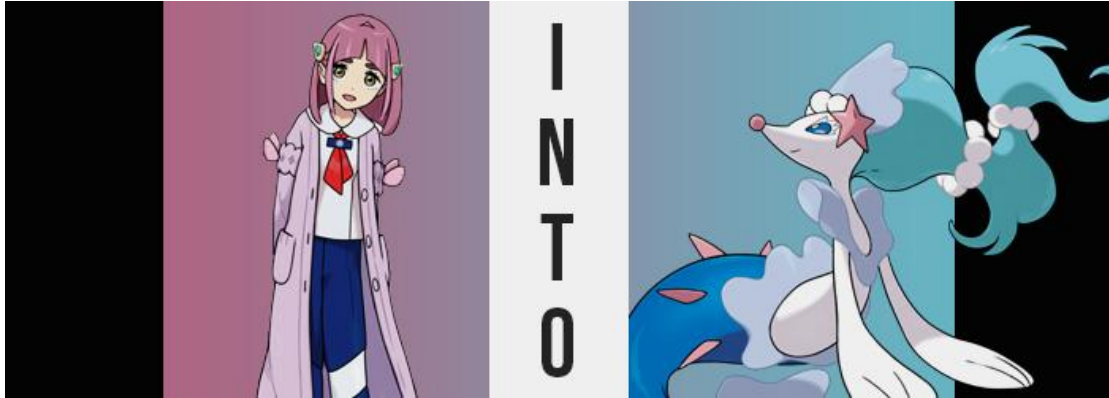


FULL SYNC

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Raven 1 to Raven 5. I’m in! This lab is *amazing!*”

“I told you to knock it off with the codename shit. Is the Sync Machine prototype in there?”

A young woman, alone in the dark, rolled her eyes at the response that she had received through her walkie talkie. She was dressed *entirely* in black, but there was a bandana around her right arm that bore the emblem of the once defeated Team Plasma. This sect of remnants had gone through a *lot* of trouble to break into the laboratory at Blueberry Academy, and as the woman fumbled around with a flashlight it seemed that there was only one goal on their mind. **“Got it! You sure you know how to tweak this thing? It isn’t going to blow me up, is it!?”**

It was small enough for her to stuff in her bag and so she *did*. A machine that allowed you to synchronize your mind with, and *control*, your Pokémon? That was the perfect tool for a reborn Team Plasma to recognize their plans. And they had just the researcher on their team to make that a reality. **“Just shut up and bring it back. We’ll run tests in the morning, you idiot.”**

“You don’t need to be so *mean* about it!”

“What a beautiful morning! Don’t you think so, Primarina?” One arm raised into the air with the other wrapped around it so that she could stretch from side to side, the sound of waves gently crashing against the nearby beach was very soothing to Lacey. And it was just as

soothing to Pokémon that was resting beside her that resembled a mix between a mermaid and a sea lion. The beautiful monster sung a note of agreement and did a flip in the air, landing on its powerful flipper hands.



It was barely past seven in the morning and it was *very* normal to find Lacey outside at that hour. The Coastal Biome of the Terarium was her location of choice for *most* things outside of classes and her position as a member of Blueberry Academy’s Elite Four. Whether it was training with her Fairy-type partner Pokémon or reading in peace and quiet, she found the Coastal Biome to be the best place for her to be.

Though neither of those reasons applied to why she was there. **“I just needed to clear my head! We’ll head back to the clubroom before classes start, don’t worry!”** Lacey had been woken up by the news that someone had broken into the academy’s laboratory and made off with one of the Syncro Machine prototypes. It *worked*, but apparently the one that had been taken had been shelved due to some peculiar *quirks*.

As a member of the Elite Four she had been asked to keep an eye out for any suspicious happenings. Apparently whomever had stolen it hadn’t left the island. So they were hiding *somewhere* within its faculties. She wasn’t sure what to do about that. She’d probably have to talk to the others in the League Club about a plan of action. **“I don’t even know where someone could hide. Maybe if we search the Terarium?”**

The culprits were actually *much* closer than she realized though. They were actually *observing* her in that very moment. Well, her *and* her Primarina. Not close enough that either of them could notice. But close enough that it would have been possible for someone to, say, lob a small object right at their feet. **“...Huh?”** Lacey looked down at the black orb that had landed beside her. Had a Pokémon dropped it? What *was* it?

“EEP!?” The latter question was answered not even seconds later. A number of ‘pores’ opened on the orb and it began to emit a thick smokescreen that made it difficult for Lacey or her Primarina to see each other. What was perhaps worse? Seconds later Lacey began to feel *strange*. Subdued? She felt a little... drowsy? No, was that even the right word? It was more like her will to just escape the smokescreen cloud had been taken from her. Was it a side effect of the smoke? **“Is there something in the smoke?”**

Not *quite*. The smokescreen had simply been thrown to disorient the pair and to prevent them from reuniting. The orb continued to emit the gassy substance to maintain this effect, in fact. But she had been pacified physically by *another* machine that had been pointed at both her and her Pokémon partner. A *link* had been established between them. By a modified version of the missing Sync Machine. Team Plasma had found their first test subjects.

