

Mega-ify Your Beach Outing (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

The sun was out at long last, bearing down on her skin intensely. However, Anissa didn't mind it. She quite enjoyed its fiery intensity. After so many days of rain, she wouldn't trade such a beautiful day for the world.

And with a beautiful day, she just had to get out on the beach. The dark-skinned woman hummed softly, strolling down the sand in her new bikini. It was finally the time to wear it after buying right before that biblical rainstorm.

She yawned, stretching her arms and then adjusting her shoulder bag to make sure it didn't slip off. Looking around, there were plenty of others enjoying the beautiful weather as well. She couldn't blame them. Kids playing the sand, couples on beach blankets, people getting tans, the whole works.

Yet, she strolled past all of them, heading further down the beach than she usually went. She wanted a little privacy and was determined to find a far quieter spot to enjoy the scenery. She deserved it.

She yawned again, her eyes out on the ocean instead of in front of her. She could hear the locals and tourists' voices fading the further she got away. *Just something nice for myself... girl, you deserve this~. Just let that stress wash off you and-*

She bumped into something wooden. She immediately looked at what was in front of her, mumbling about being stupid for not paying attention. There was a new sign out there, something she was sure she hadn't seen before or even a minute or two ago when she was actually looking ahead. It was almost like it had suddenly appeared.

She read the words on it aloud. "Muscle 'Mon Beach. Only Muscle 'mons Allowed."

What the hell? That was a new one to her. *Why is that even...*

She looked up and beyond the sign. Instantly, she felt her face grow red and hot. Just up ahead and into the far distance, there were Pokemon. Big, buff, anthro, male Pokemon of all species and types. There were some laying out on beach blankets, playing volleyball, building sandcastles, or even working out a makeshift weight-lifting area.

They were packed with muscles and just down to either swim trunks or even speedos. In them, despite being a distance away, Anissa could see them packing some very large, bulging equipment. The sheer size and girth of them...

Anissa tingled at the thought and shook her head. *I'm in over my head here... better just leave.* She could only imagine how awkward it would be for her to walk through their area. She didn't even remember there being a section of the beach like this, but it didn't matter.

As she started to turn, something clicked in her mind. She looked back at the beach. It was just a bunch of anthro guys. Why should she be embarrassed to walk past them?

She chuckled, shaking her head and even joking about it. *At most, I'll probably get some looks and turn a few heads. Heh, gotta stop being silly about this shit.*

Anissa took a deep breath, calming any lingering nerves she had. She took a step forward and walked past the sign.

A blast of heat flowed over her suddenly. Her heart raced, sweat forming on her brow and arms. She wiped her forehead. Where did that come from? It felt even hotter for a moment.

But just as quickly as it came, it was gone. She paused but decided to move on, figuring it was nothing. Though, as she walked along, she missed something off. On her forearms, three spots bubbled. It almost looked like boils, orange tinted in appearance.

Anissa passed by her first group of Pokemon anthro guys. She glanced at them casually. They didn't seem to notice her, too busy with their chat or sunbathing. Part of her was a bit relieved, going by unnoticed.

She continued on, walking by a row of beach chairs with more 'mons stretched out in it. This time, a few of them did look her way, looking in particular at her chest. Their stares hardened, noticing her dark chocolate skin tone was taking on a blue-ish grey tint now. It's color spread slowly down, resting just above her navel.

Despite that, Anissa didn't see it. She didn't even seem to notice the small looks she got. She was too wrapped up with her silly thoughts. *Well, guess I can't expect much. It was a bit silly to think they'd go gaga like a cartoon.*

She chuckled at that, shaking head. Beneath her hair, her skin bulged. Three long bumps from her forehead down to the start of her spine formed. Very small, the ridges briefly stung her head before disappearing.

The throb momentarily threw her focus off. She stumbled a bit to the side, colliding with one of the figures standing around. "Oh! Hey, watch where... oh. Sorry there!"

Anissa looked up and then up. A large, towering blue figure stood over her. Wearing tight green shorts and stroking a long white beard, a huge Samurott stood over her.

Well, somewhat. She blinked and confusion set in. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the massive warrior seal Pokemon guy again. She could have sworn her eye level was with his abs and not his bulgy pecs. Maybe the bump into him confused her?

"Sorry about that! I must have accidentally bumped ya there when I stepped back." The Samurott chuckled, scratching the back of his head.

“N-no... it was my f-faulz... fault. I-I run-ran into you there.” Anissa’s face was turning beet red, the words stumbling out of her mouth haphazardly. Being so up and close to the guy’s body was a bit... distracting and making her feel weird.

