

Lycanroc TF

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Content warning: Transformation, clothing rippage, magic shop

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When Conall walked into the breakroom, the punch clock ticked to 5:00. The room smelled heavy with coffee. One of his coworkers stood behind the coffee maker machine, watching it through exhausted eyes pour coffee into a paper cup. Another coworker stared into his smartphone close to his eyes. The audio from it played baseball news from the previous night.

Conall walked over to the locker part of the room. He stepped before one with his name on it and unlocked it with a turn code. Within, his brown canvas side bag sat alone, with no single sticker on the walls. He pulled it out and slung it over his chest, with the bag bouncing against his hip. He patted his bag before reaching for his phone pouch on the opposite hip and unstrapping it from his black belt. It held his smartphone, which he pulled out and held. He stuffed the phone pouch into the locker and closed it, locking it back up.

He breathed in for a moment while walking over to the punch clock. The clock already turned to 5:02 in the meantime. He woke up the smartphone he held, with it showing a QR code on the screen. He hovered the code underneath the clock machine's scanner. It beeped and, a second later, clocked him out.

Conall glanced at the smartphone for any messages and saw none. He sighed, which a yawn mixed in with, and placed the phone in the back pouch of the side back. He stood a couple of steps toward the exit before stopping himself. Feeling he had forgotten something, he patted his brown pants' pockets and found his keys and wallet still there. He reached up his dark green polo shirt and touched a white button. It clicked at last on what he had forgotten.

As a final part of ending work, he unbuttoned the topmost button.

Conall sighed again and walked out. Along the way through the hallway, he passed by the Employees of the Month wall. It held photos of various coworkers and the month they won the award. He glanced at it with his purple eyes and sighed, turning away. After all, he knew that his face would never join them.

A second later, he stepped onto the main floor of the store. Tall pallet racks dominated the area, reaching up to thirty feet high. They held various dry goods, such as boxes of cookies or crackers. Meat, fruits, vegetables, and drinks lay at the north end of the store. Clothing and personal care items lay on standard shelves at the centermost part of the store. Despite cleaners' best attempts, the building still smelled of warehouse dust.

Conall strolled over to the front door, where the morning-shift manager, Wade, stood beside.

"Heya, buddy," Wade said. "How is it working the night shift?"

"So far, it's alright," Conall answered. "Just busy stocking up the shelves. At least I don't have to deal with customers as much anymore."

Wade smiled. "You're a hard worker. Always laser-focus on the task at hand."

"I guess," Conall answered. This tone lacked any belief in that. Part of him wondered what his coworkers and bosses saw in him. After all, he would lurk in the back and read a book on his smartphone during downtime. A genuine hard worker, he felt, would always find something to do.

Even if he did and worked until his back gave up, it still would not grant him any award.

If anything, pity would be all he received.

"Hey. I mean that, buddy." Wade gave Conall a thumbs-up. "You always go the extra mile to ensure the store count is accurate and alert us if the count is off. Plus, you make sure the products go in the right spot."

Conall nodded out of politeness. "Have a good morning."

Wade raised a fist toward Conall. He hesitated for a moment and raised his own. They fist-bumped.

Once done, Wade opened the front doors for Conall. "And you have a good rest of your day, buddy."

Conall nodded again and stepped outside into the darkness. Various streetlamps shone bright lights in the large parking lot like beacons. The front door closed behind him with a light thud. Conall glanced around until he spotted his sunny blue sedan at the other end of the lot.

He reached into his side back and pulled out his Nintendo 3DS. He flipped it open and waited until the screens turned on. There, it displayed various download games like Mario Kart 7 and apps like the Animal Crossing clock app along with the game in the slot: Pokémon Ultra Moon. While walking to his car, he smiled and turned the slotted game on. By the time he reached the sedan, he had opened his game file.

"Enough time for this," Conall said. It showed his player character, a blond-haired girl named Fiora, on the field during dusk. He opened up the menu and tapped on the Pokémon team. He smiled wide. "Hey there."

His Dusk Lycanroc, Dusty, took the first slot while Jade, his Absol, held second. Chompy, his Garchomp, housed the third slot, and Sniper, his Decidueye, bore the fourth. Hotcakes, his Raichu, contained fifth, and Mine, his Pelipper, kept sixth.

