

PUMPING UP TO FAIRYHOOD

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Story done for Engy of FurAffinity

“Ahahaha, excellent!” Juan gave off a magnificent, hearty laugh and even clapped. “Very well, you are the winner. From you, I sense the brilliant shine of skill that will overcome all!”

Knight smiled warmly, recalling his Pokémon. “Thank you, Juan! It has been an honor to battle with you today.”

“The honor is all mine.” Juan stroked his chin. “Though, you are lacking a certain, how I say, elegance that I or Wallace have? I would gladly offer my outfit, but I don't think it'll fit.”

“Oh, it definitely won't!” Knight pleasantly patted his tummy. “I'll just settle for the badge though.”

“But of course!” The gym leader walked over and looked up, keeping pleasant eye contact with Knight. He held out his badge and placed it into the trainer's large, yellow-orange hand. “I present to you, Mr. Knight, your Rain Badge. May your future shine like it does.”

Knight carefully put the quite puny badge into his pocket, zipping it up so it didn't fall out. He would put it in his badge container later. “Thank you again for the battle.”

While Knight was all polite and smiles on the outside, the inside was different. He was grinning up a storm, overwhelming, cocky pride. He had won the final battle, a lot easier than expected too. All the badges were collected. He was on his way to the Pokémon League!

He would do a little dance or jig if he was sure he wouldn't accidentally crack the floor or break something. So, he settled for keeping his cool attitude somewhat. He politely bowed and turned, strolling out of the largest room in the Sootopolis Gym. He walked with a cocky strut, humming a pleasant tune.

Entering the lobby, he saw other trainers loitering around or chatting with staff. They were probably next up to challenge Juan, and Knight wished them only the best of luck on that. However, he said nothing, noting that the room fell into a hush silence when he entered.

All eyes were on him... for a little bit. A lot of the trainers and employees looked away, some lingering with their gaze before turning their heads eventually.

And when they were looking his way, they kept their eyes above the waist as best as they could. *Heh*. Knight pleasantly chuckled, thinking, *can't handle the *girth* of a true, ballin' trainer like me, eh? Not many can!* He was thankful that Juan and other gym leaders could.

Knight knew why of course. He was, as far as he knew, the only anthro trainer around. He was a large, hefty Dragonite man that had a lot to see and take in. A LOT to see.

He used to be different, in many ways. He was once an Ace Trainer, a lovely lady by the name of Cindy, as hard as that might've been to believe. One day, when she was hunting for a dragon Pokémon in Meteor Falls, she was attacked.

A strange beam from the darkness, fired by some unknown Pokémon, struck her. Well, it winged her arm, but it was enough. She inflated, swelling into the large-and-in-charge beast he was now. He tried searching all of the Falls for this mysterious mon, at first thinking he had a lead on them, but he had no luck. The culprit had vanished.

However, Knight wasn't too upset in the end. He liked it, this large, chunky, hefty form and all of its curves. Sure, the world was, and still is, shocked by him, and he had to use most of his funds to buy clothes that would actually fit. That took a big chunk out of his bank account.

However, everything was just too good. How could he not enjoy this incredible bod and strength? It was like a dream come true!

Though, one side effect of being part Pokémon now, he assumed, was the feeling of wearing clothes. They never felt right on his scales or chunky belly. It was especially a pain with how his jeans and underwear chafed his big junk. Completely annoying, but what could he do?

Speaking of which, once he stepped outside, off came that top layer. His Dragonite wings stretched out of the open back of his shirt, free from the leathery, clothing prison of a jacket. They flapped gently once and then twice, a weight leaving his shoulders. *Mmm, much better!*

He hated wearing a jacket, but his wings tended to flap eagerly when he got excited or stretch wide when he got "excited". It was best to keep a lid on them.

After stuffing his top into his bag, Knight whistled softly, feeling looser and free. His wings flapped, their movement stronger and heavier, kicking up a bunch of wind around him. Slowly, he rose from the ground and hovered in the air. *Time to head back!*

Then, he soared. He boosted high into the sky, rising further and further away from the island the gym laid on. He looked around, taking in the wide, cavernous city that was Sootopolis, and turned to the main, most bustling part of the city before flying to it.

