

Energy'mon: Big Wave: Testing Phase

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“Thank you for joining us today, Mr. Ryan!” Ryan looked up and up at the large man that stood before him. The man held out a red, furry paw, and Ryan took it, shaking it gently. It was as warm as he expected it would be.

“I'm Eisen, and I welcome you to Happy Feeling Co.'s Testing Lab!” The brown-haired man nodded anxiously, eventually releasing the paw. He was anxious for many reasons.

One was because of the scientist before him. He was large and not just because of the height on him. He was buff, teeming with muscles that his outfit did fairly well at highlighting despite how covering it was. He was cloaked in red and yellow fur, the latter of which was puffy. He was a large, buff Flareon man.

Eisen the Flareon adjusted his snoot-fitting glasses, looking down on the human with a smile. Despite how friendly he was, there was this overwhelming aura about him that screamed powerful and mighty. It was a bit intimidating.

The other reasons for his anxiety all came down to just being there that day. This was something he never expected to do or get the chance at. That was until he saw the online ad.

“Th-thank you, Eisen.” Ryan gulped gently, awkwardly looking off to the side. “I'm... I'm looking forward to this!”

“Something the matter?” The Flareon's ears twitched, a curious look, not unlike that of a cat or dog, crossed the mon's face.

“N-no! Just... just a bit excited... and nervous! I'm a huge fan of Energy'mon, so being able to try a new flavor... I'm not sure what to even expect!”

Eisen laughed heartily. “Nuthin’ to be nervous about! This is all completely safe, and you'll have the time of your life while being paid for it!”

He motioned him to follow, Ryan doing so. He led him through the doorway of the lobby and down a sterile-looking hallway. As they walked, Eisen went on. “I'm contractually obligated to explain what's going on despite you obviously signing the waiver and knowing ahead of time what the deal is. I apologize in advance for that.”

“It’s okay,” Ryan said with a small smile, “Go on.”

“Alrightie! As you know, Happy Feeling Co. is planning to launch our next wave of Energy'mon drinks. The basic ones are fairly popular and beloved, like Aqua Burst, Glitzy Pump, and Evening Glow.”

He gave Ryan a sly grin, raising an arm and flexing it. His work shirt sleeve strained, vibrations going into his torso and to the buttons there. The top one popped, opening his chest area to reveal some fuzzy pectorals. “Fiery Blast is a personal favorite.”

Ryan blushed, trying not to stare too much as Eisen continued, “However, it's time to step up. We've done the same flavors for several years now with the same results. We did a stealth test with Halloween Hellfire and the results were clear, people want bigger, more powerful, more unique Energy'mon flavors and changes.

“The Eeveelutions are still great, but customers are clamoring for more. More power, more strength, more energy, beyond what they experienced!”

Eisen smiled. “Do you feel the same?”

Ryan thought a bit. He certainly loved Water Pulse. Being a buff Vaporeon has been great in the past, and he was more than certain he would go on to keep enjoying it in the future.

However, what Eisen said resonated with him. A part of him did want more. Something more to go beyond that form he had. It was enticing, but a bit scary about how far it could go.

There was one other concern for him: the kick of Energy'mon. It was a sugary, energizing blast to the system that made one tingle, shake, and quiver all over. No matter how many cans he consumed, it always got him. It did make him think: how strong would this new, enhanced Energy'mon end up being?

He kept those thoughts private though, not wanting to seem negative or critical. “Yeah, it would be kind of fun.”

The two continued on, eventually reaching a room with the label: Testing Room #6. The Flareon opened the door for them, and they entered. It was a wide room with a white table in its middle, and a large glass window on the left wall that couldn't be seen through. On the table was a clipboard, a single Energy'mon can, and a ziploc plastic bag.

“We'll be doing the testing in here!” Eisen walked further in towards the table. He half-nodded over to the window. “As you can imagine, my scientist pals are behind the glass

there, taking notes and observing the whole situation. I'll be here to help you and do my own close-up observations.”

“I'll need help?” Ryan nervously asked.

“Oh, it's just a standard precaution, but we're just dealing with Energy'mon here. Nothing's gonna be crazy here.”

