

Energy'mon: Glitzy Pump Streaming

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Commission done for Lolite on Patreon

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“HeroicSlime7, th-thank you for subscribing!” Valerie chimed, looking to the side. There was a smile on her face, but a nervous one at that. Her head lowered slightly after the thank you, almost like she was ashamed.

The head tilt was enough to make her baggy panda hoodie slip forward. It covered part of her face, blocking her eyes.

Anxiously, the streamer readjusted it and then her thick-rimmed glasses. “I-I mean it!” she spoke as she fussed with her clothes, “Every little bit helps!”

The stream currently just showed Valerie from the chest up, leaning a little against the back of her high gamer chair. The lighting of the room slightly obscured her face even without the hoodie's help due to the shadows. Yet, she neither seemed to notice nor did her chat mention it in the scrolling comments on the left side of the screen.

Valerie opened her mouth for a moment after. She looked like she was about to say something, but nothing came out. She hesitated, biting her bottom lip briefly. Her eyes closed, clenching shut briefly before opening again.

She looked off screen, persumbling towards a side monitor. Her chat had lit up with many comments coming in with positive words and reinforcement. She smiled and weakly nodded.

Adjusting her hoodie again, she faced forward and cleared her throat. “H-hi all!” She waved. “ValHunter here w-with an-another trophy hunt stream!”

There was a little bit of fidgeting, but it did not last as her voice grew ever so subtly more confident. “One of m-my favorite games of all time is Psychonauts. Y-you ma-may have guessed that from the sub alert.”

She giggled but looked away as she did.

“Now, Psychonauts d-does not have the hardest trophies to unlock. M-most of them can be obtained by playing the game n-normally or checking in on the various characters after every

level early on. There are tr-trickier trophies when you go for one-hundred percent completion, such as Fi-Figment collecting and mental health upgrades.

“But the most difficult trophy, the one that has always eluded me is “I Love Punching”, the punch target practice in the first stage.” She paused, looking back off-screen.

“There's several rounds of punching targets, and it gets harder with every round. It's... nerve-wracking and fr-frustrating. So much precision and one slip up... it's over.” She held up her controller, a PS4. “Things are extra hard with the PS4 version having an input delay.”

She lowered her hands, looking off to the side. Even with the shadows on her face, her cheeks were turning even redder. “I-I get fl-flustered so e-easily b-b-but if I can do this here, I can do it on Steam too.”

She took a deep breath and released it. “All of you is so kind and sweet, s-so let's do-”

Hey! Listen!

“O-oh!” A message appeared in the corner of the screen, an alert from a subscriber called PinkBuffBoyPants. The message read, *Don't forget the challenge. :3*

Valerie leaned towards the monitor off-screen and snapped back. “O-o-oh r-r-right! Of course!” She turned back to face forward. “H-hold on, I'll be right back!”

She quickly got to her feet, her hoodie falling back and revealing her raven black hair tied into a ponytail. She hurried off screen, the sound of a door opening in the background. There was nothing else but silence. The chat rolled on occasion, some comments wondering where she went.

Soon enough, though, Valerie returned and sat down. She held up a narrow aluminum can, one that shined pink. There was a label stretched across it.

“This is Energy'mon: Glitzy Pump,” Valerie explained, her face partially obscured by the can. “For those who missed last stream, PinkBuffBoyPants gave a big donation and requested I try this next time. Given the amount, it only seemed fair.”

She pulled the can back and examined it. “I-I don't usually have en-energy drinks. They're not my kind of thing...” She slowly looked towards the camera, biting her bottom lip. “B-b-but for y-you folk, I-I'll do it!”

She cracked the lid and took a drink. She seemed to twitch, her free arm jostling and tensing up as if she got a shot from a doctor. Finishing her sip, she brought the can down, biting her bottom lip again. Her eyes clenched shut, her head shaking.

After a moment, she sighed peacefully, leaning back into her chair. Her eyes opened once more, but there was a positive glow to them, even with the shadows. They looked as clear and blue as a bright, cloudless day.

