

# Growing Heat

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains TF, TG, Pokemon, Assimilation/Corruption, Twinning/Cloning, Mental Changes/Personality Rewriting, and is told in first person. Don't look if don't like.

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I stared at the mouth of the cave for what felt like too long a time. If others could see me, they'd probably think I was being a wimp or something, but... I couldn't explain it. There was something... wrong, about this cave. I had good instincts, I'd like to think. At the very least, they haven't steered me wrong yet!

"Looks like this is the place!" I heard behind me. I looked over, seeing him put away that weird tool of his. I stared up at him, and in response he offered me a sympathetic smile. "What's wrong?"

I didn't respond, tucking my head down as I glanced back to the cave. I heard him sigh before feeling a hand rest on my head. I took as much comfort from it as I could while he spoke. "Don't worry, everything will be fine!"

Oh, how I wanted to believe that.

"It'll be okay. You won't have to do anything. I brought Lycanroc with me, after all!" My trainer tried to assure me.

I should start by explaining that I am a Torracat. My trainer had obtained me as his first Pokémon a while ago, and we were currently going through the region known as Alola. My trainer had a big interest in battling and catching strong Pokémon, which explained why we were out this far from any human town.

The problem was... I wasn't really much of a battler. Not that I was bad at it or anything, but it just didn't really... interest me? Or, at least, serious battles with really strong Pokémon wasn't really something that appealed to me.

I don't know. I guess I was just kind of... timid. I was a bit ashamed to admit it, I mean, Pokémon were supposed to be strong and brave and always looking to improve, right? A Torracat of all things that was a wimp... I couldn't imagine how I'd be if I evolved...

But my trainer always supported me. He knew my little problem and tried to work around it with his strategies. Unfortunately, this meant I wasn't really used that much, but I try to do my part anyway! He even lets me travel outside my ball with him since I wasn't really much of a fan of being inside it.

He brushed my head and I purred as he continued explaining his plan. "You probably wouldn't be able to do much against this thing anyway, it's a fire type. Don't feel too bad, Torracat."

The way he tried to make excuses for my sake didn't really make me feel better. A part of me wanted to prove him wrong, but the wimpier and more rational side of me knew that even if I wasn't a coward he was telling the truth.

Why were we out here? Apparently, there had been sightings of a rare, strong Pokémon. A Salazzle. Well, they weren't particularly rare, but it was uncommon to see them on their own, and this one was apparently really powerful and larger than others of its kind.

So my trainer said, anyway. I didn't really know much or get what he was talking about, but he did his research before coming out here. What I did know was that it was a Poison-Fire type, which meant I had very little to offer and Lycanroc would have to pull all the weight (again).

I heard my trainer sigh. "It might be dangerous inside, though. I don't want you getting caught in the middle of the battle if this Salazzle's as strong as everyone says." He seemed to think to himself for a while, before nodding. "Well, I *could* put you in your Pokéball for now..." I paled at that, and my face must have spoke volumes because he started laughing after a moment. "Haha, right. How about you stay out here and keep watch or relax for a while. I'll call if I need you for whatever reason."

I nodded, acquiescing to that much. It may have been a bit rude of me, not even being there for my trainer, but I just couldn't shake off the feeling that something was seriously wrong within that cave.

“Alright, let’s get in there and find ourselves a new partner, Lycanroc!” My trainer said to the Pokéball of his (second) favorite Pokémon. “Wish us luck, Torracat!”

I couldn’t help but call after him before he entered. I had tried to war him off from entering before, but with no luck. He simply waved at me and I sighed in defeat, watching him head into the dark cave and around a bend.

I sat down, curling my tail around me and waited.

I’ve never seen a Salazzle before, and this one was supposed to be really impressive by Salazzle standards... I could only hope they were nice.

I tried to fight off the nerves as I waited for what felt like hours but was probably closer to minutes. I probably had no place to say this, but I was confident they’d be fine. Lycanroc was a tough Pokémon that he raised for a long time! I didn’t hear much sounds of battle or destruction within, though. Must have been a pretty deep cave...

“Agh! N-no! Get away!”