That made Ryan feel somewhat better. He glanced over at the table, looking at the can he would be drinking soon. His eyes then fell on the clear bag, noticing what was inside it. There was a pair of shorts and a shirt, both fairly large looking.

“What are those for?” he asked Eisen, pointing at the bag.

“Oh, those are for you.” Eisen smiled. “After we're done here, you might need to wear some clothes that'll actually fit.” He winked, Ryan blushing more.

“Still,” the Flareon continued, “Probably should take your shoes and socks off before we begin. I find footwear to be far more expensive to replace than a pair of shorts or a shirt.” Ryan nodded, knowing that from experience as well. He took off his red sneakers and socks, placing them beside the bag.

At that time, he took a look at the can. It looked to be about the same as Water Pulse, but the coloring a deeper blue than usual. The logo on it read, “Big Wave”. *Guess that means it's more powerful?*

“Okay!” There's a hard clap of the paws from Eisen, his voice more boisterous and booming than a few seconds ago. His eyes glanced to the mirror and then forward, not even really looking at Ryan. “It is July 17th of 2022, the time being 4:23 pm. Eisen Urasawa is conducting today's test with our testee being a Mr. Ryan Thomas.”

The Flareon took the clipboard from the table and pulled a pen from the front pocket of his lab coat. He looked to Ryan, saying pleasantly, “Our test has begun. You may now try the latest version of Energy'mon: Big Wave.” He nodded to the can.

Ryan nodded back to him. He took the can now, cracking it open. For a moment, he is nervous, holding steady and staring at the beverage. He wasn't sure what to expect after all. He was so used to becoming a Vaporeon and the punch that it had. This would be uncharted territory with an even bigger kick to it. How could he not be a little anxious?

But regardless of what he felt, Ryan was on a job. He took a drink from it, one that wasn't too big or too short. Just enough to wet his whistle, as it were.

And that was plenty. He broke into shivers and goosebumps all over. His mouth twitched, teeth clattering and his tongue going numb. It was blue raspberry, much like Water Pulse, and it was powerful.

No, it was better to say that it was intense, beyond anything he had tried before. The flavor was strong and its sugar content heavy, but there was something else he couldn't describe. It was doing something to his mouth, his throat as it went down, and even his teeth, the latter of which felt tingly.

Halfway through, he couldn't handle it anymore. He coughed and hacked, striking his chest for good measure. The drink wasn't coming up, but it was messing with him big time.

"You okay?" Eisen lowered the clipboard and started to approach.

"It's.... it's okay..." Ryan held a hand up. At that moment, the feeling died down enough for him to breathe regularly and feel his mouth again. "It's... it's just so extreme. That punch is so much bigger than Water Pulse."

"Okay, noting that down." Eisen wrote something on his clipboard. "Maybe... turn down... flavor... power." He looked back up. "A lot of the previous testees mentioned the same thing. I'll be sure to mention it to the boys in the lab."

Ryan nodded. He breathed heavily, tingles and shakes still getting to him. After it settled down and he could taste that flavor, he actually rather liked it. That was still one hell of a hit to the system and even the brain a little.

He placed the can on the table, taking a deep breath and trying to relax. "Well, what should-" Those were the only words he could manage. His mouth went numb again, but this time with some paralysis in it. It felt so wrong being unable to move.

Then, it began. His face shot out, lips, teeth, and maw all merging together and stretching out. It all turned bright yellow, nose being pulled along for the ride and folding into it. He soon sported a small duckbill, one that wasn't too wide and more of a triangular, roundish shape.

Numbness fell away again, and Ryan could feel again. He could also see very well what was in front of him. His hand nervously reached up and pressed against the bill. It was light and thin but also had this odd sense of hardened density to it that couldn't be broken.

“Well... this is unexpected.” Ryan spoke, his duckbill flexible and movable. He felt its form some more. “So strange... it's nothing like the muzzles I had before.”

“I can imagine...” Eisen seemed to be talking more to himself than Ryan. He had a look of curiosity in his eyes, but he seemed more focused on looking between him and his clipboard, jotting more notes down.

