

# Smash Them Good: Part 1 (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

“I really don’t know what happened,” Henri said, looking down at the ground, not making eye contact with the employee, “It just... it just stopped working for me. The game is brand-new and it just-”

“I heard you the first time,” the employee replied, looking carefully at the cartridge with a magnifying glass, “Don’t see any damage or liquid... no fried bits or anything. Hmm, must be deeper than that.”

“C-can you fix it?”

“Pfffft, this is easy-peasy for a person like me!” Henri was in a bad situation, at least, in his mind. The young, Hispanic man was planning a big get-together in a few hours involving Smash Bros. Ultimate. He had all of his friends coming and even though he wasn’t much into big event, he couldn’t help but bring everyone together for something fun like this.

Then, while getting some practice in that morning, his copy of the game stopped working. No reason or explanation, it just glitched out and went kaput. Panic hit him like a semi-truck, and he had no idea how to fix this fast.

Not wanting to buy a new copy, the man turned to the only solution that seemed possible while being both quick and cheap: magic. After some panic searching and hoping, the man discovered an appearing/disappearing mystical shop that he heard of only in whispers and rumors. Manning the quaint, misty storefront was a witch named Traci, who, thankfully, knew a thing or two about gaming.

Henri sighed happily, brushing his forehead and some of his short black hair. “That’s good,” he mumbled, a small smile sliding onto his face, “That’s... that’s good.”

“Of course, magic is fickle and causes weird things to happen when used with electronics,” remarked Traci, adjusting her glasses and setting the magnifying glass down. “I can easily fix this... but there may be a toll to pay!!!”

“What?! Wh-what is that?!”

The witch chuckled, remarking, “Just me being over dramatic and overselling something. Listen, magic does act weird with electronics, but it’s not going to kill you or anything. At best, a quick fix like this will problem just make you more susceptible to static shocks or having the game music stuck in your head for a while. Nothing to be worried about!”

“A-are you sure?”

“Hehe, of course I’m sure! I’ve done things like this, like, a million times before! Not exactly this sort of thing, but, you know, basic principle and idea. Just watch and let the master show you how it’s done!”

Traci smiled brightly and held up the cartridge. She closed her eyes and hummed softly, a smile growing on her big face. Her hands soon began to glow a blue aura around her fingers, followed by the copy of Smash Bros. soon after.

Henri frowned, watching the whole thing. *Don’t know if this will work or not*, he thought nervously, *but for twenty bucks and done quickly, I can’t argue with this...*

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“And boom! Another one bites the dust!” Jose declared, pumping his fist into the air.

“Baaaah!” grumbled Lionel, rubbing his face annoyedly. He brushed his bright blond hair to the side and shook his head, shooting a harsh glare at Jose. “Alright, how about round 3?”

“Oh suuure! Round 3, round 4, round 20, and so much more. I’ll take you on the whole time and I believe the score will remain a gajillion to zero!”

“H-hey you two, play nice, okay?” Arc mumbled, slouching further into the back of the sofa, “This is all about having fun, r-right?”

Jose grinned and wrapped an arm around Arc, pulling him close. The chubby guy squeaked in surprise as his boyfriend ruffled his hair, chuckling, “Oh come on! We’re having fun, toooons of fun here! Nothing like some healthy competition.”

“Hmph, if you want some real healthy competition,” a dark blond guy named Mitchell huffed, sitting a few feet away in an armchair, “Let me get a piece of this action. I got some moves that can teach you guys something.”

Henri sighed pleasantly, taking a sip of his soda. The room was still active and jovial, every one of his friends from college having a blast. They were all taking turns dunking on one another in Smash, usually two versus two. He was still waiting for a chance to get in on the action, or at least get everyone to play together at once, but this was fine.

He eyed the console over in the corner and smiled. *No issues at all. No one is sick, getting constantly shocked, and none of the music is stuck in my head at all. Heh, ma-maybe I should go to that witch more often for game repairs.*

“Hey Henri!” yelled Jose, raising one of the Joy-Cons up and pulling back, “You want in now? Catch!”

