

Waves eagerly crashed on the lonely shore, erasing the few footprints stamped on the warm sand. Near the compact concrete deck, an unimpressive boat stood motionless, patiently enduring the oncoming waves as its owners traveled elsewhere.

The Faraway Island wasn't exactly a popular spot for tourists, but there was always a market of people lusting for the wilderness present in the place – and the prospect of encountering a rare Pokémon. You see, although the island was certainly well-known for its lush forest, it only peaked people's interests when rumors of a mythical Pokémon began to spread.

One day, an unknown trainer began to incessantly tell people about his encounter with Mew. Although he had no proof but a thin strand of fur, such information quickly traversed throughout the entire Pokémon region – eventually reaching other corners of the world. The trainer rapidly ascended to the status of a celebrity, even though no person was ever able to prove his claims.

This tale isn't about him or his fame, however, but rather about two people exploring the very same island.

The sun continuously shone above the tall trees; its light being blocked by their dense crowns while the sound of footsteps caused some Pokémon to hurriedly scurry away. Joyfully, Jack and Clara explored the thick woods, taking pictures of every interesting location they could find.

It wasn't often that the two roommates had the opportunity to travel. Their busy lives and conflicting schedules always served as obstacles in their paths, despite how much the two of them enjoyed spending time together. Naturally, such a monotonous lifestyle brought nothing but frustration to the two young adults. If they had the opportunity to do so, they would throw away everything about their current life on a whim, quickly beginning their exploration of the Pokémon world without having to ever worry about money.

But of course, that was nothing more than empty wishes.

"Hey, Jack. Can we sit down for a minute? My leg hurts." Clara confessed as her friend turned around, exposing his blue eyes to her. Without thinking twice, he stored his phone back into his pocket; a king smile appearing in his face.

"Of course! To be honest, I don't think there's much to do here."

Although that was certainly a pessimistic anecdote, Jack was partially right. Aside from hunting the supposed rare Pokémon, the Faraway Island was devoid of any activities – especially when one considers how deserted that place was. To a pair like the two friends, both of whom had no interest in finding Mew, sightseeing was the only thing they could do – and neither could withstand the sight of another, painfully average, tree.

Cleaning the dust off his hoodie, Jack sat on the cold ground below him. Clara soon followed suit, retrieving her phone from her pockets at the same time – hoping to get some sort of signal in the remote island.

Nothing but silence followed their actions, though not the awkward kind. For a second, Jack stopped staring at the horizon to secretly glance at her friend, who repeatedly tapped on her phone with a frustrated expression in her face. Clara's long hair moved for a second, being hit by a sudden gust of wind while Jack's mind raced.

Although the young man would never admit such a thing to others, he couldn't hide his feelings for Clara from himself. Jack was never the romantic kind – having almost no silly crushes for the entirety of his childhood – but he always felt... different when hanging out with his best friend.

Purging those melodramatic thoughts of his mind, Jack eagerly decided to break the silence.

“So... What are you thinking about right now?”

For the first time in minutes, Clara took her eyes away from the phone. “Mostly about how the tickets to come here were so expensive.” She chuckled, prompting a smile to form in the man’s face.

“C’mon, don’t be like that!” Jack laughed as he lightly tapped on his friend’s shoulder. Unfortunately, the joyful expression in Clara’s face quickly faded away as she stared upwards, sighing heavily.

“Jack...Do you ever feel like things will never change?”

The young man was taken aback by such a sudden mood change. Confused, he stumbled on his words momentarily, attempting to form a rational answer to the saddening question.

“I-I think so... But why --”

“It’s always the same thing every day.” She interrupted the troubled man. “It’s just... tiring.”

“Hey, I hear you. I wish I could live a different life. A more fulfilling one would be great!”

Those words hung in the air temporarily, weighing in their hearts while the pair did nothing but sigh. Being able to lead the life they always desired would be incredible, but both Jack and Clara knew it was nothing but an impossible dream.

Or so they thought.