“That tastes good,” she finally spoke, pulling her hoodie backup. “I’m not usually a f-fan of pink lemonade, but it was good.” There was a small smile. “Though, it packs a big punch. Really hard on the head.”

Placing the can down, she took the controller and hit a button on it. Harsh, military-esque music played softly in the background now. “I’ll have more later. Right, let’s t-talk about the challenge here.

“I-I’m on the final round of the T-Target Course. For this, I need to reach fifty points from punching the targets in 75 seconds. I lose one point from missing a target and two from hitting a baby target. **KACOUGH... *ahem*. This is the final round between me and my Silver Trophy.**

“**So, let’s hop in.**” She leaned forward and hit her keyboard. The screen changed, showing the target arena of the game and the character of Raz above the button. Valerie was still visible, but now in a smaller box tucked into the bottom left-hand corner away from the HUD elements.

“**Well...**” Valerie took a deep breath, something blueish poking out from underneath her hoodie. “**Here goes nothing!**” Despite the moment to breathe and the bass in her voice, anxiety still leaked through it.

The button click could be subtly heard behind the game’s music as Raz jumped into the air. The thing sticking out of her hoodie poked out further, revealing two blue points and then a pink band after that. After that was a very long layer of creamy white, the curious thing looking almost like a ribbon.

The long “ribbon” brushed against the side of Valerie’s face as she had Raz ground pound the button. She shivered as the instructional pop-up appeared, describing what she had just told the audience. She didn’t immediately click out of it, casually blowing the extension away from her face to the side of her head.

Valerie never noticed a thing, her gaze growing stiff and focused.

She clicked out of the pop-up, and the minigame began. Targets popped out the circle of sandbags around the arena, one at a time. A countdown timer appeared above them, allowing Valerie to get her character to each one in just enough time. A simple chop of psychic energy shattered the wooden target, and as soon as one was gone, another would pop right up.

After the first ten, the targets began appearing around the center only. Valerie moved in, standing above the button, and from there, it was simply turning and swinging as fast as she could. The timer above the targets vanished, decision-making coming down to split seconds.

Valerie went quiet, the only sound being the music, the sound of smashing wood, and some character in the background saying something gruff or mean. She was in the zone.

As she worked, something was happening. It was hard to tell in the smaller camera, but it was just barely visible with how her hands clutched her controller. Her fingernails were growing longer, whiter. They narrowed but also thickened, growing more pointed at the end.

As she reached the higher twenties, she swung at a target. It looked as if it was going to hit like every other punch, the attack's aura going through the wood. However, the target did not break. Instead, it zipped back into the ground, and the point count dropped.

There was a twitch in Valerie's face, and soon after, she was missing more than she was hitting. The point tally would no longer go up, only either staying the same or decreasing ever slowly. Eventually, the time ran out, only twenty-nine points at the end.

She sighed. **“Well, I never said it was going to be easy. Soon as you miss one, everything falls apart from there.”**

She leaned to the side and hit a button, the streamer appearing in full screen again. She leaned back into her chair and took a deep breath, her chest and shoulders lifting. Exhaling, everything dropped. Though doing so, it appeared as if her hoodie was tighter in the shoulders with how its fabric clung to them.

The stream chat scrolled on by on the side, catching her eye off screen. She scratched at her red cheek with one of her claws, not noticing it. **“Thank you for the kind words. Just taking a moment to breathe is all. Got kind of tense, but I guess I don't need to worry about beating it first try now, right?”**

Valerie took another deep breath, closing her eyes. Her chest seemed to puff out more as she did so, holding in that air. She slowly released, the area falling back and falling back further. Even with it being a bit of a baggy hoodie, the area seemed flat, wider than before.

“Let's get back to it!” The game returned, and her screen went back to its corner as well.

Without wasting any time, she jumped right back into the minigame. She was hitting targets again in no time, getting back into her rhythm and groove. If anything, she seemed to be doing a little better. Halfway through the timer, she began to smile, her chin looking darker.

