

“OK, go ahead and close your eyes. I got a great idea. Just don’t move.”

The Chimchar followed his partner’s orders, gently closing his eyes and waiting for whatever it was that he had planned. He flinched a bit as he felt thick thumbs press themselves against his eyelids, but calmed when he realized they were soft and gentle. He could feel the other digits cradling his head gently as the thumbs rolled across the surface of his eyes. It was just for a few seconds before they retracted.

“One sec. Don’t open them yet.”

Once more the Chimchar acknowledged the command, keeping his eyes glued shut as a soft brush slid around the inside corners of his eyelids. He couldn’t quite tell what it was that his partner was doing, but he could feel the brush roving over his eyes in a rough semi-circle before running up and down to fill in the space.

“Alright! That should do it! Go ahead and open them now.”

Chimchar’s lids fluttered open and was immediately rewarded with the gleeful face of his partner, Riolu. The toothy grin was only the cherry topping the stunning beefcake his partner had become in the last few months. Countless workout had left the small Pokemon with bulging muscles not normally present for his species. Proud pecs jutted out from his chest while firm orbs rose up from his arms even while they were at rest at his side. It was a sight that stopped the Chimchar’s heart every time even though it was a sight he saw on the regular.

“Just wait til you get a look at yourself in the mirror,” Riolu giggled excitedly. “I think I really outdid myself this time~”

The Chimchar quickly spun around to face the mirror hanging on the wall. It wasn’t immediately apparent what had been done. He looked like he should: dark grey fur all across his body...hands, feet, and belly a pale, ghostly white...ragged black cloth draped over his shoulders with a small button clasp. All he needed was the skull mask sitting at the nearby table and his Halloween costume would be complete.

He blinked a few times and then closed one eye to see what it was that Riolu had added to his costume. A wide grin formed on his face when he saw half of a large, red orb slide down across his eye. He repeated the motion with the other eye and his chest heaved with excitement.

“This is cool!” he exclaimed in joy. “You always have the best ideas!”

He turned back around to face the Riolu, his eyes clenched tight in happiness, letting the Riolu see the completed eye staring back at him.

“Of course~” he chuckled rubbing under his nose with a beefy finger, “THat’s why you keep me around right?”

The Chimchar giggled and wrapped his arms around Riolu in a big bear hug, “Thank you! It’s the perfect touch to my costume!”

“Sure thing,” Riolu returned the hug in kind. “Now wanna help me finish off my costume? I can’t really reach my back. Can you get that for me?”

Backing off, the Chimchar nodded. The Riolu was clearly a flexible mon, but even he couldn't quite reach every nook and cranny of his astounding body with all of the bulk. He could tell from a quick glance that there were still some patches of original blue fur standing out from the light grey that he had painted himself in. The most notable point was his back, the wide canvass of rippled and ridges still the iridescent blue the Riolu was known for.

Without hesitation, the Chimchar grabbed the bottle of body pain from the table and quickly went to work, kneading his hands over Riolu's body, coating it in the gray pigment. They were so thankful to have found a shop that sold the dust-based variety. It helped to cost their fur without matting it like a liquid variant would. It gave their bodies a more natural appearance.

As his fingers kneaded into the firm muscle of his partner's back, the Chimchar's stomach was doing flips in his gut. He marveled at just how firm and meaty the thick bulges were all across the wide expanse. He was proud to have a partner that worked so diligently to surpass everyone. The Riolu was rarely ever not training or doing some sort of activity outside of their rescue adventures. Ever since they had met that day, the Chimchar knew there was something special about the Riolu and their bond had grown so close that they were practically inseparable.

That didn't stop the Chimchar from being completely baffled by his partner's body. As much as he hated to admit it, his heart throbbed wildly every time their eyes met or he looked at him for more than a few seconds. The Riolu was just too much to handle.

"Ahem..."

The sharp utterance snapped the Chimchar out of his daze. He looked up to see Riolu glancing over his shoulder with a wry smirk on his face. He had not realized it, but he had gotten lost in massaging Riolu's back, moving into the realm of practically groping it. He blushed sheepishly.

"You were enjoying yourself huh?" Riolu sneered. "Can't say I blame you. I'd wanna feel these big muscles of mine as well. Who wouldn't?"

The Riolu flared out his back for emphasis, the Chimchar's eyes growing wide as he watched the muscles expand before them. He blushed and almost drooled at the sight, but resisted Riolu's willy charms and kept his composure.

