

Deep underneath a warehouse within an underground facility, five figures met up around a table. Two of them stood beside each other, both wearing thin black cloaks with the symbol of a red sun decorating them. And for the remaining three...

"The captain of the Aquamarine pirates and two of her most trusted crew mates. We are glad to have you here," said one of the cloaked figures, setting a large briefcase down on the table, "Let's get right down to business shall we?"

"Of course of course," the captain replied, applying a layer of pink lipstick to her lips and smacking them together, tucking the tube into her exposed cleavage afterward. "This must be serious if you have to call on the help of me and my crew," She tittered and drummed her short, pink colored claws on the table, "So let's hear the request."

The Aquamarine Pirates: a group of world-famous all female pirate mercenaries that take on any job as long as the money is good. The crew was headed up by Marine Jacquie Janet, a pink Vaporeon morph with long, flowing, golden blonde hair that came down to the center of her back with captivating turquoise color eyes. Her body was fit and slender (and she had a cute heart, skull and crossbones tattoo on her upper left arm) and her breasts were large and perky, but not overly so; the main eye-catching feature, save for her overall looks, were her legs. Long and deliciously curved; fit with muscle, toned from being her main use of physical combat.

Her clothing was fitting for a pirate captain; a blue ever-so-traditional pirate hat (custom made for her head fins), an eye patch over her right eye, sporting the heart-skull-crossbones design on it, a white cavalier shirt (unbuttoned at the top to show off her cleavage), a large blue regal pirate coat (with gold trims) with the same heart-skull-crossbones marking on the back, a pair of black short shorts. She opted to go without footwear, showing off her lovely legs and well kept feet.

On both sides of Marine stood her top crewmates; on her left was a shape shifting human woman by the name of Sangria, the brains of the operation. Her original look was long forgotten, and she often favored her current state of a height of seven feet with long flowing orange hair with numerous long bangs over her face, striking orange eyes and opting for as little clothing as possible, sporting an orange two piece bikini. She had a rather slender, but toned build, whether this was natural or not was largely unknown, due to her size and shape shifting abilities. The pirate crew's trade mark symbol was tattooed upon her upper left arm. Despite her abilities, she wasn't a fan of combat, preferring more supportive roles in advice and strategy.

On her right was a large Garchomp girl by the name of Walter, large and bulky in shape and size, the brute and the muscle. She was built like a tank, strong with muscle and a curvy build, massive breasts with huge hips and thighs. She stood eight feet in height, wearing nothing more than a black sports bra and a black tight fitting pair of shorts. A baseball cap sporting the crew's symbol rested upon her head, her own personal treasure.

“Ah yes, Captain Marine. There’s a target we need your help dealing with, one you’re quite familiar with,” spoke one of the cloaked figures.

“Time is money gentlemen, get to the point,” Marine replied, adjusting her hat with a grin.

The second figure smirked underneath the shroud of his hood and set a large briefcase onto the table. He took the time to fiddle with the number password and opened it, revealing it to be full of money, “One million in total. Half now, half later. Your job is to do away with one Misao Penumbra and one Bou Nussbaum as you see fit. We’re sure you’re familiar with those names?”

Marine’s crew mates instantly turned their heads toward their captain, whose pretty pink lips pulled back to reveal a bright devious grin, “If I knew I had to take care of those two, I probably would have done it for free.”

“Good,” spoke the first figure, “I knew you’d be thrilled for the job.” He handed Marine some paperwork, mainly information of the target’s residence and necessary maps, “This should be all you need. We have complete faith in you. Do what you like; we just simply need them out of our way.”

“Oh don’t you worry, gentlemen. This is something I’ve been looking forward to for quite a while, but if you don’t mind, we would like to make use of your facility and some of your resources, if you don’t mind of course.” Marine said with a grin.

“Oh but of course, feel free to use anything you need here. Our weapons, utilities, anything.”

“You’re far too kind,” Marine giggled, “Soon I’ll have Misao right where I want her...”

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“Is this a good spot?” Bou asked with a picnic basket in hand as he walked side by side with Misao through the soft grass. Bou wore a nice simple shirt with a jacket and a pair of jeans while Misao wore a lovely blouse with a nice accompanying skirt. Like always, she wore her sleek black battle swimsuit underneath; just in case.

Misao giggled, “Anywhere is fine Bou,” She smiled and kissed her squirrely boyfriend on the cheek, “It’s a gorgeous day.”

“Yep! Great day for a picnic in the park,” He grinned, stopping to lay out a large red and white blanket over the grass and setting the basket down on top of it.

Misao smirked and gave Bou a playful shove, knocking him onto the blanket and pouncing on top of him, her thick mermaid tail swaying back and forth behind her, “You and your romantic ideas,” she cooed, playfully undoing a few buttons on his shirt to play at his fuzzy chest, dragging her fingers through his warm, orange fur.

Bou smiled, "Well hey! It worked right?" He wouldn't dare tell her that he gets all his ideas off of internet forums and self help sites. He raised his arms and wrapped them around her, pressing a sweet kiss to her lips.

Misao giggled and playfully kissed him back, "You're so cheesy."

"Too bad I'm not a mouse then huh?" Bou laughed at his bad joke.

"That was just terrible," She smirked while rolling off of him to lie beside him, staring up at the sky and sighing happily, "Such a gorgeous, peaceful day."

