

Speedo for the Powerful

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Commission done for [0SiroKiba0 of FurAffinity](#)

“It’s been way too long since we did this!” Himeko said, a little wiggle in her step as she hurried towards the beach.

“No kidding.” Takeshi rubbed his face, stretching his arms, “Going to be so nice to get out there and soak up some rays.”

“Thanks for footing the bill on this one,” Sid said to Siro.

“Please, it doesn’t cost THAT much to come to the beach.” Siro chuckled, “Honestly, I’m just glad that we were all able to make it here for once.”

It was really nice, especially for Siro. With recent events, he hadn’t been able to get his gang of friends together in a long time. Work, family, personal issues, and then having everything shut down put a stop to doing much of anything for nearly a year. Now, they were back together at long last.

And a trip to the beach was the best thing for them. They always loved hitting the beach. Building sandcastles, volleyball, tanning, playing in the water, surfing, and so on. This was perfect for them.

“Let’s get changed!” Siro looked up. Lucina, the last member of the group, was rushing over to one of the changing booths before the beach. “You’re all going to love what I got.”

“I can only imagine,” Takeshi replied with a chuckle, eyeing her up as she disappeared into one of the booths.

Siro smiled. Lucina could pull off any swimsuit she wore and look amazing. Himeko too. Probably the same for Takeshi and Sid. It was gonna be nice seeing them in their swimwear.

“Getting changed or are you just gonna stand around with that goofy smile on your face all day?” Himeko teased. Siro quickly snapped back to attention. All of his friends had already gone into one of the booths, Himeko being the last to disappear inside one.

Right right. Siro chuckled, shaking his head. *Gotta stop being silly about these things. This was just a fun, casual get-together and nothing more.* He headed into the last booth and locked up, tossing his beach bag onto the small bench in it.

He opened up his bag and chuckled. *Wait til everyone sees me in this bad boy.* Siro wasn't much about fashion himself, unlike his friends. However, for this meetup, he was going to make an exception.

He felt around in his bag, shifting through the various items within. He had done some research and found out about the latest designs and labels when it came to swimwear. He didn't fully understand the "world" of it, but he did find a nice pair of swim trunks that they should be impressed by.

He smiled at the thought, but it did not last. His hands continued to search around... but there was a problem. He found his beach blanket, bottles, food, and everything else.

However, there were no swim trunks.

Siro twitched. *No way.* He grabbed his bag and dumped everything on the ground. *No way!* He shifted through everything in the big heap. *You gotta be kidding me!!*

It wasn't there. There were no swim trunks, no bathing suit, no nothing. *How could I be such an idiot?! How did I forget to pack the most important damn thing?!*

He felt his stomach drop. He crumbled onto the bench. He rubbed his forehead. *I'm an idiot. A complete and utter idiot. How did I... how did... gah!*

His hand slid over his face as he gently rubbed it. *Greeeeeat. Now I get to look like a weirdo just wearing his regular shorts instead of some stylish...*

Just off to the side, his eyes fell upon a curious sight. There was a purple speedo laying out. It looked brand-new, even having a tag attached to it. Its material looked rubbery and soft, glistening under the lights peering through the open holes at the top.

"Gees... who left this here?" He grabbed it and looked at it. Yep, it felt as rubbery and soft as it looked.

A thought hit him then. He stretched the speedo a little. It looked big enough, and it felt stretchy enough. Maybe... maybe he could just wear it.

His cheeks flared up, embarrassment already hitting him like a truck. *Everyone's gonna tease me about this...* He sighed. *Can't be any worse if I don't have anything to wear though.*

Without another word, he undressed and stuffed his clothes into his bag. He took a deep breath, embarrassment growing even stronger; took the tag off, and slipped the speedo on. Thankfully at least, it had fit like a dream.

He glanced at the mirror set up against the left wall. He scratched his face. He didn't look too bad all things considered, but it wasn't exactly a look he wanted to go for all the time. Just for today and hopefully, he'll never mess up like this again.

Curiously, as he turned to grab his bag, there was something different about him in the mirror. His fingernails looked just a little longer, a little sharper at their ends.

