

BLUEBERRY EXCHANGE PROGRAM

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Academy Exchange Programs.

When it came to Pokémon academies across the globe, most of them had a program of this nature. It was an amazing opportunity for students to not only see Pokémon that weren't native to their own region but also see how different cultures lived. For those trainers that had no real aspirations to travel in the future, it was something like a vacation. For those that wanted to explore the globe one day, it was the perfect taste of what was to come.

These aspects were certainly kept in mind when it came to Blueberry Academy's program, but it was more about furthering the talents of their students. Fighting opponents from across the globe was an amazing opportunity for growth when it came to battles, and it helped them gather important data for the activities taking place on campus. And so, once a year for a month at a time, Blueberry took students from other parts of the world while accepting exchange students from elsewhere.

“So, this is where I’m supposed to be staying, huh...?” Kieran had endured a *very* long day. He’d traveled to the Kalos region by air, and at some point, had been forced to embark to Lumiose City, where he would be staying – by boat. It was already nearly 10 at night, and he had been led to a small apartment within a fancy looking building. Apparently, there hadn’t been space at the dorms, so he’d been forced to

stay elsewhere. **“I’m not too interested in this trip, honestly.”** But he *did* want to get stronger.



“Huh? What’s this? A welcome package?” The boy had taken a little bit of time to explore the apartment, and once he reached the bed? He noticed a basket wrapped with violet cloth sitting on the bed. He *had* been told that he would be given some onboarding materials, but would they put those in a basket? Either way, he had no reason *not* to check what was inside since the apartment had been cleared out for his stay.

Kieran fidgeted with the knot at the top of the basket until he finally got it. He’d been expecting to maybe find some snacks or local items inside. What he *received*, on the other hand? **“Wah!?”** It was an explosion of purple powder that he *unfortunately* inhaled. Strangely, it disappeared after a few seconds without leaving any residue at all.

“What was that? A prank? It wasn’t very nice...” What was it they called it? *Razzing* someone new? He shook her head to try and shake free any of the powder that might have gotten caught on his face and hair, but nothing came off. He looked down at his Blueberry uniform, where he thought he might see some *there* at least. But there was nothing. **“Did it disa... ppear?”** It certainly seemed that way, but a different realization gave the boy pause.

At only thirteen years of age, Kieran was still a way away from reaching his maximum height. He was only 5’ tall, after all. Or he *should* have been, but that was exactly what he had noticed. It seemed like the room, and his uniform, were all getting a little bigger. That was impossible. The only other explanation could be— **“A-Am I getting smaller!?”** The boy couldn’t help but stammer as he announced something impossible.

Well, wait. Was it *really* impossible? Perhaps so extremely unlikely that it might as well have been, but Pokémon were amazing creatures. There might have been one out there that could shrink *people*? If that had been the *only* thing happening to him, then maybe. But by the time his height bottomed out at a mere 4’5” and he was practically swimming in his uniform? It was at least clear from the outside that he hadn’t suffered a mere loss of height.

If you looked at Kieran’s face you could observe just how *young* he looked. Not like a boy who was thirteen, and instead more like a boy that was around *ten*? Anything reminiscent of the early stages of

puberty had been completely erased, and that *included* in his voice. “**I-I’m so tiny!**” Had it overcompensated a little *too* much there, though? That voice sounded a little too much like a *girl’s* voice.

It probably *wasn’t* an accident, though. If you scrutinized his face more closely, you could see that its *shape* had begun to shift. In a way? It did become more feminine. Slightly thicker and glossier lips, and the shapes of his eyes rounding fed into that. But it was also a little *more* than that, like his entire *racial profile* was undergoing a change. His nostrils widened and his brows not only rose but thickened as their colors became a dark brown rather than black.

And that all made sense once his *skin* changed in kind. It all darkened. Not towards a tan, but a rich and dark brown that spread from the child’s head all of the way down to his toes. His *hair* wasn’t even spared. It went the same way as his brows, with the colors of his strands lightening to a dark brown instead. But while the spiky sections flattened? Not only did they lengthen out behind him, but their straight shapes eventually curled wildly and tightly coiled in the back. It reached just past his shoulders.

