

# Arcanine/Garchomp TF

Foxgamer01

Content warning: Transformation, Pokémon, Growth

Pokémon is the property of Game Freak

Copyright © [2024] by [Foxgamer01]

All rights reserved.

No portion of this written work may be reproduced without written permission from the publisher or author except as permitted by U.S. copyright law. This includes but is not limited to, the distribution of Patreon-exclusive content or early access content distributed during the exclusivity period.

Galvin leaned his arm against his wooden chair, his bored brown eyes on the computer screen. He sighed, cycling through hundreds of Pokémon in a row. There was another row beside it, but he already decided on that Pokémon. After a few seconds, he spotted Hydreigon and selected it as an option. After another glance at his first Pokémon choice, Ninetales, he scrolled his mouse over to the green button. It had the word 'Fuse' written in white on it.

He clicked it and watched the results.

Below, two versions of Ninetales and Hydreigon fusions appeared on the screen. The left one had a primary Hydreigon body with golden-white fur and nine tails spread out behind. The mane on the back of its main head was orange, and all six eyes through each of the three heads were red. It would have looked cooler if it had any legs. However, given their position, the other two heads might be used as legs.

The right one looked much cooler to Galvin, not because it had a primary Ninetales body. Its pose was more action-y, leaping away with all nine black tails spread around like a shredded cape. Its blue body was broken by the black chest fur that went down its forelegs. The paws on the forelegs held a bit of fluff in a plum color, which evoked

the two smaller heads. The crest on its head, also a plum color, looked shredded while curling around the sides.

If Galvin had ever played Pokémon Infinite Fusion, he would have wanted to try that fusion.

Galvin selected the Hydreigon side and scrolled down. It did not take long for him to reach the end. He frowned, shook his head, and rubbed the side of his face.

“They still did not add Lycanroc in the game yet?” Galvin cracked his fingers, with them covered in calluses. He rubbed the back of his red hair and huffed. “When will they add that Pokémon? I want to see how they handle all three forms and see a Ninetales fusion with them all.”

Galvin sighed, turned off his computer, and exited his bedroom. He adjusted his black hoodie, which had a Pokémon logo. The hardwood clicked with his steel-toed black boots every time he stepped on it. His brown jeans pressed against his thighs, causing him to plan to get wider ones.

However, that assumed that he could make a profit from his hobby.

Galvin stepped downstairs into his basement, which he converted into a metal workshop. A plasma torch setup lay at the other side of the wall, with a layer of steel to help

prevent it from burning through. Next to it was a regular flame torch to heat up metal for molding and welding. Various scrap metal lay nearby to be reused for this. A laptop lay on the other side, set up specifically for metalworking, and could receive emails. An anvil lay at the center for hammering and shaping. Another table sat near the outside basement entrance, holding tools for more precise metalworking.

He did not think he needed to use his metalworking hobby to earn more money. It was always something to enjoy and relax, something that even playing video games could not compare to. He would use the various tools he gained over the years to make metal models, like a wolf, and give them to his friends.

That all changed in the previous year.

Galvin pulled out his smartphone and, after waking and unlocking it, went to the calendar app. He scrolled back to the previous three years when he first began working at a warehouse for stocking, picking, and delivering. He sighed, noting how he worked for almost forty hours a week the first two years despite being a part-timer.

Since the beginning of this year, his hours were cut down to thirty and now to twenty.

Galvin looked at the schedule for the next two weeks, which had him listed for sixteen hours.

It also listed Daniel's birthday next week, but he put that thought aside.

He knew it was a risk that every part-timer had, so he worked hard to prove himself. Galvin pulled out his wallet, which held several rewards for gaining the highest rate in the building. Despite that, they would not change him to full-time even when he asked for that and proved how valuable to him. In fact, when Galvin pointed out his successes to his manager, his manager looked disgusted, as though she viewed him as a threat. His coworkers also had similar expressions at the time as well.

Since then, Galvin converted his hobby into a secondary job to gain the money he lost through cut hours. Despite that, his income only increased a little, with him still paying off the plasma torch and anvil. He even opened a website store to sell smaller stuff for delivery and larger things for locals, but he did little to help with his small business.

If Galvin could call it a business at all.

With his warehouse job's funding cut and his metalworking side job not picking up steam, his livelihood was at risk.

"Let's see here." Galvin turned on his metalworking laptop and waited for it to boot up. While it turned on, he put on his safety apron so as not to get burned or destroy his clothes. He also set his thick gloves and an oil-stain rag on standby. By the time he finished, the laptop booted up. He unlocked it and went to his emails for jobs. Only one came, with a local asking for metal framing for a table. "At least that'll make decent payment."

# # #

Hours passed, with Galvin welding two bars at a ninety-degree angle as a final part of his job. He kept it in place with a gloved hand. Though he still felt a heat even through the thick gloves, his hand suffered no harm. Both of his hands developed thick calluses to deal with such extreme heat. He took a step back and looked at his work.

The framing stood three feet tall, five feet long, and ten feet wide. The customer sent him the dimensions with the assurance that it would have a wooden top. Each table framing had curved supports at each end, which were welded on. Galvin waited for it to cool down enough to test

the frame's strength by wiggling it back and forth. It remained firm, not giving out by a single bit.

Galvin stretched, cracking his bones, before heading over to his laptop. He removed his thick gloves, wiped the oil and grease off his hands, and worked the laptop's screen. No new order came, but he saw the time was 6:17 PM. He winced, feeling his stomach growl since he skipped lunch to focus on his work.

"It's that time already?" Galvin sighed. "I was hoping to grill, but it'll be too dark for that now. Guess I need to get something from the store."

Galvin bent down to the laptop but stopped himself from typing on its keyboard. His hands still had layers of oil and grease on them. Instead, he removed his apron, hung it next to the stairway, and climbed up. He rushed over to the kitchen sink and, with dishwashing soap, wiped the rest of the mess away.