"Yep. No crime, no bad guys. We sure got lucky this time!" Bou chimed in.

The two started to lean in for another kiss before the ground began to rumble underneath them, the picnic basket bouncing lightly from the tremor. "You feel that?" Misao asked as she pulled away, sitting up and glancing around curiously.

"An earthquake?" Bou asked.

Misao's head fins flitted lightly as her eyes shifted back and forth, turning and glancing in all directions for the source of the quakes. The rumbling became stronger and more violent around them as the seconds passed, Misao quickly hopped up to her feet while pulling Bou up from his laying position.

"Bou move!" Misao yelled as she promptly shoved him with a burst of strength, sending him flying back a dozen feet just as the ground ripped open underneath them. With a slap of her tail against the soft grass, she leapt up high into the air in a backward arc, watching as the picnic blanket, basket and chunk of ground they settled upon get swallowed up into the dark abyss of a giant dragonic maw. Misao landed a few feet away as a massive Garchomp rose up from the ground, chomping away at its catch sans one squirrel and one Vaporeon.

"Yer a lot faster dan ah remembuh," boomed the giant bulky creature as she fully stepped out from the earth; Walter's massive steps thudding heavily against the ground as she found herself footing. She lowered her eyes down to the Vaporeon, adjusting her hat and making herself known to Misao as the tough and powerful Walter from the Aquamarine Pirates crew, "Guess uve gotten tougha since our last encounter, eh girl?"

Misao was already in an offensive stance as she glanced way, way up at the 60ft female Garchomp, "W-Walter?! You're...a lot bigger than I remember..."

"Whoa is that the shark lady?!" Bou exclaimed as he came running up, craning his neck back to look up at Walter, "She's huge!" He said with his usual perverted grin.

"Focus Bou!"

"Right right, she's the enemy," Bou mumbled with a blush.

Walter smirked, "Wut's dis? Two on one? Now dat's hardly fair."

Before Bou or Misao could react; a long, thick, smooth scaled tail coiled itself around Bou's body, trapping him in a firm squeeze. He was yanked towards the lurking Sangria, lying in the grass lazily in a naga form, smirking as she drew her prey in close.

"Don't worry your pretty little head, cutie," Sangria giggled, "Our boss is more concerned with your girlfriend. She has special plans for you. Now let's get to a safer spot where we can watch shall we?" She giggled as she started to slither away with a struggling Bou in tow.

"Bou!" Misao cried out, but before she could give chase, a large Garchomp foot crashed down in front of her, knocking her clear off her feet.

"And where do ya think yer goin'?" Walter asked, "I think yer a lil' preoccupied, hero." She raised a giant, clenched fist and brought it down upon the dazed Vaporeon.

Misao, in all of her stupor, managed to react fast enough, leaping out of the way of the giant fist as it crashed down into the ground where she should; the impact sending the young fighting Vappie flying a few yards, knocking her onto the ground with a grunt. She made use of the momentum to tumble across the grass and flip up onto her feet.

Without further hesitation, she rushed over to a large tree and took a firm grip at its trunk. Her upper body began to bulge as her arms bulked up with firm muscle. And with a powerful yell, she pulled the tree up from its roots, holding it up like a large baseball bat. She released a powerful jet burst of water from her feet to rocket up towards the giant Walter, taking a wide swing and striking her harshly across the face.

Walter's head snapped to the side and sent her stumbling backwards, giving Misao another opening to strike her again, her Aqua Pirates hat sent flying as she was knocked off her large feet; hitting the ground with a heavy thud and groan.

"Hah! You see that?! Even without my help, Misao's the best! You guys can't beat us!" Bou cheered loudly, smirking at the large naga.

Sangria just smiled, lying lazily on the grass atop the hill where she and her squirrely captive watched. "Don't miss the point, cutie. We're not here to defeat you guys, that is not what the boss wants."

Bou narrowed his eyes, struggling against her tail with a growl, "Then what does she want?"

Sangria snickered, "Just your capture."

Walter slowly sat up with a groan, massaging at her lower jaw while narrowing her gaze at the tree wielding super heroine, "Oof...not bad at all kid. 'Uve bin workin' out, haven'tcha? But that'll be da furst 'n las' time y'get the jump on me."

“Keep talking, you big blowhard!” Misao lifted the tree overhead and hurled it at Walter with a shout. She immediately leapt after it, landing on the ripped trunk and jetted up along its length before leaping off. Walter spun to her left and smacked the tree with her powerful tail, snapping it in half just after Misao jumped off, the Vaporeon flying at the giant Garchomp via a jet burst of water from her feet.

Walter smirked and used the momentum of her spin to claw at Misao, who quickly water boosted out of the way to find an opening, but wasn’t prepared for what came next. Walter was already bringing down her left fist, pummeling Misao down into the ground; the Vaporeon making a small crater upon impact.

“Misao!” Bou shouted out, struggling against the thick, powerful tail that held him in place.

“Don’t get carried away, Walter!” Sangria yelled out.

Walter was already excited, driving down her fist towards the crater to land an additional devastating blow. Her punch stopped abruptly, the dragonshark’s eyes widening as she noticed her target was missing. “Whuh?! Where’d she go?!” She roared out.

Intent on evening the score, the resilient Misao dashed toward the park lake, seeking to absorb the body of water to match her opponent’s size...more or equal.

“Oh no you don’t!” Walter roared out, chasing after the young Vaporeon with earth rattling footfalls.

