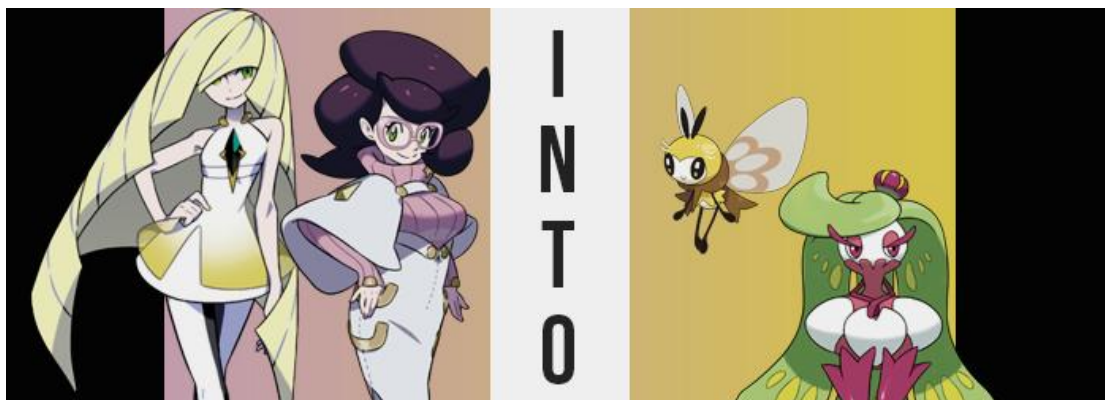


SWEETEST SYNCHRO

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm. Wicke? What is *this* peculiar looking device?”

Lusamine, the head of the Alola region’s Aether Foundation, stopped in front of peculiar display while she was making her rounds of the new area the foundation had established beneath the Aether Foundation building. It had been a long time coming, but they had *finally* completed their most recent project: an artificial Pokémon habitat that could thrive without existing on the Earth’s surface.

It would be the perfect place to study the monsters in a more natural habitat, something that was necessary for them when it came to species that were unique to other regions. It was much more expensive to send their experts across the globe than it was to import foreign Pokémon species into their facilities, after all. Lusamine had been inspired by a trip she had taken to Blueberry Academy one month three years prior, and with her vast wealth she had purchased the technology necessary to replicate it.

Blueberry Academy had even collaborated *with* the foundation, something that had pleased its leading lately greatly. The next day would be the facility’s opening day, and so Lusamine had been making the rounds with the foundation’s assistant branch chief, Wicke. **“Oh! Were you not informed that it would be included, Miss Lusamine? It’s a Synchro Machine that Blueberry Academy donated. They said we were free to study it, but to replicate any of its functionality we’d need to cut a deal with them.”**

The taller, blonder woman did not require any explanation regarding what the device *did*. She had heard of it. While Blueberry Academy was

relatively hush hush about it, it was a device that did as its name suggested. It allowed a human to *synchronize* with their Pokémon. To see the world as their Pokémon did, and move as their Pokémon moved. There were reasons it hadn't gone mainstream yet, namely because some minor hiccups in the machines when they began to wear down. **"I see. And it's functional?"** She glanced back to see Wicke give a nod. Faba must have tested it prior. That was fine.

...But it *wasn't* fine. Faba's agenda was his own, and he had been *looking* for a good opportunity to take the head and assistant branch chief off of the Aether Foundation's gameboard. He was next in line after them to inherit control after all, but he didn't need to *kill* them. He just needed to make them *disappear*. Given access to the Synchro Machine before anyone else, he'd finally been provided with a *unique* opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. All he had to do was make a few minor *modifications*.