I froze in the middle of my pacing as I heard a fearful cry from within the cave. It was my trainer. He was... screaming! He, he needed help! What happened to Lycanroc? I didn’t hear anything this whole...

No, no, there was no time to freak out or stay still like an idiot. I had to, I had to go in there and help!

Faster than my legs had ever taken me before I ran into the cave. For once, it was towards a fight, not away from it. I couldn’t hear anything anymore, and the cave was fairly dark, but thankfully only had one way to go.

I charged forward without thinking and came upon a sight I wasn’t sure how to take in.

A large, dark grey Pokémon standing over another Pokémon of its kind. The Pokémon below seemed to be in some kind of discomfort, bent over with its tail twitching, body shaking and a quiet moan escaping it that I could just barely hear with my sensitive ears.

Were these Salazzle? I thought there was only supposed to be one. Either way, I approached slowly, wondering what was going on. Neither had seen me.

“Yes, yes... go on and take me in, sweetie, it’ll be over oh so soon, just like your cute little pup...~” The Salazzle standing over the other one cooed. “Isn’t it hard to think? Hard to resist? I bet you don’t even know why you’re resisting, hmm~? Just breathe it in...~”

I stepped closer, listening in on the conversation. I had no idea what they were talking about...

But then, I took a closer look at the Salazzle on the ground. She was moaning, shuddering, huffing and breathing deeply, and now that I was closer and my eyes adjusted to the darkness I could see that there was something... wrong, different, about her.

For one, she was crouched over and draped with scraps of ripped clothes. Clothes that looked very strangely familiar. For another, unlike the other Salazzle she had hair, familiar short brown hair that actually looked like it was shrinking. Her mouth opened and I saw her jaw extending, growing out, tongue hanging out as a haze filled her eyes, the whites of her eyes turning purple to match her counterpart.

“Wh-what...” I couldn’t help but whisper aloud, everything taking too long to process, my mind frozen at the sight.

“Oh? What was that?” The standing Salazzle turned her head to me, her questioning gaze shifting to a sly smirk. “Ooooh... is this the cavalry, darling? They came a bit too late, didn’t they...~” She purred.

“Mnnn... wh...” the kneeling Salazzle hissed, turning her head to me. I could feel a familiarity in her eyes as she examined me, but that familiarity didn’t give me comfort. Instead, it made something in my heart go cold, especially when it seemed to be slowly going away by the second. Now that she was facing me, I could see the forming patterns on her belly, overtaking brown skin and replacing it with purple and grey scales. “Oooh... Torracat...” she whispered sensually, flicking her tongue.

“Wh-what... what’s going on here?” I chanced asking.

“Oh, nothing. You came in time to see what happens when an ignorant little trainer bites off a bit more than they can handle... but *she* shouldn’t feel ashamed. There aren’t many men that can handle much of me...~” The standing Salazzle giggled.

“Huh...?”

“This is your trainer, isn’t it? Do you recognize the little cat, darling?~” The Salazzle turned to the bottom one as pink markings appeared along her body and the last of her hairs fell.

“Mmm... yes, I’d recognize my cute little wimpy Torracat anywhere...” she cooed, suddenly sounding a lot more breathy and... willing. “Come here, dear... come get a look at the new me, will you~?”

I didn’t know what to think. Was... no, there was no point in asking, not when I had seen the last of her transformation, the last of her willpower in her eyes die out. That Salazzle... one of them, at least, is my trainer. Or, was.

I simply stood there in dumb shock as the Salazzle gingerly picked and brushed away the scraps of cloth on her body, stretching her limbs and giving a delighted churr. “Poor thing is frozen stiff. You’d think he’s never seen two pretty ladies before...~”

“Mm, well, we’ll get him real nice and used to us, won’t we... I hope you don’t mind me having some fun with him first, though...”

“Oh, go ahead... I was thinking the same thing, after all. Don’t go TOO far, though. He IS my ‘best friend’... I want to do the honors...~”

“Oh, of course, dear, I’d never get between such a match...~” The Salazzle sang.

I only realized as they got bigger that they were walking towards me. I finally willed myself to start moving, backing away from the two large and intimidating Pokémon. I could tell they were enjoying my fear, but what was there that I could do?

