

# Golden Electric

Commission for BurstCoffee

This Story Contains TF, Pokemon, mental changes, and inanimate TF. Don't look if don't like.

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"Man... this place is really amazing." Max whispered to the open, slightly dusty air as he rose up the last stone step to the next floor. "So this is what it's like to walk around in history..." he mused, chuckling to himself. Much better than going to a museum, he decided.

Most of the history behind the region of Unova had either been lost to time or dissolved into a mist of folklore and legends with perhaps the most detailed, close to factual records belonging only to certain very important people.

But here, where Max stood, was a part of the history that managed to withstand the works of time. It was quite a long trip to get to Western Unova, but Max had managed to reach the fabled Dragonspiral tower.

No one knew who built it, or when, but what they did know was that the magnificent old structure was perhaps the oldest structure in all of Unova, and that it somehow had a connection to the Legendary Pokemon of the region.

Max, of course, was all about any kind of history or old monument. Not much for the life of a trainer, the 22 year old instead took to a life of exploration. Spelunking, climbing, looking at whatever magnificent sights he could reach, it was his joy and passion in an otherwise dull everyday. So of course when he moved to Unova he absolutely had to see what the region had to offer, and everything pointed towards the centerpiece of Unovan history as the next destination of his 'adventures'.

Still, though, that didn't mean the tower wasn't quite the climb. Despite all the activity in his hobby helping him keep in shape, Max wasn't particularly strong or macho. In fact, being a bit on the portly side didn't assist in making him a very attractive person. Not that he was much of a people (or Pokemon) person anyway, preferring to travel alone as it was.

The allure of mystery and adventure was all he needed. And it seems like said allure had paid off today as he walked through the tower.

"You'd think such an important, culturally significant place would have more tourists..." he mumbled as he brushed a hand along the cracked stone of what may have once been a pillar. "Not that I'm complaining, though." Indeed, he was actually entirely alone in here. It probably

paid credit that there were plenty of rather dangerous Pokemon out in the routes and forests surrounding the tower, and the nearest town was a considerable walk away.

Those weren't a problem for him, though. He had plenty of Repels!

Back to the matter at hand, it actually worked out well that there was no one around. He preferred the peace and quiet, and the experience would have been tampered with if there were people whispering or taking pictures while he tried to take everything in.

"Man... this tower is bigger on the inside..." he cleared his throat as he leaned against the wall to catch his breath. He had to have been near the top, right? He had climbed more flights of stairs than he could remember ever having to before, and the air felt a bit light. He could only imagine what would await up there. Just what amazing altar or ancient service could this tower have been used for? Surely, while the chambers below were a sight to behold, the very top would show the key to its entire purpose.

He wasn't expecting to actually find out what said purpose was, but he still wanted to see it! With the resolve that there would be something waiting for him upwards, he pushed himself to keep climbing.

Max breathed in the ozone-like air within the chamber as he stared at the center of the large, circular room. There, upon a pedestal, was some sort of black gem or stone. So very obviously placed as if begging for attention, begging for someone to approach and grab it. The young man took in the artifact from a distance, one foot still on the final step up to the top floor of the tower.

What was this? He had, certainly, heard of an ancient, powerful orb, one which held a deep connection of some kind to the dragon of legend, but surely it wouldn't be as easy as climbing up the ancient tower to find it.

Would it?

He took the last step upwards and carefully moved towards the center of the room. Just to make sure there was no last, sudden trap, he carefully tapped and stomped at the stone floor ahead of him with a foot, testing it for some kind of pressure plate like what was often the case in movies.

And yet, there was nothing. Nothing at all at the top of this ancient, wondrous tower. Nothing but him and this pedestal, the round ball resting atop glimmering enticingly. He now stood before it, noting the smell that reminded him of the hours before a downpour. The stone was perfectly spherical, reminding him of a crystal ball or pokeball that was painted entirely black. Overall it looked rather unimpressive, but that was just appearance. Max could tell, no, he could *feel* the power within the orb.

Max wondered if he should even be up here. Somehow, it was strange, very strange, to believe that this orb had gone untouched for what may well have been as long as Unova stood when it just sat out here in the open.

