

The Pokémon Gathering

Stepping through the dimly lit halls of the strange gym left Flannery a little more nervous than usual. The black tile along the floor contrasted against the bright red fire symbol on her chest and the crimson shade that made up her fanned out, ponytail. The bombastic accents of her appearance helped to hide her shaky movements. Still a relatively new gym leader, she had hoped to improve her confidence by accepting an invitation to what claimed to be a one of a kind experience to connect people with Pokémon.

The sound of Flannery stepping into the locker room drew the attention of Olivia. As opposed to the red headed fire trainer's meekness, the rock kahuna from Alola was the epitome of confidence with her pink top and short shorts. Waving about her hand to flick around her dangling earrings and short, black hair, she walked up to give Flannery some comfort by placing a hand on her shoulder.

"You've got nothing to worry about," Olivia said, trying to ease Flannery's nerves with a smile on her pink painted lips. "We're all here because we're some of the best trainers in the world."

"She's absolutely right, dear."

Having waited until the perfect opportunity, Melony made her appearance as she casually strolled into the room. She stood out from the other women with her huskier body and the years of experience behind her. In spite of the wrinkles beneath her eyes and her long grey hair, she still managed to look as energetic as ever as she showed off her thick, white sweater and matching hat.

"Surely your eagerness hasn't frozen over so soon," Melony said as she placed a hand on her hips.

“It is when I’m around an impressive gym leader like you,” Flannery replied.

“Especially one so many years of Pokémon battling under her belt,” Olivia added.

“Oh, please you’re making me blush,” Melony beamed. “However, there are still trainers much more skilled than I. Take for instance...her.”

Following the direction of Melony’s outstretched finger, Flannery and Olivia were left awestruck by the woman making her way into the room. Recognizable with just a glance of the rounded, glossy black hair accessories hanging in her long, blonde hair, Cynthia had a presence befitting her status. The champion of the Sinnoh league had come to the event dressed in her usual attire of a black top with a matching coat that reached down to the legs of her pants. As imposing as her reputation was, she met the other female trainers with a comforting smile.

“Quite the variety of trainers here,” Cynthia commented holding up her arm as if to show off the furred cuffs of her sleeves. “I’d love to chat with you all, but I think we’re already running behind schedule.”

“Yes, wouldn’t look good for us to be late,” Melony said, walking alongside Cynthia to enter the gym.

“You coming?” Olivia asked, waving for Flannery to follow.

“Y-yeah,” she answered, trying to calm a feeling of dread in her stomach as she went after the others.

As the group entered the gym’s main chamber, they all noticed the eccentricities of the structure. While it had the standard features of a wide open space suited for battling Pokémon the bleachers intended to allow spectators to watch were nowhere to be found. Even more unsettling, the center of the arena was dominated by the visage of a black and white eye. The iris was undoubtedly painted along the floor, but the women couldn’t stop feeling like it was staring at

them as they continued further in. So distracted by the eye, they were all caught off guard by the figure dressed in grey robes that approached them from the other side.

“Ah, excellent,” the man said, flipping back his hood to reveal a friendly smile. Though he seemed to try and give the women a warm welcome, the painted on eye below his buzzcut, black hair brought an otherworldly feeling about him. “My name is Oko and I’ll be the master of ceremonies for this experience.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Cynthia said, boldly stepping forward to shake the man’s hand. “Thank you for putting this all together.”

“Yes, it’s rare to have such a diverse collection of trainers from across the globe meeting in one place,” Melony commented.

“I just hope you’re ready for some good battles,” Olivia said, noticing the black and white Pokéballs around Oko’s waist. “Especially since we’re doing this without an audience.”

“Oh, we’re not going to be battling,” he explained.

“Then, what are we going to do?” Flannery asked.

Grabbing one of the Pokéballs from his belt, Oko held it up so that the women could all see the eye printed on it. “What I have here is a special device I’ve created for the sole purpose of letting people become closer with Pokémon.”

Cynthia tilted her head. “I’m not sure I fully understand.”

