

Shu slammed the door behind his back, the metallic impact echoing across the bathroom as he rushed to the faucet. Feeling his face burning up, he splashed water on his face until he felt the scalding sensation across his body dissipate. The intensity of the match was still etched across his muscles, the taste of utter defeat as painful as it was bitter.

How long had he trained himself to the bone only to see pitiful results? How much time of his life had he wasted trying to keep up the pace with the other members of his gym? How long until he finally starts seeing results?

It all felt so *unfair*.

Looking at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, what met him was a sad sight. His face was covered in bruises and blood. His dark hair looked greasy and nasty, far less amicable to look at than the shimmering fur of the hybrids in the gym. Sometimes, he wished that he was born like them—a wonder of science and bearers of powers beyond anyone's imagination. To be born with the powers and features of a Pokemon and the body and mind of a human must feel amazing. How could he *not* be jealous?

The 8-bit melody of his ringtone emerged from his locker. Shu groaned, planting his shoulders on the sink and pushing his hands onto his face, muffling a furious groan. The last thing he wanted was to talk to someone. Hell, he didn't even want to *see* anyone at the moment. It was already bad enough to have the audience cheer and gawk at his astounding defeat, and having to deal with someone else up close—probably intent on questioning him about that very same loss—was like the universe rubbing salt in the wound.

Still, he couldn't afford to miss a call in the case it was an agent looking to represent him in his MMA career. He didn't have high hopes—*any* hope, in fact—but Ignis would throw a fit if he ended up missing a chance to further his career because he was sulking too much. The hybrid Incineroar was the only one who seemed to believe in him, but as the owner of the gym he practiced in, it was his job to believe in *everyone*, so Shu sure as hell didn't feel special. He just felt like another chump who wanted to prove himself, only that he failed where others succeeded.

Opening the locker door, he saw the photo of the Incineroar on the caller ID. Ignis was massive, even for a hybrid.

The photo showed him in one of the many beach getaways he hosted for gym members—posing for the camera to capture his best side. He was clad in nothing but a speedo, always proud to show off his body, a belief that he told everyone in the gym regardless of body type. Almost all of his body was laid bare to the camera lens; thick, broad shoulders—gray, taut, protruding pectorals—a six pack that ran down the pattern on his stomach—bulging biceps that looked like they were sculpted in marble from how firm they looked on the picture—and a confident, almost boyish smile that irradiated pure joy with all his fangs displayed in a toothy grin.

Shu could never understand how someone could present themselves in such a manner. Did he really have no shame? The hybrid's package was tightly packed inside the bright red garment, nothing left to the imagination, and to have it as his *profile* picture only confounded him even further.

He pushed the phone on speaker, not wanting to smear sweat all over the screen if he tried putting it against his ear. "Hello?"

"Heeeey, Shu! I heard that your match was today. How'd it go? Did you kick some ass?!"

The Incineroar's infectious enthusiasm was like twisting a knife deep into a bleeding injury. When working out, it was a good enough motivation—a push to keep going and not give up—but now beaten and defeated, it was just a reminder of his own weakness. His muscular frame staring back at him only made it worse. Looking down at his own body, while he clearly was a little more built than the average person, Shu was downright miniscule compared to everyone else in the gym—an iota of definition spread across his otherwise scrawny body. Even the smallest trunks that the venue could give him were baggy on him, needing to be tied with a sash to prevent them from slipping down to his feet.

"I lost." He flatly said.

"Oh, that's a shame. There's always a next time too! I'm sure that it's just a streak of bad luck."

"It's the longest streak of bad luck I've seen in my life, then." The words were just flying out of his mouth, tainted with spite and venom. "I don't even know why I'm even trying. I mean, I haven't gotten a win in months..."

"Oh, cheer up, Shu! Everyone stumbles when starting out. You'll score eventually, I know it!"

The encouragement hit flat. Visualization and positive energy—Ignis' favorite buzzwords whenever Shu trained at the gym—meant nothing against the foul taste of reality. Being positive seemed tantamount to being naive. What should he even do right now? The only reason that he was still training was because of... him.