"Then let us test it." Lusamine's own curiosity got the better of her – something that Faba had expected. She led Wicke down the path and into the nearby forest biome where it was private. The habitat wouldn't be populated with Pokémon until the next morning, and all of the other staff had been sent home. **"Clefable!"** But she still had one Pokémon on her and released it with the intention of using the device on it. **"Wicke, can you go grab a camera from the nearby storage unit? Let's film it."**



"Yes, Miss Lusamine!" The bespectacled woman shuffled down the path to where the shed was blended into a nearby artificial tree as not to disturb the wild Pokémon they were bringing in. But Lusamine was impatient. **"I suppose I can give it a preliminary test..."** Pointing it at her Clefairy, she turned the silver knob on the side and then pressed the red button. **"Ngh!?"** Her Clefairy *immediately* returned to her ball unprompted, evidently sensing something was *wrong*.

Even Lusamine herself could. The high-pitched frequency that the device emitted caused her to not only stumble back but drop the device on the ground altogether. It didn't *hurt*, but it was disruptive. Like something was worming itself into her mind. **"Wh-What the hell is happening!?"** Whatever it was, it certainly wasn't good.

The feeling was uncomfortable, but fortunately for the woman it wasn't long lived. The sound didn't *stop*, but it became more tolerable... to the

point where it was like she couldn't hear it at all. "***That was weird!***" Her bubbly exclamation of relief came when she no longer found herself overwhelmed. Wait. *Bubbly?* "**E-Er... What was wrong with that device? It didn't work at all. Hardly perfect... *not that it needs to be!***" It happened *again*. She had said something she wouldn't normally say, in a cheery tone that the woman *certainly* would never normally use.

"What's wrong with me!?" A lot more than she even realized, admittedly. Lusamine was a chronic *perfectionist*. Everything about her life always had to be *perfect*. Her appearance, her image, her *children*, and by extension everything associated with the Aether Foundation. The Synchro Machine not working as intended *should* have rubbed her the wrong way, and it clearly *did*. But why had she dismissed it first? That... wasn't like her.

That said, speaking of not being *like* her... "**Hm? Am I going insane, or...**" The woman tugged at her dress and pants. Did they seem to be a little looser, or was she simply imagining things? No. Like the rest of her appearance, her clothes were supposed to be perfect and that naturally included *fitting* perfectly. ***Well, it isn't a big deal that they don't fit!*** "**N-No, it's very much a problem! Why are they looser? Were they stretched?**" In terms of viability, that was the only explanation that made logical sense even though she couldn't imagine *how* that had happened.

But she had to dismiss it. It wasn't *just* that her attire was looser than before. It was continuously growing larger against her body. To the point that it was slipping off her shoulders? And even then, looking around... *was the forest larger than she remembered?* It was almost like she was— "***Shrinking!?***" Unbelievable as it was, she couldn't deny what she could see with her own two eyes.

Lusamine's body was clearly getting smaller and smaller, but it wasn't like she was also getting *younger* or anything like that. At least for the time being, her proportions remained consistent with her usual appearance; so, it was more like she was shrinking down into the form, or at least the size of, a *doll*. Her clothes felt heavier and heavier as she got smaller. Her pants slipped from her waist and her dress consumed her. "**HELP! HEL— MMPH!? MMPH!?**" It wasn't long before she was buried in a pile of her own clothes.

It took her a moment to push the clothing aside. After all, she was only *eight inches* tall, hardly much larger than the nearby forest flowers. "**How is this possible!? How could it happen to *bee*!? *But it's kind of fun being so tiny!***" *Fun?* How was it *fun*? When was the last time the woman had ever *had* fun? But... didn't having fun sound like a

good thing? *I wanna have fun with other people!* ...Even though she was a loner?

If only her body had *only* shrunk, then perhaps the Aether Foundation head's might have been salvageable. And yet... "**Urp!?**" An uncouth burp escaped the woman's mouth, much to her own surprise. She felt strangely *bloated?* Like she was *swelling?* "**Bee!?**" Hands had both reached down to touch her tender feeling gut, but she blurted out her surprise in a strange sound as her fingers pressed against something *soft*, and sooner than she had expected.