Once finished, he returned to the basement and went to his laptop. He typed a response to his client, adding an invoice link and the date it should be paid. Once he sent it, he turned off the laptop, closed it, and glanced at the table framing. It was simple, just as a client wanted, but he wished he could add some of his personal designs. He

loved adding ribbon-like textures around the legs and some wavy carvings.

At the very least, he would enjoy adding a wireframe head of a Garchomp.

# # #

“So, Daniel’s birthday is in next week, huh?” Galvin double-checked his calendar app to see what he had put off. He huffed, turned the smartphone’s screen off, and pocketed it. “I’ll see about getting him a gift before then.”

Galvin thought about what to give to Daniel, even though he lived a few states away. Daniel always enjoyed the SMT series, but he was also getting into the Live a Hero series. Perhaps he could get something from Live a Hero, specifically regarding a character he enjoyed. Now, what was the one he always talked about? Barrel? That sounds right, but what kind of merchandising could he get involving Barrel?

His growling stomach distracted his thoughts. “I know. I should be eating better. But also need as much money as possible.”

Galvin glanced around while walking, noting the number of closed stores along the way. Businesses failed, even at places where it should have been a success, like

near a college. He remembered a skating place where, as a kid, he would put on rollerblades and skate around in a circle with dozens of people. The place closed five years ago and has been banged up since.

At least this place was not as bad as Gary, Indiana.

Galvin still shivered at the thought of those videos.

"OK. Focus on the food." Galvin tugged on one of the hoodie's strings. "Get a bag of fried chicken, go home, and eat."

Galvin turned to his right and blinked.

A new store opened where an old restaurant once stood, with a sign **Gaming Goods** on it. That would be odd in and of itself, but he could have sworn this place was not there a couple of days ago. He remembered riding on a bus to work, glancing at the old, abandoned building with broken windows. The windows on it were pristine, with any sign of damage gone. Either it opened during the day with everything set up, it was remodeled in secret for weeks, or it was just for show.

Galvin's stomach growled again, but he ignored it. Curiosity gnawed at his head, begging for him to check it out. At the same time, even if this place was legit, he needed every red cent he could get. Work was phasing

him out, his metalworking side job did not bring him enough money, and he had no roommates to help with the bills.

Still, it would not hurt to browse just for a little bit.

Galvin shrugged and walked over to the lonesome store. Various toys like Transformers and Digimon stood behind the glass window, each staring ahead. He gazed through the window, but he did not see the other end no matter how hard he looked. It felt like it had no other end, even though it should just be twenty-five feet away.

Galvin went to the door and opened it, with the bell above it ringing in response.

He widened his eyes in complete bafflement. Inside, the store looked much bigger. Even the warehouse he worked at did not look as broad or as long as this. The ceiling above him looked a few feet higher than the roof itself. It was almost as though he stepped into a new world.

Galvin entered and spun around in wonder, thinking about how this could be. Sure, there were building tricks that gave the illusion of a place being bigger on the inside. This, however, felt legit even though it should be impossible. He gulped, feeling small within an impossibly colossal store.

He attempted to calm his nerves by turning to the products on shelves, cases, and hangers. Multiple products stunned him, like premium cards from Pokémon, Yu-Gi-Oh, Digimon, and more. Games he never heard of, like Super Cult Tycoon, sat on shelves with as much honor as The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild. Shirts with various gaming logos and such by the middle. He felt stunned by the store's content.

"Hello there," a voice said to Galvin's right.

Galvin suppressed his stunned state and turned to the voice's owner. To his surprise, this person was someone wearing a jackal fursuit. It looked slim on him like he wore no padding underneath the fur. Now that Galvin thought about it, this suit looked realistic, from its shining golden-brown fur to his extra-long tail that was at least doubled his height. His ears wiggled, his green eyes blinked, and his lips moved in such realistic matter that it unnerved Galvin.

Not even the animatronics from Five Nights at Freddy crept him out like this.

"Uh, hi?" Galvin waved. "Er—"

"Sorry. My shop always has an unnerving effect on newcomers. You get used to it." The anthro jackal reached out with a hand-paw, which Galvin shook. It felt so real like

this person was not wearing a fursuit. They stopped shaking hands after a bit and studied each other. The jackal continued. "So, what can I help you with?"

Galvin remained silent as he glanced over this person in a jackal fursuit. This fellow wore clothing over the fursuit, with a cyan shirt and navy-blue jeans snug tight on him. His tail swayed without knocking any products around him, which should be impossible. Any animatronics meant to be worn by a human must be light to not cause harm, so it should be impossible to handle all that tail. Even if this person did invest in something that could, there was no way he could control that without knocking anything behind him.

Perhaps this person had loads of practice.

"The name's Luke, if that's what you're going to ask," the fellow in the jackal fursuit said. He grinned and chuckled, showing his white teeth within that mouth. "I'm glad that you're impressed with my looks."

"Uh, you're welcome?" Galvin shook his head. "Sorry. I was going to browse. I don't plan on buying anything here." He added in a low voice, "This is creeping me out."

"Again, you get used to it." Luke's eyes shone. "Now, what do you like to browse? This store has everything! From

the mainstream popular stuff like Mario, Zelda, Pokémon, Monster Hunter, and Dark Souls, to the more niche like Helldiver, Live a Hero, Yo-kai Watch, and—”

“Wait.” Galvin held up his right hand. “Did you say, ‘Live a Hero?’”

“Why, yes?” Luke grinned. “I have toys, shirts, posters, and more based on that game.”

“Hm.” Galvin rubbed his chin, feeling a slight stub growing. “Do you have a shirt based on the character Barrel? My friend’s birthday is next week, and he loves that character.”

“For a friend?” Luke thought about it for a moment. “Yes. I can do deliveries if you—”

“Naw. I’ll go ahead and deliver the shirt myself.” Galvin rubbed the back of his right ear. “I want to add a message for it anyway. Also, could the shirt be something that Barrel wore in the game. I’m afraid that my friend would get questions on why he’s wearing a shirt with a sexy, muscular wolf on it.”

