

ESP-LANT

COMMISSION STORY

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Sabrina wasn't exactly a *fan* of traveling.

She would do so for the sake of her Pokémon, whether it be for training or for building her team in the first place, but if she could have it her way? The Gym Leader of Saffron City would never leave her hometown. Being a psychic, she was accustomed to the wavelengths and emotions of the city's denizens. The only occasional interruption to her peace came courtesy of travelers passing through to Celadon these days, but it felt like it was only a year ago that she had been put on high alert by the movements of Team Rocket.

What a mess *that* had been. At the peak of their activity, accusation of cooperation had been pointed at Sabrina. No doubt because of her personality, which some people considered to be 'shady' and 'difficult to deal with'. But she was a girl in her early 20s with psychic powers. Few understood the burdens that this place on her, much less how *exhausting* it was to live with the ability to perceive things that normal humans couldn't even begin to fathom.

An up-and-coming trainer from Pallet Town had dealt with all of that, though. In fact, they were the current Champion of the Kanto region. Even when she had fought them, she had seen their potential, that they alone could bring change to the tumultuous dealings happening underneath the Kanto region's surface. But she wasn't going to pat herself on the back for making such a simple read using her powers.

In a way, Team Rocket was part of the reason she had been forced to leave Saffron City. It was a short trip that would only take her slightly west to the adjoined Celadon City, but she still hadn't been in the mood.

Erika, the Gym Leader there, had summoned her. Apparently there had been some rumors that people wearing the Team Rocket branding were sneaking in and out of the Celadon Game Corner – or what remained of it.



Team Rocket had been running it in secret, using it as a front for the base that was hidden underneath. With Giovanni's defeat, the entire team should have disbanded, but as Sabrina saw it? Organizations like that seldom, if ever, went away on their own. So long as there were those that believed in its goals, there would be those that would seek to revive it. In fact, she'd heard there had been some suspicious sightings near the border to the *Johto region* as well.

“Not much farther now.” The woman had already passed through the guard station that bordered the two cities and had stepped out into a world of greenery. She wouldn't say that it was *forested*, but Erika had taken great care to fill the path from the guard station to the city with trees, flowers, and herbs. It wasn't really to *her* tastes, but she could understand why the Celadon Gym Leader of all people would go to all the effort. It *was* the Grass-type Gym, after all.

It was a sunny day with moderate temperatures, but it was also still early in the morning. No one was really traveling aside from those that had to do so for work, and it had been a while since she'd had any new trainers who had been sent her way for a Gym challenge. In fact, she'd only seen one other person beyond the man working at the guard station, and they had been going the opposite direction. Even the path ahead of her was clear.

That was why it was *strange*. **“...What is this feeling?”** Someone or *something* had its sight on her, not with merely their eyes but with a psychic power. It wasn't doing anything *to* her, at least not yet; it was more like it was *probing* her. A normal human wouldn't have noticed this influence, but Sabrina did. She stopped and hid herself behind a nearby tree, hoping to break line of sight.

But the one probing her was in the sky, and it was easy enough for them to maintain its visual on her. It wasn't a person at all, but instead *Celebi* that had wandered in from the neighboring Johto region. It liked to visit Celadon City once a year to look at all of the pretty flowers, but it had found a human with psychic powers that had caught its attention

instead. It had *planned* on examining the woman and then leaving her be, and yet...

Sabrina unknowingly made a mistake. She turned the creature's powers back on it in an attempt to figure out who was probing her. It was a reasonable response from *her* perspective, but she didn't realize she was dealing with a Pokémon that had the emotion equivalent of a child. The Celebi became startled and scared, and in self-defense? It unleashed a power upon the Gym Leader that it had recently been practicing in order to stun her. It worked, and so the Celebi flew off.

But it wasn't without *side effects*.

Meanwhile, back on the ground? Sabrina staggered until her back was up against the tree she was standing under. "**What was *that*?**" Her powers had just *shut off*, and she found herself somewhat immobilized. She hardly cared about her immobility when face with the non-responsiveness of her powers, however. "**What did it do to me!?**" Because something was very, very wrong with her body. You didn't need to be a psychic to be able to tell that much.

