

Although it's most well-known for its serene beaches and equatorial climate, there's no shortage of exotic locations in the Hoenn region. For instance, archeologists fascinated by the region's vast mythology can investigate the ever-so-mysterious Cave of Origin. At the same time, determined geologists can freely explore the triumphant Mt. Chimney, where lava relentlessly flows through the active volcano.

And for a pair of swimmers such as Luke and Lylla, the deserted Lake May was the perfect spot.

In between Mauville City and Fallarbor Town, an enormous body of water lay undetected by the region's inhabitants. By taking an unexpected left turn on the lively Route 111, one will find themselves on the right path towards the hidden lake.

On its shore, no humans are rarely to be found. Aside from the occasional adventurers or lost tourists, the entire area is devoid of human life. Instead, diverse vegetation and countless Pokémon occupied the marvelous location, conceiving a peaceful ecosystem where all of its residents prospered.

"Well, here we are!" Luke exclaimed, taking the blindfold off Lylla's face as he watched her gasp in awe. The pristine lake stretched itself across the horizon, painting an unforgettable view in the two swimmers' minds.

The woman gently took a step forward, gazing at the clear sky above, "Luke, it's beautiful! Even though..." She paused for a second, nearly giggling. "I mean, I still love it, but I did see this coming."

"Aw, really? What gave it away?" He inquired, scratching the back of his head in confusion.

"...The fact we're both wearing swimsuits? You asked me to put it on before we left the hotel, remember?"

"Oh, true. Heh, I guess it was kind of obvious in retrospective," He chuckled, placing his hand in Lylla's shoulder.

Although Luke and Lylla had been friends for as long as they could remember, it was their mutual fondness for swimming that truly deepened their friendship. Although they had spent many evenings together in their native region, there was a particular day they'd never forget.

On that fateful evening, the stars painting the Alolan sky shone brighter than ever, and the Cutiefly gently flew above the pair with undeniable splendor. It was on that day, as they sat down on the zealous shoreline of Akala Island, that they shared their first kiss.

From that moment onwards, their relationship only grew deeper. They soon broke the news to friends and family, all of which reacted with delight. Six months after the start of their relationship, the couple began sharing a house in HeaHea City, located on the southeast of Akala Island. And finally, a full year since that fateful day, the joyful couple found themselves in Hoenn, enjoying their trip together.

"Either way... This place is great, isn't it? I still can't believe there's no one here!" Confessed the enthusiastic Luke, gently stroking his girlfriend's short hair.

"Is there a reason for that?" Lylla asked, half joking.

"No, not really... Well, I don't think so, at least." Attempting to mask his own lack of knowledge, the young man rapidly shifted the subject. "Putting that aside, do you wanna go for a swim?"

"Thought you'd never ask!" As soon as Lylla spat out those words, she immediately dropped her bag onto the ground, eagerly dashing towards the lake.

"I'm gonna marry that woman someday," Luke thought to himself, sprinting alongside his girlfriend before jumping onto the warm lake, splattering water everywhere.

As soon as his body touched the clear water, however, changes began to occur. The toned skin in his arms rapidly took on a deep blue coloration, its hue shifting ever-so-slowly. As the blue tone spread throughout Luke's arms, his skin promptly grew slippery and oily, causing discomfort to appear throughout his body.

"Lylla, look at this!" The man exclaimed as soon as he noticed his blue forearm, enthusiastically showing it to his girlfriend, who gasped in disbelief.

"I-I don't think that's normal! Are you alright?"

"Alright? Of course, I'm alright! This is neat!" He proclaimed, acting as a child at a candy store.

Lylla soon shifted her attention, staring at her moist hands once they started to unexpectedly ache. Her thumbs and middle fingers swiftly withdrew into her hands, allowing bone and skin to dissolve as they disappeared entirely.

The rest of her fingers lost a negligible amount of length, but most importantly, they thickened considerably. While Lylla's fingers widened, their moderately round shape mutated, becoming rectangular in the blink of an eye.

"You know what, you're right! This is amazing!" Confessed the mesmerized Lylla, who joyfully gazed at her changed hands.

"Once again, I was right."

