

GET IN THE BAG, LILLIE

COMMISSION STORY

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Some would say that life was a never-ending journey.

Even though she was young, Lillie definitely believed this to be the case. Just how much had happened to over the past year alone? So much had happened that it had essentially been *dizzying*! At her wits end from her mother's descent into madness (unknowingly due to Nihilego's influence at the time), she had escaped from Lusamine's influence both at home and within the Aether Foundation with a newfound friend in tow: *Nebby*, a Cosmog that the foundation had intended on researching.

At the time, she hadn't known that it was an early stage evolution of the legendary Pokémon, Lunala and Solageo, nor what that meant for her mother and the Alola region as a whole. Lillie's decision to run away from home like her older brother had triggered a series of events that led her friend, Selene, defeating her mother in a Pokémon battle even *with* Nihilego threatening them all.

That had effectively marked the end of one journey, but it had also sparked the beginning of a new one. Lusamine had been weened off of Nihilego's toxins, but that process was having adverse effects on her mental health. She needed to see a specialist, and the ones best suited to help her were in the Kanto region. Because she didn't want to leave her mom alone again? Lillie had ultimately gone with her.

It had been jarring at first. She was away from the Alola region and all of her friends. She had been lonely, but she had her Clefairy and other Pokémon to keep her company! Whenever her mother was taken in for weeks at a time, the child would explore the roads of the Kanto region and had even decided to take up its gym challenge in the meantime.

When she eventually returned to the Alola region, she wanted to be able to show Selene just how strong she'd become!

“What am I supposed to do about *this*, though?” But every journey also had its fair share of *roadblocks* too. Even when things seemed like they might be smooth sailing, sometimes there would be bumps in the road. Or a Snorlax in the middle of Route 12, as it turned out in this particular instance. Lillie's goal had been the next gym, and to reach it she had to pass through Route 12.



But a large Pokémon blocked her way. A bigger than average Snorlax had seemingly picked the *perfect* spot on the path to ensure that there wasn't enough space for any trainers or Pokémon to slip right past it. Even if there *had* been space, the girl would have questioned the risks involved in making such a move. What if the Snorlax didn't like humans and attacked her while she was trying? They may have been big and lazy, but they were still *strong*.

Unsure of what else to do, Lillie had attacked it with her Clefairy. Not only had its Double Slap been absorbed by its soft body, but the monster hadn't stirred in the slightest from the attack. **“Okay... Return, Clefairy!”**

Was she going to have to double back and find another way around? There *were* Snorlax in the Alola region, but they didn't really make a habit of sleeping on the roads...

“Oh! But if they do *here*, then maybe...” The girl fished around in the pockets of her pink backpack until she found her Rotom phone. She still had access to the network even though she was in the Kanto region thanks to newly constructed towers, so she was able to access local message boards and the like. **“If I just search for Snorlax, then... Aha! ...Oh, this happens a lot!”** It had been easy enough to dig up the information she was looking for.

Apparently, this was a bad habit of the local Snorlax, and the locals had found a solution. All you needed to do was play a specific melody on a Pokéflute and the Snorlax would wake up and move. **“Will any flute do? If so...”** The trainer didn't have the mentioned flute on hand, but she *did* have the *Moon Flute* in her pack. It was a special flute that had allowed Nebby to evolve into Lunala the year prior, and she had brought it to Kanto as a keepsake.

The only way to answer her question was to *try* it, so she put her Rotom phone back and pulled the Moon Flute out of her pack in its place. The melody meant to awaken the Snorlax was ultimately sounded gracefully,

and much to Lillie's relief? The Snorlax slowly woke up and began to stomp away, so heavy that each step shook the earth. **"S-Sorry about that!"** It had only glanced at her as it left, but Lillie still felt bad about waking it up. It was probably used to be woken by that melody at this point.

"I'm lucky my Moon Flute did the trick!" Now that she could continue down Route 12, she pulled her pack to her side and stuffed the flute back inside without looking. *Had* she been looking? She might have noticed that something had come *out* of the flute's tip. Its power had waned after being taken from Alola, far away from the shrine where it was supposed to be used. And apparently? This had taken a toll on it. A starry gas had briefly escaped the flute's spout. Lillie herself had unknowingly *inhaled* some while performing.