“So...” Ryan pulled his hands away. “What are you write-”

That's when he saw it. Holding his hands out, he could see them growing. They stretched out a little longer, fingernails fading. White feathers sprouted from the tips, spreading down the digits and over his hands. He had some feathery mitts now.

“Whoa...” He trembled, gently gulping. He flipped his hands over and back again, looking at each side carefully. He wiggled each digit, stretching and bending them. Despite their size and length, they were still fairly flexible and easy to move.

“Hmm.” Eisen wrote something down. “How are we feeling so far, Mr. Ryan?”

“Oh...” Ryan remembered where he was again. “I feel... tingly.” He fidgeted. “Still feeling trembly. It's... it's stronger than Water Pulse, that's for sure.”

The Flareon wrote that down and stepped closer. Instead of looking him in the eye though, the mon looked down. Ryan did as well, realizing what he was looking at.

His feet had already started morphing. Webbing formed between the digits as everything thinned and flattened. The ends of his feet widened and stretched out while everything narrowed at the end towards his heels. They were certainly duck feet.

Ryan lifted one of his new avain feet and brought it down. It made a satisfying **slap** on the tile floor. He kind of liked it.

“And that's why we always remove our shoes for these,” Eisen said, smiling pleasantly.

“Yeah... definitely.” A thought occurred to the human. “Why didn't you have me take off my shirt and pants too? They're cheaper, sure, but still-”

“Don't worry. We have everything you need here.” The Flareon gently patted the plastic bag on the table.

He certainly dodged that question, didn't he? Ryan didn't push it. He just looked back at himself, taking it all in again. He felt his beak with his feathery hands, looking at them and the scaly webbed feet below.

No clue... He couldn't tell by the clues he's been given so far. Whatever Pokémon he was becoming, it wasn't obviously clear to him. Oh well! He'd figure it out eventually.

Ryan clenched tightly, a wave of uncomfortableness striking him below the pants in the back. Something felt stuck, bunched up and awkward there. He adjusted his pants and slid them down a little, looking over his shoulder as he did. A short, fluffy set of white tail feathers popped out free, resting above his rear.

Well, how about that! Ryan gently wiggled his behind, tail feathers shaking.

"Tail feathers. Interesting. This is very interesting." Eisen said something, but Ryan didn't hear him. He looked back around. The Eeveelution's muzzle was moving, still talking, but it was muffled. Then, it wasn't even that.

There was just a ringing in his ears, everything gone but that. On the outside, there was nothing. His ears vanished from sight, fading in his head and leaving behind holes. However, those visibly disappeared as feathers sprouted around and over them.

"Hey? Are you okay? You look confused." Eisen's voice returned, the ringing vanished.

"Just couldn't hear you for aOH!" Ryan rubbed the side of his head and pulled his hand back. He looked over to the mirror, seeing his ears gone and all of that plumage in its place. The feathers were sprouting across his entire mug, circling around his beak and covering all his skin.

"Whoa..." He ran his hands against his head, taking in the new sensation of feather on feather. "This is so much different from turning into a Vaporeon!"

"I can imagine!" Eisen chuckled, "You're all feathery instead."

"It's..." Ryan cringed, quaking a little as the feathers moved down his neck towards his body. "It's more.... **mrump, it just feels different beyond that.**" He took a deep breath and released, trying to free some of his tension. "**Just kind of wish...** wish I knew what I was turning into. Any ideas?"

The Flareon looked him up and over, shaking his head. "Can't say that I do. Maybe it'll become clear soon enou-"

The words didn't finish coming out of his mouth. Or, perhaps, they did and Ryan just missed them. His mind felt tingly before throbbing one, hard time. His brown hair all at once quivered like a gust of wind blew through. Sleek, sky blue began to fill it, locks getting thicker and puffer.

Then, it all exploded, inflating like an airbag. His hair swelled into a large, puffy pompadour that wobbled and jiggled for a moment once it came into place. At the very tip of it, a part of it poked outward and curled back, adding an extra stylish touch to his new mop.

Ryan blinked, Eisen blinked as well, staring at his test subject's new doo. The “human” looked over at the window again. “Quaxly...” he said, reaching up and feeling his mop, which felt cold and wet. “I'm turning into a Quaxly.”

