

FAIRY FAVORITES

COMMISSION STORY

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It was always fun to talk about your favorite hobbies with other people.

That was the mentality that Joseph had walked away with after having a spirited conversation with his friend, Axel, over Discord. They already knew that they had a shared love of Pokémon – and honestly anyone who played video games as a child any time after 1995 was likely the same – but they had decided to go into a little more detail. Their favorite characters, their favorite Pokémon types, and even their favorite Pokémon specifically for example.

Joseph’s favorite Pokémon was *Gardevoir*, which by his own admission was a very vanilla choice. He had a more specific preference for Gardevoirs with their *shiny* color scheme, mind you, so that made him a *little* bit different! On the other hand, it was a funny coincidence that Axel’s favorite had shared the same type combination of Fairy and Psychic, being a big fan of *Hatterene*.

That was information he was planning on filing away for later, as the conversation had inspired him to pick up his copy of Pokémon Scarlet for the first time in a long time. Well, they had only been talking about Pokémon in the first place because the Switch 2 version of the most recent games had been making waves on social media and now he wanted to try it out for himself.

“Well... This isn’t off to a very good start.” As much as he had been looking forward to trying it? When he booted the game up, he was ultimately met with a frozen title screen. He couldn’t even bring up the Home menu, which filled him with a little dread. This was a *brand new* console, like he had *just* bought it. So, if it was somehow broken already,

then... **“It’s probably fine. It’s likely just the software! I’ll just reboot it manually!”**

And so he held down the power button.

“Huh? Where the heck *am* I?” At the very moment his Switch 2 should have been reset, there had been a very *shocking* feeling that had led to his vision going black. Joseph hadn’t been certain if he’d momentarily lost consciousness or *what*, but the next thing he knew? He was sitting on an elaborately decorated canopy bed within a *small room*? He was almost hesitant to call it that, namely because... **“Why is this place shaped like I’m stuck in a sphere?”**

The way the ceiling wrapped around the bed really gave that impression, and there wasn’t much more inside aside from some white carpet and pale lighting. It was definitely *cozy*, but the fact that he couldn’t see an exit concerned him immensely. Not to mention sometimes the floor shook a little bit? **“I don’t even really understand how I got here. How do I get out?”** But it wasn’t by his will that he could leave.

Not unless he started violently crashing against the spherical walls to ‘break free’, anyways.

It quickly became apparent to the man that he had things to worry about *other* than where he was, because he had begun to note some irregularities with his own *body*. In fact, something had even happened just seconds after he had appeared in that unusual space, though he wasn’t equipped with the item necessary to notice. Namely: a mirror. Because Joseph’s irises had brightened to a *very* vivid red. An eye color that certainly wasn’t natural on a person without color contacts – which he was *not* wearing.

But alas, that *wasn’t* what he had noticed. **“Eh?”** He’d stood up and almost hit his head on the ‘ceiling’ because he was evidently a little too tall for the space, and upon raising one of his hands to make sure he didn’t end up *actually* hitting his head? He noticed something *off-color* on the right hand he had raised. Something *vibrant*. A patch of *very* vivid sky blue? **“What is that?”** Had he been drawn on in marker or something?

Out of concern, he sat back down on the bed and raised his hand to examine it a little more closely. It had been just a single spot at first, or at least he had been pretty *certain* that this was the case, but it had already spread across the *entirety* of the back of his hand? He went to use the opposing hand to try and rub *whatever it was* off, but was stunned again when he realized the blue was on *that* hand too. **“W-**

Wait, it's spreading!?" He could see the color moving into his fingers and around to his palms, which was already concerning enough. It also seemed to move past his wrists so that it could creep up his arms, removing any body hair in the process.

"Crap, crap, crap! Something *really* weird is happening to me!" Had he come to that conclusion with just a change of skin color alone? Well, he probably *could* have understandably done just that, but what had pushed him to say that was actually a *different* observation. Once the blue had completely consumed his hands, their shapes began to *distort*. His three inner fingers on either hand slowly merged into a single, thicker digit with a long, triangular shape that was replicated in his thumbs and pinkies as well, albeit slightly shorter than the inner digit.

Blue wrists and forearms thickened before his very eyes, while beneath the short sleeves of his t-shirt he could feel his upper arms thinning until they were only about four inches across. In fact, where his wrist even *was* had become something difficult to distinguish now that the shapes of his hands flowed effortlessly into the rest of his arms. A pair of arms that looked like they belonged on an *alien*. **"Is this a dream? It *has* to be a dream, right?"**

There weren't enough context clues just yet for him to understand what was happening, in part because of the *color* of his transformed arms. It might have clicked already had they become the *green* that they would have under normal circumstances; had he not expressed his favoritism towards a certain *shiny*. A dream felt like the most logical conclusion, but this 'dream' also felt too real. He could *feel* his clothing getting larger, as well as his raised knees both slipping downwards and pulling closer to his sitting form as his body *shrunk*. He lost roughly a *foot*, dropping from nearly six feet all the way down to *5'03"*.