“Hmm, perhaps it would be easier if I show you how it works,” he said, pointing towards Flannery. “Would you mind being the first to go?”

The question seemed heavy with unspoken danger. However, Flannery could feel the way that the other trainers were staring at her. As much as she wanted to reject the man’s offer, she

felt a burning desire to prove herself. “Alright, let’s do it,” she said, beating a fist against her chest, hoping to ignite a fire in her heart.

“Excellent,” Oko said, pushing the button on the front of the ball. With a ding, number 11 appeared on the front of the device. “Hmm, an interesting first transformation.”

“Wait, what do you mean by-“

Flannery let out a surprised yelp as a beam of red energy shot out of the ball and hit her. Enveloped by the light, she could feel her body start to shake as it got lower to the ground. Her skin turning purple coincided with her hair reshaping itself into thin, orange petals that stretched out several feet. In spite of her figure becoming more rounded and her fingers and toes going away to be left with only nubs, she felt a strange sense of lethargy.

Letting her wide mouth hang open, a line of drool seeped past Flannery’s lips and onto the stretched out shirt covering up her sagging bosom and belly. She freely let the saliva drip down her bulbous body while her other hand absentmindedly rubbed at the red and white speckled orbs that had sprouted out from the top of her head. Continuing to fiddle with her flower-like protrusion, she accidentally let out a plume of rancid aroma while droning out, “Gloooooomm?”

“A Gloom?” Olivia asked, backing away from Flannery as another puff of spores seeped from the Pokémon woman. “How is this possible?”

“It’s quite easy really,” Oko said, pressing the button to make the number 147 appear. “Allow me to demonstrate.”

Another beam shot out of the strange Pokéball to strike Olivia. The red light dissipated just as dark blue feathers began to appear along her skin. Her own yelp of shock turned into a squawk as her mouth reformed into a beak. Still trying to deal with her more avian appearance,

and feathered limbs, she had little chance of maintaining her typically cool demeanor as her backside swelled with extra heft. Her breaking point came as the bubble butt threatening to destroy her shorts developed water-dropped shaped plumage that fanned out around her form.

Taken by an innate instinct, Olivia began to move her body along her four-toed feet to a beat seemingly only she could hear. She moved as if she had been dancing all of her life, giving everyone a good view of her impressive backside as she moved back and forth. Striking a pose with her wing-like arms above her head, she shook the bright blue feather sticking out from her hair as she called out with a flourish, “Quaquaval!”

“Oh my,” Melony said as she watched Olivia continue to dance. “Are all of us going to be changed like this?”

“Hmm, no,” Oko replied, making number 38 appear on the ball. “You’ll all be getting something different.”

As the red light washed over Melony’s form, the hat perched on her head was knocked off by her long, black ears. Emerging from her white locks was a singular, pink feather that matched several others that sprouted from her lower back. Amidst the thin layer of black fur covering her skin and the yellow pendants that appeared on her forehead and chest, she put on a smug grin.

Flourishing her clawed fingers, Melony showed off her teeth as she began to leap around the room. In spite of her chubbier figure, she moved with a sense of fluidity and grace gifted to her by her new form. Landing on her two-clawed feet, she let the red of her eyes glimmer as she called out with pride, “Sneasel!”

“Hmm,” Cynthia said, glancing between Melony and the other transformed trainers. “If I had to take a guess, your idea of getting us connected with Pokémon is by literally fusing us with

them. Correct?”

“Exactly,” Oko said with an approving nod. “It’s not very often that I find someone who understands what I’m going for.”

“That being said,” Cynthia began, turning her back on the others as Flannery and Melony paused what they were doing to watch Olivia’s dance performance, “you really shouldn’t do it without telling them first.”

The eagerness on Oko’s face visibly faded away to be replaced with a sincere look of regret. “I’m sorry. I always get so excited about showing my master’s teachings that I tend to get caught up in things. I’ll change them back right away.”