"I believe in you, Shu! You're one of my most resilient students. I know that you'll win eventually as long as you don't give up! Trust me, I know a rising star when I see one."

...*Dammit*. Ignis' positivity was exhausting, but it always came out to be the panacea to his building pessimism whenever he got in a slump. "Alright. I'll keep trying, but I don't know how long I can go on. I'm putting it all, b-but I don't think I can keep doing this for long. Is there anything that I could do? There has to be something I'm doing wrong, right?"

For the first time in his life, Shu heard Ignis fall silent. He would always have something to say, even if he wasn't fully confident in his words, but never—*ever*—did he fall into silence. The only

sign that the call hadn't died immediately was the heavy breathing from the Incineroar's side. It was deep and rumbling, like the sound of a slumbering engine.

"I'll drop a package in front of your apartment, okay? It helped me at a point in my life where I was going through something similar." Like a switch had flipped, Ignis' voice was harsh and quiet, everything he said in a whisper. It was as if whatever he was saying *wasn't* supposed to be spoken about, which only left Shu even more confused as to what Ignis could be talking about. "I gotta go now, but do tell me how it goes, alright?"

"Uh... sure?"

"Okay! Bye!" And then as if the last bit of the conversation never happened, Ignis returned to his cheery usual self before hanging up.

Shu looked at the phone's black screen. His own reflection stared back at him—a sad sight smeared by defeat after defeat. His gut instinct was telling him that something was off—that Ignis wouldn't act so... *strange* unless something was terribly out of place, but Ignis trusted him... shouldn't he also trust him back?

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Opening the gym doors, Shu was shocked to see that the place was completely vacant of people. The electricity was still running and the door was unlocked, yet there was not a soul to be found. "Hellooooo?" He called out, voice echoing across the walls, yet no one answered even after he lingered in silence. Sundays were Ignis' most profitable days, which only made the total lack of gym-goers all the more confounding. The only thing to join his heavy breathing were the sounds of the droning hum of the fluorescent lights and the ear-grating thump of the electric fans.

He was hoping that he would at least run into Ignis to ask what exactly he gave him. When he picked up that package in his apartment, Shu didn't understand what he was supposed to do with it—even now, the contents left him completely befuddled.

Doing a double take to check if he was indeed alone, Shu dropped his gym bag on the floor and took out Ignis' gift. "What do you want me to see, coach? I just don't get it..." He whispered to himself. In his hands was a large, strange bottle filled with thick, red liquid. He kept tilting the bottle to see the substance slosh inside the container, almost looking like medicine rather than a drink.

The note attached to the bottle was equally confusing. "You will evolve with the power of that drink." The words were utter nonsense to him. He wasn't a Pokemon, so supplements meant for them wouldn't work on him. He had *tried* before, with the only results involving stomach aches and hospitalizations.

Still, he didn't have anything to lose. He wanted to get out of his upcoming match anyway, so if he got sick, it would benefit him. He popped the cap open and began chugging down the drink. The taste was bittersweet, almost like a cocktail. It was surprisingly tasty, urging Shu to keep chugging down.

As he drank more and more of the strange liquid, he felt his body begin to tingle. At first, it was faint, but it quickly grew stronger until his entire body was buzzing with energy. It was like nothing he had ever felt before, like his body had suddenly come to life for the first time. Boiling blood rushed through his veins, an intense, burning sensation flowing through his tensed muscles. He had taken energy drinks before, and this was a hundred times more powerful. "A-Arceus almighty, what is this?" Shu held the drink far away from him, yet couldn't bring himself to actually throw it away. It *did* help Ignis out—the fact was undeniable. The Incineroar was the pinnacle of health, so if he recommended it... there surely couldn't be anything wrong with it, right? Perhaps he was just not used to feeling energetic.