Was it harmful? That really depended on what your definition of 'harmful' *was*. Inhaling it wasn't going to amount to *nothing* happening, but whether or not the girl was at risk of falling ill or, worse, *dying*? No, she wasn't at risk of anything like *that* happening. The ill effects that she *would* suffer weren't instantaneous, but they also didn't take very long to ramp up, either. By the time the girl finished crossing the intersection that the Snorlax had been blocking, she was already beginning to sense that something was *off* somehow.

There was a light breeze. Like a *very* light breeze. And yet, it was enough to make Lillie stumble a step forward as if she was weathering a terrible windstorm instead. **"Wh-What just happened?"** The trainer considered the possibility that maybe, perhaps, the wind had been stronger than she was remembering. **"Did it just hit me at a weird angle or something? Like maybe it was an updraft?"** Putting aside the reality that an updraft couldn't do *that*, it would have lifted her skirt in the process! Something that it *hadn't* done.

The girl was eager to just dismiss it as little more than an *unusual* happening. For all she knew, a wild Pokémon could have been messing with her! It was nothing to be alarmed by, right? **"S-Sometimes weird things just happen, right?"** She'd certainly seen her fair share of *intriguing* things while traveling the Alola region, so a little mismatched wind wasn't really *that* far outside of the realm of possibility. But in actuality? She was trying so hard to deny the possibility of any direr consequences because she felt *off* in different ways.

Lillie's body felt warm, for one. Not quite like when you became feverish, mind you, but in a far more *bizarre* way. It was typical of a body to excrete sweat when it was overly warm, after all, but her body wasn't sweating in the *slightest*. It was almost as if there was no moisture in her body *to* sweat, or at the very least the pores through

which it normally travelled weren't working as intended. This oddity was paired with what was probably much more closely related to her displacement by the light wind. She just felt very *light*. Much lighter than normal.

“E-Eh!?” Just as it almost felt like she had grown so light that she might up and fly away, Lillie became acutely aware of a *different* and *much* more serious problem. The muscles in her arms and torso gave out, leaving her arms to fall limply to her sides. ***“What is happening to mog!?”*** She had to put that weird, Freudian slip aside for the time being – namely because her lack of bodily function was much more pressing. The muscles in her legs still supported her, but she couldn't *move* them. If the wind picked up even slightly at this point, it probably would have toppled her over.

But Lillie could still move her neck and mouth. It allowed her to look down the second that she realized there was a strange substance in the air. It was like a purple *gas*? And it appeared to be rising up from below before disappearing into nothing. The source of this gas naturally became something of interest to the girl, and so she looked down to examine. ***“AHHHHH!?”*** But in the end, she couldn't help but *scream* at what she saw. At where this gas was coming from. Or in this case, from *whom*.

It was coming from her own body. No... As terrifying of a thought as it was, maybe it would have been better to say this gas had been her *body itself*. She had screamed because her arms were lacking *hands*, with the mixture of purple gas and presumably dust seeping off the ends of what remained of her arms like the smoke off the barrel of a smoking gun. Was that why her body felt so light? It was no longer made of flesh and blood, but had instead been made of *gas* instead and was only unraveling *now*?

“What do *cos* do? *Mog* do I *cos*!?” The more she watched her arms disintegrate, the more certain she became that she had seen a gaseous entity of that color before. In fact, it had a name that sounded an awful lot like the ones she was making unintentionally between her words. But that couldn't be true, could it? Lillie couldn't take any potential outcome off the table though, not when she *no longer had any arms*! The short sleeves of her dress were dangling loosely off her shoulders now.

This was *already* bad, but it was getting *worse*. Her legs had gone so numb that it felt like her feet weren't even planted... on... the... ground? ***“COS!?”*** The young trainer cried out again when she looked down at her shoes. Those white shoes and socks were certainly *there*, but there was nothing inside of them!? Her socks had completely flopped over on top

of her empty shoes, and she could see the same purple gas rising away from legs of a diminishing length.