Luke rolled his head up and laughed. “Lelehehe!!” He relaxed and rolled his shoulders. “I can do that. Give me a moment.” He turned halfway before pausing and turning to Galvin. “Browse all you want while I’ll get your shirt. But

please don't touch anything." He flashed a grin. "It's for your safety."

Luke sprinted to the shirts part of the store before Galvin could ask what he meant. Already, Luke disappeared despite his massive tail swaying behind him. Galvin sighed, rolled his shoulders, and turned to the video game display. He strolled over there despite having no desire to get any of those games.

Dozens of games stood within glass displays along with game consoles. He knew some of them, such as the original PlayStation and Sega Saturn. Others were more obscure, like the Virtual Boy and Neo Geo. There was even a Pioneer LaserActive, which he never heard of before. It made him wonder how Luke got such consoles.

Galvin rubbed his fingers on one of the glass displays and glanced at his fingertips. No dust mark stuck onto them, nor did he leave behind any smudges on the glass itself. It must cost Luke a fortune to get such glass for this store. Given how he went all this way to give an impossible illusion to make this shop look bigger on the inside, it must have cost him millions.

He huffed and skimmed through the games behind the glass. A GCN version of Sonic Heroes sat there along with

Harry Buster, The Black Mirror, Pokémon Infinite Fusion, Deus—

“Wait.” Galvin blinked and turned back. There, behind the glass, say Pokémon Infinite Fusion for the GBA. Its cover looked like a mix of FireRed and LeafGreen, with bold text in the corner. It boasted that it contained all Pokémon from gen one to nine. “That’s impossible.”

“What is?”

Galvin flinched and spun around. Luke stood there with a wide grin. A blackish shirt lay on his arm with a golden stylized star at the center, just like the one Barrel wore. Galvin wondered how Luke snuck up on him without making the slightest sound. He knew his hearing was not the greatest, but he doubted it was that bad.

“It’s this game.” Galvin pointed at Pokémon Infinite Fusion. “This game is just a romhack, not something that you sell in a store. Plus, a GBA shouldn’t be able to contain all the data involving over a thousand Pokémon and their countless fusions!”

Luke pulled out a calculator and tapped on it. “Given that there’s a current number of 1,025 Pokémon, there should be around  $5.553992015 \times 10^{2642}$  number of fusions.”

Galvin widened his eyes at the numbers. "That's more atoms in the observable universe! There's no way someone somehow compressed all that in a 32MB cartridge!"

"Do you wish to find out?" Luke grinned wide. "You have my word that it contains all those Pokémon and their fusions in this little game."

Galvin hesitated before shaking his head. "No. You must be scamming me. It's impossible for this game to contain all of that." He huffed out his cheeks. "Just let me get the shirt and I'll get out of here."

Luke clicked his tongue. "You underestimate this 'little' shop of mine. This place has the impossible, the incredible, the beautiful, and the life-changing." He waved his left arm upward. "Believe me, when I first came to this shop, I never believed anything more than what's in front of my nose. But since I worked here and gained ownership, I realized that this world, this universe, had things beyond anything you ever dreamed of."

Galvin raised an eyebrow at this speech. He felt skepticism growing along with a feeling that this owner was insane. He must be because he wore a super realistic fursuit for work. At the same time, Luke felt sincere in his words. Galvin, rather than interrupt the mad speech, listened more.

Luke continued, "Did you know what this universe used to be? Did you know that there were once nations that spanned across several galaxies? Did you know that travel from one universe to the next was once possible? Still is, but knowledge died as the eons passed by." He shrugged. "I know that you don't believe me, but if you open your mind and heart to the possibilities, then you'll find out just how beautiful and dangerous reality really is."

Galvin rolled his eyes. "A fine speech, but that doesn't change the fact that this game shouldn't be possible in cartridge form. In fact, isn't it illegal to sell romhacks of official games?" He let out a bitter sigh. "What a ridiculous joke."

Luke shook his head. "You underestimate this shop and its original creators. How unwise." His eyes brightened for a moment. "I'll tell you what. I'll sell you this game, and you can get this shirt as a gift. Does that sound fair?"

"Gagahaha! I wish!" Galvin held out his thick callus palms to Luke. "The money I gain from my main job and side job is barely enough to prevent myself from drowning in a sea of debt. Heck, the only games I can afford these days are old, discounted games from a decade past. What makes you think I can afford this game when I'm burning my hands on metalworking?"

"Does \$35 sound like a fair amount?"

Galvin blinked. "That's awfully cheap, especially for that claim that it has all Pokémon and all possible fusions up to gen nine."

"Is that a no, then?" Luke chuckled for a moment.

Galvin remained quiet for a few seconds before sighing. "It's not. If you want me to get it, sure. Just know that I'm not expecting much."

"That's fine by me!" Luke grinned wider. He opened the case, removed Pokémon Infinite Fusion, and closed it. "Now, follow me. Remember, don't touch anything. This shop can be quite finicky when using its powers."

"Right." Galvin rolled his eyes. From what Luke implied, this shop was magical. That was such a silly thought since magic did not exist at all. However, Luke never explained how this shop looked much bigger than it should have. However, if he had investigated it more, Gavin might have figured it out. "I won't."

"I'm serious! The Athrú are pranksters like that, which is reflected in their stuff." Luke led Galvin to an old-fashioned golden cash register. He pressed its buttons before the final price, \$35, popped up. "Want me to wrap up the shirt?"

"Please." Galvin reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. A few \$20s, \$5s, and a couple of \$1s lay within. He pulled out a couple of \$20s while noting how odd the price looked. Should there be taxes to add to the final price? "Here you go."

Luke wrapped the gift shirt in white plastic sheets before putting it in a plastic bag. He also placed the game on top of it. He accepted the money, typed it into the register, and watched it pop open. He inserted the money while pulling out a \$5, handing it to Galvin. "Here's your change! Have a wonderful evening!"