“Quaxly...” Eisen had the strangest, most surprised look on his face. “Strange, very strange. Unexpected...” He wrote that down quickly on his clipboard.

Ryan focused solely on the mirror as more changes went through. White feathers coated him from almost top to bottom, cloaking his skin. He felt a weird scraping against his legs, so he pulled up on his jeans. He had blue, bird-like skin going up from his webbed feet to his knees.

Then, it seemed to stop. The feelings died down, tingling sensations ceasing. No more changes came. Ryan remained his skinny self, just with an anthro duck Pokémon theme.

He gave it a few moments, just in case, before asking, “Shouldn't there be more? I think everything's just kind of stopped.”

“Big Wave is still in its testing phase,” Eisen said, looking up, “The flavor may pack a punch, but perhaps one has to consume more to get things really going. Probably will discuss that with the science guys after we're done.”

Ryan glanced down at the can. The idea of having more made him a little uneasy. That kick wasn't exactly enjoyable. He was used to Water Pulse's to a degree, but this one? It struck him in a way he hadn't ever experienced more. Frankly, it should've transformed him all at once given its power.

However, he couldn't really cut and run here. He was already this far in deep with a new avain look. He should continue for better and for worse.

Ryan took the can again and took a swig, much bigger than before. He was careful doing so, not wanting anything to spill out of his duckbill.

Thankfully, he was pleasantly surprised this time around. The drink didn't hit him as bad. He was quivering again, his bill feeling numb. It just wasn't nearly as intense. Perhaps his body had “evolved” in a way to better handle it.

He quickly placed the can back down, feeling his hands clench and pulse. He took slow, heavy breaths as his limbs began to bulk up. Muscle mass was building quickly, putting them on par with that of his Vaporeon form. His legs followed soon after, raising his height to eye-level with the Flareon.

With this growth, his clothing tightened, limiting his movement. His blue jeans’ legs constricted around his own legs, his green polo sleeves hugging every inch of his biceps. This wasn't anything he wasn't already used to. Frankly, it was quite quaint.

Ryan breathed in and out, feeling a certain heat come to him. It was missing when he first drank from the can. *Well, better late than never.* It was a pleasant heat, one so pleasuring.

With that heated pleasure, his body swelled. His polo stretched further as his frame widened, the two buttons beneath its collar popping open. His chest swelled, puffing into thick pectorals that his shirt couldn't help but highlight. If one were to touch his stomach then, they would find the outline of a six pack of not-so-visible abs.

He only moderately noticed that. He was more focused on the intense heat now traveling to his loins and really warming it up. The area tented at first before swelling fast. Large, huge, and prominent, a bump inflated the crotch of his jeans, even popping its button.

Okay, good so far. Let's see what happens next.

Yet, nothing else happened. The two Pokémon guys stood there for a good two minutes before they realized nothing was coming. “Huh,” Eisen said, jotting more notes down, “Looks like that's it.” He nodded. “Seemed like the drink did its job. Bit of a stop-and-go, but you can't argue with the results.”

“Yeah...” Ryan nodded too, admiring his reflection. “This is pretty nice.” He flexed his arms, watching them bulge rather nicely. This was a form he could enjoy. Being a duck felt pretty good.

However, something nagged at him. *...people want bigger, more powerful, more unique Energy'mon flavors and changes...*

Those words Eisen said came back to him, the promise of something greater and newer than before. Sure, being a Quaxly was unobtainable before, so there was that. However, the

results were more or less the same as any regular Energy'mon can. He was big and buff, but big and buff like he usually reached.

Ryan mentioned that to the Flareon, whose ears twitched eagerly. "Yeah, I see your point. You're as buff as me, but I did promise more." He tapped his chin. "I'll discuss it with the lab boys later as well. A lot of tweaks are still needed, I suppose."

An idea crossed the Quaxly's mind then. He picked up the can on the table and gave it a shake. He could hear some liquid splashing about within it. "Well, maybe they don't need to fix that just yet. Maybe I just have to finish this."

Ryan chugged what remained, throwing his head back. Shakes broke out almost immediately, muscles pulsating throughout his body. As the last drop hit, his hand clenched and crushed that can. That fell, hitting the ground with a small thud.