“Ah, my amazing team,” Conall said. “You always make me happy to see you.”

Once done, he closed the game and Nintendo 3DS. He stuffed it back into his side bag and patted it briefly. He pulled out his keys, unlocked the car door, and swung it open. Once inside, he closed the door behind him.

“Ah, time to go home,” Conall said. He took off his back and set it on the passenger seat. “And then, to bed.”

Conall inserted the key into the ignition and turned it. The engine rumbled to life, with it giving a soothing purr. He turned on the headlights and changed gears. The sedan rolled out of the parking place. Within seconds, he drove it onto the streets.

He tapped on the steering wheel, nodding to imaginary music. It usually took five minutes of driving between work and home, so bringing music to his mind was not worth it. It would be if it took a half-hour or even an hour.

He preferred to listen to entire soundtracks instead of a single song in a single or a couple of drives.

Much of the stores Conall passed by kept their lights off. A few cars drove on the empty streets this early in the morning. Assuming he could call it morning yet. Only a faint glow from the east suggested the sun coming up soon. At the very least, it meant that the travel home would—

Lights flickered on from the store to his right.

Conall blinked in confusion. Nobody had run that store's location in years, one of the last to go in the shopping center. While he heard of renovation plans in the area, nothing happened. Only parents or teachers training teenagers to drive bothered to come to this abandoned center.

As he drove closer, more oddities nagged him. When he passed by last evening, the store held no name, yet one hung above the door before sunrise. The store title, **Gaming Goods**, bothered him more. Why would a gaming store open before a more solid store such as a grocery or hardware store?

Conall felt he should obey his instincts and drive on. After all, he worked eight hours and should go to bed. Hey, he could imagine the store all along due to fatigue. A

nagging feeling, however, demanded that he check it out. After all, it could hold something cool like a Pokémon toy. Plus, if he checked it in the afternoon and it did exist, a swarm of customers could block him.

News traveled fast, even in a city like this.

Conall thought about it for a second. "Ah, I guess I'll check it out."

He turned to the right, entering the parking lot. He glanced around for other vehicles in the lot but saw none. His suspicions rose high to the sky. Trucks carrying supplies like shelves, counters, and products should be surrounding the store. Also, construction workers like painters, plumbers, and electricians would take days, if not weeks, to get everything up to code. It would take a miracle for a store, even one in a small location, for all of that and cleanup in one night.

Even if the impossible happened, there should be vehicles for a manager and maybe a couple of employees.

Conall yawned and shrugged. "Too late to back out now."

He parked in front of the door and grabbed his side bag. He exited the sedan and shut the door while slinging the bag on him. A neon sign with the words 'OPEN'

glowed above a wooden door. Posters, toys, and video game consoles lay on the front displays to the left and right. He clicked his tongue and pressed against the door. It opened, with the bronze bell ringing above him.

The impossible happened.

At this point, he might as well proceed.

He stepped into this store.

Conall's eyes widened at the sight. This store stretched out way farther than this small spot could hold. It made even his workplace, a store warehouse, look small. Endless rows of shelves reach so far that he doubted he saw their end. Each shelf carried plush toys, action figures, wooden toys, and more. From the most recent release to decades past, video games lay behind glass counters and shelves. He blinked at a few consoles like the Game Plus and HyperScan, wondering if they existed.

He rubbed his purple eyes for a second. For a moment, he wondered if he somehow grew so tired that he dreamed of it all. It still existed when he stopped rubbing his eyes and opened them. At once, he thought about how such a store like this existed. Perhaps this store replaced the entire shopping center, not just this one. Plus, good paintwork would generate the illusion of a massive store. At

the same time, logistics would make this store more than impossible to exist in one night.

The only other answer would be magic.

So, he rationalized that a miracle worker did all of this.

"Hello there," a voice said to his left.

Conall turned and flinched. A man stood leaning against the registers. He wore an unusual full-body costume of a jackal with golden-brown fur. His long tail, at least doubled his height, swayed behind him. Conall thought that the suit must hold advanced animatronics within. It would explain the moving tail, flickering ears, blinking green eyes, and moving lips.

