

Kingly Duds

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [Masao114 of DeviantArt](#)

Masao looked at the clock. It barely had been thirty seconds since he last looked. He fidgeted slightly, legs swaying gently as he awaited what would come.

Though that waiting was starting to get to him, aided by his already nervous demeanor. When was he going to meet the person in charge or somebody else? How long did he have to wait in this makeshift doctor's office? How long did he have to sit on this exam room table?

Heck, why couldn't he just go sit on the side chairs against the wall? Probably make him less anxious thinking about it.

Before he could change seats, the door finally opened after what felt like forever. "Sorry for the wait, but I'm ready to go!"

A feeling of inadequacy and then slight envy struck Masao. In had walked a large, buff Flareon anthro. He was at least a foot taller than him, wearing a lab coat, black pants that barely concealed his large equipment, and nothing else. His feet were bare as was his chest, though, considering the muscles and width, it wasn't like most shirts could contain his impressive girth.

"My name is Eisen, the senior researcher and head of Happy Feeling Co." He held out his big paw to Masao, snapping him out of trance. The human took it but was slightly jerked about with the Pokémon's strength when he shook. Again, that feeling of weakness struck.

Eisen looked over a tablet he brought with him before continuing. "Everything is in order with our reports and your preliminary testing. As such, we can go forward confidently with today's little test."

Masao gulped, fingers slightly jerking. The Pokémon continued, "Are you ready to start our clothing test then?" The human nodded.

"Great!" Eisen opened a desk near the exam table, pulling out a plastic package. As he opened it, he said, "Now, I believe you went over the paperwork and explanation for today's experiment in detail, correct?"

"Y-yes. Though... I don't think I got everything."

The Flareon chuckled. “That’s fine. Most of the techs aren’t exactly great at explaining things to people who don’t understand the process to begin with. Far too methodical and detailed in everything.

“So, let me just break this down, nice and easy. We are developing something that will benefit mankind... okay, really Pokémonkind to be less dramatic, heh. I assume you have tried our wonderful product, Energy’mon?”

“No, but I’ve heard of it.”

“Good!” Eisen smiled and flexed an arm, bulging his bicep. It looked like his lab coat sleeve was about to burst right there. “Now, our product produces some very wonderful, intense effects on those who consume it. One drink and you have a new, buff Pokémon body for you to enjoy! I am a frequent drinker myself~.

“However, there is the side effect of tearing.” Masao noticed a few strands and fibers in the coat were starting to tear before Eisen stopped. “Most clothing does not survive, or, at least, come away undamaged when we change into our new form. It’s fun, but it does leave our customers having to buy a whole new wardrobe.

“Which is why we have our newest product that should fix this issue.” Eisen laid out the items from the bag beside Masao. It was a purple t-shirt with a green slime pattern imprinted on it. A picture of a different Pokémon & phrase in red were in its center too. It looked like one of the jerseys from Pokémon Sword & Shield you could wear.

“This is our special clothing we’ve designed that’s made to grow with and adapt to a person’s ‘Mon change.”

Well, that explains all the heavy Pokémon questions on the questionnaire when I got here. Masao thought, nodding along with the Flareon’s explanation. ...explains all of the references in the ad as well.

“So, you’ll be testing our special Poison-type shirt we have!” Eisen grinned, holding it up and wiggling it playfully. “Yeah, any type of anthro can wear it, but for what we have in mind, we thought we’d go with something more fitting with what you’ll be turning into today. Just take off your shirt, shoes, and hand over your personals. Don’t want to wreck them~.”

Masao did as he was told, tossing his shirt to the side and removing his wallet, shoes, and cellphone. Eisen took them all and placed them on the counter behind them. There, he grabbed a small energy shot bottle and brought it to him.

Once handed off, the Flareon took his tablet and stepped back. “Just take a shot of that, and we’ll see the results in action. The shirt should respond to the energy aura and body pheromones given off as you change, adapting instantly. I’ll just be taking notes over here.”

“Okay...” Masao noticed his hand shaking gently. “This will be okay, right? I’ve... never done anything like this before.”

“It’ll be fine! Just go with the flow and everything will just be fine.” That was somewhat comforting to the guy, but he still remained a little anxious regardless.

He popped the cap off and chugged the bottle. Despite how little it already was, there wasn’t much energy drink inside of it. It felt like a shot glass could hold more.

With it done, he set the bottle down as far as he could from him and took a deep breath. He waited for it to begin.

And he waited... and waited... and waited.