Henri’s face went fully red and he panicked, quickly stammering as he hurried over to him, “D-d-d-d-d-don’t thr-throw it! I’m c-c-c-coming!”

Jose, Mitchell, and Lionel laughed as he scrambled over, quickly taking the controllers from the guy. Jose shook his head, chuckling, “Just joking! Heh, just pick someone and let’s get this match going. Maybe you’ll be better than Lionel!”

Lionel smacked Jose with a pillow as Henri sat down next to them, taking a look at the character select screen. Jose quickly selected Fox, incredibly predictable with him liking to smack around people quickly. Henri frowned, looking over each of the characters available, trying to think of a good counter for him.

However, after a bit, he simply sighed and shook his head. *It’s not as fun if you don’t play with who you like*, Henri thought. And that’s what this was all about, having fun with some buddies, even if some were a bit more confrontational and in one’s face than others.

Henri went ahead and picked Bowser, his favorite of the lot. Jose chuckled, “Oh, looks like someone is gonna get wreck with that slowpoke.”

The host chuckled himself, shaking his head. He summoned up all his confidence and pride, saying confidentiality, “Heh, you say that, but prepare to go fly-”

Henri started to sway, his eyes going cross and his head feeling... dizzy for a moment. He rubbed his forehead, his head and back of his neck stinging. He shook his head, but he couldn’t get much focus.

Jose frowned, leaning in, “You alright?”

Mitchell’s eyebrow cocked, leaning in as well, “Yeah, you look off man.”

“I-I,” murmured Henri, “I feel a little woozy... all of a sudden.”

There was a low groan, and everyone looked in a different direction. Arc was leaning forward, clutching his stomach. “UUUugh,” he moaned, “I feel... weird.”

“Ahhh gees,” Jose said, growing more worried by the second. He placed an arm on Arc’s back and helped him get to his feet. He turned to Henri, asking concernedly, “Hey... where’s your bathroom? I’m just gonna help him over there.”

Henri pointed off towards a hallway, mumbling, “Down there... second door on the left.” Jose nodded and hurriedly led his boyfriend over there as quick as possible.

Henri looked to both Mitchell and Lionel, who were looking at him confusedly. “You know... I’m just g-gonna g-go lay down for a bit... y-you guys just keep playing.”

“You sure?” Lionel asked, taking Henri’s controller, “I mean, we could just leave and-”

Henri didn’t listen to them, already heading for his bedroom to go lay down for some unknown amount of time. The only thing beyond that he was thinking about was what the witch

said earlier. *Gggg-great... is-is this what she wa-was talking about? Un-unintentional side effects? G-great...*

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Mitchell and Lionel watch their host wander off, hand against his head and a bit of dizziness in his step. He vanished around a corner soon after, leaving the two alone.

Lionel scratched gently at his head, hand running through his blond hair. “Gees,” he mumbled, “Maybe... maybe we should really just call it here, you know? If everyone isn’t-”

“PFFFT!” Mitchell laughed, smacking him on the shoulder, “He’ll be fiiiiine! Come on, let him rest it off and let’s get back to some smashing!”

“Ah, but what about Arc and Jo-”

“They’ll be fine!” Mitchell groaned. “Jose has Arc and if something is wrong, he’ll take him home or wherever. Let’s just get back to it!”

Lionel glanced back towards the doorway one last time before sighing. He turned and looked at Mitchell, flashing him a big grin and declaring, “Well, time to see who the real badass around here is, bro. Prepare to be dazzled by my fighting techniques!”

“Yeah right,” Mitchell declared, picking a character from the character list as he gripped the controller tightly, “We’ll see about that. How about I rip you a new one with speed and slashing?” He had picked Wolf, the dangerous, villainous rival of Fox McCloud.

Lionel picked Lucario and snapped back, “We’ll see how that turns out for you.”