She especially felt a bit off down in the crotch. She felt warm, the feeling only increasing as the greyish tone and rubbery changes spread down her stomach and below. As it covered her crotch, her bikini bottom shook a little. The string part of it expanded and widened, turning into an elastic band.

Samurott nodded, looking at her curiously. “Hmmm, can’t say I’ve seen you around these parts before. What brings you to our part of the beach?”

Anissa’s eyes were stuck on his chest... and his abs... and his crotch. Her face grew redder and redder as her gaze ogled every part before her. It was quite captivating to look at.

“Ahem.” The Pokemon cleared her throat, the woman snapping back to reality. She shook her head, trying to get her mind back in the game. Some of her black hair fell out, like a dog shedding after a good shake.

“Umm... I was... umm...” She thought as hard as she could. “I was... umm... I was just walking through and... umm, sorry for walking into you.”

The Pokemon burst into laughter, smacking her on the shoulder. She felt like a stake being driven into the ground with that power. “It’s alright, it’s alright!” He added, “Gees though, you look a bit out of it. Are you doing okay?”

“Well, I guess I have been feeling off or... something.” It was true. Ever since she walked onto this beach, she was out of it. Though, she felt like it was more due to the scenery more than anything.

“If that’s the case, how about taking a rest? I got a nice big blanket nearby you can lay on for a bit if you need that.”

Someone is being forward here. Anissa thought, feeling a bit more conscious and focused after that remark. She huffed and was about to tell him no when he smiled. The beast lifted an arm and gave her a mighty flex, showing off his impressive biceps. He winked, and she melted.

She quivered. *Oh god, he’s so strong and handsome. Why? I don’t get it. I don’t usually like anthros... but his arms, his muzzle, that huge package down below. It’s... it’s incredible.*

Why can’t I be like that?

Wait what? Anissa frowned, shaking her head again. *Where the hell did that come from?* As she shook, her shoulders stiffened briefly, catching her attention. She rolled them both, making some satisfying cracking sounds as they broadened.

She cleared her throat and tried her best to focus. “Okay, Mr. umm... ‘mon. I could use a little rest. Maybe that’ll help.”

“Great!” The Samurott smiled, rubbing his hands together. “Just follow me.” Anissa nodded and followed, a little distance between the two. As she walked, her toenails vanished as the skin of her feet turned rubbery and blue.

Anissa yawned, stretching her arms and legs as she spread out on the soft towel. She did feel a lot better now. Maybe that nap was just the kind of thing she needed after all!

There was a low rumble, and she looked to her side. There was the large Samurott, a few feet away, laying in the sand. He was snoozing himself, his whiskers shaking with each gruff snore. She could help giggle. He was kind of cute like that.

Better get moving. Anissa yawned again and did another stretch, this time hoisting herself up onto her butt. She cracked her wrists and rolled her shoulders, licking her chops. She let out a low pant, brushing her forehead. She still felt rather hot all things considered.

Though she did not think about that for long. Something felt wrong. Her hand rolled over her forehead, but... it felt rubbery and thick.

She looked at both of her hands, flinching at the sight. Her fingers were all charcoal black and thick, no trace of her fingernails at all. The rest of her hands were sky blue, the texture of them glossy and slick.

She looked from her hands down to her arms and then to her torso. She saw the orange-ish bubbles on her forehands, now larger than before she went to sleep. Her skin itself was glossy like her hands, just a subtle hint of blue in its complexion.

Eventually, her gaze made it all the way down to her feet. They were much larger and wider. They were rubbery and blue like her hands, with toes dark as night. They were even down to just three digits per foot, adding to their bestial appearance.

And it was at this moment that it all clicked. Her heart raced, sweat beginning to pour. She trembled, teeth chattering.

“What the hell?! Why... why do I... I...” Her mind scrambled, unable to process a single thing that was happening to her. There was only one thing that came to mind.

I gotta go. Where? Anissa did not know. But anywhere was better than right there. She reached over and snatched up her large, weighty backpack. She tossed it over her shoulder and scrambled to her feet, rushing away from the blanket and dozing friend.

She ran, charging down the beach and kicking up big clouds of sand with her widening, heavier feet. As she ran, she noticed she was finally getting some attention. A lot of the Pokemon anthros were curiously eyeing her up.