"Uh, hey there," Conall said.

The man chuckled. He walked forward, showing off his digitigrade feet-paws. The claws on them tapped against the stone floor. His cyan shirt and navy blue jeans snugged tight against the suit. He extended his hand-paw, which Conall took and shook. The padding and fur felt so natural to him.

Conall wondered about a third possibility: it all happened in his head.

If so, it explained everything.

He would wake up in the sedan in front of his store if lucky. If not, well, he hoped to wake up soon.

"The name is Luke," the man dressed like an anthro jackal said. He chuckled. "How are you doing on this fine evening?"

"Uh, technically, it's morning," Conall said. He showed Luke his digital watch, with the time displaying 5:18 AM. "Or every late night, if you want to call it that."

"Huh. Really?" Luke rubbed the back of his right ear. "How did I— OH! Right! Duh!" He smacked his forehead. "When I calibrated the store to materialize here, I forgot to consider the time differential from hopping from one part of the world to another. Sorry."

"Ah, you're welcome?" Conall wiggled his polo shirt's lower button in confusion. The words flew past his head.

"Yeah. I'm still learning. Of course, the last owner would say that as an excuse." Luke chuckled for a bit. His green eyes flashed as though remembering some adventures. "Still, want to come around and check out this store?"

"Ah, sure."

Luke strolled ahead, his long tail curling around and wiggling joyfully. Conall followed while rubbing the bags underneath his eyes. While he worked the night shift for only a month, it felt like the first time. Exhaustion crawled all over him.

He wondered if sleepwalking felt like this.

If so, it meant he did not fall asleep at the wheel.

"This store has a long and rich history," Luke said. He swung his arms around. "It was founded, oh, sixty or so years ago thanks to Athrú technology the first owner discovered. Since then, this store has taken on various forms as it passed from owner to owner. For example, the first sold costumes while the previous sold rings and plush toys. But they have the same pattern thanks to this technology. I should warn you, don't touch anything without permission, you hear?"

"Uh-huh," Conall said. His bored and tired tone suggested otherwise. The words bounced off his ears, such as 'Athrú' and how this store changed from owner to owner. Besides, if Luke felt concerned about someone taking products off the shelves, he should lock them up like the video game cases. "I'm listening."

“Good!” Luke glanced at a Midnight Lycanroc and nodded to it. “Someone could get hurt or your favorite clothes destroyed. Do you know why?”

“Ah, I think so?” Conall stopped walking. He focused on the Midnight Lycanroc plush. “Why?”

“You see, the Athrú has a strange sense of humor,” Luke said.

He walked onward, still talking without glancing back.

Any further words Conall heard turned into a low buzz.

“This is pretty cool,” Conall said. He reached for the Midnight Lycanroc before stopping himself. Though the warning rang in his mind, it did not convince him to leave it despite loving that Pokémon. Instead, he preferred something more solid as a toy than a plushie. “Maybe there’s something else here.”

Conall walked into the aisle, with it stuffed with various Pokémon toys. Some held Pokéballs with gold-plated cards while others occupied Pokémon figures. One had a Midday Lycanroc plastic toy with its head poking out from a Pokéball. He inched towards it, with it being the—

A shine came from the lower shelf.

Conall blinked and kneeled. He gasped at the various plastic Z-Crystals of many types in rows. Most of them held the shape of a four-point diamond. He skimmed them from Buginium Z to Waterium Z with great interest. A brown one glinted farther along the shelf. He crawled over and widened his eyes.

This brown Z-Crystal held unique tips at the top and bottom, different from the others, holding square ends. It contained a canine face, with the left half showing cheek fur and an ear while the right half a mane bent over from the top and covered it. Such a Z- Crystal never sold in reality, yet here it sat to Conall's surprise.

"Woah! A Lycanium Z!" Conall stared at it for a few seconds longer. The warning from Luke about not touching the products returned to his head. He shook it and yawned. "Ah, what's the worst that can happen?"

Conall reached and snagged it off the shelf.

He stood up and walked out while shrugging.