With both characters picked, Lionel hit the start button to get the match moving... but no moving on would happen. The screen flickered and kicked the two back to the main menu screen, much to their confusion. Even more, the controllers heated up, the smell of cooking plastic filling the room and hitting their noses.

Their hands stung, and they both each dropped the controllers, letting them hit the ground with a low thud. “Dammit!” Mitchel groaned, “What the heck was that?!”

Lionel mumbled, whisking his hands about, “I don’t know. What the hell kind of bug was that?!”

He softly sighed, grumbling thoughts rumbling through his mind. He was about to let out some low, under the breath curses when he noticed something off. As his hands finished shaking, he saw that fingertips were pitch black. At first, he irrationally thought they were charred by the shock, but that wasn’t close to the truth.

His fingertips were covered in a fine, soft, black fur. Lionel flinched, realizing what was going. He winced further upon seeing the fur slip down each fingertip, crawling over every joint and onto his hands’ backs and palms.

The fur spread up his wrists but stopped just tad up his forearms. Confused, Lionel brought his hands forward for a closer look. However, he yanked them back as they trembled gently, something bulging out on the back of each of them. Raising through the fur, a cylindrical spike came through.

“Holy crap!” Lionel yelled. His head snapped to his friend as he cried, “My hands! Something is wrong with my han-”

“Yeah, well, I got some hand problems too!” Lionel’s jaw dropped as he looked at Mitchell’s hands, which had been jerked in front of his face.

Fur had suddenly coated his friend’s own as well. This time though, the fuzz was much puffier and thicker. The color was lighter as well, grey with a hint of pale grey to it with some strands. Instead of one spike cone jutting out the back of his hands, long, sharp claws were popping out of each finger. They were almost two or three inches long and looked rather dangerous.

“Easy there! You could’ve poked my eye out with those things!” Lionel stated.

Mitchell huffed, getting in his face, “Well sorry that I’m freaking the fuck out here! Why are my hands are furry and why do I have claws?!”

“I d-dunno. Why d-do you think I-I know?” Lionel responded with a half-hearted answer. He didn’t really have much else to say. He never experienced anything as weird or bizarre as this in his entire life.

Suddenly, the blond felt a strange, tightening sensation strike him. He twitched slightly and looked at the source, his arms. His eyebrows rose as he noticed his shirt’s sleeves were rapidly expanding, strands of black and blue fur poking through it.

*What now?!* He thought, his upper limbs beginning to tremble. He traced his rapidly bulging arms back to his hands, noticing they looked a lot bigger this time around. They were at least half as big, his forearms and wrists growing to better accommodate them.

**Riiiiiiiiip!** He bore witness to sudden clothing destruction. His sleeves broke apart like over inflated balloons, fur and girth blasting through. His biceps and other arm muscles doubled in size as his bones and tendons strengthened further. From the end of the black pelt, blue fur had sprouted up in its place. It went fully up his arms and over his shoulders, disappearing beneath the body of his shirt.

Lionel blushed furiously, looking at his arms. *Holy crap!* he thought, raising them up. He didn’t know why, but he couldn’t help but give them both a big flex. His muscles impressively bulged, a small smirk coming to his face soon after. *Awesome, I’m swole! I’m swoller than...*

He turned back to his friend, noticing something curious. Mitchell was looking between his own arms and Lionel’s. He had pulled up his shirt sleeves, which did look a bit tighter on

him now. His arms were also covered in grey fur, and his muscles did seem to get a bit of a boost, already naturally big from his time in sports.

However, they were nowhere near as pumped as Lionel's now. "What the hell is this?" the jock murmured, his tone making it sound like he was pouting.

His worries subsiding, Lionel couldn't help but mischievous grin and chuckle. Seeing the biggest, strongest of the group suddenly act like this... he couldn't help but play a bit. Raising his arms up, he asked his buddy, "Oh? Am I sensing some jealousy in the air?"

Sticking his tongue out, Lionel flexed both of his arms. **RIIIP!** If they could've, his eyes would've bugged out at that. His shirt suddenly exploded right off his body like it was made from wet toilet paper. Beneath it, a new sight had already popped up, ready to be behold.

