

Energy'mon: Electric Pulse

By: Firingwall

Melissa stared at the bodies on the couch. Two large, furry, beasts were sleeping on their stomachs, a purple furred one on top of a dark furred one. They were both quite nude and reeked of sex.

Instead of getting mad, surprised, or any number of natural responses, Melissa numbly stared at her roommates. She shook her head. “Gees, can’t these two do this in their room? They’re messing up the couch again.”

After a while, Melissa had gotten used to JD & Rachel [though Raphael from the looks of things in this case] and their antics. They had a lot of unique interests that she had seen over the years, which included transforming. Lots of instances of that and from the look of things, this time transforming into rather a big, thick anthro Espeon and Umbreon, respectively.

Seeing them doing their thing for so long, the sight of unusual, yet familiar beings in the home was not unexpected. Still, they could stand to at least take their adult affairs to the bedroom every once in a while.

Regardless, she didn’t have time for this. She slipped off her shoes and wandered towards the kitchen. She cringed after the first few steps before relaxing. She had been on her feet way too long. It was time for a nice drink and then relax the night away in bed.

Stepping into the coolness of the kitchen, her attention was instantly snagged from the refrigerator to another feature in the room. On the counter, there were two large cases of what appeared soda. Though, on a second look, they were energy drinks instead.

One of the packs was already busted open, several cans missing. It was something called, Energy’mon: Evening Glow. Looking at the unopened case, it was also from this Energy’mon brand; this one called Electric Pulse.

““Electrify and energize your senses”.” She read, looking at the tagline.

She let out a small yawn. *Might need that if I’m going to be up tonight to catch that show...* She yawned again and shook her head. *Yep, definitely going to need this.*

Melissa cracked open the box and pulled out a can. “Oh, citrus flavor. That’s good at least.”

Can in tow, she headed for her room. She glanced back towards the living room briefly before continuing, the sound of snores greeting her ears. *Hope they at least get the witches next door to clean that sofa. Their magic’s the only thing that’s gonna clean that mess up...*

In the familiar, welcoming setting of her bedroom, she tossed her dress shirt onto a nearby chair and trudged over to her bed. She set the drink on the nightstand and rolled onto the mattress, spreading out on its comforting sheets.

Melissa let out a sigh and stretched an arm over to the remote. There was some time to kill until her show started. Though, a cursory look through the channels brought a frown. “Yeah... nuthin’ good is ever on at this time. Oh well...”

There were always other options, like YouTube mostly. She started turning to them when she grabbed the can and opened it. She took her first sip, getting that hit of lemon and sugar.

And then, a shiver. Her body shuddered. Her hands and feet clenched, limbs jerking briefly. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up.

That energy came on her like nothing, not even waiting until the can left her lips. Her clenched fingers tightened on the can, causing more of the energy drink to spill into her mouth. Despite that feeling, she didn’t mind taking in more. That drink tasted really good.

Her eyes closed tightly themselves. She could feel her heart racing, her breathing deepening. *Shit man, this stuff is a rush.*

She managed to pull the can away and let out a cough. She pounded her chest, eventually gasping for air. Panting, she uttered, “Oooooof, man... a bit much.

“But...” She licked her chops. Her Adam’s Apple swelled slightly, pushing a little more against her throat. “...**that was so good.**”

Her eyes opened slowly. Looking ahead, the television screen was oddly blurry. Curious, she removed her glasses, blinking a few times. Her dull brown irises brightened into an electric purple tone, shining ever so brightly. The vision of the room came into clear focus for her.

Wha the... Confusion set in. Something was very off about this.

She grabbed the can again and took another drink, much slower so she could properly think about what was happening. Her short, messy brown hair wiggled gently before shortening. It crept up her face and to her scalp, where it stopped.

Briefly, that is. Brown turned to bright yellow as the hair thickened. It spread across the majority of her head and down its back before stopping. Its style became spikier, especially on the top of her noggin.

Scratching her chin as she thought, she quickly noticed the issue. Her new spiky hair had spread down the sides of her face, onto her cheeks and jawbone. There, it grew out into thick tufts in front of her ears, looking rather animalistic in a way.

“**What the hell?**” She muttered, feeling her puffy, hairy cheeks, “What is-”

A sudden RIP pulled her mind away. Her collar tore open as thick, white fur jutted out around her neck and collarbone. It stretched almost a half a foot out in diameter, giving her a hairy boa. It was white as snow and rather spiky in appearance, though a slight touch of it confirmed it was just fluffy and soft.