“H-hey... it’s... it’s me, y-your friend... y-you don’t want to do anything bad to me, right...?”

“Aww... I won’t bite, dear~ I only have plenty of good things in mind~”

“L-let’s just... leave! Together! This, this isn’t funny!” I begged.

They only giggled, strutting towards me with sharp grins and a look in their eyes that didn't give me good ideas.

I shut my eyes.

I turned and started running. I didn't look behind me to see if they were following, all I was focused on was running. Running away again, leaving my friends behind, because there was nothing I could do for them, not like this.

Maybe if I got help, if I got stronger and... I-I don't know, my mind was just telling me multiple ways I could do something that didn't involve staying here.

"I-I'm sor-"

My whispered apology was halted when something large and familiar dropped in front of me and blocking my way and I crashed into them.

I was on the floor in a daze as I blinked my eyes and stared up at them. Salazzle.

"Wh-"

"Oh, Torracat, you always were a silly little thing...~" The Salazzle purred, smiling.

"H-how did you get in... front..." I looked behind me, to see two more Salazzle slowly sauntering over to join us.

One of them giggled. "Did you forget that I didn't come in here alone, dear~?"

I went wide-eyed as I stared up at the third Salazzle. The cool, calm Lycanroc that always had my back was... this?

"Alright, alright, I think I'm bored playing with this little one already~"

"Aww, are you sure? I thought I'd mess with his head a bit more..."

"Mmm, let's not bully him too much. He IS our dear friend. I want him to join us too...~"

"J-Join...?" I cowered, completely surrounded.

“Oh, don’t play dumb, dear, it’s not cute,” the one that had blocked my path scoffed.

I realized the implication of what they were saying, but I just... didn’t understand. I couldn’t understand. This... this wasn’t right. This wasn’t something Pokémon could do, right? I didn’t want to believe it. But what was I supposed to do here?

I was surrounded, I couldn’t do anything or see any route to run. I didn’t even have much time to react when *something* hit my nose. Instantly I froze, but I could feel my heart pounding quick. I suddenly noticed the odd pink fumes in the air, a haze in my vision, and now that that odd smell was on me I couldn’t stop focusing on it.

“There, there, that’s it, get a nice big whiff of our pheromones, dear...~”

“Fufu... as I’m sure you’ve guessed, your master and his partner got a good smell of me before, too~”

“We resisted, but... human and Pokémon, they’re both just so easy to break...~”

“And, my, that was just with one of us! And you’re getting so much attention from three! How lucky, my darling little feline...~”

I couldn’t tell who was talking, all their voices sounding the same, coming from all directions. I saw them all grinning at me, watching, waiting.

My body felt hot. So hot. A different heat from my flames, a scary and... longing heat that was making it so hard to think.

Before I could stop myself I started breathing in deeper, inhaling more of those fumes through my nose. I felt a tugging sensation as I did so, like someone was gripping my muzzle and tugging. My eyes were tearing slightly as I looked down. To my shock, I saw that the lower half of my face really was starting to push out. It wasn’t too pleasant feeling, even with the heat spreading through me and those pheromones mushing up my thoughts.

I whined, paws moving to grip my muzzle as if that would do anything to stop it from growing. My button nose seemed to flatten down into my elongating snout, nostrils moving to the side. I could see the fur shrinking, feeling it getting replaced by smooth grey scales under my paws.

“N-no... stop...” I whispered through the fumes. It was awkward trying to talk with my mouth changing, getting bigger, longer, jaw cracking and getting much looser.

“There’s no stopping it, baby...~”

“You’ll be one of us soon, fufufu~”

“You’ll be with your master again, just think~ Not that either of you can probably tell each other apart...~”

I winced, feeling a twitch in my front legs. I fell on my haunches and extended them out, watching with wide eyes as my paws throbbed and ached, each digit fidgeting and cracking without my input. The other three just giggled mockingly and watched with interest while I could only stare.

My paws were getting thinner, smaller, while the digits themselves were also slimming down while getting a lot longer. I could feel them getting weaker while I watched the red fur disappear into more scales and my claws simply chip off on each digit. My newly forming *hands* twitched even more and despite my lusty haze I couldn’t help but feel a bit disgusted when I watched two growths form on either side of my hands. These growths extended and twitched with new life as they formed into additional fingers, leaving me with 5 on each dainty, slender grey hand.