Knight sighed happily as he flew. Above everything else, the ability to fly was a dream come true. He could see for miles, move at speeds he could only dream about, and reach places that took a week by foot in no time. Plus, the feel of wind on his scales and his belly was so delightful. It was everything and more.

When he landed back in the main part of the city, a block over from where his hotel was, he stretched, pushing his gut out a little. *Ah, that was good. Wings needed that.*

He turned his attention to the direction of the hotel, prepared to finish his journey on foot. However, he caught more people looking at him from all around. All over the streets, through shop windows, and staring out of their apartments, he was the center of attention once again.

However, the feeling wasn't as amusing to him now. The looks he got were different than before. There was a harsher, colder tone in many while an off-put and worried feeling was in others. Some of the people even took one look and ran away as fast as they could.

It made Knight's antennas and wings droop, a miserable feeling washing over him. He loved the new him, every inch of it. However, he couldn't help but feel so alone. No matter how cool people may be with him or how well known he was, it still seemed like most treated him like a freak or threat that was just waiting to lunge at them.

At times like this, he wished he had a buddy like him, someone to connect to and relate with. It would make times like this so much more manageable.

Knight shook his head and huffed, his antennas and wings raising again. *Gotta stop this shit. I won my last badge! It's time to celebrate, not be down in the dumps!*

With a snort, the Dragonite ignored the gawkers and continued to the hotel. He focused on his plans. How to celebrate such a wonderful event as getting one's last badge? Perhaps he could order a lot of room service to fill his belly? Maybe peruse the hotel's finest adult channels on their TV? He had a lot of urges that needed tending to before his big flight to the League.

Walking into the lobby, the staff gave him some pleasant nods. At least they were polite and friendly, even though they probably had to be. Still, it was preferable to the folks outside and even some of the other hotel guests in the room.

Continuing past them, heading for the hall where the elevators were, his mind focused on his special night. That was when he saw her.

There was a woman loitering around the hall's entrance. She had lovely, slick blonde hair that went down to her shoulders. Her figure was quite curvy, tucked into form-fitting red pants and a black, spaghetti-strapped top that showed off her navel. She was quite the looker, a true beauty as it were.

And she was looking at him. Her gaze never waivered or looked away. It stayed on him, showing a hint of curiosity and intrigue in it. There was no embarrassment, anger, fear, or anything of the like. At best, it was bemused, especially when she looked below the belt.

Knight wasn't sure what to make of this at first. When was the last time he got that look? Hell, he couldn't remember even getting this look before he changed.

However, curiosity got the better of him as confidence flooded in. He approached, feeling a bit cocky and full of himself. “Sup! Name is Knight. I see you looking. Like what you see?”

He might have gone too hard there, but, thankfully, the lady smiled. “Well, I do find you *intriguing*. I've heard stories about you and since I heard you were in town, I just had to see you with my own eyes. Gotta say, you do not disappoint.”

Knight chuckled. It was pretty nice to have someone not be on edge around him, let alone compliment him. That fact she was pretty and very, very cute made it even better. He felt his cheeks, and even his body, getting warmer just being around her. He liked it.

Though, there was a thought in the back of his mind. *Shame, a guy hasn't said something like that. It would be **really** nice.* It was a strange thought, one that he partially agreed with. Though, he wouldn't linger on it, just happy to have some kind of connection going on then.

“Well, it's great to hear I'm not disappointing!” Knight joked, “I like to think so about myself as well.”

“Sorry! I'm just... well, just in awe of such a powerful dragon,” the woman said, looking him over again, “My name is Tiffany and, well, do you mind if we talk a bit more? I would love to know more about you.”

Knight's antennas pleasantly wiggled. “Mmm, I wouldn't mind that at all!”

“HA! I can't believe that, Knight!”

“Well, its true!” the Dragonite snickered, “Some idiot really thought they could beat me in an arm wrestling match! I mean...” He flexed, his pudgy arm looking a lot buglier and denser than before, “Can you really beat this?”

