

# **The Rise of WereCain**

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Content warning: Transformation, muscle growth, silliness

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Cain the Buizel waddled down the dirt road with his cheeks puffed out. His short legs barely lifted him half a foot off the ground, with them wider than taller. From a casual look, it seemed as though he only had feet-paws. He reached down to his right side and rubbed it up and down. Bandages still covered his bite wound, hidden by his black jacket. His other hand-paw stuffed inside his jacket's pocket, which clenched and unclenched within. He held an angry expression, with his cyan eyes glittering.

"Ouch. It's only been a week. Why does it hurt still?" Cain sighed and shook his head. "That meanie almost ruined my best jacket, too."

A week ago, Cain walked along the path much like this moment at night. It got interrupted when a Dusk Lycanroc jumped through the bushes and pounced on him. This Lycanroc's bright green eyes glowed pinkish-red, which still burned within his memory. The Lycanroc bit him and shook him back and forth, drawing blood, before tossing him aside like last week's leftovers. Cain groaned, trying to stop the bleeding while leaning against the tree. When he called for help, the Dusk Lycanroc disappeared into the woods.

Despite the pain, Cain could not help but feel insulted by this turn of events.

"It would've been one thing if it ate me," Cain grumbled. His brown hair-fur covered his right eye. "But to bite me and leave? Almost like I'm not worth being a meal!"

He sighed and shook his head. His tail, split near the tip and ending with the color cream, spun like a propeller. He rubbed his orange fur, which dominated much of his body. His yellow collar inflated and deflated with every breath he took. He leaned against one of the trees and attempted to relax.

"It's hurting worse now." Cain winced and pressed his back against the tree. "Gah. This is the worst of both worlds. I'm alive but in serious pain that comes and goes like the sun. Why couldn't the bite make it worthwhile, like making me big? Hell, I would be happy if it would allow me to—"

Cain paused to glance at the full moon rising in the distance. He stopped leaning against the tree and took a couple steps forth. It felt as though the moon called for him. For a moment, the pain on his side faded away.

His eyes glowed pinkish red.

"Ack!"

Cain fell onto the ground, propped up by his arms and hand-paws. Energy flowed throughout his body, unlike any he ever felt before. He breathed in and out fast, with sweat dripping from his face.

“Grr. What is going on?” Cain gritted his teeth from the pain. “Wh-why is—”

Agony stopped him from completing his sentence.

Black claws grew out from his hand- and feet-paws, with the feet-paws’ claws much larger. They ripped through the ground as though they were nothing. White fur grew from his hands- and feet-paws, replacing the orange while being much fluffier. They went underneath his jacket’s sleeves, though he still felt the tingling beneath them.

Cain yelped, with his legs screaming in pain. They stretched out as though someone pulled them back. They pushed him forward enough that he fell on top of his belly. By the time they stopped growing, they lay at least two feet long each, much longer than the stubs from before. The white fur ended at his knees, though the orange changed texture from slick to fluffy.

He struggled to push himself back up despite the aching. His arms stretched out longer, stretching his coat’s sleeves until they became short by comparison. They felt

tight to him as though a single flex could shred them. The blue fins underneath his arm shrunk into nothing like they never existed. The white fluffy fur spread out on his cream belly and chest, replacing it bit by bit. His yellow collar deflated and disappeared into nothing. The white coat spread up his chest and neck, with the chest one poofing out.

His tail strained to remain still. It stretched longer while the two tail tips fused into one. White fur spread up from the base, poofy like his chest. It soon replaced the orange and cream, reaching down to his knees. Meanwhile, he felt pain in his back near the neck. A pair of lumps grew on the sides, stretching out white at first. It shifted into a dark brown, though both held a rocky texture. They stretched out until they ended in a pair of pointy tips at least three-quarters of a foot long.

Cain stuck out his tongue, which grew longer and broader. His muzzle stretched out to contain such a tongue, though he had to avoid piercing it with his longer, sharper teeth. By the time his muzzle stopped growing, it held a blocky shape. His nose remained black, though more dog-like. The white fur replaced the cream on his muzzle and the pair of black parallel marks on his cheeks. His ears, dots at first, stretched out into sizable triangular ears,

orange with pink inners. The ears pushed up his hair-fur, fusing into a rocky texture while exposing both of his eyes.

Halfway up his hair-fur, the brown turned white. Meanwhile, the hair-like fin on the back of his head stretched out. It turned white, with poofy fur much more significant than on his chest. They grew down until they reached his tail. The coat on his cheek and the side of his head grew out, still orange but fluffy. He gritted his teeth and shut his eyes for a moment.

