

CHANGE OF EEVITUDE

COMMISSION STORY

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Lillie looked around the lobby of the small café with curiosity.

While travelling through the Kanto region and challenging its Pokémon League, she had received an invitation for an expedition batch in the nearby Johto region and had decided to accept. That match was still a couple of days away, but she had arrived in Goldenrod City a little earlier than she'd expected. It wasn't at all inconvenient. Not when she could just rent an inn and explore the city and surrounding routes.

The situation that she presently found herself in was a pleasant surprise that had only come about *because* she was exploring Goldenrod, however. She'd been thirsty and had decided to stop into a local café for a drink, but when she'd gone to order? She'd been told that she had been selected to test run a new ingredient. A special seasoning that was meant to 'completely change the way you enjoyed drinks and food'.

She had been told to wait for her name to be called and was left sitting at a table wondering how many of the other customers had been chosen for the same trial. There weren't a *lot* of people there, but there was a girl dressed in black and pink with a *wild* hairstyle that was likely a couple of years older than her. Lillie didn't get a chance to ask her name or anything. At least not before her name was called and she was brought into a small room.

It must have been the break room for the employees? That was an assumption she only managed to make because she hadn't noticed the *industrial strength lock* on the door. "**Thank you!**" She was taken to a seat at a small table by the waitress and was presented a small salad with a peculiarly colored seasoning on top. The waitress then left the

room and closed the door. **“There’s barely anything in this salad... Are they that confident about the flavor of the seasoning?”**



Still, the twelve year old didn’t waste any time scarfing down a few bites of the salad. She had been asked to really *savor* the flavor so that she could give them an accurate review, but she didn’t really get that far – though she did find that it tasted a little like how *Pokémon food* smelled. Any attempt at a deeper analysis was foiled by the sound of a *heavy* lock turning shut in the direction of the room’s only door. **“H-Huh!?”**

Lillie’s natural reaction was to get up and run over to the door, but she only made it a few steps before a realization clicked. Her legs felt wobbly and her whole body felt like it was *off balance*, forcing her to grab the side of the table. **“What’s...?”** It wasn’t like her legs felt numb or even anything similar to that. It was more like her body just wasn’t responding to the signals her brain was sending them properly.

“What was in that... food?” *Whatever* was happening to her, whether she had been poisoned or something worse, the cause of it was obvious. Based on the fact that the door had been locked to trap her inside, it could only have been something in the salad she had just consumed. She was lucky that it really *wasn’t* poison, but that didn’t mean that it wasn’t something bad at all. In fact, she was about to get her first taste of the fate that was in store for her.

The trainer had been using one hand to hold herself up against the table, but she soon found it becoming increasingly difficult to support her weight that way. Her fingers weren’t gripping onto the edge like they should have been, which eventually drew her gaze down to— **“Ah!?”** Lillie couldn’t hold back her scream, and out of panic she ended up letting *go*, leaving her to stumble in place.

“What’s wrong with my hands!?” Two things had stood out to her immediately. The first was that each finger was shorter than it should have been. No, did she also have *less* of them? It was as if the outer pink and thumb had been merging into the fingers besides them while the three that remained rounded into small stubs. But aside from their shapes? Their colors were just as bizarre. They were *black*? And that black spread into her palms.

It took her a moment to acknowledge the uncanny, subtle itchiness that was spreading across her skin for her to realize it wasn’t a matter of her

literal skin turning black. “**F-Fur!?**” Her body was growing a plethora of short hairs where they shouldn’t have been at all. She managed to retain her balance long enough to turn her hands over. Three toes, with her nails stretched into black claws, they didn’t look like hands at all. They looked like the *paws* of an animal, and the black paw beans on their undersides only confirmed that.

Lillie’s lower lip quivered as she tried to find the words to react to what was unfolding before her very eyes. And yet? That itchy feeling that was now spreading up her arms from her paws? It was beginning to spread across her *face* too. Those quivering lips of hers began to flatten and thin, their skin darkening to black with a leathery texture while the skin around it began to find itself concealed with the same black fur that now covered her hand-paws.