Unbeknownst to them, something had been eavesdropping their conversation ever since they stepped onto the island for the first time. Camouflaging itself amongst the tall trees, a Mew curiously stared at the two humans below. Wagging his furred tail as it giggled, the mythical Pokémon began to think.

Despite not being well-versed in human behavior, the Pokémon couldn’t deny that their wishes felt sincere. Waving its small arms, the Mew began to prepare a way of helping the troubled pair. It had such a perfect idea.

Meanwhile, Jack silently stared at his sorrowed friend – palms sweating at the same time. “It’s now or never,” He thought, preparing himself to finally confess his feelings to the woman she had known for so long.

“Clara... I –“

His words were cut short the moment he looked at his friend. Not because of his hesitation, but rather due to something strange appearing on the distraught woman’s neck. Without her knowing, the skin in Clara’s neck began to change color – shifting to a red hue at the same time it grew, expanding horizontally in an unexplainable way.

Jack was left speechless. All he could do was watch open-mouthed as something grew out of the woman’s neck; the thin skin changing shape until it began to resemble a flower petal. It was only when the wind blew on her body that Clara finally realized something was amiss, touching her neck as she yelled in disbelief.

“Augh! W-What is this?!” She stared at Jack, who stood still. “J-Jack! Your hands!”

The young man didn’t hesitate before bringing his hands closer to his face, incessantly staring at them at the same time something protruded from his skin. At the speed of light, patches of orange fur began to grow on his hands, swallowing them whole as an itching sensation manifested in the man’s body.

However, the sensation was quickly replaced by torturous pain, causing Jack to let out a powerful shriek as he watched his fingers tremble. His pinky and index fingers retracted into his body at a snail’s pace, dissolving away into nothingness whilst Jack slowly but surely stopped feeling their presence. With only three fingers in each hand, the young man struggled not to pass out.

Meanwhile, Clara was faring no better. Speechless, the woman dreadfully watched green fur protruding on her feet, spreading like a wildfire as an itching sensation quickly grew in magnitude. The colorful coat climbed her legs, reaching her knees at the same time her feet began to crackle – twisting forcefully.

Grunting as her body ached, Clara felt the torturous sensation of her toes receding away – two in each foot disappearing slowly. They retracted into her feet, dissolving away at the same time the others shrank slightly, approaching one another in hopes of becoming the digits of a paw. Fearfully, the woman moved her paws slowly, panting heavily. And then... she calmed down.

Her eyelids dropped slightly as new knowledge found its way towards Clara's mind. Looking at herself, she suddenly understood the situation. Her body wasn't just changing randomly; instead, she was turning into Shaymin – one of the many mythical Pokémon found throughout the Pokémon world. As white strands of hair sprouted on her thighs, she eagerly looked at Jack – who quickly stood up while staring at his hands. She knew that soon enough, he'd become a Victini.

Stretching his arms, all Jack did was watch as a cuff of cream-colored pelage appeared on his ankles. The pelt quickly grew further, traversing his arms as it enveloped them in its warm touch. Although his fear was undeniable at first, Jack slowly began to relax, shoulders dropping as he gained some knowledge about the situation.

There was no need to worry; after all, he was simply turning into a Victini. Somehow, he knew everything about the mythical Pokémon, including its ability to bring victory anywhere it went. With a smile, the changing human began to think. That's what he wanted, right? With such ability, his life would be undoubtedly more fulfilling.

Patiently, Jack watched the fur swallow his arms at the same a burning sensation began to occupy his limbs. Quickly, his arms thinned up as the fat in them evaporated, making them seem more and more fragile at the same rate their width diminished. Mesmerized, the young man moved his thinner arms – feeling the warm pelt touching his shoulders.

Still sitting on the ground, Clara watched the white fur covering her thighs – which thickened slowly at the same time her legs crackled. Snapping noises reached her ears once her bones shifted, their length changing alongside the joints in her legs, rapidly shifting the woman's stance to that of a digitigrade creature.

At the same time, her lower limbs diminished in length as well. Both of her legs retracted slightly, becoming about half of their previous size in the blink of an eye. Just a few minutes after the beginning of the transformation, her body already resembled that of a Shaymin, and Clara couldn't wait for the changes to end.

