

CHILDLIKE GLEE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Cynthia reveled at the opportunity to travel.

As one of the elder Champions of the Sinnoh region, for a long time she hadn't really been afforded much of a chance. After traveling her home region and winning the league, she had been anchored to the place through duty both to her new post and due to her interests in the legends of the area. But eventually? Her chains had been broken by an up and coming challenger, and she had suddenly been freed once the secrets of Dialga and Palkia came to light. All at the hands of Dawn.

With her freedom renewed, the woman had opted to travel from region to region not only in the pursuit of new history and legends, but also new *opponents*. She may not have been the Sinnoh regions reigning Champion, but her passion for battle hadn't waned in the least. It burned so brightly that she wouldn't even hesitate to challenge someone that, say, wandered into her vacation home.

It was this desire for a challenge that had eventually led her to the Galar region. She had heard plenty about their league system and how glorious of a show they put on for their tournaments. It was something she had been interested in even *before* receiving an invitation to participate in an upcoming tournament. One that amassed Champion-level trainers from across the globe to participate in one fantastic spectacle.

Cynthia had arrived early, though. Early enough to do some sightseeing in the infamous Wild Area. But what should have been a normal trek through the local wildlife ultimately took a turn towards something more *dire*. Near a Pokémon Daycare set up in the woods, a *gigantic* and

incredibly fluffy Eevee had suddenly appeared. While she had never wielded its power herself, the woman was familiar with the Dynamaxing phenomenon that had been contained within the Galar region. But this was a matter of the Eevee *Gigantamaxing* instead. Not only had it grown several stories tall, but its form had changed a little too.



“Hm... The man at the daycare said you were rampaging, but it looks more like you’re playing.” After accepting a request for help from the daycare staff, who were concerned that the Eevee might damage their property, Cynthia had rushed in with her Garchomp already out of its ball. **“Well, a Pokémon battle is a game in a sense, isn’t it? Let’s work off some of that energy of yours!”**

The woman had been around Pokémon her entire life. She had lived alongside them, cared for them, and trained them. Some of them? Cynthia had unintentionally made into enemies, but others she had befriended either instantly or with time. She liked to think she understood how a Pokémon’s mind worked. And in this case? She really didn’t get the impression that the Eevee was a threat.

Her theory was as follows: the Eevee must have Gigantamaxed unintentionally for some reason and was now a little *confused*. It likely didn’t understand that it was gigantic, and was instead amused by how *small* everything around it was instead. It was playing, not thinking about how destructive its playtime ultimately was to the surrounding forest. If she could calm the Eevee down and break the Gigantamax form? *Then* some progress could be made.

The ex-Champion’s theory wasn’t really off the mark, but it also wasn’t completely *correct* either. You see, this particular Eevee had been *lonely*. All of its friends had found partners while it had been left behind, and so it had been desperately searching for someone worthy of that title. Those feelings had been mixed in with the power that allowed it to Gigantamax, and when the Garchomp finally defeated it in battle?

Red energy particles had lingered in the air even after the Eevee had returned to its regular size.

“Gigantamaxing certainly isn’t something to underestimate. To think that even an Eevee could be *that* strong... Well, it

was gigantic.” Cynthia mused to herself as she approached the fallen Pokémon. It hadn’t fainted and, in fact, still appeared to be just as energetic as it had been during the battle. That was because, to the Eevee, this must have been a *fateful* encounter. It was happy that it had encountered a trainer that it believed could be its trainer. It was like it saw Cynthia as its *soulmate*. “**Oh! You’re quite affectionate, hm?**”

The small and fluffy monster was nuzzling the trainer’s ankle. But what Cynthia *didn’t* notice was that the moment the Pokémon made physical contact with her, the red particles in the air were slowly drawn towards her as if she was something akin to a black hole for those particles alone. One by one they were drawn *into* her body, initially causing nothing more than a subtle shudder on the woman’s part once they were entirely absorbed.