The two laughed. Knight was having a great time. He hadn't had such a good conversation with anyone like this in what felt like forever. They started their chat in the hotel bar before taking it to his room, at her insistence. He wasn't sure at first but wanted to keep things friendly and lively.

Now, the two sat on the edge of his bed, having been happily chatting for over an hour. All the while, he noticed something. Tiffany was getting closer. She started on the corner of the bed and had been inching nearer. It was a touch amusing, flattering even.

But now, she was very near. A hand of hers was on his thigh, having been there since he started talking about one of his previous gym battles. She was looking very deeply into his eyes, almost like she was enchanted.

It was making him blush very deeply. He couldn't ignore it or play it cool any longer. “Heh, getting... getting a bit handsy there, eh?”

“Well,” Tiffany cooed, “I must admit, you are incredibly handsome. Mmm, I've always liked big, strong dragons and you? You are a very big, strong dragon in human... ish form.”

Knight quivered. He could feel his junk stir a little. “Well, err, thank you! I-I am pretty strong and big-”

“Big everywhere!” Tiffany winked. Her eyes went down, and so did his. The bulge in his pants was stretching out more than it usually did, making it look massive. It didn't help with it occasionally pulsating, Knight quivering and blushing harder.

Things were going to get very awkward, very quickly. “Y-yeah, well, umm, I am. Maybe we should call it a night? Meet tomorrow in the dining room for breakfast and-”

“Awww, don't you want to play a little?” Tiffany leaned in more, her face inches away from his now. “I bet you hadn't had fun with someone else since you've changed.”

“Errrr...” Knight's heart was racing. “That's hardly the point...” He needed to think of something fast. He was dealing with what was essentially a Delcatty in heat. “Well, ya know, I'm, ah, a bit too big for you and-”

Tiffany grew closer. That was clearly the wrong thing to say. "That's no problem. We don't need to do anything like that, but, perhaps, something else?" She winked, he trembled.

Knight wasn't sure what to say or think at first. This was a lot to process all at once, especially with his body heating up all over and his antennas and wings wiggling. His throat was particularly hot and dry. Was that a normal thing for when a Dragonite got turned on? He had never been in this situation before. Horny plenty of times, but this? Nope.

It wasn't too bad to be fair. It was overwhelming, making his head spin. Still, he did like it. He liked his urges and wants growing.

So, when Tiffany made her move and placed a hand on his large crotch bulge, he didn't pull back or resist. Knight groaned lowly, breathing heavily. His body grew hotter, the back of his throat burning even. It felt like... like...

He couldn't finish the thought. When her hand groped and squeezed, his pupils dilated and what came next couldn't be stopped. His mouth opened wide, and an energy beam fired. It struck her straight in the stomach and knocked her down to the floor.

The beam seemed almost familiar, *awfully* familiar, but he didn't have time to think. As soon as the beam faded, he rushed into the action, getting down beside her.

"Oooooo... wha..." Tiffany groaned, her eyes dazed and weak, "What just happened?" She was very much out of it, the bottom of her top below the breasts scorched open from the hit. Thankfully, outside of the redness of the skin, she seemed fine.

"I'm so so so so so sorry!" Knight stammered, nervously shaking. He wasn't sure what to do, awkwardly stroking her head. "I'm... I'm not sure where that came from!!"

What a mess. He finally made a connection, one that was certainly going in curious directions, and now, he ended up hurting her! He felt awful. "Do... do you need me to call an ambulance or fly you to the hospital? How do you feel?!"

"I... I feel so hot..." Tiffany groaned again, her breathing starting to get rapid. "So hot... so hot. Like... like I'm on fire!"

"OH! Ah, do you need ice? I can get ice or... or..." Knight looked down at her belly, thinking of maybe trying one of his ice moves on her, a very gentle version of it. However, he was the one that ended up freezing.

That opening in her top and the belly below it was pink. Not pink skin. But pink fur. Thick, puffy pink fur was running down the center of her torso, covering her belly button and going down to above her pants.