"And *voir* is smaller? ...Huh? What did I just say?" Joseph raised an eyebrow. Had he just slurred his words for a quick second? Nonetheless, he was coaxed into showing surprise once more as he looked down not just at the exposed knees beneath the base of his shorts, but at his legs as a whole. Those olive colored knees paled to white before his very eyes, and the color spread in both directions until his legs and feet were not only ghostly pale, but hairless as well.

He lifted the left leg up and adjusted his posture backwards on the bed in kind, though he did so just in time to watch his sock slide *right* off the end of his foot. But... that was actually the issue. There *was* no foot. It had completely shrunk, toes and all, to becoming a pointed tip to the end of his foot. It was thin. Too thin. And that had evidently been by design as extra mass was shaved away from his legs as a while until they

were comparatively a pair of dainty, white twigs that were affixed to a pair of hips that he could *feel* narrow substantially.

“**Voir!?**” Well, it wasn’t *just* his hips that had narrowed. He made a strange, sweet-sounding sound involuntarily once more because *all* of the remaining bones in his torso pushed in horizontally. Joseph’s shoulders slimmed so much that the shirt he was wearing fell down to his waist *through the neck hole*, exposing that the blue from his arms had wrapped around his shoulders and down the sides of his body to cover where his bellybutton had *filled in*. His chest had been robbed of definition and nipples alike, while the skin had become hairless and just as white as his legs. “**Why does Garde look voir!?**”

...What had he just said? It had been broken up, but had that not been the *name of his favorite Pokémon*?

Well, if *she* hadn’t figured it out then, she would have figured it out moments later. “**Gardevoir!?**” Her slim and short body shuddered as her male genitalia ceased to be, becoming a slit between her legs that was already hidden by her shorts, but would soon be hidden by her *body* too. It wasn’t her sex change that would have tipped her off about her fate, it was what *grew* from her waist. A layer of skin separated from just below the blue of her chest and began to *grow*, pooling around her as what looked like a skirt of her *own* skin. It was what on the outside and blue on the inside, layered to look like she was wearing a layered gown.

“**Voir need Garde!**” Speaking in the human tongue was becoming too difficult, though Joseph was trying to say that she had to try and *stand*. The act had been more effortless than she thought, as standing on her daintier legs felt *incredibly* natural despite how foreign it appeared. Her ‘skirt’ concealed her loins along with the fact that her shorts had slipped off of her body the moment she stood. Somehow, still having that shirt hanging around her waist felt *wrong*. But she didn’t need to remove it herself. It began to glow red and *hardened*. “**Voir!?**” The creature cried out because she felt it *attach* to her. As a vertical, red spike that pushed out from beneath her chest on either side.

Her shorts, boxers, and socks had all disappeared.

Aside from the skin of her face paling and becoming bereft of any hair, up until this point it had remained relatively untouched. *No longer*, though. Whatever remaining visible, human masculinity that had remained softened as her head not only shrunk a little, but rounded in shape. Her eyes grew to occupy much more of her face’s real estate, and her nose flattened into her face above a pair of thin lips. Not even her

ears were spared as they filled in and were pulled out into a pair of three pronged fins on the side of her head.

Paving the way for her dark hair to inherit the same blue as her arms and inner skirt as it *grew*, curling well over the front of her face and behind the sides of her neck.

Well, her spherical prison made complete sense to the *Gardevoir* now. Being a *Pokémon*, it was only natural that she'd be housed in a *Pokéball*. Humans seldom understood how that technology worked, but modern Pokéballs were equipped with technology that could create small pocket spaces catered to the tastes of the monster housed within. "**Garde? Gardevoir?**" The Gardevoir gracefully sat upon the bed while looking up thoughtfully. Why had she been fighting this? It felt... *right*. She had just inherited all of these memories of another life, and unfortunately her old memories had been lost as a result.



The teenaged girl that served as her trainer must have been traveling to a new place based on how much rumbling her ball was subjected to. In a way, she felt a little perplexed, however. Had her ball not felt unfamiliar before? But now it *didn't*, and how *could* it? She spent plenty of time in that Luxury Ball over the past three years. Ever since her trainer had caught her as a Ralts. She was very loyal to Suzie, that trainer. "**Voir!**"

Ah well, she'd likely shake the feeling off if she took a quick nap!