“**Ack!?**” The uncomfortable sensation of her face being pushed *forward* caused her to yelp and cross her eyes. She whimpered at the sight of her nose pulling farther and farther away from her eyes as black fur covered what was ultimately stretched. The girl could feel the teeth within her mouth elongated into a number of sharp canines, and a coolness tickled a nose that shrunk into a wet, black triangle. All of the scents in the room became *much* stronger, especially the scent of the salad for *some* reason.

Her mouth opened to show off her new teeth, and through this gap you could also see a tongue that was longer and rougher. “**Mrrow!?**” The next sound she made was hardly one that could be considered ‘human’, but the fact that it was the sound of *alarm* was still obvious enough. Her posture had gotten *worse*, and when she cried out? It was because she finally *fell* forward so that she could land on her front paws.

Lillie didn’t like how things were looking when she landed on all fours. It had happened because her feet had met the same fate as her hands. The fur had traveled up her legs quickly, and she was able to turn back to get a good look because her neck had thickened, lengthened, *and* become more flexible as black sprouted across it. Her arms and legs alike were clearly shortening – no, was she just *shrinking* overall? It seemed like she was getting closer and closer to the ground, and she kept having to adjust her feet as those paws pulled nearer to the front ones.

The sound she made next was one of annoyance. In fact, she was still scared, but she was becoming more and more... agitated? Which wasn’t the type of person that Lillie was *at all*. Still, it felt like a fair response to what was a very *uncomfortable* feeling. The feeling of her knees popping backwards and her thighs flattening inward while the bones of those thighs became *fuller*. The shape of her butt practically *disappeared*,

though the back half of her torso rounded in shape in general.
“*Grr...!?*”

Even the girl herself was surprised at the growl that had escaped her thin lips. She was annoyed. She was *angry*. But she didn’t necessarily want anyone to *know* that. She struggled to kick off her boots while the fur wrapped around her chest, pulling her body’s main segment into an almost *eggplant* shape while her bellybutton and nipples smoothed into its shame. Lillie couldn’t have been any taller than *three feet*, and she was almost more annoyed by her *dress* than anything. It was way too big for her!

And something deep down didn’t like it. *Human clothes bad!*

Why was it so hard to think full thoughts? ...Or anything overly complicated? Her mind was becoming less and less *human*. And more like the creature she resembled. The salad on the table was responsible for all of this, and yet she really wanted to *eat some*. It smelled *tasty*. Her sense of smell wasn’t the *only* sense to be enhanced though. Her human ears poked out from behind a head of blond hair that had gradually been shrinking.

She was *almost* bald now – or, well, aside from the fur. Still, it had been long enough to conceal a pair of human ears that had looked uncanny upon a body that had looked more like a big cat’s than anything. Still, as her ears pushed out? The cartilage became wrapped in the same black fur as it all thickened into a pair of ears that were thin at the tops and bottoms but were thicker than her legs in the center. As she finally shook off the dress to reveal her naked body to the world? A tail of a similar shape pushed out of her tailbone.

Sniff, sniff! Lillie’s mannerisms were *not* those of a human now. She sniffed about like an animal, and her big ears twitched with enhanced hearing. But the pure darkness of her body was momentarily touched by light, for some of this black fur brightened to yellow. Bands around the middles of her ears and tail, and a donut-shaped circle on the tops of all her legs and forehead. The last remaining trace of her humanity had been in her eyes.

Which finally darkened to red as her pupils expanded within the oval-shape each of them had stretched to. Somehow, she just *knew* she could see in the dark with eyes like those.

“*Grr...*” Uncertain of what else *to* do, the *Umbreon* growled at the door that had kept her trapped within the ‘break room’ the entire time that her body had changed. Lillie was still in the creature’s mind deep down, that much was obvious to *her*. She could tell she had become a Pokémon

and knew that she shouldn't *be* one. But knowing and being able to do anything about it were different things.