“No way... this... this is...” Body heat began rising all across her, hairs starting to grow. They sprouted on her arms, her legs, and her chest. The heat within her only grew more.

She brushed her head, muttering something, though she was unsure what. Everything felt like a blur. Her shoulders clenched up as she gritted her teeth. Her muscles tightened as her shoulders broadened to more a masculine size.

Her heart raced as that growing strength passed down into her arms. Her fingers twitched, fingernails darkening briefly. Her puny arm muscles trembled before bulging ever so slightly. They now looked a bit more fit than the puny twigs they were.

Need... need to focus and figure out what is going on. She rubbed his forehead. *Gotta think, gotta think here. The reason... the reason is...*

Her pupils dilated. She looked at the energy drink she put back on the table. It was bright yellow. The hairs on her were yellow as well. She closed her eyes. The other case on the table in the kitchen was black... and so was the big, burly Umbreon in her living room.

Energy'mon... that's got to be it. Melissa huffed. *Of course it is. Everything those two get ends up being transformation-related, doesn't it?*

She glanced at her hand, watching as yellow fur slowly grew over it. It coated about every part, except for her nails, fingertips, and palms. On her fingertips and palms, the skin turned thick and puffy, blackening into tender pads. Her fingernails, however, grew out into very short, stubby claws at the ends of her digits.

Yeah, definitely is in this case... although...

She stared at her hand and then the other, seeing it had transformed the same. She reached up and felt her fuzzy cheeks. While a bit thick and prickly, it wasn't really all that bad. The fur coat felt rather nice and pleasant on her body. She couldn't really complain all that much about the results, could she?

She shivered, biting down on her bottom lip. Images of those beefy, nude 'mon anthros back in the living room entered her mind. Their strong, bulgy biceps; powerful muscles, soft fur, and their tight rear ends flashed in her mind. She was going to become like them at this rate.

This ain't that bad... right? She started to pant, sweat forming on her brow. That was quite the thought to have.

Something tight caught her attention. She looked down to her feet. Her socks looked rather snug on her toes, like they were a size too small for them.

She quickly took them off. She knew where this was leading. Doing so, she released her feet, watching as yellow fur overtook them as well. They were longer and wider, down to four toes with sharper, stubby claws at their ends. Their shape was quite canine in look.

She let out a sigh. At least she saved herself from having to buy another pair of socks.

Though, there was another nagging thought in the back of her head. It was filled with disappointment. Why didn't she just let her feet rip through those socks? Why didn't she want to have some fun? It was always fun watching herself tear through weak, feeble clothes.

The nagging thought didn't bother her though. She was used to it. She was used to all of this to be honest. Having big transformation fans around her all the time, she wasn't immune from being caught up in their own silliness.

As such, seeing herself slowly morph into something else barely phased her nowadays. Even as she shivered, feeling short, spiky fur out from above her butt, she did not freak out. She merely shifted onto her side to better let her fur grow out and took some time to feel her new jagged, spiked hairs.

Mmm, soft~. She sighed blissfully. Despite its appearance, her fur felt nice and pleasant.

She sat up on the side of her bed, stretching her arms a bit. Her shirt was tighter now, clinging to her torso considerably. Curious, she lifted her top up to her chest and looked. It was obvious right away. Her waist was much wider, and her stomach was far more toned and fit.

She gently ran a paw over her stomach, running it through her soft yellow fur. She liked the tone and strength there. She never could get this fit on her own from experience. That was a nice upside to all of these transformations.

And on that note, why bother being apprehensive and worried at all? She let out a low, deep chuckle, her mouth flashing sharper, more canine fangs. *Maybe it's time to just have a little fun for once. Got a few days off so I can spend time like this~.*

"Mmmmm, eeeerrghhh... what a day~."

Melissa's ears twitched, black fur growing on the insides of them.

"Mmmm, I'll say, handsome~. You were sooooo good."

Her ears began to reshape themselves into diamond-shapes, yellow fur sprouting over them now. She heard something.

"Same to you, handsome. Heh... probably should clean up before Melissa gets home."

Her ears moved to the top of her head, stretching outwards into a familiar shape. She could hear them now. JD and Raphael were up. Melissa squirmed. Part of her wanted to rush out to greet the two and show them what had happened.

On the other hand, there was still much to be changed with her. For instance, her nose, which was now darkening. The tip and nostrils flared, pulling up as the skin turned bumpy and cold. Her nose stretched and pulled into a canine shape, extending just a bit out on her face.

