaking, his head lowered to the point where it threatened to press to the floor. His eyes were screwed shut tight, a few tears welling up before dripping down his muzzle. It was clear he was in pain, years, even a decade worth of denial of his natural biology taking its toll—almost with a vengeance.

“M-Miguel! H-Hold on, I can—NGH-!”

He was unable to finish his sentence, his attempt to reach down for his lover only resulting in one of those limbs lashing out. An engorged forearm swung out, a meaty fist smashing against his face, broad knuckles catching his cheek. It packed enough force to send him flying back, tripping on his own feet until he toppled back into the messy bed behind him.

“Fuck-!” Lucas hissed, feeling the warm trickle of blood already dribbling from his padded nose.

The changes continued to consume the Litten as he writhed, having dropped onto his back. His legs twitched, spasming as muscle forced itself into his once scrawny limbs. It was like someone had jammed an air pump into his thighs, newly formed muscle tearing apart before knitting back together even bigger than it once was—repeating this process over and over.

The cat wailed, his voice dropping in pitch with every gasp of breath. Veins started to web along the insides of those thighs, spreading down to calves that burst into life, pumping into shelves just above those meaty feet. His socks were tearing to shreds as those stompers started widening, padded soles ripping the threads to pieces. His boxers pulled skin-tight, material hiking up his thighs as they grew too large. Just like the rest of him, his fur pattern was changing, vibrant crimson replacing jet black.

“A-Hhh.. I-It hurts...!” he whined, his face screwing up, clawed fingers raking through the carpet, easily tearing it up with his engorged digits. His natural body heat was going out of control, new muscle acting like a living furnace as the ambient heat started to warm the rest of the room. He bucked his hips, seemingly unable to control his transforming body as he writhed.

The front of the feline’s boxers started to swell as well, junk ballooning as it stretched the fabric to the point of bursting. Nearby, Lucas was watching in shocked silence, still cradling his busted nose. His eyes were wide, at a loss of what to do. The show was utterly arousing, yet terrifying at the same time. He knew he should be getting help or doing *something*, but he couldn’t bring his body to move.

Completely frozen in place as his boyfriend continued to change and grow.

Just like his legs, his arms swelled up, veins webbing over his forearms before creeping further north. Biceps bloomed, small baseballs pumping to softballs, then entire basketballs as those mounds angrily split. Horseshoe shaped triceps rippled as they fought for space, his arms now several times thicker than the Litten’s lithe torso. The sleeves of his t-shirt had completely disintegrated, having audibly snapped and ripped off of those engorging limbs.

He was absurdly uneven, a small, pathetic Litten attached to limbs that belonged to a much larger Incineroar. They looked to be even larger than Lucas’ own brawny limbs: a fact that was shamefully making the front of fox’s pants start to strain.

Fear was painted over Miguel’s face as he watched, what he considered, a grotesque transformation of his once lean physique. His arms rippled with raw brawn, veins webbing like roots from a tree with every twitch. He seemed uncoordinated, unable to control the new limbs, as if they weren’t wired correctly for his brain.

A whine pushed past his lips as he screwed his arms shut. The same warping growth pushed up from his legs, shoving into his rear, causing his boxers to sink into a deepening crack as dimpled glutes ballooned. It lifted him up from the floor, causing his hips to rest higher than the rest of his torso.

Between his thighs, a once meager endowment swelled. As if someone was pumping it full of air, it swelled, thickened shaft popping out the top as his balls ballooned. Unable to take the strain, his boxers split open, elastic breaking as it peeled away from his growing form.

A wet slap marked the occasion of his growing cock, a smattering of precum splattering over his chest—much to Miguel’s horror.

Lucas could barely think, his mind blanking as he stared at the transformation before him. Even though it wasn’t complete, he could tell that Miguel was going to be *monstrously* huge. It would have been terrifying if it wasn’t so arousing.

Miguel's midsection swelled with every labored, gasping breath. Once light abdominals swelled up into powerful bricks, veins creeping up from his crotch, branching out over them as they pumped up. It's like he was trying to hold it back, Miguel clenching his breaths in an attempt to stop his burgeoning roid gut from ballooning out further.

