

One Explosive Battle

The onlookers who watched from the surrounding stadium cheered and roared with unparalleled vigor. Shouts and screams rang out into the sky, the two individual names of the opposing trainers being faintly audible amongst the engaging noise.

On the far side of the arena, a Weavile staggered where it stood. Opposite of it, posed a Lucario with his fists raised high, and a gaze which pierced his foe with unnerving focus.

Weavile raised his clawed hands, holding them up with quivering arms. He spread his legs apart, rearing his body to lunge forward and strike. Before such a maneuver could be executed, though, his legs gave way from beneath him. He fell to the ground with a thud, sending a cloud of dust shooting up around him. When the dirt of the arena settled around him no more movement could be detected. Weavile had fainted, his opponents last attack being just too much to withstand.

The Weavile's trainer called him back to his adjacent Pokeball. His expression was unwavering and static as he rescued his fallen friend from the dangers of the colosseum. They were both down to their last Pokémon, and as the trainer replaced his Weavile with his last chance at victory, the opposing battlers now knew that at this moment it was do or die.

He tossed his last remaining Pokeball, catapulting it through the air like a pitcher on the field. As it flew it opened up from the center, and in a scene of red, its contents were revealed. With a hand placed firmly on her hips, a Lopunny brushed her long ears away from her face as she stared down her opposition.

The once raucous crowd became eerily silent. Faint bits of laughter could be heard throughout, but whether it went quiet out of anticipation or disbelief was anyone's guess.

With a high pitched giggle, the Lopunny winked seductively at Lucario, whose trainer scratched at his head in confusion. He however, remained firmly planted in his stance, knowing better than to ever let his guard down.

Lopunny brought her hands up to her chest, her cheeks becoming rosy as she smiled. Kicking her legs up, she began to spin in place, her ears twirling like turbines before she stopped herself with one hand on her hips and the other raised confidently above her. Halting her movements so suddenly caused her to slightly lose her balance and she tripped briefly over her own feet. Staggering back in place she resumed her original position with a sheepish grin. Such a klutzy display only managed to take away what little offensive presence she had to begin with.

Lucario only looked back at his trainer who in turn could only manage a slight shrug. Returning his focus back onto his target, Lucario's ears perked when he heard his trainer yell out his first command against the battle rabbit. Dust kicked from his feet as he gained a running start. With a convulsion from his legs, he leapt into the air, fist reared back to strike his target.

With a slight gasp at the sight of her pursuer, Lopunny was just barely able to roll out of the way in time. Lucario brought his body into a ball as he rolled onto the ground, recovering from the missed attack without a scratch. As he flew by past the Lopunny, he noticed something gleaming from her hands. Something was clenched tightly in her fist, but what it was exactly he was unable to make out from his brief glance at it.

Lopunny huffed as she desperately tried to brush the dust off of her fine fur coat. Her face twisted into a frustrated pout, Lucario could only shake his head at such an embarrassing display. He quickly stood himself up with clenched fists, unnerved by the fact that she had managed to cause him a brief moment of vulnerability.

Lopunny's attention was brought away from her struggle with cleanliness as her trainer then called out his first command. Raising her head with attentiveness, she brought her arms with fists gripped tight. Her eyes gleamed with newfound determination and she smiled a toothy grin as she took her first steps into her first attack. Lucario's entire body tensed, ready to counter whatever trick she had up her poofy sleeves.

With billowing ears Lopunny raced towards her target. As she neared him, she leapt from the ground with her arms outstretched towards him. Lucario jumped out of harm's way, but was unable to clear the attack as she grabbed him hastily by the tail. Twirling him around, Lopunny brought him into her arms. With her face turned completely red, she brought his head in and interlocked their lips together, securing his neck with her paws as to prevent him from slithering out of her embrace too soon.

The whole arena became completely silent at the display, both audience members and trainers alike looking on with quiet contempt.

Finally, with dribble hanging from her lips, Lopunny separated their mouths. She winked at Lucario one last time before walking away without another word. Her hips and ears swayed rhythmically as she distanced herself from him. Looking over her shoulder a sly set of eyes gleamed at her foe.

Lucario remained where he stood, paralyzed by the sudden barrage. His brain had turned to goop in his skull, having never before seen such a tactic, he was unable to stir his body in time to perform an appropriate retaliation.

As he stood like a marble statue, a sudden scent began to waft up from below him. Welcoming itself into his nostrils, Lucario was finally able to shake his senses into place as the smell broke his unmoving state. His nostrils flared and he turned his nose up as he made out the pungent smell. It was sweet, very much like a slew of freshly baked pastries. It made his mouth water to inhale the appetizing scent.

Lopunny combed her ears from a distance. Her trainer who watched from behind showed little emotion, his eyes sternly staring as he observed Lucario.

Lucario began to rub at his stomach, his mind over run with the thought of irresistible cakes and pies. As he imagined himself eating every morsel of the food that littered his imagination, it was almost enough to make him feel full in real time, despite his now growling tummy. Years of endless training, countless hours spent honing the mind and body, it still was not enough to overcome the primitive desire for food. His trainer called at him to snap out of it, but it was to no avail. As he licked his lips the hunger he felt was all too much.