“Primarina! Can you find me!?” Lacey called out to her friend through coughs. She thought she had heard Primarina’s cries over the hissing of the smokescreen bomb, but it was a little *unusual*. Primarina eventually went quiet all on her own, but near the end there? Her cries had almost sounded like they’d been made with Lacey’s *own* voice. But she dismissed that as having heard things. It was the only explanation that made any sense as things were.

The smokescreen seemed to be more disorienting than she had seemingly believed at first. Lacey’s balance felt like it was *off*? And she couldn’t seem to piece together what the cause was, at least *immediately*. But it became much more apparent moments later. She could feel her pants slipping from her hips and her navel being teased by the cool beachside air. Her violet cardigan had slid off her arms, but the uniform t-shirt underneath? Were her arms sticking out of it farther than before? **“D-Did I just... grow?”**

She had always thought herself to be an average height for her age being around 5’2”, and yet now she stood at approximately 5’11”.

Almost six feet!

“But why!? Is this some sort of experimental gas the research division!?” No, could even their technology do something like force a growth spurt on a human? So perplexed by that growth spurt the girl hadn’t even realized that she was now lacking something that she had possessed before, too. While they had been small she *had* possessed a bosom. But that small chest of hers had flattened away as she’d grown. Some might assume this meant that she had been getting *younger*, and yet? Her nipples had shrunk into non-existence, leaving her chest both flat and bare.

But this didn’t mean that her biological sex was in jeopardy. Just that whatever was happening to her? Human nipples were not necessary for the final outcome. As if to prove that point even further? That bare chest was looking *less* bare beneath her shirt. Patches of snow white had begun to sprout out across it; thin, waterproof furs that soon propped themselves up elsewhere as well.

Lacey *did* notice these hairs but *not* on her chest. “**H-Huh?**” A tickling sensation around her hands and forearms was what had eventually brought her attention to them. The fronts and backs of her hands were quickly consumed by this fur, a fur that the Elite Four member herself recognized in the back of her mind. But she hadn’t been sure of it at first nor could she really comprehend what it meant.

But her inability to comprehend it was fleeting as she observed further change in those hands past the smoke. White fur-covered fingers were lengthening, thickening, flattening, and in some cases *merging* together while finger nails were absorbed back into her body. They merged with her palms to form singular, paddle-shaped surfaces with thin indentations between three ‘fingers’ on either hand. But they were longer and weightier, and once the changed traveled up her arms and narrowed their shapes?

She found it difficult to hold her new ‘hands’ up, and both arms hung loosely at her sides.

“**Th-Those are flipperinas!**” If she’d had the ability to cover her mouth with her hands in that moment then she *would* have. Yet she remained powerless as the fur traveled over her tummy, widening it into a tube shape while the rest traversed up to thin her neck. She’d *meant* to say ‘flippers’, right? So why had she made that odd sound in the middle?

All the while change had begun to creep into the girl’s head. The fur hadn’t crept into her face *yet*, but the sight of her hair growing both in length and in curliness was difficult to ignore. It spilled past her shoulders and cascaded down past her back, but just as unusual was its color. At first it almost seemed like pale teal highlights were merely dancing amidst the usual pink, and yet by the time the hair had reached past her butt? Its silkier, wavier length was completely dyed in that shade.

“**Prima is... is Prima becoming...? M-My voice!?**” Perhaps it was because her body was continuously adjusting but she managed to bring a flipper up this time, almost slapping herself in the face with it as her worst fear came to mind. “**Primarina! Can rina—!?**” Lacey attempted to call out to her Pokémon elsewhere in the smoke, and yet doing so felt so odd to her that she stopped. Like she *wasn’t* the one who was supposed to be crying out to *her trainer*. “**B-But she isn’t rina’s primarin!?**”

It was hard to deny the sound of her own *Pokémon cries*. They were the same sounds she heard her partner monster make on a daily basis. Considering the flippers and the feeling of soft fur all over her torso, she

couldn't really deny what was obvious. She was becoming a Primarina and— "**RIINA!?**"

Another beast-like cry bellowed from her lips, the sensation of falling forward into the smoke sending her train of thought off course. She slipped out of her pants and underwear *during* the fall and managed to land on her big flippers in a way that felt oddly *comfortable*? With her legs now curled to the side this posture just seemed *right* somehow. But considering the Pokémon she now knew she was becoming she supposed that made sense.