“Is this really the real thing...?” He muttered in disbelief. He was against himself on whether it was alright to touch it. He felt as if he may be disturbing something important yet... he came all this way just to look at the treasures and history of the legendary Pokemon Zekrom. Swallowing his breath and doubts, he decided. He wouldn't take it, at least. He just wanted to... hold it, get a closer look, then put it right back. With that resolve, he reached out and grabbed the orb-like stone.

And then he immediately regretted it.

Max was a simple man despite his love of exploration. He never really got *hurt* beyond scrapes and bruises from a few tumbles. And perhaps due to a relatively safe lifestyle, he never really had to worry about the occupational hazard of being electrocuted. He couldn't ever remember the last time he was out during a thunderstorm, or been around any riley electric type, and the most he had ever gotten shocked aside from static was probably an incident involving a power cord or two that left his finger a little numb for about 3 seconds.

This, however, was nothing like that. No, this was very much painful, his entire body paralyzed as surges of electric sparks coursed up from the orb and throughout every inch of his body. Max couldn't even yell, his throat feeling dry and hot as the heavy current surged through his body.

And then, just like that, it was over. Max twitched his body, the taste of iron in his mouth and lungs, every inch of his body feeling numb. It was a miracle he was even alive, he thought. Alive and somehow unharmed despite very definitely being electrocuted. There was no way that was just his imagination. Not when the pain was still very much real.

Finally, Max coughed, a pitiful sting in his throat. He lifted a shaking hand to rub the bridge of his nose, the young man suddenly in the mood to collapse for a while after such a harrowing experience. Yet, it was not meant to be. After rubbing at his eyes for a while, he realized something.

He couldn't quite feel his other hand. The man, in concern, looked towards it, and his eyes couldn't believe what they were looking at. His numb hand was still planted firmly on the stone, and when he tried to pull away he was very agitated to find that it seemed to be stuck. Fully and completely latched on. Even the stone itself wouldn't move from the pedestal.

As it stood, he was now entirely unable to move from this spot. Oddly, however, that wasn't what concerned him most of his situation. What really drew his attention at the moment was the hand itself. There, on his knuckles, he could swear he saw an unnatural black spot. At first he

mistook it as an injury, some kind of bizarre burn from the shocking, yet soon it became evident that something else was happening as that same black spot seemed to spread. No, rather than spread, it was more like the skin around it was changing color to match.

“What the heck is... I-is this some kind of trap!? Shit!” Max cursed in a blind panic as he tugged, no, yanked at his arm to try and pull it free. At this point the entire back of his hand was entirely a dark, almost black gray, and the same color was beginning to move up his wrist. “Shit, shit, shit...! Help! Hello!” He called out to the darkness of the lonely tower, eyes darting around for any way to get out of this trap. When his eyes went back to his stuck hand, however, he froze.

His hand was *changing*. The differences were clear even in the dim light pouring through the holes in the walls of the tower, especially with his other hand currently pulling at it. His forearm was bloating, swelling up in size and mass, while his hand proper twitched and throbbed on its own. He could see his fingers curling up as the nails turned grey just like his changed skin. His hand seemed to be getting rounder, swelling into more of a puck shape while his fingers moved on their own, spreading out apart from each other yet at the same time his ring and pinky and his index and middle finger stayed together.

And then the changes got a bit more dramatic. His fingers began to shrink down, while his nails began growing out. Even worse, the fingers that were previously together began to *stick* together and *combine*. He watched in horror and fearful fascination as the skin seemed to melt together, knuckles and joints cracking and shifting underneath the charred flesh leaving three digits where there was once 5, although he wasn't sure if he could call them fingers anymore as the solid, sharpened lengths that his nails had become seemed to overtake each one, even his thumb, until the entire digit was a large talon sticking out from his round hand.

And that was just his hand alone. At this point the blackened skin had moved up his forearm and up most of his arm proper, crawling its way around his shoulder. His arm swelled with muscle he could only ever imagine on a body builder yet at the same time the limb seemed to be getting bigger in length and overall size. Even then, it was still stuck to the orb.