“Hold on,” Cynthia spoke up with a hand raised. “This is just the start, right?” she asked, receiving a nod in return. “I’m interested to see where this goes.” Holding her arms aloft, she smiled at Oko. “Let me see what I get.”

Oko immediately lit up like a kid on their birthday. “You won’t regret it,” he said as number 145 appeared on his Pokéball. “I promise.”

Fully embracing the red light as it shot out towards her, Cynthia looked on with interest as she felt her skin start to tingle. Looking down at her arms, she watched as they fluffed up with a white, creamy substance. In the process of the rest of her body gaining the same consistency, her pants slipped off as her legs fused together into a glob. Rather than panic, she easily shuffled along the ground with her modified to reach the other women.

The sweet smell coming off of the strawberries sunken into the whip-cream like hair of Cynthia swiftly drew the girls’ attention. With a smile on her wide eyed face, the champion held up a hand and pointed it towards the others. Letting icing shoot out from her fingertips, she rejoiced at the sight of the others enjoying the delectable flavor. Feeling a sense of warmth, she

expressed the sense of happiness of getting to treat the others to such a delicious dessert by calling out, “Al-Alcremie!”

“My, this is an excellent start,” Oko said, watching the women continue to suck up the sweet cream. “But, we do have quite a few more rounds to go through.”

Holding down the button on the Pokéball, Oko opened it up to release a glowing, white light. Just like its red predecessor, the energy shot out towards the women to momentarily engulf their bodies. When it finally dissipated, the light revealed their human forms, albeit with a few clothing malfunctions.

“Wait,” Flannery said, wiping the drool from her lips as she started down at her stretched out top. “Was that real?”

“Seems like it,” Olivia replied, trying to pull up her shorts in the wake of her previously exaggerated backside going back to a much more reasonable size.

“It was quite fun,” Melony commented, seemingly unaffected by the hole in the back of her sweater that had been left behind by her tail feathers. “Are we doing anymore?” she asked, picking up her hat, only to store it away in a safer location.

“Of course,” Cynthia said, her eagerness continuing unphased by her lack of pants and the leftover dollops of cream in her hair. “Oko, are you ready to start the second round?”

“Only if the others are willing,” Oko said, turning towards Flannery with an expectant look.

“Um, alright,” Flannery said, convinced by Cynthia’s daringness and the lingering sweetness on her tongue. “Just give me a bit of a warning before you-“

A beam of red light shot out from the Pokéball just as the number 103 appeared on it. Once the light faded from Flannery’s body, her hair became separated by a pair of red horns

marked with purple circles. The same pattern spread down her back in the form of a hard carapace that ended in a pair of tail horns on her lower back. Under the duress of her arms being swapped out for multiple nubs and her body thickening up, her shirt was torn apart as she was sent tumbling to the round.

Just before Flannery's hook-like nose and yellow eyes could slam against the floor, she was saved by the four, pointy tipped legs she had developed. Moving around her elongated neck with each step, she tried to ignore the sensation of her black, bare breasts jiggling with each step she took. That became even harder for her considering she was hauling around multiple rows of teats to match the numerous legs and arms she possessed. Still a bit uncertain as to why she had gone along with the transformation, she chittered out, "S-scolipede?"

"We're not all going to change into bugs, right?" Olivia asked Oko as number 127 popped up. "Or grow extra boobs?"

"Well, not this round at least," he replied as she shot her with a red beam.

When the light faded, what remained of Olivia's shorts were ripped asunder as her lower body began to expand again. Her panties were torn off from a mix of her widening hips and the bulbous, bulge of her gut. While she would have liked to remove the remnants of her clothing herself, the loss of her arms left her with her only limbs being the small, black nubs she had for legs.

Olivia's lack of digits was remedied by her elongated, pink hair forming itself into makeshift hands. Using the follicle fingers, she managed to pull away the scraps of fabric from her bulged out gut. Leaning her longer neck forward, she was greeted with the wide smile of a jack o' lantern face on her mid-section. Finding the expression infectious, she showed off her pair of fangs with a grin as she called out, "Gour-Gourgeist!"