He leaned up, about to shout for Luke—

The first of the morning light shone from the horizon through a window. The light landed on the Lycanium Z, causing it to glow. Conall blinked and glanced at it with confusion.

“Huh?” Conall raised the Lycanium to his head level. With his other hand, he wiggled the lower polo button. “Why is it doing that?”

It glowed in a mixture of three colors. At first, it lighted green before shifting to red and then blue. Afterward, it burned in a mix of all three colors. It glowed brighter, as though it shot beams of light. Even closing his fist around it did little to dampen its light. He leaned back, brushing back his black hair.

A few seconds later, it stopped glowing.

Conall uncurled his fingers around it. The Lycanium Z rolled to the tip of his fingers, but he caught it before it fell off. He stared at it some more, expecting it to shine light or glow again. He breathed in and out, startled.

Regardless, this must be one wild—

White fur sprouted on the tips of his fingers. He blinked and stared at them closer. His fingernails grew long and thick, browning in color. The Lycanium Z fell from his hand, clattering on the floor without breaking or glowing. He spread his fingers out and flipped his hands over. White fur grew, replacing skin, while white padding hardened on his palms and some parts of his fingers.

“Ah, what?” Conall said.

The white fur spread up his arms until halfway up his forearms. There, it turned orange-gold while spreading up the elbows and under his sleeves. He gasped and took a couple of steps back. He tugged on the fur, hoping it might fall off, but it pulled the skin underneath it. He squeezed a chunk of his skin and twisted it, feeling pain.

“Ah-ah-ah?”

His feet squirmed, feeling tight in his yellow shoes suddenly. Lumps formed underneath his shoes and socks, as though his feet had expanded in size and changed shape. Part of him wanted to remove them, but then brown claws ripped through the front. They stretched from his toes, at least half a length longer than his finger-claws. His feet stretched out longer, tearing through the top of the shoes with chunks flying off. He stumbled, taking a couple of steps forward until he stood on the front of his feet.

“Gah! What is going on?”

White fur grew on his feet, which took a digitigrade form. They stretched out what remained of his socks while spreading upward. He felt itches throughout his body from the fur growing underneath his clothes. He reached for his polo shirt at the waist, trying to remove it, but his claws poked holes through it instead. He sighed and gritted his teeth.

Conall grunted, feeling pressure around his neck. White fluffy fur grew around it, stretching the shirt's collar until the second button popped off. Four brown rock spikes grew around his neck, with the frontmost pointed at a downward angle and the backmost pointed upward. A couple of the spikes rubbed against the side bag's strap without damaging it. He reached up and rubbed one of them. It held a rocky texture to his fingers.

A tickle rolled down his spine until it reached the base. He went back and felt a lump growing underneath the seat of his jeans. He grunted at the pressure, with the bump running out of room. He felt paralyzed on ripping his jeans off, unable to handle the pain but unwilling to embarrass himself. It ripped through before he could, however. Bones, flesh, nerve, and blood stretched this new appendage, with white fluffy fur covering it. It stretched down to his ankles while his brain registered it. His new tail wagged back and forth.

Conall blushed. "Ah, wh-what?"

"Hey! Where did you go?" Luke shouted from a distance. "Did you touch one of the products?"

Orange-gold fur spread up the sides of his face. It stretched out longer on his cheeks, forming three pointy tufts. His hair shifted color, whitening while fusing with the

mane. It also grew longer, with the frontmost growing long enough to reach his nose. As it grew longer, the tips of each hair piece fused with the others while hardening. It formed into a brown rocky end that pointed forward.

Conall's mouth protruded forward along with his nose. His nose flared, flattening while blackening. His stretching muzzle turned blocky, like a dog's snout. The upper half of his face moved forward a bit, angling somewhat. White fur spread up from his neck, covering his muzzle and around his eyes. He opened his mouth, exposing his long, wider tongue and long, sharp, white teeth.

Meanwhile, his ears shifted upward to the top of his head. They stretched into triangular shapes while pinkish fur covered the inners. Orange-gold fur sprouted from the sides and back of his ears while the tips turned brown. His eyes shifted in color, turning from purple to bright green. He touched his torso and legs, feeling the fur itching inside.

Conall gasped, having turned into a Dusk Lycanroc.