No, *her* shoulders?

From her small body to her cute face and hair, you could have easily already gotten the impression that she was a girl considering the vague androgyny that could be associated with her new age. But this became a certainty once the equipment between her legs changed. “**Hm?**” Kieran herself didn’t appear to know what was going *on* anymore. In fact, she was having a little bit of difficulty thinking at *all*. Things just felt kind of fuzzy, though she *did* feel a childish annoyance at how heavy her clothing was.

It wasn’t an issue for long, though! What the girl *was* wearing began to glow with the same color as the powder that had splattered her, and while glowing? The cloth shifted and spread across her body. By the time the light faded? She was wearing a yellow school top over puffy, brown shorts and pink leggings and white socks. Her coiled hair was also pulled into a pair of dense and puffy pigtails by pink scrunchies. And while these clothes were a *little* bit ill fit at first?

Her chest and butt finally puffed up with the promise of eventual growth, trapping her in the body of a little girl.

Schoolgirl Kayleigh blinked nearly ten times before the mental fog that had clouded her mind finally dispersed,



leaving the girl wondering what she had even been doing in the first place. **“Eh? It’s so late and I’m still in my uniform!? I need to get ready for bed!”** She was a ten year old girl that attended a local academy in Lumiose City, after all. Class started at 7am in the morning, and she needed her beauty sleep!

The child gave her head a shake after removing her scrunches, allowing her thick and curly hair to bounce free. **“I should’ve finished club activities at 7, right? Maybe I took a nap at some point? Ah well!”** As was the case with human memories, she would *definitely* forget about this gap in knowledge before she woke up. And she’d never recognize that she was on a *permanent* exchange program.

Not when she had been born and raised in Kalos!



Rustboro City was the industry hub of the Hoenn region, but it was also the location of one of two academies that had been erected within the region over the past ten years. It also just so happened to be where *Carmine* had been assigned to live for the next month as part of Blueberry Academy’s exchange program. **“It was kind of lucky that Lacey and I were assigned to the same region, but Kieran...”** She still couldn’t help but worry about her little brother.

While she *had* been assigned to Hoenn along with her friend, Lacey, the two were attending different academies in different cities. It was still quick enough to see her by using Fly, but she could have used the reassurance of having her nearby. Especially when her housing situation was so... *interesting*. The girl had been given an apartment... *overtop of a warehouse*.

It was fully furnished and done up nicely, but the location was odd. Considering Rustboro was an industry hub, she could only imagine that it must have been the norm. Why had there been so much makeup in the bathroom, though? **“Oh, is this a gift?”** Among the things set aside for her in this apartment, there had also been a basket wrapped up in a dark purple cloth. It was already dark, so she probably should have been getting ready for bed. But—

“What the—!?” Unwrapping the basket had led to the exact same conundrum Kieran had found himself in.

Once the powder had dispersed, Carmine was quick to try and wipe it off. **“Huh? Is it stuck, or is there just *nothing*?”** She had a hard time believing that this was the case. It had been so brightly colored, and powder like that didn’t just *disappear*. The only mirror in her apartment was in the bathroom, and she had the good sense to start heading towards it. But... something gave her pause. **“Eh? Why does it feel like...?”**

The girl almost didn’t *want* to say it aloud, because what she was thinking was a little *indecent* for a seventeen year old to just blurt out. But her chest felt sort of... heavy? Her bra felt tight, too. She looked down just in time to see— **“*H-HEY!?*”** The front, upper buttons of her skintight Blueberry uniform were *struggling* to stay hooked together. She hadn’t been feeling things!? Had her top shrunk all of a sudden!?

...Not *really*. Though the truth was a little more *alarming* yet not unwelcome from Carmine’s perspective. The girl reached for the buttons to undo them before it was too late, but it *was* too late. The top two popped right off, and since she was just wearing a bra under it? You could easily see how her cleavage had *deepened*. **“*A-Are my tits bigger!?*”** She *was* correct, but considering how she’d silenced herself before...

It was a little weird that she had so freely called them her ‘tits’ only moments later, right?