"Heh heh...sorry..." He quickly rolled his hands over the Riolu's back one last time, making sure everything was applied evenly and then moved around to the front where he applied a few last touch-ups that the Riolu had missed himself. "There. That should do it with the base coat. Let me add the details, OK?"

He took the brush from Riolu's hands and grabbed another jar of paint from the table - this one a deep red maroon color. He then used the brush to draw a series of thin lines around the back of Riolu's biceps, triceps and forearms. He had to compose himself again as the Riolu flexed his arm, allowing him to apply another line along the inside of his biceps and tricep, completing the look the Riolu had planned.

"There," the Chimchar announced. "Now all you need is the belt and you'll be the spitting image of a Machoke!"

The Riolu nodded and inspected his body in the mirror, clearly admiring the Chimchar's work with made the monkey mon's heart flutter.

"Thanks, Chimchar," Riolu turned and gave him a grateful grin. "Let me go get the belt."

As Riolu went off to collect the last piece of his costume, the Chimchar grabbed the mask from the table and slipped it over his face, turning back to the mirror to see his overall appearance. He couldn't help but giggle excitedly as he closed one eye and then the other, watching the orb slide over inside of the mask. Now even when he was blinking he would be in full costume as the large, red eye would stare down anyone looking in his direction.

It was only a few seconds before Riolu returned carrying a hefty belt in his hands. It was the perfect replica of a Machoke's belt, complete with golden orbs encircling the black leather. The gold medallion on the front shone spectacularly in the light as Riolu cradled it over his shoulder and stood before the mirror. With an air of eagerness, Riolu wrapped the belt around his trimmed waistline and clicked it into place, completing his look.

"Oh yeah!" Riolu exclaimed with a proud flex of his arms. "We're going to get SO much candy tonight!"

The Chimchar beamed happily as he held his Pumpkaboo candy pail in his hands, "Yeah! I think we really outdid ourselves. It's going to be so much fun Trick or Treating with someone again."

"I'm glad you mentioned it," Riolu giggled. "This is the perfect night to show off all of my hard work!"

"As if you don't do that enough every other day," the Chimchar retorted with a smirk.

Riolu only returned it with a cocky smirk and another flex of his arms, "Oh yeah? Well do you think I should up the ante? Should I BULK UP a bit more?" AS he said this, the Riolu pulled a most muscular, his entire body thickening up even more over its surface as the move took its effects on the mon's body. "You know...give everyone something to really look at?"

The Chimchar's heart raced wildly as he watched Riolu's body surge up even thicker. As he stood back up from his flex, he could see how much thicker his pecs looked now, his biceps bulging out of his arms even more now - practically the size of Riolu's own fists now. He had witnessed the stunning transformation countless times, but it was never any less awe-inspiring.

Something was off, though. After watching the Riolu Bulk Up hundreds of times, the Chimchar had become highly acquainted with every curve of his body, almost having the entire shape memorized by now. He knew the thickness the Riolu could get and right now there was some bulk missing. Like the move was only partially effective in empowering the Riolu. Instead of the usual six-pack of abdominals the Riolu would get, there were only four large bricks rising up from his stomach. Even his thighs looked slightly thinner than usual. Was he holding back?

The Riolu did not seem to notice the differences, but did notice the Chimchar inspecting him. With another of his trademark grins, he flexed a bulkier arm for the monkey, the muscle gently creaking as the bundles of sinew squeezed into each other.

"You can feel it if you want. I know you like to."

The Chimchar's hand automatically rose up and gripped around the swelling peak rising up from Riolu's arm. The call was just too much to ignore. Its thickness and heft felt amazing in his palms and no matter how much he squeezed, there was no give to the hardened muscle. A heat rose up and warmed his palm as he groped the bulging mound. He could feel Riolu's heartbeat pulse through the veins hiding just beneath the supple fur. The Chimchar could feel the power emanating from within Riolu's body. It was an intimidating visage and yet he felt comfort in it. He knew it belonged to his partner - the one he had grown so close to - it was there to protect those he loved.

A sudden throb pulsed through Riolu's arm and straight into Chimchar's heart, snapping the monkey out of another daze and he retracted his arm immediately. "Uh...um...m-maybe later," he offered sheepishly, his mask saving face by covering his flushed cheeks. "We should start heading out. Trick or Treating should be starting soon."

