

DASHING VIBES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Even Quasartico Inc. is getting involved, huh?”

“Lebaaaaaane! They’re going to steal the credit!”

The difference between the attitudes of Lady Jacinthe and her maid and rival, Lebanne, couldn’t have been any starker, which was a little unusual considering how *serious* the situation they had been wrapped up within had actually been. As the leader of the SBC and the wealthiest woman in Lumiose City, Jacinthe had taken it upon herself to help quash an illegal operation taking place in the fields outside of the city.

There had been an organization running an illegal Pokémon racing ring in secret, and they had been using the SBC’s name in some of their promotional materials to try and gain financial support from donors and participants alike. Jacinthe would *not* have her organization’s name dragged through the mud, so she had informed local authorities and conducted a raid that had gone *stupendously*! She just hadn’t expected Quasartico Inc. to get involved. The news would be all about *them*!

“N-Not that it matters! All that matters is that the adorable little Pokémon are safe!” The noblewoman adjusted her ‘concerns’ after feeling Lebanne’s gaze burrowing into the back of her head, though. **“Let’s check on the Pokémon in this barn, hm~?”** None of the involved parties had reached the barn they were standing in front of just yet, so the two entered. It was a sizable building, but it was largely unoccupied aside from two Pokémon.

A Rapidash on one end, and the Galarian variant on the opposite end. Both appeared to be injured, but fortunately they had come equipped

with Full Restores! **“You take the Galarian one, Lebanne!”** As Jacinthe saw things, Lebanne needed more experience with Fairy-types, so she’d deal with the pureblooded fire horse. And so, the two went into the relevant stalls, moving far enough away from each other so that they wouldn’t be able to hear what the other was doing.

Of course, with the bad guys dealt with, they weren’t expecting to be in any danger.



“There, there! I’ve got something to make you feel better, you adorable thing!” Being a woman of wealthy lineage, Jacinthe had a way with horse-like Pokémon. She’d been around them her entire life and had been taught to ride them from a young age. She held a hand and approached cautiously, taking small steps with the Full Restore in her other hand. But just when she got close enough to spray the beast... it *disappeared!*? **“Eh!?”**

The woman dropped the Full Restore on the hay in a panic and stepped back. Had it been some sort of *illusion*? Perhaps an Abra had been hiding behind it to teleport it away? No, none of that felt plausible! Making matters worse, the woman’s body began to sweat. She felt warm? No, she felt *hot*. **“What’s wrong with me? Am I... sick?”** But while it felt unpleasant at first, she *would* soon adjust.

But Jacinthe’s discomfort would grow before she began to feel any comfort. It would grow along with, well, *her body*? **“Mm?”** The noblewoman felt it. She wasn’t just *burning up*, but she felt strangely *unsteady* on her feet at the same time. Toss in the sensation of her dress beginning to *not* sit upon her body in the same way that she was typically accustomed to, and there were *plenty* of reasons for the woman to be concerned.

“Mon dieu!” The woman blurted out the moment there were more tangibly notable signs to point to, namely the feeling of the light purple, fishnet tights that she wore around her legs *pulling down* of her waist as the pencil-style of her skirt rose higher and higher to show off more and more of her thighs. Eventually, the tights were pulled over the cheeks of her ass and began to slide *down* what were now a pair of clearly longer legs. **“Am I growing!?”**

She was, and the signs were necessarily isolated to her legs alone. Her arms had begun to push farther out of her sleeves, for example, as the puffy shoulders of her gown were clamped around broadening shoulders – pair with her hips widening a touch to lift her skirt even higher. As it turned out, it wasn't *merely* a matter of scaling up her height, because her body was *bulking* up, too. Not that Jacinthe wasn't fit, but she certainly wasn't as well trained physically as her maid was.

“And I feel so... strong.” It would have been difficult for her to deny it. She could feel that the muscles in her arms had swollen a tad, but those gains were *nothing* compared to her legs and abs, which had pointedly rippled with the strength of what would have to be someone like a *runner*, right? **“Oh!?”** Because this bulk, paired with the fact that she had risen up to *six feet* in height from 5'4", had made the woman heavier, she gasped with surprise as the heels of her shoes *snapped* under her weight.