"**My stomach!?**" She looked down in time to see the soft, white fuzz that had coated the area around a filled-in bellybutton sweep the rest of the way around her gut and down across her pelvis, assimilating her pubes into its mass. But that was the *last* time she'd be able to see her crotch, because that bloating feeling she'd felt had been *literal*. Her belly had distended and *continued* to do so, pushing out in a way that it rounded perfectly into her pelvis at the front, while her slit and the crack of her ass merged into the perfectly rotund and fuzzy shape of the tiny ball that was now her lower body.

It certainly wasn't a shape any *human* body would have. To Lusamine, it was warped and grotesque, the farthest thing from *perfect*. But she found herself shrugging that off as a bright yellow fuzz spread across her chest, concealing that her nipples faded away and forming what almost looked like a tiny little coat around her otherwise round, white body. "**What's *ribomb* to *bee!*?**" *Whatever it is, it seems really fun!* This was *not* the time to be so optimistic!

What hadn't occurred to the woman was that while she was *technically* fuller in shape, her torso was now *significantly* lighter. Pair that with her tinier height, she barely weighed a single pound. That meant that the synthetic breeze that blew through the forest made it slightly difficult for her to stand without being pushed, but her standing woes were imperiled further as her *limbs* changed next. "**Bee!?**" She stumbled, tripping out of her clothes finally while a tiny, *black* leg kicked up before catching herself.

A *black* leg? It wasn't *just* the one leg, nor was it only her legs. Her arms suffered the same fate, with a finer black fuzz spreading across all of her limbs. When it came to her hands and feet? They darkened to the same color, but fingers and toes bunched up and fused together to give her tiny balls at the ends of her appendages instead. And this was to say nothing of the two white and yellow wings that soon grew out from where her shoulder blades had *once* been.

“Ribom? Bee?” Lusamine wasn’t speaking in a human tongue any longer, not that she was *trying* to. She was trying to remark – and happily at that – that her head felt kind of fuzzy. Her head was the only part of her humanity that remained, and even *it* was sacrificed before long. Her head swelled into an orb that was slightly larger than her torso, while her blonde hair merged into a yellow that wrapped around her skull and erased her ears, and her face was covered with white fuzz instead.

Her nose shrunk until it was little more than a tiny pair of nostrils upon her face, while her lips found a perpetual, V-shaped smile in their newfound thinness. If *anything* became large on her face, it was her *eyes*. The woman’s pupils dilated and then split, half white and half yellow, while her irises and sclera darkened to a black that made up this now egg-shaped gaze. Those eyes were bright and adorable. Her entire body was, including the black antennae that sprouted from her head’s peak, and the long, yellow lashes that fluttered from her eyes.

One last growth of fuzz formed a brown, scarf-like tuft that wrapped around her neck just as her wings instinctively flapped so that she lifted off of the ground.

“Ribombee!” Now little more than a tiny, fairy-like Pokemon that can do little more than flutter there and say her name, the **Ribombee** previously known as Lusamine didn’t seem to have the foggiest idea that it had once been a human. In fact, its bubbly nature had it zipping around the immediate area with an immaculate speed. *Sweet, sweet, sweet!* Typical of a bee, she wanted to eat something sweet. But she also wanted to find a *friend*! She felt like she had just been *with* a friend, right? So, where did they go!?



Lusamine had been such an intellectually independent woman, yet she had been reduced to the form of a creature that was far *simpler* in terms of intelligence and desires. While she had pushed others away as a human? As a Ribombee, she yearned to be surrounded by friends! She wanted to be useful to them! She wanted to be the perfect support partner! **“Bee? Bee? Bee?”** After zipping about for a bit, she finally smelled it. Something sweet.

Her sweet friend!