"I'll do my best to." Galvin took the bag and left the store.

The cool breeze brushed against Galvin's face. In a way, it felt as though he exited a dream world and reentered reality. He glanced at the shop, sighed, and walked to the grocery store for fried chicken. He glanced inside the bag along the way, where the two products still sat.

He wondered where the receipt went off and if he had one.

When Galvin came back with some chicken, the store was gone. Instead, a disrepair restaurant took its place with

thick dust laying in the broken windows. Galvin felt his heart skipped a beat, wondering if he dreamed it all. He double-checked his bag and still saw the gift shirt and new game. Those were the proof he had that this shop once existed before it disappeared into the ether.

Perhaps Luke was onto something after all.

# # #

Galvin leaned back against his wooden chair in the living room, holding onto a Nintendo GameCube controller. His television was on, and it displayed his game Pokémon Infinite Fusion thanks to the Game Boy Player. The peripheral was old and struggled on other games, but it played this odd Pokémon game well.

It had been two months since he got it from **Gaming Goods**. The morning after, he wrote a letter to Daniel, put it and the shirt in a package, and sent it off. He heard back from Daniel a week later, and he loved it. Galvin grinned when he saw the message, though there were the odd westerns and police terms peppered throughout.

Galvin knew Daniel loved the character Barrel, but did not think it was enough to change how he talked.

At least he had a better time than Galvin had.

As Galvin suspected, his warehouse job was phasing him out in a passive-aggressive way. His manager ordered him to positions he had little success at while ignoring his protests. He asked if he could work overtime to compensate for the lost rate, but his manager rejected his request. Then, by the end of the week, his manager lectured him for not pulling his weight and told him to do better before writing him up. His coworkers, meanwhile, did little to help Galvin with his rates.

He was sent to the manager's office in the middle of last week. There, he was told that they terminated his position at this job and asked for his badge. To twist the knife further, they declined to give him employee benefits.

This frustrated Galvin, especially since his metalworking side job was not gaining the money needed. He would raise the prices but was afraid that would scare away potential customers. He felt stuck between a rock and a wall, squeezing him while preventing him from escaping. It was getting to the point where Galvin feared he might need to max out credit cards just to stop himself from going homeless.

At least Pokémon Infinite Fusion prevented him from falling into total despair.

"You know, that Luke guy might be giving a salesman speech, but this game is definitely larger than I expected." Galvin leaned back against his chair. His player character, G-Man, walked up and down the tall grass in the game. The screen flashed, with him entering a Wild Pokémon battle. "Could this be?"

An Arcanine scrolled in from the side of the screen.

"YES!"

The Arcanine roared in its sixteen-bit glory.

His player character threw a Pokéball while scrolling away, releasing his lead for battle.

His lead, Rena, gave a barkish-purr once she emerged from her Pokéball. It was fitting for a Ninetales/Dusk Lycanroc hybrid like her. Her nine tails curled behind her were pure black outside of her white tails' tips. Four black stony spikes lay around her white fluffy neck, with two on the sides, one forward, and one backward. Her pure white crest on the top of her head fluffed out backward while having a black stone pointing outward at the front, hovering above her muzzle.

It was odd that, though Galvin used a Dusk Lycanroc for this fusion, Rena was more like a mix of Midday and Midnight Lycanroc. Much of her fur was bright red, like a

Midnight Lycanroc, though it was patterned like a Midday one. Her eyes shone red, like the Midnight Lycanroc's glowing eyes, though they did not seem to glow in her case. Despite all of that, it felt fitting on her. It helped that her torso, forearms, and forelegs were just as white as her tails' tips.

Galvin grinned, using Flamethrower to weaken Arcanine without fainting him. The Arcanine used Extreme Speed in return, but Rena shrugged it off as though it was nothing. He then had G-Man chuck a Great Ball at the Arcanine and waited. Arcanine shrunk into the ball, shaking once, twice, and three times before clicking.

"Ah, yeah! I caught you at last, Arcanine!" Galvin stood from his chair and pumped his fist up. He grinned and sat down again. "You're the second half that I need for this fusion."

Galvin went through the menu and accepted Arcanine into his team, putting his Houndour/Torterra fusion into a box. He thought about the various fusions he made, like Thievul/Gallade, Leafeon/Tinkaton, and his Rena, and smiled. He opened his Pokémon menu, where Garchomp was the only other non-fused Pokémon. He felt excited while thinking about how amazing this game was.

Just as the box and Luke claimed, there were Pokémon up to gen nine with all sorts of fusion combinations. Not only that, but the game had loads of sidequests and hints of allowing travel to other regions. While Galvin would doubt the region part in most cases, this game did prove itself so far. Seeing if he could go to Hoenn would be amazing since he loved that region.

It also surprised him that the game offered him Vulpix as one of the three options, which he took. He also caught a Rockruff not too long afterward, which had Own Tempo as her ability, which was lucky. He raised both until they evolved into Ninetales and Dusk Lycanroc. He fused both into the beautiful hybrid he held as a main since.

With Arcanine and Garchomp, it should be a far cooler fusion for his team.

"OK. Here we go." Galvin went to the item menu and found the Infinite Splicer. Seeing it lying on the ground was odd, but that may be dumb luck. He clicked on it, opening the Pokémon menu as well. He chose Arcanine and Garchomp and picked the one on all four after looking at the menu. "That looked so much co—"

A jolt came from his controller, causing him to drop it.

"What the?!"

Galvin rubbed his fingers, with them numb from the shock. He bent down and glanced at the controller, looking for any damages. He saw none, even after he flipped it over. He blinked, wondering how it shocked him as bad as it did. Maybe the connection was loose, and that shocked him in that regard.

