Javier all but dashed up the stairs and flung himself into bed. The last of his finals was finally complete, and now it was time to start the summer off in style. He kicked off his shoes and fished his 3DS out from the top drawer of his nightstand and picked up right where he had left off two weeks ago before hell week began and classwork and studying had devoured every waking moment he had had. The monochromatic colors on the screen were a throwback to a simpler time – a time when Javier had first discovered the joys of video games. It was hard for him to believe that it had actually already been sixteen years since he had received his first pokemon game for Christmas. He had barely been old enough to read, but even so he took to the game like a fish takes to water. Within the span of a few months he was a certified Pokemon master.

Much had changed since then. Javier was no longer a little tyke. He had grown up and was now well into his university studies, but he still had a love for gaming and he particularly had a love for Pokemon. He had never missed an iteration no matter how many Nintendo churned out. He bought all the versions of all the generations, and when he heard they were rereleasing the originals in their classic, blocky, Gameboy era graphics, Javier knew he had to own those too.

The games were much the same as they had always been, and that was part of the charm. What had changed however were some of Javier’s own interests outside of his gamer life. Javier wasn’t a child anymore. He no longer gravitated towards the cute and cuddly Pokemon he had made his team out of in his youth. He no longer had the fat and squishy shock rat or the tubby flower toad. His new line-up reflected his new fascination, and no creature on his team embodied his new fixation more than the critter he currently fielded.

An ear-splitting, digital shriek echoed through the room as Javier’s prized Pokemon took the field. Even in poorly rendered, pixelated form Javier couldn’t help but ogle the broad, burly backside of his four-armed beefcake. Javier’s Machamp was the towering wall of meat and muscle that Javier wished he could be, but he just didn’t have the time or the metabolism for it nor did he have the money for protein powders and dietary supplements. It seemed he was stuck as a short, scrawny little nerd for the rest of his days, but unbeknownst to him, there were strange things afoot off the coast of Cinnabar Island.

Javier aimlessly coasted up and down the coast as he waited for the mysterious glitch Pokemon, Missingno, to make its appearance. It was a cheap exploit that he had used many times in his youth. The appearance of this mysterious data-dump could mean instant wealth in his play through which in turn meant all the supplements he could ever dream of. One quick encounter and he would suddenly have more gold nuggets than he could carry, and one quick flight back to the shopping mall with his thousands of pokedollars in ill-gotten gains would yield him all the irons, and zincs, and proteins, and whatever the hell other stat hack he wanted. It was a one-way ticket to super stats for his entire team… or so he thought.

Javier smirked as the enemy pokemon made its appearance. The garbled up mass of vaguely rectangular pixels was unmistakable. “Jackpot.” Javier said with a smirk as he commanded his pokemon to seal the deal.

A serious of electronic boops and beeps ensued as Javier’s Machamp transformed into a black ball of whoop-ass and seismic slammed right into whatever passed as a face of the digital void-beast. It was supposed to be a one hit KO, but halfway through the impact animation something happened.

The screen faded away to white, and that was it. There was no victory fanfare. There was no points tallying up. There was just an unearthly white glow emanating from his screen.

“Did they patch it out?” Javier asked himself, but he knew that that was a silly question. Had they patched it, the enemy would no longer even appear. It had to be a glitch, and a new one at that.

“Man… that blows. I haven’t saved in an hour.” He grumbled as he punched the power button on his DS, but to his surprise the game didn’t turn off. The light continued to shine, and his device continued to emit a low, electronic hum.

Javier tried another approach. He held the power button down in hopes of forcing a manual restart of the system, but nothing seemed to be happening. His game was still frozen, and his system was still humming.

He felt a sharp zap against his thumb and instinctively recoiled. “Yeowch.” He muttered and shook out his hand. His thumb had gone numb from the shock, but other than that there appeared to be no real pain involved.

