

Hardcore Rockin'

(Octransfur Day 5: Outfit)

An Electivire (Pokemon Fool's Gold) TF/MG story

By Ponky Kong

The heavy bass of nightclub music might have rocked hard enough to have the whole Oreum Sirius Night Club in movement, but the pounding waves sent down Parker's head meant he just really couldn't enjoy it.

They couldn't very well go up to the DJ and ask the guy to quiet it down, not when there was a whole crowd of people who *were* enjoying it, and they didn't happen to bring any earplugs to help withstand things, either. Parker wasn't expecting to be at a *concert hall* or anything, after all- though there'd always be the worry that he wouldn't be able to hear someone trying to talk to him if he *did* bring some. Just great.

Parker let out a beleaguered sigh, rubbing their temples to try and help his poor head feel better. The longer he sat there, the more he felt like this 'night out' outing had been a mistake.

All things considered, Parker did like the place. The atmosphere was a nice one, murky and dark aside from the colored lights casting a soft, celestial glow on the chatting faces mingling about, while other dots of light twinkled from the club ceiling like its own charming little starry sky. If he wasn't suffering from a bass-induced headache and wasn't worried about people coming up and talking to him, Parker wondered if he could pick out any constellations up there, in the ceiling lights.

Parker had found a seat probably around the furthest possible point in the nightclub away from the DJ and stage, sitting down at a small bar tucked away into the corner of the room, where he felt only somewhat bedraggled rather than downright miserable. The burly bartender serving tonight seemed nice, offering his sympathies when Parker expressed their misgivings about how the music made him feel like he was about to pass out at any given moment, even offering them some ice water to help them feel better. It didn't actually help their pounding head much, but Parker did still appreciate the gesture.

They let out a sigh- they'd come to relax and engage in some actual real-person interaction, which their streamer job didn't really allow much of, but by the looks of

it this outing ended up a bust. The godforsaken DJ on stage was keeping Parker from moving closer to the fun, and aside from the bartender there weren't even that many other people around to meet or engage with- just a few folks with food at their tables, a group in pretty punk outfits talking amongst themselves, a couple engaged in a deep conversation Parker could only catch snippets of, and such. Parker wasn't enjoying himself much, it struck him- maybe it was just time to head out.

Yeah, that sounded right- he'd one more drink, and then throw in the towel for the night.

"Hey, Maurice?" Parker called, spinning around on their stool to face the bar again.

"Eyup. What can Ah get fer ya?" The bartender set down a glass he was polishing, offering Parker his full attention. His odd accent was nearly unplaceable, but still really just an all-around swell guy, that one.

"I think I'll be heading out soon... would you mind getting me something to wake me up for the road? But nonalcoholic, please." Parker squinted up at the menu listing, realizing he'd just asked for something vague and annoying. "Like, uh, maybe the Thunderbolt, if that's something like that?"

Thankfully, Mr. Maurice got the gist of what Parker wanted. "'Eah, th' Thund'rbolt's usually alcoholic, but Ah'll try'n' whip up somethin' to use as a substitute fer ya. Back in a moment." Parker nodded gratefully after him as he disappeared into a door they hadn't noticed before- must be the back room for bar ingredients, or something.

Parker let their eyes drift shut, relieved that they'd be on their way out of there soon... before being startled awake by a clap of some hand on their back.

Wincing from the renewed throbbing overtaking his head, Parker looked over at his perpetrator, catching sight of one of the aggressively dressed punks that had been huddled up with a few others just a moment before.

"Can I... help you?" Parker asked, uncertain and wary as to what in the world the guy wanted out of someone like him. Unfortunately, the guy took his polite question as full permission to go in depth, exactly what Parker *didn't* want to deal with today.

"What's upp, yeah, glad you're having fun at the club- hey, can I get you to listen to something real quick?" The thin-framed punk hardly bothered with any pleasantries, jumping straight to the point- holding out a pair of bulky headphones

to Parker expectantly. "My band's on set tonight, and I just want to check with a fresh set of ears to make sure we don't sound like shit, yeah? Here, have a listen to the demo reel we got. C'mon, won't be more than five minutes."