Sangria just smirked to herself, poking her pink tongue out to drag along her lips, “Oh...it won’t matter anyway.”

“What are you talking about?” Bou growled.

“You’ll see...” Sangria giggled.

Not letting the thunderous footsteps sway her in any way, in addition to having a head start, Misao approached the lake and made a leap toward the water. Suddenly there was a flash in the grass and a large net intercepted Misao and downed her, just a few inches from the water. “Oh you’ve got to be kidding me!” She yelled out as she struggled against the net as Walter’s toothy grin came in overhead.

“How’dja like our lil’ trap, hero?” Walter chuckled.

Misao glared up at the Garchomp and gave a grin of her own, “You guys aren’t giving me enough credit if you think a net is gonna stop me.” She was close to the water; all she needed was one little touch...

“Yer right, we knew a net wasn’t gunna keep ya down...” Walter replied.

Misao eyes widened as the net began to spark up, a surge of electricity starting to run through it, sending a powerful shock through the young Vaporeon’s body. Misao screamed out in pain; a loud, blood curdling screech released from her throat as she thrashed about within the net involuntarily.

Bou could only look on in horror as his lover was electrocuted mercilessly, struggling more and more against Sangria, who would tighten her grip more and more in response. "Let me go, you...strangely sexy monster! Misao's in danger!"

Sangria leaned over and licked Bou's cheek with a forked tongue, tittering lightly, "Oh relax...it'll stop once she passes out. And after that, we'll take you both somewhere where you'll be taken care of."

Bou shivered, frowning as he watched Misao get shocked to exhaustion. It was like torture, but he could finally breathe a sigh of relief once she finally fell unconscious. He knew she'd survive, she was strong, but what bothered him next was the question of what was going to happen to them now.

"Not so tough now, are ya Vappie girl?" Walter grinned as she bent down to pick Misao up in her claw and looked over to Sangria, "We're done here, let's head back to da boss..."

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Deep within the secret underground facility, Misao slowly awoke to a dull electronic hum surrounding her. She wriggled a bit, testing her movement; shaking her legs, wiggling her toes, clenching her fingers.

"Good...it doesn't seem like I'm paralyzed..." She whispered quietly to herself as she became more aware.

She opened her eyes wider from their half lidded state to find herself in a confined room surrounded by grey walls, save for one clear wall in front of her with red lasers running parallel within it; a high tech jail cell of sorts. There was no sink, no toilet, and no open windows.

"Well they certainly thought of everything..." She took a deep breath, "It's really dry in here too...hardly any moisture for me to make use of at all..."

She twitched suddenly, finding her arms and legs bound at the wrists and ankles; strange ropes that dug lightly into her soft, smooth, yet rubbery blue skin. She found herself unable to shift her form into a more tangible state to escape them. Whatever they were, they were specifically meant for her.

"And I can't change forms, I didn't think the pirates had these kinds of resources on hand...this is Syndicate level tech..."

She glanced around slowly before perking her ear fins up, looking around frantically, "Oh no! Bou! Where's Bou?! I hope nothing happened to him!" She inched toward the transparent wall, being mindful of the lasers and trying to peek down the hall way, "Hey! Is anyone here?! Bou?! Are you in another cell?! Where's Bou?!"

"Tch, if I had known you were going to be so noisy I'd have that cute little mouth of yours gagged," a lovely voice echoed down the halls accompanied by the sound of bare feet slapping against the cold floor, "Of course wouldn't that be a lovely sight? Little Miss Misao all bound and gagged before me...gives me shivers."

"Marine Jacquie Janet," Misao grumbled as Marine stepped into view, the pink colored Vaporeon grinning down at her captive, "You can keep your little lesbian fantasies to yourself, now where's Bou?!"

Marine gave a wide toothy grin, folding her arms underneath her ample bust, giving them a slight bounce and jiggle, "It's the funniest thing really, that little guy really has a habit of just ending up under your nose," She looked down, drawing attention to her cleavage.

Misao eyes widened, scanning Marine's breasts for a tiny squirrel, "You didn't!" She growled, yanking herself against her binds, "You bitch! If you shrunk him somehow and had your way with him, I'll...I'll..."

Marine began to laugh, never tiring of getting under her enemy's skin, "Goodness Misao, you're embarrassing me by staring like that," She purred softly, bending down slightly and leaning closer, "You know..." She said in a nigh whisper, voice carried with a sultry tone, "If you want a closer look, we can head back to my quarters and you can see all there is to see."

While Misao's cheeks did become flushed with a red tint, her sheer look of hate remained on her face as she glared at the captain. "Where...is...Bou?!" She growled through gritted teeth.

Marine sighed, standing back up with a smile, "You're such a persistent hard ass, with a cute ass. Your little boy toy is safe and sound, my girls are making sure he's well taken care of, and I think he's enjoying himself," She said with a grin, "Unlike you, he isn't constantly calling your name out, he's smart enough to keep that in the bedroom."

"Just what do you want anyway?" Misao said in a low growl.

Marine snapped her fingers, the lasers and the barrier that barred Misao's cell suddenly flickering off. The alternate colored Vaporeon stepped closer to the kneeling Misao, smiling down at her, "It's really simple. Your old friends, the Syndicate paid me off to get rid of you, gave us some nice goods too,f but you see, I'm not one to get rid of valuable resources," She bent down and cupped the fellow Vaporeon's chin, leaning in close, lips nearly touching, "And you my dear, are very valuable to me," She whispered, "Be my first mate, Misao. You and I would be the sexiest unstoppable pair ever. The two of us will easily make the Aquamarine Pirates the most dominating thing on the seas...no...in the world."