The Gym Leader was immediately taken aback by how *clammy* she felt all of a sudden, like her skin was becoming moister. It made her immediately concerned that whatever was out there, it had used its power to give her some sort of illness because her heart was racing too, but that heartrate increase could easily be explained by the fact that she was someone who didn't usually lose her composure, and yet she'd actually been taken off guard for the first time in a long time.

In the first place, her assessment about her body's clamminess was *incorrect*. Typically, that clammy feeling was brought about by one's own body producing the moisture as a fight or flight response, but in Sabrina's case? Her body was doing no such thing, and in fact the opposite was taking place. The humidity in the air was having an easier time sticking to her skin, simulating that clamminess as her skin *absorbed* it. But it was such a discreet process that she couldn't possibly have perceived it beyond how it felt.

The moment when she realized that her psychic powers weren't working was striking, because it made her realize just how much she relied on them. She couldn't fall back on those powers to try and figure out what the problem was, so what were her options? Run to a doctor? Both Celadon and Saffron were roughly the same distance from where she was located, and it'd be at least ten minutes while running. Not that she was certain if she could even do that when— "**Hm!?**"

Sabrina stumbled.

Or, at least, that was how her brain had processed things. The woman hadn't actually taken any steps, but she'd been thrown off-balance because her brain had been led to believe she was 'falling', leading to an uncharacteristic moment of clumsiness as she stumbled and attempted to 'catch' herself. She stopped herself from falling outright, but the initial 'fall' that had prompted that reaction in the first place hadn't been a 'fall' in the first place.

“What, *like*, just happened!?” It *certainly* hadn't been her intention to cough up such a vapid-sounding word in the middle of her sentence, but with everything else going on it didn't quite register. No, it wasn't even *completely* because she was distracted. Sabrina... was *dumber*. Her psychic powers aside, she had been a highly intelligent individual capable of making use of them. But that edge had been taken off, and her IQ was slowly draining in a way that didn't make itself obvious to the Gym Leader herself.

Regardless, her initial stumble had come courtesy of a slight and sudden dip in her *height*. She hadn't been overly tall before, only standing at 5'3" at most, but *three* inches had slipped from her height all at once, dropping her down to 5'0" instead. It had been so sudden that it had compromised her sense of balance, and it had affected more than her stature alone. Her hands and feet were smaller, as was her skull, and this led to the bodysuit she wore under her clothes bunching up a touch around her joints.

But *some* of that bunching was pulled a little tauter again. **“*Uh...?*”** A sound that Sabrina considered 'dumb' ended up escaping lips that were left partially agape as her attention was drawn downward, not *past* her chest but directly at it. The cropped, purple jacket top she was wearing usually only just barely covered her chest, but it was being lifted to show off more of the black bodysuit around her breasts because those breasts... had *outgrown* the jacket.

“Have my *tits* always been this big?” If her intellect had been what it *should* have been, the woman would *not* have used the word 'tits' there, it was a lesser word that only the crudest and dumbest individuals would use in her eyes. And yet, she wasn't *wrong* with the broader statement. Her breasts had grown probably one cup size, making them full *D-cups* that stretched the black bodysuit. The issue was that the longer she stared at them, the more put-off she became by what she was *wearing*.

In fact, Sabrina practically ended up *scowling* at her outfit. **“*This is so not cute!*”** Her voice was becoming higher pitched, but her inflection was also beginning to sound just as *vapid* as her word choices did. In a

way, the sudden disgust at her own attire ended up distracting her from the fact that it wasn't *just* her bosom that had swollen. Much farther past them, her hips had inches slightly wider, pulling loose latex a touch... albeit nowhere *near* as dramatically as it was pulled around her thighs and ass. Her lower body burgeoned with perky delight, thighs rubbing up against each other and her ass bubbling until the crack of her ass defined in the bodysuit *tore*.

But she didn't pay it any mind. Why *would* she? She was already annoyed with how she was dressed, so she didn't really *care* if there was any damage, or even if her panties were flossing into her thickened cheeks. **"The sooner I get out of this ugly ass fit, the sooner I can...?"** There was a brief glimmer of hope that Sabrina might have realized something, because she'd paused after hearing her own voice speak such a long sentence. Had it finally clicked to her that her voice was different?