“A-ah...” I croaked out. I wanted to yell, but it was all just so... blurry. I didn’t want to focus on how weird those pheromones were making me feel, and all the warmth and whispers in my head, but the only thing I could focus on otherwise was my own transformation.

I shuddered, feeling a sudden squeezing over my gut. I doubled over, moaning, gripping at the floor with my new hands while my torso started to literally stretch, it felt like. Getting longer and thinner all the same. I could feel muscles and fat shrinking away, like a large hand was crushing my midsection.

“Aww... poor thing, he looks like he’s not enjoying it~”

“He will soon enough, I’m sure you know~”



“There there, dear... just let it happen~ You can’t get a figure like this so easily, you should be happy we’re speeding things along for you~” One of them purred, running her hands over her body to make a point.

I stared, feeling a heat in my cheeks, my new snout hanging open with a round tip and flared nostrils as I took in her words. I...

I shook my head. ‘*F-focus... f-focus... if... if I can just keep myself, I-I can run... get away...*’

I couldn’t just think about it, I had to do, too. It took so much to focus, but I started crawling, with my awkward new hands and weird, longer body and my lower legs feeling like jelly. The Salazzles simply chuckled and followed after me.

One bent down next to me. I couldn’t stop myself from looking over in time before she blew a strong cloud of her pheromones into my face. I toppled over and coughed weakly, my whole body feeling so *hot* and *nice* but so *wrong* and *weird* all at once.

I couldn’t stop myself, my legs moving under me to lift up my bottom as I could feel so much heat and attention moving down into my lower body at that moment. I felt a soft tingle throughout my tail and I glanced behind to see the base start to swell and lose its fur, the grey scales consuming the base almost entirely as it widened. The rest of my tail wasn’t spared either. I could see it getting longer, the parts closer to the base swelling out, getting thinner as it extended farther and consuming more of my original tail as it went along.

Of course, that wasn’t all that was changing. A feeling that I could only describe as really... pleasurable was filling my hindquarters, and I could only watch my hips start to fatten, getting wider and rounder, my bottom plumping out to fit my larger tail, giving me a swollen looking behind in comparison to my legs and upper body. Yet, something, probably the alluring whispers in my head, told me that my butt looked really... attractive, especially with the sleek coat of grey covering it instead of charred black fur.

It wouldn’t look too out of place for long, as those hot and tingly feelings started moving further down. A... rather un-Torrcatlike needy hiss left my new mismatched maw while I wiggled my rump in the air and felt my thighs start to swell, getting wider and softer to match my larger bottom. My lower legs as a whole were getting longer too, it looked like, considering my bottom was getting pushed up further.

My knees buckled as bones in my hind legs shifted, my lower legs getting longer and longer and stretching thinner to the point where I questioned how a Salazzle could even walk with such twig-like appendages. Meanwhile, my hindpaws started throbbing and twitching, digits spreading apart and stretching, losing muscle and girth for overall length and dexterity. Just like my forepaws, they also started growing extra digits, nearly as long as the original three and just as thin and flexible.

My legs were getting so long, and my feet were completely alien to me, so thin and slender and oddly shaped. Even the way I stood on my hind legs had completely altered. It'd be too awkward for me to try and walk with mismatched legs like these...

*'I should... I should wait... until I'm finished changing and don't feel so hot... th-then I can escape and get help... yes... find others to... help me...'* I promised myself, my breath heavy as I found myself rubbing up against the ground.

My face felt funny. The fur on my cheeks started shrinking and all over I could feel my head changing, shape getting rounder and smaller, more streamlined. I felt my cheeks as my jaw hardened into its new position, mouth hanging open when I felt an unpleasant tug over my teeth.

Inside my mouth my teeth were hardening and merging into my jaw. With my new dexterous fingers I ran them over my teeth to find that they seemed to have merged together. On my upper jaw, it was a smooth, solid curve, and it seemed the end of my snout had a bit of an overbite with a beak-like hook at the edge. On my lower jaw, some protrusions stuck out from either side almost like teeth.

