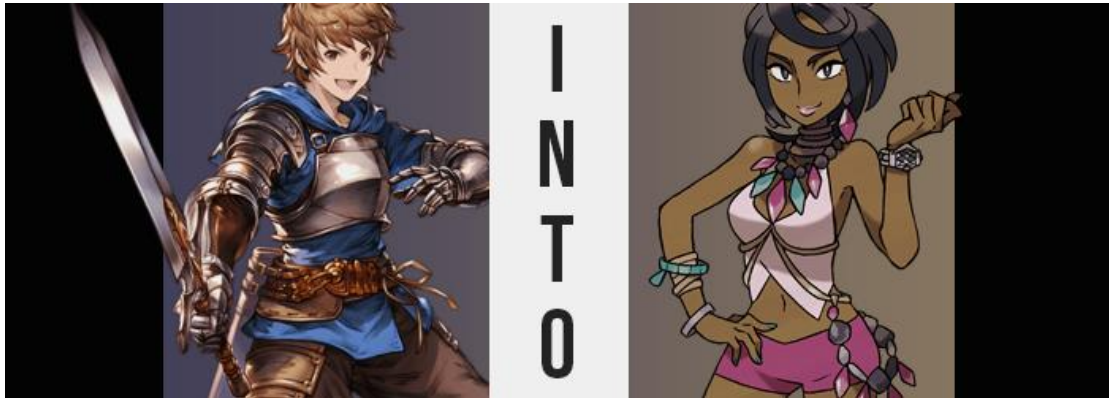


ROCK SOLID

SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"Ow. Ow. Owowow." Almost sarcastic grunts of pain echoed throughout the storage room on the Grandcypher as its captain was pelted with an assortment of objects from up high. A compass, a map, among other things rained down as the blue haired girl on his shoulder rooted around atop one of the many shelves in search of something seemingly important. **"Lyria, be a little more careful or I'm going to lose an eye!"** He wasn't scolding her, it was just a gentle reminder. Because falling debris was gently reminding him that blunt objects colliding with his noggin didn't really feel so great.

"Oh, sorry! Just bare with it a little more, I think I see it!" She was no doubt going to have to brush the dust from her dress before all was said and done with how deep she was going into the alcove above the shelves in the farthest back of the room. Eugene had asked them to fetch an old engine part and had given them specific directions regarding where it was, it was just a matter of digging it out from behind all the other junk in the process. **"I wonder if we should sell some of this stuff? I don't think it's been used in a while! Like this! What is this!?"**

Gran couldn't see the item in question, but he could hear something rolling towards the edge of the shelf in question. **"Oh no."** He whispered softly to himself and clenched his eyes shut just before he felt something collide with his head once more. That was to be expected. What he didn't expect was... to feel lighter? Or rather, Lyria's weight had disappeared from his shoulders while he'd kept his eyes closed.

Opening them one more he realized something was very, very wrong. For one he wasn't even standing on the Grandcypher anymore, let alone anywhere remotely close to it. Fresh air filled his nose and sunlight pouring down from above forced him

to squint as the sound of the waves crashing against a shore filled his ears. "Where...?" He was beside the ocean? Standing on a path running adjacent to a beach, with a city sprawling out behind him. 'Welcome to Akala Island', one sign between the boy and the city read in lettering he was fairly sure he'd never actually studied before. ...So how could he read it?

What he'd missed with his eyes closed was that the object, a small ball with a red top and a white bottom, had opened the moment it had crashed into his hard head and released a blinding red light that had consumed not only himself but Lyria. She was nearby, but Gran had yet to notice. By the time he did he wouldn't even recognize her as the blue haired girl he'd saved anyways.

Gran suddenly felt something snap around his left wrist. Since they'd been merely running errands aboard the Grandcypher at the time they'd been spirited away, he hadn't throw on any of his armor pieces over his sweater which had left his wrists otherwise bare. But now on his left, clinging tightly, was a bracelet he didn't recognize. It was various shades of whites and grays and, almost like a watch, had a face on the back of the hand. There were two darker diamonds in the center of this face, which suggested to the boy that something was meant to be inserted into it.

He just hadn't the foggiest as to *what*. Or even where it had come from. But of course he didn't know. It wasn't a device from his world after all. It was an item unique to this land -- a *Z-RING*, as it was called. As for why it had ended up on his wrist? It was to maintain balance between worlds. One brought into another world had to be blended into said world seamlessly. That meant their old identity lost, quite possibly even their old *form*.

And Gran would be able to do nothing to resist the whims of this system, whims that had sought to give a boy with his powers a position of some importance to compensate for their loss. Of course, Lyria would also remain bound to him in some manner or another.

"What is this thing?" Wrist held up into the air, he picked at the back of the bracelet in an attempt to remove it from his arm. This experience was just getting stranger and stranger. Despite there being an obvious latch on the back with a simple groove, he couldn't seem to be able to hook it with his fingers. In fact, his nails began to clack against the steel as he fumbled. Which was *very odd* for a boy who kept his nails perfectly trim.

This forced him to turn his hand over next, and what he saw shocked him. It was, after all, the first sign that something was happening to his body.

The nails on his fingers were much longer than he knew them to be. In fact, they looked more like the nails girls like Zeta had. Long, manicured, and painted a greenish blue; they certainly weren't the nails he knew and occasionally bit. He turned the hand with the bracelet on it over to find the same aesthetic altercations there as well, which naturally sounded some alarm bells in the back of his mind.

He went to scratch at the paint on one nail with a nail on the opposite hand but was halted just inches away from the two colliding by a throbbing sensation caused by the bracelet on his left wrist. Had it tightened? The skin around it seemed to press inward to indicate as much, and while he might have expected the flesh around the edges to redden or blue a bit in response, it was actually a much different color that began to radiate from the accessory.