Shu shook his head hard in an attempt to dispel the energy coursing through his veins. Being charged up was nice, but he had to focus on training now, especially since he only had one bottle. He stepped onto the gym's squat rack and began lifting weights. His usual weight was a combined 64 kilograms, so he began setting it up without too much thought. It wasn't until he gripped the bar that he realized that something was... off. He was still somewhat of a beginner when it came to lifting, so he still struggled when doing anything other than beginner exercises. That fact was why it was so odd that he had managed to raise the bar above his head—arms straight up—without having put any kind of effort. "What... what is going on?" Shu tried upping the weights—the accomplishment feeling dream-like from how easy it was—but he didn't wake up. "Was this... what coach Ignis was talking about?"

He put the weight back in the squat rack, wide-eyed and looking at the gym equipment as if it were something alien. His eyes then wandered to the extra weights slotted on the bottom of the rack. His morbid curiosity got the better of him—the high of the drink and the effortless victory guiding his choice as he piled on an extra 32 kilograms onto the bar. The iron disks slid through the bar, and yet again... no effort. It was as if they were made of cardboard. "Okay, what did that drink do to me?" He took out the weights from the bar to check if Ignis was somehow playing a prank on him by giving him fake weight rings. He grabbed one of them and spun it around in his hand, rubbing his thumb down. "This feels amazing... And I don't even have any side effects yet. Did they start making supplements for humans too?"

Enthralled by the prospect of his growing strength, Shu began to carelessly pile more and more weight onto the bar. Every time that he was met with a lack of resistance from the weights, the more he added. The minutes flew by as he continued to pile on more to seek a challenge. He had never felt so powerful—he wanted *more*... No, want was too much of a light word. Need—he *needed* to find something.

A passion stirred inside of him as he continued to lift. It was a sensation that he had only felt when in the throes of intense passion, overwhelming warmth spreading even further through his body. Sweat dripped from his head to the rest of the body, small puddles forming underneath him. He thought that it was just the burn from a workout, but as he lifted and lifted—strength and might the only things on his mind—he realized that the foreign, invigorating, arousing fervor inside of him was a strange form of tingling. The repetitive motion of bucking his hips, gripping the bar, and lifting it up allowed him to focus on it. A rush of blood traveled down to his loins, one that grew faster with every weight he lifted. It was impossible to ignore, the feeling too enthralling.

Almost unconsciously, his eyes wandered towards his reflection in the gym's mirror wall. He gulped when he saw the bulge pressing against his shorts, cheeks growing warm. He needed to stop, this wasn't normal! But... It felt *too* good. His body was moving on autopilot, pushing him to continue with his lifting. "T-the drink... mgh!" He bit his lip, trying to suppress a moan even if no one was around. His shaft throbbed, a stain of pre beginning to form around his red shorts. "I-I can't... stop!"

Driven by pure mania, Shu was helpless to do anything but continue. It wasn't long until he arrived at a particularly difficult lift. His cheeks puffed up as a last-ditch effort to preserve his dignity, but it was only good enough for a few seconds before a loud moan escaped his lips. The sound that left his mouth was high-pitched, reaching an almost feminine octave as Shu wailed in pure ecstasy. The sound of his own voice was enough for him to put the weights back on the rack in the event that anyone could notice him. "Mgh, mgh... fuck..." He panted, leaning on his back against the wall. His paranoid gaze kept turning to the entrance, his hands automatically wandering toward his needy crotch. "I can't... focus..." The intense pulsing of his shaft left his head in shambles—rational, and base needs pulling on his brain in an intense tug-of-war.

His feet began to move on their own, his head swaying side to side like a heavy pendulum. The lights' droning hum was distant, muffled as if he was only a little bit in the real world and everything else around him and the rest was adrift in another plane. "G-gotta... get... stronger..." He found himself in front of a rack filled with dumbbells bigger than his own head. He was always afraid of using them in the case he pulled a muscle, but now, he didn't hesitate before picking them up.