"I guess I'll need a new controller." Galvin huffed and shook his head. "That'll take months, though, so I—"

Galvin's fingers cracked, with fine bluish scales growing on his fingers. They spread up his palms and the back of his hand, covering every bit of skin on him. His pinky and ring fingers pressed against each other until skin, muscles, and bones fused into one finger. The fingernails on them also grew longer and sharper, turning pure white. Black padding formed on his palms, far thicker than his callus skin from before.

Galvin widened his eyes from the shock. "W-what?" Galvin took a step back. He almost tripped on the chair behind him but kept his balance. "What's going on?!"

Similar cracking noises came from his feet, with them feeling constricted in his boots. At once, three long claws ripped through the front, piercing through the boot's steel toes as though they were paper. He grunted, his feet stretching longer while ripping his boots and socks apart.

Blue scales also covered them, his toes already fused into three big ones. Thick padding also formed underneath them, which felt odd. He stumbled until he found his balance by standing on the front of his feet. There, his feet-paws took on a digitigrade stance.

The fine blue scales went up his arms and legs, with three thick black stripes forming on them. White spikes grew on his triceps, ripping through his shirt and hoodie's sleeves. Another pair also grew on his thighs, tearing through his brown jeans. He rubbed them, noting how tough they were. It also confirmed that this was not some hallucination caused by that electrical shock.

"H-how is this happening?!" Galvin shook in fear and wonder. "W-why am I changing?!"

His rear felt uncomfortable as if it was running out of space in his jeans. His spine, with bone, muscles, and flesh, extended outward. It ripped through before he could do anything, causing his wallet to fall onto the ground behind him. It stretched longer, with bright red fur sprouting on it. Along the way, it knocked aside the chair behind him, with it clattering onto the ground. It soon stretched as far as his feet-paws, with the bright red fur on it long and thick. It felt smooth when he touched the tail, with the fur making it larger than both his legs.

During that time, the blue with black stripes scales spread up his torso and back. It felt itchy against his shirt and hoodie, enough that he wanted to remove them. Before Galvin could, he felt something growing between his shoulder blades. It was long and wide, pressing against his hoodie and shirt until it ripped through. It finalized into a fin as long as his torso was broad and had a notch at the bottom.

Galvin winced, tearing off what remained of his shirt and hoodie with surprising ease. The blue scales spread up his body, and thick black stripes formed. His chest, shoulders, and back felt ticklish, causing him to rub those spots. Bright red fur sprouted, growing thick and long. His red hair brightened and grew longer, fusing with the spreading mane. Six black stripes formed on the mane, three at each shoulder.

At that point, the fine blue scales crawled onto his face. His mouth and nose contorted, stretching forward into a snout. The nose part stretched farther than his mouth below while widening. His nose shrank until they became mere black dots above his mouth. The bridge of his nose also pushed forward, shifting his eyes to face the side of his head. His ears shrank, becoming almost invisible dots on the side of his head. Above them, horn-like appendages

grew, extending outward while brushing against his long mane-like hair. Tube-like extensions formed at the end of each horn, pointing forward like a jet's engine.

Galvin rolled his tongue against his teeth, feeling each become triangular, sharper, and larger. His mouth also stretched wider, almost reaching to his eyes underneath. His eyes' sclera shifted from white to black, which popped out his yellowing eyes more. His back turned, making him lean forward in a slight stoop. He blinked, noting how his eyes still faced forward despite being at the sides instead of ahead.

He stood there, stunned at becoming some kind of Arcanine/Garchomp hybrid.

"W-woah." Galvin flipped his arms back and forth. He noted a slight muscle growth, enough to look ripped by a bit. He doubted that his strength would be that little, considering how both Pokémon were known for their strength and speed. "I-what happened?"

At once, a scratching and breathing fusion sound echoed throughout the house. Galvin flinched before twisting around, trying to find the source. It grew louder for a few seconds before stopping. A clanging sound came from his bedroom. Galvin rushed through the hallway, heading to his room.

The door opened before Galvin reached it.

Luke stepped out from Galvin's bedroom while holding a tablet.

"You know, it's about time," Luke said. His voice had a hint of amusement.

"You?!" Galvin stopped and blinked in confusion. So many questions filled his head. He spoke out one of them. "How did you get into my bedroom!?"

"That was your bedroom?" Luke laughed. He rubbed the back of his left triangular ear. "That's amusing."

Galvin ignored Luke's comment and rushed past him.

Instead, he entered the store that disappeared months ago instead of his bedroom.

"What the!?" Galvin widened his eyes as large as dinner plates. "What? How? WHY!?"

"You really didn't think my shop was magical, did you?" Luke leaned against the doorframe. "It's a shame. People always rationalize something they don't know or understand, something for the better and sometimes for the worse. Usually the worse."

Galvin twisted back to Luke. "You-you have some explaining to do! How did I become this!?" Galvin gestured

to his transformed body. "How did *your* shop form inside *my* bedroom!?"

Luke laughed. "Lelehehe. I told you how wonderful our universe is, right? Well, to put it simply, this shop is a magical one. Though more like technology fused with magic. This shop can form inside any room at any point in the universe. As for why you become some Pokémon hybrid, I told you that the Athrú are quite a prankster people."

Galvin blinked. "Huh?"

"The Athrú were once a prosperous nation spanning multiple galaxies, where their people have two forms to take. One looked like humanity, the other an anthropomorphic animal. Few exist now, most of them hiding, but their magical technology remains. They love transforming themselves and others, mastering it to great heights and with even their remains having the same qualities. In fact," Luke gestured to himself and his large tail, "I was a human like you before becoming this. I prefer being in this form, though, so it wasn't a great loss."

"Wait. That wasn't a fursuit?"

Luke rolled his eyes. "Never said that it was, and you never asked if I was wearing one in the first place. Though I

doubt that you'll believe me then." He grinned a bit. "The previous owner was far more straightforward on what the products do, yet customers like you still don't listen until it happens."

Galvin pressed his knees together, looking sheepish. "I- I, um, sorry."