Parker gave the headphones a dull look, debating whether or not to just ignore the guy or to politely decline, headache rising further. The last thing Parker wanted to do was entertain this guy's request and be coerced into staying even *longer*.

Although, then again... Parker eyed the pair of retro, bulky headphones with thick cups set to hold the ears in tight. They were no earplugs, but there was at least a chance they could block out the worst of the music out here, so long as the music being *played* on them wasn't just as bad, or worse. Parker barely held in a snicker, spotting a pair of volume knobs on the headphones themselves. If worst came to worst, they could just mute whatever song would be playing on it and pretend they were listening the whole time.

"...You know what, sure. I could give it a go." Parker sighed, making to reach for the headphones, but they were shoved into his hands faster than he could realize.

"Sick, dude, thanks! You're going to love it, promise." The punk assured once the headphones were in Parker's open hands, before backing away. "Just put them on, I'll set up the tracks we got so fair. It's, uh, Bluetooth." Parker almost rolled his eyes at the haste the guy had to get him to listen, this *had* to be a hustle of some kind.

"Sure, man," Parker called halfheartedly after the guy as he sauntered away back to his buddies, silently deciding that if he came back later trying to grift some money off of them for listening, they were just going to walk away. And probably never come back to this nightclub. Sorry, Maurice.

Speaking of the guy, Parker noticed him come back out of the back room with some more ingredient bottles in hand, nodding and raising them wordlessly when he noticed Parker wearing some headphones. They did seem to help with the music at least a little, the pounding in their head going down.

Maurice plucked a glass from the rack and went a-mixin', pouring bottles and ice and stirring in such fluid motions that Parker could only respond with a wide-eyed stare. A dash of a shaker or two, the inoffensive clink of smooth glass on ice as he stirred once more, and Parker was presented with... a sparkling yellow, tasty looking drink. "One Thunderbolt, 'ere ye are," Maurice gestured, speaking aloud when Parker removed one side of the headphones off his ear to be polite. "'S a spicy 'ard lemonade mix Ah came up with, though nonalcoholic- the vodka's swapped out fer

sum club soda to get that electric crackle, y'know? And a bit a' ginger thrown in there, too."

Parker stared at the glass, a bit dumbstruck. "That was... *really* cool. Uh. Thanks so much?" was all they could manage out, referring to the bartender's process.

Maurice's otherwise flat face broke into a wide, delighted grin at the compliment, lacing his fingers together and giving his thick arms a flattered little stretch. "Thanks, Ah've been practicin'!"

Something about the exchange had just charmed Parker so much that he felt the sudden urge to collapse into his arm in a fit of giggles. He almost did, but instead settled for a smile and a little appreciative laugh for the bartender as he reached for the drink, nodding his thanks and taking a sip.

Parker's eyes flew open at the sensation of carbonation filling his mouth with the force of what felt like a fistful of pop rocks, almost opening his mouth to let the air out before catching himself and swallowing first. Not to be undercut, the flavor of spiced lemonade crept in soon after, sweet and throaty and with a low fire that insisted it be extinguished with another surge of carbonation, like the drink itself had become some sort of a fire extinguisher.

They closed their eyes, savoring the flavor a bit longer before taking the next sip- before a loud crashing sounded in their ears, jumping a bit in their seat and suddenly feeling glad they weren't mid-sip.

Parker had entirely forgotten they were wearing headphones.

Wincing and immediately reaching up to turn the volume knobs down, Parker simmered in his seat as the music played, his expectations low for what had to be the most graceless way he'd ever been convinced into listening to music he hadn't heard before. The drums were overbearing out of the gate, the baseline a single note that Parker couldn't get behind, the vocals sounding clunky and stilted and not quite in tune with the instrumental behind them, that just had Parker wincing. He took another sip of his drink- he'd already decided to give it a fair shake, for the sake of trying everything once, but that was one hell of a first impression to make on a new listener.

The more Parker stuck out through listening, though, the more... it was starting to grow on them. They found their head bobbing along as the instrumentals picked up, the lead singer stepping in and captivating him with how they seemed to pull the

mess of the backing vocals together into something Parker could call somewhat listenable.