What the hell?! Knight blinked a few times but sure enough, the fur was still there.

After staring for a bit longer, he leaned her lean up against the side of the bed. She remained limp and loose, breathing heavily and out of it. He just kept staring at the hole and fur, the gears in his mind turning. The familiar nostalgic feeling from that beam only grew stronger.

Clearing his throat, he quietly asked, without taking his eyes off her tummy, “Are you okay, Tiffany?”

“I feel...” she said, still breathing quickly, “I feel okay. Just hot.” She gently gulped, her lower lip quivering. “Hot and ooooOOOOOO!”

Tiffany let out a very long moan, eyes rolling back. The utter, lustful noises sent shivers flooding over Knight. He gulped gently, his crotch throbbing again. His pants felt very, very tight now as an eager feeling struck him.

His eyes widened, jaw starting to drop. Tiffany was growing. Her top stretched and stretched, seams breaking at the bottom where it was singed until it broke open, exposing her bra beneath. Her frame broadened further, shoulders lifting and narrow waist vanishing. Her breasts looked so stretched out and smaller now.

Knight stepped back. *No... no way!*

Tiffany's breathing grew even faster, eyes and hands clenching shut. As her shoulders broadened and gained some musculature, that messy thick patch of pink fur grew. It ran up, going between her breasts and stopping at her collarbone. It ran down, disappearing completely beneath her pants.

In the center of her breasts, amongst the thick fur, a strange growth came forth. It started almost as a blob of flesh before taking shape and sprouting fur. It looked like a white bow with a pink middle for its knot. It looked familiar to Knight as well, like he had seen it on a Pokémon before, though one not native to Hoenn.

His eyes moved away from it, distracted as more fur sprung forth. This time, it was white fur, sprouting along the edges of the pink trail. It was smoother and more well kept, spreading across her torso like a wave. It even went over her shoulders and beneath her shorts.

“So hot,” Tiffany moaned, her mouth cracked into a subtle smile. She seemed to be enjoying it on some level, a feeling Knight knew from the past. “So hooooooooooooOOOOOOH!”

Watching as the white fur slipped underneath her pants, Knight noticed something. It was in the crotch. The area was bulging. Certainly not as big as his, but still fairly noticeable in a spot that was once empty as could be.

N-no way... He could feel his heart speeding up. Is... is she...

Her legs suddenly jerked, the Dragonite flinching and stepping back again. Her heels were bulging at the cap, swelling into four large bumps. Then, it bulged and stretched all the sides and the back, looking several sizes too small.

Eventually, they couldn't take it anymore. The heels split open at the front and tore along the sides, crumbling to pieces. Two sets of four, pink toes with white pads appeared, followed by the feet they were attached to. The size of them were double their original width, bones popping and cracking until their stance resembled the back paws of an four-legged animal.

Yes... yes she is. Tiffany was becoming a Pokémon, just like he had. Their version was a lot furrier though.

I did this. That energy beam attack was just like what hit me. He thought that over. If he caused this, did that mean some other anthro did the same thing to him? If so, why hadn't he seen them or even hear stories about another anthro before? Was there a reason for this? He didn't know. It was just confusing him.

“Mmmmmmm.” Knight looked at Tiffany, putting his thoughts to the side for now. She was slowly developing a smug smile. “Something...” It grew wider. “Something smells good.”

Her nose twitched like it was sniffing. The tip of it turned pink, pink as the happy trail of fur she had. The texture turned bumpy, nostrils flaring as the pink spread all over it. It shifted in shape, soon resembling that of a canine's.

As she sniffed, her hair shook like a gentle breeze had blown through the room. It slowly shrank, shortening down to a trim cut and losing the slick appearance. Streaks of pink ran through it like a wave, soon leaving it completely pink too.

“Something smells *really* good.” Tiffany opened her eyes. Knight hadn't looked at them too closely before, but he knew they were different. They were so dazzling sky blue that they almost seemed to glitter in the light.

They fell upon him, making him gulp. “You smell good.” Her smile turned sly.

Knight quaked. His crotch twitched and bulged some more, and he knew why. He could smell it as well. His musk was growing heavier and more potent the longer he watched her change. His urges were getting out of control.