That blush at Misao's cheeks became deeper. She wasn't about to deny Marine's beauty and charm, but she was spoken for and wouldn't dare hook up with a criminal. "I told you before...the answer is no."

"Playing that hard to get game to the very end, full of spunk my dear Vaporeon," Marine purred, "But what about your poor boytoy? The Syndicate has no use for him and will let him live, but not you, and the only way out of this mess, is through me. Last chance, Vappie-kins."

Misao heavily considered her options from there, as limited as they were. Among the binds, she couldn't struggle; if left to the Syndicate, she would be done in for sure before Bou could manage to escape from the pirates and pull off a rescue. Misao looked right into Marine's eyes and sighed, "....what do I have to do?" She asked with bitter reluctance.

The captain's eyes lit up brightly at signs of Misao's giving in. She almost slipped into a school girl-ish gigglefitt but maintained composure, standing back up before the kneeling Vaporeon with her hands on her hips, "First, I need to see if you really swallowed your pride."

Marine took a step back and extended her right foot forward, pointing down to it. Misao followed down, staring at Marine's pretty paw, four toes wiggling almost anxiously. "Kiss my foot, my little Vappie," Marine ordered. Misao grimaced, but saw something that caught her interest; a particular toe ring on Marine's second toe. There was a large blue jewel on it with a sea swirling about within, prompting Misao to take a closer look, narrowing those deep blue eyes into a squint, and a large grin soon appeared on her face.

It was a piece of a water stone, an elemental stone containing strong amounts of power, the very thing that could be used to invoke an evolution within a Pokémon. But for Misao, it provided another source of power, having already been fully evolved; it was the very thing she needed to bust out of here.

Misao looked back up to Marine with a scowl, "You've got to be kidding. That's just about the lowest."

Marine smirked, "Well if you're a good girl, there are plenty of other things I'll let you kiss, but this shows me that you're committed. You have a lot of pride, and this shows me how much you're willing to sacrifice within yourself, all for your little squirrel. It's quite romantic really; you have no idea how jealous I am." She giggled. "Come now, my dear, I'm starting to get impatient and you only have two choices here..."

Misao made sure to keep up a convincing front. Marine wasn't stupid, if Misao was too eager, she would know something was up. Misao took her time, lowering her face closer and closer to Marine's foot, the scent of the sea wafting into her nose. Perhaps if things were different, Misao would probably accept being Marine's right hand lady; she was very attractive and even found some enjoyment in her company, even though she were a nemesis.

Misao began to purse her lips as she was an inch away from Marine's toes, but took an action that surprised the pirate pokemorph. Misao dipped her head lower and parted her lips slightly, wrapping them about Marine's second toe, starting to suckle softly as she leaned in further, enveloping that toe into her warm mouth.

Marine's own cheeks began to flush with a dark red now, releasing a hot sigh of pleasure while being incredibly surprised by her target's actions. She didn't know what to think or say, those fantasies of her and Misao engaging in wild, passionate love making flooding back into her head once more. Misao was more than ready to pop that bubble, sinking her teeth down into Marine's toe with a firm bite.

"Yeouch!" Marine screamed out, "You little bitch!" She swung her other foot over to kick Misao in the head repeatedly until the blue Vaporeon released her. Misao scraped her teeth back along Marine's toe, pulling the ring off as she was kicked away and knocked backward, landing on her side.



"I'm surprised at you captain," Misao said with a grin, "You know I don't give up that easily, and Bou would never forgive me if I did."

"We'll see about that. I'll have you begging for my help soon enough!" She snapped her fingers again, bringing back up the barrier and lasers that kept Misao confined to her cell, "Just you wait," Marine threatened as she started to limp away.

Misao chuckled gleefully to herself, waiting for about 10 minutes, rolling the ring about on her tongue before sending it down her throat, swallowing with a loud gulp; already feeling the stone's power flowing through her. "And now for the *biggest* jailbreak you've ever seen..." Her own body began to ripple like water before starting to swell in size. The muscles all over her body began to tighten and flex, becoming more defined and toned as he began to expand. She bit down on her lower lip and shut her eyes, both from focus and from pleasure, pulling her wrists and ankles apart against the binds that began to give way as she became bigger.

Outside the prison hall on guard duty were two of Marine's shipmates, two white bunnies sporting blue & white striped bandanas and tank tops along with a pair of seafaring pants. They both became alert simultaneously once they heard a loud crash accompanied by the sound of what sounded like rubber being stretched.

With a simple exchanged glance, the duo opened the door and rushed in to spy an ever growing Misao, now at 20ft tall, already broken free from her cell by damaging the barrier structure. She was out in the prison hall on all fours, her long, massive tail sweeping through the walls of other cells with hardly an issue as her growing hips and powerful rear wriggled against the cells and walls on both sides of her; her swelling form forcing them to crumble away from the pushing pressure. The Vaporeon paused her growth as she grinned to the approaching duo, folding her arms in front of her and resting her head on top of them, "Aww, don't you two look adorable. Gonna try and stop me?"