"W-woah!" Conall flipped his hand-paws over. "This is one funky dream."

Luke rushed out from the aisle behind Conall. "Is everyth—" He stopped and sighed at Conall. "Gah. Too late."

"Ah, I mean it. This is—" Conall blinked and turned around. "Too late?"

Luke shook his head. "I tried to warn you. I really did. But it seemed that I was talking to a brick wall this entire time." He sighed and shook his head. "I swear, I'm just as bad as my mentor in this?"

"What are you talking about?" Conall asked.

"This store is magic!" Luke answered. He tugged on his golden-yellow hair-fur. "At least, the Athrú technology is powered by magic. I was telling you about how they love transforming others. It's in their very instincts, which are reflected in their creations! Because of that, their magic leaked into the store's products, causing them to transform buyers. *Dices* are not safe here! *Motherboards* are not safe here!" He flailed his arms around. "Yes, my sensors *detected* them transforming their buyers as easy as a ring!"

"Woah, woah, woah! Slow down!" Conall said. He felt a hint of anger from the back of his head. He grabbed his side bag's leather handle and squeezed it. "Back up! Isn't this a dream?"

"A dream?! This isn't a dream! You *actually* transformed into a Dusk Lycanroc!" Luke reached back and pulled forward his tail. "This shop also transformed me,

which is why I have a tail that is more like a second body to me!”

“Wait? You’re actually a jackal?! A real, anthro jackal?!” Conall blinked while rubbing on his polo shirt where the lower button once sewn on. “I-I thought that’s some funky suit!”

“Yes!! I am a jackal!!” Luke rubbed where any zipper or sewn spots would lay if he wore a suit. Instead, flesh lay underneath. “Ugh. I should’ve kept a closer eye on you.”

“Hey!” Conall growled while grinding his teeth. He squeezed the leather handle tighter. “I didn’t ask for this. Hey, I bet you tricked me!”

“Tricked you!?”

“Yeah!” Conall’s eyes glowed a pinkish red. “Why else would you keep these products on the shelves free for the taking instead of behind glass or cage?!”

Before Luke answered, Conall’s ears flopped forward in a button ear style. The four spikes around his neck shrank into the fluffy mane until they disappeared. The mane shifted, rolling down from his neck until it stretched to the sides under his armpits. The chest fluffed up, some poking out from the polo shirt. On his sides, where the mane lay on the sides, two black rocky spikes grew, curled around

like ribs. They rubbed against the side bag through the clothes. The upper back also fluffed up with a thick mane, stretching his polo shirt. The tail shrank in length until it only poked out from the seat of his jeans. The orange-gold fur shifted into a red color while ruffling. His head turned downward while the spikes on his claws and front of the mane-hair blackened.

Conall growled, having turned into a Midnight Lycanroc.

“Woah!” Luke said while taking a step back. “How did you do that?”

“What are you talking about?!” Conall said through gritted teeth. Even the fangs grew a bit longer. “It’s because of you that I—ah?” He glanced at his arms. Not only did he see the red fur instead of orange, but the fur pattern changed. Instead of staying halfway up the forearms, the red fur stretched down to the hand-paws at the sides.

“Huh?! I-I thought I turned into a Dusk Lycanroc!”

“You did.” Luke rubbed the back of his ear in confusion. “But you changed forms. I never saw anything like this before.”

"Great. I thought I was the *second* for a moment there." Conall rolled his eyes. "What a *great*, a *fantastic* morning here!"

Luke rubbed the back of his ears a few seconds more. He glanced from the Lycanium Z to Conall to the window and back again. He hummed, deep in thought.

"You know," Luke said. "Now that I think about it, shouldn't you turn into a *Midday*? Why did you turn into a Dusk and then a Midnight version?"

"How should I know? You *own* this shop!" Conall sighed and rubbed between his eyes. "Gah. I just remember. I'm scheduled for this night at work as well. How will I explain it to them? That I turned into an anthro Pokémon thanks to a magical shop? They'll never accept that excuse. But then, they'll consider it a suit and demand that I take it off for safety reasons. How will I convince them otherwise?"