A wide, toothy smirk crossed his face as the song kicked up in volume without Parker's input, probably a natural crescendo of the song- revealing a row of startlingly large, jagged white teeth filling Parker's mouth as it grew wider, taking up more space on their face. Taking another sip of their drink, they didn't notice as thick bushes of hair grew from their face, a beastly, lightning-yellow beard bushing out down the sides of their face... before color was swallowed up by a deep violet from the roots up, like a drop of ink contaminating a pool of water. More splotches of intense violet appeared over his skin, and hair, and even his clothes, the color taking over his whole body by the time he had to have been halfway through the song.

The rock track blasting in his ears and the spiced drink blasting in his mouth made Parker feel more and more *alive*- his new energy reflected by his physical form, as his body *swelled* in size. Parker rolled his shoulders in reflex, his frame stretching broad as his arms, and even his hands grew huge, biceps threatening to tear the fabric of his denim jacket had it not shifted in material and grown to fit. His hands thickened into meaty mitts, gripping and ungripping as Parker absently relished their new strength, enough to break bones or bend metal with his bare hands. His chest, too, swelled with solid pectorals the size of his clenched fists, and in his torso the changes brought a thick core to his center of gravity, with far more stamina than any he'd ever felt as a human.

His lower half wasn't far behind, mass and musculature slamming Parker with what felt like tree trunks for legs, supporting a thick, luscious ass- he couldn't help reaching down with a meaty, thick-fingered mitt and giving it a good grope or two. Parker's feet grew cramped in his shoes, needing hardly a flex of each foot for the three sharp, beastly claws on his feet to cleanly tear through them both. He absently kicked the remains of his shoes and socks off, leaving his three-toed beastly paws plantigrade and bare, free to the already somewhat stale air of the nightclub. Someone here oughta get a kick out of that, Parker gave a light snort as he gave his huge arms a generous stretch into the air.

Parker's clothes before had been casual, his usual denim jacket for a nice night out, but the purple staining his body did far more to his clothes. His jacket and pants hardened and smoothed out, shifting to the thick purple leather of a heavy leather jacket, the pockets and folds and lapels and collar etching themselves with shiny, pointed spike studs all throughout, wafting the heavenly scent of leather up to the flattening nose on his face. A pair of hard pads settled on his shoulders, the spikes studded on much larger and more aggressive, matching the spiked leather

wristbands on each arm just above his meaty hands. A pair of long, wiry tails sprouted through a hole in the back of Parker's leather pants, instinctively weaving through the leather belt loops and hooking together past their shiny, pierced ends, disguising them as a belt to conceal their additional use as weapons. The fur over his chest tickled as his old striped shirt stained with such a deep purple it was almost black, with a white crude skull shape printed front and center on the tee underneath his thick leather jacket.

Parker grit his jagged teeth as the shape of his very head and skull reshaped, but it couldn't stop his savage grin from shining through as he moshed to himself, there at the bar. The violet fur swept over the rest of his skin, a sure sign there was nothing human there any longer, while his hair shot straight up into a pair of jet black mohawks, punk wild and spiking high with purple highlights licking the tips. His skull stretched and shaped his head down to a wide dome, and the rest of the hair on his scalp shaved down to purple fur, with a white skull and crossbones dyed onto the fur between his mohawks.

Even moreso as the punk vibes surged into Parker- deep within him, he felt the resonating urges and impulses grow and cut and mold and shape him into *something* as he reciprocated just the same to them, that **Dark typing** energy filling him and touching the very core of his being. Those predatory instincts, to fight and attack and *hunt* and *kill*, touched and intertwined with those human thoughts and ideas and socialization that Parker had absorbed through growing up human, molding and changing and refining each other to become something new, something that made sense, that felt *right*.

Throwing his weight around, feeling more prone to aggression and violence, relishing the discomfort or fear of those around him, reveling in how intimidating he was and using it to get what he wanted- it all felt *easier*, his inhibitions of wanting to be polite or nice to those around him were all but gone and he could not feel better. A pair of jet black stripes dyed themselves on the fur over his eyes around his head, and his grin stretched all the wider and more savage. He was a **Dark type**, and god damn was he going to enjoy *acting* like one!