As if a light switch had been flipped, Lionel's torso went from average to bulked up in an instant. His shoulders had broadened considerably, putting him on par with that of a linebacker. Any potential fat had melted off to be replaced with hard muscles. His abs had bulged, along with his pecs, giving him a strongman vibe.

However, like with his arms, there was a new animalistic layer to it. Much of his shoulders were coated in blue fur like his arms, extending all the way to his neck. Over his chest and most of his torso though was a soft, creamy-colored pelt in contrast. Some of the cream pelt was spiky and sort of mane-like, circling around his neck. His nipples were black and jutting out between his pecs was another, familiar, cylindrical spike.

Immediately, Lionel had his hands upon his torso. He felt and groped at his new muscles, taking in their dense, bulging forms. Despite the layer of fur, their outlines were still very visible to all that gazed upon him.

He shivered gently, his smile growing larger. "Oh man, I'm looking so awesome!"

"I-I think you're turning in a Lucario!"

"Like I said, I'm looking so awesome!" There was no concern in his voice. All potential problems or issues that one could list off were far away. He wasn't sure why, whether it be just a part of the transformation itself or just liking his new "buffs" as they were, but Lionel was loving this more by the second.

Mitchell, on the other hand, seemed to be becoming more agitated by the second. He looked down at his own body, noticing his shirt was bulging a bit as well. He grabbed at its ends and lifted it, revealing what it was hiding.

Fur was just spreading down his decent abs, reaching the waistband of his jeans. There was a fine pelt of grey that covered his sides and his back. His chest and stomach were a lighter shade, his nipples darker and peering through the fuzz.

The grey-furred guy took his shirt off and tossed it to the side. With a clearer picture, there seemed to have been a bit of muscle growth to his form. His pecs looked a touch wider, and his waist was wider. However, his shoulders were the same, his abs were as big as usual, and so on. He was still below his friend bulk-wise.

Lionel remarked, looking over his friend, “hey, looks like you’re turning into Wolf too. Guess we’re both getting all strong now... though, I don’t think either character is this mus-”

“Oh shut it!” snapped Mitchell, getting flustered, “How come you’re getting bigger and stronger than me? I’m supposed to be the big guy here!”

Lionel laughed, playfully patting him on the shoulder, “Easy there big... medium-sized guy! Just because I’m large and charge now doesn’t mean you’re not strong. Hey, you’re the same good-looking guy... as before... just furrier.”

“Whatever...” Mitchell sulked, folding his arms and grumbling softly to himself. Lionel opened his mouth to say something, like maybe talk up how good he was at the game, but something stopped him. Not physically, but mentally.

His eyes looked down at Mitchell’s furry bod. His strong shoulders, his powerful pecs, his impressive abs... combined that with all of his fuzzy, warm fur and something was clicking with him. Something was clicking within him that he never felt before.

His cheeks warmed, a soft blush coming to them. His body twitched, and he felt his thighs move unconsciously, gently rubbing together. He also felt something “spring” up within his pants.

His eyes slowly, subtly drifted down, looking towards his pants. Sure enough, they were bulging out with a larger bump than usual. *Just m-my luck*, he thought nervously, *something good happens and then something we-weird happens to mess with it. Wha-what brought this-*

“What are you looking at?” Lionel flinched, his eyes darting back to a suspicious-looking Mitchell. The guy was critically staring at him, sizing him up. Curiously, there was also a small tint of redness in his cheeks as he did.

However, the tint vanished swiftly suddenly. The pelt from his chest had swiftly risen over his neck and onto his face. The light coat of his stomach and pecs circled up and around his mouth and part of his cheeks. The regular, darker grey had crept across the rest of his cheeks and face, disappearing beneath his hair.

The fur growth did not remain the only new hairy changes. His eyebrows, not swallowed up by his coating, thickened instead. Their dirty blond hue brightened to pure white, arching up to give him this serious expression. His hair also swiftly turned white as well, shortening on the sides while fluffing up in the front. Soon, it looked as if he had a mini Mohawk of sorts.

