

FRESH STYLE: A QUARQUAVAL NEW LOOK

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Commission done for MRCI of Discord

This is it. Molly checked the flyer after parking her car, just to be absolutely certain. This outlet mall was, indeed, her destination.

Specifically, the new business in it was the young woman's destination. It was a new place that just opened called Mon Shape & Beauty. According to the flyer, it was a specialized barber shop, beauty salon, and more all-in-one.

She was anxious, eager to check it out. The flyer had shown up in her mailbox the other day with a special coupon attached to it. It was for a free makeover in honor of its opening, and she just both loved free stuff and being pampered.

She got out of her car, hurrying inside. The first thing she saw was what appeared to be a setup for a hair salon, just with fewer seats and stations. After that, it was the utter lack of people. The lights were on, the door was unlocked, but there wasn't anyone home it seemed.

They gotta be open... Molly looked over at the little counter with a computer and a register on it. There was a little bell on it calling to be used.

Who was she to ignore it? She gave it a few hearty rings.

“Coming!” A deepish, suave voice echoed from a partially open doorway at the far back of the room. “Sorry! Just doing some inventory back here!”

She could hear footsteps approaching, a sense of relief coming to her. *Phew! Glad I didn't break-in or anything. That would be so...*

The door opened. Molly did a double take as a large figure stepped into the room. It was an anthro Pokémon.

No, it wasn't the fact they were a Pokémon that surprised her. Molly had seen plenty of the anthro mons walking around those days. What she wasn't expecting was a Primarina anthro and a male one at that.

This Primarina was an impressive specimen. He was physically built and buff for the seal mon, lacking the innate stunning, feminine charms they usually had. He wore a tight shirt that hugged those muscles with sharp pants. A huge tail stuck out behind him instead of being just his lower half.

He looked at Molly and smiled. Even with his overwhelming masculine vibe and muscular physique, he still had a sense of elegance and beauty to him. Not fully there, but still there enough to befit a Primarina and charm Molly.

“Welcome to Mon Shape & Beauty!” he declared with a polite bow, “My name is Jack and you, my dear, are my very first customer!”

“Ooooh! How fun!” Molly glanced around the establishment, awkwardly avoiding eye contact unless she wanted to cartoonishly swoon. “Sooo, what's this place all about exactly? The flyer said something about makeovers, haircuts, and all that.”

“Well, I'm about many things!” the seal Pokémon chuckled, looking mighty proud of himself, “I'm so much that I can't exactly fit everything on the flyer!”

“Broadly speaking, I am a Pokémon Salon specialist! I bring out the Pokémon within through proper styling and pampering.” He smiled warmly. “I have studied and trained hard in everything to make sure anyone who comes in is very satisfied.”

Molly's eyes lit up. That sounded awfully intriguing. It sounded like a lot of things she really liked, especially if he was implying what she thought he was. “Tell me more!”

“Well,” he chuckled, “Seeing is believing and experiencing is even better than that, but I promise you this, the results will be fantastic! I only use the finest of shampoos, brushes, nail polish, hairsprays, everything and more from the top providers and companies, such as Happy Feeling. Co.!”

If she wasn't interested before, she was now. She recognized that company and knew exactly the kind of products they sold. She absolutely had to get a makeover!

“Well, I'm, like, totally sold!” She giggled, handing him the flyer. “I'll take whatever this free makeover is, please!”

Jack took the flyer with his glossy, rubbery hands, looking at it. “Ah, yes! The free mystery makeover job!”

“Mystery makeover?” Jack held the paper out, tapping a spot on it. She leaned in, seeing the small fine print mentioning the “mystery” part of it.

Not that she minded the fine print and mystery angle of this too much. It only intrigued her more. “What is it?”

“It's dealer's choice essentially,” he explained, “I'll give you the best Pokémon makeover that I think would fit you. Though, of course, if you have your heart set on something else or want something more “normal”, I could maybe do a fifty-percent off deal instead.”

“No no!” she quickly spoke up, “I'm all about this! Gimme whatever you got in mind!”

Jack smiled. “I love the attitude! I'm going to enjoy working on you.”

He tapped his chin, looking off into the distance. “Hmmm, let's see... what would work...” His eyes lit up. “Got it! I know what to do!” He motioned with his hand, stepping back. “Come, take a seat over here, and we'll get started.”

The Primarina led Molly over to a station and had her sit down. She gave him a smile and glanced around the empty room again. He seemed to notice her looks. “I know; it's a little empty ‘round here. More stylists will be coming in later.”

