

# EMMAS OF AN ERA

## COMMISSION STORY

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Past, present, future.

The reflection of time was common in many things. A series spanning a number of entries would show characters growing and evolving as they aged, while others took a more *measured* approach and never revealed the characters aging at all. Pokémon was something of a mixed bag in this regard. For a time, there hadn't been much of a coherent timeline to even go off of. But as more entries came out and they decided to add more continuity, it became clear that they would have to eventually show the passage of time more clearly.

Before long, they were showing us past and future versions of characters, and this all led to the most recent release, Pokémon Legends Z-A, where a number of characters from the XY games on 3DS reappeared five years later with new designs. One of the best examples of this was *Emma*, a girl who had been used by Team Flare back in the original games, only to succeed the man that had saved her, Booker, as the head of a detective agency in the future.

- > **It's kind of a shame though, right? We didn't get to see too much of her in the original games.**
- > **At the same I wish they'd shown more of her in the new game too.**

Joseph had been talking about the two games with Axel on Discord since the topic had come up randomly amidst their conversation. It wasn't something that either of them thought or cared about too deeply about so much as it was just banter in the moment. But the two of them hadn't realized that a certain *someone* had been listening in on their

conversation. And yet? That certain someone didn't act immediately on what she'd read.

After all, it would be more fun if they didn't have the conversation fresh in their minds!

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**“Brr... Wait!?”** An entire *week* had passed since Joseph had engaged in that conversation with Axel, so he certainly wasn't thinking about it when he found himself in the depths of a dark alleyway in an unfamiliar city. The walls around him were tall, making it so that he couldn't make out any discernible features beyond the lights at the alley's end. There was a small box house filled with blankets, which painted the bleak picture that someone had been living outside... when it was quite cold.

But all of those details were secondary to the fact that he didn't know *how* he had ended up there in the first place! He almost felt like he could rationalize it, like there was someone or *something* in his memories that could have pulled off such a stunt. But he *couldn't* remember. He was just confused about how he'd ended up in an unfamiliar city, in an unfamiliar climate, in his *pajamas*.

All would become clear in due time, though.

In ways, a major part of it would become clear *immediately*. Mixed amidst his confusion was a *subtly* bizarre sensation, like his skin somehow felt tighter? But he had yet to turn his attention to his body, even though he would soon have plenty of reason *to* pay attention to it. For now, though, he couldn't place the fact that his skin – the skin of an adult man – was both tightening *and* softening, growing hairless as the body hair that coated parts of his body was shaved away. But it was also a little *more* than that. He'd already possessed an olive complexion as someone that lived closer to the equator, but that complexion darkened to more of a caramel color instead.

As it turned out, these were all small potatoes in comparison to what came next. A change that Joseph couldn't have conceivably hoped to ignore, if only because he... *dropped!* Or that was how he had perceived it, anyways. **“Eh!?”** It was hard to rationalize a sudden and steep drop of his eye level as a 'fall'. To fall, his feet would have needed to leave the ground, which they absolutely had not. Rather, the accompanying sensations gave the game away.

Namely the feeling that the alley had somehow grown 'bigger', along with a similar expression aimed at a now *incredibly* baggy set of clothes. Shorts and boxers slipped from his hips as the shirt became long enough to cover what *needed* to be covered in the first place. **“Wait a... Eh?”**

**Why do I sound like...?**” He wasn’t wrong to question why he sounded like a *girl*, much less why he had the faintest *French* accent to it when he spoke, but his body’s *size* was a more shocking adjustment to make.

After all, he’d *been* towering over most people at roughly six feet in height, only to drop down to a meager 5’2” instead. It was hard to write off as an ‘impossibility’ when his sudden appearance in an unfamiliar land had been impossible in the first place. Strange as it was, he had to accept it as legitimate. But that didn’t explain the change in his voice. It was higher, and while he was interpreting it as somewhat feminine, he couldn’t deny that it felt more *youthful* as well.

**“But that’s...?”** Joseph raised one of his hands to look at it, absorbing how small and *youthful* his skin looked. Were his fingernails longer than he could recall? And why was there so much dirt caught under them? He didn’t quite catch that his skin’s color had changed because of how dark it was in the alley, though. Still, the youthfulness of his hand was *not* a fluke.