Sensing something was wrong, Mitchell reached up and started feeling his head. He started complaining and groaning again, but Lionel wasn’t listening. Instead, his cheeks were growing warming and his mind was emptying as he watched his friend’s face further change.

Mitchell winced gently as his face twitched. His nose blackened as ink, its texture turning bumpy as his nostrils flared. The tip of his nose lifted as his teeth sharpened with canines. His jaws twitched again and shifted forward, his skull reshaping to better fit his growing animalistic appearance.

After only a few seconds, Mitchell's mouth finished growing. It had extended into a short, but strong muzzle. Combined with his soft fur and nose, now sitting at the end of the muzzle like a snout, it was definite. He was the spitting image of Wolf.

As his ears twitched, growing their own fur and pulling to the top of his head, the jock murmured out in a gruff, annoyed voice, "okay, that felt weird. Dammit, what is causing all of this?! ...also, what's with that goofy look?!"

Lionel twitched. He didn't realize a pleasant, pleased grin had grown on his face during all of this. "Oh... ah..." He cleared his throat, scratching gently at his face, "Well ah... no reason. Just thinking to myself. Gees... when... when did Wolf look so... handsome?"

It was Mitchell's turn to look baffled. His eyes widened, his new, pointy, canine ears pulling back like an angry dog's. "Wha-what-what?!" he stammered, "What was that?!"

"Shit! Ah... I said something out loud I shouldn't... let's just--"

**Riiiiip!** Both men's heads jerked towards the sound of the tear, jaws dropping when they finally laid to rest on the source. It was in Lionel's pants; the crotch having torn open and the zipper completely broken. The button still, somehow, staying on, a large, red, pulsating rod was peering through the hole of his drawers.

The two stared at the sight before them, a strong, potent smell emanating from the area. It was quite invigorating, both of them twitching as the scent passed by their noses. Mitchell seemed to catch the worst of it, most likely due to his enhanced animal nose. His eyes looked blurry, his mouth seeming to water.

Lionel didn't seem to notice, just keeping his eyes on the new feature. Gulping, he broke his thick hands down to his crotch and yanked at the jeans. With his newfound strength, he tore the piece of attire off with little effort, tossing it to the side. He proceeded to do the same with his boxers, no longer needing them.

Sure enough, it was for sure that his junk had transformed. His cock was a dark, pinkish red, fully erect and dripping pre from it. Its head was pointed like an animal's, with a thick knob at its base. Housing the new equipment was a blue, furred sheath and a fuzzy blue ballsack, the size of cantaloupes. It was incredible his jeans and boxers hadn't already opened.

"Tha-that s-so-som-something," stuttered Lionel. All of his face was bright red, his eyes blurry and soft pants were escaping his lips. He felt good. Very good. He felt even better the longer he looked at his new genital, his cock and balls ready for any kind of action.



His right paw twitched the more he looked at the sight, a finger or two jerking in its direction. He felt like reaching for it. No, he wanted to reach for the massive penis and grip it tightly. He wanted to feel it and see what it was like.

*Sh-should I? I-I-I th-think th-this is getting ma-maybe a bit tooOOOOOOOOOOOO!*  
Before he could decide, another paw reached forward and grabbed his shaft. The sensation sent chills up his spine and throughout his entire being.

Lionel's jaw dropped as a low, pleasurable moan bellowed out. His legs shook gently, blue fur spreading down from his waist and onto his thighs. They wrapped around every part of his upper legs, stopping at just about his knees.

In between moans, Lionel gasped, staring at his friend. "Mitch-Mitch... what... What are you doing?!"

Mitchell had leaned forward and grabbed his buddy's cock. His face looked confused slightly, but with this strange, determined expression on it. There was an almost beastly glint in his eyes as he panted, "I... I don't know, but I-I... I need it... right now."