Still rubbing at his midsection, Lucario couldn't help but notice that it felt oddly soft. Looking down, he jumped when he noticed this his stomach had started to bulge out slightly. Dropping the incense that he had been unknowingly handed, his ears twitched when he heard the sound of it shattering against the ground, releasing from within a cloud of the intoxicating perfume into his face. Peering over the

shattered glass he was able to make out the pattern that was painted on, revealing that he had been slipped a Full Incense.

The colored cloud rose up and shrouded Lucario's face, causing him to cough and wheeze. He shook at the air wildly, diluting the choking substance as he did so. He then turned back quickly at the Lopunny who had since remained silent. Winking once more, she brought her hand up to her mouth and blew him a mocking kiss. She then began to laugh hysterically at him, her arms crossed as she watched her nasty trick unfold.

A loud, audible rumbling began to emote from within Lucario's stomach. Clenching at his midsection with both arms, he reeled over in discomfort, a loud belch escaping his lips as a strange substance started to build up from inside. It started with a filling sensation from within. He felt his stomach stretching as it was pumped full, pushing out from inside him and creating a large lump where his otherwise toned abs had once been. To everyone looking, it seemed as though he had ingested an entire thanksgiving meal, but it did not stop there. While his stomach grew and gurgled, other parts of him started to show signs of the incenses' strange effects. His arms plumped and fattened, forming large blobs along his limbs. His rump both widened and rounded out, his thighs and legs also swelling to help accommodate his new girth. His cheeks and face also become enlarged, shrouding his face and reducing his voice to pathetic mumbles and grunts. Watching as his body transformed, Lucario's eyes widened with fear, his pupils dilating as the unimaginable change occurred before them.

A variety of reactions echoed forth from the observing crowd. Some watched silently, eyes opened wide and mouth held ajar in disbelief. Others duck and covered, cowering in their seats with hands over their ears as they prepared for a possible explosion. A few even pointed and laughed at the embarrassing transformation, hooting and hollering as they beheld the Lucario's spontaneous growth.

Lopunny watched in silent amusement. Multiple times she held up her paws to her face as to stifle her giddy bits of laughter. Her eyes watched with a mixture of malice and enjoyment, a conniving grin slithering across her face.

Both trainers were silent, but their expressions were exact opposites, both of them showing a strong resemblance to their Pokémon's current emotion.

With every crevice of his body being filled, it wasn't long before Lucario began to round out completely. His limbs turned into circular mounds, engulfing his waving paws within. His legs meshed into his expanding frame, disappearing into his flesh, with only his helpless feet to remaining visible. His head sunk in slightly as his chest slowly engulfed his neck and chin from below. Still he continued to expand, and as he did so a loud creaking began to radiate from the stressed container.

Tension not only grew inside of the poor Pokémon, but also amongst all of those who watched, with some people even getting up and fleeing the scene in fear of things turning messy.

With only his paws and top half of his head to remind everyone that there was a living thing under all the pent up pressure, it was impossible to blame those who no longer saw the usually lean and slick Pokémon that had since turned into a large, groaning, monstrosity.

Although it was difficult to tell, Lucario's gratuitous swelling did finally come to a halt. Like a center piece for the stadium, he faintly rocked in place, not even his clenched paws waving in a desperate display of humanity.

With the transformation complete, Lopunny again brushed her ears away from her face. She walked up casually, looking up at her creation like an observer looking up at a giant statue. Nearing the helpless ball, she placed a hand onto his taut skin, pushing into it and causing Lucario's entire body to lean back and forth like a weeble wobble. She poked and prodded him, laughing as she took clear enjoyment away from the experience. Despite how many have fallen to her dirty trick, this part of the plan never ceased to be amusing to her. With a gratified sigh, she then kissed her fingers and placed them delicately onto the sensitive mass of fur.

Lopunny backed up, slowly putting one foot after the other behind her. With a decent stretch of land between her and her opponent she looked cheerfully back at her trainer. He smiled as he nodded to her, signaling his ok. Lopunny smiled and winked at him. Looking back at Lucario she posed her body, preparing herself for a brief sprint. Then, starting off slowly, she ran towards him, quickly accelerating as she charged in for the finishing blow. Then with a simple twitch of her legs, she bounded forth from the ground. Positioning her legs forwards, she readied her body to perform a high jump kick. Her leg came into contact with her target like a pin into a balloon. Her foot pushed into his skin, creating a loud squeaking noise as it did so, and as her foot dug deep into his strained being, she finally was able to pierce her foe from the outside.

The burst of released air sent Lopunny flying backwards. With a backflip, she landed gracefully onto her feet, looking up with a cheeky grin as she won her trainer the battle. From behind she was grabbed by her partner who hugged and shook her, unable to stop himself from repeatedly congratulating her on her victory.

Opposite of the victors stood the losing trainer. He watched them celebrate in silence, unstirred as pieces of his partner fluttered down past him like sheets of torn paper. From within a closed off exit a team of Chansey's arrived with plastic bags. In a rush they scattered around him, grabbing desperately at the bits of Lucario that floated down all around them. This wasn't the first time the team has had to do a recovery like this, and as they counted off the collected bits, they all rushed back to the exit from which they came, hopeful that this time, they'll have had collected all the pieces to put the poor Pokémon back together.