Her Umbreon instincts influenced her decision making. Her thoughts were simpler and more animalistic. So, once she realized she wouldn't be making it out of the room? She followed the scent of the food back onto the table and began to munch away at the seasoning. It tasted so much better to her now than it had before. Probably because she had a Pokémon's tastebuds.



Once she finished, the sound of the lock unsealing forced the creature to growl again. “**Grrrrrrr...**” Her black fur bristled as she pointed her face towards the exit. The old Lillie wouldn't have reacted so angrily, but that was another aspect to it. Her personality had done a 180. As an Umbreon? She was dark, broody, and incredibly moody. It always seemed like she was always in a bad mood.

...Unfortunately, that wouldn't do anything for her once the door finally opened.



Marnie had noticed the young, blonde girl in the café while waiting for her turn to be called to test the seasoning. She was a long way from the Galar region, but that was because Piers had suggested she visit the Johto region to learn more about Dark-type Pokémon. Some of the earliest discovered species had been found there, after all. Getting chosen to test free food? That had just been a lucky bonus that she *wasn't* going to complain about.

The blonde girl had been called before her. “**Sure takin' a long time, huh?**” Had they given her *that* much food? She was even *more* excited, if so. But eventually? Marnie's own name was called, and she was taken to the same room where a new plate of salad was set up and she was left alone. “**Salad? Damn...**” *That* wasn't very exciting, was it? She'd been hoping for a steak or something like that!

Nonetheless, she still ate some. “**This is s'posed to taste amazing? I guess it's not bad, but it tastes a little like Pokémon food.**” She *actually* had firsthand experience thanks to an unfortunate curry incident while challenging the Galar League. She'd accidentally mixed

some of Morpeko's food in with her own... Regardless, the sound of the door locking made *her* stand up too. "**Eh?**"

And she was plagued with the same uneven posture.

"What's happenin' to me? Did they do somethin' to the food?"

Marnie managed to draw the same conclusion that Lillie had, but she wasn't *nearly* as emotional about it. In fact, the Spikemuth Gym Leader's emotional palette was rather muted. She never expressed herself more than necessary, and honestly only because she *struggled* with it. Her balance wasn't as bad as Lillie's had been out the gate though, so she didn't need to hold onto the table or anything like that.

This indicated that her own transformation wasn't going to be the exact same. But that didn't mean it would be terribly *different* either, or at least the outcome wouldn't be. "**Ow? Huh?**" The girl winced at a feeling that she could best describe as being suddenly struck between her eyes. It stung for a moment, but she hadn't seen anything flying at her? Still, one hand was raised to touch just above her nose, where she had expected to find tender flesh from being struck.

"What the—?" What Marnie found *wasn't* tender flesh, though. There was something *hard* in the middle of her forehead. Hard and round? Almost like a *gemstone*? There wasn't exactly a mirror in the room for her to check, so she couldn't have known that this round object was a crimson pearl of sorts. One that had been embedded into her forehead as if it had always been there. "***That's not good!***"

...Eh? The Gym Leader caught it herself. Why had she *exclaimed* that in such a peppy voice? Energy had just sort of welled up *within* her – a phenomenon that occurred as her irises widened to fill the entirety of her eyes, while blues darkened to purple and her irises expanded to white. With her face still otherwise the same, those eyes almost made her look like an *alien*. An impression that wasn't helped by whatever was beginning to push up the dress of her skirt behind her. "***Eh!?***"

Marnie *definitely* noticed and expressed her shock with that same bubbly energy that she hadn't managed to repress before. In fact, she was struggling to mute her emotions at *all*. She could only focus on one thing at a time, however, and in this case? She had craned her neck and turned her back to try and see what was happening *behind* her. Something was sticking out from beneath her skirt, wasn't it?