"Like I said, I doubt you'll believe me." Luke clicked his tongue. "However, you took your sweet time playing that game. I mean, it's been two months. Normally, a customer would get transformed within a day." He held up his tablet, which had an image of Barrel's shirt on it. "Even your friend, Daniel, got transformed within an hour after receiving it. Though he does look good as Barrel."

Galvin blinked, with two thoughts coming through his head. One was about Daniel and how he was also transformed by that shirt. Not to mention how it did not just transform him into looking like Barrel but becoming him somehow. At least that explained why, whenever they talked in text or voice chat, Daniel peppered his language with police and western terms.

The other thought was how Luke believed he just played Pokémon Infinite Fusion.

"Wait. I've been playing that game since I bought it from you." Galvin tilted his head. "I only just transformed this afternoon."

"Huh?" Luke blinked. "Then, you didn't hold off on that game until now?"

"Does becoming a Garchomp half look like I only got an hour into the game?"

Before Luke could respond, he twitched his ears and turned back. Galvin also blinked, hearing the game from this shop. Rather than just being the post-fusion music, it had a series of beeps as though the menu was being used. The two looked at each other.

"You don't have anyone else living with you, do you," Luke asked.

Galvin rushed past him rather than answering. He sprinted through the hallway and jumped into the living room with a thud. He expected that some intruder had broken into his home and decided to play the game. Instead, it was empty, with the controller still on the floor.

Luke ran down the hallway. "What's wrong?"

Galvin searched the living room, hunting for any sign of an intruder. No one hid with himself alone in the room. The menu beeped despite no one holding or using the

controller. Galvin turned to the television and dropped his jaw.

On the screen at the right side, his Ninetales/Dusk Lycanroc Rena stood in her pixilated glory.

On the left side stood a female Ace Trainer.

Below, the menu said, **'The Pokémon and human are being fused!'**

"The heck!?" Galvin took a step back from the screen.

"What is it?" Luke stepped into the living room and turned to the television screen. "Um, is that supposed to happen?"

"An already fused Pokémon shouldn't be able to fuse again without defusing! And it shouldn't be with another human as well!" Despite Galvin's words, the Pokémon's and Ace Trainer's sprites hovered over each other and spun in circles. He turned to Luke. "This game is from your shop! How is this happening!?"

"I-I have no idea." Luke rubbed his right ear. "My shop has gotten wonky results since I own it. Your friend was one of the normal ones."

Galvin gave Luke an incredulous look. "Oh really!?"

The screen turned white before showing the results. It had Rena the Ninetales/Dusk Lycanroc standing there as an anthro Pokémon, just like Galvin. She wore the Ace Trainer's clothes, from the zipped-up red coat to the blue shorts, but with some adjustments. Her shorts looked much shorter on her form, and her jacket hung open, exposing a brownish shirt underneath. Even without the chest spike, it was not hard to see why she could not close the coat.

Galvin shook his head, feeling distracted by Rena's form. "This is nuts."

"I'll say." Luke rubbed his chin,

A text popped out from Rena. "Believe me, you two. You ain't see anything yet."

Both Galvin and Luke flinched and stepped back.

"Did-did she hear us and respond?" Luke asked.

"I-I think so, but how?!" Galvin strained to keep his eyes open. "There isn't a mic connected to it!"

"Don't worry, Galvin. You just wait and see."

The game exited out of the menu and went back to the overworld. Instead of having Galvin's playable character, Rena stood at the center. She went up and down in the tall

grass until she entered a battle with a wild Onix. Rather than using one of the captured Pokémon, she fought herself and won with a single attack. The experience points added up, though far higher than usual.

Rena's level rose from 53 to 55.

"Wh-what is she doing?" Galvin asked Luke.

Luke shrugged, picked up the chair, and sat on it. "Beats me. Let's wait and see."

Galvin hesitated and leaned against the chair.

Already, Rena won another battle and rose to level 59.

On and on it went, with Rena battling wild Pokémon and other trainers. Her level count skyrocketed, already reaching the 70s. Galvin felt so confused about how his Pokémon took control of the game, fused with an NPC, and became anthro, but also from how she knew his name. His playable character's name was G-Man, after all.

Within fifteen minutes, Rena rose all the way to level 100.

She entered another battle and won.

Her level rose to 112.

"That's impossible! The cap is 100!" Galvin rubbed his eyes and bristled his mane. "How is this happening?!"

"Is it just me, or did Rena's sprite grow slightly after over 100?" Luke asked.

Galvin blinked and took another look at Rena's sprite. As Luke said, she grew a bit and edged out of the block space. More questions filled his head, but no answer came. How exactly a Pokémon, a programmed bit of data, could move and interact within a game without the player's control was beyond him. It made him wonder if Rena somehow became sentient.

The idea sounded ridiculous, but he did get this game from a magical shop.

Rena's level went beyond 200, dominating four blocks of space. She fought more, with her battle sprite also far larger than the opposing Pokémon and trainer; Galvin could not help but blush at looking at her tails and rear. Despite the outrageous level gap, she gained experience points in vaster quantities, reaching the millions.

She reached level 524, with her sprite brushing against the tree sprites despite the path being as wide as possible. Rena stepped into the tree sprites as though they were programmed paths to walk on and fought Legendary Pokémon. After winning the battle, she reached level 702, with the screen dominated by her sprite.

By the time she reached level 1000, there was nothing but the anthro Rena on the screen.

Galvin blinked, stunned by this series of events. She stopped leaning against the chair and approached the television with slow and steady steps. He kneeled on one knee, with his yellow eye at Rena's red. He stared at the screen for a moment, wondering if this was over.

Rena's sprite then shook.

The screen distorted, with a white hand-paw materializing out from it.

Galvin flinched back in shock, feeling more confused than ever. More of the arm came out from the screen, with the fingers flexing. A sensible person would run from this fearsome display. Whatever was happening, this was far beyond his ability to handle. He should just flee as far as possible.