His muscles turned stiff with hard pressure, veins popping up across his tense arms. The fire inside him was now an intense, unquenchable ember. He moaned out in a mix of pain and ecstasy, the burning sensation spreading through him, his chest reaching the apex of the incandescent stimuli. "GgggAAAHH!" His scream ruptured the air, his chest muscles turning taut. From underneath that hard rock musculature, a giant patch of hair crawled from underneath his skin. Shu looked down, mouth agape and expression contorted into pure horror. They slithered outwards, crimson tendrils all united to form a clump of chest hair. His mind still compelled him to continue working towards the dumbbells, holding them above his head. He was a prisoner inside his own changing body, saliva dripping from his mouth as he stood helplessly while the strange

hair spread across his body. “W-what is ghooing on...?” It crept up from his neck to his waist, a furry coating surrounding his entire torso.

The red hair vibrated, a strange flow of energy coursing to his muscles underneath. Like a beating heart, his muscles pulsated rhythmically. His rippling musculature swelled each time that his physique rhythmically throbbed, lines of definition added to his body to accommodate for the surge in extra mass. The hair and his body were in a symbiotic dance where the constant movement of one would spur the other to swell and shift. The growth was addicting, a burn so intense that was forcing him to keep going. That feeling slowly began to encroach towards his dick, Shu gasping in shock as he felt his dick beginning to brim even more intensely. The arousal was so much that it began to override his ego and need for a challenge. Almost in a manic manner, he screamed as he *launched* the dumbbells away, the gym mirror shattering into pieces.

“Fuck, fuck... So... horny... so... *powerful!*” His voice turned higher-pitched, almost resembling the tone of an over-excited teenage girl. His instincts were running so intensely that he wasn’t sound of mind enough to even know how to take off his pants. Gripping the cloth, he *tore* it asunder to grip his cock. It had gone from leaking pre to shooting load after load—far more than what would be for an orgasm. He still wasn’t satisfied, mindlessly pumping his cock and forcing more seed to splurge from his tip. Looking down, he realized that his hands had turned dark, a grainy texture all over them. He couldn’t stop pleasuring himself, his changing hands glued to his shaft, so the most he could do was simply gawk at his changes; the sudden shift in color and feel extended from his palms to his elbows—lines segmenting the upper section of his arms. His nails had turned into dark, black keratin blades atop his digits.

Shu didn't know what was happening to him—too horny and desperate to resist it any longer. Only a second passing without his hands *gripping* his cock managed to snap him somewhat back to reality. His hands were pumping empty air, his fingers a few kilometers away from his dick. It took him a moment to realize, but his dick was *shrinking*. It pulsated, shooting out cum and quickly becoming smaller by a few millimeters. Shu thought that he should be scared, but for some reason, the fear wouldn’t come out. The only feeling that remained was still arousal, the sight of his shortening member almost alluring in its bizarreness.

The inside of his shaft was becoming smaller and tighter; waves of intense sensation coursing down from his head to the base of his member as if his manhood was trying to resist its own metamorphosis. The feeling was so intense that Shu couldn’t help but moan out as he felt himself being reduced in size, the sound of his voice akin to the voice of a young woman. The pitch didn’t sound anything like his normal tone, but paradoxically, it felt like it *belonged* to him. “Whatever is happening... I don’t want it to stop!” He moaned out, his sultry voice further entangling a feminine hue over his self-image. “Mgh, ah~”

The skin of his manhood turned softer and silkier with every passing second—all the while becoming more sensitive and responsive to every touch and stroke in spite of its diminishing size.

He didn't know what this meant, all he knew was that he wanted more of it; craving intensely for whatever would come next.

The transformation continued as Shu felt something else happening beneath him. His pelvis seemed to be shifting, adjusting itself lower and lower until it met with his thighs, creating a sort of saddle between the two body parts. With each shift in his hips came an accompanying surge in pleasure that shot vectored throughout Shu's entire body, setting every nerve alight in an orgasmic wave too powerful for words; accompanied by an incessant throbbing deep within that made Shu's toes curl as he clung tighter onto whatever remained of his sanity.