"Ooooooh, yes!" The duckmon snorted, taking heavy breaths. His sleeves and pants legs stretched even more, holes opening in them. "Yeeeeees, that feels great!" Seams tore down the sides as his musculature swelled even more. "I feel it!"

He grinned, rising higher and higher, putting him at least two head heights above the surprised-looking Flareon. Ryan didn't notice a thing.

More, more!! His torso got the boost next as his frame broadened greater, putting him far above a linebacker from the NFL. His polo spilt open in the back, revealing his incredible back muscles and the feathery coat over them.

The front of his shirt tore open right away, falling into tatters all around him. His front had especially swelled. His pectorals had gotten wider and puffier, easily defined and sculpted with how the feathers clung to them. His abs were gone, replaced by a thick, heavy, protruding musclegut. It wasn't what he was expecting at all, but he could feel it within the tummy. There was the strength, the power, and massiveness he was looking for!

More, more, more!! His cock throbbed and pushed. The crotch of his pants stretch further and further out, a large lump filling it.

Eventually, he couldn't hold it in any longer. He let out a long, deep moan as the crotch burst open, the rest of his pants hitting the ground soon after. A large set of balls hung free, a thick avian cock popped out, fully erect and ready for play.

The shaking and trembling ended, the changes ceasing for good. Ryan felt incredible, his body electric and energized. Looking back at the one-way glass, he absolutely loved it. There

was not one trace of the old on him, not even his clothes (which laid in a pile around him). He saw only a large, musclegut of a Quaxly.

A pride and ego filled him to the brim. He flexed, striking several different poses. He watched as his muscles bulged and bent, his gut occasionally pushing out temptingly. He loved himself even more.

He also chuckled. *Wonder if the boys are enjoying the show?* He turned and wiggled his ass at the mirror, balls bouncing between his legs. *Wonder what notes they'll take on this!*

“Now this is what I'm talking about!” Ryan looked up, remembering Eisen was there. The Flareon's tail was wagging eagerly as the mon finished jotting some notes down. “These are the results we've been looking for today! This is the true, large and in charge Energy'mon form we've been hoping for! If we can keep recreating this, the people will love it!”

“**Re-really?**” Ryan asked, feeling excited himself.

“For sure!” Eisen tapped the pen against his chin. “Though, it is a little odd. The results should've given you a final or single form Water Type Pokémon, not a base form like Quaxly. We want the people turning into the largest mons they can be!”

“**Huh... guess that makes sense.**” Ryan could see being a final form or large water mon being preferable to a smaller one. Yet... “**I dunno, I don't think this is bad. I rather like it!**” He ran his fingers over his pecs and tummy. “**Plus, I don't think this shape would work for a Quaquaval. They're too graceful.**”

“That is true...” The Flareon nodded, writing something else down. “Probably should look into some other Pokémon options for the future. The drink's still gonna need a lot of testing and formula tweaking going forward.”

Ryan nodded. He stood there for a bit longer, not saying a word. He watched the Flareon write, the Fire Type not really giving him another look.

After a good amount of awkward silence, the Quaxly cleared his throat. “**So, what now?**”

“Oh right!” Eisen quickly snapped out of his writing trance. “Get changed.” He nodded back to that sealed, plastic bag on the counter. “Once you're done, you can fill out a survey, and we can get to paying you for your help for today.”

Ryan nodded and opened the bag, pulling the clothes out. Inside was a Hawaiian shirt, stretchy pair of shorts, and a blue, elastic speedo, the symbol of Water Energy from the Pokémon TCG being in its center. He rather liked them.

Putting them was difficult though. The shorts and speedo? They fit quite well while also being snug enough to show off the girth of his incredible equipment. The shirt though? He could put it on but buttoning it up was another matter. He couldn't close it over his thick pecs and stomach. Perhaps the company wasn't expecting him to get *this* big.

Eisen looked at his situation curiously. “Hmm, we can probably get you a bigger shirt.”

“**Nah!**” Ryan said almost instantly, “**This will be just fine.**” He didn't even need to think about it. Why would he want to cover up a killer body like this? More people needed to see it.

After all, how else would people discover the wonders of what Energy'mon would have in store for them?

THE END?