Luke smirked and wagged his tail. "Good thing I'm here since—"

Conall's fur and claws shifted color from red to light brown and red to brown. His eyes stopped glowing, though the bright green changed into blue. His ears straightened up into triangular shapes like before. The

rocky spike on his hair-mane and his extra fluffy chest and upper back retracted into nothing. At the same time, his mane moved up from under his armpits and around his neck again, fighting the polo shirt's collar for space. The rib-like spikes underneath his arms shrank to nothing. At the same time, the four points around his neck regrew back into existence at the same angle. A new spike formed at the back of his head curled backward and rubbing the back of his shirt. His tail extended in length again, reaching his ankles while fluffing up.

Conall lifted his head upward while rubbing his chin, ignorant of turning into Midday Lycanroc.

"Uh, what?" Luke said.

"What?" Conall asked. "Did something happen—HUH?!" He glanced at his arms. He saw how the red already changed into light brown. He flipped them and noticed the light brown fur stopped halfway down his forearms before turning white. "Again?! Why am I in Midday form all of a sudden?!"

Luke rubbed the back of his ear faster. He glanced at the Lycanium Z and raised an eyebrow. "Hmm. I wonder."

"What is it?" Conall asked.

"I have a theory." Luke bent down and picked up the Lycanium Z. "When you brought it out from the aisles, the first morning light touched it, correct?"

"Ah, now that you mentioned it, yes. It shined in three colors, too: green, red, and blue."

Luke nodded. "What I think happened is that thanks to the morning light, the Lycanium Z got confused on which form to change you. After all, there isn't a Dawn form, is there?" He waited until Conall shook his head. "So, to resolved it, it changed you into all three forms at once."

"*All three?!*" Conall widened his eyes. "But then, why didn't it turn me into some kind of fusion or, I don't know, cause me to sprout two more heads? Why is it changing me at random?"

Luke hummed for a few seconds. "Not random, I think. Try thinking of lazy thoughts."

"Huh?"

"Just do it. After all, you should be sleeping at this point, right?"

"Ah, right." Conall yawned. "I should be, now that you mentioned it. It has been a long and tiring night, full of lifting boxes and putting them on shelves."

During Conall's yawn, his fur changed from light brown to orange-gold. His eyes turned from blue to bright green, which shone like emeralds. His mane-hair stretched forward over his forehead. The rocky spike at the back of his head shrank into the mane to nothing. Meanwhile, a new tip fused from the hair-mane, stretching between his eyes and pointing over his moist nose.

Luke grinned at the Dusk Lycanroc Conall.

"I knew it," Luke said. He snapped his fingers. "It's not random at all."

"Huh?" Conall glanced at himself and blinked. "I-I'm back to Dusk form?!"

"Yup. Thanks to your moods, you're changing from one form to another!" Luke grinned wider. "When you're tired and want to relax, you become a Dusk Lycanroc. When you're serious and doing, heck, thinking of work stuff, you become a Midday Lycanroc. When you're angry, or even passionate, and want to vent out, you become a Midnight Lycanroc."

"So, you're saying that I'm a living mood ring?" Conall asked. He waited until Luke nodded to sigh and shook his head. "Gah. That's going to be a pain."

"What is?" Luke asked.

"It means that my coworkers and bosses can tell when I'm lurking instead of working."

"Oh." Luke nodded. "I do have a solution, though!"

He reached into his pants pocket until it engulfed his entire forearm. He wiggled and grinned before pulling it out. He carried a necklace between his fingers with a glowing blue gem on it. He tossed it to Conall, who caught it while blinking.

"This gem here can revert you into a human as long as you wear it," Luke explained. "It's something we handed to customers who like it but want to hide out as humans in public. For those that hated the change, I can contact a fellow who can revert it."

Conall stared at it and, for a moment, lifted it toward his muzzle. He paused and thought about it some more. He would not need to explain this transformation to work or anyone. This would be his and Luke's secret. At the same time, he loved Lycanroc and all of the alternative forms. Who would not want to be one, let alone change into the other forms?

It would mean explaining to everyone, family, friends, and work, about what happened. At the same time, would it be so bad?

Conall tossed the necklace back to Luke. "No thanks."