I had walked away from my conversation with Joseph with a similar idea, in fact. I had wanted to try out my copy of Pokémon Violet on new hardware but was unfortunately a little too busy that night to find the time. It wasn't until the next morning that I finally had an opportunity to sit down on my couch and boot up my Switch 2... only to be met with the same error that my friend had. And I had unfortunately defaulted to the same potential solution as well.

"**Uh... The forest?**" Considering that I was dressed in only *socks*, I didn't really appreciate the realization that I had suddenly found myself standing in a forest illuminated only by moonlight filtering in through the branches and leaves of the trees above. Was I dreaming? I had *just* been in my room. But it also all *felt* very real. The fresh air smelled of

nearby freshwater and soil, and the chill of my feet on the grass and dirt below my feet *felt* real enough.

Because my only source of light was whatever moonlight managed to sneak in between the branches and leaves of the trees above me, I was actually missing some early information that would have crucially helped me understand that something was *far* more wrong than the sudden change of scenery. **“How does this even happen?”** I had immediately wondered, much like Joseph, if I was somehow dreaming a *very* realistic dream.

While in the meantime? Something very *unusual* was happening with my skin. Not just a *patch* of my skin, but essentially *all* of it. Its pinkish pale color began to *deteriorate*, leaving in its wake an inhumanly pale grey instead. Any hair that my skin possessed aside from the hair on my scalp *disappeared*, and that unknowingly *included* my eyebrows. At the very least those eyebrows were *replaced*, but only because three upside down teardrops were dyed into my face above each eye, yet below a head of dark hair that lightened and shifted hue so significantly so that it was *cotton candy blue* instead.

“Okay... Assuming I’m in an *actual* forest and this is real life, just what exactly am I supposed to do here?” It would have been easy to get caught up in the ‘how’ of it all, but I would have to figure that out later. I could have been in danger for all I knew, and standing around could have posed a problem. Yet, I encountered a different issue when I attempted to move. **“H-Hey!?”** My pants had fallen down all of a sudden!? And why was my shirt so *baggy*? **“...Wait.”**

My dry comment came as I slapped my own stomach as if to test a theory. I probably could have tested it visually, but it was so dark I couldn’t tell for sure. When my hand slapped my tummy *much* later than I had expected it to, giving me a full handful of *very* loose shirt, my outlandish theory was essentially confirmed. **“Wh-Where did all of my weight go!?”** I *wasn’t* a thin person – I was supposed to be a behemoth of a man that was both tall and overweight, but there wasn’t any weight to my body at *all*? I was *thin*?

It was a little more than that, actually. With my grey skin making me look a little bit *alien*, that comparison was growing more and more apt as my biology shifted away from what otherwise would have made me appear ‘human’. My nipples were erased off of my chest and my bellybutton filled in so that my torso was *completely* smooth. And it was *slimming*. It was slimming *too* much, in fact, as my shoulders pushed in towards my neck so much that they eventually disappeared entirely. Which gave my oversized shirt nothing to cling onto, allowing it to fall right down my body to pool where my pants had fallen.

“R-Rene!?” I was way too shocked by the loss of my shirt and what was eventually revealed to me to process just how strange the *sound* I had made was in the process. It was far too distracting that my body looked *alien*. My torso had thinned so much that I became concerned about how my head was even being held up, and that trend had affected my limbs and neck as well. I was exposed to the sight and sensation of my hands and feet *regress*, losing flexibility in joints that ultimately blended into a pair of nubs that I couldn’t imagine using as hands or walking upon. **“What the hell is happening to me!?”**

And why did it all look *vaguely* familiar?

I was completely frozen in place, namely because my body was so oddly shaped that I was afraid to take even a single step. **“Wait, where is my *rene*!?”** My torso was so smooth and thin that I should have been able to see something dangling between my long and wire-like legs, right? But there was nothing there? I only realized *why* that was seconds later as my body shuddered. I still couldn’t *see* what had happened, but I could tell. A *slit* opened between my legs, making me undeniably *female*. If I’d still been human shaped, then maybe I would have grown tits or something at that time. But I was *not*.

“H-Help *Rene*!” It was a little late for my brain to finally go into full on panic mode, but I managed to squeak out a cry for assistance when my eye level began to drop *rapidly*. The stringiness of my limbs and tiny, triangle-shaped torso gradually looked less and less ridiculous as my torso crept closer and closer to the pile of clothing at my feet, and begone long? I was sitting directly on top of it at a meager *two feet* tall. **“Wh-What!?”** My voice was *much* squeakier now that I was so small.