She could feel the base of her spine pushing *something* out. Something *long*, and *purple*, with split ends. It wasn't until it swished once and she felt the motion not only at the base of her spine but through the full length of the new appendage that it finally clicked. "***I have a tail!?***"

Mrrr!?” She really *could* only focus on one thing at a time; else she might have reacted more strongly to that odd sound she’d made at the end there.

This tail swished back and forth, evidently covered in short, pale purple fur. Its rhythmic back and forth motion was distracting. *Too* distracting. More like something had been wired deep down to make her respond with curiosity to fast moving objects, like an *instinct*. But *because* she was distracted, she hardly noticed that her ears were growing out from the sides of her head, the same purple spreading around their backs and edges as they were inevitably yanked out into eight inch long triangles lined with navy fur on the curled insides.

In fact, fur was spreading *all* across her body at a blistering pace now. Rather than starting from her hands and feet and moving inward, however, it first covered her torso. Marnie hardly noticed that her body had begun to shrink in the process, her dress becoming larger and larger around a form that was becoming continuously *less* so. As the purple fur covered her breasts? Her nipples smoothed away along with her bosom’s shape, and her stomach, waist, and hips became fuller so that her own torso inherited a vaguely eggplant shape.

“*Mew!*” Rather than use human words, she mewed excitedly as she was overcome by the desire to paw *at* her new tail. She crouched down onto all fours without even thinking about it, which allowed her buttocks to flatten aware in exchange for a plumpness that encroached upon the fur-covered thighs beneath her dress instead. It wasn’t long at all before her hands and feet succumbed, becoming paws of her own. But they were *different* from an Umbreon’s. Each paw was *much* tinier, giving all four feet small, narrow shapes that led to each step being almost devoid of sound entirely. She kicked out of her shoes without thinking. Why would a *Pokémon* like her wear *shoes*?

She curled her more flexible body so that she *could* slap at her tail with one of these tiny front paws, mewling excitedly for a few moments until the novelty wore off. That was enough time for her black hair to retreat into a fur covered skull, and for that purple fur to spread across her face. Her own nose was pulled forward to give her a snout, with sharpened teeth and a longer, rougher tongue housed inside her mouth. Tufts of violet fur that were *much* longer than the rest even jumped out several inches from the sides of her head. A head that was now small and round in shape aside from the snout that was pulled into a small, wet nose.

No longer bothered by the desire to be clothed, she crawled out of the clothed that remained. An act that had been simple, seeing as she’d shrunk all the way down to 2’11” at this point.

An Espeon. Marnie had become an *Espeon*. She didn't really understand *what* or *why* that had just happened to her, but the Pokémon also didn't really seem as offput by her ultimate fate as the Umbreon had been. Perhaps that was because her *personality* had changed in a way similar to what had happened to Lillie. She was now bright and bubbly, the sort of Pokémon that would take everything in stride. "*Mew mew!*" And rather than stress about her new form, she instead jumped up onto the table to polish off the plate of *delicious* smelling food.



She had been so caught up in eating that she ignored the sounds of the door opening and someone coming in. The Espeon's meows turned into panicked cries as she was stolen from her meal, tossed into a dark bag that felt like she was shaken around inside of for a few minutes. And once the light finally returned? She was standing in what looked to be an indoor Pokémon Daycare. "*Mew?*"

The human that had brought her there had disappeared before she realized what was happening, but she wasn't alone in that room. "*Grr...*" There was an Umbreon growling at her with her fur bristled. Marnie's IQ might have taken a hit upon being turned into an animal, but she was still able to piece together that the Umbreon *must* have been the girl that had gone before her.

No, her psychic powers allowed her to *confirm* it. But if that was the case, then maybe the Dark-type was being so broody because she just needed some comfort? Taking this as an opportunity, the Espeon pounced on the Umbreon and the two tumbled as the Umbreon cried out in shock. When all was said and done, the Espeon was on top of the Umbreon, cuddling her face with her own until it eventually quieted down.

They were going to be fast friends!