"You sure?" Luke asked. When Conall nodded, he gave a thumbs-up. "I'm glad that I'm not the only one who made the same decision."

Conall laughed. "Good. Also, I still want that Lycanium Z. At least if it will not change anyone else."

"Nah. Once used, it's used."

"Sounds good to me."

#

When Conall the anthro Midday Lycanroc stepped into the breakroom a couple of months later, the punch clock ticked to 5:00. His modified yellow sneakers, form-fitted for his digitigrade feet-paws and claws, squeaked against the floor. He rushed to his locker, unlocked it, and pulled out his side bag. He slung it over his chest, causing his Lycanium Z necklace to bounce off and on his chest. He took out his smartphone from his belt's phone strap. After removing the phone strap from his belt and stuffing it into his locker, he locked it and went to the punch clock.

When he scanned the QR code on the punch clock, it ticked to 5:02.

At once, his form changed. His fur changed from light brown to orange-gold. His eyes transformed from blue to bright green. The spike on the back of his head shrank while the front of his mane-fur grew in length. It bent down toward his nose, ending with a brown spike at the tip.

Conall the anthro Dusk Lycanroc unbuttoned the topmost button of his dark green polo shirt, finishing his end-of-shift duty.

He rushed out of the breakroom, passing by a coworker about to clock in. He stepped into the hallway and paused, glancing at the Employee of the Month wall. For this month, it held him during his Midday form.

Conall beamed with pride and walked out.

In half a minute, he reached the front doors where Wade stood by.

"Heya, buddy. I'm glad you got employee of the month," Wade said. "Heading out?"

"Yup. I'm off tomorrow night, and I want to enjoy it." Conall wiggled his ears.

"Sounds good." Wade rubbed his chin. "You know, I still can't believe that you turn into a Pokémon."

"Same here. I'm still learning what my body can and can't do. Safely." Conall glanced at his hand-paw. "For example, I found that I can use the moves Lycanroc can use."

"Cool! I should watch you when you have the time. Also," Wade winked at him, "I heard that the district managers are considering raising your payment if you join back to the day shift. They heard how much business boomed during the nights, especially when word came out about you."

"Words travel fast in this city," Conall said.

"So, what do you think? Will you rejoin the day shift?"

"Ah, lahaha." Conall rubbed the back of his head while giving a sheepish smile. "I'll have to think about it. I don't want to get mobbed by customers, after all, especially those who want to tug my tail. It took a while for people not to do that. Along with the ears and the spikes."

Wade nodded. "I understand. Take it easy out there."

The two fist-bumped each other and laughed.

#

"LAHAHAHAHA! TAKE THAT, PUNK!"

Conall, in his Midnight Lycanroc form, grinned at the television screen. A cable hooked the TV to a computer for streaming his playthrough. A mic hung beneath his muzzle, recording his voice. He gripped his Nintendo Switch Pro Controller tight while avoiding breaking them with his black claws. He wigged his short tail in glee, leaning forward to give it space. He licked his lips in anticipation.

“Almost there, come on.” Conall leaned closer toward the screen. There, his player Link raced in Mario Kart 8 Deluxe, passing by a player he knocked out with a red shell. He reached second with only a mushroom. The lead player slowed down, which made him raise his eyebrows. He glanced at the mini-map and saw a blue shell flying inbound. “Oh, you SUCKER!”

Despite the danger, he zipped ahead to first place. The finish line appeared on the screen. His fur ruffled up, and his heart beat faster and harder against his chest.

The blue shell hovered above Link.

Conall activated the mushroom, granting Link a boost.

In that split second, Link zoomed ahead, dodging the blue shell’s explosion.

Another second later, Link drove past the finish line.

“LAHAHAHAHA!! YES! YES!” Conall leaped from his chair and raised his fist high. On his computer screen, the stream chat exploded into cheer and shock. “I DID IT!” He flopped back to his chair. “Oh, jeez. For a moment, I thought I was going to screw myself.” He turned to the webcam that recorded him, though displayed to the viewers as a VR version of his Lycanroc form. “But I didn’t!”

Conall laughed some more.

About Author

Hey there. Thank you for checking out my story. If you want to read more, please check out my gallery here.

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