But it wasn't just in the mirror though. It was his hands. His fingernails were sharper. And then, as he left the booth, his toenails started doing the same. They grew out and developed their own points.

The changes went beyond just the points. His toes grew longer, hunching upwards at their base. They widened and swelled, their shape positively bestial. Yet, outside of some numbness, he never noticed.

Outside, Siro found his friends a few feet away, already at the edge of the beach. He smiled. They were already in their swimsuits and looking good. ...real good.

He twitched, feeling warm again. Staring at them, he couldn't help taking in Takeshi and Sid's musculature and fit shape respectively, freed from having to be covered by their shirts. Himeko and Lucina's nice curves were on full display as well, highlighted exceptionally well in their bikinis and bikini bottoms. He never felt this way seeing them like this.

The bulge in Siro's speedo tented as he stared. It also seemed to grow larger, heavier, and wider. Not too much so to where it was instantly noticeable, but it was bigger.

As Siro approached, Himeko spotted him and the rest of the group followed. She giggled, "Well, well, ain't that a curious look you got going on."

"Someone is feeling showy." Sid chuckled.

Siro blushed. "Look, there's a reason for this and it's kind of--"

"You don't have to say anything~," Lucina said, shaking her head. "We know what kind of guy you are. We're used to it."

What does that mean? Siro had no clue, his face getting more heated by the second. "L-look, let's just go find a spot, okay?"

“Whatever you say, handsome!” Himeko chimed, the girls both giggling away. Yep, just as embarrassing as he expected. Still, he was glad they were moving on from this. It was starting to give him a headache.

Although, there were probably other factors involved in that. Beneath his black hair, two small lumps appeared. A few centimeters apart, they were larger, roundish, and almost pushing out into points. Beneath his eyes, just barely visible, purple markings started to appear.

The group turned and headed onto the beach. Time to enjoy this outing at last. Siro followed behind last, the last one to leave the dirt path and step onto the soft sands.

And after taking a step, he almost lost his balance and fell face-first onto the ground. He waved his arms wildly and took a few jittery steps forward before getting his balance. Takeshi looked behind. “You alright?”

“Y-yeah... must have tripped on something.” Siro brushed his forehead and continued walking. After that little incident, his feet were now hunched and cracked, his footing now on the balls of his feet. His toes stretched out from each other, adding to his feet’ bestial appearance.

The rest of the walk went just fine, no more tripping or getting caught over his own feet. He didn’t need any more embarrassing moments today. They simply walked along, chatting amongst themselves and looking at all the people and families out enjoying themselves.

“So many people here~.” Himeko remarked.

“Well yeah! The beach is finally open, and it’s actually nice out. Of course everyone’s here,” Sid yawned.

Siro nodded and glanced around. Definitely a lot of folks out there. Most of the area was already taken up. It would be hard to find a good spot to set up.

He didn’t mind though. He smiled and rolled one of his shoulders. *Heh, plenty of time to scoop out the local hunks and babes. Lotta nice-looking people around~. A few probably wouldn’t mind checking out my sweet speedo~.*

Siro frowned. *Where the hell did that come from? He looked up. Is the heat getting to me or something? ...heh, maybe I’m channeling the spirit of whoever’s speedo this is~.*

He chuckled at the thought as he wiped his forehead. His arm swiped across his forehead, gently scratching it. Light, white hairs were starting to grow out on it, followed by his other arm and then his legs. They were almost invisible to the eye due to the glaring sun.

His arm gently brushed against the tips of his black hair, which quivered as if a breeze ran through it. His locks slowly shortened little by little until it was only a simple buzz cut.

Such a change went unnoticed as Takeshi declared, "Perfect! Got a spot right up there!"

Takeshi was rushing forward to an open area, everyone following right behind. They quickly threw out their blankets and popped open their beach chairs.

Everybody but Siro. His mind remained elsewhere, pondering things. It took Himeko noticing their lagging friend to put some sense in him. She nudged him, "Hey, big guy. Just gonna stand around here all day?"

"Oh right!" Siro blushed, shaking his head. Again with the embarrassing himself. The hairs on his elbows and around his crotch thickened up at the poke.