However, like before, she swung and missed once. That was that. The countdown eventually ended. The total results were thirty-one points. It was better than before, but she was still a ways off.

Valerie sighed, scratching her face. **“Well... I guess we go again.”** She scratched her face some more and mumbled something. It was very, very low and almost impossible to hear unless the sound was cranked all the way. The only thing that could be heard was, **“need to shave”**.

She got back into the challenge once again. Smashing away at the targets, her chin seemed to get darker and darker, her pale skin vanishing. It coated most of her chin, the darkness going up to her bottom lip in a small strip as well.

“Dammit...” It felt like no time before Valerie failed the challenge again. She huffed, rubbing her face and shaking her head. **“Thought I was onto something there...”**

She placed the controller down and cut back to full-screen for her.

With a bigger picture of her now, it was clear what had happened. Valerie had grown a thin goatee, but not a normal one. It was colored dark pink.

Valerie gave another sigh. **“This may take a while, folks. Strap in or whatever.”** She turned and faced the camera as she said that. Even with the shadows covering her face, her eyebrows were dark pink as well, looking bushier than before, too.

“I know, I know, we only just started, but I feel we'll be working at this for a while and-”

Hey! Listen!

A new alert message had popped in. It was from PinkBuffBoy Pants again. *You can do it, handsome! <3*

Valerie blushed again. “**Oh...**” She looked shyly away. “**Thank you for the kind words.**” There was a slight smile on her face. “**Not sure about handsome, but thank you.**”

She took a deep breath again and released. She rubbed her small nose a little bit and relaxed her hands. Her nose looked pinker, wider, bumpier like a canine after she did.

“**Let's try this again, everyone!**” The screen returned back to the game as she grabbed her controller.

And off she went on her fourth attempt and then fifth soon after. Her confidence faded faster than before, her face hardening and even twisting into a scowl. Her fourth attempt was awful, barely racking up twenty points by the end of it.

During it, the collar of her hoodie bulged and quivered as if something from within was nuzzling against the fabric. Two white points popped out, just barely visible like her ribbon was at the start. The points seemed to grow and widen.

Eventually, as she started the fifth run, something popped right out of her collar. It was a pink bow with white ends. From it, very long, familiar white ribbons extended out of its bottom, flowing down her chest and stomach.

“**Crap...**” Valerie muttered, missing a target. She missed another one then. “**Crap!**” She missed two more and struck a baby target. “**Goddammit! This is so fu... frickin' stupid!**”

She bit her bottom lip and sighed, shaking her head. She let the timer run down on its own and cut back to her head again. She looked flustered, her cheeks red to a degree. She was definitely blushing, but it was difficult to see with the white patches of hair growing across her cheeks and the rest of her face.

“**Err... sorry.**” She scratched her face again, her hand looking a lot fuzzier and pinkier now. “**Got a bit heated. I know some people don't mind that, but I do try to keep this a calm and friendly environment. S-sorry.**”

As she moved her arm back down, she paused. She looked at her sleeve closely, somehow not even seeing her paw-ifying hand. It was hard to judge, given how baggy the hoodie was, but it did seem like the sleeve was hugging her limb more.

“**M-must've shrunk...**” Though, it didn't look as if it shrunk. It was more as if her arm had been hitting the gym.

Even her other arm looked jacked as well, even though it was hanging to the side. Both of them filled out her outfit far more and maybe even a step beyond that.

Valerie frowned but commented on it no further. “**Sorry, keep getting distracted. I'll just focus on the game now.**” She grabbed her controller with her fully pink paws and hopped back into the game, returning her screen back to its corner.

The sixth attempt went by quickly. She did better that time, reaching forty by the time the countdown ended. She smiled a little but didn't seem satisfied.

Her hood seemed to twitch a few times throughout it. Two spots on either side of her head bulged and shook at different intervals. At the end, her hoodie bulged and stretched in those spots, but the movement stopped after a bit. Nothing else happened beyond that, then.