Javier sighed and set the system back down on the top of his nightstand. “Well… It’s got to run out of battery sometime.” He muttered and started looking around his room for other things to do. It was a fruitless search though. There was nothing else he wanted to do. Sure, he could bust out his other systems. He could even try to play one of the other pokemon gens, but he didn’t want to play another generation. He wanted to play the original. He was in such a nostalgic haze that anything else just felt like a cheap substitution.

Javier rolled out of bed and trudged over towards the restrooms down the hall from his dorm. He didn’t even need to pee. He was just so bored and listless that he needed to get out and stretch his legs, and that was the only place he could think of to go.

He passed a few other guys that he vaguely knew. He gave them all a cursory glance and a half-assed hello and continued his trek. He hardly even bothered to reply as dude after dude commented on how he looked.

“Damn, Javier. You’ve been hitting the gym lately?” Javier’s next door neighbor commented.

“Wow. Lookin’ good, dude.” Said another guy that Javier occasionally ate lunch with in the cafeteria.

Javier was surprised by the compliments, but he wasn’t about to say anything about them. For starters, he didn’t even know what to say. He wasn’t the most outgoing guy, and he certainly wasn’t the type of guy who got compliments heaped on him on a regular basis. All this undue praise was kind of freaking him out more than anything.

As soon as Javier stepped into the large, spacious restrooms that everyone on that floor shared, he made a beeline towards the sink and began to run some cool water. He gave it a few moments to get nice and icy and then splashed some of it on his face. He had hoped that would help him shake the funk he was in, but it didn’t help much at all. All it really did was make his dark hair cling to his forehead. Javier looked into the mirror and began to fix his hair, but he stopped before he could even raise his hand to his face. Something was different… very different!

Javier merely stared in awe at his reflection as he tried to soak in what he was seeing. His normally loose t-shirt now clung to his fit bod like a second skin. He could actually make out the shape and size of his meaty pecs through the thin fabric which made no sense because he had had all the muscle definition of a pool noodle before this afternoon. When had he gotten so buff? When had he gotten so handsome? … when had he gotten so tall?

Javier slowly began to realize that he was still steadily growing even as he stared at himself in the mirror. Just this morning he only reached about halfway up the rectangular mirror even when standing fully upright, but now he was every bit that tall and he was hunched over the sink! When he stood up to his full height he realized that his forehead was now even with the metallic rim of the bathroom mirror! He couldn’t even fathom how tall he must have become. He had to be well over six feet tall by now! He had almost grown a full foot just in the span of a single afternoon? How had this happened?

Javier wasted no time. He bolted back towards his dorm room and latched the door behind him. He was breathing heavily, but it was not because of the exertion. Even the breakneck speeds he had bolted down the hall hadn’t so much as made him sweat. Sprinting was as easy as blinking. No. He was gasping from excitement. He was so giddy he was practically hyperventilating.

Javier flexed in front of the full length mirror that was attached to the back of his doorway. Even that was too short for him to see all of his face in it. He was now taller than the door frame! And at the rate he was going, he was soon to be wider than it too! His shoulders had grown broader and burlier faster than even his growth spurt should have indicated. He wasn’t just growing upwards, he was growing outwards as well, and it wasn’t hard to see where the extra girth was coming from. Javier’s skin-tight t-shirt made it perfectly clear. He was jacked!

Javier’s shirt was now so short on him that the bottom hem didn’t even reach his belly button. The lower half of his now well-defined eight-pack set of abs was now openly on display. Javier couldn’t help but run his hand across it to see if they were real. The thick, toned muscles felt so fantastic against his fingertips that he just couldn’t help but check out the rest of his growth.

Javier ogled himself in the mirror. His legs had grown so thick that his bulging quads now strained against the sides of his once loose and airy basketball shorts. His shirt was stretched so tight across his skin that his white t-shirt had become nearly completely see-through. He could actually see the very shape of his dense, shapely pecs straining against the front of his shirt, but there was something very odd.