Riolu giggled, "Sure. We have all night to enjoy things. Let's get our candy first and then I can give you a real treat later."

He pulled a full body flex to get his point across, flustering the Chimchar even more who had to dash away at the sight, racing for the doorway to get away from the hotheaded jackal for a moment. The Riolu couldn't help but laugh at his antics and grabbed a sack from the table and followed him out through the door.

The two mon made their way outside of their cliffside adobe and trod down the pathway towards town where thousands of lights were twinkling in the evening gloom. The sun was starting to set which helped to give the air that spooky essence that should be present for the occasion. Once they had gotten into town, their eyes sparkled with wonder to see that every building and street was adorned with decorations seemingly put in overnight. All of the shops were open, a few dozen other Trick or Treaters dashing from door to door in their quest for sweets.

It took them a few moments to take in all of the sights and spectacles the townsfolk of Treasure Town had gone to such great lengths to put up. In the far off distance they could see Wigglytuff's guild which looked more like a foreboding den of spooks and monsters than the happy-go-lucky place they were used to. The two adventurers looked at each other, sharing wide grins before starting down the path and into the town proper.

"Ah! Well if it isn't Chimchar and Riolu!" They heard an excited cry come from the first storefront they passed. They turned to see Madam Kangaskhan standing in the doorway to her shop next to a large bowl of candy. "I was wondering if you two would be joining the festivities tonight."

"Trick or Treat!" Chimchar exclaimed enthusiastically as he held up his pail. "Hope we're not late. It took us a while to get into our costumes."

Kangaskhan chuckled, "Well I can see that it was well worth the time. You two look stunning! Such an adorable Duskull and a mighty strong Machoke."

Chimchar grinned bashfully while Riolu flexed with a proud grin.

"We wanted to go all out for our first Trick or Treating venture here in Treasure Town," Riolu thumped his chest with a meaty fist. He growled as he flexed once more, his body surging up with more mass as he Bulk Up once again, "We wanna get a ton of candy to help feed these beefy muscles!"

Kangaskhan nodded with a warm smile, "Well I don't want to hold you two up, you have a lot of ground still left to cover." She grabbed some candy from the bowl at her side and deposited them into each of the mon's bags, Chimchar noticing that there were a few extra candy bars in the handful that went to Riolu. "Have a fun time, boys!"

The two boys thanked her before turning around and heading to the next storefront.

"Don't worry," Riolu whispered as they walked down the street, his thickened arms swaying powerfully at his sides, "we'll split the candy up evenly when we get home."

The Chimchar blushed a bit as Riolu seemingly read his mind. He had been a little apprehensive seeing the larger sum of candy going to his partner, but all that went away seeing his sympathy and generosity. It reminded him how much Riolu cared for him. It was possible that all of his showboating was in an effort to make sure the Chimchar had the night of his life and had the spoils to show for it.

By the time they reached the next store, Riolu's body had relaxed, allowing him to once again flex and perform for the villagers, his body swelling up much to the excitement and glee of the villagers. They continued moving from store to store, repeating this same performance. More than once they were stopped by a group of other children like Marill and Azurill to which Riolu would give a dedicated flexing show; his body surging even thicker and mightier as he stacked the effects of Bulk Up onto itself. Chimchar was just as astounded as the children were watching Riolu's body move with such fluidity and precision as he posed and flexed for them.

"Phew..." Riolu sighed as another group of Trick or Treaters bid them goodbye, his body so thick and muscular that his head was practically being swallowed up by his traps and delts. "I don't know about you, but I'm starting to get tired. Showing off for everyone is a lot more tiring than I expected."

Chimchar chuckled, realizing that his arms were starting to ache as he held the overladen candy bucket in his arms. They were just about through the rounds of the town and were about to make their way up towards the Guild.

"We can take a rest here if you want," he offered.

Riolu shook his head and flexed his hulking arms, the painted peaks surging up into his fists, now almost the size of his own head., "Nah! I got plenty of energy left in me, I'm just running out of power to keep these muscles pumped and primed." As if on queue his muscles began to dwindle, returning to their original thickness. Riolu chuckled sheepishly, something that was not very common for him, "See?"

Chimchar giggled, "Well so long as your muscles are still strong enough to haul all of the candy, I think we can make due without the entire show up at the Guild."

