

Zoro Zodas

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Content warning: Transformation, Pokémon, Muscle Growth,
Destruction

No AI was involved in writing this story

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Daniel leaned forward, controlling his character through New Los Angeles for a tedious side quest.

A great deal of players online commented that the Rise of the Blood Lobster was one of the worst Normal Missions in Xenoblade Chronicles X. He did not understand what that meant at first since it was one of those quests that happened throughout the game. It was available as soon as Chapter 3 in a twelve chapter game, after all. The developers did not intend the Mission to be done in one sitting; even the 'quest giver' commented that he needed a giant mech known as a Skell long before he could use one.

Now that he was at Chapter 10 of Xenoblade Chronicles X: Definitive Edition, he began to understand.

Daniel grunted, hovering his character's Skell around the BLADE Concourse and Barracks Area. It was night, with the in-game electrical lights on. While it would, under normal circumstances, make it difficult to see, it did make the red icon over the red lobster plush stand out. One shone over near where the BLADE barracks were, which he hovered toward. Once he got close, the item flowed into his inventory.

The mission counter ticked up to 32/99.

Daniel shook his head, now wondering what the developers were thinking when they made this Normal Mission. Perhaps they were not thinking. It did not help that, from what he allowed himself to hear from complaining fans, the Mission got worse from there. While he could use an online guide to figure out where each lobster plush was, he did not like to spoil himself.

So, he went on hunting for more in NLA.

With a sigh, Daniel leaned back against his brown couch, with it creaking in response. As usual, he wore his favorite blue zipper hoodie over his plain black-and-white shirt. His short brown hair stood up at his brow, almost in a

wavy curl. He adjusted his seating, trying to get comfortable while playing this game.

Perhaps he should swap with a new one.

Then again, he needed to catch up with his friend, who was breezing through Xenoblade Chronicles X, Definitive Edition. From which he heard, his friend had already completed the base game's storyline. Not only that, but he even went the extra mile to grind for endgame gear, even before starting on the new Chapter 13 content. He mentioned that he had been preparing for it ever since he began, thanks to the game's Reward Tickets.

He showed proof through a clip of his Ga Jirag and Ga Buidhe ground fight in Chapter 9. Under normal circumstances, it was one of the frustrating boss fights in the game. Not only were players blocked from using Skells until the ground fight was finished, but the opponents hit hard and had high evasions. It did not help that, counting the enemies mentioned above, players had to fight five at once.

His friend's character only used three Arts to take down all five enemies.

"That cheeky little—" Daniel shook his head. "I need to learn what he used to do that."

He sighed and hovered his character's Skell some more, its fuel's meter turning yellow. As he searched some more, he thought how odd it was that those lobster plushies were so scarce. There were supposed to be 99 altogether, and while NLA was not a small hub town, he should be encountering them more easily than this. Even with some hidden in far-out places, there should be more than what he saw and collected.

As he pondered that point, the doorbell rang.

Daniel opened the Main Menu before opening the Missions Menu, where a list of Missions appeared. Afterward, he got up and walked over to the front door. His grayish sneakers squeaked on the wooden floor as he approached. Once there, he unlocked it and turned the doorknob.

He opened the door and smiled when he realized who had come. "Ah, hey Daren. I was just thinking about you."

Daren let out a smallish smile and a wave. His bright red coat contrasted with his black shirt and even the Pokémon Ninetales on it. Unlike Daniel, he wore a belt around his blue jeans, his shirt tucked underneath it. His long, brownish hair held curls that gave up halfway through and went in any direction. He carried a small paper bag under his arm, which attracted Daniel's interest.

"Hello." Daren nodded to Daniel.

Daniel waved back. "How is?"

"Doing OK," Daren responded. "How's it poppin'?"

"Nothing much. Just been playing through Xenoblade Chronicles X." Daniel stepped away, showing the TV screen. It still displayed the Mission Menu, with the Normal Mission 'Rise of the Blood Lobster' still selected. "Trying to find those freaking lobster plushies."