A minute or two passed by. Masao frowned, glancing at the Flareon. “So, when is it supposed to start? I’m not familiar with transformation, and I feel a little anx-”

He flinched, shoulders hunching up and toes clenching. There was a throb in his head like a migraine had suddenly come on. A migraine that struck him right in the top center of his forehead and then lasted only a moment.

Masao panted a little, taken aback. What the hell was that? He looked at Eisen, whose eyes were wide as he scribbled on his tablet. He didn’t understand at first, but that’s when he felt it. There was now a weight from his forehead.

He reached up and hit something hard. Feeling it up, was cylindrical and thick, pulling into a dullish point at the top. Unseen by himself, the new appendage was also quite purple, matching that of his shirt.

“And we begin with a horn,” Eisen spoke out loud, taking notes. “Transformation starting in a new part of the body this time. Inconsistent in its origins... as usual.”

“I got a horn, huh...” Masao looked up as best he could, but he couldn’t see the new point in his field of vision.

Disappointed, he dropped his hand. His four-digit hand.

He flinched and took another look. His hand had swelled, double its original size at the very least. The ring finger was merged with the pinkie, fingernails growing on all of his digits. They stretched to the very front of them, pulling out and forming thick, white, dinosaur-esque claws, minus the sharpness. Lastly, the hair on the back of his hand fell out, the skin texture rough and thick. The color turned to a bright purple, adding to its inhuman appearance.

“Holy crap,” Masao mouthed, looking over his hand closely. Well, closely for a little bit. It was hard to hold it up for long, feeling the incredible, dense weight of it.

And then came the other dense weight he soon struggled with. Holding himself as best he could with his enlarged hand, he saw his arm begin to bulge. Skin bubbled and stretched, muscle, tendon, and bones strengthening and growing quickly. His arm soon matched his hand in roughness and color. From his elbow, a large bump swelled, forming into a similar, but duller, white spike claw as his fingers.

It was one hell of a sight to the transformation newbie, his heart racing, pounding in his chest. So this was what it was like to change. It felt odd, but it wasn't unappealing.

Though the longer he looked at his arm, the more something else caught his attention. Despite the enlarged, ripped arm, his shirt sleeve was fine. There were no tears, rips, or holes. The sleeve had grown alongside his arm, fitting it perfectly.

Masao smiled softly. “Heh... it worked.”

Eisen looked up from his note-taking. “Looks like the sleeve is good! But, what about you? How are you feeling currently? I'm sure this is all very new.”

“I'm... feeling alright.” Masao brought his unchanged hand to his new arm. He felt the rough texture, sensing the bulging muscle that laid beneath. “It's... it's kind of amazing. But...”

“But what?”

Masao blushed, leaning further towards his sizable monster arm. “I feel like I'm gonna tip over any second now. Could use a little-”

He felt his other arm tremble, a familiar feeling hitting it. He looked and sure enough, it was swelling as well. Skin turned rough and purple as it expanded, hands developing into monster-ish claws. His shoulders even broadened and swelled themselves, better fitting the enlarged arms and balancing them.

It was now even easier to lift them. Masao brought the new arm up, looking it over carefully. Curiously, he held it out after a moment and made a fist. He flexed, his bicep bulging.

He quivered. That felt good. So much more power in him now. It was nice.

And on top of that, even with a bulging arm, his sleeve would not tear. It simply stretched and grew around the mass as if it was spandex. "This is amazing."

"Of course it is!" Eisen chuckled, writing down the results. "That's just the power that our products provide. From the amazing girth given by drinking Energy'mon products to hopefully the clothing that'll actually stay on during one's transformation."

"Well, it seems to be working just fine right now," Masao remarked, looking at his shirt.

"True, but the real test is if it works with your other clothes. The power and ability that shirt possesses should hopefully stretch to other attire."

No sooner did Eisen say that than the sound of tearing and ripping followed. The two of them looked down towards Masao's feet. His socks had torn open, three claws jutting out the front of them. They soon split along the sides, hard, purple skin peering through.

More tears followed as large, wide, three-digit feet burst free. Masao took one look at his new feet, his torn socks on the ground, and then looked at the Flareon. The Fire-Type scratched the back of his head. "Yeeeeeah... that always happens with socks regardless."

Masao felt a tingle in his legs, spreading from his feet. The purple skin tone had crawled up, moving over his calves and knees. The knees bulged a bit as a thick, almost armor-like scale grew over them. The purple coating went up to his thighs before stopping at his hips.

And then they grew. Muscle and bone expanded, strength and power coursing into them. His legs doubled their size in width easily, better fitting his feet and matching his arms perfectly. His jeans stretched with them. Masao held his breath.