The two agreed to continue onwards, winding up the pathway towards the Guild where their adventures had begun. They were just about within sight of the towering formation they had crafted the building into when suddenly two figures rushed out from the bushes and slammed into each of them. Chimchar was sent sprawling backwards, his candy pail flying from his hands where it was caught in the mouth of a familiar set of fangs.

“Chaw haw haw haww,” an all-too familiar laugh echoed out from the bushes, “Well well well...I thought I saw you two weaklings in town.”

“Heh heh heh! Looks like they got quite the haul here, boss,” the Zubat cackled in the air behind Chimchar as Riolu stood in front of him for protection.

“What do you Team Skull goons want?” Riolu growled, his form starting to thicken with muscle.

“Just a little Halloween tradition for us,” Skuntank chortled. “Lotsa chumps like you crawling all over the place begging for candy. We find tricks much more fun than just the treats.”

Chimchar growled as he picked himself up from the ground, “That candy was ours! Give it back!”

“Fat chance,” Koffing floated down before the pair. “Weaklings like you are nothing against us!”

“We’re not the same weaklings that you used to pick on before,” Chimchar snarled.”

“That’s right!” Riolu chimed in, flexing his arms into a terrifying double bicep. He was now a stage larger than after his last flexing performance. “I’ve been working to become the strongest adventurer the world has ever seen! Thugs like you have no chance!” He growled as he bulked himself up to the max, his muscles covering every single inch of surface on his body. From behind, Riolu looked like a veritable wall of muscle, but this meant nothing to Team Skull.

“Chaaawww haaaww haaawww,” Skuntank roared with laughter. “What good are muscles against gas? Don’t forget we’ve taken you out multiple times with our Noxious Gas Combo! Ow give us the rest of your candy or we’ll have to knock you out for the rest of the night.”

Chimchar growled but could see when things were getting out of hand. He reached up and gripped Riolu’s hand, “Just give it to them. We can get more later.”

“No way,” Riolu glared at the trio before them down with determination. This is the first night of fun we’ve gotten to have for a long time. I’m not going to let these punks get in the way of that.”

“But what are we supposed to do about their gas attack?” Chimchar whimpered as his nose stung with recollection at the awful stench.

“We just beat them before they can use it,” Riolu said matter of factly.

“I know you’re strong and all...but is your max Bulk Up enough to knock out Skuntank in one hit?”

“Maybe?” Riolu turned back over his shoulder and smirked, “But just in case...I have a back-up plan.”

Riolu began to fidget with the belt around his waist, the hardened leather now embedding itself into the walls of his abdominals.

“Heh heh...what are you gonna do?” Koffing chuckled, “Strip? What good will that do?”

Riolu sneered, “You know Machoke’s belts are supposed to limit their power right?”

The Team Skull goons looked confused for a moment, each of them looking at the other, but Chimchar recognized what Riolu meant right away. That was why he was not gaining the same level of musculature that he would have when he Bulk Up. Even now he looked significantly smaller than Chimchar remembered him being at max stack. The belt must have been holding everything back, but Chimchar could not figure out why Riolu would want something like that when he enjoyed the size that came with his efforts.

The answer came as a flash of light shone from the front of the belt, bathing Riolu in its brilliant light.

"I've been pumping myself up all night long," Riolu grinned darkly at the Skull thugs. "You can say I've gotten myself quite pent up..."

Before they could ask to understand, Riolu's body answered the question on everyone's mind. Muscle began packing itself onto his already huge frame. They all watched in stunned silence as he growled, flexing his arms which were billowing out in all directions. In seconds he surpassed the size Chimchar knew to be his max and then he began to exceed even that. His already immense arms, thicker than Chimchar's entire arm span, swelled even thicker; his back stretching wider and wider, making the Riolu even wider than he was tall. The only ones capable of seeing the full expanse of the Riolu's torso was the now-panicking Team Skull members who were watching pecs and abs inflate like balloons in front of them. Even his paws were growing bigger and thicker, his toes digging into the soft dirt as they bulged and wiggled with joy.

Riolu roared as he lost himself to the growth, his vision becoming obscured by his pecs more and more. The feeling was intoxicating and he loved every minute of it. Power coursed through his rope-thick veins and every single movement was accompanied by a grinding creak as the muscle fibers fought against each other.