"Oh, jeez. I had to use a guide to hunt for them." Daren shook his head. "Did you know that only half of them spawn onto the map, with the other half spawning in after you reach the mid-point's cutscene?"

Daniel froze for a few seconds before he swore. "That explains a LOT."

"Gahahaha!" Daren shook his head. "Yeah. That Mission was dumb."

"Tell me about it." Daniel felt his eyes spinning from disbelief, horror, and anger. He placed his hand above his eyebrows, trying to steady himself. He soon slowed his breathing and calmed down. "Sorry. I see that you brought something."

"Oh. This?" Daren lifted the bag up to eye level. "A funny thing happened along the way, which resulted in me getting this. By the way, may I come inside? I'm getting cold."

"Ah! Sorry." Daniel stepped out of the way, allowing Daren to walk inside. As usual, he stared around the surroundings as though it was the first time he came. He went over to the coffee and set the bag on top. It was sometimes difficult to tell from his expression, which was a flat mask most of the time. When he did show his emotions, they had an exaggerated quality that Daniel could not tell was supposed to be funny or weird. "So, you were saying?"

"Yeah. While I was coming here, a strange man came up to me." Daren rubbed his chin twice, even pushing away his hair. "Well, I say strange, but there was nothing off about him as far as I can tell. Outside of his eyes, that is. They had an odd, mysterious shade of blue. Outside of that, he looked normal."

"So, he's a normal guy then?" Daniel let out a soft chuckle.

"Um, words, words." Daren shook his head, even smacking his fist against his forehead. "It's more like he felt

off. Like he was wearing a disguise, though I cannot tell. Either way, he offered me these.”

He reached into the bags and pulled out aluminum soda cans. Each one was silver, with a slate-gray vulpine creature standing on its hind legs on it. It hunched forward, as though about to pounce on a prey, with its red claws gleaming. Black ruff covered its upper body like a vest, contrasting with the rail-thin front limbs. A large, bright red voluminous mane with black tips extended out from its head like hair, even ending with a ponytail wrapped with a teal bangle.

A neon red logo with a blue outline lay on top, reading: **Zoro Zoda**.

“I didn’t think either Nintendo or The Pokémon Company sold soda based on Zoroark.” Daniel picked up one of the sodas and looked it over.

“I’m pretty sure they don’t,” Daren responded. He pulled out his smartphone from his back pocket and waved it around. “I tried to look it up on the way here. There’s no official soda based on the Pokémon Zoroark, Zorua, or even the Hisuian version. Plus, there isn’t any company logo on it, either here or in Japan. I think that guy made them himself and wanted to share them.”

"Huh. Now that is strange. And something that's actually strange about that person for once." Daniel let out a soft chuckle. Daren rolled his eyes at that. Daniel continued, "Still, if they're any good, I don't mind having some."

"Only if they're good." Daren picked up a Zoro Zoda and looked at the sides and bottom. "It doesn't say what's in them. I hope the sodas won't be spicy. That would be awful."

"That's your take?" Daniel laughed and shook his head. "That these sodas might be spicy?"

"You never know. I once tried some Goldfish knockoffs, thinking they'd be like the original. Kind of like those store-brand sodas." Daren rolled his eyes hard enough that they might pop out from their sockets. "It even stated that it has extra cheddar, like my favorite type. Instead, it was hot and had garlic in it."

Daren pointed his thumb downward.

"At least crackers can be spicy." Daniel laughed again. He never understood his friend's distaste for garlic or spicy foods in general. For example, Daren once bit into a few pieces of garlic bread before giving up. Garlic was supposed to be healthy and tasty for the human body,

especially when cooked, but he never enjoyed it. Perhaps it was because his family never gave him any garlic-type food until he was too old. Daniel continued, "Still, you do you."

Daren rolled his eyes again. "Uh-huh."