“My, my,” Melony commented as she spotted the number 123 for her turn. “I can barely handle the anticipation.”

In the wake of bathing in the red light, Melony’s soft nature and figure were overtaken by a starkly contrasted roughness. The angered look in her eyes came alongside a jaw of massive, rocky teeth. Her pants were completely destroyed from a mix of her digitigrade red, clawed legs and spiked tail. Though her sweater threatened to follow the same fate with her underbelly of white slate and a collar of white fur, her small, the two fingered claws beneath her bulged out bosom were a welcome relief to the fabric.

Shaking around her hair to let her yellow head crest be fully shown off, Melony stomped around the floor. Each step that shook the building served to draw the attention of the others towards her imposing height and bulk. Craning up her neck, she roared out, “TYRANTRUUUUMM!”

“Well then?” Cynthia asked, getting Oko to look away from the imposing, dinosaur woman. “What do you have for me?”

“You have number...128. Oh, that’s an interesting selection. Though I’m glad it came up considering how hard it was to track down a-“

Oko was unable to finish his thought before the beam from the ball shot out towards Cynthia. Red was quickly overcome by the blue coloring that appeared on the champion’s body. Her lack of pants allowed for more than enough space for the hooves of her original and extra pair of legs to tap against the ground. Down on all fours with her black tail lifting up the hem of her coat, she looked past her muzzle to glance towards the other transformed trainers.

Moving with a sense of otherworldly grace, Cynthia made her way towards the Pokémon women. The blue lights adorning her six antlers began to flicker through a rainbow of colors.

The display calmed down Melony's rage and eased the worries of Flannery and Olivia. The others seemed entranced by her presence; unable to take their eyes away from the X-shaped crest on the front of her chest. Taking center position in the group, Cynthia merely flickered her tail as she allowed them to bask in her majesty.

"So that's what it's like to be in the presence of a Xerneas," Oko commented as he scratched at his chin. "Certainly majestic, but I feel like we could do more," he said before hitting the return button on his Pokéball.

"That was quite peaceful," Cynthia said as she reverted to her normal form. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"At the end yes," Melonie said, tugging her sweater to cover up her exposed, bottom half. "Apologies if I had done anything horribly beforehand dears."

"Nothing we didn't do ourselves," Olivia commented as she too looked over her bare, lower body.

"I-it was certainly something," Flannery said, shaking more from the humiliation of being completely naked rather than the chill. Even though they weren't there anymore, she couldn't stop herself from reaching out towards where her extra breasts had been. As horrifying as it was to have time as a Scolipede, she couldn't ignore the strange pleasure she got from her additions. "I think I can go again," she admitted to both the group and herself. "But only after--"

A quick zap of red light shot across the room to hit Flannery's chest. Looking towards an apologetic looking Oko, she spotted the number 24 on the ball. She realized it was already too late once she felt a pair of silver horns appear on the sides of her head. A bovine muzzle came with an increase in weight and muscle for her light brown furred body. As she developed a collar of dark brown hairs, the bulk of her new form forced her down to the ground.

Hitting the floor with her four, hooved legs, Flannery felt her twin tails sway against her exposed backside. Though she was somewhat used to the quadrupedal stance thanks to her previous transformation, this one had come with yet another strange addition. She was unable to see it fully thank to her bulky body, but she could certainly feel the mass of meat that was her Tauros cock as it bobbed up against her underside.

“Why did she grow a dick?” Olivia asked Oko over the sound of Flannery letting out a series of pleading MOOs in the hopes of someone taking care of her carnal needs.

“Well, Tauros are a male only species,” Oko answered as Flannery crouched down in attempt to rub her manhood against the floor. “Ergo why she grew the extra equipment.” Finished giving out the shaky answer, he proceeded to ignore the heated pants coming from the Tauros as he scratched his chin. “Does make it a bit strange on how they’re supposed to mate properly, but I’m not really a Pokémon breeding expert.” Pressing the ball’s button once more, he called forth number 10. “It is something to look into later though.”

