

AETHER CORRUPTION

BIG STORY #37

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“Where did she go? Where *am* I?”

Gladion, a Pokémon trainer from the Alola region, attempted to regain his bearings after his plans had suddenly gone awry. Well, no. Those plans hadn't *just* been his. Lillie and Selene had been with him, but now they were nowhere to be seen. When the three of them had gone over their plan, they hadn't expected *this* outcome. They hadn't expected *that thing* to be there. How could they have even accounted for *it*? But a little more backstory was required to fully grasp what had happened.

The Aether Foundation had been exposed for what it was. A front for the twisted whims of one woman: Lusamine. She was the founder and administrator for the Aether Foundation, which had been claiming to work for the benefit of Pokémon everywhere. But Lusamine had been using this all as a front to conduct unethical experiments related to the Ultra Beasts, creatures from another world that she'd had an unfortunate run in with years ago.

Lusamine, as it turned out, was also Gladion's *mother*. After becoming obsessed with the Ultra Beasts, he and his little sister Lillie had become little more than pieces on her gameboard, and he had run away to escape that. It was only recently that the truth behind Lusamine's plans had come to light though, but once they had? In combination with his sister and her friend, the three had confronted his mother.

It had gone well at first. There had been a Pokémon battle that Selene had won handily. But then *it* had appeared. Nihilego – an Ultra Beast. A number of Ultra Wormholes had opened in his mother's office and swallowed the three before they could stop her. That was the long and

short of it, and now Gladion found him in a different place altogether. But it was also kind of *familiar*?

“...Is this Lillie’s room?” He’d expected something much more *bizarre* considering the wormhole he had been pulled into. But from the neat, white bed to the neat, white walls, with the few plushies their mother allowed – it was *definitely* Lillie’s room. **“What am I doing here? If she planned on sending me back to our home, why Lillie’s room?”**

YOU’LL UNDERSTAND SOON, MY DEAR GLADION.
CONSIDER THIS A WORLD WHERE OUR FAMILY
NEVER EXISTED IN THE FIRST PLACE. MAYBE
YOU’LL MAKE A MORE OBEDIENT DAUGHTER IN
THIS WORLD THAN LILLIE EVER DID!



A voice boomed, unmistakably his mother’s. But she wasn’t present. It was more like she had been speaking *directly* into his mind. **“Wh-What!? Mother!? What are you talking about!?”** His questions were all valid, and his voice was desperate. Was this not *their* world, but instead a parallel one where their family didn’t exist? But how could he be an obedient ‘daughter’ when he was clearly her son? Well, the Ultra Wormhole had done more than simply relocate him.

The effects of which were *immediately* evident, even to Gladion himself. **“Huh!?”** Honestly? He *really* hadn’t been sure what to make of it. What he could see and feel all felt so *impossible* that it was difficult to process, especially when the only explanation for these things was that he was— **“Am I getting smaller!?”** He’d *noticed* because the room looked bigger, and his clothes? They felt heavier.

It wasn’t even *that* significant of a loss, and in the end only *three* inches were shed from his body as a whole. He was still a growing, fourteen year old boy – he’d only *been* 5’2”. But now he was 4’11” instead. **“Why is this happening? Did mother do something?”** The trainer recognized when the loss of height but stopped, but he could also recognize he hadn’t just lost *vertical* size. Looking at his hands, for example? They were smaller, thinner, *smoother*; and his feet had fared similarly within his shoes.

“She said that I’d make a ‘more obedient daughter’, but what did she mean by *that*!?” He hadn’t intended on exclaiming *anything*

at the end of that sentence, but a sudden crack in his voice took him off guard. “**What was— M-My voice!?**” No. Had it not just been a crack? His voice *remained* at that pitch. It was high and shrill, like a *young girl*? Fearful as he was to admit as much, he knew he could even take things a step farther and say that it sounded familiar. Like his *sister’s* voice. “**N-No way...**” Just as it wasn’t like Gladion to sound like that, it *also* wasn’t like him to stutter even when he was shocked.

His little sister, on the other hand...

While these were all things that he *had* noticed, there were things that he *hadn’t* too. His voice did sound like a younger girl’s, but it hadn’t struck him just how much he was beginning to *look* the part. Take the boy’s face, for example. His sharp, emerald gaze inched rounder while his eyebrows had thinned at a similar pace. His nose softened into a button shape, while his lips pursed ever so slightly upon a more circular jawline.

His face had become the spitting image of *Lillie’s*, right down to her more youthful visage. Gladion had undeniably de-aged when he had shrunk and now featured the face of a dainty, *eleven year old* girl. That explained his voice, and beneath his clothing his youthful figure was falling more in line with what you might expect from a girl. His waistline slimmed slightly, for example, while that fat was seemingly relocated to other parts of his body. Whether it was his chest growing puffy, or his butt becoming slightly fuller; it was all indicative of a body that was destined to grow fuller with age.