It was a futile attempt. Every breath he managed to pull only made it double in size, forcing his still-growing shaft up and over it.

The helmeted head of his obsidian shaft slid over his chest, eventually bumping against his cheek. He tried pushing it away only to find that his arms didn't have the same level of coordination as they used to, only succeeding in grazing fattened fingers against supple flesh.

He let out a mix of what sounded like a frustrated growl and a lustful moan as a thick bout of precum gushed over his face, some of it getting into his open, panting maw.

The cat was granted a reprieve—at least, for a moment.

The growth seemed to finally reach a head. Miguel's chest acted like an epicenter, transformative growth from all of his limbs finally meeting in one place. With every sharp breath, his pecs ballooned out. "No...*No, no no-!*" he whined, face screwing up as his engorged cock sank between ballooning mounds.

His shirt tore, fabric loudly ripping as it was forced, and failed, to conform around those burgeoning globes. Even his back wasn't spared, massive delts spreading, lats blooming from either side of his rapidly expanding chest. He packed on entire feet worth of width, his body finally filling out to match the proportions of his newly-bloated limbs even as he writhed and wailed.

A look of horror formed over Miguel's precum-splattered face as he heard his own voice. It was deepening—rapidly too. His neck was thickening, veins creeping up from his mammoth pectorals and into that once thin length. It was, perhaps, the most dramatic of his entire transformation: a tiny twig turning into a massive vine-coated trunk.

The sound seemed to have an effect on Lucas, a moan slipping past his lips as he adjusted, trying to force down his obvious, leaking erection in his shorts. The scent coming from his boyfriend was intense, the heat pouring from the sweaty cat turning their small dorm into a musk-infused sauna.

Miguel's eyes screwed shut, those massive hands reaching up, clumsily gripping around his head. It felt like it was going to burst, the pressure building up as his neck swelled, traps wrapping around either side of his skull.

Like the explosive force of a popped balloon, Miguel's jawline blew out. It grew into a wide plate, cheekbones pushing out. His once thin and pointed chin turned blocky, a split forming down the middle, creating a shelf that could smash through steel. Even his brows pushed out, growing thick as crimson hairs swept out like two dense slugs, giving him the look of a brawn-focused brute.

"Noo...*NNGUHH-!*" he boomed, slurring his words as he gripped at his shifting, changing head. His completely alien, a roaring, brutish bass shaking from his meaty neck like the bellow of a train horn.

He was unable to think, the musk radiating from his body enough to blank his mind with every inhale. His padded nose jumped as he breathed in the earthy aroma, disgusted with the fact it was coming from his body—yet unable to stop. It was like poison, shredding the futile resistance of his collapsing mind. Testosterone raged as churning cum factories ballooned below, flooding his system as he continued to writhe in vain.

It was like someone pulled a drain plug on his mind. Complex thoughts being pulled away from him as if yanked by a string—forever out of reach. The passion and anger caused him to growl, flames licking the corners of his mouth as he snarled in pain; it felt like his head was being split in two.

Miguel writhed on the floor, his massive body slamming back into it a few times. A foot kicked out, the massive stomper cleaving through his desk as if it were made of rotted drywood. The glowing laptop went tumbling, smacked aside in midair by an errant swing of the Incineroar's fist, sending it smashing to pieces in the nearby wall.

...And, make no mistake, there was no more Litten.

When the hands finally pulled away from his face, a brawny, stubble-coated visage was revealed. His eyes opened, revealing unfocused emerald irises. There was no trace left of the cute, petite kitten that Lukas had fallen in love with: instead, there was a heavy, sweaty behemoth on the floor taking up the majority of the space, making even the Thievul's heavily muscled form look a little...impotent.

"**YOU...**" that deep, unfamiliar voice boomed. Lucas let out a sharp eep of a noise as the red-furred monster got up off of the floor, taking one lumbering step before the other—seemingly unfamiliar with its own body. Those massive hands slammed onto either side of the bed, threatening to buckle it, the fox dropping back, squirming.