Instead, he grabbed the hand-paw and pulled.

The white arm turned bright red at the elbow and materialized faster. This was followed by a shoulder, a couple of black spikes, and a head. The forming Rena gasped and grunted, reaching with the other hand-paw to the top of the screen. She pressed her palm against the television's top and pushed as hard as possible. Her chest,

stomach, and rear with all nine tails followed. Soon, Rena stumbled out from Pokémon Infinite Fusion and landed on Galvin.

"Oof!" Rena grunted and pushed off from Galvin. She sat near him, holding onto his hand-paw. "Sorry, Galvin."

"It-it's alright." Galvin rubbed his chest. "Uh, Rena?"

"Yes?" Rena stood up and helped Galvin onto his feet-paws as well.

"You were my starter and lead, right?"

"Yes."

"From that video game?"

"Yes."

"Where you were once a set of programming and images."

"Yes."

"HOW IS THIS MAKING ANY SENSE?!" Galvin turned to the baffled Luke, then to the amused Rena, and back to Luke. "It's one thing to turn into a hybrid Pokémon, but this?! Digital realization into reality shouldn't be possible! And don't tell me that it's because of magic from some ancient civilization!"

"I-I don't have a proper explanation for this." Luke stood and rubbed the back of his head. "Even I don't fully understand the Athrú tech. Though there was one thing that was similar where a guy entered a video game and turned into one of its playable characters."

"Uh, huh." Galvin rolled his eyes. "I swear, this is just insane and—"

"May I interject?" Rena asked. She set her left hand-paw on Galvin's right shoulder, calming him. "It's just that I was once just a set of data from a game without any sense of self. But when you played the game, your thoughts and feelings flowed in it, influencing it. Thoughts about your former work, hobby/side job as a metalworker, and everything else. I didn't have a sense of self then, but it began an awakening, which was enough to influence the game even as a Vulpix."

"Influence the game?" Galvin turned to Rena in confusion. "What do you mean by that?"

"To put it simply, I was the reason why you didn't transform sooner." Rena winked her left eye. "The game tried to transform you multiple times since your first fusion with Pikachu and Charmander. I exerted enough will to stop it each time."

"Wait." Luke widened his eyes. "You're the reason why Galvin didn't transform until now?!"

"Yup! I thought that he would prefer a far cooler form." Rena giggled. "Being an Arcanine/Garchomp fusion must be at the top of the list for coolness. Preventing the game from transforming you earlier also left an impact on me. It boosted my sense of self until I was beyond being a self-aware AI. I became alive." Rena looked over her arm, the one she stuck out first into reality. "I wanted to be with you, Galvin, in the real world. But I can only do that by growing big and strong enough to break free from the game's boundary. Does that make sense?"

Galvin thought about it for a moment. "Not really."

Luke turned his head from Galvin to Rena and back again before shrugging. "I'll go ahead and take my leave, then. I'll even go ahead and add this to my list of strange events that happened. I hope you two will have a wonderful life!"

Galvin opened his mouth, but Luke left the living room. Galvin followed into the hallway, wanting to ask a question. His words remained stuck in his throat, though. Luke slipped through the open doorway, letting his extra-long tail slip in before closing it. A scratching, breathing

mixture of sounds followed, loud at first before fading away.

Galvin went through the hallway and opened his bedroom door.

Instead of that magical shop, he found his bedroom, which remained undisturbed.

"He really is gone." Galvin huffed. His tail curled around one of his legs. "Darn."

"Is there a problem?" Rena reached Galvin and patted his shoulder.

"I, well," Galvin sighed. "Is this right?"

Rena tilted her head. "What do you mean?"

Galvin turned to Rena, trying not to look down at her chest. She looked beautiful, from how her red eyes shone in the dark to her slick fur. Her nine tails curled up, with one brushing against his tail. It felt ticklish, which he suppressed while gazing into her face.

"You say that you were born out of my feelings, right?" Galvin asked. He waited until Rena nodded. "I can't deny how beautiful you look. How much I want to press my lips against yours. At the same time, I don't feel this is right. You're pretty much an idealized version of my type of

girlfriend, a possible wife. A fantasy came true. I, well, I don't wish for you to stay if you were programmed to love me instead of doing it willingly. Does that make sense?"

Rena stared into his eyes, smiled softly, and rubbed his cheek. "Ah, you idiot. Yes, it was your feelings that started it all, but that doesn't make me programmed to love you. I could always walk out the door and live my own life away from you. But I don't want to. I want to be with you because I do care, not because I was reprogrammed into loving you."

The two stared at each other some more, with Galvin hesitating.

"If-if you wish to stay, that's fine." Galvin turned to his lonesome bed in his bedroom. "I only have one bed, though. If you want, you can sleep on it. I'll sleep on the couch."

Rena giggled, though there was a hint of disappointment. "That's fine by me."

# # #

Galvin stood in the basement, using Flamethrower on a metal bar. Once it was glowing a dull red, he grabbed it with his bare hand-paws and bent it to the desired shape. Despite the heat it emitted, it felt cool to him. Once he got it

at a ninety-degree angle, he pressed it against another metal bar, used Flamethrower on both, and squeezed them together until they fused into one.

He grinned at his handiwork, with it an excellent framing for a table. He picked up shorter, thinner curled bars that had already heated, twisted, and tempered to the desired shape. He heated up each end and fused them near the top of the table framing as supports. He made a ribbon-like texture near the bottom of one of the legs with his claws. He followed it up by adding wavy patterns that went up the leg. He repeated that until all four of the legs had the same pattern.

That was what the client wanted anyway.

Ever since Galvin changed into an Arcanine/Garchomp hybrid, he discovered plenty of new tricks for his metalworking side job. However, calling it a side job was stretching it, even without a primary job, since it became a thriving business. His Flamethrower could heat metal to desired temperatures, and his body, especially his hand-paws, were heat-proof. As a result, he could even pick up a glowing yellow steel ball and mold it like clay. It helped that his strength has grown a great deal.

