

Beachwear Fit for a King

By: Firingwall

“Thank you so much for this.”

“Anything for my favorite girl.”

“Your *only* girl?”

“Of course. There's nobody else but you.” Andrea smiled, leaning into Gabe and giving him a kiss on the cheek. He could be so sweet.

Today has been absolutely wonderful. It might not have seemed like much to others if she told them about how it went, but it meant everything. He had taken her out for a nice, lovely day on the beach, surprising her with the idea that morning. It had been quite a while since they had done anything together like this, especially with their schedules getting in the way.

Since they arrived, the two had been having a nice walk. No resting and enjoying the sun, just walking and talking. They liked the feel of sand between their toes, the cool breeze in the air that kept them from feeling too hot. It was all just nice.

“Also, have I thanked you for this lovely ensemble yet?” Andrea referred to the black bikini set she wore, the one that Gabe had also surprised her with. It went rather well with her favorite, thin, white sarong that was wrapped around her hips. “It's perfect, almost like you knew my size perfectly.”

“Well,” he playfully teased, “It's just something I picked up on from plenty of long, careful research and touching you in bed. How could I not know those incredible measurements of yours?”

“Oh stop it!” Andrea playfully nudged him. He could be so silly.

But that was another thing she loved about him. She leaned in again to kiss him as they walked, standing on her toes to get close to his cheeks.

Things did not go well this time. One foot slid wrong on the sand, the other trying to balance and adjust for it. Both feet tripped, and she went tumbling forward. Gabe tried reaching for her, but his noble attempt missed.

Andrea hit the sand face first with a thud. She groaned. *Well, so much for a perfect day.*

“Are you okay!?” Gabe quickly got to her side, holding a hand out to her.

“Y-yeah...” She rolled onto her side facing him. “I think so.” She took his hand and got to her feet with his help. “That suc-”

As she stood up fully, there was a sharp snap and tear. She looked down. It felt as if the world fell into slow motion at that moment. There went her black bikini, falling to the sand with a soft thud. She was left topless, breasts fully exposed.

Time reasserted itself, Andrea squeaking. Her hands went and covered her breasts, pressing into them as hard as they could as if it made a difference. Her entire face went red, her mind racing and repeating the same thought over and over: *Why?*

“Shit, crap, crap!” Gabe stuttered out, “I-I-I’m s-s-s-so sorry! It was new and it shouldn’t have... this is my fault! I didn’t know this would-”

“N-no, it’s not your fault,” Andrea said, “Things happened.” *You’re just not experienced at buying clothes for women, knowing the right brands, material used, and all of that.* She didn’t say that, wanting to avoid hurting his feelings, even though she still didn’t blame him.

Right now, she had to fix this. She took her sarong and wrapped it around her exposed breasts. It wasn’t exactly the most comfortable and with how thin it was, her nipples were still partially visible. It would work for the time being, but not for the long term.

Still, she was grateful for one small miracle. This part of the beach was pretty empty, so no one saw her unfortunate accident.

“Okay,” Andrea mumbled, trying to calm down even just a little bit, “What... what should we do?”

“We can head back to the car,” Gabe suggested, “We left your shirt back in there.” She remembered now. She had slipped out of it and her shorts when they arrived. She had forgotten all about it in her panic.

It was a good idea, but there was a problem. “It’s pretty far though, right?” she nervously asked, “We’ve been walking for half an hour and...” She looked at herself, her cheeks reddening more. Even if it offered some covering, she didn’t feel comfortable walking around for long with her sarong over her breasts.

She looked around frantically, not sure what to do. That was when she saw it. Up ahead, there were a few lone, blue, changing booths stationed up away from the shore.

“Let's do that!” She pointed them out to Gabe. “I can wait in there while you go grab my shirt. That could work, right?”

“Yeah, that could work!” The duo walked over to the small row of booths. The first one they checked on the far right was empty.

“Okay, I'll be here!” Andrea ducked inside. “Be back soon, okay?” She kissed Gabe on the cheek. He smiled and kissed her back, hurrying off without a word.

With him gone, Andrea locked the door and sighed. *Please come back soon.*

She removed the sarong, placing it on the small bench in the booth, and took a look around. Besides that bench, there wasn't much to see. There were some diamond-shaped holes at the very top of the hut to let air and light in. On one of the walls was an old, dusty, sandy mirror that stretched almost all the way up from the floor to the ceiling.