One of the bunnies began to raise her rifle, but Misao quickly reached out with two fingers, snatching up the gun from the smaller one's hands, snapping it in two, "I don't think so...it wouldn't have worked anyway." She wrapped her fingers around the woman's body and quickly did the same to the other before she could react, grinning at them, "Mind telling me where Bou is? If you two are good little girls, everyone will come out of this just fine."

"No way!" The bunny in Misao's left hand chirped, "You won't get anything out of us!"

"Yeah! That's right!" said the other in her right hand.

"I swear...you guys never want to do things the easy way. Oh well, more fun for me..." Misao chuckled softly, her hands starting to soften and melt around the two pirates as Misao began to alter the state of her arms into a slimy, gooey form.

Before the two could react, Misao had already began to draw them into her body with squishy, slurping sounds; pulling into their arms and watching with amusement as they flailed about within her as they traveled to the center of her mass: her stomach.

“Now then...back to business,” Misao whispered as she returned to her normal state, patting her stomach with a grin; her body rumbling and rippling as she resumed growing again, in now more powerful spurts rather than the slow, gradual swelling she savored before.

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Above the facility on the surface level where some Syndicate members and pirates were working, the entire foundation of their warehouse hideout began to rumble and shake. They all looked amongst each other in confusion until the ground suddenly broke apart as a giant Vaporeon head rose up, those deep blue eyes blinking and looking to the fallen bodies staring back at her.

Misao’s lips pulled to an amused smirk before she whispered a simple, “Boo,” some of the pirates quickly clearing it out of the warehouse, but the Syndicate members weren’t easily as shaken. They all immediately rose to their feet, handguns and rifles drawn and cocked, pointed right at Misao’s head on all sides.

“Oh come now,” Misao said, “Do you think that’s going to work?” In an instant, Misao pursed her lips, releasing a strong blast of water at those in front of her, the high pressure stream sending them flying through the warehouse walls.

“Quick! Open fi—” Before the command could have been given, Misao raised her arms and tail through the floor and swelled larger in size, sending the troops falling down to the underground areas as she broke away at the surface. Her fingers broke apart the rafters as she pushed against the roof of the building, tearing it off effortlessly as her tail swept through the walls; bringing the warehouse down around her.

Now standing tall at roughly 90ft, Misao looked down past the curves of her exposed body down to her feet, the underground facility 30ft below ground. That playful, dominant smirk never left her face as she looked at the soldiers fallen about at her ankles. Some had fallen unconscious from the fall and the rest were too injured to fight back, but two in particular caught the Vaporeon’s eye. They slowly rose to their feet and drew up their guns, aimed upwards at the naked Misao, intent on bringing her down; but as they lifted their guns, Misao had already lifted her foot. That smooth, blue sole descended down upon them with a heavy –whump-, pressing them down flat against her yielding skin. The Vaporeon was merciful; she didn’t crush them, but hit them hard enough to knock them unconscious.

“Way too slow,” Misao teased, rubbing her growing foot back and forth over them as she seized their guns between her toes. With a simple twitch and flex, she snapped the rifles in two between her digits. “I’d play more, but I have bigger fish to fry...” She stepped up out of the hole and looked around at her surroundings: a warehouse and docks district.

“Good...Marine’s ship shouldn’t be too far from here,” Misao said as she began to march toward the waters, determined footsteps thudding strongly against the ground. Scattered pirates and Syndicate workers made sure to get out of the way, fleeing from the giant Vapoleon as she searched for the ship.

Misao’s deep blue eyes scanned the docks, looking from ship to ship, trying to point out the trademark Aquamarine ship, but to no avail, it was nowhere to be found. “Just my luck,” Misao muttered, “Knowing Marine, she has it cloaked or something...well, just have to do this the hard way I guess.” Misao cracked her knuckles and began to move toward the waters, but suddenly her eyes spotting something; an odd wake cutting through the waters, coming right toward her. In the next instant, a 100ft Walter came darting out, shoulder first, barreling through the docks and crashing into Misao. The powerful impact sent Misao flying over the expanse of the warehouse district, crashing down onto a warehouse with an explosive crash; dust and debris flying up all around her.

Misao growled and slowly sat up, rubbing her jaw with the back of her fist, “You pirates are really starting to get on my nerves,” She muttered before perking her ears up to the oddly wiggling underneath her. She lifted her hips lightly and looked down to see some Marine pirates pressed flat into an imprint of her big ol’ blue butt. Luckily, Misao was smart enough to alter the consistency of her body when innocents and bystanders were in danger to avoid harming them; even though such embarrassing accidents could still happen.

She hated fighting these giant battles where normal sized folk were around, they often get in the way not to mention those that just hang around to ogle and get video footage; it couldn’t be helped. She slowly stood up and took a stance as she locked her eyes on Walter, watching the bulky dragon shark approach towards her with one heavy footfall after another.

“Y’know kid, yer onto somethin’ with this whole giant thing,” said Walter, adjusting her cap, “Big n’ powerful, a lady could get to like this. Y’can really feel it surgin throughout ya, fillin’ ya up like some kinna liquid, and then when you get full...” She drew in a deep breath, her body began to bulk up further, becoming more muscular and thicker considerably so compared to her normally chunky self, and not to mention; she was growing even larger, boosting up to a hefty 150ft, clothing free as her 90ft opponent (sans the cap).