She breathed in, scents from all over the house being pulled in by her stronger sniffer. She could smell everything, from the empty energy cans in the home, the discarded shoes by the front door, to even the intense musk and aftersex glow from the living room.

Lord could she smell that pleasure, much to her absolute delight. Her eyes rolled back as a low moan left her maw. She breathed in the scent, no matter how faint and distant it was, and licked her chops. Her face cracked, jaws widening slightly and brow pushing out slightly more. His eyebrows thickened as well, bushy white and matching her neck mane.

But she didn't have time to enjoy it. Another new, familiar feeling was starting to come to life down below. She knew it very well from past transformation experiences. It was something she learned to love over time.

Looking down, the crotch of their jeans was bulging considerably. It was as if someone had stuck a large tennis ball in there, one that was getting larger by the second.

Melissa knew it was time. He eagerly opened his pants and out came a large, furry sack and sheath. From the sheath came a thick, red cock, just starting to emerge. It slightly throbbed, free from its confines at last.

He breathed it in, a new, masculine musk was emanating off of him now. **“Fuuuuuck yeah...”** he growled, licking his chops. He reached down and slid a finger against the base of his rod. He shivered briefly, his cock emerging from its sheath until its knob was visible.

With his cock out, he began to gently stroke his rod. His legs tensed up, shaking as his toes clenched. His pants legs bulged briefly before tearing open. Thick, powerful legs burst through, radiating with strong calves and thick thighs, fitting his strong feet perfectly.

He groaned again, hunching forward as the fur on his back stood up. Cum started dripping from his rod. The sound of clothing ripping and his own growth was intoxicating. More dripped out as his underwear snapped and the hips of pants split open.

But it wasn't enough. He needed more. He gripped his cock with his full paw and started masturbating. He pumped and pumped his rod as hard as he could, muscles twitching as he moaned. From deep in his gut, a low cry belted out, **“Jollllllteeeeeooooooooonn~.”**

He pumped harder and faster with his paw, his arm shaking with each motion. The muscles in it began to bulge, growing stronger and larger every single time. His shirt sleeve tightened quickly on it, holes opening up and yellow fur bursting through.

Eventually, the sleeve tore apart completely. With that tear, Melissa stopped what he was doing and looked it over. He grinned, clenching his fist and giving his limb a mighty flex. **“Fuuuuuck yeah... now that's some power~.”**

He looked at his other arm. Furry and changed, yes. Muscles though? Nope.

He scowled, his ears bending back. **“This puny-ass limb ain’t gonna cut it.”**

He gripped his cock with his left hand and started masturbating, somehow moving quicker and harder with it. He snarled, licking his chops lustfully as flashes of strong, furry pecs and abs filled his mind briefly. His other arm quickly pumped up to the appropriate large size he so desired.

Melissa looked at his arms, flexing them again. He looked down at his legs, feeling his thighs and then standing up to feel his ass. Still a bit roundish, but firmer than before.

“Goddamn this is amazing!” He laughed, **“If I fucking knew this drink would have these results, I would’ve downed that shit in a heartbeat!”**

In fact... He smirked, looking at the can on the nightstand. Now that he thought about it, why hadn’t he actually done that?

He grabbed the can and chugged down most of it in a gulp or two. His stomach gurgled as he gently shivered. His cock pulsed, pre dripping down.

His breathing deepened, his chest rising up and sinking back slow at first before quickening. His breasts rose and sunk as well, but, slowly, each breath deflated them just a little bit more. Eventually, the small Bs were down to As and then completely gone.

He pulled the can away, wiping any runoff with the back of his paw. His hips had flattened, losing their curves and matching perfectly with his masculine waistline. His legs also shifted out a little bit, allowing his junk to hang more easily between them.

He reached back and felt his ass. He chuckled. Now that felt far tighter, firmer, and far more shapely for a muscly ‘mon such as himself.

Melissa smirked and took one last swig from the can. He gulped down the remaining drops, taking in all that precious, muscle growing drink in. The results were almost instantaneously as the wonderful sounds of ripping and tearing filled his ears.

The last bit of clothing he had fell to pieces. His shirt became tatters, and his bra snapped apart as his torso swelled one final time. He developed thick, protruding abs and an incredible six-pack that would make a bodybuilder jealous. Whatever was left of his jeans came apart as he jumped an extra two feet tall, pushing him over seven feet.

The almost completed anthro crushed the can in his mitts, tossing it over his shoulder. He loved the sight before him. He was completely nude, his large balls hanging between his legs with an equally impressive cock out of his sheath. His arms, legs, and stomach were teeming with power and girth. He was a godly brickhouse if there ever was one.