But, there was one thing there, one thing that had been clearly left behind by someone who used this booth at one point. On the opposite wall of the mirror, hanging on a hook was a shirt. It was a large, oversized, red, Hawaiian shirt. It was so gaudy and bright that it was hard to believe she missed it when she first stepped inside.

Andrea eyed it curiously. *How the hell do you forget this?* She felt around the shirt, checking its breast pocket. There was no ID, no nothing that could tell her who the owner was.

Who do you belong to? The young woman stared at the shirt for a considerable amount of time. The longer she looked at it, the more garish and tacky it felt. What did Homer Simpson say about these things? Only big fat party animals wear them or something?

She chuckled but kept staring at it.

After a while, she started to feel the wait. Time felt like it was moving too slowly. It was going to be a while before Gabe got back, wasn't it? Even if he ran, it still might be a bit. It felt awkward enough having her sarong on before, but letting her boobs hang out felt almost as awkward, even in this closed environment.

Maybe... She stared at that shirt. *Put you on, catch up with Gabe, and get my shirt back.* She nodded. She could return it after she got dressed, just in case the owner returned.

Andrea didn't want to wait anymore. This was the best option in her mind, despite how gaudy and silly it would look on her.

She took the Hawaiian shirt down and placed the sarong up on the hook, deciding it would be better to leave it there than in a pile. She slipped her arms through the top's arm holes and slipped the rest on over her back, buttoning it up after.

This top was several sizes too large for her. It went almost down to her knees, and a good chunk of her shoulders were visible in the large collar despite how buttoned it was.

Looking in the mirror only confirmed her feelings. *Yep. Totally look silly, dumb, tacky, and ridiculous all at once. Impressive! That's a new record and a new low all at once. Yay me.*

Regardless of her feelings, it would work. *Certainly beats letting my tits hang out.* Andrea sighed, shaking her head. *Better see if I can catch up.* She started to turn.

The strangest feeling came over her. She paused midturn and looked back at the mirror. She stared intently at the glass, looking herself over with that shirt on. She looked down at her body, seeing how the clothing fit and hung off of it.

There was something... pleasing. It was soothing; it provided a weird sense of comfort. The outfit felt good on her.

Andrea frowned, looking between herself and her reflection. The shirt felt so cozy now. She stopped on her reflection, gazing deeply into it. *Well, I guess... I guess I don't hate wearing it.* She brushed some of her long red hair back over her shoulder. *No... it's not really bad, I suppose. Maybe I'm too judgy on these kinds of shirts. I never wore one before and-*

When she went to brush the hair on the other shoulder, she paused. Her hand. Were the fingernails on it looking a lot thicker and pointier than before?

She brought her hand in for a closer look and flinched. Cream-colored fur was sprouting on the back of it. It spread out like water, flowing up the back of her mitt and up to her fingers. She turned her hand around, seeing the fur cloak her palms too.

What... She gulped. Her heart was racing, a bead of sweat forming on her head. *What's wrong with my hand?!*

Her fuzzy hand jerked, fingers twitching and clenching. It swelled and swelled, tripling its old size. It became so bulky and dense that clenching and unclenching gave her an odd rush of strength. There was something powerful in it now.

No way... Nervously, Andrea brought up her other hand. It had grown as well, finishing its swelling into a bestial, furry shape.

Her heart sped up, her lower lip quivering. *Why?! What's wrong with my hands?!*

Suddenly, she felt faint or, at least, her body felt wobbling. She lost her footing and nearly toppled forward. Thankfully, she avoided another stumble, planting that monster hand against the wooden frame and making a loud creak doing so. She kept her balance, adjusting a foot with an also loud and surprising thud.

Looking down, there was a reason for that. Her feet had grown now. They had burst out of her sandals, claws digging into the floorboards. White fur had sprouted over them too, her feet almost triple their original size and down to four digits each.

The sight nearly made her stumble again. Her brain was overloaded, spinning and swirling like crazy. Processing all of this was simply too much. How could she?

The fur growth wasn't helping her mind either. The fuzz was spreading from her hands and feet now, climbing her limbs in its thin but thorough cloak. It eventually disappeared beneath her oversized shirt, but she could still feel it, brushing against the fabric unpleasantly.