Misao’s eyes widened as she looked upon the growing Garchomp that now dwarfed her in both size and strength, “Tsk, looks like allying yourselves with the Syndicate did some good for you? But no matter how big you get, you still can’t beat me.” *Especially when I can easily grow bigger so close to water, but I don’t know how far her growth can go, better take it slow.* Misao smirked, cracking her knuckles, “Let’s rumble you oversized oaf!”

Walter’s reply was a swift left hook with a fist the size of the Vapoleon’s head which Misao was quick to duck under. Using a water burst from her feet to once again to gain a quick rush of speed, Misao darted upward to nail Walter in the jaw with a clenched fist, causing the Garchomp to snap her head back; Misao followed up with an additional kick to that jaw, flipping with her previous momentum to land back down to her feet; keeping up with the offense, Misao Aqua Jetted forward once again with both

fists in front of her, charging into Walter's gut, causing her to stumble over backwards, landing onto her back with a heavy thud; the ground underneath her rumbling from impact.

The nearby villainous spectators were thrown off their feet when the muscular Garchomp crashed down. Nearby buildings swayed and shook as if trying to maintain their foundations. Misao didn't waste any time, jetting over the larger giantess and heading for the water, leaping from the docks and diving right in with a large splash. Misao drew in a deep breath, her body rippling as she absorbed water into her body; causing it to swell and grow larger in size in quick powerful spurts unlike before. No time to savor the fun, she had business to take care of!

Having pulled herself together, Walter immediately stormed toward the docks, none too pleased with Misao's antics. Due to her even bulkier form, Walter suffered very little damage, but she wasn't about to let Misao get away with it. "Where the heck are ya?! Gone scared?! Hidin'? Didja turn yella on me, fish girl?!" Walter taunted.

Misao poked her head out of the water with a grin and leapt out with a massive splash, landing behind Walter with a ground cracking thud; nearby vehicles and storage crates bouncing lightly from the impact. "Just making the playing field more even," Misao quipped, now matching Walter's size with some considerable muscle on her own end.

Walter gave a toothy grin, flexing her powerful muscles as she chuckled, "Oh dis iz gonna be fun, get ready Vappie girl!" Walter raised her foot and stomped it hard on the ground with an intense force that was well beyond someone her size. The ground shook violently and began to crack and break apart in various places. Nearby structures began to crumble from being unable to sustain the force, bystanders were flown about from the impact and scrambled away to avoid falling into the fissures (not to mention realizing how much more dangerous the situation had become). The ground started to give way underneath Misao, causing her to stumble off balance which gave Walter the opening she needed and charged in with a shoulder tackle.

Misao uttered a loud groan as Walter crashed into her with the force of a mack truck, knocking her clear off her feet as she flew dozens of yards towards the edge of the warehouse & docks district, crashing into the street. The tarmac and concrete strained against the force of her landing; the surfaces cracking and breaking slightly, giving way to a giant Vaporeon shaped crater.

Misao shut her eyes tight and shook her head, opening them afterward once she stopped seeing stars, "Okay...that...hurt," She groaned, sitting up slowly in time to feel the ground vibrate rhythmically as Walter came charging right towards her. Misao laid down on her back, planted her hands backwards flat behind her with elbows pointed up, and planted her feet nice and firm, lifting her body into a bridge. Once Walter approached, she swung her legs up and took hold of Walter's neck with her calves, using the forward momentum to toss Walter up and over her, sending the Garchomp flying through the air and landing on top of a few small stores that were completely flattened underneath the muscular dragonshark.

“Ha!” Misao said proudly as she flipped up onto her feet and rushed over to Walter’s fallen body. She took hold of Walter’s thick tail and began to spin around, dragging Walter along until she started to swing up into the air. Misao continued to spin Walter about by her tail before sending her flying further into the city; that large body crashing through numerous buildings, glass from windows and bits of concrete, brick and drywall flying about from the impacts before Walter crashed into a large crater in the middle of a busy street, a few abandoned vehicles being crushed flat underneath her.

Misao dusted off her hands and grinned, “So much for all that brawn huh? Couldn’t help your brains. You’ll have to do much better to beat me!” She taunted. Walter’s reply came in the form of a large city bus being hurled toward Misao, whom promptly ducked it. She looked over her shoulder to watch it land in a heavily dented and bent heap.

“Hey! What if people were in there?” Misao complained.

“Not my problem, dat’s yers,” Walter replied as she came charging in again with a claw ready to strike.

Misao narrowly avoided the claw with a scratch to the cheek and threw an attack of her own, a left punch to Walter’s jaw. The Garchomp took it with a grin and threw a punch of her own, causing Misao to stumble backwards; showing a direct power difference. Walter charged in with both hands outstretched and Misao brought up her own, the two locking hands and now struggling against each other in a test of strength; the ground shaking underneath the two giantesses’ shifting weights.

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Watching from high from the deck of a flying pirate ship, Marine, her crew, Sangria and Bou were watching the battle. “Come on, Misao! You can take her!” Bou cheered from his spectator’s spot, on the edge of the railing peering down from the ship.

Sangria, taking the form of a red haired half plant-half human, tittered with amusement, “Looks like Walter is enjoying the upgrades.”

Bou looked over to Sangria and narrows his eyes, “Hmph, you guys can cheat and use all the chemicals you want, but Misao is all natural. She’ll beat all of you!”