It hadn’t taken long at all for Wicke to grab one of the company-issued cameras from the tree-built storage room and begin to head back. She didn’t make it far before she got close enough to hear the Synchro Machine’s high-pitched frequency radiate though. **“I see Miss**



Lusamine couldn't even wait for me to return before she started playing with it. How very typical of her... Wicke didn't dislike Lusamine. In fact, her feelings were the farthest thing from it. She wanted the best for her, but her pursuit of the Ultra Beasts was... Well, it wasn't relevant to their present endeavor.

The woman had been far enough from the device at first for the pitch of the frequency to not bother her, but the closer she got to where she had left Lusamine's side? The more *awkward* she felt in the physical sense. **"Mm? Is something... wrong?"** It was almost like her body wasn't moving the way she wanted it to. Was she simply tired? With the habitat's opening day approaching, she *had* been pulling more all-nighters than usual. But that wasn't quite it.

"What is this... frequency? ...Faba..." He *must* have done something!

He was the only one that *could* have, and she pondered what sort of punitive action she'd ask Lusamine to dish out to him after the advice turned off. *Had* it turned off? She couldn't hear it anymore – though in actuality her mind had simply adapted to its frequency. Wicke was by no means cruel nor selfish, and yet... *I should trample him underfoot for disrupting my work!* A punishment that was both over violent and rooted in an uncharacteristic pride was idealized deep down.

The woman quickly nipped it in the bud though, or at least she *tried*. **"No... I think a written apology should be fine."** As far as she was aware, making a device emit a high-pitched whine probably wasn't worth being *trampled*. Mind you, she didn't quite understand the full breadth of what was about to happen to her. She hadn't realized that not only had her irises had darkened to a dark purple, nor that her eyelids and lashes had inherited the same color... albeit not by the power of makeup. That was their new, *real* coloring.

"I need to get back to Miss Lusamine, but..." It occurred to Wicke that she had accidentally launched the camera into the nearby dress when the Synchro Machine's sound had taken her by surprise. She began to walk towards it, but as she did so? She became acutely aware that something felt *off* about those steps. They felt *stiffer*, yet she was unintentionally applying much more force with each step? Was it because she'd been thinking of *stomping Faba's annoying, insolent little face* before? ...Had it been *quite* that violent?

She had all the more reason to be concerned, however, when the next time she took a step? Her leg accidentally kicked her high-heeled, thigh high boot *clean* off... revealing that she *had no foot at all*. “**What!?**” The surprise of it all forced her to stumble, and the suddenness of it led to her other boot flying off in kind. Ultimately, a pair of sharp, dark purple points stomped into the ground where a set of feet and toes should have been.

They were *not* the ‘feet’ of a human, and their colors moved up her legs, thinning them up to her knees, but *widening* them past that point as an almost glossy sheen could be gleamed reflecting off of their surfaces. Her thighs had always been plush and relatively thick, but that plushness hardened into the same purple and grew three pointed projections on either side reaching up to her hips. If those projections hadn’t *lifted* her skirt, she probably wouldn’t have noticed.

Unlike Lusamine, whose own transformation had unfolded in such a way that she hadn’t been given enough clues before her mind had begun to succumb to her nature as a Pokémon fully, Wicke could easily identify those legs. They weren’t native, but they belonged to a Pokémon native to the Alola region. “**Reena!?**” Well, yes, but she’d meant to speak its full name: Tsareena. “**How could I have a Pokémon’s legs!?**” The Synchro Machine *was* the most obvious answer, but that wasn’t how it was *supposed* to work!

But my legs are so powerful... I could surely put anyone who deigned to speak back to me in their place! I would no longer be someone who could be spoken down to! Assertive thoughts such as these swirled around in the back of her mind, soothing some of her panic. Mind you, acquiring the *legs* of a Tsareena was only the beginning. Her body’s skin appeared to be changing in color, split between two shades. The woman’s face, hips, and pelvis all paled to a porcelain white, and the dark purple from her eyes spread across her torso, neck, arms, and hands.