Yet, he was still not satisfied. There was one final thing that needed addressing.

With a hearty chuckle, he hunched forward and gripped his junk. One hand on his cock and the other on his cantaloupe-size ballsack. He felt a cold rush up his spine.

And then, he went for it. He jacked and groped away at his manhood. He moaned softly, but it slowly grew louder. Static electricity popped and flickered in his fur. The entire room began to flicker and sizzle.

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck me this is gooooooooooooood~. He panted, his tongue hanging loose as cum drizzled and dripped from his tip. He only increased his jacking as his balls pulsated, pumping more and more seed.

His face cracked again, his jaws twitching as his masturbation increased. His mouth stretched, pulling forward ever so slightly. His nose stretched forward with it, his eyes shifting slightly to the sides as his nose's bridge widened. Eventually, a short, but strong muzzle was born.

And with that muzzle fully intact, Melissa's pupils dilated. He panted heavily as he leaned back and bellowed, "**JOOOOOOLLLLLLLLTTEEEEEEOOOOOOON!!!**"

His cock erupted. Cum sprayed from his tip up high, splattering the wall and ceiling before him. Some of the goop even hit him in the chest and face, an intense musk emanating from him. His body quaked, nearly bringing him to his knees.

This is awesome~.

Eventually though, the high came down and spraying ended. His cock slowly went limp, shrinking back into its sheath. The new Jolteon took several deep breaths, rubbing his forehead and licking his chops, getting some of that sticky seed off.

"**Mmm~.**" He felt his muzzle, chest, and arms. "**Now this is a body fit I can live with!**" He flexed both of his arms. "**Mmmm, so muscular and beefy. God, why do I keep settling for that puny, scrawny form all the time? I should live it up like this all the time~!**"

"I heard some beastly yells in here. Did someone get into the Energy'mon already?" Melissa twitched and looked behind him.

The door was wide open now, and two familiar, large, quite nude anthros stood in the doorway. It was the Umbreon and Espeon men from the living room. There was a glint of surprise, curiosity, and eagerness in their eyes as they sized him up.

He looked down towards their furry sheaths, a large red and purple cock were starting to appear from them already. He grinned, waving them. "**Hey guys, what took ya so long to notice a new, handsome scent in the air?**"

The Espeon, sounding like Raphael, chuckled. "Sorry. We were still a bit out of it."

The Umbreon, more than likely JD, laughed. "Heh, a bit busy with snuggling. But it does look like you were able to keep yourself entertained... Memphis~."

The Jolteon quivered. He did love being called that. It was his go-to name for situations like this. He answered back, puffing his chest out proudly, **“You bet I did. That Energy’mon is incredible. I like the results; how about you guys?”**

“Mmmmm, well, I love these biceps~.” JD chuckled, approaching the new ‘mon and groping Memphis’ large arm.

“Well, how about these nice, big pecs~.” Raphael said, getting up close to him. His paws went up and started gently rubbing Memphis’ chest. The Jolteon quivered.

“Those pecs are really nice... but you can’t beat those abs~.” The Umbreon was pressing himself up against Memphis now, an arm around his shoulder while the other was rubbing his burly tummy.

“Abs are awesome, but one letter off of that is ass and that’s also pretty awesome as well.” The Espeon chuckled, also pressing into Memphis and patting his rear.

Memphis laughed, putting his arms around their sides. **“Heh, you guys can’t keep your paws off of me, can ya?”**

“No way,” JD said, nuzzling him affectionately.

“Not with someone as handsome and attractive as you.” Raphael kissed him gently on the cheek and breathed him in.

The Jolteon joked, **“Guess I just got that sting cling you can’t get rid of. You two ain’t going anywhere until we do something about this.”**

“Sounds good to me!” The two moaned. JD went in and started passionately, lustfully making out with Memphis, their muzzles interconnecting and tongues running against each other. Raphael nuzzled and kissed Memphis, humping his side as his hands felt up his pecs.

Their cocks were already out of their sheath and rubbing against each other. They quivered and moaned, lust overtaking them and clouding all judgement.

As the three were lost to their passions, in the back of his mind, Memphis was taking it all in. He loved his new form. He loved his roommates’ new forms as well. They were perfect, masculine beefcakes, and they made him feel so alive.

From now on, Memphis knew what he was going to be drinking. There was no reason Energy’mon shouldn’t be a part of his life.

THE END