She could only imagine how they looked. Perhaps they were just as hot as him... as hot as she was going to be, hopefully.

Jack opened one of the station's drawers and pulled out a bottle of what appeared to be hair gel. It was a very thick blue plastic with a logo on it she couldn't quite make out. He squirted a glob of it into his palm, a watery pond scent coming from it.

Placing the bottle down, he rubbed his hands together quickly, getting that gel all over them. Her heart began to beat quicker. *Here we go!*

His hands began their work, touching her head and slithering between her locks. She quivered, the clamminess of his rubbery skin and the surprisingly warm gel made for a peculiar feel. It only grew as his mitts began to rub and dig in, starting above her forehead and running all the way to the tips of her puffy locks that hung over the chair's back.

The quivering turned to a tingling sensation, one she could feel in her scalp. Her blond locks began to shorten, slow at first but rapidly pulling up towards her head. Locks and strands merged as they did, the coloring becoming dark blue then... feathery?

It pulled up and up, shifting form and texture. His hands followed the locks, almost as if helping push her hair back up into her head.

Eventually, he pulled his hands back, but not before pushing up on the feathery mop in the back, curling it a little. She could see it in the mirror across from her. She now had a puffy, slick of dark blue feathers for hair, a style that looked like a bird crest of sorts.

“Whoa...” Molly is able to muster out that much before wincing. Jack reached back and tugged on some blue feathers right above the center of her forehead. He pulled and slicked it back, the feathers combining into one large, light blue one. It grew bigger than almost her whole face, long and stretched out in a way that made it look like a teardrop.

“Neat!” Molly liked it. Feathers were a fun sign. She so rarely ever turned into a bird. As a big fan of transformation, that was a serious oversight on her part that was thankfully being corrected as a happy coincidence.

However, she didn't quite recognize the “hairdo”, as it was. She felt a little foolish but asked, “So, what Pokémon does this belong to?”

“Oh, this?” Jack playfully patted her puffy crest. “It's from a Quaquaval!”

“Quaquaval, huh?” Molly wasn't familiar with that birdmon. It must've been from the newest generation. Again, another lapse in experience on her part.

“Mhm!” The Primarina looked at her crest. “Well, now that your “hair” is properly set in place, some changes should start flowing naturally. Although, a few others might need some guidance.”

“Guidance?”

“Yep... just more of my personal touch to make everything go smoothly.” Jack reached down to the bottom of her crest above her forehead. He took some of the feathers there and began stretching and tugging them outwards. Their color shifted as well, but into a heavy orange-red that stood out wildly against her blue.

“Neat...” Molly said, observing her new handlebar-esque feathers. They were quite the contrasting sight against her other blue plumage, but they weren't necessarily bad.

Jack went on, squirting more of the hair/feather gel into his paws. He spun her around in her chair by his foot, facing him now. “Please hold out your hands.”

She eagerly did so, the man taking her right hand first. It tingled and even felt numb as he rubbed the gunk into it, even getting a little under her fingernails.

After a moment, similar dark blue feathers sprouted. They stretched out over her palms and across her fingers, which jerked and throbbed rapidly. Fingernails vanished as her digits extended longer, looking even lengthier when the feathers grew over them.

She held the hand up closely to her face, watching as her ring and middle fingers pressed tightly together. Slowly, they merged and became one before her eyes.

“Wow,” she remarked, looking over her bird hand, “This is... wow.”

“Wow indeed!” Jack chuckled, moving onto her other hand and slowly helping it morph into another feathery mitt. “Glad you like the work.”

“It's just incredible!” Molly admired her other hand. “I can't wait to see...”

She trailed off as she glanced downward. Her eyes fell upon her feet in her normal purple heels. “Hmmm... can I get a pedicure too?”

“But of course! I was just about to get to that.” Jack put the blue bottle to the side and fetched another one from the drawer. This one was a nail polish bottle. Its contents, visible through the glass, were a bright, orangish-yellow.

He got down on his knees and carefully removed her shoes, like a reverse Cinderella, and set them to the side. He opened the bottle and took out the brush. He carefully applied the polish to her toenails and then the tips of her digits.

Soon, her toes were coated in the warm yellow and began to twitch. They pressed against one another, morphing down into three large toes each. The yellow spread and wrapped around her elongated digits, turning skin rough and much like bird feet.