But there was no tearing. No same fate as the socks for his jeans. They simply grew along with his legs. No issue at all.

Eisen grinned, his tail swishing behind him. "Now that's what I like to see!" He quickly jotted something down.

The rest of Masao's lower half changed, thighs and then hips expanding. His waist and torso looked so scrawny against a massive lower half and powerful arms. However, he had to imagine that would change sooner or later.

He took a moment to lift and bend a leg. Yep. Just as heavy as his arms, but the strength and power in them. The kneepad aspect seemed odd, but overall, the changes were getting better and better to him.

He smiled, happier than ever with this development. His ears even seemed to wiggle with joy, but it was more than that. His ears were stretching. They moved to the top sides of his head. The skin turned purple on the back, but dark green on the inside. The ears turned wide and oval-ish, almost mouse-like if not for the two spikes that poked out on their sides.

Masao didn't seem to notice, just enjoying what he could see instead. Eisen cleared his throat and asked, "Still doing well? The changes tend to get "bigger" and heavier at this point."

"I'm still doing okay," Maso remarked, scratching his face, "Maybe my head hurt or I felt twitchy, I guess, but otherwise **I'm...I'm... hey! My... my voice!**"

With that bass came more change. His neck widened a bit, fitting with his neck. His adam's apple stood out more prominently on it as his new skin quickly spread up it. His head even slightly enlarged so it wouldn't look off on him.

Masao coughed and trembled. He felt something off now. There was a certain heat that had come to him as he transformed. It made everything feel so alive and energized, but now, it felt as if it was getting stronger.

He huffed, brushing his forehead. His stomach gurgled, flab and pudge melting off. He gulped. "**Sh-should th-things be getting... getting h-hotter?**"

Eisen nodded. "Yes. During the final stages of a transformation, things do start feeling hotter and more euphoric."

Masao panted heavily, his chest rising and falling with each breath. With each gulp of air and exhale, his chest and torso fell a little less. His body was expanding at long last, growing to fit the rest of him as his shirt stretched to remain on.

His breathing grew heavier the longer the changes went on. He tried to calm himself, but it was hard with such incredible energy flowing in him. As his torso grew into its proper shape, its color shifted with it. The sides and back were in the usual, purple shade, but his chest and stomach were different. They turned to light grey, the texture smooth to the touch.

He rubbed his forehead again, wiping the sweat from his forehead. It kind of scratched his still human skin with his rougher, scale-esque hand, but he didn't mind too much. He took a few more breaths, running his hand through his hair. *Okay... just relax. Almost done... almost...*

Something felt wrong. He pulled his hand back down. It was full of clumps and strands of his own, short brown hair.

He flinched. "Don't worry," Eisen spoke up. "It's only natural that you don't have regular hair. Nidokings are not known for having it. There's no problem at all."

Masao scoffed, the rest of his brown hair falling out now. "**No hair? What about my eyebrows then, eh?**"

Eisen shrugged. "I dunno. I don't design or determine body hair growth in this stuff."

Not the point, but it wasn't worth arguing. He could have his hair back whenever he untransformed or reverted or whatever the proper term was. Best to just go along with the rest of the changes at this point.

His head throbbed at that, another horn growing. This time, it sprouted out the back, on the exact opposite side of his forehead one. The only difference was it was just slightly smaller.

His shirt felt tight on him soon after, but the feeling was fleeting. It expanded and grew as his torso ballooned. His body grew wide and thick, almost two of his normal torsos thick. Any trace of fat on him unneeded vanished, muscle taking its place. A firm, tough six-pack appeared on his stomach, his chest bulging out to incredible pectorals.

Masao felt his torso. Even with his shirt on, he could see the outline of his thick physique perfectly. Looking at Eisen briefly, preoccupied with his writing, he no longer felt inadequate next to him. In fact, he felt bigger than that Flareon now.

His satisfaction vanished as he flinched. His head throbbed again, things falling briefly out of focus. The purple tone had spread to his noggin at long last, eradicating the last of his peach skin tone and any blemish in sight.

Masao panted, sweat pouring down his head it felt like. He felt like he was going to tip over at any moment. Suddenly though, the Flareon was right beside him. His soft paw resting on Masao's shoulder, he softly cooed, "Take it easy, buddy. It's always a bit rough the first time your head changes, especially into a form like this. Just relax and go with it."

“**Try... trying too...**” The developing ‘Mon spoke, his cheeks expanding on the sides and developing two spikes that jutted out from his head. “**Just... just a bit hard here...**” His brow jutted out further as his head reshaped, giving his gaze a more naturally intense feel to it.