The enlarging man hurried over to his friends and dumped his duffle bag into a spot near them. He kneeled down and opened it up. However, his body quivered gently as he reached in. He paused momentarily, the hairs on the back of his neck lifting, but only momentarily.

He took his blanket gently. Then his grip tightened, his hand trembling again. The nails on his fingers grew even longer, pulling into almost cat-like claws. The shakes went up his arm, even the other one suddenly, the muscles within them tightening and expanding somewhat.

Despite the claws, he pulled the beach towel out with no tears. It was a little heavier, even larger since last he looked, so he used the other hand as well. His shoulders broadened as he fully pulled it out.

Eh, probably just because he hadn't used it in a while was all. He stood up... and up. Lucina looked at him curiously, and he looked back, tilting his head down to see her better. She looked him over, her expression getting more confused and puzzled by the second.

Siro frowned. "Something wrong?" He inched up a little bit more before his legs stopped stretching. Instead, they grew a little wider as girth and density came to his calves and thighs.

She looked him in the eyes, and her jaw started to twitch like she was going to say something. However, there was a change in them. Her mouth turned to a smile as her mood shifted. "Never mind. Must have been seeing things, handsome~."

Me? Handsome? Siro blushed, scratching the back of his head. *I mean... I haven't been called that before today but... but it's pretty obvious, right?* He smiled. *Yeah, pretty obvious that I am~. Heh, it's always nice hearing that.*

He **really** liked hearing that. His crotch swelled again, growing far more pronounced for anyone looking at him.

After taking in this little admiration, he tossed out his beach blanket and straightened it out on the sand. He bent over doing so, pushing his rear out. His butt tightened up, its shape firmer and squarer like he exercised a lot.

Eventually, everyone got their stuff set up and laid out. Siro stood back up and stretched. He cracked his shoulders and neck, feeling a bit tight and tense there. His neck seemed to thicken a touch with that.

He let out a sigh and took a deep breath, breathing in the air through his nose. His nostrils seemed to flare up, the tip of his nose lifting and spreading. He exhaled and spoke, **“So, what’s the plan for today?”**

Takeshi smirked and reached into his bag. “I got something!” From it, he pulled out a volleyball and spun it. He winked and nodded behind him. Siro noticed there was a net currently not being used. “Anyone up for a little game?”

“Oh! That sounds like fun!” Lucina chimed, rubbing her hands together, “Been a while since I schooled you guys.”

“Ah oh, someone is getting competitive again.” Sid teased, “Can’t stop her, so might as well join her!”

Himeko was in too, but Siro wasn’t too sure. Scratching his chin, he thought about it, white hairs beginning to grow on it and along his jaws. He was never much for volleyball. He was never particularly good at it. In fact, a memory of a previous match involving Lucina and a ball to the face made him frown.

Definitely not up for this. He thought.

His heartbeat increased briefly, hairs on his arms standing up. *But that was before, in the past.* His toes clenched briefly, fingers twitching. *Now is different, VERY different.*

He gulped. *I can play... right?* His shoulders tensed. *No, I can play. I will play and show them. Show them all what I’m made of. They’ll just love me.*

He smiled softly, a shiver running up his spine. He wanted to play now. He didn't know where this came from, but he liked it. He liked it a lot. His body ached and desired to play, shivers running up and down his body, reverberating in his ears. The shape of his ears shifted, the lobes vanishing as the tops pulled into rounded points.

“You know what? I’m game as well! Bring it on!” Siro declared.

“Then it’s all settled! Game time!” Takeshi tossed the ball up and caught it, urging everyone to follow him to the volleyball pit.

They walked along, Lucina turning to Siro and playfully nudging him. “Looking for another humiliating defeat or maybe just another ball in the face, Siro?”

Siro snorted. **“Not gonna happen. I have a feeling things are gonna change.”** He walked a bit faster, pulling in front of her. He felt confident, proud, and even a little cocky.

Such a feeling was reflected in his walking. His stride began to take on that cocky and showy attitude, his chest pushing out more as he did. Excess body fat melted off of his torso, thinning his body up. However, thinning him down into a fitter, more firm shape.