It should be something that was far and away from her mind or concern. However, she felt her heart race, an intense, warm feeling growing down in her crotch. The feeling intensified as her bikini bottom bulged slightly around some kind of lump. The material of the underwear shifted as well, morphing fully into a purple speedo.

Anissa ran and ran, the feeling and panic starting to fade. She panted heavily, her chest rising and falling heavily with each gasp. She came to a heavy stop several yards down the shore, hunching forward and hands grasping her blue knees. Her rear was pushed out as she breathed, a large bump emerging from her tailbone.

She took several deep breaths, slowly relaxing. Panic subsided and worries disappeared as she licked her lips. She felt thirsty. Her mouth was dry, her tongue like sandpaper.

That needed to be fixed right now. She took off her backpack and opened it up. She felt around inside of it for her trusty water bottle, eventually grabbing a container. Pulling it out, she grasped a large protein shake bottle instead.

She stared at it and cracked it open. *Phew! This is just the kind of thing I need. This will get me moving and energized again~.*

She took a big swig from it. Her body trembled, goosebumps breaking out across it. It was incredible, absolutely delicious. Taking in its rich flavor, it felt almost as if she was just having this for the first time. Yet, part of her thought she drank these shakes all the time.

Regardless, she drank as much as she could in that single swig. The more went in, the more her body shook and transformed. Her shoulders broaden one final time, on par with a linebacker or any of the beefy guys around. Her waist widened and toned, feeling a bit denser to the touch on her stomach. She grew several more inches as well.

Biggest of all was her chest. With her enhanced shoulders and wider waist, her chest stretched to better match her new proportions. Her breasts shrunk, losing their perkiness and soft feel. Her bikini top struggled to hold on as well, stretched more than it could take.

With that drink, the bottle was almost nearly empty. She let out a happy, gruff sigh, licking her chops. She felt much, much better after all of that, happy there was still some left to enjoy later.

She wiped her brow one final time with the back of her arm. Her forehead rubbed against the bulges on it, which had grown into big oval, orange pads by then. Despite their thickness, they were still as soft and squishy as before.

But yet, Anissa did not seem to notice. Even with the rubbery, amphibian-like skin rubbing against each other, it did not phase her.

In fact, she felt rather calm and relaxed. Tossing the bottle back in her pack and throwing it over her shoulder, she looked around her. She frowned, scratching her chin.

Wait... what am I doing here again? Her brow furrowed, the ridges on her head growing large, peering through her hair. *Something's wrong but... I just don't know.*

Anissa looked around some more, spinning in place briefly as the back of her speedo bulged. The bump above her rear expanded out, forming a large, black tail fin. The speedo gently slid down, allowing more room for her fin.

Really... what was I doing... oh! Ooooooh~. Her eyes fell upon something at long last, an excited feeling rushing over her body. Straight ahead, just a few yards from her, was a weightlifting equipment setup. There were plenty of beefy anthros busy pumping irons and flexing.

I want that... A slight moan escaped Anissa's mouth before she bit her tongue and shook her head. Again, weird thoughts.

Still, the sight before her excited her to no end. Maybe this was what she was looking for? Either way, started strolling over to the workout station. Her body trembled with each step, slowly gaining inch after inch. Her skin fully turned blue, bestial look nearing completion.

By the time she stepped up the equipment, she now stood nearly seven feet tall, much like the other Pokemon anthros around. She was getting looks from all over now, checking out her large physique and amphibian-like appearance.

However, she could care less about that sort of thing now, carefully checking out the dumbbells and weights on offer at the equipment racks. Eventually, her eyes fell on two heavy ones, locking in on them. She bit her bottom lip, which was blue-ish grey.

She couldn't explain it, but being there now, seeing all of the people working out and heavy weights she normally couldn't pick up normally... everything about it called to her.

Yeah... yeah~. She grabbed both weights, gripping them tightly. Her arms twitched, swelling ever so slightly. *This is why I'm here~.*

Anissa shivered. She felt eyes on her back and looking behind her, she tingled with joy. So many 'mons were looking her way now. So many eyes all around, all of them ogling, admiring her form. She knew what she had to do.

She grinned, confidence filling her. Her grin widened and widened, her head stretching and reshaping itself as more of her shifted. Most of her hair fell out, her ears vanishing from sight as her cheeks turned orange themselves now.

She lifted the dumbbells from the rack and hunched forward a bit. They were a lot heavier than expected, her arm muscles stinging. She huffed, gritting her teeth. *Can't afford to not look awesome. Gonna show off to the bros.*

A smirk crossed her lips, her irises turning black. Yeah, showing off sounded really good right about now. Gotta show off on this muscly beach, right? She took a deep breath and started to lift, her arms shaking and trembling the entire time.