Daniel grinned and pulled Daren into a nice, big hug. His friend hesitated before returning that hug. If Daniel could, he would lift his taller friend up into the air and squeeze him like a plush toy. Then again, perhaps it would be too much. Daren had difficulty accepting physical contact, even as simple as a shoulder pat, though he became more accepting with friends and family.

Still, he loved his dear friend.

"So, want to play a game?" Daniel turned to his TV screen. "Well, other than Xenoblade Chronicles X: Definitive Edition, that is. Perhaps a Pokémon game?"

"Sure." Daren let out a small smile. Despite his flat tone, it was clear he was excited to play some Pokémon.

Daniel grinned widely.

#

Daniel and Daren sat on the couch, playing Pokkén Tournament DX together. Their playable Pokémon, a Lucario and a Blaziken, fought each other. Daniel wondered why Daren chose Blaziken since he knew that Braixen was in the game. That dude loved fox Pokémon like no other, along with fiery Pokémon in general.

Instead of the magical fox, he preferred the fighting chicken here.

"OK! Got you now!" Daniel had Lucario charge forward toward the Blaziken. His opponent's hit points were on the low end, which Daren tried to compensate for by keeping his distance. It was clear it was not Daren's element, since he preferred an aggressive playstyle to the point of ignoring his surroundings. Daniel grinned. "Ha!"

Daren set up Blaziken's shield just in time to block the attack.

"Ack!" Daniel grunted.

Daren leaned forward, having his Blaziken fire off a series of combo attacks. With each strike, Lucario's health went down until both were equal. Daniel leaned back, gritting his teeth at being in the backseat when it was his

time for victory. The previous skittish strategy Daren used was gone, back to his aggressive game.

An idea formed in Daniel's head.

He had his Lucario jump back, gaining some distance, and then he waited.

He did not need to wait long, as Blaziken charged to close the gap.

Daniel had Lucario jump before striking his opponent, finishing the match.

"K.O.!" the game said. The screen showed the Lucario posing in victory, having won two out of three.

Daren sighed and shook his head. "I shouldn't have gotten greedy."

Daniel laughed and pulled Daren into a half-hug. "It was a close match."

Daren nodded while rubbing his forehead. "Sorry. I know that it's a game and I shouldn't take it too personally or seriously. It still sucks to lose."

"At least you're playing for fun instead of in a tournament. That would really suck." Daniel reached for another of the Zoro Zoda, popped it open, and drank it. The nice, spicy taste burned on his tongue, which he did

not mind. He enjoyed spicy flavors more than Daren did, after all. "Thank you for bringing them."

Daren looked at the cans, with three already empty ones on the coffee table. "I still don't know how you handle a spicy soda, let alone three of them."

Daniel took another big drink, finishing it up, and set it next to the others. "At least you finished yours."

"My parents always get on my hide if I ever leave food or drinks unfinished." Daren lowered his eyelids halfway. "So, I try to finish it, regardless of how I feel."

Daniel shrugged and patted Daren's shoulder, who winced in response. "Maybe I can get someone who will help you tolerate eating certain foods, like spicy and especially garlic."

"Oh, please, no." Daren shook his head. "I have enough on my plate to—"

Daniel winced, feeling a jolt flowing through his body. His fingers felt numb, as if they had poor blood flow. He dropped his controller, with it clanging on the floor, before flexing them to regain feeling. Instead of that, the numbing sensation continued and even spread to the rest of his hands. He blinked, flipping his hands over while checking to see if his cuffs were somehow too tight.

Daren blinked. "What's wro— Gth!" He set the controller on the table and flexed his fingers. "What's wrong with my hands?"

Both of their fingernails lengthened, with them becoming sharper and pointier. At the same time, the white and clear color changed into bright red. Their fingers also shortened, soon matching the nails in length. Daniel blinked, pressing one against his couch and wincing when it cut through the cushion as though it were room-temperature butter.