The woman let loose a sigh as she lifted one foot to peel what remained of the shoe off of a foot that seemed to be slightly too large for her footwear, and then the other. They were both exceptionally *callous* all of a sudden, too. **“What is happening to me?”** Jacinthe asked under her breath as she then peeled off her gloves, revealing that her delicate, manicured fingers hardly fit either descriptor. Her nails had been cut short and were lacking their usual purple gloss, but then again her hands appeared slightly larger in the first place. That was why she had thought to pull her gloves off, because they had felt a little too small much like her shoes had.

But it was more than that, too. **“Vitiligo!?”** She forced herself to *cough* after hearing her own voice, thinking maybe she had something stuck in her throat. As she'd reacted to what were clearly *white patches* that had appeared across her skin, which were clearly growing in size and number at that, her voice had come across as sounding rather... *deep*. It was also very unladylike to blurt something out with *that* much energy, or at least very un-Jacinthe-like. **“What the hell!?”** And *that* was very unladylike!

It was difficult for her to pick a problem to worry herself about. What she'd mistaken as improbably onset vitiligo had soon overwhelmed her original skin color, sapping all of her melanin so that she was almost *entirely* white. This change of race had seeped into her face *beyond* just the change in skin color, and her lips ultimately thinned while turning poutier, and her nostrils became narrower as well. Still, this was just a *small* part of what was happening to her face overall.

Jacinthe's short and delicate facial features were passively pulled until they were longer and sharper, ultimately shifting her beauty from

something more feminine to something... not *masculine*, but it was more of a *princely* charm – it was *that* kind of beauty. It was brought together by a pair of eyes that had begun to burn red, in fact. “**This is crazy! It’s like I’m becoming a totally different person!**”

And that person did *not* fit into her old attire. Her body shape hadn’t *stopped* changing just because her face had changed in the meantime, but what had been addressed had been more a matter of *figure*. The woman’s skirt had risen higher on her widened hips because the new muscle in her ass and thighs had been treated by an extra helping of softness, with fat thickening everything further and pulling her light skin around them until they likely would have reflected light... if the barn hadn’t been so dim. All while the lace neckline of her gown was dragged down by tits that *doubled* in size, escaping her bra and bouncing, leading to the woman stumbling briefly and shouting an unladylike—

“**HOLY SHIT!?**”

Perhaps it was because of this outburst, or maybe it was totally unrelated, but the moment she blurted that out? It felt like the overwhelming heart in her body – that she had long since adjusted to – gathered in her head and *exploded* in a burst of red, orange, and yellow flame that completely swallowed her purple hair. But these flames *didn’t* go out, instead pulling into a flickering ‘ponytail’ with her flaming ‘bangs’ swept across her right eye. “**Oh, I get it!**” Rather than freak Jacinthe out, though?

It seemingly led to an epiphany. Those flames didn’t hurt her, and they were clearly the same color as the flames of the Pokémon that had disappeared in front of her. Her theory was all but confirmed seconds later when a point of pressure saw an *eight-inch horn* push out from the center of her forehead, and she felt her ears slip up the sides of her head and *grow*, pulled up into similarly lengthened triangles that were actually covered in a thin, cream-colored fur on the outside, with red triangles in the middle.

“**But why?**” A part of her wondered if she was better off *not* asking, but in the end she was once again distracted by the heat within her body – no doubt a Fire Pokémon’s flames – growing wild once more. Before she could react, these flames *exploded* from within and covered her body, not igniting the fireproof hay beneath her while her old attire was burned to cinders. Yet, when those flames finally dispersed? She was wearing something entirely new.

The bulk of it was a cream-colored racing suit that matched her ears in terms of shade, with cutouts around the outsides of her thighs that revealed blue, nylon thigh highs underneath that must have led into the matching knee-length, Velcro boots that were accentuated with the same colors. The number 007 was colored in red above her left thigh, and the zip-up top of the racing suit was zipped down to her navel, revealing that her *G-cup* tits were in the open within a blue and red bikini top. The collar of the suit was red and popped up, and her hands were wrapped in navy gloves that were several times larger than her hands.

It wasn't an outfit that the old Jacinthe would *ever* have been caught wearing, especially as it exposed her tits and belly so much. But now? She couldn't help but *enjoy* it. It was so big and comfortable!