The heat of his cock emboldened him with a strange sense of warmth and filled him with a strange sense of security, his groin now being the safest place he could think of. Shu had never felt so good, so *wonderful*. He brimmed with confidence and sensuality, panting as his legs shivered from the overwhelming arousal. The pulsating had stopped as Shu's dick had shrunk to nothing, and a feeling of emptiness gripped his crotch. His mind was so overwhelmed that he didn't even notice that it had been reduced to a small, hairless dick and a pair of balls that were still shrinking, drawing inwards towards his body. Looking at his contorting body, the only feeling he could come up with was... that it felt like it was natural. His feet twisted, the last vestige of his manhood being eroded.

Looking down, it was undeniable. His body had morphed to accommodate a pussy between his legs. The trepidation and shock left him soaking wet, "T-this is amazing!" He gasped, his voice shaking with pleasure. His cock was now a dripping, new sex organ that beckoned to be played with. It was numb, having been covered by a new skin that provided an intense amount of stimulation. With a slight nudge, his legs gave way, and Shu fell on his side. It didn't hurt, but the feeling of the squishy, warm flesh beneath him was still overwhelming and too foreign for him to be able to accept it. It had a sort of viscous aura to it, the new skin dripping a strange, sticky substance that felt alien to him. The feeling was so intoxicating... so soothing... so perfect.

However, he couldn't even play with himself before a similar feeling began to form across his red, furry chest. His two pectorals ballooned outwards, hard definition being lost in place for a squishy, soft feel. His nipples had become hard and dark red to accommodate his new body. "Mmgh, yes! Turn me into a woman!" He moaned out. "I-I wanna feel like a goddess! I need to! I need to!" He groped his newly formed breasts with the candor of an animal in heat, breathing heavily with each stroke of his boobs. He pressed his legs together, biting down on his lip. They kept growing and growing, overflowing through his hands. Almost as if to complement his new assets, his back muscles toughened up accordingly. "God, so hot... blazing!" Shu tickled his sensitive nipples with his index finger, panting like a dog as soon as he did.

Another surge of energy; this one through his whole body. His body began to beat, muscles began to grow even more. He could barely contain himself as he felt it course through his body. Dense, rippling muscles growing around his shoulders and arms, swelling and bulking out all at once. His skin grew tighter to fit his new frame, his body being ripped apart and put back

together at once. His hands became bigger, the skin writhing from the sharp growth. His upper muscles bulged, expanding outwards even more and growing with incredible speed. His shoulders and arms turned hard as stone, as large as Shu's head. The sheer volume of flesh and fat that came to be was mind-numbing. Her abs began to show—a tight six-pack settling on his torso—soon after her arms, giving her an hourglass figure—thighs as thick as tree trunks and dense enough to crush steel between them. His skin darkened to a deep crimson hue as the few patches of skin that weren't covered in fur ended up coated. His hair grew longer, cascading down his back in a wavy mane, silver soft locks going down the back of his now full-figured frame. “Ough, YES!”

Shu's eyes shifted as well, turning from their dull brown color to a sapphire hue that sparkled like jewels against the new strange, fiery yellow of his scleras. His mouth and lips contorted to form a sharp protrusion from within his skull, pointing forward. The skin wrapped around it, forming the outline of a beak. Lastly, the top of Shu's head grew larger and sharper, the general shape of the edges being the silver bullet that told Shu what he was exactly turning to.

“A... A Blaziken?” He scurried off to the mirror shards on the gym mat, looking down at his reflection, and just as he suspected, his frame had been sculpted in the image of the fire-fighting type. Many other fire-type hybrids frequented the gym—Blazikens included, and he wouldn't look out of place between them. The sight was the complete opposite of his old self; a large Pokemon goddess that stood proudly with might to back up her newfound confidence juxtaposed against a pathetic, weak fool that could never grasp victory. He couldn't be any prouder. The sight of his new body was enough to make him even more aroused, his hands moving towards his pussy without him even realizing it. “I see... So that's what they meant with ‘evolving’...”