"What the?!" Daniel widened his eyes, looking at his fingers. Slate gray fur grew down from his new claws, though with the palms thickening into black padding. A similar thing happened to Daren's hands, though they looked as though they had slimmed as well. In fact, his upper arms looked like they had become rail-thin under his coat's sleeves while Daniel's remained the same thickness. "What's going on?!"

Daniel felt his feet growing numb as well before a ripping sound came from beneath. Three bright red claws ripped through the front of his sneakers, with laces flying around. His feet lengthened, tearing through the back as well, leaving the in-between still on. Daniel stood up, only to lose his balance not only from the numbness but also

from his stance changing. He managed to kneel, with his new claws tearing through the coffee table. Once the numbing feeling passed, with the slate-gray fur growing from underneath his socks, he stood on the front of his feet.

"Ow, ow, ow!" Daren grunted. He reached down to his brown boots, with the front part bulging out. It ripped off before he could untie them, with the fronts clanging on the floor once they landed. The metal part of his steel-toe boots lay exposed, dented by claws. His toes fused into three, with bright red claws jetting out. "OK. Bad idea to wear these boots."

Daniel would have responded, only to feel numbness throughout his body. Perhaps it was a sign that whatever was causing this would grow fur all over. He closed his left eye, trying to think through it all. It was not until he looked at his arms that he realized the truth.

His arms thickened with muscles, pressing against his hoodie's sleeves. Biceps, triceps, and more swelled out, with their features visible even through the sleeves. Within seconds, they ripped through the seams, leaving his favorite hoodie more like a hooded vest. From the look of his arms, they looked as though they could lift an entire truck with no trouble.

“Whoa! Yo-you’re growing!” Daren stood up in shock and amazement. Daniel twisted over to him, only to realize he needed to look down at his formerly taller friend. Daren’s boots slipped off from his digitigrade feet-paws, though what remained of his socks stuck to his ankles. He also stumbled a bit, almost falling on top of the coffee table before he rebalanced himself. “How is this happening?!”

Daniel winced, feeling his chest broadening from underneath his hoodie and shirt. The zipper on his hoodie strained to stay on, but its teeth ripped apart. His shirt also ripped apart, exposing his ballooning pectorals. His abdominals also pumped out into a thick six-pack, taking off what remained of his hoodie’s zipper.

Around the same time, thick, pitch-black ruff grew from underneath Daren’s collar. He grunted, pulling off his coat and shirt until he showed off his bare upper body. Slate-gray fur grew on his slimming stomach and lower chest, while the ruff covered his shoulders and upper chest, like a thick vest.

Fur also grew on Daniel’s upper body, though his black ruff looked thicker and wilder. Tearing sounds came from his pants, with the button popping off and putting a hole through the wall. His thighs thickened out, his calves

ballooned out, and his hips widened. Soon, what remained of his pants lay on the floor.

He groaned, feeling something pressing downward from his spine. Bones, nerves, blood, muscles, and flesh stretched out. Slate gray fur surrounded it, becoming nice and puffy. His new tail did not grow out that much, only a couple of feet. It was at least more than Daren's new tail, which only grew out by a foot and stuck out from above his pants.

Both of their hair also grew longer and much thicker than before. It went back, exposing their brow, as it turned bright red. Bits of their hair stood out in spikes, all jet black. When their new hair-mane reached as far as their rear, a teal bangle grew near the bottom and tied it into a ponytail.

At that point, Daniel's head bumped against the ceiling. He grunted, even though it did not hurt, and bent downward out of instinct. He lost his balance and landed on the coffee table, with it breaking in half as though it were cardboard. His back thickened with muscles, as though he had been lifting weights since he was born.

"Whoa! Yo-you're on the large end there." Daren blinked twice, with his brownish eyes changing into light blue. Slate gray fur grew on his face, with red rimming

forming at the ends of his lips and around his eyes. The ears stretched out long and triangular, with the inner bright red and the outer slate gray. "Um, words, words. Like you transformed into the Hulk."