"Ummmmm, I-I'm n-not su-sure if-"

The beastly glint turned fierce as Mitchell barked loudly, "I'm the best guy around here, regardless of muscles and I'll do what I want! You just enjoy it and what I got planned, got it?"

Lionel shivered, nodding his head. That commanding, bossy tone struck a strange chord with him, one that he never felt before. He liked it, quite a bit.

"Wolf" smirked, liking his friend's obedience. Behind him, a large, long tail popped right out above his pants. It was grey like his fur, but with a lighter tint at the end of it. Fully out, the tail swayed happily from side to side.

"Well, let me show you who the top dog is around here then!" With a gruff chuckle, Mitchell pumped Lionel's canine cock just once. The blue furred guy moaned loudly, shivering greatly as pre dripped harder from his cock. His balls pulsed as well, growing a touch bigger.

Shockwaves raced up and down Lionel's spine the entire time, pleasure coursing through him wildly. Above his rear, which had tightened to a firm, fit shape, a small bump bulged out. It stretched and stretched as soon as it appeared, jutting out a few inches before cracking down, giving it a hook shape. Coating it was the same blue fur as his legs and arms.

"Ooooooooooh," moaned Lionel, tilting backwards. Soon, he fell back into the sofa, his whole-body slouching and feeling like jelly.

"Such a big baby," the wolf chuckled, getting up top of him, "Looks like you need to toughen up a bit. Let me help you with that." He grabbed a hold of his friend's cock and started pumping, doing much more than one simple stroke.

“Yeeeeeeeeees,” Lionel panted, trembling excitedly. His fingers clenched down tightly onto the sofa, ripping into it unintentionally. In the farthest corners of his mind, he knew he was going to have to buy Henri another couch.

The whole while that went on, black fur was rising over his forelegs, picking up where the blue pelt had left off. It sailed down his legs, over his calves and heels in seconds. It poured over his feet and across his toes. His toenails extended out of his lower digits, slipping down to the tips of them before jutting out into claws.

His feet stretched forward, bones shifting with them for a more canine-like position. The balls of his feet stretched as his digits turned thicker, hunching up a tad. Their stance shifted, pushing him up onto the balls only. Lastly, the tiniest toe merged with another, bringing him down to four digits per foot.

Lionel panted, his large chest rising up and down repeatedly. “Pl-please,” he groaned out, “Pl-please... give... give me m-m-more...”

Mitchell stopped, his brow furrowing. He huffed, his tone growing gruffier than before, “you want more? You saying I’m not giving you enough? Heh, alright then, I’ll give you “more”.”

A maniacal grin crossed the lupine’s mug as he took his free hand and brought it in. Instead of going for the shaft, he brought his attention to another sensitive area in need of some touching: Lionel’s ballsack.

With a careful touch, the jock’s furry paw caressed Lionel’s furry balls. He carefully groped and felt the sack the whole while he pumped the rod. The sensational groping and pumping brought about intense pleasure not ever felt before by the almost Lucario turned man, his body shaking once more.

Mitchell merely chuckled the whole while as watching his friend spasm with erotic joy. The soft moans were music to the wolf man, who felt his own stirrings and lust down below. The crotch of his pants quickly bulged in response, stretching tightly, wrapping around the equipment almost like it was made of spandex.

**RIP!** The crotch burst open and a similar-looking set of equipment made its appearance on “Wolf”. It was just like Lionel’s with a red lupine dick with a pointed head and knob. His balls were large, though this time were covered in a fine coat of grey fur instead.

Despite that one tear, more were soon to follow. His rod pulsated, pre dripping from it as his legs began bulging and tearing through his jeans. Well, partially at least. Seams burst open in some areas, grey fur poking through them. The back of his pants tore as well, revealing his fine, dense buttock and wolf hole.

Mitchell’s socks were the last to tear, but neither of them were really paying attention at all. Mitchell was too busy playing with Lionel gleefully, getting hornier and hornier the longer it

went on. Lionel himself was just losing it, his mind clouded with a dense fog of lust. Pre drooled from his cock as much as saliva rolled from his mouth.