This time, though? The gas and dust from her legs didn't disappear into *nothing*. At least she didn't *think* it was. It rose up into her skirt as she just kind of *floated* there, and before long that skirt fell from her hips. Well, that wasn't exactly true. It couldn't slip from something that *no longer existed* in the first place. "**I... Cosmog!?**" There it was. The name of the *creature* she had been reminded of as she'd watched her limbs hips disperse into gas.

"**Mmph!?**" Until all of a sudden? Her shirt floated to the ground too. She had been left a *floating head*, but her cheeks immediately puffed out as she felt something *fill* that head. Something had risen up from where her neck had once been – the gas from her legs and torso, likely. It immediately darkened her face to black, and her eyes glowed a bright yellow that had consumed even her pupils. Lillie gasped to reveal a yellow tongue, but found she couldn't really close her lips after the fact.

Because she didn't *have* lips. Nor did she have a nose, nostrils, or eyebrows. The outer rim of her face took on the same purple as the gas from below, but *this* gas *didn't* disperse like the rest. Not even as her hair was absorbed into that mas, and it became soft and fluffy all the way around her 'face'. The gas and dust and the base of what now amounted to her new 'body' was a vibrant purple, but it bled into a gradient that turned dark blue by the top. That blue wriggled upwards into two extensions that *puffed out* into bright blue clouds with starry lights twinkling inside. She found that she could move them like arms and hands. ...Not that they were much help when they were raised above her face like that. "**Mog!?**"

The very last thing she felt before her transformation concluded was a *pinch* that wrapped around from the top of her head to the bottom of her cloud-like, orb-shaped body. It was a familiar, yellow ring that was the only *solid* part of her new form.

"...!? **Mog? Cos... Cos cos cosmog!?**" Lillie didn't know *what* to do! Her new body as a *Cosmog* was weak and frail, and she found that even the slightest breeze moved her slightly away from the pile of her belongings that had fallen to the ground as she'd turned into starry gas. How could this happen to her? She was just like Nebby before it had evolved! She swung the cloudy blue appendaged that reached over her face in a panic, wondering if that would help her move. It *didn't*. "**Cosmog!**"



What am I supposed to do? How do I move in the air? Can I turn back? Ooo! What's that! ...G-Get it together, Lillie! The little Cosmog had somehow figured it out for a second, but only once she gave into the baser instincts that had been so desperately trying to suppress. They bubbled up when she wasn't paying attention, stripping away any of her maturity and reducing her to a curious, playful child – just as Nebby had been.

She felt strangely drawn to her own bag, and was subconsciously floating down towards it even though she didn't realize *why*. It was the *Moon Flute*. She was attracted to it as the gas that transformed her continued to leak out. While she couldn't see it, her gaseous body slowly absorbed it little by little. And the more she *absorbed*? The more difficult it became to think like a human did. “**Cos? Cos cos cos! Cosmog!?**” *This bag... nice... want to sleep...*

Like a child looking for comfort, she ended up rubbing up against the bag and eventually floating *into* its open top so that the rest of the flute's particles would be absorbed as she slept. This was the wrong move though, not that she was cognizant of that fact. When she woke up to the sensation of the bag moving around? Her thoughts had become entirely those of a wild Pokémon. “**C-Cosmog!?**” The Cosmog flew out of the bag in a panic and came face to face with a *human*!?

“AH!? A COSMOG!?”

There was a girl with shoulder length, brown hair dressed in Alolan clothing. There was something oddly *familiar* about her that the Cosmog couldn't place any longer, but she felt *drawn* to this trainer. “**Why were you in Lillie's bag? And why were her clothes on the ground? This kind of reminds me of Nebby's situation...**” It was *Selene*, having come to Kanto to surprise Lillie. But Lillie *was* the Cosmog, and she was now snuggling up to Selene's face.

“Oh, you're affectionate! Do you want to help me find my friend?”

“Cosmog!”