However, when the seventh attempt started, her hood was thrown back. Valerie noticed and looked confused briefly but returned to her game. She couldn't and wouldn't pull her attention away for anything.

With her hoodie off, her head was visibly a lot pinker. Her black hair had pink streaks, dipping into her shorter-looking ponytail. The ribbons that were sticking out of her hoodie were attached to a similar-looking bow as the one on her neck. Some of the facial fuzz was tracing up her jaws to where her ears were.

Or where they used to be. Two very long, almost bunny-like ears stood at the top of her head. They were dark pink like her hair and goatee, oval in shape with some fluffy spikes near the outer base of them. The inside had navy blue fur, a sharp color difference from the rest of her growing fur coat.

“**Dammit!**” Valerie snapped. Her ears bent back, her sharper-looking teeth gritting. Another round had been lost. “**How the f... how am I missing? Stupid button delays and hit detection! This is so... so...**”

Valerie took a deep breath, one that sounded like a bigger huff of annoyance than usual. “**Okay, okay... I can do this...**”

She started up yet another round, her face harder than before. She was leaning in closer, so much so that her head was taking up most of the tiny screen.

With that visibility, it was clear to see the color shifts. The pink facial hair was spreading, her jaws and chin darkening further. She didn't have just a goatee anymore. The face of her face was getting whiter as that layer of fuzz covered everything else. It was positively snow-white.

The minigame ended soon enough. The point tally was at forty once again. She muttered and snorted, still inaudible. She seemed less upset than the last attempt at least.

YOU CHEATED!

Just as she was about to start up the next round, a new sub alert came in. “**Oh!**” Valerie looked off to the side, clearing her throat. “**Thank you, ShinyTeeth108, for subscribing! If you're just joining now, I'm attempting to get a rather annoying trophy in the PS4 version of Psychonauts.**

“**We're on Attempt... Nine, I think. Everybody, keep track if you can.**” With that, Valerie struck the button again and started the challenge up.

Things went normally. Valerie struck the targets as they came up, avoiding the babies as they occasionally popped up. She missed one early on but made up for it right away and kept going. Her rhythm improved, and she reached thirty points in no time.

Just as she struck and reached thirty-one, a loud tear echoed, blaring over the game music and sound effect. Valerie yipped, throwing the controller into the air. It flew off to the side and could be heard crashing onto something.

It must've been the keyboard controls because everything went full screen again.

Valerie sat there with her jaw dropped, looking down. Her sweatshirt hoodie had blown open in the chest. Her bra had also broken, hanging loose. She might've broken some big streaming violations if not for one big thing that made the situation hazier.

She had no breasts. Instead, she had white-furred pectorals with pink nipples. Perfectly square and wide, her pecs were stretched out across her broad, dense body. There were chest hairs in form in thin, dark pink strands across them.

The streamer could only stutter, jaws twitching as they tried to form words. “**Wha wha wha**” were the first things she could finally say after a bit. Looking up from her chest, she looked off to the side, her pupils dilating. “**Oh no...**”

She panted. “**Oh no, oh no, oh no! I... I...**” She looked from the side to down at her chest and then seemingly below that before back to the camera. “**I... I... don't...**”

Valerie lifted a hand, staring at it and twitching. **“My hand! I'm-”** She looked and reached down, putting her foot up onto the desk **“I'm changing! I'm fucking changing!”**

She tilted the camera down so the audience could get a better look. Her striped sock had split open at the top, four claws poking out. Her foot popped and stretched further out, her toes wiggling out as if gripping some unseen ground to pull forward. Blue pads were underneath each toe and on the ball of her foot, making them positively canine. Fur sprouted between the pads, pink as her hand.

“I'm transforming! This... this is nuts!” Valerie inspected her foot, running her fingers over her pads and pudgy toes. She shook as a new tear was heard. From behind her back, a pink, fluffy but rough looking tail could be seen. It curled back, wagging like an excited dog's.