Actually there were several things that were very odd. Not even counting the fact that he was now so tall that his shoulders were now even with the top of the door frame, Javier now had a massive bulge in the front of his shorts. The bulge was simply enormous, but the shape of it made no sense. It didn’t look like he had a single dick in his shorts. It looked more like he had three of them! He could make out three separate dick bulges in the front of his shorts. He had one fat cock right in the center which was easily already a foot long, and the beast was still soft! The other two dicks were much smaller. They were both a little less than half the size of his huge, central schlong, but they were quickly catching up to the central spire in terms of length and girth. The combined weight of his three sausages and his enormous nuts pulled down on the front of his shorts so much that they pulled the waistband down further and further by the second. His shorts already rode so low on his hips that much of his crotch was already on display, and it wouldn’t be long before the bases of his cocks started to make an appearance.

As fantastic as the changes that were going on in his crotch were, they weren’t even what really had Javier so captivated. His gaze was transfixed on the sides of his torso. He stared on in shock, awe, and horror as two small hands clawed against the sides of his shirt in an attempt to escape their cloth prison. The weirdest part was he could feel the fabric against his fingers. Those hands were his! He could feel them and control them as easily as he controlled his other two arms.

His hands finally shredded through the sides of his shirt. Even now that they were out in the open, Javier could do nothing but stare at them curiously. He watched in awe as his two new arms steadily lengthened and formed. His new hands grew to match the size of his old ones. His new arms stacked on mass and muscles faster than a sponge soaks up water. It wasn’t long until his new arms were just as big and beefy as his old ones. Each set of arms had biceps that bulged like soccer balls and triceps the size of footballs. His forearms were as thick as his neck, and his pecs jutted out in front of him like a shelf.

Javier gave his chest an exploratory flex to try and soak up what he was seeing and feeling. He bounced the left one… then the right one… then the other left one. Javier’s jaw dropped as he watched his chest wiggle in time with his flexing. He had thought his pecs looked absolutely massive even compared to the enormous muscles that now covered his body, and now he knew why. He had two sets of pecs! One was hidden away right behind the other. The net result was that his chest looked even more ridiculously stacked. His double decker pecs were so thick that his chest looked like he had a pair of memory foam pillows wrapped tightly underneath his flesh.

Javier reached up with his upper two arms and gave his thick, meaty pecs an exploratory squeeze while his lower hands caressed his exposed abs. His muscles felt fantastic! His muscles were dense and thick, but they had just enough give to them to give them just a slight bit of squish. His beefy body felt like it was coated in the kind of dense rubber that they line the floor of the weight room with at the gym.

Javier’s growth tapered off as unexpectedly as it had started. Part of him wished it had kept going so that he could get even larger, but at the same time he was stoked that he had gotten as huge as he had. He was simply massive! He was so tall that the top of the door frame only reached the underside of his thick pectoral shelf. He was so broad and burly that even just his midriff was wider than the doorway. His legs had become so huge and muscular that his massive, meaty quads were as thick as an oak tree. His biceps bulged out the size of basketballs. His traps rose up almost to his ears. His lats were so thick that the individual ridges of his wings were as thick as his fingers, and he wasn’t even flexing.

His clothes were in a sorry state indeed. It was a miracle they had held out this long. His shirt was so tiny on him that it looked more like a sports bra than a t-shirt. The lower hem of his shirt didn’t even manage to stretch all the way over his massive, meaty pecs. His shirt had been popping and fraying at the seams for minutes now. A tear had formed right down the center of his shirt that ran so deep down his chest that his shirt which once had a collar that clung tightly to his neck now had a plunging v-line that stretched halfway down his pecs. Every breath he took caused more seams along his sides to snap. Each heave of his thick chest caused the tears that had been forming to get bigger and wider. It wouldn’t be long at all before his whole shirt simply shredded to pieces clean off of his hulking body.