“Well, well, well! This isn't bad at all!” Jacinthe hopped up and down on her now *very* powerful legs, feeling the energy of a strong and wild Pokémon coursing through her veins. She had undoubtedly inherited the spirit of the *Rapidash* she had seen. Perhaps it had already passed, and the human had taken it in as something akin to a host? She still remembered who she was, but her personality was clearly much *fierier*. Almost more like Lebanne's?



A balled-up fist was punched into her opposing palm enthusiastically. **“I really wanna go for a run! But huh. What should we do about this place? I bet it could be a pretty sick racetrack if it was run properly!”** Transformed or not, she still had access to her bank account! She could definitely put that money to good use revitalizing the track and turning it into a proper establishment. But first?

“Let's get the blood moving first! To the track!”

Contrary to Jacinthe, Lebanne did *not* have all that much experience with horses. **“Stay calm now. I'm not gonna hurt ya...”** The maid at least had the right idea as she approached, holding out a palm with the Full Restore in her opposite hand. But it was obvious from her body

language that she was *nervous*. If the Pokémon hadn't been trained, it *definitely* could have taken her off-guard.



But it was surprisingly calm, allowing the woman to approach her. Of course, this was because it *wanted* her to approach. Not because it wanted the healing, but because the Galarian Rapidash's existence was similar to that of the Kanto version that Jacinthe was dealing at in tandem. **“Okay, a little closer, and... H-HEY!?”** The Full Restore was dropped on the ground with surprise as the horse *disappeared*.

Leaving Lebanne to feel unusually *warm*? Just not ‘hot’ like Jacinthe had.

“What the hell!? I feel— WOAHH!?” She cried out not because something had happened to her body (although she would be soon), but because a burst of psychic power had suddenly led to everything in the stall *floating* – except Lebanne herself. Galarian Rapidash was a Fairy / Psychic type, so was that *it’s* doing? Maybe it was hiding somewhere using its power? But that *wasn’t* it. The maid couldn’t have possibly realized that *her* panic had led to everything floating, which could only have suggested... that the psychic power was unconsciously being wielded by the human herself.

It wasn’t unheard of for humans to have psychic powers in the world of Pokémon, but Lebanne certainly *shouldn’t* have had any. It was a testament to the fact that the Pokémon’s spirit was already going wild within her, and the visual signs of this were beginning to become apparent. Take the maid’s sharply shaped, brown eyes for example. These were actually intrinsically linked to the psychic powers being wielded, because her browns had lightened to a pastel, mint green that were *glowing* in the dim light of the barn, all while those eyes softened in shape and her lashes paled to white and grew *significantly* longer.

“Who’s doing this!? Cut it out, *please!*” Freaked out as she was, the maid would *not* have normally included a ‘please’ there. Of course, she was still utterly oblivious to the fact that she was the cause of all the floating hay, or that her body had even begun to change. Part of this was because a lot of the initial changes had been isolated to her *face*, seeing her sharper features grow rounder and smaller, like giving her a daintier nose and fuller, pink-painted lips. By the time her eyebrows had paled to white and shrunk into two white circles above her eyes, she ended up looking quite... *delicate*?

Almost like how Jacinthe once looked in terms of vibe.

There *was* another element to it beyond *just* her face, though. In a number of ways, and intentionally at that, her own transformation was the polar opposite to Jacinthe's. Lebanne's body was more muscular than her partner's had been, but beneath her maid uniform? Those muscles were melting away, leaving her stomach, chest, and limbs all looking thinner and softer than before. They weren't robbed of all of their muscle, however, and she was actually still *stronger* than she had been before.

The woman looked to the side, and as she did? The floating hay all flew in that direction. "**Oh my!?**" Her words, despite her surprise, were calm and gentle, with a voice that was lighter now that her face had changed. The hay followed her wherever her eyes went, almost like... "**Am I doing this? I wonder if there a means through which I can turn it off? And why do I keep speaking like this? I sound like her!**"

It wasn't that surprising that she was more focused on her own behavior rather than what was happening to her body. After all, the physical elements weren't as dramatic and dealt more in *loss* than they did in *gains*. Her breasts didn't get larger for instance, and she actually lost a cup size as they became slimmer, albeit perkier despite losing some mass. It was a phenomenon shared with her lower body. Her hips didn't really narrow, but her ass did shrink about an inch as her softer thighs actually *did* burgeon a touch, making them appear slightly larger.