In the meantime, she had crouched down to pet the Eevee on the head. Her decision to make mutual contact with the creature was the *other* step needed to properly activate the particles that her body had absorbed. Those particles carried the Eevee’s wishes for a fated partner. And while that could have easily been accomplished by the monster merely expressing a desire to be with her? The energy that was now subtly radiating throughout her body had plans to make it a *sure thing*.

The Eevee liked Cynthia. It felt like they had a connection. But it didn’t really like how *old* she was. If it was to get take a trainer now? It would have preferred someone a little *younger*.

Though, at first? It didn’t really seem like there was much of a correlation between this desire on the Eevee’s part and what was happening to Cynthia. “**Well, I can’t stand around here all day. I have to get a move on.**” The ex-Champion made an attempt to part ways with the Pokémon, but it was *very* clingy. It probably wanted to come with her, but she didn’t even have any Pokéballs with her. She didn’t really understand what sort of predicament she now found herself in.

All the while, the pigmentation of her skin darkened ever so slightly – so little that in order to see the difference, you likely would have to place her old tone and her new one side by side. Perhaps it wasn’t *that* noticeable, but the change of color in the woman’s *eyes* was. Her light gray irises were darkening, their colors ultimately rendered in a chestnut brown instead. But, more than that? Those eyes *rounded* in shape.

Her face’s shape just rounded in *general*, though. Puffier cheeks, fuller lips, and yet, a smaller nose. When you added this all together, it became hard to see Cynthia *as* Cynthia in the end. In fact, at least when

it came to her face there was already absolutely *no* resemblance to the woman that had served as the Sinnoh region's Champion. This was something that was shared with her *hair* too. It gradually unwound in length, but simultaneously darkened in color with every strands succumbing at the same pace. It pulled up *past* her shoulders and into a chin length bob, with her bangs pulling away from her left eye.

Surely *this* was enough for the woman to understand the jeopardy that she was in? It wasn't as if she could just *ignore* the sight of her own hair changing in such a dramatic way? **"Hm? Was my hair longer a moment ago, or am I imagining things?"** To *begin* with, she was speaking on the length of her hair like it being longer was what had been 'wrong'. Even though the fact that it was now *short* was *definitely* the quality that should have seen as 'incorrect'.

Unfortunately, the woman remained out of the loop even as her body changed further; each step making her look less and less like the woman she was meant to be. The heft of her chest swelled a cup size, for example, and her butt thickened in slight as well. What was probably the most noticeable aspect of her changing physique, however, was her *weight*. Her tummy bulged a little, indicative of a lifestyle that was much more relaxed than the one you'd expect of a woman who traveled and battle as much as Cynthia did.

And once a few inches peeled off of her height? She couldn't have possibly been mistaken for *the* Cynthia, aside from outfit that was now *pretty* tight around her chest, belly, and buttocks. **"Oh, uh... What was I doin' out here? I gotta get back to the daycare, right? But where'd you come from, lil guy?"** The woman's words now carried a heavy country accent, but that was hardly as alarming as *what* she had said.

Did the woman no longer remember *who* she was? No. Her entire history had been rewritten. She was the daughter of a Pokémon daycare worker, and when she'd grown older she had decided to become one herself! She didn't question this at all, but the Eevee she had crouched down to *talk* to certainly was. This wasn't the type of trainer it had wanted at all! ...Which was a lie, it had subconsciously wanted someone a little homelier. But it had also wanted someone *younger*! Fortunately, that wish would still end up granted.

It almost seemed like such a waste, honestly. Cynthia's body had gone to all of that trouble to pack on some extra curves, but now it was all becoming undone! The tummy pouch, which had been pushing out the underside of her outfit, subtly smoothed away until it wasn't noticeable at all. But it hadn't returned to how it had been before, either? It was

still soft, there wasn't any muscle, and that became true of her body overall.

“Whoa!?” The ‘Daycare lady’ felt very off balance all of a sudden. It was hardly surprising. Her belly aside, much of her body’s weight was regressing to what it had been before. No... *even thinner*. But it seemed like there was an ultimate goal in mind considering the *extent* of the weight that was lost. Her boobs were a good example of this. They had grown heavier than ever at first, pulling down her neckline to show off her cleavage. Not only was that undone, with her bosom pulling back, but its regression *vastly* overcompensated. More and more weight was drained until there was *nothing* there at all, nipples left in a far more ungendered form.