“What is this!?” Max cried, gripping his transformed arm as the sleeve of his shirt ripped apart trying to contain the giant limb. There he could see that a large black spot had formed on his shoulder, swelling and hardening slightly as if a natural shoulder pad. Lines formed along the back of his arm up to his hand, where noticeable lumps were forming. He saw what seemed like a large extra hand grow over his old one, a greyer color with three flat digits that extended outward. Between the digits a tough, leather-like black web formed, like some sort of mitt over his hand.

He was transforming, but he wasn't sure to what, although there was only one immediate possible answer. Before he could consider it, however, he felt a tightness in his chest. Unlike his numb arm he could feel the surges and discomfort of bone, muscle, and skin altering. The hair on his chest shedded away as the skin toughened and hardened, and for a moment Max had

trouble breathing as his torso swelled. He wasn't very muscular naturally, a bit more on the portly side of things, but now his pecs seemed comically inflated, back hardened and ribs pushing outwards as if struggling to fit within while his body tried growing at the same pace. His shirt couldn't take much more of it, and soon ripped away to reveal a gray, strong flat chest. The skin wrapped around under his arm to crawl over his back, inching towards his other arm as well as down his now exposed belly and up his neck, and there were indentations in his rough, armor-like skin from his shoulder to around his neck in a crack-like pattern.

Max groaned in discomfort as he could feel his abdomen altering. It was a weird, contradictory mix as his torso not only grew but also seemed to pitch inward slightly all at the same time. His slight belly flattened and then seemed to actually curve the other direction along with his sides and back, giving him a slight top heavy look when matched to his thick, muscular chest. Over his abs, or rather where his abs should have been, a glossy black spread over much like the color of his palms and shoulder pads. Smooth black grew and hardened over his front belly like armor. Lines and indentations formed around his abdomen much like on his arm and upper torso.

Max could only groan as his insides seemed to be fighting him, shifting within to match his new body. He could hardly hold himself up, his human legs utterly dwarfed by his huge torso. As it was, he fell to his knees and other, unchanged arm, his transformed arm still latched onto the pedestal like glue. "Stop... I'm sorry for disturbing this place...!"

He shuddered as his back arched, spine stretching, tailbone pushing against skin. His hips swelled, rounding and pushing out as his rear grew yet at the same time flattened, individual cheeks hardening into a smooth, linear backside. His legs ached as they lengthened, forcing him up from his kneeling position slightly as they grew underneath him. Thighs pushed outwards with heavy muscle and strong bone, stretching his pants to their limit before they, much like his shirt, began to tear. Underneath the abused clothing he could see the gray spreading, along with the lines and indentations continuing to form on his skin.

In particular there were notable indentations around his hip, where his legs connected to the rest of his body. If anything it was like his legs weren't actually connected to his torso, a black line separating both legs entirely from his main body. His thighs were larger and thicker yet sharp and squared out. At the same time there was something else happening to his lower body. He shuddered and groaned in the strange feeling in his crotch, his breath heavy as he looked down to where his underwear had torn away much like his pants. He watched his malehood recede and vanish into smooth skin, going wide-eyed as said hairless skin turned a similar hard gray as the rest of the skin surrounding it. Then, his pelvis seemed to grow out much more, matching the swelling of his thighs as his bottom rounded out from front to back. It even seemed to push out slightly, giving more of an outward curve and a strange sort of hourglass to his form with his thin waist.

The alterations continued down his legs. The lower half of his legs began to swell heavily, fattening up with weight before the change in skin color reached them. His knees bucked as they pushed forward, the black, thicker armor growing over them forming natural knee pads of some kind. His feet ached, more than any long walk or run ever did. His fingers dug into the stone ground as he could feel his toes cracking and pushing against his boots, and then the leather of his footwear uncomfortably squeezed over his feet like they were about 2 sizes too small and getting smaller.