Eventually, her mind did settle down enough to form some sort of thought for all of this. **Toasty.** That extra layer combined with the hot weather made her feel warmer than any other time that day. Warmer and also... peculiarly strange.

Andrea checked the mirror again to see the damage and found something new that made her flinch. She was so occupied by her arms and legs that she hadn't noticed her head. Streaks of sunflower yellow were coming from the roots, spreading through her lovely red hair.

Then there was her face. Thin, similarly yellow, hairs had sprouted upon her chin. They grew along her jaws and up the sides of her head. Her heart nearly skipped a beat. It was small but it was a beard.

N-no... no way. Her hand reached up, jittering nervously despite how ferocious it looked. It pressed against her chin and slid across the hairs to her ears. It was real, and it felt strange.

She stared at it for almost a minute, tracing the beard line from one side of the face to the other. Her racing heart began to slow as she did. Confusion began to fall.

Everything looked... strangely nice and almost appropriate. There was something about having facial hair, as thin as it was, that was affirming and pleasant.

That thought scared her a bit.

Andrea gently gulped as the warmth of her fur spread onto her torso. Then, the warmth shifted. It made her quiver, shake. It was pleasant, as pleasant as her beard.

She began to grow. Grow and swell all over. She was soon taller, wider, broader. Her shoulders lifted higher, her narrow waist widened. She was squarer and denser in a way, filling most of the mirror.

With that growth, the shirt actually fitted better. She could see all over her lower half, the bottom of her black bikini visible at least. Most of her upper arms could be seen, and her collar only showed as far as the top of her collar bone.

Most notably though, her fur could be seen. She could see how far it had expanded, cloaking all of her legs and reaching up onto her chest. Only her neck and head were left smooth.

Andrea didn't really think about that much. Her heart raced, conflicting emotions going through her. On one hand, there was a pleased feeling from the fact that the shirt actually fitted. On the other hand, she was worried what it meant that the shirt fit.

She bit her bottom lip as she trembled. Her hands and toes clenched. Toe claws dug deep into the wooden planks beneath, leaving visible marks. Hand claws dug into her hands, her skin thankfully dense and durable, and her actual claws fairly blunt.

Her body trembled more, vibrations coming to rest in her arms and then her legs. Slowly, the limbs ballooned. Muscle mass, tendons, and bones all grew and strengthened, nearly tripling their width and weight. They soon matched her hand and feet paws perfectly, her arms especially looking beefy and like they were naturally flexing.

She shifted uncomfortably in her spot, feeling a tightness below. Her bikini bottom was really digging into her crotch and behind with her enhanced shape and hips.

She turned her focus onto those arms now that they've grown. Moving them gently and groping their muscles, she could sense it. There was so much power in them. They may've been a little soft, but when they tensed, they were as dense and hard as iron.

Curiosity struck her. She put her worries and concerns to the side briefly as she lifted one of her arms. Her hand tightened again and pulled back, giving that arm a flex. Her bicep bulged incredibly, becoming almost as large as her head it felt like.

Pride exploded within. *Shiiiiit*. She lifted the other arm and flexed it too. Heat pulsed. *That muscle!* He had taken such good care of his arms over the years. He may have packed on a lot of weight everywhere, but his arms were still prime cut.

Andrea gulped. She didn't know where those brief, buried thoughts came from. They were strange, foreign, and yet somehow familiar, like they were a part of her she had forgotten until then. They were comforting and happy. She didn't push them away.

She flexed both arms together then. Her pupils dilated. A soft moan came up from deep within. It felt wonderful, so intoxicating.

Her bikini bottom twitched in the front center. It gently stretched, pushing forward. Something had come out of her loins. Something was tenting.

She didn't see that, but she knew enough. Andrea knew she was changing beyond just her appearance. It was her mind, her personality, her feelings, her memories, her very being. Something was coming in, slotting into place over the old her.

Yet, it felt as if it was something that was always within her to begin with. That fur, those arms, legs, beard... the shirt she wore. It felt like it was always hers, but it had been lost at some point and was now returning to her.

What was happening was something not to be frightened of, but something to pursue and to desire.

Andrea's head throbbed, the woman bending forward and cringing. From the top of her head, sprouting out from her hair, two long, polished horns came out. They were shaped like bull horns but curving inward towards one another.