She didn’t appear to realize that, though. Her attention was fixed on her chest – and with her hands reaching behind her to try and undo her bra clasp *through* her uniform to give what had grown to *D-cups* some much needed relief. **“*Haaaaah!*”** It felt like 1000 pounds had been lifted from her shoulders when she finally accomplished her task, though the sigh she elicited sounded very *sensual* and *mature*.

The girl had been so distracted by her *cleavage* that the tightening of her uniform in *other* areas had completely slipped past her radar. Namely her *ass*, which bloated several inches out both behind her and to the sides, though the latter was only really possible because her hips had been spread wider as well. All of this, paired with her *thighs thickening*, only went noticed once— *RIIIIIIP!* The sides of her pants *split*. **“*Huh? My ugly ass pants, too?*”**

Actually, what *was* bothering her? Her mind was beginning to feel a little *foggy*. The girl must have been having difficulties thinking, else she might have noticed that she wasn’t really a *girl* anymore, either. It was understandable, because she’d only grown upwards a *single* inch – and when paired with everything else that had happened, it didn’t cause much more clothing malfunction.

Where what was happening *was* clearer was in the girl's *face*, where she was looking much more like a *woman* than a girl in her teens. Not only did her lips swell, her eyes narrow, and her nose grow? But her face's overall shape slimmed and lengthened so that she looked like a different person altogether. Like a woman in her *mid-twenties*, and her memories had been lowkey altered to reflect living that long. The woman's light eyes darkened to brown, but contrastingly? Her dark hair began to *lighten*. It paled at first before shifting to a bright blonde that *looked* like it had been dyed. It shortened, straightened, and even curled at the tips.

All while her complexion darkened several shades to a very light tan.
One that was just as artificial as her dye job.

Dark purple light consumed what she was wearing, and as had been the case with Kayleigh? It changed into an entirely different outfit altogether. Short, tight, dark purple shorts worn beneath a sleeveless, backless matching top that showed off a toned tummy (from days of going to the gym). The top was tied behind her neck, below hair that was tied into a short side ponytail. The woman was *also* accessorized with golden bands around her wrists, tall boots that were *all* straps, and an abundance of makeup on her face and nails.

“Ugh. I still need to touch up my makeup before I, like, go out. *Lame.*” *Beauty Cassandra* rolled her eyes at the realization she had just stumbled upon. Moments of her mind hitching, and *that* was the first thing she remembered to do? Well, it made sense. She *was* beautiful. She'd just *die* if she couldn't keep up that image, and either way? Like hell she wasn't going to make sure she was dolled up as hell for a night of drinking with the girls. Especially if there was even the slightest of chances that she might meet a real hottie.



...Not that the Rustboro City pool of men was especially vast. With all of the warehouses around, you got a lot of old dudes with big guts and workaholic tendencies. Where were all the young hotties for her twenty five year old ass to flirt with? **“*Whatever. If I get drunk enough, I guess it doesn't really matter! Not like I'm looking for anyone to settle down with anyways.*”** The Beauty could *say* that, but...

True love tended to pop up when you least expected it.



“Phew... It took all day to get here!” While Carmine had been assigned to the academy in Rustboro, Lacey had been left to the one in Mauville City instead. It was a small but busy city, but because she had come from the south, she’d been forced to traverse the long and winding Route 111 – a route that was overpopulated with biking Pokémon trainers for obvious reasons.

The pink-haired girl had been escorted from the school campus out to a small bungalow on the city’s outskirts. It was especially big, but it was homely and had a garage attached. Apparently, there was even an unused bike inside that she was free to borrow if she wanted to use it. That’d make getting around easier!

And there was also a basket wrapped neatly with a navy blue cloth on her bed. **“How thoughtful! Did they leave me a housewarming gift?”** Everyone had been so kind since she had arrived, so Lacey didn’t even think to question the intention behind that basket. She opened it as quickly as she could undo the knot, but— **“WAH!?”** An explosion of blue powder immediately struck her in the face.