What happened next was almost *cartoonish*, although her dress obscured a great deal of it. Her shoulders? They ended up pinching inward until they were simply one *with* her neck, whereas her purple chest flattened, and her nipples smoothed away as that torso pinched in along with it, belly and all. Her *head* was broader than her lower body, but what made it stranger was that *as* that happened? Her white hips and pelvis *ballooned out* along with the cheeks of her ass, which were pushed away from each other by a third white, bulbous growth that grew between them.

“**My *tss*!?**” They pushed and lifted her skirt at first, and it was almost surprising that they didn’t tear right through it. But there was a reason

these almost fruit-like growths didn't manage to rip anything – Wicke just didn't realize because she was too distracted otherwise. Well, that and her nature as a Pokémon was slowly overpowering any humanity, stripping her memories away until her new Pokémon behavior couldn't be manipulated by any human desires.

But the truth of the matter was that she was now *shrinking*. The woman wasn't doomed to become anywhere *near* as small as a Ribombee, but her dress *did* become relatively baggy around her. Her purple arms thinned as she shrank, while her fingers fused into hand-nubs of her own that she used to pull the dress over her with time. “**Reena!?**” She *did* have a little trouble though.

The neck hole was getting caught on her head? She hadn't shrunk completely yet, but that wasn't the issue. It was the woman's hair, which had begun to fuse together while brightening to a leafy green. It formed *four* leaves altogether, three long ones that reached her 'ankles', while the one representing her bangs curled to the side. Wicke's white face swelled until it had taken on the shape of a ball at roughly the same pace, with her nose disappearing and her eyes growing – lashes becoming far more pronounced. The woman's ears fused with the side of her head too, yet she could still hear fine.

The Pokémon *presumably* still had a mouth, but it was hidden by a short, purple ruff that grew out from her neckline and obscured everything beneath where the tiny holes that functioned as her nostrils rested. Naturally, her glasses fell from her nose. Through them, she could smell something *incredibly* sweet. Well, it went without saying that it was her *own body* producing it? *A queen should smell her best.* And a queen she had become, if the purple, crown-shaped berry that sprouted from her head appeared to indicate.

The **Tsareena** stood proud. She *felt* proud. Prouder than she ever had as a human, but because she believed that she had *always* been a Pokémon, from her perspective she had felt that way since she had evolved. “**Tsareena!**” She cried out as if she was expecting the masses to flock to her with glee. Had she been in a normal environment, the Grass and Fairy-types *definitely* would have. Her body was emitting such a *sweet scent* after all.



But this pride came packaged with a sadistic cruelty that contradicted the persona of the woman she had once been, which was something that had been made clear throughout her transformation. If a Pokémon

approached her that she *didn't* want in her orbit? She would stomp on them with the great power of her strong legs.

“**Tsa...**” Her tone suggested that the fact that no Pokémon had come had left her feeling rather depressed. Cruel at times or not, Tsareena were still a Pokémon that craved companionship and affection just like any others. That was why she ultimately acted so *excited* when she was proven wrong. A Ribombee zoomed in and started floating around her. “**Tsa, tsa, reena!**”

“**Bee bee bee!**” The Fairy’s response was a welcome one, and the pair giggled with delight. While they’d forgotten who they had once *been*, evidently their bond had carried over to their new lives as Pokémon. They recognized each other and felt like they had been long time friends. Ribombee danced around her, and Tsareena began to dance in kind. And dance they would until night finally fell.

The next morning? The wild Pokémon were introduced into the habitat and Lusamine and Wicke became lost among them. The staff assumed that they were just additional specimens, even though Faba knew the truth and had burned their clothes and hide the Synchro Machine before any other staff members could find them. But the Tsareena and Ribombee couldn’t have cared less about whatever the humans were up to. They were happy and healthy in the habitat and even ended up making a bunch of friends!

...Not to mention breeding with compatible males.

In the meantime, though, Faba had *other* targets in mind.