Seeing them in the mirror, she nodded. They were another thing that felt familiar. She reached up and stroked them, running fingers down from the tips to their bases. They were powerful, attractive, something that befitted them. A feature that was beloved.

Her head throbbed again, the pain briefly in the ears. They shifted a little higher on the sides of the head before growing. They stretched, rounded, and drooped, growing white fur over them. They went down to her shoulders and faced out, almost looking like floppy rabbit ears.

Andrea stroked her ears while looking in the mirror. They were familiar as well and rather handsome in a way. Her head tilted. *I... I don't really see me.* Her body, her very self, was looking so different now. She was seeing someone different, seeing a... her? No, a them.

There was a low gurgle now from behind their shirt. They placed a hand on the spot, gently rubbing the area. Their hand was pushed back.

Their stomach growled. It pressed against the shirt and pressed further, pushing it more and more out. Fabric stretched tightly over its wide, soft shape as it became a gut. The buttons over it strained to hold the fat back, white fur sticking out the openings.

Andrea stared for a moment before gripping and squeezing their belly. They bit their bottom lip. They liked the feel of that.

Again, they felt conflict within them. Part of “her” was upset; all those years of exercise and yoga had been wiped away. Another part, one far larger and more overwhelming, noted they had neglected hitting the gym and working out for over a decade. Of course their stomach would be dense and protruding after ignoring their core.

Of course they would've developed such a dad bod.

And Andrea didn't mind it. No, they liked it, felt this was more right and more of what they wanted. Their hand squeezed their gut again. *All the chub up here...*

A thought, or perhaps a memory, struck them. *And back here too!* They reached around back with both of their hands, grabbing their rear. It was nice and still heart-shaped but not for long. It swelled and thickened, widening into a dense but soft buttocks.

Heh, maybe not too much chub. They chuckled. Their rear had stayed in pretty good shape after all these years. Just a little layer of flab on top of what otherwise was a firm behind. *Fit for a king!*

Andrea smirked. Memories and thoughts were getting fuzzier by the second. It was hard to tell what was her and what was this other them. However, they didn't care either way and would not push back. Why should they, after all?

That smirk and confidence dropped. There was a loud snap. They saw their bikini bottom fall and hit the ground. In the mirror, they could see it. There was a sizable set of furry, white balls and a large cock hanging from their crotch now.

Once more, conflict arose. One, they felt embarrassed. Now they were completely out a full bikini and were nude outside of this Hawaiian shirt. Two, why did he think that would work? He found it in the hut and put it on, thinking it would cover things up until Gabe came back with... with something.

Their mind was such a mess. They needed to sort things out, focus on who they were and get their head into the proper state of things before they gave themselves a headache.

Andrea took a deep breath and looked into the mirror. Seeing themselves, they grinned. They were handsome, looking more different and more familiar all at once. Like they told themselves before, they had to pursue it, pursue the familiar.

Andrea did what felt natural. They put their arms behind their head and leaned forward, pushing their chest out. The shirt tented a bit with their large breasts but then began to fall back. They faded away, stretching and swelling in a different manner. The top button popped as they hit their final size, a set of fat, moob-ish pectorals.

Better. Andrea smiled. The memory of their black bikini breaking from before felt so distant now and almost like from another life entirely. They had come in there to hide her exposed breasts, but now, they had come for a similar but slightly different reason, one that fitted them far better.

Their thin beard grew and grew, their hair further shrinking and shifting with it. Their locks turned short, wild, and untamed, blond fully taking over it. Their beard thickened into a bushy mess, fully engulfing their jaws and chin.

“Andrea” admired *his* beard, stroking it. It looked great on him. Gabe and all his past partners loved it. It was so regal and shining despite how rough it appeared from a glance.

His face scrunched. Something felt wrong. He was wearing his favorite shirt... yes... definitely his favorite shirt! He was wearing it when he came in. He didn't find it in there. He wore it in... but now, he wasn't wearing it right.

He could easily fix that. He leaned back and, with a satisfied grin, he thrust himself forward. The shirt came undone, everything unbuttoning at once. Out came a muscle gut that was even bigger than it appeared before, along with a thick, burly chest. It was all cloaked in white fur with some scratchy blond hairs mixed amongst it.

That's better! He had his favorite lucky shirt on, unbuttoned. It was the only way he could wear it, no longer able to button over all of his massive girth.