While Lacey was due for an inexperience that was very similar to what the other two had suffered, her own journey began almost in *reverse*. It was her clothing that began to glow with the same blue as the power, prompting her to actually *notice* that they were changing. **“E-Eh!? My clothes!?”** The light was brief, but when it faded? She was wearing a completely different outfit consisting of a hoodie, blue jacket overtop what felt like a t-shirt, and she was wearing a pair of making trackpants with... *flipflops*? None of which *fit her* at first.

She didn’t even realize there was a Minun design on the back of the short-sleeved sweater.

“Did a Pokémon do this? Was the powder something it produced?” Lacey was smart enough to draw the most logical conclusion, but it didn’t really matter *what* conclusion she drew if she was unable to remember anything even happening in the first place, which *had* happened to the other two. Even now, there were things occurring that had escaped the seventeen year old’s notice, like how her skin pigmentation had darkened ever so slightly.

Her mind had already been seized by the power to an extent, but it wasn’t fully stolen just yet. **“Huh? Weren’t the legs of these pants way too long a second ago?”** They had been *really* baggy, especially around her ankles. But now? They had lifted to rest where you would

expect them too. Had the legs shrunk somehow? No, it had to be the opposite. “**Am I *gettin’* taller?**” She *had* been, though she’d been a little too late to catch it. She’d jumped about three inches in height, but it was simultaneously a little more than that.

The outfit she was wearing ended up filling out in *various* ways. Take her pants for example. Surely, they now fit better lengthwise, but they ultimately ended up fitting better *width* wise too. This was because her hips swung out several inches wider, which in turn proved more space for her thighs to swell several inches thicker along with her buttocks, which bubbled into a sizable shape that her pants helped demonstrate. The *issue* with the pants was that they had clearly been designed *to* be baggy.

“**Taller...? Wait? Ain’t this my usual height?**” For such a studious student, the way she was speaking so loosely all of a sudden might have been as weird the sound of the voice she was speaking with in the first place. It was deep and rough, but it actually better suited what was happening above her neck at roughly the same time. Like Carmine, her facial features were slowly *aging*, pushing her up in perceived age about four years while she gradually looked less and less like *herself*.

A longer nose, plumper lips, and narrowed, dimmed eyes soon sat upon a narrowed face, all while her bright pink hair fell all around that face while their vibrancy was replaced with a yellowish green shade instead. This change of hairstyle left it reaching the center of her back, but it was also *very* thick and messy. It made her lips stand out all the more, but only because they soon *contrasted* the green of her hair with the icy blue lipstick that spread across them.

And that same blue coated long, sharp extensions that were pressed onto her fingernails.

“**I...**” The mental fog eventually became too much for her to critically think about her situation at *all*. Not even the swell of her own bosom was notable, even though her A-cups puffed out into a sizable pair of *C-cups* within her hoodie and shirt before long. With how much thicker and puffier her nipples had become though, it became *very* obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra. They were rubbing against her shirt, but she subconsciously adjusted right before she snapped out of her stupor.

“**Already dark, huh? Wonder if I could make it over to Rustboro before the bars**



close?" *Delinquent Lissa* looked up at the clock on the wall of *her* bungalow. She was always riding late at night with the local delinquent gang that she was apart of, but she seldom rode on her own. Still, something about how her day had been going had her motivated. She wanted to drive up to a different city, meet different people. Who knew? Maybe she'd meet a cute *Beauty* and the two would hit it off? She didn't mind an *older woman*.

Stomping like the delinquent her appearance suggested her to be, the woman grabbed the keys off her wall and slammed the door as she walked through it to the front of her home. One of those keys was used to unlock the garage, and with a bit of effort she lifted it to reveal a customized *motorcycle*. **"There you are. My girl..."** Lissa's love for her bike might have been a little *too* strong, though.

Maybe she should have been a Biker instead?

In the end, the three students had disappeared not only from the school, but from the memories of all that had known them. But this wasn't surprising to those in the know. The exchange program *was* a secret operation, after all. One meant to increase the populations of other regions, because Unova's own population had been much too high. Year after year this would happen again. But it wasn't like anyone could be hurt by this system.

So long as they didn't know, at least.