He gritted his teeth, which sharpened into fangs. He felt it. It was all coming to a close. The final push. It was hot. It was intense.

It was wonderful. Masao let out a gruff, happy moan, his face trembling. His nostrils flared and flattened into him, but only for a bit. Soon, his face pushed forward, transforming into a powerful muzzle. Two white, sharp fangs popped out of his lower jaw finishing him off.

He was complete. Masao was a strong, powerful, anthro Nidoking.

Eisen smiled brightly, writing a lot down on his tablet. “Incredible! You look amazing!”

Masao blushed, scratching the back of his head. He probably did from what he could see. He did wish there was a mirror around to get a better look at himself.

“Most importantly, the shirt did what it was supposed to. It grew to fit your body, and it made the rest of your clothing do the same as well! I call that a success.”

Oh right, that part. Masao had to admit. He had gotten a bit caught up in all of the excitement and fun of the transformation. Though, why wouldn’t he?

Masao was now an incredible, seven-foot-tall Nidoking. His body was godly, having such a muscular, exceptional form that would make almost any person jealous. He grinned, flexing an arm. His bicep bulged again. That felt even better now that his entire body was complete.

“I like to say this was a success!” Eisen declared, putting the tablet down. He held out a paw, “Thank you for all your help today, Masao!”

“**No problem!**” The new Pokémon smiled, hopping off the patient table to approach his pal. He hit the ground with a massive thud.

RIIIIIIIIIIP! From his back, a ridge of spines sprouted down from his neck to his rear. It one was foot long, just as thick as the horns on his head. They easily tore through his shirt without issue.

And from those newly opened holes, the tears rapidly spread throughout his shirt like cracked glass. Soon, the top completely dissolved into tatters, leaving his torso bare.

Masao twitched. “**What... what the-**”

RIIIIIP! Another rip followed. He tried looking over his shoulders to see. CRASH! A large, thick, purple tail with ring ridges along had burst out from above his rear and below his final spine spike. It was thick, almost as dense as his arms at its base.

The tail had torn through his jeans, tearing them apart with ease. Soon, they were also in tatters. And with the tail burst as well, the table beside him was smashed.

“...” “...” The room was quiet. Eisen looked at the new tail, the spikes, and then the tattered remains of the project he had worked so hard on. Masao looked at his tail, spikes, and back at himself in the front.

He frowned. He still had underwear on, but it was different. It was a purple speedo, similar markings as his new t-shirt on its front and center. His equipment seemed bigger as well, but that was something he could care less about.

Masao looked at the Flareon. He wasn't sure what he could say or even ask after all of this. The best he could manage was, “**What's... what's this about?**”

Eisen scratched his chin. “W-well... I assume that shirt had updated your underwear to better fit your new size and... oh who am I kidding?” He ran a paw over his mug. “This is a disaster! The shirt failed. It should have handled a tail and spikes... maybe Poison-type shirts can't? Uuuugh... this is a disaster!!”

The Flareon grumbled, muttering quietly about equations, formulas, and other things Masao didn't understand. However, the Nidoking didn't pay it much mind. He ran his clawed hand over his chest and abs. Very nice to see now without that pesky layer of clothes.

I could definitely get used to having a body like this, Masao chuckled. Maybe I should buy some Energy'mon in the future... eh... but then I have to buy a new wardrobe and who knows how much that'll cost and...

“Whatever!” Flareon huffed, slicking his puffy pompadour mane back. “What's done is done. We'll figure out how to fix this later. In the meantime, let's talk about you. You don't need to worry about your torn clothing. We'll provide money to pay for some new duds.”

“**Oh! ...well, thanks!**” However, that didn't solve the current problem. “**So, what am I going to do about this right now? I mean, I still have my old shirt, but I don't think that'll fit me.**”

Eisen snorted, shaking his head. “We got plenty of other shirts and pants for all body and tail sizes. I’m sure we got something around here that’ll fit a king like yourself!”

“Really?”

“Mhm! And for all your troubles, we can provide you with some of our special clothes for free in the future. You can turn into whatever Pokémon you want then without [hopefully] having anymore clothing issues.”

Anything I want? Masao thought it over. Becoming a Nidoking, despite an odd moment, had been a lot of fun. The pure bulk, strength, and feeling he got from it were just incredible. Now the idea of being other Pokémon anthros? That was also incredibly tempting and fun. Once he got those special clothes, any fears or concerns he would have would simply fade away.

He smiled. “**You know what? I would like that very much. In fact, if you need more help testing other shirts, I wouldn’t mind being up for that as well~.**”

THE END