As Luke let out his snarky remark, his hands went through a drastic transformation. Gone were two of his fingers, who suffered the same fate as Lylla's. The ones fortunate enough to survive the transformation suffered through extreme alterations, drastically lengthening at the same time they flattened.

As if he had placed his hand on a pressure crusher, Luke's digits lost their thickness, becoming as thin as a sheet of paper. Soon after his toenails detached themselves from his fingers — and consequently sinking into the lake —, the tip of his fingers grew lengthier and wider, its straight shape becoming rounder and rounder.

The young man moved his mutated fingers with undeniable excitement, watching the changes progress. A thin yellow membrane emerged in between his digits, forming a frail webbing in his amphibious hands.

"Hey, I'm gonna test those new hands and swim to the other side of the lake, you in?" Luke asked,

staring at Lylla with a kind smile decorating his face.

"Of course! Count me in!"

As soon as the couple began swimming, Luke instinctively launched himself ahead of the woman. Although Lylla had always been the superior swimmer amongst the two of them, the webbing in Luke's hands gave him an overwhelming advantage.

Nevertheless, Lylla triumphantly continued to swim. At the same time, the dark skin in her arms was painted a cobalt-blue hue, which spread all throughout her upper limbs.

As she was about to reach the lake's shoreline — where her boyfriend patiently awaited — a crippling ache in her forearms caused Lylla to momentarily stop swimming. Near her wrists, the woman's skin slowly but surely bulged out, forming two oval protrusions which fiercely grew longer.

Those protrusions grew ridged and firm, allowing an orange coloration to overtake them. Those changes ended as abruptly as they appeared, and as the blue color vigorously climbed Lylla's arms, her boyfriend hurried to her side.

"Are you alright?" He asked, delicately lifting her arm while examining the orange structures.

"Yeah... That was just unexpected, that's all."

"That's good to — Ouch!"

Speaking of unexpected, similar mutations afflicted the changing man. His slimy skin bulged out at his elbows, forming a thick white lump that continuously grew wider and sturdier. Soon, those bubble-shaped structures ceased their growth, decorating Luke's upper limbs.

"Hah! Looks like the same happened to me." Chuckled the young man, touching the protrusions as he felt the spring breeze zealously touch his scalp.

"I can't believe you're going bald already." Lylla's sarcastic remark prompted Luke to touch the top of his head, feeling the warm touch of his unchanged skin. Moving his pupils downwards, the young man gleefully wheezed at the sight of floating strands of hair, all of which once belonged to him.

Luke's thunderous laugh was briefly interrupted by an odd sensation in his mouth. Feeling a numbing sensation in his tongue, the man lifted an eyebrow as he noticed his tongue lengthening, stretching itself before escaping his open mouth.

What seemed to be a simple change at first swiftly revealed an uncanny truth. His tongue solely refused to cease its growth, intuitively enveloping itself in Luke's neck at the same time its lengthening ensued, reaching an unnatural size before completing its growth.

Feeling the cold air touching his tongue was concerning enough — especially when combined with the uncontrollable laughter coming from Lylla —, but the changes that followed were far more bothersome.

His entire skull trembled, quivering as a headache afflicted Luke's mind. His human head hastily

changed shape, narrowing on the sides while pushing forward in the front. A pointed snout was consequently formed, and Luke's entire skull now possessed a triangular shape.

The alterations in the man's head refused to stop, however. At the same time his nose sank into his face — leaving two nostrils behind —, his ears tenaciously shrank away. Although he still maintained his hearing, both of Luke's ears were quick to depart from the world, leaving no trace of their existence behind.

The skin in his head changed color, shifting to blue and cream on different areas of his face. At the same time, a thin protrusion emerged out of each side of Luke's head, growing in a triangular shape in order to become two fin-like structures. The same soon happened atop his head, where blue skin solely reigned.

The structure in the man's head grew horizontally rather than vertically, allowing a thin blue membrane to connect the three fins. With the unexpected appearance of two white triangles atop his head, Luke's transformation stopped momentarily.

He panted for a second, staring at Lylla with an imperceptible smirk. "So, do you still love me regardless of this..." He pointed at his own head. "...Hideous thing?"

"Luke... Of course, I do." Lylla lovingly placed a hand in her boyfriend's cheeks, staring him deep in his eyes. "Mind the tongue, though."