Meanwhile, Jack noticed the ground approaching his body – his mind quickly reaching to a conclusion. Naturally, he was shrinking, and Clara let out a small giggle as she witnessed her friend being clumsily swallowed by his oversized clothes. As he freed himself from his old clothing, Jack immediately noticed the changes occurring in his anatomy.

Although his arms had now shrunk immensely – becoming half of their previous length – he was much more concerned with the nauseated feeling in his stomach. The culprit behind such a terrible feeling was the diminishing of his torso, which slowly but surely caused the changing man to lose even more of his height.

Eventually, his legs followed suit. Crackling noises echoed through the island while Jack attempted not to lose his balance. Both of his legs were almost nonexistent as if his feet were now connected directly

to his thighs. Those unpleasant changes worsened the man's humor slightly, but he knew everything would undoubtedly be worth in the end.

Once a tingling sensation appeared between her legs, Clara couldn't help but let out a grunt of frustration. Of course, she was aware such a change would happen – though she didn't expect it come by so quickly. In seconds, her femalehood was stripped away, being replaced by manhood at the same time things changed in her chest.

At the same rate that things shifted on her lower body, the soon-to-be Shaymin's breasts receded away, sinking into her body before she was left with a flat chest – and a male body. Neither Clara nor Jack cared about his new sex, but the now male creature couldn't deny how abrupt everything happened.

Either way, new concerns quickly formed in his mind as he watched his body being engulfed by his clothes. Needless to say, he was shrinking as well, though he handled the situation considerably better than Jack.

Wagging his legs to free himself of his skirt, it didn't take long for Clara to free himself off his old clothes. Much to his dismay, however, he quickly noticed his inability to stand up – which caused him to almost envy his friend. Either way, he simply stood on all fours on the ground – elbows touching the grass as he waited for his arms to go through the shame changes as his legs.

Sharp pain in his spine instantly allowed pure excitement to flow through Clara's body. His tailbone swiftly began to lengthen, sprouting out of his body to form a short tail – which the male wagged profusely as fur covered his new appendage.

At the same time, Jack braced himself for the next changes as soon as he noticed the fur creeping up his neck. Almost immediately after, his entire vision became blurred – a small consequence of the changes occurring in his skull. His entire skeleton ached as his head changed shape – its figure morphing as it became rounder; drastically increasing in size at the exact same time.

The man couldn't help but tear up slightly, feeling his ears elongating – reaching drastic lengths. Both of his ears curved slightly as they grew; their tips sharpening further and further until they took a triangular shape. While black pelage covered their insides, a layer of orange swallowed their exteriors, which approached each other until they fused, forming a V-shaped formation on Jack's head.

His bulbous nose went through some changes as well, shrinking away until it became nothing but a – almost unnoticeable – black dot below his now blue eyes. Ending the changes on his head, two of Jack's canines sharpened, lengthening until they turned into fangs.

Dizzily, the man opened his eyes, eagerly looking for a nearby puddle to watch his reflection. Almost stumbling due to his frail legs, the image he saw on the body of water didn't disappoint him. His entire body looked almost identical to that of a Victini, even though the transformation wasn't quite done yet.

Still looking at the puddle, Jack let out a grim as he noticed his brown hair falling off his scalp, allowing the familiar beige pelage to grow. The fur traversed his head, covering every little inch of skin it touched as the man felt its warmth swallowing his body.

Just a few steps to his left, Clara went through similar changes. On all fours, he shook his head from left to right once strands of his blonde hair began to detach themselves from his head. The movement caused them to fly away, drifting in the air before polluting the moist ground below.

On his bald head, green fur curiously grew, forming a thick layer that quickly sprung up – forming a coat that almost resembled a Mohawk. Everywhere else on his face, the pristine white pelage began to sprout out, swallowing his entire head while Clara's skull went through a few familiar changes.