Rings of fire suddenly sprouted around his wrists. The flames sent a gentle, soothing warmth through his system. Shu couldn't help but feel at ease at the strange heat around his body. The strange discomfort that he always suffered from whenever he looked at his own reflection was gone. There was only self-love and adoration to be found, and he was *addicted* to the brand-new feeling. The euphoria of finally being *strong* was so powerful that he couldn't even begin to imagine feeling in such a way with his own body... no, his old identity. Shu was a weakling who spent his entire life looking for strength but never taking it for himself. The person that he was right now was completely different... both in gender and mentality. He was completely reborn, and in tow, he needed a new name for his identity as a female Blaziken hybrid. He'd need to come up with something that inspired fear into her heart of her opponents, that was for sure.

Suddenly, the sound of the creaking gym door caught Shu's attention. He sharply turned around, flames emitting from their plumage. “Who are you?!” He screamed, assuming a defensive stance.

Ignis peeked from behind the door, a sheepish smile on his face. “Sorry, sorry I should've knocked.” He awkwardly rubbed the back of his head, an uncharacteristic embarrassment written all over his sharp face. “It seems that you ended up taking my gift...” He sizes up Shu, eyes



wide and unable to suppress a toothy grin. “I didn’t expect that it would transform you into something like that, Shu...”

“I think that it transformed me into the best version of myself...” Shu said as he posed seductively for Ignis, the Incineroar turning stiff with arousal almost instantly as he gazed at his naked body. “So you knew that this would happen, then?”

“Yeah, but I was expecting something like... an Infernape, or maybe even an Emboar. I just never took you for, uh...” His eyes were practically glued to the Blaziken’s boobs, just a few more seconds away from starting to drool all over them. “So curvy is all. Don’t mean anything bad by that, Shu.”

“Eugh, that name... So weak. I hate hearing it.” They said while crossing their arms, looking away from Ignis. “It’s time for a new name.”

“Oh? Then what do you have in mind?”

The Blaziken rubbed her chin, mumbling to herself before she finally settled on something that fit her godly status. “Kurenai. Something that sounds like it’s from Hoenn.” Even after uttering the name once, she already felt completely settled into her new identity. She didn’t miss the old her at all, and she had to thank... Ignis. The muscular Incineroar had always been attractive to him, but he kept his feelings to himself out of shame. Such fear had no place in her life now, so without hesitation, she slowly approached the muscular cat.

“W-what are you doing, Sh-I mean, Kurenai?” He asked, her naked body just mere inches away from him. The tent that had sprouted from within his pants rubbed against her crotch, lightly tickling her pussy “I-I’m sure that you’re experiencing a lot of new feelings, so how about we calm down and—”

Kurenai pushed her lips against Ignis’, turning the Incineroar into putty as she greedily clutched his dick through the shorts. The low, primal growl that passed through Ignis’ mouth was like music to her ears. She felt him stiffen in pleasure as her lips rubbed against his tongue, eyes shut as she gave into her new feelings. The longing for his seed was getting overwhelming, as were her instincts.

She moved her hand down his body, roughly grabbing the Incineroar’s dick and stroking it rhythmically on her own. It didn’t take long for Ignis to get into the rhythm, cock throbbing intensely. Feeling the pressure building down on his shaft, Kurenai removed her mouth from his, giving him a moment to regain his breath. His breathing was ragged, coughing as he tried to keep himself steady. “Come on, let me see it.” She said, head bowed and eyes fixated on his erection. “Let me show what I can do with this new body.”

Ignis’ breathing hitched in his throat as he felt himself almost ready to blow. He wordlessly began taking off his clothes, giddily throwing them all behind him, sweat dripping from his body. Ignis stood in front of Kurenai naked, not a single trace of shame or guilt present on his face. He was

bold and ready for the Blaziken to have her way with him as she smiled in approval. “What position are we doing, then?”

“On your back, boy.”

He obeyed without question, purring at Kurenai’s bossy attitude as he lay on the gym mat.