At around the same time the gray skin moved down to his ankles, his shoes gave up their brave fight, leaving Max well and truly naked aside from the scraps of cloth hanging off his body. At that point, Max could also see just what changes had wrought on his feet. He could see that the entire length of both feet had drastically increased, while at the same time they became fatter and thicker, far larger. Appropriate for his larger body. Compared to the tree trunk that was the rest of his legs they actually seemed shorter in proportion, although they were also flatter and more boxish. More obvious a change were his toes. Not only had they also swollen, but much like his fingers they were sticking together. Indeed, while his big toe had grown out into its own spot, two each of the remaining four on each foot melded together. The three toes on each foot spread out a bit to put some space between them before their nails grew over them, overtaking the digits and solidifying against the base of his feet, turning each toe into blunt, solid claws. On his heel and midfoot a darker coloration formed, the same black that covered his belly and shoulders, while his heel pushed outwards slightly and a pressure formed above it where a spike grew from the back of his foot.

More indentations and lines formed on his legs and his new pelvis. At this point Max was more... this black creature than human, and he realized it. He was huge now, he also realized. His still human arm and his head completely and entirely dwarfed by his new body, and the circular room he was in suddenly felt much smaller, even in his seated position. Just to make sure, he tried tugging his giant, monstrous arm off the orb, and as he begrudgingly expected he was still stuck. He could only wait until this was finished. Whatever *this* was.

As if the changes were aware of his tired 'acceptance' of it all, he felt his arm-as in, the unchanged one, throb. His shoulder felt stiff and sore as it thickened out to match its brother, the dark gray skin spreading over it before a black lump pushed out from his shoulder blade forming a 'pad' that again matched its brother. The changes continued down his arm, in reverse order than the first time, starting from the shoulder and working its way downward. Indeed, his arm bulked out considerably before the grey even fully reached his elbow, making his tiny forearm and hand stand out that much more from the rest of his body. Soon his arm was completely altered to match the other, coated in tough grey skin and filled with muscle.

And the changes, of course, only continued, moving further down to consume his forearm which began to lengthen and widen, giving it a thinner appearance despite being larger overall. His wrist shifted uncomfortably as it flattened out, joints vanishing and making his hand rest parallel to the rest of his forearm. He watched as large fleshy lumps formed on the back of his hand,

pushing outwards and extending over his knuckles and fingers, splitting into three flat tips farther than his actual hand was before black webbing formed between them. He had to turn his hand around to see the changes happening to his actual hand. He looked just in time to see the hand shifting black and flattening against his 'mitt' as his claws finished growing in.

That left only his head unchanged. He grunted as his throat felt tight, first and most noticeable was the black spot forming right in the center of his neck, while the neck itself started thickening out vastly while the dark grey crawled over. He coughed, voice becoming tougher and deeper each time, while his neck fattened out even thicker than his muscled arm, a spike jutting out from the back of it. Then came the pain in his mouth, each of his teeth suddenly feeling as if they were being pulled out. In reality they were growing, larger and sharper to the point where they could hardly fit in his now wide open maw. That seemed to be rectifying itself soon enough however for he began to feel a tugging sensation on his face. With wide, teary eyes he watched as the lower half of his face began to stretch out, lower jaw growing out in all directions while his nose flattened against his forming snout, a large boxish muzzle akin to a beast. His voice was a growl that left him in raspy, agitated breaths as he tried to feel his face only to be reminded of the odd shape his hands had taken, claws brushing against the rough skin of his muzzle. At the tip of his nose a sharp point pushed up, curving inwards like a fin. The changing color crawled over his face, turning his lower jaw black and top of his upper snout the same color, stretching up to his forehead, while the rest was the dark gray of most of his body.

His eyes felt hazy and not just from his tears. Something was happening to them, he realized, as they changed shape, becoming more rectangular while the sclera turned a deep red and his irises a bright white, leaving his vision much sharper after they finished shifting. He growled as the hair atop his head began to flake away, feeling a pressure atop his skull that he couldn't see as it extended upwards. The grey crest extended backwards, a bit of a curve along its edges before it ended in a tip that glowed a light blue.

His head was completely altered at this point. It was much bigger, and by now he was entirely unrecognizable as human, tiny scraps of cloth and material lying over his enlarged body.

And yet it was still not done. He felt the heavy cracks and crunches in his back as two pressures bucked and pushed out from behind his shoulders. A heavy growl of distress escaping his mouth as he winched and hunched over. Two large lumps formed there, the beast that was Max groaning as they grew outwards, muscle and bone growing where there was none. He huffed, his claws digging into the stone and making a notable indent as the forming limbs extended. They were much like his arms, thickly muscled and with similar black paddings. Around the elbow was when they became notably different from his first set of arms, where the limb flattened out and widened far more than the flat sections of his arms. These also had three segments connected by black webbing, but they were far larger, furling slightly with a spike pushing out from the inner edge. He had grown actual wings, now.