Marine smiled to Bou and licked her lips, “That’s quite the boast. Your ladyfriend there may be quite the catch, but she won’t be winning this time. I’ll have her at my feet soon enough, she’ll be begging to join my crew.”

Bou scowled, “Fat chance!”

“Care to make a bet then?” Marine offered, “She wins, you’re free and we get lost. We win; you willingly join our crew, which in turn will make her join, as my pet.”

“As hot as that sounds, I know Misao will never lose to the likes of you! You’re on!”

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Having forced Misao back, Walter quickly charged in with a muscular arm and nailed Misao in the chest and neck with a vicious lariat, knocking the Vaporeon hard down onto the ground with a pained grunt.

"An' here I thought you were so smart n' cunning, takin' me head on was one of the dumbest things you can do, girlie," Walter grinned down to Misao, slowly raising her large, heavy foot to slam it down upon Misao's chest with all her might only to step down into a gooey puddle of melted Vaporeon. "What the heck?!" Walter exclaimed as she tried to pull her foot free.

"Now what were you saying?" Misao gurgled, swirling up and around Walter before reappearing behind her, hands gripping the Garchomp's hips, "You should never count the hero out, ever! And now, Misao's Patented Big Blue Beautiful Bad Guy Bashing Buster!" Misao began to bend backwards, pulling Walter along with her; picking her off her feet, swinging her over Misao's body and slamming her down hard on her head and neck into the ground with a vicious German suplex; driving Walter's upper body into the earth.

"And now," Misao, still with her hands on Walter's hips, flipped over her and onto her feet, pulling Walter back for another swinging motion, "Misao's Dynamic Dart!" She exclaimed, grunting as she bent back again, this time flinging Walter back into the air; sending her flying dozens of yards onto a car dealership lot, crashing upon the building and numerous expensive vehicles; all crunching flat underneath the musclebound sharkdragon.

"And now...the finale!" Misao spread her arms and took a running start down the damage street, gaining good momentum before leaping up in the air, "Misao's Flying Raindrop Splash!" She exclaimed; arms and legs spread as she aimed to dive down upon the fallen Walter.

Not to be beaten this early, Walter carried out plan B; biting down on a capsule hidden in the back of her mouth and swallowing the liquid, closing her eyes and growling deeply. In an instant, her body swelled rapidly in size, going from 150 feet to a hefty 400 feet just before Misao landed upon her, the Vaporeon getting a hefty head-devouring face full of red Garchomp breasts.

"Wh-wha?!" Misao cried muffledly, pulling her head free and looking up to a much larger, sharp toothed grin that belonged to Walter. Two massive, thick, clawed hands wrapped themselves around Misao's body and held her up as Walter sat up, looking to the squirming Vaporeon in her clutches. "I'm through playin' around with you, lil girl. It's time to end this." Without another word, Walter lifted Misao high above her head and slammed her down into the broken streets below, the powerful force driving the Vaporeon into the sewers below.

Walter peered down in the hole with a smirk and reached down to pluck Misao up by her tail, amusingly watching the disoriented Misao dangle helplessly. "I'm glad yer tough, no bones to break an' no blood to lose, dis wouldn't have been as fun otherwise," Walter spun Misao around and around by her tail and sent her launching into an office building like a rocket. She flew through it cleanly in a burst of glass and

debris, leaving a gigantic hole in the middle of the building. The upper floors soon collapsed into the lower ones with a loud crash; the spectacle all too amusing to the gigantic Garchomp.

Misao groaned and clawed at the ground to slowly crawl forward, her body bruised, battered and sore, "If I make it out of this, I'm really going to feel this in the morning..." She grit her teeth, "No I WILL make it out of this, gotta rescue Bou...his healing would be real nice right about now." She looked down the street ahead of her and then back to the destruction around and behind her, "Can't believe this fight managed to get this far from the docks, I'll have to turn this up a notch or else I'm finished..." But before Misao could make her next move, a shadow appeared over her as Walter approached, raising her foot to stomp down on the downed Misao.

Misao rolled out of the way at the last second, narrowly avoiding the impact, but the sheer force of the stomp sent Misao flying a few feet, rolling through some smaller buildings before flipping up on her feet with athletic grace, "Crap!" She shouted out before dodging another stomp and running in a zig-zag pattern behind and around buildings to avoid her pursuer.

"Got yer second wind, eh? A lot of good that'll do ya, there ain't no runnin' from me!" Walter raised both arms and slammed her fists down on the ground, unleashing a vicious shock wave that ripped through the streets, causing a flowing relative tsunami of concrete and tarmac towards the fleeing Vaporeon. Buildings that weren't knocked free from their foundations were ripped into by this wave of destruction.

Misao found herself unable to quickly escape the wave, promptly liquefying her body as it crashed into her, sending her flying up into the air and crashing down with a heavy, watery splash amongst the devastating ruin of debris. "Ugh," She groaned, returning her body to normal as she lay among the destruction; her vision blurry, her head spinning, her body throbbing with pain. She rolled over onto her back, staring up at a sky of dust and smoke, but also spotting something flying above all that.

"A ship...?" Her eyes widened slowly, "Pirate ship! Bou!" She shouted with renewed vigor, but then her view was taken up by something absolutely terrifying: Walter's massive body filling up her view and plummeting towards her.