Booming laughs ensued, and Lylla almost didn't notice the mutations in her legs. Her bones crackled, the sound they produced being lost in the deep waters below. Nevertheless, Lylla undoubtedly felt a trivial ache as her legs retracted, their size diminishing in the blink of an eye.

Soon, after her legs lost half of their previous length, a burning sensation occupied Lylla's thighs. They — alongside the rest of her lower limbs — bulged considerably, thickening as more and more mass was magically produced.

"Well, I guess someone doesn't need to go to the gym anymore," Luke chuckled, hysterically laughing at his own joke before his girlfriend even had a chance to reply with a sarcastic comment.

The familiar blue coloration returned, joyfully infecting her legs as Lylla's feet trembled. Two of her toes rapidly ceased to exist, withdrawing into her feet while the others initiated their mutations. As her toenails magically jumped out of her toes, their length decreased to a negligible degree, even though their width increased drastically.

Her toes approached one another as they expended, losing their individual mobility in the process. Once Lylla acquired a three-toed paw, the skin in her thighs bulged out familiarly. Now accustomed to the relentless ache, the growth of an orange structure didn't hurt nearly as much as it once did.

Lylla's arms and legs were that of a Swampert, and the transformation progressed as normal. The woman's stomach thunderously growled, alarming the few Wingull flying around the area. The reason behind the unexpected noise wasn't due to hunger, however, but rather because of all the fat disappearing in Lylla's torso.

Her figure slimmed up considerably, consequently causing the upper half of her bikini to slip through

her body, uneventfully falling onto the peaceful water below.

Before Luke could let out any of his obnoxious remarks, Lylla's breasts wiggled before retreating into her body. The two lumps of fat in her chest slowly but surely disappeared, leaving no trace behind as the woman curiously touched her flat upper torso.

In the meanwhile, Luke's torso went through some mutations as well. As if it were attempting to imitate Lylla's transformation, his torso lost some of its widths as well, thinning up at a swift rate.

While the skin on his back shifted to the familiar dark blue, the coloration in his torso changed to a cream — nearly yellow — tone. Attempting his best to maneuver his morphed hands, Luke took off his tacky speedo, throwing it to the other side of the lake. As a Pokémon, he had no need for such bothersome pieces of clothing anymore.

A lump appeared in his waist, soon evolving to a thin protrusion, nearly resembling a fin. The strange structure lengthened, stretching from Luke's waist to slightly below his belly button — which rapidly closed off, disappearing forever.

The man instinctively yelped as his tailbone pushed against his skin. Seconds after, his spine initiated its lengthen, growing outside his body as a small, triangular tail emerged right above his rear.

The same happened to Lylla, who clenched her first once a torturous ache in her spine emerged. Her tailbone recklessly lengthened, forming a bulge on the back her bikini's lower half, which eventually culminated in pink cloth floating in the splendid clear water.

A short, pointed tail settled on Lylla's backside, which she moved from left to right with excitement. However, as the woman moved her newfound appendage, she rapidly took notice of a dark protrusion appearing on it, vigorously lengthening as it fought against her clothes.

Soon, a fan-like fin emerged, encircling her tail while reducing her bikini to futile pieces of cloth. If Luke and Lylla were to race against each other, the winner would undoubtedly be unclear.

An unexpected ache in between her legs caused Lylla to grunt in pain, alarming her boyfriend.

"Honey? Are you okay?" He inquired, allowing his concern to manifest through his crackling voice.

Lylla's femalehood started shifting, lengthening and mutating in unexpected ways. Soon, unmistakable manhood began inhabiting the space in between Lylla's legs, being clearly visible through the transparent water.

"I-I didn't expect this, but... I-I'm alright! Yeah, like you said! T-This is neat...!" The former woman proclaimed, clearly attempting to mask his embarrassment.

"Ha! Arceus, what a strange day!" Luke declared, joyfully chuckling as he felt the transformation proceed to his legs.

As the dark blue coloration engulfed his lower limbs, Luke's thighs exploded with mass. Fat and muscle recklessly appeared throughout them, causing the man's thighs to widen in the blink of an eye, granting him the strength to hop around like the amphibian he'd soon become.