Tiffany panted, fur spreading to her limbs. White covered everything up to her pink feet paws and to her hands. Her mitts developed their own pink fur and white pads as well, thankfully not swelling and puffing up as much as her feet had.

“So hot,” she moaned, licking her lips, “So goddamn hot!” She cringed and slumping forward a tad. On the top left side of her head, another bow appeared, much like the one on her chest. However, two long, tassel-like appendages extended from it. They were white with pink, blue, and even lighter blue stripes at their ends.

“Fuuuuuuuuuck,” Tiffany moaned, shoulders tensing up as she sniffed the air more. Her ears twitched now and shot out, stretching into cat-like ears. However, they were longer, much longer, moving to the top of her head before bending back. Pink fur grew over them too, blue fuzz covering their insides.

“SO HOT!” Her face was consumed by lust, so pleased and eager as she bellowed. It seemed to signal her massive growth. Everything grew and grew, muscles filling her arms, legs, and torso to the brim. She looked absolutely ripped, all of her feminine framing washed away.

Knight quickly backed away, taken aback by the explosive growth. She was soon almost as tall as him.

However, his attention soon left that. His big dragon snoot suddenly twitched. It could pick up a new scent in the air, one almost as thick and potent as his musk.

Looking down, he saw the cause. Tiffany's pants were at their limits. The top button popped, and the zipper broke open. Stretched out underwear appeared from the opening, tented hard and damp at the tip. Knight gulped, feeling his pants getting a little wet themselves too.

He couldn't stare at that spot forever. He might “explode” himself if he wasn't careful. The dragon did his best to tear away his eyes from the crotch and up at Tiffany's face. Creamy white fur covered almost everything there too, a spot of pink curving down her forehead from under her bangs also appearing.

Knight gulped. That wasn't helping either. Tiffany was getting more attractive by the second! Sure, her lovely female form was a looker, but this? This was almost too much!

“Fuuuuuuck *me!*” Tiffany groaned. Knight wasn't sure if Tiffany was still just in her lustful daze or if that was a command to him.

She twitched again and bent forward even more. A short, pink tail had sprouted. It was half as long as her leg, the fur densely packed together and curved slightly. Above it, split open the back of her top and letting it fall fully to the ground, another bow and set of tassels grew, the latter far longer than the ones on top of her head.

Knight gulped again, struggling to find the words. He gently, carefully placed an arm on her shoulder, lifting her back up against the bed. “Ti-Tiffany? Do you... do you need me to get help? Do you ne-”

Tiffany answered with the most lustful moan he had ever heard, Knight almost cumming right there. She quaked as another round of musculature built up. Her already fit frame became one perfect for a pro wrestler, like she'd worked out several hours a day for well over a decade.

Her poor breasts stood no chance now. Barely hanging in there with how stretched out they were, her breasts flattened completely into her chest. They came back, though now as bulky pectorals that snapped off her bra with ease. Her nipples were dark pink and smaller, barely visible amongst her fur.

“Fuuuuuuck yes!” Tiffany moaned again, their face stretching now as they grinned madly. It pulled into a short, charming muzzle, fangs flashing as they smiled. Their cute snoot at the end twitched, snorting up more of the musky fumes in the room.

Her... his underwear finally gave way followed by the rest of his pants. With nothing holding them back, it all came out. Huge, white furry balls, bigger than his fist, fell into his lap, pulsing every so often. An even large cock extended out, its shaft white while the head was pink with blue edging.

Tiffany's rod grew, grew, and grew some more. Knight's jaw could only hang loose. His equipment was huge, sure, his balls a lot heavier than Tiffany's. However, the fuzzy mon's cock was significantly longer, almost as long as his arm!

Tiffany was no more. All that remained of the old him was the scattered pieces of clothing on the ground around him. He was a Pokémon like Knight now. He was a charming, handsome, ripped Sylveon man.