"**You...STUPID—! DUMB...-!**" The Incineroar seemed to struggle with his words, speaking slowly. His dense brows furrowed hard, meaty jawline intimidatingly rippling as it clenched, jutting lower fangs poking up behind a fattened obsidian lower lip.

“M-Miguel...?” Lucas asked, his voice cracking in fear, desperately trying to ignore the weight of the heavy log that was dropped on top of him. The pulsating shaft oozed, soaking the front of the fox’s taut tank-top with musky spunk.

“**SHUT-!**” The single word was enough to cause Lucas’ mouth to snap shut, the Thievlul pressing back into the bed as his now towering boyfriend loomed over him. “**YOU DID THIS—!**” He gestured to himself, looking down, his jutting chin banging into his swollen shelf for pectorals.

The heat radiating off of the heaving, rage-filled Incineroar was terrifying. Not only was sweat subtly dripping from the larger feline, it was also causing Lucas to break into a sweat as well, the front of his tank starting to soak through.

Somewhere, somehow, it seemed that Miguel realized there was no going back—no fixing this. Instead, he turned his unfocused and blunt fury on the fox underneath him. Roughly, he grabbed the back of his head. Lack of coordination found himself yanking his ear in a way that made Lucas cry out—but he didn’t care. He shoved his face into his chest, forcing his muzzle to completely sink between hirsute globes, making him breath in his scent.

“**YOU’RE GONNA PAY-!**” he boomed, only heightening Lucas’ scare-rousal as he squirmed and flailed impotently. Miguel let out a huff of a noise, feeling those hands squeezing his massive tits, padded palms pressing down on engorged nips that sat underneath his bulging shelf of pecs.

“*RRRhhhh... Mmhrrr...*” he rumbled, licking over his lips. It seemed that the sudden influx of pleasure was doing much to assuage his volatile anger. Instead, the needy feeling in his loins was brought to the forefront, the big cat rocking his endowment down into his boyfriend.

As much as he was enjoying it, Lucas was terrified of what might happen if he stopped, his body trembling as he serviced the Incineroar. It seemed his ministrations were the only thing keeping him from becoming a crimson stain across the room.

The fox leaned down, nuzzling one of those nips, licking at it slowly before wrapping his lips around it. He had never worshiped another male like this before, having always been on the receiving end from guys much smaller than him. His entire world was flipped upside down, and he found that, despite the gut-clenching fear, he was thoroughly enjoying it.

He let out a sharp gasp as his head was gripped roughly again, feeling a few strands of his hair being pulled as he was yanked back. Suddenly eye-to-eye with his boyfriend, he couldn’t help but gulp, Adam’s apple catching in his throat. There was nothing familiar reflected in those eyes, a primal look of unfocused lust and anger radiating from them—the sharpened wit and acute awareness was gone.

“*Mmmph...?!*” Lucas’ eyes went wide as a rough kiss was pressed to his lips. It was clumsy, just like the rest of the Incineroar’s movements, a coarse tongue lashing past his lips, pushing into

his mouth regardless of consent. Saliva dribbled from the corners of the Thievl's maw as he was forced to choke on that appendage. He reached up, arms wrapping around that meaty neck, clawed fingers gripping tightly into the Incineroar's absurdly brawny back.

The clothes that were still wrapped around Lucas' body seemed to become a source of frustration for Miguel. He growled into the kiss, his hands gripping and pulling roughly on the fabric that kept him from his prize.

A gasp came from Lucas, followed by a few half-hearted protests as Miguel shredded the clothes off of him. Scraps of denim and fabric went flying as the Incineroar roughly disrobed his lover, leaving him in nothing but sweat-slicked nude underneath his looming form.

“Worship.”

It was a single word, yet resonated with an authority that made Lucas instantly obey. He dove straight into the exposed pit that was offered to him, Miguel having hiked one of his arms out. Dense jet-black fur fluffed out, parting as Lucas' padded nose went diving into it. Even Lucas' meaty hands were unable to come even close to encompassing that massive limb, biceps defying his attempt to smother them with padded palms.