And it still wasn't over. Max's eyes widened as he felt something traveling up his stuck arm. It was familiar. He was being shocked again, but it didn't hurt as much. Instead it seemed to build and build, sending an odd tingling feeling. He gasped and shook, particularly as a pressure started forming at the base of his spine.

The pressure grew and grew as a huge lump began to push outwards from his rear. The lump grew into a large conical shape nearly the size of his torso ending in a sharp point, several other sharp spikes growing out from the grey midsection of the cone while the wider portion and tip were a solid black. The base of the cone was wider, where the center connected to his body with a three-pronged beam of sorts. Overall the tail looked mechanical, like a generator or turbine.

The tail itself was now glowing a bright blue as the energy from the orb poured into his body. His transformation seemed finished, but the orb just kept pumping into him now. It didn't even hurt anymore. His eyes were wide as new sensations across his entire body echoed to his core. Before he realized it he moved to grip the orb with both his arms. He shuddered as the energy passed through him. All Throughout his body, his nerves, his *mind*.

He was Zekrom. Yes. It all made sense to him now as the currents zapped at his mind, altering it as much as it did his body. He was the mighty deep black Pokemon of legend, the bringer of thunderstorms, one of the two Pokemon that Unova worshipped. So much power and knowledge, it was all flowing through him, becoming a part of him.

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## Ending 1

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“Graaaah... Zeeeegh...” He growled powerfully, squeezing the orb in his claws. “Zeeeeerghhh...” he shuddered, pure power pumping through his very core. Every part of him felt hot, strong, a calming, fuzzy warmth echoing through his mind. It was getting harder to remember the things before. It was still there, but it was as if it was being shoved aside for more important things. The orb was using him to create a new Zekrom for the region, for the world. ‘Max the human’ wasn’t needed.

Or rather, he *was* needed, but not in his human state. He had to be altered both physically and mentally to suit his new role.

And Max understood it as the ancient knowledge of Zekrom filled his mind. He understood and accepted it, and that was why he was worthy of this power and gift.

And so the Zekrom that he had become finally released the orb, now dull and lifeless, the mighty beast crackling with electricity as it gave out a mighty roar that shook the Dragonspiral tower. “Finally... it is done.” the Deep Black Pokemon growled, stretching its wings and flexing its arms as it stood tall in the center of the room.

Its tail shined a crackling light blue as it turned towards the wall and reeled its head back. With ease it released a mighty blast of electricity that blew a portion of the wall and roof away, startling the wild Pokemon in the land below. Zekrom moved to the new ‘exit’ of the tower and gazed across the landscape.

Its tail crackled with electricity, slowly building as Zekrom’s feet rose from the ground. Its eyes gazed into the skies above as dark gray thunderclouds boomed above. With one flap of the wings on its back it took off towards the clouds, a black speck for any who may have been watching.

The mighty beast of ideals had returned to Unova, having been reborn. The mere legend was no more, and Max/Zekrom had work to do.

***THE END***

## Ending 2

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The beast gritted its teeth, Max's mind racing as he felt sensation upon sensation throughout his body. It was a ride, it all felt fantastic. The power coursing through him was making him bigger, stronger, more powerful. He would truly become a god of this world if it just kept coming. His claws gripped the orb tightly as if trying to will it to give him more. "Graaaaaagh...! Give me more, all the power...!" he growled, eyes wide and mad.

More electricity, more ancient energy poured into his being and yet the stronger he got the more he wanted. The orb crackled with black electricity as if struggling to match the output that the berserk Zekrom wanted.

The power hungry Zekrom paid no mind to the orb's increasingly rabid crackling, the entire chamber bathing in its angry glow. The Zekrom that was once a human just wanted more, more more and nothing would get in its way.

And then the orb turned a bright, blinding yellow. A dramatic change from its former glossy black. Unbeknownst to the new Zekrom, the orb had come to a conclusion of its own.