Daniel groaned, pushing himself off from the floor and what remained of the coffee table. A sizable crater formed where he landed. At that point, his nose and mouth stretched forward into a pointed snout, with the nose mere dots. His teeth also sharpened, with his fangs massive compared to the rest. He rubbed his face, feeling the fur covering it.

At that point, both Daniel and Daren finished transforming into anthro Zoroark.

"Gth." Daniel shook his head, knocking off any debris from his hair-mane. He looked at his arms and blushed. "Um, I-I'm really huge and buff!"

"That's what I was saying!" Daren rolled his eyes before rubbing his teeth. "Hmm. I wonder if it means I can eat sour candy again. I love sour candy."

"Stop thinking about food!" Daniel pushed himself up onto a sitting position, with something crunching underneath his hand-paw. He lifted it up and winced, seeing what remained of his Nintendo Switch controllers.

“Gah. That’s going to cost—” He shook his head. “No. The point is HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?!”

The entire house shook from Daniel’s yell. Daren took a step back, with the two at eye level despite Daniel sitting down. He looked around, avoiding Daniel while biting his lips. A few seconds later, he ran out of the room. Daniel blinked and calmed down.

“Um, sorry.” Daniel wiped his face some more. “I-I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s not that.” Daren rushed back, carrying a blue blanket under his arm. He stopped in front of Daniel and tossed it onto Daniel’s lower body. Soon, he sighed and relaxed. “Ah. That’s better.”

Daniel blinked again, wondering why Daren did that. It was not as though he was cold, even with all of these muscles. In fact, with all this fur, he doubted he could get cold until he stayed outside for too long. Once he lifted it off, he realized why.

All his clothes were ripped off, even his pants and underwear.

Daniel snickered and set the blanket back down. “You know, you’ve been an adult for over a decade now, and you’re still uncomfortable with a naked body?”

"I-I'm still uncomfortable about that stuff, yeah." Daren blushed and looked away.

"Really? I seem to recall that—"

"Shut it!" Daren blushed bright red before shaking his head. "OK. OK. Sorry. Um, why are you the big one here?"

Daniel thought about it before shrugging. "Honestly, I have no idea."

He rubbed his pointy chin a few times, which was odd since it was through his claws instead of fingers. He adjusted his sitting position, keeping the blanket on for Daren's sake. At once, a bit of the flattened aluminum can appeared beside him. It showed half an image of that Zoroark, along with half its name.

Perhaps those drinks were why the two transformed into anthro Zoroark.

It would even explain why Daniel became so big and muscular since he drank three to Daren's one.

Then again, he might be overthinking it.

There could be multiple reasons why he turned into that Illusion Pokémon.

"I haven't a clue." Daniel shrugged. He then smirked, remembering what type of Pokémon Zoroark was. "Hey! Think fast!"

Daniel ripped off the blanket and tossed it at Daren, covering his whole body. While his buddy did his best to take it off, he focused inward and inhaled. At once, the air around him vibrated. It then shifted, like a shutter closing and opening. Once Daren took off the blanket, Daniel shifted into his human form, clothes and all.

"Um, words, words. How did you do that?!" Daren blinked out of stunned amazement. Daniel sat in a crater much larger than him, no longer as large as the Hulk. Daren rubbed his eyes and demanded, "How!?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm using Illusion!" Daniel laughed and stood up. "I bet I can—"

He grunted as a massive hole formed in the ceiling, with wood snapping and drywall cracking. The light fixture landed on the floor with a loud smash. Chunks of debris surrounded him, outlining a being larger than him that had broken through.

"—Fool anyone that I'm not that large." Daniel puffed out his cheeks.

“Gahahaha!” Daren shook his head. “I don’t think you’re using it right.”