The almost fully turned Pokémon anthro was almost at his end, blue fur finally rolling up towards his neck. As the pelt passed over his throat, his neck thickened just a tad to match his larger body. His adam's apple bulged out a tad more, his moaning deepening.

And at last, his fur coat slipped up and onto his head. The blue coating swallowed his lower jaw and just a bit of his upper, climbing onto his cheeks. The fur quickly switched over to black then, covering the rest of his upper jaw and surrounding his eyes and part of his forehead. His eyebrows thickened and turned ink black to stay visible amongst his new fur.

The fur growth continued up and over his head, wiping out any remaining trace of bare skin to be seen. Up his nose and through the center of his forehead, black fur grew. Around the rest of his head and including his ears, the same blue pelt as before sprouted.

The soft coat flowed straight through his blonde hair, which shivered as it did. It slowly shrunk backwards, pulling in and in. The follicles turned black or blue depending on whether the pelt was, each blond strand slowly engulfed its unique color was snuffed out. In barely four seconds, his locks were gone, now simply a part of his fur.

Now that his outer layer was complete, the rest of Lionel's head swiftly moved to match the figure it would soon become. From the back of his head, four large bumps grew out. They swelled out and out, turning into big, swinging, black aura sensors, two sets on each side of his head.

His ears shivered, sliding up his head's sides and to the top of it. The lobes pulled in as the insides concaved slightly. Once set into place, they stretched and stretched, turning pointed at the tops. The fur color on the insides of the ears turned cream-colored, finishing off their Pokémon-esque touches.

Mmmmmmmmore, internally moaned Lionel, his eyes rolled back and his body fully tensed up, shaking on occasion. It was nearing its peak and he was on the edge of blowing. His balls had swelled further, more and more seed filling them to the brim. In return, his cock kept leaking more and more pre all over "Wolf"'s hand, the rod pulsating rapidly.

Lionel's chest rose and fell faster and faster as he panted, his dense hands digging deeper into the sofa. It was time.

His head quivered slightly as his pupils dilated. The size of his noggin grew just a bit more to fit more with his neck and his muscled body. The shape of it adjusted as well at the top, going for a more dome-like appearance, similar to that of a dog.

"Lu-Luuuuuu..." he grunted, a beastly voice escaping his mouth, 'Luuuuuucaa....  
LuuuuuuuuuuUUUCCCAARRIIIIIIIOOOOOOOOO!"

He bellowed loudly as his cock pulsated one final time. It sprayed a gallon worth of cum into the air, his end finally hit. Mitchell chuckled, lapping up against stray splatter that struck in the face with a delight. His own cock ejaculated as well, though not on the same level.

Lionel's face pushed forward during it all. It stretched forward several inches, broadening up as his nostrils flattening. His teeth sharpened as his face took on the appearance of a familiar Pokémon's own mug.

With his mighty spray, Lionel had crossed over like his friend. He was now a large, beefy, happy Lucario anthro.

Lionel melted into the couch, arms and legs going limp and the left side of him hanging off the furniture. It almost like he was a second away from passing out. Mitchell fell backwards, panting heavily. He was nowhere near as limp or out of it, more like he just got done with a brisk, but casual run.

Rubbing his fuzzy forehead, Mitchell surveyed the large beast in front of him. He chuckled, patting the Lucario on his thick thigh, "So, was that enough? Are you satisfied now or do you want "more"?"

Lionel panted, weakly lifting his head and looking at his wolf friend. "N-no... I'm... I'm good. You're... you're good."

"Damn straight I am!" Mitchell grinned, sitting up and climbing on top of the anthro Pokémon carefully. "Now, I'm still the big man in charge around here and the best. So, it's time for some more fun."

Lionel nodded, mumbling, "Wha-what d-do you want?"

With a wide smirk on his face, the lupine's cock reemerged from his sheath. He answered simply, "Now it's your turn to please me."