The Blaziken immediately straddled him, the Incineroar’s cock drooling with precum, unfazed. The way that Ignis looked at her made her almost ready to blow—eyelids half-ridden down, pure lust and longing written all over his smitten eyes—but she needed to take the time to think of how fun she was going to have, and how to best serve the Incineroar that she admired so much. Now finally matching his physical prowess. “Let’s see how you like this.” She said as she leaned forward, pointed beak moistening with spit. With a lewd smile, Kurenai guided herself until she was directly next to his cock, then raised her body only to *slam* against Ignis’ thighs, the Incineroar gasping as Kurenai’s meaty bottom half pushed against his, his cock inserted into her.

Kurenai pounced onto the Incineroar’s muscular frame, spreading her legs around his waist as she felt every ripple of muscle beneath her skin. Squeezing her thighs together tightly, Kurenai felt a wave of pleasure come over her as their bodies came together as one. Ignis’ hands were everywhere, massaging and caressing her body in ways that no other male had ever done before.

Kurenai felt like she could burst into flames with the sheer pleasure he was providing to her body and mind. His cock was so big that it filled her completely, shockwaves being sent throughout her entire body each time it moved inside of her. She wrapped both arms around the Incineroar’s neck as if he were a lifeline keeping her afloat amidst an ocean of pleasure. The intensity increased with each thrust, neither of them satisfied and craving more.

“Hah... Ngh...” Kurenai couldn’t help but let out a long, drawn-out moan. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth as she frantically tried to maintain herself, but she was unable to keep up with the intense pleasure that was building up in her. Her mind was going blank, the pleasure was too much... if she kept going, she’d cum... and she didn’t want to do that. Not just yet. She had so much to show to him. Kurenai tried bending forward, pushing her boobs into his face.

Ignis let out a surprised groan as he felt Kurenai’s tits bounce on his face, the sheer size overwhelming him. He lost his breath as she pawed at his chest, claws lightly at his skin. Kurenai felt like she was going to burst into flames from how aroused she was, but she still wanted to keep going. She was ravishing for more of these new, wonderful feelings. Was this what being a hybrid felt like? She had been missing out on this for so long... “How are you holding up?”

“Better than ever...” Ignis panted, having to stop for a moment to catch more of his breath before shooting a cocky grin at her. “Although, I’m sure a beefy lady like you can try a little harder than that.”

“Are you sure you can handle *this*?” She gave her legs a meaty slap, drops of sweat shooting out from the impact.

“That’s what I trained for, did I not?” He flexed his arm, kissing the spot where a vein showed up.

“Alright, but I warned you... She lifted herself up a bit, lifting one of her legs up in the air. She was going to do a Seismic Toss, slamming him down onto the floor. Kurenai bounced up and down, repeating it, each time smashing him down deeper into the floor. She felt another wave of pleasure come from her, but she was still not satisfied. She was going to keep this up until she got what she wanted.

She paused for a moment, not moving at all as she tried to catch her breath. The Incineroar’s face was buried in her breasts, heaving and shuddering as she felt sweat drip down his face, the little gasps that passed his lips from time to time turning her on even more.

Kurenai let out a soft moan as she felt her body reach the brink of pleasure. She was so close, yet so far away from the blissful sensations she wanted to feel. Ignis seemed to be in the same state of mind, his growling growing louder and more demanding with each passing second. Kurenai knew what she had to do to get them both over the edge – but would he be able to handle it? She had to find out.

Slowly, Kurenai moved her hips around in circular motions, grinding against him and pushing her pleasure even higher. Ignis responded accordingly, his growls becoming almost deafening. He was pressing his hands into her soft flesh as if he was trying to keep himself from cumming too soon. Suddenly, Kurenai felt something extra – something that wasn’t there before; an intense heat radiating from between her legs and up through her entire body.

It was then Kurenai realized she had finally crossed the line into an orgasmic state of pure bliss. She felt like a different person entirely; all of her muscles tensing up as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her body. It seemed like it would never stop, leaving both of them completely breathless and exhausted from their experience. She thought that she would climax, but the titillating sensation was simply too much. She collapsed onto Ignis’ chest, watching as his breathing slowly regulated once more and a tired smile found its way onto his face. “This... This is incredible...” she whispered breathlessly against her skin, still slightly trembling from how intense the feeling between her legs was.