The chunky Garchomp had taken a massive flying leap towards Misao, intent on bringing her entire immeasurable weight upon her for a finishing blow. Misao braced herself for impact and took a deep breath when Walter landed; the heavy landing causing a massive, powerful earthquake that rattled the city at its core, no structure able to stay standing for miles upon miles.

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"Well, it looks like that is that. I was really hoping Walter would control herself. What a mess," Sangria said with a sigh.

"I swear, if Walter smashed up that pretty face and body I'll have to punish her, that girl really does get too carried away," Marine said with a smile, glancing over to Bou who was nearly close to falling off the railing, "Sorry cutie, looks like you lost the bet."

Bou lifted his tail and looked over to Marine, "What are you talking about?! Misao didn't lose yet, she's just getting started."

"I think you're just grasping for straws, there was no way she could have avoided that attack," Sangria said.

Bou clenched a fist, "You should never underestimate Misao! She's been in far tougher situations and came out fine, this is nothing! Just watch and see!"

"I think you're trying to stall for something, but fine, I'll humor you," Marine offered, staring back down below.

"Please, nothing could get back up after that, besides...there is no way Walter can be beaten like this," Sangria said.

"Shh, Sangria. I'm a fair woman; I'd like to give everyone a chance. And I too, would like to see if my gorgeous Big Blue can make it out of this jam as well," Marine replied, adjusting her hat, "She has one minute."

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Walter shifted slightly, chuckling to herself, "Not a squirm or nothin', looks like I finally put ya down, girlie...now to take what's left of you back to the...boss...?"

Towards the end of her words, the ground began to rumble underneath her. Geysers of water shot up from deep within the ground all over until Walter was completely surrounded by them. Then the strangest thing happened, Walter found herself being slowly lifted from the ground.

"I'm...done...FOOLING AROUND!" Misao roared out as she began to lift Walter overhead, swelling larger in size in spurts, going from 150ft to 300ft, then to matching Walter's 400ft in an instant. She bent down and water pooled around her feet before releasing a violent burst, allowing Misao to leap high into the air while hefting the abnormally Garchomp along with her. "And NOW! Misao's Mighty Waterfall Crash!" She yelled out at the top of her lungs, giving Walter a taste of her own medicine by hurling her straight toward the ground; deepening the stories deep crater even further.

"And I'm not done yet!" She announced; her body swelling larger while she still carried her upward momentum. From her 400ft to 500...then 800...then 1200, then up to a massive 2000ft; Walter the size of a mere doll in comparison to her. She flipped in mid air, raising her arms and legs, aiming her hips towards the downed Walter, "Get ready for the big finale! The Downpour: Misao Meteor!"



Walter had barely any time to think as she looked up and saw a now massive Misao's shapely rear filling her view and descending down on her. "OH! CRAP!" There was hardly any time to scramble out of the dangerous drop zone as that blue butt came plummeting down upon her and the whole area around her with an intense, powerful, earth rattling crash.

Misao sat with her arms draped over her knees, smirking to herself as she waited for the dust to settle, "Hey Marine!" She called out to the flying ship she could easily hold in one hand, "I think I have something that belongs to you!"

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Bou smirked at the captain, "So what do you think? Never count out Misao!"

"Well I'll be..." Sangria said, "She's quite the scary person when ticked off, isn't she?"

Marine smiled, "Well she is certainly quite the sight. Alright, bring us in then." She waved to her helmswoman who brought the ship down towards a now standing Misao, the vessel hovering before the Vaporeon's smile.

Misao held up a finger and reached down to press it into the right cheek of her rear, sticking an unconscious Walter, whom had returned to normal size and now the mere size of an ant in comparison to Misao, to her finger and held her up over the deck of the ship, letting her drop down on it with a light thud, followed by the two shipmates she swallowed up earlier, "And now you have something that belongs to me," Misao said in a whisper to avoid being overbearingly loud, though the majority of the crew still winced and covered their ears.

"Right right," Marine walked over to Bou, patting him on the back, "He's all yours." Marine gave him a light shove which sent the squirrel falling over the railing, free falling down to a welcome landing in the soft, warm blue valley that was Misao's cleavage. Misao slowly glanced down and narrowed her eyes and then looked back to Marine.

Marine just shrugged and gave a wink, "He hasn't be harmed, infact, he's been well taken care of. I'm awfully jealous you know. How I'd LOVE to be in his position right now."

Misao blushed slightly and grumbled, "Will you just get out of here? You've caused me enough trouble for a life time!"

"Goodness me, you really play hard to get, but I won't give up, one of these days, you and I will hold the world in our hands. Toodles, Big Blue & Beautiful!" Marine blew Misao a kiss and ordered her helmswoman to take them away from here.

Misao watched as the ship flew away and sighed with relief, plopping back down to a seat, shrinking back down to about 200ft, "I could use a hot bath and a massage."

Bou smiled up from between her breasts, "Oh I don't know, I think it was kind of fun. I got to see you get huge and kick plenty of ass. Though speaking of ass...I'm jealous of that shark lady."

Misao rolled her eyes and squeezed her breasts together with her little squirrel trapped in between, "I swear you and Marine are cut from the same cloth, perverts to the very end."

Bou squeaked as he found himself squished in between those blue walls, squirming a bit until she finally stopped and smiled goofily up at her, "But it's still a happy end, right?"

Misao just laughed and shook her head, "You idiot, come on, let's go home, you get the honor of giving me a massage."

"No complaints here!" Bou said proudly.