Daniel winced and knelt, knocking down some of the debris from his outline. “Yeah. After all, Zoroark’s Illusion is supposed to be indistinguishable from reality. Can’t be if I’m making holes in the ceiling despite being a fair distance away supposedly.”

“That’s something that we can work on.” Daren rubbed his snout. “Still, I wouldn’t mind if I became as big and bulky as you. It might make work easier. I may even get a date or two!”

“Or it might make you the target of anyone who wanted lift help, this time lifting cars.” Daniel laughed. “Don’t lie. I heard you complain how you’re always dragged into such jobs at your workplace.”

“Fair point.” Daren shrugged.

Daniel shrugged, with the air vibrating once more. The debris that still remained on the outline around him fell off. Then, taking it slow, he stood up. This time, he did not break through the ceiling. He sighed in relief, even though he knew he needed to do all of this repair and replacement work. Already, he could see money flying out of his wallet faster than in a Steam sale.

That would be another day, though.

"I would suggest that we play another game, but I crushed the controllers. Want to watch a movie instead?" Daniel suggested, picking up the remote. He then approached the couch, happy that it was unharmed by these mysterious changes, aside from that one cut. "I'm sure that'll help us relax after—"

Daniel sat down, only to break it in two.

"Oh, COME ON NOW!!" Daniel blushed.

"GAHAHAHA!!" Daren rolled his head back before he sat beside Daniel, though not too close. "At least you won't have an excuse to break me in two because I win the next game."

Daniel rolled his eyes before pulling Daren into a side hug.

Whatever caused this, he and his friend would deal with it.

"Gth! Daniel!"

They would also learn how to use their new abilities, not just Illusion.

"Um, Daniel?"

And not break more stuff.

"DANIEL, YOU'RE HUGGING ME TOO TIGHT!!"

"Oh! Sorry!" Daniel let go with a blush.

"Whew." Daren rolled his shoulders, with them popping in response. "So, what movie do you want to watch?"

"Perhaps that Zoroark one?"

#

"Well, well." Glorfindel observed through the window while having a smirk on his acute muzzle. "I didn't expect that the effects would stack, but it's a useful thing to know."

He stepped away, with a large gray cloak covering much of his body. His back looked extra lumpy, as though he wore a strange backpack underneath it. His five tails poked out from underneath near his black feet-paws. He lifted the hood above his head, with the golden hair-fur dimming. At once, his vulpine face morphed into a human-like one, though still with those mysterious blue eyes.

Once he had some distance, he turned back to that house, thinking about what to do with those former humans. One idea was to repair the house while neither was looking. That would confuse them. It would confuse them

more if their human disguises became permanent. Or maybe he would make more of those drinks, to see if there was a limit on how many they could stack.

He came up with plenty of ideas and went through them several times.

Perhaps Glorfindel would do something different, like playing with the idea of 'big.'

Or maybe he would leave them alone and let them learn on their own.

Either way, he was sure it would be fun if they did not figure out who was behind the show.

"Let's decide." Glorfindel rubbed his palms together.

The End

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>

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

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!

About Author

Standing over six feet tall, Foxgamer01 is a writer born in Arizona and currently living in Arkansas. Though he initially wanted to be in the gaming industry, he did not realize until later, after years of playing with random toys and imagining adventures with them, of his gift of being a writer. Even then, it took some computer classes with a dry professor in college that solidified his change in becoming a writer.

Foxgamer01 has been writing, at first through notebooks and later through laptops, since 2009. There was a dry spot between 2013 and 2018, thanks to distractions and work, but he has been writing consistently since. He had written over a hundred short stories and six 'books,' including one collab story.

Foxgamer01 would like to thank fellow friends and writers Greyhound1211, SnekKnack AKA Nick, Tails230, and Kinshou-fox AKA The-Writing-Dragon AKA Huggles. They have been the biggest inspiration for getting him to write. Though Foxgamer01 carried a lot of regret over the years, he would never regret the days he founded their writings, which triggered his desire to write his stories.