Within, I could feel my tongue stretching, getting thinner and longer, much longer to fit my new bigger mouth.

“Such a pretty mug... but I suppose that's to be expected, since it's mine~”

“Yes, we're a bunch of healthy Salazzle, aren't we~?”

I shuddered, ignoring the funny feeling I got that made my legs shake at the thought of being *pretty*. It was easy to ignore when my throat suddenly felt so hot and dry. I coughed, feeling *something* release from my mouth and noticing the way my voice seemed to get hissier and smoother, deeper and more... sultry, with each cough. I

gripped my neck and felt it as it started getting longer, stretching and forcing my head farther away from my body, the scales from my face spreading downwards onto it.

There was a ticklish sensation and a bit of a draft on my belly and I rolled over on my back to look down, my legs up in the air while I craned my neck to see what was happening to my underside. Sure enough, right in the center of my tummy a patch of purple scales was spreading across and replacing any bit of fur it could see.

As I watched the purple spread, until it covered my entire tummy and seemed eager to travel down my loins and inner thighs, I felt two pinches on my back just above my tail where two protrusions were starting to grow, almost like ribbons.

The Salazzle stood over me, all with predatory, lewd grins that I could see even through the puffs of pheromones they were blasting into my face. I shuddered, giving a moan. It was getting... so hard... I-I had to focus.

But they wouldn't let me. Suddenly their hands were on me, rubbing my sensitive new scales, stroking my slender body, feeling me up while I could only squirm underneath them. I couldn't fight it, not with so many... so much sensation and with my mind already so... tired...

I arched my back and gave a girlish trill. I realized that I had just... surrendered to their touches so easily, that I had somehow crossed some kind of point of no return, but at that moment I couldn't care less, the bones in my torso rearranging and cracking, moving into a new shape and form. I knew that I was now bipedal, as my legs flopped down and I felt so limp and soft, hearing my own changed voice panting so heavily.

My waist was getting thinner, pinching inwards to give much more emphasis to my already wide and pinchable hips. At the same time my chest pressed in, losing much muscle and definition but at the same time sticking out quite a bit with a bit of curve to it. As this happened, the purple scales overtook my chest, ending on a V-like crest over my bosom and collar.

“Oh, you're coming along so well, dear~”

“Yes, a lovely girl~”

“It’s getting so hard to resist us, isn’t it? You’ve lasted so short compared to your friends... it’s cute how weak-minded you are. But don’t worry, it’ll feel so good to lose yourself in us...~”

“S-sto...” I whispered in a voice much like their own, feeling an odd pinch in my loins that made me shudder and close my legs together. I rolled to my side and moaned. I didn’t have to look to know that I had changed down there as well, now a female.

As I laid on my said I could feel things changing more. It felt like things were speeding up, maybe because on some level a large part of me really had stopped resisting, especially when there was now such a wonderous ache in my loins and chest.

I watched my arms grow in front of me. Getting longer, longer yet a bit thinner to match my hands, becoming more like that of the Salazzle I would be soon. Muscles smoothed out and my shoulders cracked and shifted so my arms would be more comfortable at my sides, all while the base of my neck got thicker and longer, being more smoothly connected to my torso in shape.

I also felt something else within my throat. I opened my mouth and released a breathy sigh, feeling a pleasurable haze overtake me as pink fumes escaped my maw. I realized right away that, to add insult to injury, I was starting to produce the same pheromones that were currently changing my body and mind.

I wanted to shut my mouth and stop it, but I didn’t know how, and my body was fighting me, it wanted *more* instead of less. I groaned, trying to cover my nostrils and stop myself from taking big, long whiffs of the wonderful smoke.

My ears tingled and flinched, I felt them shrinking, down and down from their large triangular points and losing all hairs and fur as they simply flattened away until I didn’t seem to have any visible ears. All this while my head was still shifting and shrinking, getting more proportionately sized to the rest of my body.