“We should definitely do this more often from now on...” Ignis panted, tongue lolled out as he found himself sore and muscles locked up.

Kurenai couldn’t help but laugh at his suggestion, finding herself nodding along with him in agreement before joining him in utter exhaustion. “Alright, we’ll rest for a while before we keep going. Can’t work out with muscle pain, after all...”

“Yeah...”

She closed her eyes contentedly, knowing that no matter what happened next; this moment would remain with them forever - the ultimate reminder of their shared passion for fighting.

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Kurenai chuckled as her opponent struggled underneath her foot. Just another fool to throw onto the list of opponents that she decimated. The scrawny Arcanine hybrid was desperately trying to get her off him, his muffled moans drowned out by the roaring praises of the crowd. If she wasn't in public, her hand would've already gone down onto her crotch to relish in the feeling of absolute power.

"Thank you, thank you!" She screamed back to the audience gripping the champion's belt and securing it around her waist. "I'll be happy to crush the weak fools at next month's Hybrid Tournament!"

Kurenai took a few more interviews before she was finally allowed to head back to the changing room. Ignis was waiting, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. His face lit up when he saw her, taking in the sight of her victorious figure with a large grin spreading across his face.

"You did great out there!" He said as she entered, wrapping an arm around her waist and giving her a tight hug. Kurenai chuckled, beaming at him proudly as she pulled away.

"Thanks! I told you I was pretty good at this, didn't I? Now how about we get going? We need to celebrate my victory!" She grabbed his hand, tugging lightly as if inviting him into something bigger than just the fighting ring.

Ignis smiled knowingly, following her lead until they were eventually out of the arena and on their way home to Ignis' apartment. The thought of spending another night together made Kurenai feel both excited and content; it seemed like these days had become their little routine – one that neither of them wanted to stop anytime soon.

Once they arrived home, Kurenai quickly changed into something comfortable before joining Ignis on the couch with two glasses of wine in hand. It wasn't long before they were laughing and talking about all sorts of things; from their respective favorite moves to what new techniques they wanted to learn during their next training session. As night crept up on them slowly but surely, the two found themselves still talking and smiling away—it felt like time had frozen for them at that moment—something that neither would ever forget. But eventually, Ignis broke the amicable atmosphere with a question that left the Blaziken perplexed.

"Did I ever tell you about how I turned into an Incineroar?"

"Do you mean that you... weren't always an Incineroar?" She had never thought about the possibility, but in context, the puzzle pieces fell into place almost immediately. Still, she couldn't

believe that someone so striking and warmhearted could be changed by something as simple as a drink.

“It’s an organization that wants to advance Pokemon science, and they thought that increasing the hybrid population would help them with that. They usually have to contact you, but, well... I thought that you needed it really badly. I sometimes have to take tests for them as well.”

“I see...” She rested against the couch, looking up to the ceiling.

“Since you’re technically off the grid, it’s like you’re on vacation from those tests,” Ignis explained, crossing his arms and deep in thought. “Do not worry, though. You won’t lose your dedication to training. That part of your old self will still be kept.”

“Thank Arceus. It was the only good part.” Kurenai chuckled.

“But in the meantime... I’m sure that you have more important things on your mind, like that hybrid tournament. Did you know that next month’s is going to be a doubles tournament?” He giddily asked, his intention written all over his face.

Kurenai smiled, closing her eyes and sinking deeper into the couch. “Yes. I thought that we were already guaranteed partners.”

Ignis' voice trembled as he spoke, his cheeks flushed with color. "W-we are?" he asked tentatively.

Kurenai smiled softly and inclined her head. "Of course," she said humbly. "After all, we're partners, right?"

In response to her words, Ignis leaned in closer, their breaths mingling as he pressed a deep, passionate kiss on Kurenai's lips. The taste of wine and spices lingered on his tongue, mixed with the flavor of her own delicious mouth.

As they pulled away from each other, their eyes locked in an unspoken understanding. They were together now, and nothing could ever tear them apart.