

# FOLLOW THE LEADER

## OCTOBER REQUEST STORY

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**“So it’s official huh? Ash is leaving?”** The Alolan trainer by the name of Sophocles whined to no one in particular as he perused the wares at the local PokeMart without giving much of a thought to what he was actually doing. He’d been distracted ever since he’d learned the news -- that a dear friend from the academy would be departing on a brand new adventure, leaving all his friends behind.

It wasn’t like the boy was surprised, nor did he hold Ash in a lower regard for it. He’d been all over the world already so why end things in Alola? It was more like facing an inevitable conclusion, something they’d all expected would happen from the very beginning. Surely it wasn’t just Sophocles that felt this sadness but everyone in their little group.

If only he could accompany him, but that wasn’t plausible either. Sophocles had duties of his own to see through back in Alola, he couldn’t go off following Ash wherever he went.

As the boy was distracted by his own distress, he wasn’t really paying attention as his finger traced the shelves. Pokéballs, potions, and then finally evolution stones. There was nothing he would have typically had to have been cautious about there of course, but at the same time in this particularly instance there *was*. A Water Stone that glimmered unlike the rest, that had a peculiar aura to it.

The boy’s finger traced across it with an ill-timed comment. **“I wish I could go with Ash anyways.”** It was innocent enough, pure in intention, and yet it would ultimately lead to a reality in where that wish could be accomplished. But the boy known as Sophocles was destined to remain in Alola. To fulfill the dream he desired, he’d very much have to shed that identity altogether.

But not by choice. **"AH!?"** Inertia suddenly took the boy as the ground fell out from beneath him, not given an opportunity to take note of the peculiar glow the stone had given off. But as quickly as it felt like he was falling he found himself landing on... *a bed?* **"Eh?"** Sophocles was naturally off-put by the soft cushioning beneath him, just as he was with the space he now occupied. It wasn't the PokeMart, not at all. Instead it looked like the cabin of a cruise ship?

He lifted himself off the bed and waddled over to the sole window that shone morning light into the room. He was short, but standing on his tippy toes he was just barely able to peer through the glass, which ultimately confirmed his own suspicions. He *was* on a cruise ship, and it was one docked at Melemele Island's port. On the night stand beside the bed was what looked to be a ticket, and grubby fingers grabbed it suspiciously. **"Galar to Alola round trip? For a... Nessa? Crud! Is this someone else's room!?"**

Well he wasn't *supposed* to be on this ship, the boy knew that. He really didn't want to get in trouble considering he had absolutely no idea how he'd gotten there. He had no idea where 'Galar' was nor did he know this 'Nessa', so it'd totally look suspicious if her was suddenly walked in on! But little did he know that this was merely his wish being granted. If Sophocles was destined to remain on the islands to fulfill his own destiny as he saw it, then the alternative would be to give him a fate in the land Ash Ketchum would ultimately arrive at.

### *The Galar Region.*

The boy's first reaction was to vamoose as quickly as possible, and so he ran over to the door and fumbled with the knob. But taking a peek out the door... there was nothing. No ship interior. No walls. Not even a floor to step on. It was like short of the room and the view from his window, there was nothing to the world at all. This was because reality was being recreated to the specifications of his wish, it wasn't an instantaneous process and by the time Sophocles had been reformed that world would surely have opened up.

**"How... am I supposed to get out? The window? I won't fit, and that's a far fall..."** It was scary. If he was in better physical form it might have been plausible, but... Not to mention he didn't have any Pokemon on him. He'd noticed that right away. Surely they were back at the Mart? Which means the owner would have picked them up since they knew each other, but that didn't help with his current debacle.

In regards to his pudgy frame and short height though? That was about to be tested by the first wave of changes that would wrack his little body. He didn't quite notice until the next time he glanced at the window though. By standing on his toes the first time he was able to clearly see over the bottom sill, but for some reason the next he looked his eyes were level with that point despite not standing on his toes or, well, *anything* really.

The mattress of the bed also looked lower, which forced the trainer to look down at himself. What he found, however, was shocking. His ample stomach was still protruding, but it wasn't nearly as blatant as it normally was. He could past his gut with a little more ease, and the floor beneath it seemed farther away than he was accustomed to. **"Weird. Did the room shrink? I couldn't have gotten taller..."** Though the room shrinking was as equally implausible.

He certainly *had* grown -- just a little bit. But that little bit grew more and more substantiated as time went on. Knees straightened as the weight his upper body supported had no choice but to follow an increase in bone length, longer legs, arms, and torso seeing that weight properly distributed across its new height as additional weight didn't seem to be added.

Sophocles had quickly risen from under five feet to being almost five foot four inches by the time the stretching sensation concluded, body swaying back and forth clumsily and clothes dangling loosely off of him as the thinner frame no longer supported his shorts and boxers. Not wanting to stand nude in case someone, somehow, came in though he reached down and pulled gray boxers up to try and mask legs that were still chubby from his boyish fat.

**"This is impossible..."**, he murmured, his assertion not backed by any confidence in his tone. He could deny it all he wanted, but that didn't change the reality of the situation in front of him. The young boy was as tall as someone in his late teens now and the body fat distribution made him look a lot thinner. But he was growing thinner and thinner still, what was left of his tummy bulge quickly deflating before his very eyes.