The bridge between my eyes and along my snout smoothed out while the fur tuft on my forehead shrank away and vanished, leaving my head completely grey and scaley. My eyes had moved to either side of my head, messing with my vision quite a bit. It was hard to keep them open, and it felt like my vision was wavering and wobbling. I could feel... something happening to one of my eyes, its shape and form changing. Becoming sleeker and more seductive without me meaning to, the yellows turning into

a light purple and my pupil becoming a thin slit. Of course, I could only assume this was what was happening as I felt but couldn't see the changes going on with my eye.

“Ooooh...” I shuddered, my hands rubbing and clutching at my body. I must have been so far gone by now... it was almost over... The thought that I was more Salazzle than Torracat made me giggle in my silly haze.

I simply wanted it to be over. I wanted to be... complete.

I rolled back onto my hands and feet, a needy hiss escaping my mouth as I could feel the fur on my back receding, replaced by healthy, pristine scales that matched my... 'sisters' to be. I looked behind me to see my tail, far longer than it had once been. Just in time I got to see the stripes and tuft of black fur at the end disappear. A single black stripe formed from the base of my back protrusions and going down to around the middle of my tail's length.

I purred as I felt several hot sensations along my front body. Around my chest, along my belly, on my loins and down the underside of my tail bright, hot pink markings appeared, my scales feeling so sensitive as they took form, accentuating my already wondrous curves.

It was at this point that I was standing on my legs, just as tall as my counterparts, my 'twins'. It felt so familiar despite me being a tiny cat mere minutes ago. I felt a shimmer over my collar and I looked down to see the bell of fire that remained from my former self start to flicker, before the organ shrank away and disappeared entirely.

“Mmm... looks like you're just about finished~” Another of the Salazzle commented, looking me over with a pleased smirk.

“It's like looking in a mirror~” Another purred.

I wondered which one was originally my Master, but at this point I figured I didn't really care. All I could see were my sisters.

I blinked my eyes, feeling them changing, reshaping, matching each other and matching the others'.

“How do you feel, dear?~ Oh, let me guess... 'much better', yes~?” The other Salazzle smirked, embracing me and putting a hand to my chest.

I purred, flicking my forked tongue around to test it. My mind felt so much clearer now, the pheromones no longer bothering me.

“Mm... no need to say it twice~” I chuckled.

My change was finished, and I could say now that there was so little to worry about. Oh, this is so much better than being a Torracat! Aaah... I felt so strong, so powerful, so... beautiful~ I could claim any male for myself and have them worship the ground my tail touched~

Oh, was there that thing about escaping? Hum, well, I don't really care anymore.

“Ooooh... so this is what it's like to be a Salazzle~ My my, I should have come in MUCH sooner...~” I purred, rubbing over my body with a pleased coo.

“It would have saved us time if I had gotten all three of you at once, I suppose, but it doesn't matter now~” One Salazzle, the original I suppose, giggled.

“Of course~ Now we're all together... so what happens next?~” Another spoke, stretching her arms.

“Mm... well, I don't know about you all (well, actually, I do), but I'm feeling an... urge or two of my own after that little experiment...~” The last one spoke.

“Oh, yes... it IS nearly the season, isn't it?” I asked with a smirk. I knew right away what my 'sister' was talking about.

“Hummm... I suppose it is about time we gather some Salandits for ourselves~” Salazzle hummed. “I hope you all know I don't plan on sharing~”

“Oh, of course. It'd be best we claim our own little love abodes. Don't want us competing or anything, now would we~?”

“Awww, and here I thought it'd be fun to get to know my fellow Salazzle for a while” I complained, half-joking. The others slid up next to me, our warm bodies pressing into each other as we all giggled.

“No reason for us to not do so~” One chuckled, “For a while, at least, before we go into heat. It’s been oh so long since I’ve gotten to *enjoy* an ‘equal’ of mine’s company, after all~”

“And I haven’t been able to at all,” I joked. “Speaking of which, I’d also like to stay around for a while for another reason...~”

“Oh?~”

“Do share, dear.”

“Mm... well, you all got to enjoy transforming me, but I haven’t had a victim for myself, now have I?” I smirked. “I want to see if any other silly trainer will show up... it’d be amusing to see what they think when they find 4 of us instead of 1~”

The other Salazzles giggled in realization. Oh, they all agreed. This would be fun.