Miguel growled in pleasure, adjusting himself, shifting his cock so it slid under his lover, the blunt head pushing between his furred glutes. He let out a low lustful snarl as he felt the squeeze of those muscled mounds, a jet of precum slicking the hirsute ravine between them. The sheer size of his lover's endowment was enough to give him pause. However, he knew he didn't have much choice in the matter, not with the possessive, angry growls that were shaking from the larger male above.

As much as he was looking forward to what was to come, part of him couldn't help but feel like it was his penance—the punishment for having spurred on this sudden and unwanted change.

A sharp yowl came from the Thievl as he was suddenly stretched. Miguel's cock plowed into him like a precum-slicked log, the thing stretching him beyond what he should have been able to take, his body writhing underneath the Incineroar as his full weight dropped down onto him. He gasped, tears beading in the corners of his eyes as he grimaced, feeling more of that cock barreling into him, his insides having to adjust to the massive member pushing in and out.

Miguel didn't seem to care anymore, thrusting in primal need as he grappled with his boyfriend. Sheets went flying, a leg breaking before the others went along with it, the defeated frame of the bed collapsing to the floor. Each powerful slam found the mattress compressing underneath their combined bulk. Lucas' body was beginning to wear a rut into it, his broad muscled back molding the mattress into imprints of those hills and valleys.

“RRFFFF-!” Miguel growled, his eyes threatening to roll back in his head, a small amount of drool trickling from the corners of his maw. Sweat freely flicked from his body with every brutal

swing of his hips. The sound of those hips colliding against Lucas' ass echoed in their room like miniature thunderclaps, only punctuated by the sound of wailing gasps.

It was drawing attention, the door having been left open. A few curious Pokemon poked their heads in, eyes going wide before cheeks flushed, the other students bolting. Neither one of the heavily muscled men cared at that moment: Miguel lacking the capacity for modesty, combined with his overblown libido, and Lucas being sandwiched under the hulking wall of sweat-slicked fire-cat.

Lucas found himself being tilted back, being curled on himself as Miguel moved into a mating press. His feet twitched, toes splaying as he was used: a warm hole for his brutish boyfriend to fill. His ass was turning red, chapped from the clap of Miguel's hips, glutes shaking and clenching with every feverish slam. His own cock was leaking, pressed tight against that barrel for a roid gut and his own taut abs, the friction threatening to send him over the edge.

“S-Stupid...NNggghh...! Idiot...! G-Gonna make me cum—!” Miguel snarled, his teeth gritting, saliva flowing from the corners of his maw as he huffed and growled. His thrusts were growing shaky, meaty legs quaking, mammoth feet digging into the downed mattress as he redoubled his grip on the helpless Thievl underneath him.

The only thing that Lucas could do was wail in turn, expressing both pleasure and pain—not that he was able to do much else. His entire muscled body flexed, hide creaking as he writhed and twitched. Yet, it was no use, completely pinned by the Incineroar that was double his size.

It seemed he was true to his word, the Incineroar locking up, his breath hitching as his eyes rolled back in his head. A torrent of cum loosed inside of Lucas, his hole stretching further as Miguel's urethra ballooned. A deluge of seed filled him, making his once taut abs balloon into a ball bigger than the big cat's own belly. His wailing ceased abruptly, the Thievl having to clench his jaw, a few errant glops of spunk sputtering from him—such was the sheer flood.

Sweat dripped from Miguel as he growled and huffed like a beast in heat. Bloated balls jumped as he spent an entire minute unloading into his used toy of a boyfriend.

And, as soon as it had started, it ended.

Miguel toppled, crashing into his side, his massive shlong slipping out of his boyfriend with a wet pop. A deluge of cum came flooding out of him, Lucas letting out a breathy sigh of relief on reflex as he dropped back into the ruined bed. He didn't have the energy to clean up, and neither did Miguel. The transformed male was laying on his back, a massive arm draped over his midsection; his mouth was open wide as he snored roughly, already completely out of it.

In hindsight, Lucas wasn't entirely surprised. He had seen evolutions before, this had been completely out of the ordinary—downright violent, even. Such a dramatic change must have taken everything out of Miguel.