Starting to get used to the process, Olivia freely accepted the beam as it hit her body. In spite of her compliance, she wasn’t quite prepared for her mouth to stretch out several feet in exchange for shrinking down her body. From the gaping hole popped out her elongated tongue and four fangs. Though she tried to get things back into place, it was harder than anticipated thanks to her arms turning into a set of blue and purple wings.

Walking along on nubby feet, Olivia’s pointed ears picked up the sound of hooves approaching her. Turning around, she saw the needy look in Flannery’s eyes staring at the enormous orifice that was her mouth. In spite of the gym leader’s MOOs that begged for release, Olivia let out a shrill “Go-Golbat!” as she flew off into the air to find a place to perch for the moment.

“Hmm, that is a shame,” Melony said, watching Golbat Olivia’s tongue drool onto the back of her suitor. It was only at the sound of the next blast of light coming out did she turn around to see that number 112 had pulled for her. “Hopefully this will give me a way to take care of the poor dear.”

Melony’s hopes were dashed the moment the red light faded and her hands were replaced with a set of fuzzy, yellow claws. The creepy yet cuddly appendages were replicated four more times as she gained an extra set of legs. The four, yellow furred limbs proved invaluable for keeping her standing as her backside transformed itself into a round, plump abdomen with yellow and black stripes.

Momentarily blinded, Melony’s vision returned once her face was aglow with six, glossy blue orbs. The extra eyes allowed her to see the wary looks she received from her fellow trainers. “Gal-Galvantula,” she chattered as friendly as possible; approaching with her arms outstretched to help the others with their needs. However good her intentions were, the clack of her clawed feet sent a primal need into the pair to put distance in-between them and the encroaching spider woman.

“Can’t really blame them considering her appearance,” Cynthia commented as Flannery charged back and forth across the gym to avoid Melony. “A shame. I’ve heard Galvantulas are surprisingly good at cuddling,” she added as number 111 shot a beam out at her.

Cynthia’s look of disapproval was altered slightly by her lips becoming red and puffy. An attempt to examine her modified mouth was foiled by her hands morphing into curved caps. Staring down at her lack of fingers, she spotted the Pokéball-like patterns staring back at her. The same mimicry extended to the bonnet stretching out from her scalp to leave her head and hair in perpetual shade.

While she would have liked to examine the similar phenomenon affecting her bosom, Cynthia's priorities changed once she heard the panicked cries from her companions. Making the most out of her bulbous, legless lower body, she fearlessly hopped into the path of the charging Tauros and pursuing Galvantula. Shaking around her cap she spread about a set of spores. The powder managed to calm down the group's fears as they were drawn towards her. Upon seeing Flannery's manhood go limp and more relaxed, the champion let out a satisfied, "Amoonguss."

"I'm starting to see a pattern here," Oko said, activating the reversal process. "I applaud you Ms. Cynthia for your ability to keep level headed amidst all of this."

"Metaphorically speaking at least," she replied, nearly falling over as her head took a moment to get rid of the mushroom cap.

"I was just trying to give everyone a hug with my fuzzy arms," Melony said, more concerned about their fear rather than her nearly complete lack of clothing.

"Sorry, instinct just kind of took over," Olivia replied, wiping her mouth clean as she looked back up at the spot near the ceiling where she had been perched. "Kind of like someone else I know."

"I can't believe I really grew a..." Flannery trailed off, noticing Oko holding up the strange Pokéball once more.

"I'm aware that this has been a lot for you," the robed man said. "Especially since your transformations in particular have come with certain...difficulties. If you want to skip out on the final round, I completely understand."

"Yes, you have been through quite a lot," Melony echoed, trying not to linger too much on the line of fluid leading towards where Flannery was standing

“And then some,” Olivia added, looking up and down the gym leader’s body as she subconsciously put a hand to her chest. “I’m pretty impressed you’ve made it this far.”

“Although, I am quite curious,” Cynthia said as she strolled up to Flannery; the pleasant aroma hanging around her a stark contrast to the one that had assaulted the group at the start of the session. “What will your final Pokémon be?”