“**Wh-Why is mother doing this to me? Is it because I wasn’t loyal?**” *She* was doing her best to try and process what was happening, even as her gender was flipped between her legs and her hips flared out slightly to finalize the changes to her figure. Because Gladion and Lillie had both been young, not *that* much work had been needed. But... as she thought about why she was being subjected to this? The girl gradually forgot that she had ever been a boy in the first place. *Wait. I never had a brother...* Wasn’t that supposed to be ‘Lillie never had a brother’?

All that really differentiated her from the child she was now *meant* to be was Gladion’s wacky hairstyle, but even that was slicked back as the blonde began to lengthened. “**Was I not loyal to mother? I’d never dare do that...**” The girl *knew* better. Lusamine could be a little scary, but she still loved her. After her father had disappeared, her mother was the only person that the girl had left in her life. She had grown attached to Lusamine. Maybe a little *too* attached. And by the time her hair had grown out to the bottom of her back, she’d become entirely *brainwashed*.

The child stood there at her transformation's end, stunned while her sense of fashion fell in line with Lusamine's desires. Gladion's black sweater and hoodie mended together and lightened into a familiar, sleeveless white gown with baby blue trim, while socks and boots became baby blue shoes with knee-high socks. The hair on the sides of her head was even braided into a familiar style.

"It's almost noon... I suppose I should go meet with mother..." Lillie stood up on her tiptoes to grab the big, white-brimmed hat that she always wore from the hook on the back of her door. As she recalled, a servant had brought her the message about an hour ago that her mother had wished to meet with her at noon. It was likely regarding the Aether Foundation, likely a job that she wanted her precious daughter to help with.



And she *would*. This Lillie was far more reliant on her mother than the Lillie of the world Gladion had come from – likely because there *was* no rebellious brother in this timeline to ‘lead her astray’ as Lusamine would have put it. The girl had been cut off from others and had been completely wrapped around Lusamine’s finger. She didn’t care what she might be asked to do if it meant making her mother happy. **"I hope mother praises me a lot today! I’ve been training really hard!"**

And off she went!



YOU REALLY WERE DISOBEDIENT
UNTIL THE END, MY DEAR DAUGHTER.
BUT AT LEAST IN THIS NEW WORLD, IF
YOU WON'T BE LOYAL TO ME, I CAN AT
LEAST MAKE YOU LOYAL TO THE
FOUNDATION.

"M-Mother!?" Lillie had hardly spent thirty seconds outside of the Ultra Wormhole before she was cursed by the sound of her mother's voice, the Nihilego's influence clearly having twisted her intentions even further. She had arrived at their seaside estate, but she was in one of the basement guest rooms that were used by visiting Aether Foundation employees.

Where was she? She couldn't see her mother anywhere! She had just wanted to help save her, and yet now she was trapped in this weird situation. **"What do you mean by 'this world'? It isn't too late, mother! We can still go back to how things were!"** No reply came, however. She stood quietly for thirty seconds *hoping* for a response that never came in the end.

But as she waited? She began to feel like something was a little *strange*.

"H-Huh!?" Lillie was immediately treated to the *opposite* of what her brother had endured. While Gladion's height had inched a little downwards, the once 'little' sister became far less suited to that title. Her limbs were lengthening and her spine inched taller, which *naturally* left the maiden's dress in disarray. **"I-I'm growing? How is this even possible!?"** It had to be related to the Ultra Wormhole, right? Had her *employer* manipulated it in some way?

The girl noticed it. **"...Employer?"** Why had she thought of her *mother* that way? It *was* rather concerning, but in that moment her growing body – and the discomfort it was bringing – was much more distracting. Her socks had been pulled down to her ankles while the skirt of her dress had been lifted to just *barely* cover her pure white underwear. Complications came in *other* ways too, such as her feet growing much too big for her slip-on shoes, prompting her to kick them off in a panic, but her shoulders and *especially* her hips widened so that she didn't look *too* lanky by the time she stopped growing.

She was already 5'4" by that point. Lillie had grown *five* inches, making her taller than even her brother had been. **"Am... I going to stay like this? Do I need to find a change of clothes? Did I pack a spare uniform?"** It had happened again. Something had come to mind that she hadn't meant to think, but this time she had gone as far as to *say* it. And *as* she'd said it? The sound of her voice seemingly *deepened*.