As usual, pain followed the next change. Luke clenched his eyes shut while the oily skin in his blue knees bulged, growing thicker with each passing second. The dark coloration swiftly made a 180° degree turn, morphing its tone to a pristine white.

Meanwhile, Lylla — who had already grown accustomed to his male body — excitedly waited for his transformation to end. A light blue hue appeared throughout his torso, promptly spreading in order to completely engulf the front of his body. On his back, the familiar cobalt-blue tone appeared, doing the same as its lighter counterpart.

The male's hair soon disappeared from his scalp, drifting on the air as if Lylla were a cat shedding its fur. With a grin in his face, he closed his eyes, waiting for the changes to strike his unchanged head.

Just as expected, his skull tenaciously quivered, reshaping itself in a fraction of a second. The male's head was magically squashed, diminishing in length while receiving a considerable amount of width. At the same time, Lylla's mouth grew longer as well, making better use of his wide face.

The soon-to-be Swampert's ears and nose retracted into his blue head. Although his bulbous nose did leave two nostrils behind, Lylla's ears left no goodbye gift, uneventfully sinking into his face.

Two cones sprouted out of his cheeks, their length increasing while an orange coloration surrounded them. Those strange protrusions were Lylla's gills, granting him the ability to freely breathe underwater.

Lastly, above the male's eyes — which had been infected by the orange tint, two wide protrusions slowly but surely emerged from his skull. Those dark structures painlessly grew taller, curving ever-so-slightly once they reached sufficient height. At last, Lylla's transformation ended, and the former human now possessed the body of a male Swampert.

"Hey, Luke! Look at me, I'm all finished!" He enthusiastically proclaimed, watching as his boyfriend's legs trembled.

"Yeah? I'm almost there too!"

Soon after saying those words, Luke's legs thinned up considerably. Most of their fat magically went away, evaporating as a burning sensation occupied the man's lower limbs.

Not long after, his unchanged feet morphed as well. Three of her toes withdrew into his feet, painlessly and effortlessly dissolving away, forever departing from the world. What remained of his toes flattened, hastily curving diagonally before their tips turned into circles. And finally, once a thin protrusion sprouted out of Luke's heels, his transformation into a Greninja ended for good.

"So, how do you feel about your new body?" The Swampert curiously inquired, slowly approaching the other male.

"Good! Yeah, I feel great! I mean, we're both swimmers, so... Maybe this will be good for us," He replied, shyly swimming towards Lylla. "What about you, though?"

"It feels... different, but in a good way, you know? The tail, the gills, the head... It feels strange in an exciting way." The two Pokémon came face to face, standing at nearly the same height.

"Y-Yeah... I, uhm... I agree." Luke's blue cheeks were tinted a modest red as he stared deep into the Swampert's eyes.

Before he could say a word, Lylla eagerly moved her head, bringing his lips closer to Luke's. The two former humans slowly closed their eyes as they shared a passionate kiss — the first since they had arrived in the Hoenn Region.

As they shared an empoweringly romantic moment together, dozens of Water-Type Pokémon emerged from the lake's deep water, clapping their hands — or fins, depending on the Pokémon — as they sang welcoming words to the joyful couple.

Luke and Lylla opened their eyes, enthusiastically watching the Pokémon surrounding them. From Feraligatr to Magikarp, and Milotic to Gyarados, there were no shortages of species inhabiting the luxurious body of water.

"Do you think they were..."

"Does it matter?" Lylla sincerely questioned, interrupting his boyfriend.

"Heh, I guess not. Regardless, what do you think we should do?" Luke scratched his oily head as he awaited a response.

"Well, shouldn't we say hello to our neighbors?" Suggested the Swampert, who shyly waved at the cheerful Pokémon surrounding him.

"Neighbors? What do you —" Before he could complete his nonsensical question, the Greninja took another look around him. Truly, with so many welcoming faces in the delightful pond, how could he refuse living there? "Of course! Let's say hi to them."

Holding hands, the two Pokémon walked towards the gleeful crowd, excited to meet the myriad of new faces. Although their future was uncertain, the couple knew one thing: As long as they stuck together, life would never cease being a sea of roses.