Once more, the look on the other women’s face and her own, lingering curiosity got the better of Flannery. “Ugh, fine hit me with the final round,” she finally requested, turning towards Oke. “I hope I don’t regret this,” she muttered to herself as number 148 appeared for her.

Flannery immediately realized her poor decision upon seeing the flat snout appear on her face. The floppy ears that poked out of her hair became a secondary concern as her body began to fatten up. Forced to deal with a bulbous belly and heavy bosom, the added thick, black colored skin that layered itself onto her limbs proved too much for her to handle.

Begrudgingly falling to the ground on hooved fingers and toes for the third time, Flannery felt the last part of her transformation appear on her lower back. Though she couldn’t see it, she could certainly feel her curly tail as it swayed against her thick rear. Letting out a series of snorts from her snout, she looked towards the group with a remorseful look on her brown face. “Lechooooooonk!” she called out with tears welling up around the yellow marks below her eyes.

“Sorry,” Olivia said, kneeling down to meet Flannery face to face. “Guess you got pretty unlucky. If it helps,” she continued, scratching the back of the floppy ears, “you look kind of cute as a portly Lechonk.”

“Hmm, looks like you have something on the other end of the spectrum,” Oke commented as beam 49 struck the Alolan trainer.

Olivia's complete lack of clothing was somewhat remedied as she developed a long, flowing white skirt. The organic outfit served to partially cover up her slenderer legs to match her thinner, green arms. Amidst her bosom becoming more emphasized a red, heart-like protrusion emerged from the middle of her cleavage. The added layers to her breasts made it all the more astounding that she was able to keep her slim form standing.

As Olivia's green swooped hair curved around her head, she turned her red eyes towards the crying Lechonk woman. Moving gracefully across the ground as if she were floating on air, she approached Flannery and knelt down. Placing a soft hand on her fellow trainer's head, she whispered a gentle, "Gardevoir," as she resumed petting the swine woman.

"That's very sweet," Melony commented before turning over to Oko. "Alright, dear. Show me what number 144 does."

Red light gave way to a stark pink as Melony's body began to shrink down and compress. With nowhere else to go, her extra mass was pushed into her curves and belly to make her wider than her two-foot tall body. The enhanced assets might have thrown her off for a moment, but she only needed to see the purple of her tongue and feel her pointed ears to recognize that she had become a Pokémon native to her home in Galar.

Letting her mouth hang open with a wide grin, Melony showed off her fangs as she made her way over Flannery and Olivia. An energetic enthusiasm took over the gremlin-like creature to help her show off the compact form. "Impi-Impidimp!" she cheered, only calming down once Olivia placed a hand on her forehead and settled her mind with a series of gentle brushes.

"Guess I don't have to be the one to keep the peace this time," Cynthia said to Oko. "By all means, give me anything you want for the last one."

“I don’t really have control over what this thing puts out,” he replied as number 70 showed itself. “Although, it does seem to know when to let things end with a bang.”

The last of Cynthia’s clothes were torn asunder as her body began to drastically increase in size. Dark blue scales appeared along the top of her form to spread out and encompass her rounded head and dorsal fins. Her developing white underbelly matched the tips of the protrusions that sprouted at the end of her wide, wing-like fins. This was all contrasted against the bright, red lines that appeared along her body to give her the image of a Pokémon that once shook the balance of the planet’s oceans.

The looming shadow of Cynthia’s gigantic form drew the immediate attention of the other Pokémon women. Rather than fear her size or intimidating yellow eyes, the trio took notice of the locks of blonde hair that had managed to remain through the process. Even as the champion opened up her mouth to show off her teeth, the others showed no fear in approaching her. In spite of knowing that they were in the presence of the legendary Kyogre, the help she had given them over the course of the Gathering had made the Pokémon women more than willing to trust that she meant no harm.

