

HOP TO IT, KLARA

AUGUST 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Isle of Armor was an interesting place, Hop was finding. There were plenty of unseen Pokemon to document which was perfect for an aspiring professor, but there was much more he had to investigate and take note of. It wasn't merely the Pokemon themselves that were important but the environment, and there was no more luscious of an environment on the whole island than the Forest of Focus.

He'd been staying at Mustard's dojo while he studied the area. The forest was but a few minute bike ride away, which was convenient for when he wanted to get out of there quickly. And lately? That had been fairly often. Gloria had returned to mainland Galar to take care of Champion business which had left him without defense against the most insufferable person he'd ever met in his entire life.

Her name was Klara, and *she was a pain in the butt.*

She was always prodding at him, playing pranks to inhibit his research. Not to mention when Gloria was around she had a tendency to be even more hostile towards poor Hop. It was almost like Klara had a crush on Gloria or something despite their age difference and she was expressing it like a vindictive ten year old.

That morning he'd slipped away to study due to another one of Klara's pranks. Well could it *really* be called that? She'd stuck a big wad of pink gum in his hair, a gum made from a berry unique to the forest that was extremely hard to unstick. **"I don't like that girl. I can never really understand what's going through her head!"** Tiny hands balled at his sides, Hop expressed a natural reaction to such a mean individual.

But those words carried consequence because of the gum. Well, not the gum itself, but the rare berries it was made of. Wish Berries, they were called, rumored to grant one's deepest desires. There was no case of them being documented to work this way, but that was because specific conditions had to be met. The wish had to be answered like a monkey's paw wish, for one. But that desire also needed to be expressed in the portion of the Forest of Focus where those berries grew.

Both of these requirements had now been fulfilled.

In this case the wish would be granted as follows: *you will understand the person that confuses you, but by seeing the world through her eyes.*

In fact the wish-granting had already begun, just simply in a place that Hop could not see. The hairs around the wad of Wish Berry gum that had been frayed from his attempts to pull it out had suddenly begun to become an equal bubblegum pink to the chewing sweet itself. It did eventually begin to register in a way Hop could identify though: his head was extremely itchy suddenly and he couldn't help but scratch it, making a point to carefully avoid the gummed area.

“Oh Arceus, I hope I didn't get lice or something from sleeping at the dojo!” There were quite a few young kids there and he'd been spending the nights in a sleeping bag on the floor. It was *possible* someone there had lice and he'd become the unlikely recipient, but the true cause of his discomfort was due to a much more *less* likely outcome.

The bright pink coloring was rapidly spreading through his head of blue, hair becoming softer and fluffier as it was dyed, but Hop was more fixated on dealing with just how itchy his scalp was so the softness of the hair wasn't quite registered in the initial stages. His nails weren't especially long so it made the itching a little difficult to do, but much to his surprise it began to get easier.

Because his nails were becoming especially long. Fingertips, normally of a darker complexion, were whitening due to a related change, but the main focus was actually the fingers and nails themselves. Digits grew a little longer and a little narrowing, extending the broadness of reach upon his scratchy scalp. But it was lengthening nails that were doing all of the real work, edges sharpening as they stuck out one, maybe two inches with a hot pink ink spread across their surfaces.

Hair suddenly smacked the boy on the sides of his face, finally triggering the mental alarm that something wasn't right here. He always kept hair short on the sides but long on the top so he could style it up like what was presumably a pine cone. In no world should it have been long enough to swing against his face like that, especially with the kind of

volume it had. But his eyes went wide upon looking to the sides to see it. Not just because it was so long... *but because it was so pink.*

“Holy! What’s going on here!?” Hop’s voice came out a little chirpier than normal, a feminine squeak to it that didn’t belong as he grabbed at some of the dangling hair and yanked it forward. A vibrant pink with lighter pink streaks running horizontally. Both dangling pieces were identical, curling at the tips. Reaching his other hand behind him found the hair stopped just above his shoulder at the back. Bangs had vertical streaks of light pink and hung down a few inches from his eyes, so voluminous that they cast a shadow around the top portion of his face.

It almost looked like it might be... No, it looked *exactly* like... *Klara’s hair*. Something about that realization though? It didn’t shock him as much as he thought it might. Instead it just made him straight up angry. **“Hee hee! I have hair just like Klara’s?”** He giggled this assessment, but it wasn’t a giggle made with earnest jest. It was uncharacteristically passive aggressive for the kind and generous Hop. Never had he felt this kind of overwhelming hostility that was slowly consuming his entire being.