His basketball shorts which were once so long that the bottom hem hung past his knees and were so loose that he could fit his whole body down just one pant leg were now so tiny on him that they looked more like a pair of booty shorts. The legs barely managed to stretch past his ass. The bottom hem of the shorts didn’t even make it to his thighs which was even more impressive given that his massive cocks had weighed down his shorts so much that the waistband of his shorts now hung so low on his hips that the base of all three cocks were out in the open as was the upper half of Javier’s thick, muscular, bubble butt. Large tears had formed up the sides that now stretched from the bottom hem almost to the waistband, and the tearing was just getting worse which each passing moment.

Javier smirked as he eyed himself in the mirror. His clothing was literally holding on by a thread. The slightest bit of additional pressure was sure to snap it clean off his bulky frame, and he was only all too happy to oblige.

Javier flexed with all his might. His chest puffed up. His biceps bulged out. His quads flared out, and his clothes shredded like tissue paper. His bulging lats finished the job that his second pair of arms had started and shredded his shirt straight down the sides. His massive pecs tore through the front of his shirt like an arctic icebreaker through frozen seas. His shirt shredded clean off his body and fell to the floor as a few clumps stray fabric. His pants were little better off. His quads had shredded through the seams on the sides. The pant legs shredded from hem to waistband reducing his shorts to little more than a loincloth. The only piece of his clothing that was still intact was his waistband, and he was quick to do away with that. Javier reached down with his lower left hand and effortlessly ripped the tattered remnants of his shorts from his body. He chucked the shredded shorts off to the side and added them to the tatters that were once his shirt.

Javier stood completely nude before the mirror and admired his buff, beefy bod. His muscles looked even more phenomenal now that he was nude. His four, beefy, burly arms looked absolutely amazing. His thighs were so thick and strong that could effortlessly crush a man’s skull between them like a sparrow’s egg, but he had no intention to do that. He would much rather spend some time getting to know his newly sprouted cocks.

Javier strode across the room and sat down on his bed to do just that. The bed creaked angrily under his immense bulk. He was now so massive that the bed was little more than a bench to him. His meaty ass had grown so huge that it was like sitting on an ottoman than a twin sized bed.

Javier’s hands explored his newly formed muscles. They felt fantastic against his fingers. He couldn’t get over how huge he had gotten. His lower hands caressed his abs and drifted lower towards his crotch. Each individual ab was the size of a football. They were so thick and so defined that the trenches between them were thick enough to lose a quarter in.

His hands drifted lower and lower. Down past his abs and across the thick, well-defined V of his Adonis belt. The angular slabs of muscle were as thick as a pool noodle and several times denser. There was no doubt about it that it was made of 100% solid muscle, but there was never any doubt about that. His body had hardly a single ounce of fat on it.

His lower hands drifted down towards his three, semi-boned cocks. Each enormous schlong was almost as thick as even his meaty forearm and hung down past his knees, and they were only getting bigger as they got harder. They were so huge that even though he could feel them against the palms of his hands he could hardly even believe they were real. They felt so huge, so full, so fantastic that it all seemed like a dream.

His lower hands stroked his two outer cocks as best as they could, but his dicks were more than a handful. There was no way he could handle just two of them with only two hands. Three was right out, but he just couldn’t bring himself to take his upper hands away from his pecs. The huge, thick slabs of pectoral brawn were so huge and sexy. They felt amazing against his fingers. He loved the way his fingers felt as they kneaded the dense muscles. He loved how his nips felt as he squeezed them between his thumbs and forefingers. He just loved everything about how amazingly meaty his chest had become. As crazy as it sounded, he wished he had even more hands with which to full enjoy his amazing new body.

The sensations of stroking his pecs was so erotic that his three cocks stirred to life even without the aid of his lower hands, but that wasn’t to say their efforts weren’t appreciated. As his cocks slowly plumped up and rose up from his lap, his hands eagerly stroked the enormous shafts.