The room reeked of sex, masculine musk hazing through the air like an earthy miasma. Lucas rubbed at his head as he slowly sat up, turning his gaze to look at the pile of hirsute Incineroar next to him, biting at his lower lip.

He had no idea what was going to happen now. The little Litten that was his boyfriend was now gone, and, in his place, was this massive, aggressive Incineroar. He continued to stare, obviously conflicted, his cum-filled stomach doing a summersault as he grappled with the implications of what he might have done.

As hot as it was...he had no idea how things might change.

Sighing softly, he managed to hobble his way to the door, barely able to walk thanks to the brutal pounding he had endured. Slapping the door shut, he waddled his way back to the collapsed bed, dropping back down next to the snoozing Incineroar, snuggling up against his side. Much to his surprise, one of those meaty arms wrapped around him, forcefully tugging him up against the bigger cat's side.

He couldn't help but blush, the insides of his ears warming up from how possessive Miguel was even in his sleep.

Maybe things wouldn't be so bad? After all, he wasn't the smartest guy, and he loved his own body—maybe Miguel could learn to do the same. Failing that, maybe there would be a way to reverse his evolution?

But, these were thoughts for another time, the exhausted Thievlul finding himself dozing off in those massive arms, using Miguel's massive pecs as pillows as he drifted.

Months had passed.

The attempts to reverse Miguel's 'evolution' had been unsuccessful. Medical experts had deemed it a "natural and unavoidable" conclusion: something that couldn't be undone.

Much to Lucas' regrets, he watched the frustrated Incineroar try to complete his classes, only to flunk out. He failed each and every test, going from a straight-A student to D's at best. The cat would roar and smash his desk, violent, testosterone-fueled urges often getting the better of him. He had gone from mild-mannered to a barely controlled beast; his diminished mind unable to handle the deluge of raw emotions it was now forced to process.

And, through it all, Lucas had to watch.

...And be his outlet.

It was the only thing he was good for now—the only person who could handle Miguel’s rough sessions without being broken in half. While there was still a love between them, Lucas knew that things had fundamentally changed on that day. Miguel could barely remember what even happened, the events nothing more than a hazy blur to the big cat now. However, Lucas knew that even if he couldn’t remember, somewhere deep down, Miguel still carried some form of resentment for what happened to him.

It was evident whenever they would fuck—how roughly Miguel would treat him: pinning him to the floor, slamming him against the wall, all while pounding him for every last drop he was worth. The Thievl had to wonder if this was partly revenge for how he might have treated the little Litten in the past—always shoving him into his pits or playing with him, going a step too far...

In the end, it didn’t matter. Miguel flunked out, his scholarship meaning nothing in the face of his reduced intellectual capacity. They were forced to move back to their hometown.

Much to Lucas’ surprise, Miguel now got along with the rest of his family. It wasn’t long until they gave the aimless Incineroar a leg up into the wrestling gig—his family both participants and sponsors of a local gig. Miguel took the pro-wrestling world by storm, facing off against opponents, reveling in the life of a heel as he got those newfound urges out of his system.

And, through it all, Lucas cheered him on from the sidelines, even helping him blow off steam in the lockers after a match.

Still...in the middle of being railed against the tile wall of the showers, he couldn’t help but wonder if there was still some way to turn him back. Despite being several times larger, the Incineroar was just a shadow of his Litten-self. The intelligent spark he once held was gone, replaced with brutality and a penchant for kinky sex with other guys.

It wasn’t just him either, the Incineroar often picking up the guys he bested in the ring, claiming his prize for the night.

He had to wonder how much longer they might even be together. The longer time went on, the less Miguel could remember about his previous life—even their relationship. Would he eventually just become another hole for the big, sweaty beast? To be used, then tossed away?

...Like the Everstone on that night?

Lucas’ stomach sank even as it was filled to the point of breaking. The brutish behemoth loomed behind him, those massive pecs pressed tight against his back. Despite how attractive it all was, he couldn’t help but long for the way his boyfriend once was.

Maybe he could find a way to reverse things. Some day, he hoped.

Before the new Miguel forgets everything.