Her face was filled with panic and confusion despite the eager appendage's attitude. **“I... I mean, I-I heard the stories before... about Energy'mon. Turning into Eeeveelutions. I didn't think... think they were real. N-now-”**

All of her thigh-high sock tore apart. It started with her foot completely escaping its confines, sides and then her sole splitting open. Tears raced up her leg like the earth cracking in an earthquake. White fur burst through, her leg getting an incredible boost of muscle mass.

Valerie let out another yip as her leg slipped off the table. **“Oh man, everything's g-going wrong!”** She groaned when she tried holding her head. **“ERrrugh, so tight.”**

She held her arms out. They were so built and dense with muscle that it made her sweatshirt look like a cheap, thin t-shirt made to be torn off. For how thick the fabric should've been, it appeared as if any more movement or twisting would let her bulgy limbs tear them apart with ease.

“So... so hot...” Valerie panted, tugging at the remains of her collar. **“I think... I think I'm all furry.”** She gulped, looking down. **“I'm sorry, everyone. Y-you all must be so freaked out or disgusted. I was tricked and... and... I'm so sorry!”**

She turned to the side and looked off camera. Her eyes began to lit up, and her jaw dropped. During her panic, the comments have been scrolling fast on the screen. There had been alerts of all kinds popping up on the screen. There were even some coming in when she looked.

“Energy'mon is so cool! I wish I had some!” “Sylveons are awesome! You pull it off!” “Pink is so you!” “Can you show your paw again?” So hawt!” “<3 <3 X3” Every so often, a

negative comment would appear, but it would be quickly swatted down by a mod or drowned in all the praise.

“**Y-you... you like this?**” The comments blazed by again, new subscribers and old all showering her in support. She looked away, scratching at the back of her head awkwardly. “**Umm, thanks?**”

It was clear that she had no idea on how to respond. However, there was a certain look on her face. A very small half-smile, eyebrows up, her eyes more open than ever. She looked happy.

Hey! Listen!

Valerie's ears rose, and she looked off to her right. A message appeared on screen from a new sub called RealMonsSwell. *Show 'em muscles! Flex!*

“**Flex?**” Even with white fur over most of her face, a reddish tint could be seen amongst it. “**Errr... well, I-I guess I can try that... for the fans!**”

The chat lit up again as she repositioned herself more centered. Arms lifted, the changing woman taking a deep breath. Hands clenching, she brought her forearms back up and flexed. A deep moan left her.

Her sleeves were doomed. Though the fabric was stronger than mere socks, thick, tight sounds of tears came, white fur poking through. Bicep muscle fissured through, almost doubling her arms in pure density it seemed. Even the stitching around the shoulders split, separating the sleeves from the rest of her top.

Valerie rapidly looked between her arms, holding that pose. Her eyes twitching, she moaned. “**My poor hoodie... I love you.**”

However, the twitch disappeared. That half-smile appeared again, now bigger and slier. “**That... that was pretty cool too.**” The smile grew. “**It felt pretty good too. I-I don't know why but... but...**”

Her eyes widened, her smile a full-on grin with sharp-looking fangs. “**Look at 'em gains!**” She flexed again, the sleeves tattering more until most of her arms were exposed. “**I'm so big and burly! It's fucking cool, right?**”

Valerie didn't hold the pose that time, her excited expression fading fast. “**Oh... err...**” Her arms dropped, her smile awkward. “**S-sorry... got carried away!**”

The chat was still raging, messages appearing on screen for barely a second before vanishing. **“Thank you all for the kind words, but ah... probably should get back to the stream, r-right? You all came for that.”**

Looking around, she fished the controller from where it dropped and held it up. She reached to the side and switched the view, returning to the game. **“Okay... okay!”** She took a deep breath one final time, hand to their chest as they released it, **“Let’s do this!”**

Fingers digging into her controller, she had Raz smash that button again and the targets began their taunting. Her speed was faster and aim was more on point this time, no bit of movement wasted as she went from target to target. Even when it sped up, she smashed everything that needed smashing without missing a beat.