Not settled with that, even as the yellow spread onto her feet, Jack quickly lathered the heels in the same substance. Moments later, another new, bird-like talon sprouted from the back of her feet, adding to her avian-look.

Molly lifted her feet and held them out, wiggling her digits as if to confirm if they were real or not. The ends of each toe bulged out, swelling and stretching out into some sort of extra segment. They were bulbous and thick, having a deep red tone to them.

At a glance, they almost looked like feathers. Though, setting her feet down and pushing on her toes, she could tell that wasn't the case.

“That should be good there,” Jack remarked, standing back up, “I’ll let your body get the next phase going.”

Molly tried to ask about that when she felt a warmth. She felt it in her arms and feet, spreading from her wrists and ankles. Blue feathers were sprouting, cloaking her skin in their stylish, sleek look. Her legs even gained some wavy, light blue accents, adding to their charm.

As the feathering reached her shoulders, the Primarina stepped back in with the blue gel. He rubbed the outer sides of her forearms real good, more feathers erupting out before he even had a chance to pull his mitts away. They were longer, thick, and dark blue except for their ends, which had light blue tips.

So elegant... Molly gently gulped, blushing as she observed her arms. She was liking the changes a fair bit. There was something so stylish about this bird that she couldn't wait to see when she was all done.

Though, she wasn't a fan of that weird, awkward feeling in the back. It felt annoying, pinching and pressing tightly against her dress. She couldn't enjoy this transformation if she kept having to deal with it.

She stood up, finding her balance on her new feet, and pulled off her dress, tossing it over the chair. Her bird crest wobbled a little like Jell-O, but it maintained its form perfectly; not a feather out of place.

Most people might be a little unsure about doing what Molly just did, undressing and standing before a complete stranger in their underwear. However, she didn't care nor feel worried one bit. Jack was a perfect gentleman.

Now, he was looking around at her backside, but surely that was only to observe her new addition that popped out.

She had grown odd-looking tail feathers. There was a base feather that was circular and light blue, three larger, wider feathers with descending blue tones sticking out the ends of it. There were two sets of chain-like streams of feathers that extended out at the base of that too.

Molly wasn't sure what to think of that plumage exactly. She shook her rear, watching those feathers bounce and wobble. There was almost a showmanship feel to them, like a peacock with its own feathers. “Weird... busy, but kind of fun! It's-”

“OOOOOOO!” Molly's eyes went cross. She instantly forgot her mixed thoughts on her tail feathers. A striking sensation hit her, one she knew very well and absolutely loved. Her body was physically changing beyond just the feathers and grippers.

It shifted in certain, enjoyable ways. Her shoulders rose and broadened ever so subtly, her waistline widening a smidgen. Her arms and legs grew toner, looking more like she ran or jogged every day. Her chest widened, stretching out her breasts.

Then her breasts just up and went away. They completely flattened into her chest, leaving her bra empty and hanging loosely.

But, almost as if to make up for their lack of presence, her bottom ballooned. Her hips widened out somehow more than they already were. Her rear swelled into a large, protruding bubble butt, one that made her tail feathers seem almost bigger too.

Before she could even acknowledge that crazy development, her pupils dilated. An intense pressure came from her loins. Her panties, already struggling with her new curves, strained as something bulged out of her slit. It pushed and pushed, the cotton fabric stretching over this large package.

Molly could see it. Her body... their body... his body? He felt male pronouns fit quite right now.

His body was stunning, positively femboy in style. Jack's vision for him was incredible. Was this really his inner Pokémon? He certainly didn't mind if it was.

“Okay, time for some finishing touches on my part.” Jack rummaged through the station's drawer one final time, pulling out a tube of lipstick. Popping its cap off, it was the same striking yellow as the nail polish. It wasn't Molly's usual color, but he was intrigued regardless.

Molly puckered up as he applied the thick layer of makeup over his lips. He even dapped a bit of it on the tip of his nose playfully, giving the soon-to-be bird a wink. A few seconds later, the substance seemed to harden, clinging tightly to his skin.

Then, it all swelled and toughened, his face losing all sensation and feeling in it. His lips pushed out, teeth seeming to merge with them. His nose pulled in, everything extending further out until it formed a striking, pointed beak. The hard shell of it stretched from one side of his face to the other. A tip of it spread up the bridge of his nose and over his forehead until it reached the red feathers above.