The Electivire blinked open his eyes, suddenly realizing he wasn't listening to the song he'd been checking out anymore. Angling his wide, dome head down to look to the ground, he caught sight of both halves of the headphones he'd been given, torn apart along plastic and wires connecting them. He snorted. Not his fuckin' fault the guy gave him human headphones that didn't fit his head.

"Hey, good to see ya, dude, we were looking for you!" The punk guy was back, grinning wide and giving him a friendly elbow to the huge pokemon's studded

sleeve. "The rest of us are all set, you ready to rock out on stage? We're next on set in 15, once the guy up there wraps up."

There was a sudden impulse the Electivire had, to smile, nod, laugh, elbow back, leap out of the barstool to join the rest of the band at the table just nearby. He'd help out getting all their equipment set up for their set, rock out on stage with his best friends in the whole world, hang out and get drunk with them for the rest of the night, just happy with his friends and lot in life.

And he very well was about to, too- before the carbonated drink they'd finished off earlier caught up to them, and let out a savage belch tasting of lemon and a hint of ginger.

All at once, Parker's gaze refocused, and a bout of clarity struck them before they could open his mouth to answer. He blinked at the punk next to him, acting way too overly friendly and speaking nonsense, and narrowed their eyes.

"Sorry, do I know you? 'Cuz you're acting *real* fuckin' chummy for someone asking me to punch their lights out." The sound of Parker's voice growling out was like scooping gravel out of their chest, deep and throaty and masculine, and the punk immediately shrank back, eyes wide in surprise and fear. Parker didn't bother hiding the mirthful chuckle rumbling out at the reaction- they *loved* it.

The punk threw a panicked glance back at his buddies over at his table, who after looking at each other couldn't offer much more help than a worried shrug. "U-uh, sorry, nevermind. I'll get out of your hair, just be on my way..." The punk turned to hurry away and rejoin his friends, but froze in his tracks when he felt the thick fingers of a hand large enough to smother his whole face without even trying gently wrap around the back of his neck.

"Hold on now, I wanna hear more about what the fuck was going through your tiny little human head that told you this was a good idea, and exactly *what* kind of outcome you expected from talkin' to me like that. I can only fuckin' *imagine*, yeah?" The Electivire was still holding the punk at arm's length, but the punk could still almost feel the purple fur tickling him as though the beast were growling in his ear anyway.

Parker felt the punk swallow hard through the fingers on his throat. Kid must've had some serious composure to not be fuckin' pissing himself like hell.

"We... we, uh, our band- we were going to perform at the club tonight, but our. You see, our lead singer, he- he had to call in sick, but there wasn't any time to

reschedule, we'd been banking on this gig for a long time, we really couldn't do anything about it, swear to god. We really needed this, so I thought, maybe we could ask someone else to fill in? But we didn't know anyone, we're still really small, so-" His breath hitched and drew in sharply, as the fingers wrapped around the back and sides of his neck tightened its grip just a bit, cutting him off from digging himself into an even deeper hole.

Parker raised an eyebrow to himself. So it was intentional, treating him like they knew each other and hoping the power of suggestion would convince him to go perform with them? And these changes, this outfit- Parker's eyes widened, remembering the torn parts of the headphones, that the punk had given to him before he'd changed. Was that part of all this, too?

"Look at me." The words were simple, yet the rude punk remained still, only turning just a little when Parker's thick fingers guided him to. So he tried again.

"Hey, shithead, I'm talkin' to you. **Look at me.**" Parker *snarled*, and the skinny bastard turned towards him faster than a shot, his wide, terrified eyes meeting the Parker's beastly gaze, having leaned forward to meet the shorter human and his eye level.

"You think just because of what I am, you can butter me up into being the lead singer for your shitty band by pretending you know me? You think I'm a damn *fool?*" Parker snarled, careful to not confirm or deny that he was aware of the changes having happened to him. There was more power in evoking uncertainty, a darker part of him told them, licking its lips at the chance to use it in practice.