Nobody knew when the growth would cease and Chimchar was afraid that the overwhelming mass of muscle would soon turn his partner into an immobile blob of bulk. This was short-lived, though, as he noticed that Riolu's head seemed to be rising higher up from the ground. With a deep grunt, his body shot up a few inches.

"Yeah...yeah....yeah!" Riolu chanted giddily with each surge of growth. His vision of the goons was returning due to the new change in perspective. He raised one paw and brought it down to the ground a foot away from its last position, the entire ground shaking just from his repositioning himself. "Who's looking like a weakling now, huh!?"

The Team Skull members were at a loss of words, They could only watch as Riolu growled ferally, his height continuing to shoot up by the second, muscle surging in to fill the extra space to keep him looking thick to the maximum. He looked to be holding something back...like he was fighting to keep something contained. He either failed or simply no longer cared as he loosed an almighty roar with one final, triumphant flex, his body shooting up several feet in height and bulk, turning the one bulky two-foot mon into a towering six foot hulk of impossible musculature the likes nobody has seen in existence.

The glow from the belt faded and Riolu's body seemed to relax, his muscles thrumming with endless power as he looked down at the goons with an evil grin. He raised his fists up to his chest and cracked his knuckles, the sound of which sounded like entire tree branches snapping from their trunks.

"So...are you going to give my partner back his candy...or will I have to get rough?"

The Zubat wisely took the right course of action, depositing the bucket next to Chimchar who was completely stunned at the imposing figure his partner had become.

“Smart bat.” He turned his attention back to the other two. “Now get out of my sight.”

The Skuntank snapped out of his stupor at the command, growling in defiance, “Muscles will get you nowhere against us! C’mon, Koffing! Let’s give their noses something to remember us by!”

The Skuntank and Koffing were about to unleash their infamous gas attack, but they were quickly scooped up inside Riolu’s immense hands. Just one of them was enough to grab Skuntank in its entirety now.

“Hey, Chimchar...” Riolu called over his beefy shoulder, “Where’s the nearest lake? These guys stink and need a good bath.”

Somehow in his daze, Chimchar managed to find the ability to point off to the northwest, his eyes never leaving the hulk before him, “A-About 2 miles that way.”

“Got it!” Riolu grinned and wound up his arm like a shot putter, aiming in the direct opposite direction that Chimchar was pointing.

“H-Hey!” Skuntank cried out desperately, “He’s pointing the other way!”

“I know,” Riolu sneered. “Don’t worry. You’ll get there safely.”

He tensed his arm, the muscles coiling up in his bicep, a crunching sound emitting from the boulder-sized muscle as kinetic energy surged within it. There was a brief moment of silence followed by a sonic boom as Riolu’s arm whipped around and hurled the two mon off into the distance, their cries fading as they disappeared into the horizon.

Riolu dusted his hands off and looked down at the Zubat, “You might want to get to the lake now. They’ll be there probably by the time you get there.” Without a word the Zubat raced off towards the lake, leaving the titanic Riolu alone with the stunned Chimchar. He knelt down, offering his paw up to assist his companion up, “You OK? They didn’t hurt you too bad, right?”

Chimchar blinked a few times, his brain trying to process the sight before him still when he recognized the Riolu’s offer, “Uh...y-yeah...Just got knocked down is all.”

He took the Riolu’s hand which gently wrapped itself around his entire arm, hoisting him up off the ground and onto his back.

“Sorry if I scared ya,” Riolu apologized, “I was hoping to show this off at the Guild, but I guess that plan’s busted now.”

“I-It’s OK,” Chimchar chuckled, gripping onto Riolu’s sturdy traps. It was not difficult to find a good foothold in the sprawling canyon that his back had become.

“You OK?” Riolu looked back over his shoulder with a concerned look.

“Yeah...just tired,” Chimchar replied, his eyes suddenly feeling heavy from the sudden burst of action.

Riolu chuckled, “How about I carry you up to the Guild and we can sleep in our old room?”

Chimchar smiled and nodded, “Yeah...that sounds really nice...though I might have to use you as the bed...”

Riolu laughed and flexed his chest, “I hope you like firm mattresses then!”

Chimchar laughed and gripped Riolu around what little bit of neck was left that had not been swallowed up by muscle as he bent down and gently grabbed the pail on the ground before making his way up to the guild, his footsteps thundering the ground with each step, practically panicking the entire place more so than the spooky decorations they had strung up for their arrival.