"**Rina's legs!**" She couldn't do much more than watch in horror as the reason she had fallen was made obvious. Her two bare legs were now binding together, with her thighs and ass all merging to give her a heftier upper leg region while it narrowed to be even thinner around her ankles. For some reason the white fur hadn't spread beneath her tummy and now it made sense as to why, as blue *scales* were emerging from where human skin had once been instead, like a mermaid's tail.

It wrapped itself almost *entirely* around merged limbs, though pink barbs did prop out around the tail above level with where her butt had once been. Frilly, pale blue fins emerged to wrap around where her ankles had once been as well as around where this tail met her torso. But her feet, oddly, had not been wrapped up in these scales nor the fins. Instead they horizontally flattened and fanned out, the white fur from her torso covering this new fin at the tip of her tail.

"**Ack!?**" The fur of her neck had finally made its way into Lacey's face, and in an almost unrelated response she had suddenly found herself gagging. It wasn't *entirely* unrelated, mind you, but instead a physical response to her jaw suddenly being pulled forward. The girl went cross-eyed to stare at a nose that wasn't only pulling farther and farther away from those eyes as her face was pulled into a long snout, but also swelled into a round, pink shape that almost elicited the impression of the nose of a clown.

Her maw was filled solely with small, razor sharp teeth now, and whenever she made sounds her vocal chords carried them in an almost musical way. "**I don't... want... to... rina...?**" It had been getting hard to speak in a human tongue already, yet it was becoming physically impossible now. A longer tongue made it more difficult. The mouth of a sea lion was not something designed to make human sounds, especially not with such thin lips.

Lacey went quiet as the final changes were rooted, completing her transformation. Her eyes were turned slightly to the sides and shifted to a bright blue, while thick, white eyelashes decorated there now teardrop

shapes. A beaded tiara that was very much part of her body covered a lowered forehead, and additional pale blue fins extended both backwards from that tiara and wrapped around her shoulders like a necklace. White pearls tied up her hair, and a starfish was positioned on the both sides of the *monster's* head.

All of this much easier to see as her clothes had suddenly disappeared, leaving her naked.

“*Riiiiin? Rina!?*” Lacey’s flippers covered her snout with embarrassment. She’d slowly been losing her ability to speak in a human tongue throughout her transformation, but now she couldn’t do anything *but* cry out in the tongue of a *Primarina*; the very form that she had taken. But searching her memories she had come to another startling discovery. She wasn’t just *any* Primarina. She had become *her own* Primarina. The one she had raised since she’d hatched from an egg as a Popplio.



Which was *jarring*. These memories did not replace her human ones. Both sets of memories existed side by side, but her human ones were also strong enough that her human personality remained dominant. The memories of her Primarina’s life were enough to allow her to move comfortably in this new form, yet... She was worried that this balance would shift with time. Like her control would slip. “*Prima...*”

If she was concerned about her memories at first, then that fear only grew further once the smokescreen finally tapered away and, coughing where her Primarina had once stood? Was a carbon copy of *her trainer*. *N-No! That’s not my trainer! I don’t have one! D-Do I?* Her thoughts attempted to correct the thought, but there was no denying that a perfect clone of her old body was standing there dressed in the clothes that had disappeared.

“**Are you alright Primarina? That was shocking! I wonder who threw that...?**” If the real Lacey had become her Primarina, then that Lacey had to be what her old Primarina had become, right? Just trying to think about it made the Pokémon even more confused about her own identity and she sung a note of disorientation that prompted ‘Lacy’ to

run over and crouch down, taking her fins in her hand. There was something very comforting about *her trainer* holding her hands. It made the Primarina feel *safe*. “**Oh no, are you unwell? Do you want to take a nap together!?**”

“**RINA!?**” But the monster caught herself again. Why was she thinking that way!? She couldn’t deny that she felt more at ease now and taking a nap with her trainer, Lacey, sounded like a *really* good idea. A cute yawn escaped her triangular, pink-nosed snout. “*Rina...*” She really *did* feel tired. The *both* of them did. ‘Lacey’ guided ‘her Primarina’ beneath a nearby palm tree where they then propped themselves up against each other. The Primarina’s eyes felt heavier and heavier. She was warm and safe here, but wasn’t something wrong?

There was something she had to remember...

But she *wouldn’t* by the time she woke up.

“**Looks like it was successful then, good.**” A man dressed in dark colors stood once the trainer and her Pokémon in the distance, their roles swapped, had fallen asleep beneath a tree. “**It seems that the transformed human can resist for longer, but the process is exhausting and they eventually succumb. I can’t imagine she’ll remember her past life when she awakens. Those quirks in this prototype were useful after all.**” He was being watched by the Team Plasma woman who had stolen the device in his hand the night before.

“**But I believe a few more tests are in order.**”