Dark. His skin around the bracelet was growing darker, and not like he'd been under the sun for too long. It was about as dark as one of Sandalphon's freshly brewed coffees, a mocha served with only a single creamer perhaps? Regardless of the semantics in regards to the exact shade, that didn't change that it was a stark mismatch for the pale skin around it... but it did not seem like that was going to be a long-term issue either. Gran had first thought it a side effect of the bracelet biting down on his skin, but if that was the case it would have only affected the immediate area.

But it was *spreading*. Not only up his arm but down to his hand and up his fingers. Palm was a little lighter than the back of his hand to be sure, but as the darkness became prominent so too did the biological design of the body part change. Bones thinned and fingers became longer, only adding to the effeminate nature of his hand in conjunction with the long, painted nails. And was it a reaction to the bracelet tightening? It didn't even feel tight anymore. In fact his arms had become thinner as well, Z-ring now fitting perfectly around its dainty size.

Gran shook his head as he noticed something else amiss. He could see his upper arm. Considering he'd been wearing a hoodie that shouldn't have been possible, but as his left shoulder slunk inward so did the blue material of his sweater, leaving the dark and smaller shoulder bare. It seemed the change was affecting a little more than just his body.

The skin tone nibbled at his neck and continued along to consume his right shoulder, inevitably deciding to swallow both his right arm and hand as well, but remnants of the sweater remained even as their arms were chewed off. The beginnings of two straps were slipped over girlish shoulders, and the hood itself had collapsed into a variety of neck accessories that rattled as his transformed finger fumbled with beads and wood alike.

Honestly? He looked like someone had stuck a pair of woman's arms belonging to a different race onto the body of a white boy -- it was a *little* jarring.

More and more of his sweater dissipated as the changes began to sweep downward, but what remained lightened to pink and left the center of his chest exposed. While pale and dotted with muscles at first, as the mocha tone crept downward like an infection so did additional signs that his gender was at risk. Nipples grew darker as well, but more than that they engorged as the flesh beneath them did rise alongside them.

"Wait, wait, wait!?" Voice cracked in surprise, in part from shock and in part because of the fact that his Adam's apple had been eviscerated. **"No, I'm not a woman, don't give me breasts!"** But the strangely sultry voice that spewed forth did nothing to abate his growing bosom. Firm mounds inevitably took shape, nipples burrowing into the pink of the top that was once his sweater as blue and purple crystals from one of the necklaces above served to somewhat obscure the cleavage revealed by the shirt's low cut.

Both hands, both transformed, came into give the chest a squeeze. Gran had always had a chest of course, but this feeling was completely unlike anything he'd ever felt before. As he remembered he was in public and someone might see him -- despite everyone carrying on like he wasn't even there -- and he yanked his hands away, however, the sensation felt less and less bizarre.

No... Had he not felt that before? Raising painted nails once more, those too seemed like... *they were correct?*

Belly was left exposed as the top was not destined to keep it covered, and the boy's core tightened as skin glistened under the island sun. The curvature of the sides of his tummy rounded significantly, and a similar change took place curving out from his back to his behind. Thick brown pants quickly became thinner and thinner as change teased his nethers, the making of thin, pink shorts replacing said pants as they hung loosely around around widening hips.

Ass reconstructed itself into these loose bottoms, literal bottom quick to make them hug his curvature sensually and even leave the definition of his crack observable if one were just to take a look at him from behind. His boxers? Little more than a pair of mature, black panties that cozied around...

Another hand shot into his shorts to reveal what he felt. His dick was gone. *Her* pussy had replaced it. **"N-No!"** But despite her shock, the sensation of a finger accidentally sliding into the new orifice wracked her voice with ecstasy and shocked her mind into once again, for some reason, sensing it as a familiar feeling. She'd never had sex as a woman, and yet...

Gran bit her lower lip -- a lip that had been afflicted with change as the darker skin had spread up into her face. The overall design of her face became less Caucasian and more like a mix of Black and Hispanic in design (*which was otherwise suggested by the color of her skin*). Lips were pink and glossed, eyes narrowed and grayed, and her brows were thin but styled. Overall she looked a little older than the boy she'd once been too, something that was only exemplified once hair darkened and swirled.

"This can't be... I'm... Lyria? Where's... Lyria?" She was struggling to grapple with her identity now. She had vague memories of something as fantastical as an air ship,

as fighting with a sword, and of a girl with blue hair. But looking around that couldn't be true. But the name 'Lyria'... She surely knew it.

That was the name of her Lycanroc! The two of them were inseparable, what with Lyria's unusually bright blue coat. "**Lyria!?**" The woman called out, fingers cupped to project her voice as she took a step along the path. With every step more of her pant legs disappeared, leaving freshly darkened skin to bask in the cool air as fat and muscled swirled into a stew that redistributed to wondrous effect. Thighs were left thick and sexy as a result, and each step was accompanied by a sexy sway while one hand rested confidently upon her hip.

Eventually a furry face emerged from a nearby bush. A Midday Form Lycanroc with beautiful, blue fur and bright blue eyes. Lyria had been her Pokemon partner as long as she could remember, even her go-to as the Akala Kahuna. "**There you are, I wondered where you got to!**" A few more steps saw her feet bare, blue polish across those nails as well before she stepped naturally up into the heels of her pink sandals.

Affectionately, Lyria ran up and licked her trainer's leg as if it was completely natural. She'd been a victim of this new world as well, but unfortunately she hadn't been as fortunate as Gran -- her humanity had been lost. But her trust for Gran was still there. It was just their relationship was a little different. She was a Pokemon, he was a woman named Olivia. There was still a *love* of sorts there.

Not that the two would ever be able to question if things had ever been different.