The copper color of Hop’s eyes began to dull as a much more normal, steely blue slid into its place. Eyes themselves widened and lashes lengthened, giving him a much more expressive face in general when paired with rounder cheeks and plumper, more kissable lips. Hope was in his early teens, yet his face was beginning to better resemble a young woman closer to twenty.

What’s more, the white that had dyed his fingertips was growing into a much more widespread affair. Tiny patches of pale skin were replacing the melanin-rich deposits that covered his entire body. Before long arms, legs, torso, face; it was all a sickly pale that did not line up with Hop’s biological heritage. Noticing how white his skin had become had, in turn, drawn him to notice the new feminine designs of his hands.

He practically hissed. **“Why am I so, like, pale!? My nails are all super pink too!”** But his weird manner of speech did not escape notice either. **“Um... Why am I talking like this? This totally isn’t right! I sound like... that damn, rude ass floozy!”** Awareness didn’t help the issue though, and in a voice that was a perfect match for Klara’s Hop spit more venom about Klara herself than he’d ever thought of her before.

Despite struggling with what was happening, it didn’t cause the process to slow any. The magic berries continued their assault upon the boy’s body, and the next step was to remove the fact he was a boy at all. Like a

piece of dangling spaghetti being slurped up by a hungry connoisseur, both his dick and his balls were vacuumed up into *her* pelvis while a woman's genitals settled in their place.

The timing of this couldn't have been better for Hop though, for not even a few seconds after the gap between her legs began to close at a rate that definitely would have crushed her nuts in the case that she'd still had them. Integrity of Hop's pants were immediately tested as thighs stretched them to the extend of their limitations, round flesh sporting a freshly waxed sheen beneath the confines of her clothing.

Eventually rips did form between her legs thanks to her hips, which dislodged and popped outward to give her a gait more typical of a young woman and to restore a thigh gap between swollen legs. While an inflating rear didn't serve to cause anymore *real* damage to her outfit, plumping cheeks did eventually poke up and out from beneath the waistband as legs grew a little longer. The tight but round bubble butt hers could not be contained by pants meant for a young teenaged boy any longer.

“Whoa! My pants are totally ruined! ‘K... But aren't they like totes ugly? Who let me put these stupid things on!?” Still aggressive as could be in terms of speech, it seemed the real problem at hand was becoming lost as Klara's personality was overlain with Hop's own. It was a much more *intense* and *demanding* personality teeming with cynicism that overwhelmed even Hop's abundant optimism.

She couldn't even remember why she was out in the forest in the first place. **“Like... why am I way out here? Seems like a lotta work to do for no reason. I just wanna go back to the dojo and take a nap! Maybe bully that stupid Hop kid. ...Hop? Wait, aren't I...?”** Of course that hit her ear wrong. She *was* Hop after all. Or had been...?

The bottom hem of her shirt had already been yanked up a bit to show some of her tummy from her slight height increase, but now even more of it was on display as the black undershirt was hoisted even higher thanks to a budding weight in her chest. Slowly but surely a bosom began to rise, nipples erect from the stimulation and the tugging showing off more and more of a bare belly that had the slightest signs of chub thanks to the lifestyle of a slacker. The only reason it wasn't full-on chubby was because Mustard was so forceful in making the lazy Klara participate in morning exercises.

Standing at full attention, her tits were on the larger size of a B-cup. Nothing super impressive, just a little above average for a woman of her frame. Klara's appeal was all in her thick thighs and tight behind after

all, and now that she'd filled out she felt better than ever. "**Hee hee... I should get back after all. I totally need to set up more poison spikes for my battle with that brat!**" She had a secret match with Hop, Klara suddenly remembered. He'd wanted to take out his frustrations on her or something? But she wasn't going to play fair! After all Gloria was coming back tomorrow and Klara wanted to impress her!

It wasn't like she had a crush or anything! Don't be an idiot!

As the poison-type aspiring Gym Leader hopped away towards the forest exit, the final touches came as the piece of gum suddenly fell out of her hair on its own. At that very moment a single mole appeared beneath the left side of her lips, lips that were formed into a perpetual, misleadingly innocent-looking pout. That little brat wasn't going to know what hit him!

Of course, this change needed equivalency. It was to be expected that the Klara that had been sleeping in the dojo would suddenly become Hop, confused about why he was dressed in Klara's outfit.

It all made for a very awkward Pokemon battle when they realized they had one another's Pokemon too.