“I suppose I should leave them alone for the time being,” Oko said to himself as he walked out of the gym, while the group cuddled up against Cynthia’s massive form. “Give them a chance to enjoy their bodies for a bit before I change them back. I couldn’t have asked for a better session.”

Pausing for a moment in the locker room, Oko scratched at his chin. “Well, it is unfortunate that one trainer couldn’t make it in time. Oh well. I suppose that will have to wait until the next-“

Oko was interrupted by the sound of frantic footsteps running towards him. Turning towards the outer exit, he spotted a young woman dressed in orange shorts and a white collared shirt. Coming to a halt moments before running into the hooded man, she bent forward to catch her breath. Raising up her head of black hair with green highlights, she flipped her ponytail as she looked at him with an eager smile on her freckled face.

“Sorry I’m late,” she said as she stood up at her full height. “Senior classes plus battling with my classmate took longer than I expected.”

“Hmm, you must be Ms. Nemonia from Naranja Academy,” Oko replied. “Sorry to say that the other guests went through the session already.”

“Aww man,” Nemonia replied. “I was so excited to test my team against elite Pokémon trainers too.”

“I should probably clarify that you weren’t invited here to battle,” Oko explained. “I wanted to give them a chance to better understand these magnificent creatures by physically mixing their DNA with Pokémon.”

Seeing the confused look on the young woman’s face, Oko continued. “To put it simply, I transformed them into Pokémon-human hybrids. Sometimes this was as simple as making them indistinguishable from the creatures. Other times, the changes came with unique...benefits.”

“Woah, really?” Nemonia asked, her former discouragement completely vanished. “How did you do that?”

“Oh, with this,” Oko said as he held up his special Pokéball to show her. “You just tap your finger against the button, it picks a random number, and then it shoots out a special light ray that modifies-“

“You mean like this?” Nemona asked, quickly pressing her finger across the button four times.

“Oh dear,” Oko said, watching the numbers 39, 82, 4, and 25 appear in rapid succession. “Brace yourself,” he said as the ball began to build up with a plethora of red light. “I’m not entirely sure what’s going to-“

Oko was nearly thrown off his feet as the blast of energy shot out of the ball and struck Nemona. Recovering from the blinding flash, he watched as her eager smile was distorted by a pair of enlarged fangs that matched her claw-like fingers. More of the brown fur spreading across her skin was revealed as her shirt was burst part by her mid-section bulking up. Oko only had a moment to recognize the yellow circle on her chest and the rounded ears sticking out of her hair as belonging to an Ursaring before her body started to shake once more.

Nemona’s bear-like visage was partially hidden by the wide-brimmed, purple hat that appeared on her head. The addition of a flowing, purple sleeves to her claws and a trio of red gems appearing on her bosom right above the yellow circle gave off an otherworldly aura. Tracing the robe like skirt going around her pawed feet eventually brought Oko’s gaze up at the crooked smile that could only be found on a Mismagius.

Yet another shiver going through the young woman’s body swapped up her parts as her legs were replaced with a long, purple scaley tail. On the side of her head grew a hood to match the texture of her new appendage. Rearing back to show the eye pattern on the inner part of the skin flaps also gave her a chance to show off the forked tongue and slitted nostrils of her Arbok DNA.

A final shudder of transformation spaced out Nemona’s torso from her tail as she developed a hard, grey shell covered in rocky protrusions. The harsh exterior contrasted against

the soft blue that enveloped her blubbery lower body and the fins that had appeared as a replacement of her legs. Raising her elongated neck, she allowed the horn on her head to nearly scrape against the ceiling as she looked over the Lapras parts that completed her unbelievable form.

“Oh my,” Oko said, taking extensive mental notes as he examined her body. “Are you feeling alright?”

“Ursa-agi-bok-ras!” she called out, the words an incomprehensible mess but her tone one of cheerful enthusiasm.

“Hmm, not a bad outcome,” Oko said, as he watched her rounded ears pick up the sounds from the other room. Much to his excitement, he witnessed her tail wave across the floor and her grin grow wider as she used her fins to push herself to join in with the other Pokémon women.