Galvin waited for the table framing to cool down to test its strength. He did not apply all of it, but that was

because he would snap it in half if he did. Once satisfied with its structural ability, he carved out his signature on one of the legs. He followed it up by pulling out his smartphone and photographing it. He sent it to his work computer, which he approached and woke up. Already, there were five other emails sent to him.

The first email in the list said,

*Dear Galvin,*

*I have seen your metalwork, and I must say that they looks super awesome. I'm interested in getting one for myself, in fact. Here are the details.*

*What I want is basically a three-inch figure of a Midnight Lycanroc. Its muzzle should be pointing upward as though it was howling. The eyes are closed, yet it should also display a feeling of power.*

*I hope I'm not asking too much. I just love Lycanroc. In fact, I might ask for the other two if I get extra money again.*

*Hope to hear from you soon!*

*From,*

## *LycanChanger*

"A Midnight Lycanroc, huh?" Galvin nodded at that before glancing at a six-inch Arcanine/Garchomp hybrid figure he had made for himself. It was based on the sprite he chose, though there was some difference between it and his transformed self. His extra fluffy red tail wagged behind him. "Sounds like a good thing to try."

Galvin opened a reply tab, but not to LycanChanger. He wrote a message to the table framing client instead, telling him his frame was ready. This client has already paid since he asked for payment upfront; That was a recent change that he admitted makes sense. Once done, he sent a replay to LycanChanger, telling him his current queue, how long it would be until he gets to it, and the price (\$60). He did the same with four other emails, each one asking for a figure of some kind.

Once done, Galvin stretched his muscles to get the blood flowing. "Almost no stop of work."

A knock came from the basement door. "Already done in there?"

Galvin smiled. "Yes, Rena."

The door opened, and Rena stepped down the stairs. She wore a blue tight-fitting shirt that also exposed her

stomach. Her blue skirt parted, so her left leg was more exposed than her right. Her blue heels clicked against the wooden steps as she approached the bottom, approaching Galvin. The blue looked lovely with her red, white, and black body.

She stretched her arms around Galvin's shoulders and nosed his nose.

Galvin smiled back, remembering the day they met properly six months ago. He was worried that he had inadvertently created a puppet based on what his ideal lady would be. He hated the idea of having to be a slave to him, even if he did like the other and they did not mind. The idea of kissing someone because they were forced to by his feelings and thoughts repulsed him.

Despite beginning from his thoughts, Rena was not that type of lady. She would argue with him, like how he structured his website; she even applied her fixes without asking him first. Though he was angry at her for that, it did result in an increased influx that did not seem to slow, so he could not complain too much. At least she kept it rare. For the times when it turned out she was wrong, she would have a hard time admitting it. She was also picky about her appearance and attempted to get him to look better. At least she managed to get shirts that fit around the fin on his

back. She was also disappointed that, even at this moment, Galvin preferred to sleep separately. Plus, once she got going, she would talk a lot and sometimes repeat herself.

For Galvin, it showed that Rena was not perfect.

It also showed that she was not the perfect lady he envisioned, which was a relief.

It meant that Rena was real.

"OK, Galvin. Where should we go to unwind? I know you talked about relaxing in Believer's Paradise, but why not give the Sparkling Pool a chance? Or maybe we can go to another game. Oh! How about the Viridian Forest? It doesn't have to be Pokémon Infinite Fusion. It could be HeartGold or even Let's Go Eevee!" Rena wagged all nine of her tails. "Wouldn't that be fun?"

Galvin laughed. "You just want to be big and powerful, don't you?"

"Nenehehe. You tease." Rena booped Galvin's nose.

The two left the basement and went to the living room, which significantly changed. Badges from each Pokémon region hung on the wall, each polished and behind a glass case. A Super Mario mushroom from Super Smash Brother Ultimate lay in a plastic container, bouncing back and forth. A golden watering bucket from Animal Crossing:

New Horizon stood next to the front door, which Rena used for gardening. A heart piece from Link's Awakening hung on the wall.

"A monument to our adventures," Galvin said softly.

"Very much so." Rena winked and pulled out a red Game Boy Advance SP. She flipped it open with the game Pokémon Infinite Fusion already on. "Ready, my dear?"

Galvin laughed. It seemed that she already decided before asking. Typical of her, but Galvin smiled. "Always."

Galvin reached back to underneath his shirt next to his fin. There, he felt a little box that held a diamond ring. He smiled, thinking about how to tell her. Maybe once she hacked into the Rare Candy to alter their effects again. That was fun the last time they did this.

Rena set the Game Boy Advance SP on the floor and grabbed Galvin's hand-paw close.

The two jumped up and hopped through the screen, entering into Pokémon Infinite Fusion.

# # #

Picture a sixteen-bit screen displaying two Pokémon hybrids, an Arcanine/Garchomp, and a Ninetales/Dusk Lycanroc. They both stood just before the entrance to

Viridian Forest. Rena wiggled over to the entrance before stopping, realizing that Galvin was not following. She went back, with the two staring at each other.

Galvin's sprite remained still for a moment before it wiggled in place. A shocked emoji appeared just above Rena's head. Her body remained still for a few long seconds before a heart popped above her head. Gavin produced his own emoji heart as well.

The two walked into the Viridian Forest side by side, exiting the screen.

# About Author

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/foxgamer01/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~foxgamer01>

<https://furrynetwork.com/foxgamer01/>

I have a lot of great content there that I think you'll love.

Also, if you're interested in supporting me and my writing, please consider visiting my Ko-Fi and Patreon accounts at:

<https://ko-fi.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.patreon.com/foxgamer01>

Every little bit helps me to keep creating and sharing my stories with the world.

Lastly, if you have any questions or comments, please don't hesitate to contact me at:

[foxgamer01@hotmail.com](mailto:foxgamer01@hotmail.com)

I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!