Clenching his fists, he attempted to embrace the pain with open eyes – witnessing the appearance of something new in his field of vision. Naturally, a snout was birthed into the world as his skull pushed forward, forcing Clara's nose to sink into his body at the same time it changed color – its original hue darkening until it became black.

The male's ears lengthened, though not in the same way Jack's did. Instead, they grew horizontally, their width decreasing while their length did the opposite. Before long, the opportunist fur didn't hesitate before enveloping them, creating a fluffy, disorganized coat resembling white wings. Once the former human's brown eyes had their color swapped by bright green, his head was now identical to that of a Shaymin.

Panting with his tongue out, the smiling Shaymin looked sideways to check on his friend. Jack's anatomy was not unlike that of a Victini, but his furless body still had some ways to go before he could claim the title of a Pokémon.

Considering the small size of his torso, it didn't take long for the cream-colored fur to engulf it, even though the man was distracted by the changes in his thighs. In no more than a few seconds, they both bulged up – thickening considerably as more and more mass was produced in them, causing Jack's thighs to look heavy and circular. Below them, his feet morphed as well.

Not only did their size decrease – causing Jack to feel a numbing sensation throughout his body – but three of the toes in each foot disappeared. In a blink of an eye, they withdrew into the man's body, involuntarily twitching before they ceased to exist. Thankfully, the remaining ones transformed to better accommodate Jack's changed body.

His two remaining toes grew slightly, becoming thinner at the same time that orange fur grew on them. As they continued to lengthen, their toenails instantly – and painlessly – detached themselves from the former human's body, uneventfully falling onto the ground as his toes became the digits of a furred paw.

From a certain angle, Jack was now the spitting image of a Victini, but both he and Clara knew something was missing. His spine ached slightly, causing the male Pokémon to quietly giggle once he felt his tailbone splitting in two – eventually protruding from his body.

Rapidly, two new appendages began to grow on Jack's waist. Without thinking twice, the former human wagged them incessantly, watching his body take flight at the same time fur covered his wing-shaped tails. What was once a human was now a Victini, and the mythical Pokémon joyfully flew around the island; waiting for his friend's transformation to finally end.

Envyng his roommate, Clara smirked as soon as he felt the torturous sensation of his arms shrinking in size; becoming the same length as his legs. As expected, patches of green and white pelage sprouted on his uppers limbs, rapidly covering them at the same time Clara's hands twitched.

His middle fingers and thumbs were gone, ceasing to exist at the same rate that his remaining fingers morphed drastically. Their previous width and size were quickly replaced by the shape of canine digits, notifying the Shaymin that his transformation had finally ended.

Without hesitation, the Grass-type Pokémon jumped with ecstasy, stretching his arms while he slowly but surely watched the ground getting further away from him. The Victini patiently waited for the other Pokémon in the top of a tree, ready to discuss what they'd do next, after all, a new world of possibilities had been opened for them.

Their conversation was cheerful and brief; limiting the topics of their conversation to what regions they would soon visit, and what they'd do there. Of course, neither Pokémon particularly cared about who

was responsible for their transformation. Or how such a thing was even possible in the first place. They simply accepted that their new bodies would serve as a gateway for better, more fulfilling lives.

All the prospects of exploring the world without a worry were exciting enough to make Jack momentarily forget about his confession. The Victini's mind simply wandered off elsewhere, imagining all the things he'd be capable of doing with his newfound body.

It was only when they decided where to go next – the Sinnoh region – that the Pokémon remembered what he was planning to say. Eagerly, the Shaymin flew away with a smile before the other Pokémon could even open his mouth. At such a sight, Jack did nothing but let out a sigh of relief. Perhaps there'd be a better time for him to confess his love; after all, they had all the time in the world now.

Excitedly, Jack wagged his tails, racing against his friend without a worry in the world.

It was only after the two Pokémon left that the mischievous Mew stopped camouflaging himself. Giggling loudly, he too flew in the same direction – curious as to what the two other Pokémon would do in Sinnoh. Perhaps he'd spy on them for a few days, just to make sure they'd finally have the life they desired for long.