That hope amounted to *nothing*, though. Her purple irises grew more vivid until they were a dark red instead, while her black irises widened into white, vertical ovals instead. The shapes of those eyes narrowed, but her eyelashes thickened – not only with natural length but with *mascara* as well. It was the first time that makeup had found itself applied, but her lashes weren't the *only* places. Her cheeks were tickled pink with blush as they rounded, and a pink gloss spread across lips that thickened into a suppler pout, masking that her canine teeth had grown slightly sharper.

Her face was a stark departure from the woman she'd looked like before. She looked younger and cuter, like a girl around *eighteen* rather than the young adult she had been. She wriggled her smaller nose as her bangs tickled it... when they shouldn't have been able to reach her nose at all. **"Eh?"** The girl picked a strand of green away from nose but more fell down. In fact, all of the hair on her body ended up adopting the same dull forest shade while *shortening*.

While her bangs did grow long and crisscross between her eyes, the length in the back was what was regressing, pulling shorter until it reached *just* past her shoulders. It was a cute and silky bob that began to smell of fresh flowers, and just as quickly as she became perplexed by it? She ended up losing interest. She became more interested in her clothes, which... **"Hey! That's totally waaaay better!"** It had changed.

The latex bodysuit and purple jacket and skirt combo were gone, instead dressing her in a beige cardigan over a white, button-up shirt. A properly fitted bra supported her breasts, and a pair of white panties now properly fit her ass under her pleated, green skirt. There were also thigh highs and loafers, bringing together what clearly looked like a high

school uniform. She was even accessorized by dark green hairclips in her bangs that matched similar clips over her left breast.

Sabrina clapped her hands together. “**This is super-duper cutieful!**” It totally suited her tastes! And yet, while it seemed like this might have brought an end to her transformation, it did *not*. Her skin had been absorbing moisture, something a human’s body did not do, and her red eyes and sharper fangs were likewise curiously inhuman. That was why it wasn’t entirely shocking when the back of her cardigan lifted up, teasing a taste of her bare back while a pair of long, brown *vines* stretched out.

And at the same time? Her ears swelled and traveled up towards the back of her head. They became bulbous and triangular in shape, allowing her to hear despite no visible orifices through which she should have been able to. They were vaguely *scaley* in appearance, making it clear that they weren’t the ears of a human at all. Even so, she still largely *looked* human, begging the question of: what had she become, then?

“**Like, what was I doing!?**” The vines that had wriggled out from underneath the cardigan of the teenaged girl’s school uniform danced around as she looked around in a panic. The *Bulbasaur* girl was at a loss because her memories were so groggy. There appeared to be a town on the horizon... Was that where she had been going? She couldn’t think of any *other* ideas. “**I should totally go to town, but... IT’S SO HUMID HERE!**”



Her ears twitched happily at the realization. It must have been because so many flowers and trees had been planted nearby, but the humidity really *was* almost perfect for a Bulbasaur like her! Even though she was part-human...? The nature of her own existence wasn’t something that the *gyaru* was thinking about, though. She wasn’t stupid, but she was pretty silly and carefree. She just didn’t *care* about the specifics.

So, what? Was she planning on living out in the flower garden on the outskirts of town? *Obviously* not! She was a delicate, teenaged girl! She couldn’t be roughing it out in the dirt! She was only *part* Pokémon! “**Oh! Maybe I came here to settle down and stuff? That makes sense, ‘cause I can’t remember living anywhere. Hm...**” She

crossed her arms under her chest to pretend she was thinking, but she really wasn't.

To think that the genius psychic Gym Leader of Saffron City had become such a thing!

The Bulbasaur looked back to the city. **“Well, I’m sure I can talk to someone there or something! Someone that could help build me a home or something?”** If not, she could probably rent a home in the city itself? Maybe it'd be less humid with all of those buildings around, but she couldn't think of a more suitable place in all of the Kanto region to live. Besides? If a little more humidity was needed? Then that would give the gyaru an excuse to speak the super cool catchphrase that she had just thought of. That's right...

“LET’S GET THIS PLACE HUMID!”