Even though the beak finished, more changes struck his head. White feathers bloomed out from the heads of it, smothering his face completely. They ran over his ears, which seemed to sink into his skull and vanish. His head was bird-ified, no trace of his old visage left.

Even his eyes weren't spared. He closed them briefly when his beak was coming in, the odd numbing making him wince. But once it was all over, he opened them again to reveal their new, striking pale blue tone.

The white feathers reached his neck, falling down like a waterfall and spreading to his body. They cloaked most of his shoulders before covering all of his barren chest.

However, it wasn't just white feathers. More dark blue ones were climbing up from his hips, covering his belly and stopping beneath his chest. Another light blue, wavy highlight of feathers wrapped around his waist. A big crest of light blue feathers sprung out from where his shoulders and arms met, looking almost like the poofy shoulders of an old Victorian gown.

Molly fanned his face with a hand, getting some good air with how long and feathery it was. "Ph-phew... this is a lot." His voice was a smidgen deeper, something more androgynous that felt fitting. "Is... is it over?"

"Well, why don't we take a look in the mirror?" Molly started to turn back around towards the makeup mirror at the station, but Jack took his hand and pulled him from it. "No no. That won't do. This one over here!"

He led the new bird over to a large, full-length mirror near the back corner of the store. There, Molly could fully see what he had become, feathers, beak, and everything else.

"So..." Molly felt his beak and feathery hips. "That's a Quaquaval." He turned around, looking over his shoulder to see his fat ass and feathers. He spun back around, feeling his face again. "I... I look pretty damn good!"

The Quaquaval grinned, placing his hands on his hips. He did look fantastic, fabulous even! Seeing his full body was much better than just looking down at it. He could take in every rich, delightful, duck detail. It made him strike several poses to flaunt what he had, even unconsciously doing some of the bird's poses from the games.

Jack stood behind him with a smile, nodding gently. "Man, for my first job, I knocked it out of the park. I'm very happy to see you're enjoying the results, Miss... You know, I don't think I ever caught your name."

Molly was about to answer but stopped himself. Why use his old name? “Please, call me Quentin.” He fluffed his large, afro bird crest. “And, of course, I enjoy this! It's gre-”

He turned around to properly talk to him and froze. He had been around the Primarina this entire time, talking to him, looking at him, and letting him touch him. He was used to his presence and to his natural charm.

Yet, looking at him now, his heart was fluttering excitedly. The anthro seemed so much more enchanting to the eye, like he could simply get lost in his good looks. It was so undeniable. He was so very... very... VERY handsome.

It made some very eager, very lewd thoughts bubble up within him. He couldn't help but act on it. “Ya know, for such a good job, I feel I should give you a very special, extra tip.” He even winked, cocking his hips to the side.

Jack grinned, stroking his chin. “Well, I appreciate the offer, but it's not really right to get so personal with customers, especially on opening day. It's just not professional on my part. Plus, my colleagues are probably gonna show up soon.”

Instead of being embarrassed after being turned down or even for asking such a thing, Quentin pushed more. “Well, why don't we meet up after work? Then, we'll just be two acquaintances getting together for something special.”

The seal's tail swished as if it belonged to a cat. “Well, when you put it that way... perhaps we could meet after, say, five o'clock?”

“That sounds perfect to me!” Quentin smiled, his heart racing eagerly. He did it! He was going to have a ton of fun with this guy. He looked, admiring himself in the mirror. He couldn't wait to put his new body through the-

Wait... Suddenly, he realized that there was one big, massive issue that he somehow missed in all of this. He turned back to the Primarina. “Ummm, I just realized I have nothing to wear. All of my old clothes don't fit or would clash terribly with my feathers! Do you have anything that'll make this bird prettier?”

“But of course!” Jack laughed like he had been asked the most ridiculous of questions. “We have a nice, full wardrobe here since we'll be dealing with a lot of cases like this. I'm sure I can find you just the thing.

“But, I'll need a moment. Most of the clothes still need to be unpacked and what I'm thinking of is probably buried deep in the back.”

“Take your time!” Quentin turned and faced the mirror, striking another pose, “I’ll just be admiring myself.” Jack nodded and hurried off through the backdoor.

Quentin sighed pleasantly, lost in his own image. He looked amazing already, so whatever Jack had in mind would probably make him look drop dead gorgeous. He couldn't wait to find out what he'd wear and then flaunt it around town before his big date.

This was truly the best free makeover he had ever gotten!

...hopefully, his new bird feet still could work the pedals of his car properly.

THE END