They stepped onto the pit and started talking, already forming the teams. Siro didn't join in though, taking a little bit more time for himself to stretch and bend more. At one point, he bent down to reach his toes, pushing his butt out.

Doing so, a small nub began to grow out just above his rear. It grew just about an inch or two, rather wide and pressing down on his speedo's back. It stopped growing momentarily, white fur quickly growing up and over it.

“Alright, teams, line up!” Siro snapped to attention, noticing the girls taking one side of the court, while Takeshi walked up beside him. “You and me buddy. Sid can hop in later.”

Siro nodded, looking at the girls. Lucina smirked, winking at him. He felt his heart pound a bit, sweat forming on his brow. He could feel his nerves getting the best of him already.

Takeshi patted him on the shoulder. “Hey, it’ll be fine. Lucina ain’t gonna smack you in the face again.”

Siro nodded and looked to Takeshi to thank him. There was an odd, blank expression on his friend's face. It was only brief before he smiled and added, “Besides, she isn't going to get by you again. You got more than enough power in you to crush her before that happens.”

Everyone's acting weird today, Siro thought before shrugging. *Eh, looks who's talking about people being weird*. His face twitched and cracked, pushing slightly forward some more. The teeth within his maw began sharpening into fangs.

Takeshi took the front while Siro stood off at the back of the pit. He took a breath as he watched Lucina serve. The ball flew over the net and towards Takeshi, who quickly hit it back. Himeko followed up and returned. Takeshi re-returned it, and it went on like this.

Siro watched the battle between the girls and Takeshi go on and go. Part of him was happy. Takeshi was handling everything well and felt almost like he could do this by himself. But another part of Siro was getting anxious.

He huffed. *Are they avoiding me? What's Lucina and Himeko afraid of?* He chuckled. *I'm not going to destroy the ball or smack it back in their faces.*

He trembled, his shoulders tightening and clenching up. He panted, a sudden burst of heat rocketing through him. His body grew again, his torso and arms better matching his long legs, and pushed him a few heads over his friends. When his shoulders stopped clenching and relaxed, they looked broader and wider on his frame.

The back and forth went on for almost a minute before Takeshi made a wrong move. The ball dove past him and smacked the ground. The girls jumped and high-fived each other, Takeshi just shaking his head and chuckling over his miss.

Siro huffed louder, his trembling again. His waist was more toned, the faint outline of abs starting to appear on him. He muttered under his breath, **"I could've gotten that."**

He walked over to his partner, now a good two feet taller, and stated, **"Let me handle the ball, and I'll show them. They can't beat us."**

"Yes sir, big guy!" Takeshi handed the ball off to him and took his position. Siro grinned and walked back to his spot with it, his hands tightening. Time to hit them with his trademark power serve.

Power serve? I don't have one... right? He rubbed his forehead, his head hair finally shrinking away. Again, something wasn't right. He wasn't into volleyball or had any special moves. Everything was just confusing.

Yet, everything felt very right. He had to show up his friends, show up those lovely little ladies with his power. Something within him demanded it... and he couldn't argue against it.

He shook his head, shaking off any confusion or lingering doubts within him. He is what he is, purple markings and symbols appearing on his arms and legs. He was powerful, strong, and very good at what he did.

Siro closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He felt his heart racing, his body tensing up again, but only briefly. Time to shine.

He opened his eyes, irises bright purple, and tossed the ball into the air. He leaped to meet it, throwing his hand at it. The second his fingers made contact with its surface, he felt it. A huge swarm of power coursing through him.

His arms quaked as they ballooned and swelled up, muscles and tendons bulging into incredible shape and form. His hand smashed that volleyball as it instantly grew with his arm, and the ball went flying like a meteor.

BAM! It smashed the ground between the two girls on the other side of the court in an instance. Sand flew about like a mini-explosion went off. Everyone jumped back in surprise at the impact.

Siro landed half a second after the ball hit the ground. Everyone stood around, shocked with their mouths hanging open. He bit his bottom lip, feeling his heart race again as purple markings appear on his chest and stomach this time. *Oh crap... that was bad, wasn't it? I don't even know how I did it or-*

“HA! Fucking amazing, man!” Takeshi said and clapped.