My head finally changed in shape as I shrunk, but it had been a comparatively difficult change to notice relative to losing so much height. Even so, the ‘alien’ comparisons only grew more potent as the shape of my head was tugged into a horizontal oval. My nose shrunk until it was only a pair of tiny nostrils above a very small, very thin mouth. While my eyes? Beneath those pink teardrops they took a page out of my head shape’s notes. They widened into long ovals, where my sclera and irises darkened and merged into black and my irises brightened to *white*.

There *was* an added benefit of being able to see better in the dark with these eyes, but at the time I wasn’t exactly weighing the pros and cons.

I did, however, finally realize why this all looked familiar. Now that my torso was so tiny... **“H-Hatterene!?”** That *was* what I had meant to say. I looked like a Hatterene, just without all of the hair. **“Hatt...**

Hatterene? Rene!?” I *hadn’t* meant to say its name all of *those* times, though. I couldn’t speak in a human language anymore!? I swung my big head around in a panic, at first ignorant to what was happening atop it.

And what *was* happening atop it? Well, that cotton candy blue hair of mine was *growing*. At first it didn’t seem like *too* much, smoothly curving around the sides and back of my head with my bangs parted in the center. “*Rene!?*” But then I finally noticed it as it obscured the corners of my eyes, shielding my wide face. My arms as they were, were too short to touch the hair just yet. Although it wasn’t like I had fingers anymore to grab it!

The hair continued to grow downwards, and as it did? There was an expected gradient to its color. Cotton candy blue instead bled into a cotton candy pink just below where my bellybutton *would* have been on my small body had I still possessed one. It finally turned in to hide my legs, but as the pink hair strands touched the pile of human clothing I was still standing in? My two foot height began to *rise*. “*Hatterene!?*” I knew *why* that was, of course. Hatterene bodies were small, but they lived within their hair – hair that raised them high into the air and gave them the silhouette of a *witch*.

That was *exactly* what was happening. I leaned slightly forward in what was now my hair cradle as my eye level lifted upwards. It began to happen so fast that I was initially surprised my hair was even growing so fast, but I realized that wasn’t *exactly* what was happening. My hair *was* growing still, but the human clothes that I’d been wearing were all *assimilated* into this mane. It all layered as the pink wrapped around a white base that must have been my pants before, ultimately swathing me in a giant *gown* that I could move via psychic powers.

As I became more and more aware of these powers? My memories grew groggy. Had I been wearing human clothes? Why would I wear human clothes? Human clothes wouldn’t fit me, and I wanted nothing to do with humans. The stronger these new thoughts and beliefs became, the bigger *it* grew on top of my head. Still born from my hair, the brim and point of a witch’s hat was shaped by it. Until eventually? A long length of blue fell from the hat’s tippity top – creating a long, three pronged tendril that I could use as a hand when needed.

I was 6’11” when all was said and done, but that height felt wholly natural to me.

A forest that had felt so foreign to me at first was now a place that filled my head with overflowing memories. It wasn’t strange to find a wild *Hatterene* in a place like this. After all, I was far enough away from humans and other Pokémon that I could avoid having to sense any of

their overwhelmingly strong emotions. The nearby cave was my home, and it had been my home for my long five years of life. Had something changed? I felt oddly *out of it* considering the mental clarity my typing allowed.

But I couldn't ponder that question for very long. "**Rene!?**" When had these emotions drawn so close? Had they slipped by when I'd been distracted? My tall body made of hair turned to see a teenaged girl with a shiny Gardevoir at her side. Did they want to... battle? Did they desire... to catch me? "**Hatterene!**" I wasn't going to just *let them* do that! I glared at the Gardevoir. I could feel her emotions, but they were so... serene.



No, wasn't it more than that? My expression turned to one of vague disgust as I sensed something else. Was that *attraction*?

Nonetheless, I still had to stand my ground!

"Well now, you two have grown close pretty quickly, haven't you?" My new trainer, Suzie laughed as she watched Gardevoir and I on the couch of the inn room she had been using. I looked shiftily off to the side, largely because I was embarrassed, as my hand-shaped tendril caressed the Gardevoir's head. I'd lost the battle handily and had fallen into Suzie's hands. Despite my best efforts to be standoffish? The Gardevoir's serene nature had lulled me into a sense of security and comfort. There was just something about us that was oddly compatible.

As a Pokémon, without a full grasp of how humans lived any longer, I couldn't have understood that it was because she had once been Joseph, and that this quick bond was just our friendship following us into our new lives. "**Gardevoir!**" The Gardevoir was maybe a little *too* comfortable with how she decided to sit right down on my *lap* without permission.

"Rene..." An act that made me far too flustered to really protest.

What? It wasn't impossible for two female Pokémon to develop feelings for one another!