This happened in tandem with changes to the girl's face though. Referring to as a 'girl' would hardly be accurate much longer, not because she appeared to be more masculine, but because her *age* was something worth questioning. Her taller and *wider* body already betrayed the eleven year age that was *supposed* to be valid, but her facial features were falling in line. Her lips swelled out into a puffy pout and her nose lengthened, the complexion of her face wearing down slightly as her cheekbones lifted and her round eyes punched to take a much more ovular shape.

Not only did Lillie look notably older with aged features giving her a much more beautiful and sharply defined facial design, but she didn't

even... really *look* like Lillie. She looked more like a woman who should have gone by a different name, and that was only enhanced by a series of notable color changes. Her green eyes were buried by a dirty brown instead, and not even the woman's complexion retained its usual pinkish pale. It was like everything that made her the daughter of Lusamine was being erased, and that was more or less the point.

The skin color that developed instead was a medium tan, one more akin to an Alolan native's than Lillie's family was. In fact, her new facial structure fell in line with these trends too, and ultimately her *hair* followed suit. Not only did her bright blonde locks darken, tips shifting to a bluish black, but the *length* of these long locks shortened as they were rearranged into a bob without, somehow, disturbing the placement of the girl's hat.

Lillie clicked her tongue. She felt... *impatient*. Being a child? She wasn't sure why that thought had even crossed her mind. It wasn't like she was staying at her employer's place to mess around. That still felt *vaguely* wrong, but it also felt *right* to her too. Just as 'right' as the weight that found itself padding her taller figure at the cost of what little fit her child-sized dress retained. "...**I'm uncomfortable.**"

The chest of this dress was close to bursting even *before* this point, but additional weight made it seem like a sure thing. Or, at least, it would have had Lillie gained any *more* weight. Nonetheless, the skin of her chest had been forced to tighten around fat that bolstered their sizes and shapes, puffing up her nipples while mounds grew into a pair of pleasant, *C-cup* tits. This fell in line with what happened to the woman's *lower* body, as her hips were wedged wider to accommodate the swell of her ass cheeks into a mature, bubbled shape – with thighs thickened to flow more naturally into them.

None of this was excessive. It all seemed surprisingly 'average'. Lillie as she was now just looked like a *normal young adult woman*. But she certainly wasn't *dressed* like one, both before *and* after those clothes changed. Her white dress tightened and stretched into a one piece, white uniform overtop white tights and equally white, thigh high leggings. Her shoes inflated into a pair of almost comically puffy runners, while gloves covered tanned fingers all of the way to her elbows. Even Lillie's hat tightened, shrinking down into a cap with beak and gold beads that matched the gold on buttons, multiple pouches that hooked onto her hips, and even the heels of her shoes.



“Almost noon.” The grey eyes of the dark-skinned *Aether Foundation grunt* glanced up at the analogue clock on the wall of the temporary housing she had been given in this estate. There was no longer any familiarity present in the woman’s mind when it came to this building. She had only moved in several days ago, and only because the Aether Foundation’s president, Lusamine, had acknowledged her efforts within the foundation and stationed her there, right under the president’s finger.

It was something that the grunt was proud of. She had dedicated her life to the Aether Foundation’s goals, and even upon learning about the company’s twisted underbelly her loyalty hadn’t strayed. She was now due for a meeting with the president at noon. Apparently Lusamine wanted her to escort her daughter somewhere. It was a little beneath her, but it was fine. As the grunt walked out the door, she muttered a reminder to herself under her breath.

“I’d do anything for President Lusamine and the Aether Foundation.”

AS FOR YOU... YOU’VE BEEN A BAD INFLUENCE IN THE LIVES OF MY CHILDREN, SO LET’S MAKE YOU A MUCH BETTER ONE. AFTER ALL, THE AETHER FOUNDATION OF THIS WORLD NEEDS ITS OWN PRESIDENT.



The Pokémon trainer, Selene, was even *more* lost about her current situation than the two siblings. She didn’t have a personal relationship with Lusamine, nor had she visited their seaside villa to know that this was where she had appeared on the other side of the Ultra Wormhole. She was in a big, spacious bedroom with a king-sized bed clad in white sheets with a mirror on the opposite wall. Other than that? It was strangely *empty*, like someone had stripped it clean.

“Miss Lusamine? Can you hear me? We’re just trying to help you!” Selene was both young and pure of heart. Everything she’d done had been for the sake of the siblings that she had befriended, and she had shared in their optimism that they could help Lusamine save herself. But that Ultra Beast appearing had thrown a big wrench into this plan. She wasn’t even sure if Lusamine could hear her.

And she was understandably worried about what those words had meant.

What did they *mean*? “**Is she going to make me the president of the Aether Foundation? That’s a little sudden, and I think I’m kind of young...**” *But it might be nice to be as rich, beautiful, and powerful as Lusamine...* “**...Eh!?**” Where had *that* come from? Selene had never felt any desires as twisted as *that* before! It didn’t bode well for what was to come. Was it a side effect of stepping through the Ultra Wormhole? Was this really a different *world* as Lusamine’s words had seemingly implied?