More peculiarly however was the fact that his legs were not afforded the same benefit. In fact, trying to walk over to the bed he felt like they were growing plumped? Sophocles could feel the weight of his inner thighs rubbing together, but it wasn't accompanied at all by the usual loose skin sensation he was accustomed to. It felt... *firm*. He couldn't help but lean forward and pin the boxers against his waist with an elbow while fingers went to touch them. **"Soft..."** Not at all loose like he was used to, and while leaning forward he could see them clearly too. They had such a glossy glow to them, almost like... **"A woman!?"**

The cheeks of his butt tightened and firmed with the decadence of maturity as he shot upright once more, too distracted to bother holding his boxers up any longer. While he'd been shuffling around with his shorts at his ankles, he chose now to promptly kick them off into the corner of the cabin. The suddenly kicking motion however provoked another change to his waist, as hips popped outward to either side almost cartoonishly as each leg swung, shape resembling the lower portion of an hourglass as they curved towards a now completely flat and uncharacteristically muscular stomach.

A soft and effeminate gasp escaped the boy's lips as the little boyish dick he had likewise slipped inside of him at the same time black hair that mismatched that atop

his head slid out just above the slit that took shape in its place. What Sophocles didn't notice because, her mind still that of a young boy, she opted not to look at, was that this pussy was a lot darker in color than the rest of her skin. This was a phenomenon that soon bled into the inner legs and pelvis nearby, a dark tone more fitting of a different race bleeding in and giving thighs a significantly more substantiated sheen than they'd had prior.

The reason she wasn't so fixated on her lower half despite the significant change was that there were changes more readily observable closer to her head. Fingertips had begun to darken and as the darkness crept down the length of each digit there actually became a little more length to cover. Before her eyes each finger thinned and lengthened, sensation of bones cracking only making the discomfort of such a change more prominent as palms took on a dark but lighter coloration than the back of each hand. While nails likewise grew longer, they didn't creep too far forward.

Lashes fluttered not merely from awe but because they were becoming more voluminous as make up began to spread across Sophocles' face. It was already changing shape, quickly losing any resemblance to that of the young boy she'd been when she'd 'fallen' into this cabin. Beady eyes that lacked any definition grew both wider and larger alike as blues bled into fully formed irises that would capture the attention of any man or woman.

The design of her face overall became a lot more angular. Pudgy cheeks thinned and took higher point as they came down towards a pointed chin. Lips grew plump as gloss gave them a nice and kissable shine, and above her eyes blue eyeshadow applied itself -- which seemed out of place at first, but as the darker skin tone swept across her facial features as it had been the rest of her body it looked far better suited.

Very little remained of the boy Sophocles, and the woman Nessa was beginning to take his place. Her bangs swept softly to the side as the length of her hair began to grow, and as it did new memories and mannerism quickly began to flood into her mind. Memories of a distant land, another life. He wasn't a boy of Melemele Island but a Gym Leader of another place far away. The Galar region, a place where the League was something that had been established and was steeped in tradition, unlike Alola's brand new League.

Dark strands of hair quickly overtook her orange as they grew long enough to sweep down her back. The coloring wasn't quite black, but instead seemed to be an incredibly dark blue as evident by a single band that was a sky blue shade. It was representative of the water... because she was a Water Gym Leader after all. Suddenly the fit frame she possessed made sense as memories of constantly swimming alongside her Pokemon popped in place. By the time 'Sophocles' was gone her hair had fallen far past her tight little ass, straight as could be.

**"Why am I wearing this?"** Nessa's attention was quickly drawn to the oversized children's shirt she was wearing. She hadn't packed anything like it on her training

trip to the Alola region and it was extremely ill fitting. It was wide and hung off her narrow frame like a tent, the cut short so that despite the fact that one soft shoulder was left exposed it still hung above her navel and left trimmed tummy in display.

Dark-skinned fingers grabbed the white shirt from the bottom and pulled it up and over her chest, which immediately showed signs of growing plumper as nipples reacted to the cool cabin air and stood at attention. Not a lot came of their growth, but fat deposits crept in beneath them and a pair of perky B-cups glimmered with sweat as they bounced in response to the action of Nessa tossing her shirt to the side.

**“Something more fitting...”**, she mumbled as she wandered over to the cabin’s closet. Her body was rippling with both strength and seductive softness, a real beauty particularly by Alolan standards. Planks on the floor creaked beneath gentle tootsies, and the sound of the closet sliding open initially overwhelmed any other sound in the room. Nessa reached in and pulled out an ensemble she was accustomed to. Polyester swim shorts slid up her legs and slapped against the thick fat of her thighs, as the matching top held her new breasts in place with an enticing shadow peering out from the bottom to suggest her tits might be just a little bigger than the swimsuit top should have allowed.

Content, the Gym Leader slid on her sandals and took a small makeup bag from the closet floor. There was no bathroom in the cabin and she needed to both touch up her make up and do up her hair before she went into Melemele for training. Her trip was almost over, and she felt like she needed to get back to Galar soon for some reason.

And so Nessa stepped into the hall. The hall of a boat that now 100% existed.