Tiffany huffed, his panting beginning to slow down again. “This feels goooooood!” Tiffany's voice was so deep and mature, absolutely hypnotic in a way. His eyes were on his junk, a paw moving to its head and gently stroking it down the shaft. “Helllll yeah.”

Knight was frozen in place, his heart the only thing still pumping. It was so strange, so weird to be an onlooker to someone else who'd undergone what had happened to him. Humanity wiped away, replaced by a girthy, proud mon among mons. Only difference was the lack of belly and chub, but this Sylveon didn't need them to be equally as stunning as him.

“So, big guy!” Knight flinched, realizing Tiffany was now staring at him again. “What do you think?” He gripped his cock, pre dripping from its head. “Like what you see?”

Knight couldn't get the words out. Only stutters and gibberish came instead. His brain was scrambled, trying to process it all. He definitely did like it. He really, really, really li-

There was a new sharp rip and tear, Knight's antennas freezing stiff. His pants finally gave way themselves. The crotch burst open, allowing his fat dragon cock and even fatter, leathery balls to pop out. His rod throbbed excitedly, balls churning, ready to be played with.

“HA!” Tiffany laughed, “Guess dat answers my question!”

“I... I...” Knight moaned, still struggling to say anything. His mind was an utter mess. “I-I-I-EEEEEP!” The dragon squeaked as the Sylveon moved in like lightning, putting his paw on the dragon's rod.

The Dragonite moaned and fell onto his fat butt with a heavy thud, splitting the back middle of his pants. The Sylveon quickly moved in, not missing a second of cock touching. “Mmm, so big! Maybe not as big as mine, but still nice!” Tiffany cooed, massaging that rod, “You're quite the dragon, aren't you Knight?”

Knight responded with a low, uncontrollable moan as his cock dripped more pre. So much... too much. The stimulation, the excitement was undeniable. Sure, he masturbated quite a lot, but this? It never felt this good to have his cock groped. Did having a partner make that much of a difference?

“Tiffany” chuckled and then abruptly stopped. For a second there, the Dragonite almost wanted to whine. Why did he stop? He wasn't done.

Then, the Fairy mon turned. He showed his toned, tight ass, bending forward to make it pop even more. Knight's rod throbbed eagerly.

“Maybe a big dragon like yourself would like to use that rod of yours for something fun?” Tiffany teased, wiggling his rear, “I know you were worried before, but I think I'm more than capable of handling that dragon meat now, wouldn't you agree?”

Knight just moaned. Words were still beyond him.

Sylveon chuckled, shaking his head. “Oh you! Ya know, if you don't use that soon, I think we're gonna have to switch things around. Perhaps I should be the one doing the thrusting... though I think being rammed by a Fairy Type might be harder on you.”

That managed to focus Knight's mind for a moment. He should be worried by all of this. He had just transformed a woman into a beefy mon that was somehow even lewder and hornier than he was. If he could do this once, he could easily do this again. It was a lot to take in, pun not really intended.

However, much like after he finished changing, the worry didn't come. Frankly, he wanted this. He wanted someone. He wanted someone to call a friend, someone who could relate to him, someone to call a partner... someone who could have fun the way he liked it.

So, why worry about it? The Sylveon apparently loved himself as much as Knight did after he changed originally. Why bring down the mood or anything like that?

Knight took a deep breath and slowly released it. His heart slowed, tension dropping as a lustful calm came over him. “You know what? Let's do this!” He nodded, starting to smile now himself, “I'm ready for you.”

Sylveon grinned, wiggling his bottom again. “Get on it then!”

Knight sat up, rubbing and stiffening his rod more. He walked close, his large cock head rubbing against the crack of the Sylveon's rear. It traced the firm land until it found its entry point. Knight's cheeks reddened, body trembling. He had never done this before, but imagined the day he would over and over again.

He gripped the Fairy mon's rear, pulling back. Then, he thrust. His rod went straight into the tight hole a fourth of the way in. Sylveon moaned and cried out loudly.

Knight couldn't hear it. He was in complete, utter bliss. The entire world had melted away. It was everything he wanted, everything he was missing. He needed it so badly.