Max was not worthy of being Zekrom. His mind and subconscious desires too unstable to be shaped for the purpose required of him.

And so the mad Zekrom was being pumped with more energy and electricity, but this of a different flavor. It didn't notice, instead revelling in the sensation of draining more power for itself. There was something building within it, something different and warm. The energy from the dimming orb finally stopped, supposedly as the former human had finished draining it completely. The legendary stepped back, the ground shaking beneath it as it flexed its arms and roared angrily, crackling with berserk energy.

Max-Zekrom didn't realize it as the blue glow in its tail turned a golden color. Soon enough it wasn't a glow at all, the dark parts of its generator-tail having turned bright yellow as the new energy pumping itself through him corrupted the rest. The beast basked in its own magnificence even as the black parts of its armor-like body began to tint a similar gold. "Yes... I am the most magnificent being of this land!" it roared proudly. "My power, my radiance, nothing matches me now!"

The Deep Black Pokemon stood still as it roared and flexed proudly. It didn't notice or didn't care about the sudden stiff numbness in its feet, too drunk on its own power to care about much else. Indeed, the gold tint began to spread over its feet. The nails of his large toes/claws dyed themselves a glossy gold much like the color of the orb and the material seemed to change, more smooth and metallic. Then the feet themselves began to change, both the black and grey parts becoming equally golden and splendid. The gold spread upwards, up the Zekrom's heels and large legs to its armored knees which quickly dyed themselves gold much like everything else.

This wasn't just a simple color change, however. No, inside its altering feet it was as if everything within was turning gold much like the skin. It couldn't feel its individual toes or any sort of joints, just a solid mass. And to make matters more complicated, they were planted into the ground unmoving, Max-Zekrom unable to move even if it wanted to.

The gold spread up its legs until it reached his torso, inking its way from the petrified limbs to its waist and moving to overtake its tail as well. "The mighty Zekrom arises, all will know me!" it roared into the air. Zekrom's tail went stiff as gold went over the thin connection and base and moved to consume the rest of the cone, making the 'generator' that the tail functioned as useless in all but its majestic appearance.

From the waist down there was only thick solid gold, and from the waist up was a pompous Zekrom too caught up in self-admiration to realize what was happening to it. The altering yellow traveled up its belly and back, seeming to spread faster as it consumed more of its body. Over the Zekrom's slim waist, over its armored stomach, over its muscled chest and strong back.

The petrifying beast was blissfully unaware of the fact that around two thirds of its body was now solid gold. In fact, it was feeling oddly... *good* now. The urge to show off and fawn over itself increasing as it became more metal than Pokemon. It stretched its wings out just in time for the gold to inch onto the connecting joints and freeze them in place, while raising arms and baring its muscles and claws to show off in time for his shoulders to stick. Still he growled and roared in self-assurance.

"Yess... yes... I am perfect! Perfection! If there are more Zekrom, they should aspire to be like me!" he exclaimed. He would be an eternal example of a marvelous Zekrom indeed. He relished in that fact as the gold spread over his arms, then his forearms, locking his elbows into place. He bared his claws and stretched the wings on his hands before they, too, froze. He unfurled his wings and stretched them wide and proud as they too solidified into a single mass of jointless metal.

The gold went up his neck, crawling upwards and consuming everything in its way yet the maddened Zekrom didn't care. It just stared forward at an invisible force, roaring proudly and baring its fangs to the air. The gold went over its maw, locking it into place before going inside, tongue and teeth alike turning into perfectly shaped gold replicas. Nostrils painted over by

yellows removing the beast's breath, although at this point it didn't need to breath in particular anyway. The spreading color went up to its eyes where it glossed over them in a protective sheen of sorts, tinting the golden Pokemon's vision a yellow to match its glimmering body, locking its view to directly in front of it. Finally, the golden color painted over its crest and solidified it much like it did the rest of its body.

Where once was a human, where once was a Zekrom, now stood a tall statue of gold in the likeness of the legendary Pokemon known as Zekrom. The twisted mind that was once Max was still conscious in a way, basking in its own radiance and splendor much like a golden statue would, admiring its eternal beauty and sheen.

And there, on the pedestal, the orb turned black again.

***THE END***