Cain turned to the full moon, stood on his plantigrade feet-paws, and howled at it, now as an anthro Dusk Lycanroc.

Cain panted, relaxing as the pain faded away. Even the one on his right disappeared, as though he never got bitten. The bandages ripped off his new fluffy fur, showing no scar underneath. His left eye stopped glowing, with it green instead of cyan; it held a double ring texture on the iris.

"W-woah." Cain flipped his arms over and even wiggled his much longer leg. He turned to the tree, with it closer than before. "H-how?" He thought back to the Dusk Lycanroc that attacked him, which clicked. "So, that bite did do something."

Cain felt a mixture of emotions. At first, he felt a sense of pride at being taller than before. At the same time, he wished it would involve him growing so tall that trees could not reach his ankles at least. Plus, he wondered how he would live like this and how to explain it to friends. Would it always be underneath the full moon? Hell, that Dusk Lycanroc bit him a week before the full moon, so it might be different. The fact that he remained himself instead of a savage creature like that Lycanroc was proof enough.

What he felt most annoyed about, however, was how awkward wearing his jacket felt.

“Grr. I need a new jacket for this form.” Cain struggled to pull it out, but it refused to budge a millimeter. “Or maybe I can get Able to— wait.”

Within his chest, he felt a power he never felt before. He wondered if this might be an innate ability to grow in size like his friends and sister. He always wished to enlarge under his own power instead of relying on others and even technology and potions. His muzzle curled into a smirk, focusing his mind on that power.

“Alright, there. Here comes the big time!”

A second later, he unleashed that power.

Ripping sounds came afterward.

“Huh. But my jacket is meant to—” Cain turned to his left arm and widened his eyes.

His left arm, once slim and somewhat noodle-like, swelled with muscles. He turned to his right, where it also bulged with thick muscles. They kept growing, snapping off his jacket, which fluttered to the ground behind him. His chest broadened, with the pecs swelling out farther than his muzzle.

“It-it’s a different type of growth!” Cain stumbled back a couple of steps. His abs pumped out into a thick six-pack. His neck thickened out, almost fusing with his chest. With a single flex of his arm, it bulged out as large as his head. “E-epp!”

Below, his legs swelled out as well. His thighs and calves burst with muscles, with them fighting for space. The dirt ground broke underneath them, with his feet-paws tripling in size. His tail grew along with him while becoming extra puffy. He blushed, standing at around fifteen feet as a mountain of muscles.

“Uh, not what I was expecting or wanting.” Cain growled. “I mean, it’s cool and all, but I want to be the other big! I want to be towering enough to reach the moon without leaving Earth! Why can’t it be—”

Cain leaned against the tree, which snapped underneath his weight. He stopped talking and jumped forward. The tree fell and snapped in two despite its trunk being two feet wide. He blinked and glanced at his hand-paws again.

He did that by just leaning against it. He did not apply any force other than his weight. It snapped just as effortlessly as him as a giant Buizel. A thought came to him, and he reached for another tree. With a 'light' pull, he ripped it from the ground with roots stretched as far as three yards. He rubbed his muzzle again, his smirk returning.

"But maybe this isn't all bad," Cain said. "With this, I bet I can flip my sister over even if she grew as large as this planet. Maybe more." He grinned, exposing his sharp teeth. "She'll be in for a shock once she finds out she can't bully me as much."

He leaned back and threw the tree into the air. It zoomed out into the distance, away from the moon. After all, if the moon was involved in this change, the last thing he wanted was to break it. He laughed to himself and picked up what remained of his black jacket. He set it over his right shoulder, tiny compared to the rest of his body. He turned around and walked toward home, with the ground

shaking beneath his feet-paws as though he had reached five hundred feet tall.

“OK. First things first, I need to get these fixed and get the spell adjusted so it grows and adapts whenever I turn from Buizel to Lycanroc, especially as such a hunky Lycanroc. Though maybe I need other clothes like a shirt and shorts.” He glanced down and nodded. “Yeah.

“Wait. How do I reverse this?”

# # #

Five hours later, a large, crispy tree trunk crashed against Pluto on the other side of the solar system. The impact caused shockwaves, with dust flying out even hundreds of miles away. Its orbit around the sun wobbled.

Cain may not be a giant, but his power equaled one even ‘small.’

# 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:

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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!