His body moved on its own, his head in the lusty, musky clouds. He thrust back and forth, the Sylveon moaning and shouting eagerly with each one. Time faded out. Nothing else mattered anymore. Just fucking, lots and lots of fucking.

How long would they go on? Neither knew or cared. They just did it over and over and over and over and over...

“Is this really the best you can get?”

“H-hey!” Knight blushed. “I tried my best! It's really hard to find pants that... well, ya know, fit.”

Simon snickered. “True true! Can't do much to hide all of this goodness, can I?” The Sylveon grinned, teasingly humping the air. His crotch jiggled in his new pants. They certainly didn't leave much to the imagination when covering his goods.

Knight looked away, shivering. Simon really needed to settle down and stop doing that. He was going to cause a lot of problems for both of them if he ripped that pair of pants... like he had done with several others before.

It has been several days now. Tiffany had settled into his new role and life well, donning the name of Simon with a level of giddy eagerness Knight hadn't seen before. The two spent a lot of time getting to know each other. A lot of that was very “invigorating” and intense, while also being very shameless and embarrassing. The two were close, closer than Knight could've ever imagined when he first met them.

Now, for them, it was time to move on. They couldn't stay together in the hotel room forever. They made their plans to hit the Pokémon League almost right away, but they had to wait on one major thing: Clothing.

Simon's old clothes were useless. The ones he had elsewhere that weren't ripped were also useless. His form was far too great and massive for anything his puny lady form had.

At first, they thought the solution to that would be Knight's attire. They were fine... when it came to the shirts and jackets. Perhaps a bit stretched in the tummy portions, but Simon could easily wear them without issue.

Underwear and pants? That was a different matter. Knight might've had the bigger balls, but that rod Simon sported was no joke. Even flaccid, it was massive and took up so much space.

Knight had to call in for custom tailored clothing to handle that... several times over until they got a pair that fit.

Even then, while it covered his junk, it didn't hide much for Simon. His cock and balls were still prominent and easy to see, straining its feeble attempt at coverage. Knight might have to find a *really* specialized tailor at this point.

For now, it would have to do. Knight would just have to avoid looking below the belt to avoid his own equipment awakening. *...hmm, I wonder if this is what it's like when people see me? Well, minus clothing ripping...*

"I'm so ready to get out of here!" Simon casually said, bringing Knight back to the current moment. The Sylveon stretched his arms and bent his torso back and forth. "Getting real cramped in here."

He then winked, that sly, heart-melting smile coming back. "Can't wait to ride you all the way to the League."

"H-hey!" Knight's head turned almost beet red. "I'm carrying you, remember?"

"Awww, but I wanna ride on top of my mighty dragon!" Sylveon gave him the cutest, most sniffly, wide-eyed look, like a pouty puppy or child.

"I'm pretty sure that would be too distracting," Knight said, trying to cool down again, "Plus, I'm pretty sure you might try something!"

"Who? Meeee?" Simon snickered. He reached over and gently stroked the bottom of Knight's chin. The dragon shuddered and stepped back, making the fairy mon laugh. "Well, I'm honored to just be going either way, no matter how I get to ride you."

"W-well," Knight said, clearing his throat, "I couldn't just leave you. We Pokéguys gotta stick together, ya know? Plus, we can get your situation sorted out with the government at the League. They helped me out before."

"Well, as long as I'm with you, I'm sure I'll be okay." Simon leaned in and nuzzled him gently. Knight was so caught off guard. It was such a sweet, gentle sign of affection from that Fairy Type, one that didn't evolve into any attempt at being sexual or sensual.

So, Knight just smiled and enjoyed it. Things were nice, just nice. He had everything he wanted now with the perfectish traveling companion, bestie, and friend with benefits. He'd love

every second of it... whenever he wasn't too embarrassed or being teased to hell and back. Simon loved pushing his buttons in all the right ways to get his blood flowing...

...usually not at the right times though.

Still, the Dragonite wouldn't change things for the world. He was going to be a Pokémon Master and at his side, there would be a wonderful Sylveon.

Though, maybe not always at his side. Probably right behind him, playfully humping him.

THE END?