The eleven year old’s ash-colored eyes looked about the room. But their colors brightened, taking the same emerald-green that Lillie and Gladion’s eyes possessed, while their shapes seemingly narrowed, and her eyelashes lengthened in slight. There *was* a door for her to leave through if she so chose. *But why would I leave my own bedroom?* That out of place thought kept the girl’s feet firmly rooted.

These intrusive thoughts were becoming more frequent and more *intrusive*. The girl managed to question a fair amount of them, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep up with them once she took notice of the fact that things weren’t *right* with her body either. “**M-My hair!?**” It would have been difficult for her *not* to notice. Even if her bangs hadn’t lengthened, the feeling of her hat being pushed right off of her hair would have tipped Selene off.

It was *blonde*. Or it was *becoming* blonde as it grew. Dark strands almost seemed as if they were becoming *bleached* while her bangs shot across her eyes. The bulk of it lengthened in layers, almost hiding the back of her body like the shell of an insect due to added hairspray tightening it into an enveloping ‘shield’ that reached down to her legs, segments separated by lines of light blue. With her right eye practically colored, the girl *immediately* drew the correct conclusion. “**This is *my* hairstyle!**”

Selene’s (now) green eyes blinked. “**No, it’s *mine*! I mean to say it is... No, wait. Why am I speaking like this!?**” Deeper, more mature, and far less casually than she should have; she couldn’t even label the hair as belonging to the person she *knew* had the exact same style, instead speaking of it like it was a personal possession. As the seconds ticked on? She was gradually beginning to *think* of it that way earnestly too.

In a matter of moment, the girl facially appeared to be closer in appearance to *Lillie* than the girl she had been moments ago. Well, like

Lillie if she had narrower eyes and a sharper jawline. This shift in her perceived bloodline was a much needed step, for with vaguely paler skin any traces of Selene's prior lineage had been *completely* replaced, implanting a different bloodline into her genetics instead. From that point on? There was a lot of *growing* to do.

“H-Hah! Am I becoming more beautiful!?” The girl had done her best to try and suppress a boastful laugh from leaving her thickening lips but ultimately fell short. Her head was filling with an abundance of concerning nonsense. A fixation on ‘beauty’ rose above all else, and any concerns she felt about what had happened to Gladion and Lillie faded. Her relationship with Lillie twisted into something more transactional, while Gladion? *Since when did I have a son?*

She would have been much too young... had this thought crossed her mind about a minute sooner. But while Selene's obsessions became more numerous and more intense, her body had been shooting upwards in height. Her limbs grew longer, and her hips parted wide, lifting her top to show off her tummy and splitting through the sides of her shorts. Her feet even outgrew her shoes, with toes pushing through the fronts before long anyways. **“Well, this outfit isn't very fashionable in the first place.”**

This jump from 5'0" to 5'7" was a dramatic one, and the maturity it wrought made itself known in varied ways. Her plumper lips were part of this, for her facial features had matured *well* beyond her teens or even young adulthood. Selene *looked* fairly youthful still, but that was more the fault of years of age preserving chemicals being applied to her skin. By the time she had fully grown, with a swollen *B-cup* chest and perky ass, she was in her *forties*. Even her hair had lengthened further to reach the same point despite her the added growth.

Her perceived fashion woes didn't linger for long, at least. Her ill-fitted top lengthened into a sleeveless, white dress with a translucent layer of yellow around the waist, whereas her shorts were pulled into long, tight, white pants with black bands on the insides. Broken shoes mended into raised sandals with green flats, and that very green re-emerged atop the breasts of her dress in the form of a vertically aligned crystal mounted with golden clasps.

Well, the girl certainly didn't need to concern herself with what Lusamine was thinking any longer. Those thoughts now belonged to her. She



had become the *Lusamine* of this timeline. She examined herself in the mirror with a twisted smile on her lips not because she realized what had happened to her, but because she was so obsessively thinking about the Ultra Beasts. “**Oh, how I yearn to meet them again! I’m so close! Once Lillie returns from her next mission... Hehehe...**”

There was *very clearly* something wrong with this woman in her forties. But at the sound of a knock on her door, the twisted expression that she wore disappeared entirely and was replaced by a normal smile. Evidently, she had been affected by Nihilego’s toxins just like the Lusamine from the world Selene came from had been. “**Come in.**” She *knew* who to expect when the door opened. Her lovely, loyal daughter and the most obedient grunt in her entire organization.

“Are you two ready for your orders? We’ve received reports of an Ultra Wormhole sighting.”

“Of course, mother!”

“Yes ma’am!”