“Never fails to impress!” Lucina laughed as well, “That power serve of yours is a killer.”

“I don't know what I was thinking, honestly!” Himeko said, shaking her head. “Really should be human on human, or maybe just all of us versus him.”

What? What the hell are they talking about? What's- Siro felt a shiver run up his body followed by a warm, rather fuzzy feeling. That wasn't right.

He looked down and suddenly, everything came crashing down. His torso was white; snowy white. So were his arms and his legs, not accounting for the purple, elegant markings across his form. His skin looked tougher and hairier with a light covering of glossy white fur, a thicker boa of it forming around his collarbone and neck.

He looked at his friends, but they didn't seem to notice. They were still laughing or talking amongst themselves now. Also, they looked a lot smaller now that he thought about it.

He looked at himself again, his chest, his stomach, arms, hands, all of it. His heart raced faster. *This isn't right at all. What's happening to me!? This is... this is just... just...*

His heart slowed down, tension fading as his gaze fell on his arms again. He stared at them in particular, their denser, wider forms housing muscle and power within them. He blushed and then he started to smile.

It's just kind of awesome, isn't it? His smile turned smug, a hand clenching together. *Really awesome~*. He lifted the arm and flexed. His pupils dilated. The way his biceps bulged in his arm... just wonderful.

"Ahem, Mr. Meathead Jock~." A teasing voice split through his ego-fueled focus. Takeshi was before him, waving up into his face. "You gonna spend all day ogling yourself, or are you gonna let the girls score on us again? They're up now."

"**Oh... right.**" That snap back to reality brought him further back than expected. He was changing, changing into something fast. Changing into something that no one else seemed to notice or react to other than whatever he was becoming was completely normal.

"**Umm... I gotta run to the restroom. Sid, mind taking over?**" Siro lied, his mind returning to that changing booth from before. There was a mirror on the wall he recalled.

"Oh... sure, bro. Whatever you need." Sid said, looking a bit surprised.

"Looks like it'll be our win~." Himeko playfully nudged Lucina, who giggled. Part of Siro wanted to say that wouldn't happen, but he managed to keep it down and hurry off.

Gotta see what's going on... gotta check my bod out~. No, gotta see what's happening to me. Siro felt so confused and out of it at this point. He just needed to see himself.

He hurried along to the booth as fast as he could, picking up speed swiftly. His legs were buffing up like his arms, so much horsepower now in them that it took no time getting there. Though, by the time he did reach the booth, he had to duck underneath the door frame, already 2.5 meters/8 feet tall.

Slipping inside and locking up, he turned his attention to the mirror, having to hunch down to fit into its reflection. He took a good, long look at himself. What a sight to be seen in all of its full glory!

He gulped as his heart raced once more. The nub above his rear began growing and growing. It extended down past his rear, thickening in size as it slowly drifted down between his legs and gently brushing against the floor. His tail was complete.

Siro bit his bottom lip, his cheeks reddening. The sight before him... it looked... looked good. He stopped biting. He looked good... no, great! He started to smile. Not even just great.

Heh, I look amazing and so fuckable~. His tail grew just a bit longer, bumping up against the door and causing him to shiver. He was right. He did look amazing, extremely hot, handsome, and ready for pleasure.

Siro's heart no longer raced with panic or shock but with something else now. The man loved what he saw. He loved every part before him from top to bottom. The tall size, the bestial features, the growing physique and power, and more. It was like a dream come true, a dream he never realized he had.

The rest of Siro's form shifted. No more trace of his pale, normal human skin was visible. Only heavenly white fur was there now. The bumps on his head finally grew out, pulling and stretching up and out into rounded points. He now had a set of nifty horns on his head.

He felt warm, very warm now. He then felt a stirring. He looked down towards his crotch, watching his speedo twitch. His junk grew and grew, swelling past his fist in size.

Eventually, the growth resulted in his penis popping out. Its shape was mostly the same, though now with a big head. However, there was a dragon-esque quality to it with its bumpy barbs along its shaft.

And yet, even with his increased girth, Siro felt no worries anymore. He merely smiled and said, "**Don't mind if I do~.**"

He grabbed his cock and moaned. So sensitive! It immediately went erect, looking even longer and bigger. But just holding it wouldn't be enough. He gave it a good pump and another and another. His cock throbbed, and his balls pulsed, growing more and more.