That was fine. He liked wearing it and didn't mind leaving it open, especially when he hit the beach. It made him look cool and pretty handsome.

At that moment, something clicked and shifted in his mind. Something faded out, something replacing it. All of these old memories of before? They weren't him and therefore, he wouldn't need them. The large, buff, goat dad bod of a man chuckled, feeling like he had truly awakened now.

He snorted, quivering. A heat rose from beneath in his loins, his equipment pulsing and throbbing. His rod went erect, lengthening, while his balls swelled some more. ***Fuuuuuck me***, he thought, huffing as his face pushed forward into a blunt broad muzzle, ***fuuuuuuck***.

The anthro snorted, shaking his head. **“Pheeeew! I feel good. Asgore feels good.”**

Asgore looked at himself in the mirror, fully taking it all in. He flexed his arms and pushed out his chest. He didn't know why he said his name like that or he thought he had other memories floating around in his head. Maybe the heat was getting to him.

But he knew what he knew. That was that he was a big dad bod anthro. It was what mattered and nothing else.

He looked down, keeping his flex and seeing his large equipment hanging there. His balls were the size of grapefruit now, his rod almost a full foot and hard. His dick throbbed every once in a while, eager, wanting sensations coming from it.

The large goat man blushed, his arms falling to his side embarrassed. ***Yep, definitely fried my head in this heat. I'm acting weird... hopefully he'll be here soon and-***

There was a gentle knock at the door. “Hey! I'm back! I got it!”

Phew, that was perfect timing! Asgore opened the door. There was Gabe. The two smiled but Gabe's quickly faded, seeing the big anthro's hard-on.

Realizing that, Asgore quickly pulled him inside and closed the door before anyone else could see his meat.

It was a tight fit given the small size of the changing booth and Asgore's girthy physique, but the two didn't mind. Gabe seemed to recover from the sight, looking straight into his eyes and holding up some clothes. “Here! Got your shorts, buddy!”

“Thanks!” Asgore smiled, taking them. **“This is just what I needed!”** He ruffled Gabe's head like he was a kid or an excited dog.

It was so embarrassing. The two were having a nice stroll on the beach together, finally having a day to themselves. Then, when he saw a cool conch shell in the sand, the big guy leaned down to pick it up and his swim trunks split down the middle... then the sides, and the front. Out came his butt, balls, and cock, hanging out for the world to see!

Thank god no one was around or he would've been crushed. He liked attention, but not that much!

Asgore slipped them on, careful not to knock into Gabe with any part of him in that small room. “Heh, glad to help!” the human said. He playfully nudged him. “Maybe you should think of wearing these larger sizes all the time.”

“Well those shorts were never a problem before!” Asgore huffed, pulling his new pair up and on, carefully stretching them over his penis, **“Guess I've put on some weight since last summer. Maybe I should hit the gym or something.”**

“No way!” Asgore looked at him surprised and was about to say something when Gabe grew closer. The human's face turned redder than ever. “I love you the way you are, every inch of my big, chunky, heavy, powerful king.”

Asgore chuckled, feeling a bit flattered. He leaned in and kissed him, Gabe kissing him back. The two held it for a long time, Asgore's rod tenting and stretching his trunks out even more than before.

Gabe pulled back, looking down at the bump pushing into him and back at Asgore. “Hey, feeling a bit heated there?”

“Maybe a little, Gabe,” Asgore sheepishly admitted, **“Maybe you could help me cool down before I get too out of control?”** He chuckled. **“You just got me my shorts, and I'd hate to rip them after all that.”**

“Hey! It's cool. Anything for you!” Gabe bent down and pulled down Asgore's shorts, letting his large rod go free again. “You'll be good in no time.”

Asgore grinned. He was so happy to have such a great guy like Gabe in his life. He was worried he could ever find someone so nice, sweet, helpful, and kind at this stage of his life, but it really happened! He felt so blessed.

The big king quivered, feeling his partner's hand grip around his rod and began to pump it. It was time to have some fun!

Before he was completely lost to the pumping, Asgore saw something. Hanging up on the hook was a sarong. ***Wonder... wonder who that belongs to? Hope someone didn't forget it.***

Asgore grunted, moaning softly. He'd better be careful with his aim. He didn't want it to get all messy! That would be so rude of him!

THE END