But most of this was hidden by her uniform. It would have taken a more *dramatic* physical shift for her to catch on, especially when she was fretting over those sudden onset psychic powers of hers. But she eventually *did* take notice when her eye level began to *rise*. "**...Eh?**" Lebanne could feel the shorts of her uniform separating from her top, exposing her belly and waist beneath an apron that rose higher and higher. "**Could I be... getting taller? Then... Oh!?**"

Maybe it was because she'd gained some control, or perhaps because she had become distracted by other things, but all of the floating hay *fell* as the glowing in her mint-colored eyes faded. Her powers had been deactivated, but that didn't erase the surprise she felt when she realized she had grown to *5'11"*. She'd been the taller of the two at *5'6"* before, but she didn't know that Jacinthe was actually taller now.

"It wasn't just these powers or my voice... My body is changing? No, it *has been* changing?" Now that she'd noticed, the leaner and softer elements of her body were obvious to her. She felt

conflicted in a sense, but wouldn't these combined features lead to her appearing *cuter*? And she *liked* the idea of being 'cute'... despite wanting to seem so intimidating before.

"Hm? Hey!" Lebanne felt her psychic powers activate once more, but this time she couldn't see what they were affecting. She quickly realized, however, that their pastel purple glow now wrapped around her *hair*. It untied the bows that kept her hair in that long braid, but that hair soon thickened, lengthened, *and* changed in style in color. The same purple that her powers presented seeped into the locks as they were thickened and curled, as the same pastel mint from her eyes swirled throughout it almost like ice cream. The tips curled in, and her bangs parted in the middle...

All so that a six-inch horn of swirling white and purple could rise between those bangs, in front of her ears, which had risen to the top of her head into white-furred triangles with purple insides.

"Oh! I see!" The woman delicately clapped her hands together as it dawned on her that she had become part-Rapidash. The horn more or less confirmed it! And so, she didn't fight it at all as her psychic powers wrapped around her maid uniform and distorted it into something new. A predominately white racing dress with cutouts on the left side of her torso, the skirt so short that it barely covered her waist while padded, thigh high boots rose beneath them. She wore matching, arm-length gloves, and the dress was open at the top so that you could see a dark purple sports bra with a pastel purple and mint cover over her right tit. A crown of dark purple roses rested in front of her ears, and purple frills came off her ankles and wrists.

"My, my! I'm absolutely adorable, aren't I?" The new *Galarian Rapidash* woman looked herself over gracefully, of course noticing how much grace she *spoke* with as well. Lebanne could clearly tell that she sounded more like Jacinthe. Refined, proper, and elegant; she also felt obligated to hold herself up to these standards. **"A strange situation to be certain, but I'm sure I can sort things out. I wonder if a similar thing happened to my dear Jacinthe?"**

Her *dear* Jacinthe? It appeared that she had become more open with her feelings as well! Still, she *meant* it as she gave a



little clap of her hands together. “**Well, shall I reunite with her? Perhaps we could have a friendly little race before we figure out what to do next?**” It must have been because she was part Rapidash, but she just *couldn't* get the idea of going for a race out of her mind!

Fortunately, she didn't have to wait long, because she bumped into a very transformed, and *very* beautiful Jacinthe at the entrance to the barn. Jacinthe even *whistled* at her. “**Looking pretty good, Lebanne! But you're really making my blood boil, you know!?**” The Rapidash woman looked absolutely raring to go. Evidently, they had swapped personality archetypes to an extent! Not that Lebanne minded.

“**Shall we?**” Lebanne asked with glee as she delicately gestured to the door. It was an invitation that Jacinthe *eagerly* took up, grabbing Lebanne's delicate hand so forcefully that the Galarian girl ended up swooning. *Oh dear, am I into this sort of thing now?* She could only wonder as she was pulled out onto the corner of the track that had touched the perimeter of that particular barn. “**You don't have to be so forceful you know~!**”

Of course, she had to keep of appearances and *act* like she was bothered.

“**Don't be such a princess! I know you like it!**” Oh, did she now? Lebanne really *could* get used to this more forceful Jacinthe! “**Quick! Take your mark! If this track is up to snuff, we're financing the hell out of this place!**” Lebanne couldn't help but hum playfully as she did what she was told, standing beside her better half on the track. She'd said something *amusing* there.

“**We are? Does this mean we're together, mon amour? Are our finances shared now? Hehehe...**”

“**I, er... Sh-Shut up! Let's just race!**”