The mass of Cynthia’s ass and thighs were lessened just as promptly. Her cheeks compressed until her butt merely *existed* without any weight whatsoever, whereas her thighs became almost as thin as a pair of straws comparatively. All of this aside, in the interim? Her complexion was smoothing, softening, and *rejuvenating*. Her skin looked a lot more *youthful*, which was absolutely by design at this point. **“Yikes!?”** For reasons that became immediately apparent.

She had to throw her hands out to the sides to stop herself from stumbling, this time because it felt like she was *falling*! She *wasn’t*. How could she be, when her feet were still planted on the ground? Nonetheless, her eye level was rapidly dropping... because she was *shrinking*. Her bones compressed vertically rapidly, while her hips and shoulders narrowed in the process. Five feet. Four feet. She didn’t stop until she had dropped all the way down to 3’6”. A height that was *certainly* not suitable for an adult.

“H-Huh? Eevee? You’re really tall, woah! And my clothes are soooo huge!” And so, not only was she the *height* of a small child, but her face and mannerisms had begun to reflect this too. She couldn’t think of anything ‘adult’ or ‘complicated’ anymore. She was *stupid*, but in the way that most *six year olds* were. Her bright, brown eyes looked around the clearing and then down to *her* Eevee. Its fur was so cute! She bet that it was super warm, too!

The child didn’t really *need* to wonder about this. After all, wasn’t she wearing the same fur? Well, okay, not the *same* fur – that would have been unsettling! The power that had changed her body so drastically set it sights on the robes that she was now practically swimming in with her small body. They all began to *glow* for a moment, before that light *exploded* to reveal a brand new outfit for the girl. A fluffy, puffy, *Eevee onesie* with its hood wrapped around the top of her head. It had an Eevee’s eyes, ears, and tail! ***It’s my favorite!***

“Suzie is just a lil kid now!? ..Eh!? Was Suzie’s name Suzie?” Everything about the *Poké Kid*, from her tiny body to her Eevee onesie, to the way she referred to herself in the third person, to her general demeanor when she flailed about – it was all absolutely *adorable*. There wasn’t *any* reason to assume that this six year old girl was once the Champion of the Sinnoh region. Not that it was *impossible*, since apparently the Paldea region had an Elite Four member of a similar age.



Her behavior suggested that she still remembered her past life, but how long would *that* hold out? New memories were present in abundance, drowning out the old ones. Even now, as she looked down at *her* very happy Eevee, she could remember cuddly her partner when she was only three years old... which was only three years ago! She knew that her mommy was working at the daycare nearby, and...

“M-Mommy!? But...” When thinking of her ‘mother’, *Suzie* was picturing an entirely different mother from Cynthia’s. One with black hair that Suzie clearly resembled. Was it her mommy that had given her Eevee? Everything about this situation made her feel *helpless*. What was she supposed to do? She couldn’t help but act like a child. She wasn’t even sure she *knew* how to act like an adult now! She didn’t know adult things at all! **“Uh... Where do babies come from, Eevee? I wanna little sister!”**

Wait, no! That wasn’t why she’d asked that! It had just been the easiest thing to ask if she was trying to remember adult things. But a desire for a sibling had been blurted out instead? What was... What was wrong!? Freaked out as she was, the nuzzling of her partner Pokémon at her knee did plenty to calm Suzie down. **“Oh! Eevee, are ya trying to make me feel better!? Thank you!”** Being so short, the Poké Kid didn’t need to crouch down very much to give the Eevee a little kiss on the forehead and then a generous petting session. Petting her Eevee just made her feel so safe! Whenever she was down, her Eevee had always been there for her!

That was why she proudly wore her Eevee onesie, even though the other kids said she looked silly!

But why had she been so upset before?

“Aha! I wanna go see mommy!”