Her eyes blazed with a new intensity in them that was clear to see even in the smaller window. Though, that clarity vanished a smidgen as she rose. She was becoming bigger, lifting her head partially out of view until only her mouth and nose were visible.

Valerie just tilted her head downward more, her gameplay acting on pure instincts. She muttered to herself. **“Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine...”**

Her ears twitched, her eyes widening. **“FIFTY!”**

RANK UP! appeared on the screen. A lovely jingle echoed over the music as a pop-up appeared in the top left hand corner. Trophy earned! I LOVE PUNCHING!

“Fuuuuuck yeah!” Valerie moaned with a certain, deep, wanting gruffness in it. She sunk into her seat, slouching and with a dumb, lustful look on her mug. The dopey grin grew more or perhaps it was just her face. It was stretching forward into a blunt, wide muzzle with a pink, canine nose at the end.

“Goddaayuumm!” The Sylveon gruffly chuckled, their eyes narrowing. They dropped their controller and leaned back in their chair. Their voice was muffled a bit with their distance from the microphone. **“Didn't realize completing a trophy could be so... fucking goood.”**

“I feel awe-” There was a small pop, followed by an even lower zipping sound.

Valerie looked down at something just off-camera. Their eyes grew wide again, but it wasn't from mere shock. Their cheeks reddened more than ever before, somehow appearing behind their fur coat. Whatever they were looking at, it wasn't their legs.

“Ahhhhh...” They looked up and down between whatever they were looking at and the camera. “**I'll be, ah, r-right back!**”

They reached over to the right and the screen went dark. A small image of a chibi version of Valerie pre-changes appeared, playing on a generic-looking console. The phrase, “**I'll be right back!**”, was right along the side of it.

“Oh... so big...” Valerie's voice could still be heard despite the image. “**So big... do dicks and balls get that big? Mmrrrp-ph...**”

“**I shouldn't... but... but maybe one littleOOOOOH! Ooooooooooo!** **Fuuuuuck yeah...**” There were inhuman, beastly grunts and moans that followed. A few snorts and the sound of shaking followed.

“**Fuuuuuuck...**” The sound of something heavy being struck could be heard. The screen changed, showing the game once again and Raz standing motionless on the training course. The small window that housed Valerie didn't appear. However, their grunts were still very clear.

“**OOOOOH FUUUUUUCK YES!**”

Afterwards, silence from the streamer, leaving only the music and the game audio to fill the void. There was no sound or anything else that could be heard outside of a bit of rustling. It seemed to go on for minutes until...

Hey! Listen!

A message from RealMonsSwell had popped in. *Having fun? :3*

There was more silence before the small window in the corner reappeared again. The Sylveon guy was rubbing his face and chest with a tissue, tossing it to the side. He panted softly, ears bent back. “**S-sorry. J-just doing some experimenting, that's all.**”

“**Err... we got the trophy... yay!**” His eyes looked around. “**We could probably end the stream right there, right? But ah... since we have so many new people, I can play the game a little longer. Just do something relaxing for a little bit, right?**”

He bent down once again and scooped up his controller. He adjusted his glasses on his face, which had somehow not shifted or fallen off after everything. With that, he started playing the game, trying to look as normal and unaffected as possible.

Hey! Listen!

The new alert nearly made Valerie jump out of their seat. The message had come in as he had Raz enter the turret section of the area. Valerie quickly moved the character behind cover before they were shot up in the surprise.

The message was from PinkBuffBoy Pants. *Glad you liked the drink! ;3 Can't wait for future Sylveon streams! ^^*

“Can't wait for future Sylveon streams...” The large mon lowered his head. **“Y-yeah... thanks for sponsoring the episode and, ah, recommending Energy'mon. I... I probably won't be drinking that again though. Sorry.”**

Though, all of her fans knew different. Despite how deep and manly their voice had become, their tone was recognizable. The small, nervous smile on their muzzle was familiar. The way he looked to the side as he said it as well.

They would certainly be seeing this handsome Sylveon again.

THE END