"**Ooooooooo yeah~!**" Siro moaned, his eyes rolling back. He grinned as he jacked off, his teeth sharpening and turning pearly white. His face twitched and extended further out, his brow thickening as well.

He jacked harder and harder, his torso expanding again. His chest pushed further and further out into thick pectorals. His abs expanded as well, developing into a godly eight-pack. Even his arms and legs swelled some more, adding to an already incredible body.

Close... so close... he thought, panting harder and harder. He could feel it. The end was near for him. It was just about there. All he needed was one more firm, strong...

He let out a strong, dragon roar, rattling the booth to its foundation. His rod exploded, hosing down the mirror and even parts of the walls in his cum. His muzzle fully stretched out with that final burst, now befitting the beast he was.

He panted and huffed, rubbing his forehead. What a rush. Shame about that mirror though. Then again, not that much of a shame. ***People should know better about leaving their mirrors out. Once I take some time to admire myself, it's all over for them.***

Siro stretched and looked at the coated glass. He couldn't really see himself in all of his dragon glory, but that was fine. He probably looked as good as always.

He looked back down at his junk, which had gone limp and shrunk down a little after expelling all that seed. Wiping it off with a forgotten towel nearby, he put them back in his speedo. Didn't really do much to cover his privates given their incredible size.

He didn't care though. More people could enjoy them in their full glory.

Siro cracked his neck and shoulders, doing some stretches to the best of his ability despite how small the actual room was compared to him. He yawned and left the room. ***My adoring public has been denied me for far too long. Time to see how they all are~.***

He headed back for the volleyball pit, a smile on his face and cocky edge in his walk. He purposely walked so his junk would be prominently pushed out for all those around to see. And many did see. Lots of couples and singles were all turning their heads to stare for one reason or another. Most families just covered their kids' eyes instead.

Eventually, he reached his friends, all too busy with their game to notice his arrival. There was a strong back and forth between them, eventually Lucina scoring on the guys once more. The girls cheered and high-fived again.

"Tsk tsk, I leave for a little bit, and you keep letting those babes score on us," Siro sighed, shaking his head.

The group turned and looked together, their eyes lighting up. “Siro!” They all declared, hurrying over to him. The dragon smirked. He loved the way these four ogled him. Made him feel like a god.

“Been wondering where you’ve been, big guy~,” Himeko cooed, taking him in.

“**Oh, ya know, working off some steam,**” Siro chuckled, winking at her. She quaked in delight. He looked to the rest. “**So, I’m back. I can jump in, or would you rather have a little fun by feeling up my muscles instead~?**”

They took him up on the latter instantly, guy and gal alike raising a hand and touching his soft, fuzzy dragon beef. Siro snorted, feeling his rod twitch down below. “**Heh, if you’re all having fun with that, you could also touch my big cock and balls if you like~.**”

“Mmm, tempting, but probably best not to do that out in public,” Lucina said, nodding to the crowds of people out and about. Siro snorted again, but he couldn’t argue. He may be all-powerful and strong, but he didn’t really want to cause a scene that would get him and his buddies into trouble.

He smiled. *Well, we can make up for that later back home. Haven’t gotten to have an orgy in a while~.*

“Heh, someone’s having dirty thoughts.” Siro snapped back to it and looked down. Sure enough, he was hard again. Very hard, his poor speedo stretching more than it probably should.

“**Well, ya know me, always something fun on my mind,**” Siro boastfully chuckled, stretching out playfully and bonking Takeshi and Himeko with it. “**But others might not be so hot about it. Better just cool off for now. You guys just go play your game, and I’ll watch.**”

Everyone looked disappointed and glum. The dragon smiled sweetly and leaned his head in. “**Whatever team wins, have fun with me first later~.**”

That lit everyone up, and they eagerly returned to their game, playing harder than they had before. Siro just watched on. Today was a great day to be with his friends again. All of them hanging out again, playing, chatting, and bonding. He missed that so very much.

He was so glad to be happy and horny with them once again after so long~.

THE END