The punk shook his head very quickly. "N... no, I don't. Sorry for bothering you, uh, sir, we'll... ask someone else, figure something else out."

Parker's fangs stretched wide into a truly *predatory* grin, and threw his wide dome head to erupt into a deep, menacing laugh, gleeful at the opportunity dropped into his lap. "Oh, I'll *be* that lead singer you need, ya little cunt. But it won't be for *free*, you hear me?" Parker leveled his gaze from where he sat at Electivire height, meeting the punk's scared and confused gaze once more. "You want the best damn vocalist in the whole club to sing lead for your shitty little amateur hour gig, you better be ready to pay up. And I take *all kinds* of payment, so don't think ya can Buizel your way outta this one if you're broke." That fear, that dread, that anticipation in the little bastard's eyes- Parker could just drink that up all night... but he had to come up for air sometime.

Fingers still having been around the punk's neck to keep him from escaping, Parker turned the poor guy back around towards his buddies, giving him a pat on the shoulder. "Now that that's settled, best to go tell your bandmates what's up now, yeah? Maybe they can help ya come up with somethin' that you couldn't fuckin' think of yourself." Parker ended with a shove to his back, sending the entitled brat stumbling back to his buddies' table.

Parker turned himself back to face the bar and his empty drink, snorting a bit as his Electivire ears caught one of the bandmates whispering to the punk who'd approached him. *"What were you thinking, anyway, trying that on the biggest guy in the room?! You're insane."*

In over their heads, though they probably weren't at the start of all this, the Electivire mused to himself as his gaze drifted over to catch the hot bartender's eye.

"See anything you like?" Parker could help giving a wink and a grin, flexing his leather jacket-clad arm to show off his guns.

The bartender did blush a bit at the sight, his eyes maybe lingering a bit too long before he shook his head to clear it. "Nah, nah, just... wasn' expectin' some o' that, really." Maurice gave a knowing look when Parker narrowed his eyes in suspicion, leaning forward to pick up Parker's empty glass. "Can Ah get ya another Thund'rbolt?"

Maurice clearly knew more than he let on, and definitely more than the entitled brat at the other table... but well, he definitely wasn't expecting the Electivire to suddenly stand up off the barstool to his full height, hoist the bartender by the polo shirt collar, and jerk him forward to meet his mouth in a savage, charged kiss, now. So there, hah!

Parker pulled the dazed, cute bartender back from the kiss, offering him a charming grin full of jagged fangs. "Thought you might like a taste, too, from how much I enjoyed it myself." After hardly a second of thought, he scrawled a number on a napkin and folded it, tucking it into one of the man's large apron pockets with another wink. "Ya can call that anytime that sweet ass of yours needs some love, sweetheart."

Maurice's face had flushed an even brighter red, dizzily nodding as he got his bearings. Satisfied with himself, the Electivire sat back down on the barstool, leaning forward on the bar. "Hm... think I would like another Thunderbolt, yeah. Something tells me I'd be more than capable of holding my alcohol like this, but I'll

hold off for now." Another sinister idea struck him, and he snickered mirthfully to himself. "Oh, and you can put it on their tab." Parker jerked a huge thumb back to the table full of punk bandmates nearby. "Somethin' tells me they'll be *more* than happy to cover anything I'm getting."

Maurice gave him a look of distaste, but Parker didn't care, giving an untroubled shrug in return. Whatever the guy thought about it, it didn't change that Parker was *right* about it. The bartender eventually just let out a sigh, to Parker's victory. Wasn't like the matter concerned him, since he'd be getting his money for the drinks Parker got in the end anyways.

"Thund'rbolt refill, comin' up, then."

The Electivire leaned back in the barstool and stretched their arms, satisfied. New body, new voice, new hot guy to hit up, and a favor to cash in... and an awesome fuckin' outfit to wear on top of all that, too. They were on top of the world, and it felt so *good* to rule the way they did.

Fuckin' hell, if nights out got this fuckin' dope all the time, he'd have to get out of the apartment more often...