Her movement and lifting was slow, just trying to bring one weight up to her chest before bringing it back down. She repeatedly lifted each arm one after the other, her muscles pulsating. Her toes clenched the sandy ground, her legs spreading apart as her stance changed.

With another deep grunt, her lifting began to pick up the pace. Her arms struggled less and less with the weights, biceps bulging with each lift. Her legs shook, pulsating too as muscles and tendons strengthened and swelled. Her rear deflated before tightening into a firm, squared butt.

With a better groove and pace, Anissa checked on her admirers. They all really seemed focused on her intensely, even a few new ones as well. They tried to play it cool and act like they weren't staring, but their pants and speedos bulging said differently.

She chuckled deeply and lifted her arms up a bit more, emphasizing them as she lifted. Her limbs looked so beefy now, at least tripled their original width. When they flexed and lifted, her biceps bulged so much it put others there to shame.

That's right... keep your eyes all on me~. Her head's shape turned more and more frog-like as the rest of her hair fell out. Her nose sunk into her face, leaving two small slits behind. The orange spots on her cheeks stretched from her mouth to where her ears used to be, long, rubbery spikes sprouting from each of them.

Her heart raced, her grip tightening on the dumbbells. ***Man, I love coming to this beach. All of the guys are hunks around here~.***

In that briefest of moments, clarity struck her. Anissa shook her head one final time, frowning. *Something is really off? None of this seems right... being this big... blue... right?*

She stopped her lifting and put the exercise equipment away. She looked at both of her hands, then her arms, and torso. They were so blue now and rather buff to say the least, a far cry from some vague memory in her mind. Not to mention the weird additions like the orange pads and tail fin.

...hmmmm, is this a problem, really? He smirked. His stomach growled, toning up. Yeah... this ain't a problem at all! His stomach hardened, abs developing and granting him an impressive six-pack set.

The beastly man laughed, clenching his fists and flexing his arms. He pushed his chest out, his bikini stretching more and more as his breasts widened. *Who cares about whatever? I'm*

here now! Let's have some fun! Those scrubs are totally jealous of my guns! Bet you'll they'll...

“FINALLY! There you are!” Anissa flinched, his body shaking on last time. The bikini finally snapped, falling to the ground.

But what did it matter? There were no breasts anymore. The large anthro only had impressive, bulgy pecs now that fit his perfect body.

He turned around, finding a familiar-looking Samurott trotting over to him. Seeing the large seel Pokemon man running towards him, he could feel his heart racing again and something stir down below in his crotch. Above his rear, his tail fin grew more, extending its reach up his back a bit.

The Samurott jogged up to him and smirked. “Teasing showing off again, are ya?”

The Mega Swampert anthro stared blankly at him for a moment before the whites of his eyes turned yellow. He smirked back himself, jokingly fisting bumping his shoulder. **“Just having a little fun. Don’t worry, you’re all the beef I need, Kazama~.”**

“Well someone is being a suckup.” Kazama teased.

Regardless, their smirks turned to genuine, warm smiles as they leaned in. They playfully nuzzled one another and kissed. The Swampert’s speedo twitched as it suddenly swelled and swelled. The small bulge in it grew massive, tenting even as it expanded past the size of a coconut and bulged bumped the Samurott’s own junk.

The two quivered at that bump and pulled back. “So, Derek, big guy~.” Kazama said, throwing an arm around him and pulling the guy closer, “If you’re not too busy pumping iron, mind actually having a little fun with me?”

“Heh... feeling frisky enough to do it on the beach with everyone watching?”

“Pfft! Not that kind of fun, lunkhead! I’m talking volleyball fun. Couple of grass type ‘mons think they can challenge some water guys on their own turf.”

Derek snorted. **“Oh really? Well, let’s show those scrubs what these guys can do!”**

Kazama nodded and lead him away towards the volleyball court. Derek smiled, stretching his arms and putting his backpack further up on his shoulder. It has been awhile since he and his boyfriend schooled some chumps at volleyball.

There was a small nag in the back of his head, barely noticeable. It was like it wanted to say something was wrong. However, that feeling dissipated, agreeing with the rest of him. Everything was fine. Everything was great. Why wouldn’t be?

He was out enjoying some fun in the sun with his loving boyfriend. He was among other beefy boys like him with appreciation for big muscles and handsome guys. This was all fine. Why would he want it any other way?

THE END