In fact, as he had shrunk in size? It was as if his internal clock had been rewound significantly, sending his body back in time until he was only a teenager. But, as he had previously caught, his voice had certainly sounded more like a *maiden’s*. This was reflected in his face along *with* his returned youthfulness, seeing shapes change as cheeks rounded and his nose shrunk. His eyes? They grew big and round, and even *blue* as lashes lengthened a tad upon a narrowed face overall.

His face was undeniably the face of a girl. Or, well, *her* face was undeniably the face of a girl. **“Eep!?”** The sensation led to an unprompted squeak leaving her glossier and perkier lips, though she dared not reach between her legs to check. She had, after all, become little more than a sixteen-year-old girl, and one whose hair had chosen that exact moment to begin to grow out.

Joseph’s black hair *remained* black, and perhaps even became a shade or two darker as it grew. But *as* it lengthened? It became thicker and slightly frizzy as it thickened into an *unwashed* mess. Which was odd, since she could definitely remember showering... that... morning? **“D-Did I? I don’t think I snuck into the public baths today...”** Perhaps that explained the dirt in her nails and the slightly stale odor that her body was giving off.

But these memories clearly clashed with what she *should* have remembered. Since when did she need to sneak *anywhere* to bathe? It wasn’t like she lived on the street... But, no, she *did*, didn’t she? Hadn’t she slept in that very place time and time again? **“I... live here,**

**right?**” As her frizzy curls pulled out into two tails past her shoulders behind her and a lick popped up to the right, it seemed she wasn’t even *weighing* the fact that she was a girl anymore. Like it was only natural, or like it hadn’t even happened in the first place.

Perhaps that was why she didn’t bat an eyelash as her shorter form complied with this change in sex underneath her oversized t-shirt. Her waistline had slimmed and her hips had flared several inches, all to support a touch of additive weight that saw her thighs thicken a tad and her flat ass bulge into a growing bubble. She didn’t even seem to care that a pair of *B-cup* breasts swelled upon her chest, pushing out the front of her shirt. These traits all felt... *natural*. And her head felt *groggy*.

“**Um...**” In the brief moment when the rest of her memories were swapped over to her new life, her attire was swapped out by the power that had transformed her body. All of her old clothes just up and *disappeared*, replaced by a blue top with a white collar and a big yellow patch on it. There was an orange skirt beneath them, and tattered, black tights underneath that slid into orange shoes. These clothes, like the girl’s body, told a tragic tale. They were filthy and smelled bad, but the wearer herself didn’t seem to care.

In fact, the moment her head cleared? She had begun to look around for *something*.

“**Mimi? Wait, where’s Mimi!?**” Cold, and dressed in worn-down, patched-up clothes, the sixteen-year-old *Emma* looked around frantically, her fluffy black hair bobbing as she did so. She recognized where she was. How *couldn’t* she? She had been sleeping there for the better part of the year as a girl without a home, which ultimately *sounded* depressing. It... was. But the reason she had returned to that box home that night hadn’t been depressing at all! “**Oi! Come on! We just gotta grab our stuff and head to the detective agency!**”



No, she had returned to her old ‘home’ because it looked like she had found a new one! After Xerosic was brought to justice, she had spent a bit of time in the custody of the Lumiose City authorities, but now that they’d released her? Looker had offered to let her stay with him! Even so, she had things she’d wanted to pick up from where she’d been camping. Her blankets, an old plushie... Once she had them in her arms, she noticed a familiar Espurr at her side. Her friend, Mimi! “**Oh! Are you ready to go, girl?**”

With her Pokémon friend in tow, Emma skipped out of the alley and into the main street. She couldn't help but stop to look up at the skyline, taking in the sight of how beautiful the Prism Tower was at night. **"You know, Mimi? This is the start of a new chapter in our lives! I can't wait to see what the future holds!"**

**"Mii!"**

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**"Ugh, what time is— AH!?"** Admittedly, I couldn't really remember even *falling* asleep. Yet I woke up, head groggy, and rolled over. Only to find myself falling about a foot and landing with a *thump*. I hadn't fallen off my bed in a *very* long time, and even if I *had*? It would have been a much *sharper* drop than that. I rolled onto my stomach on the hardwood floor, which was *also* weird since my home was carpeted. Well, it was obvious enough that I *wasn't* in my home. **"Where am I?"**

It took me a minute to push myself up and recompose myself. Looking around, I *definitely* was not in my bedroom. What I had fallen off of was a short couch, and there was a coffee table, a desk, and a number of pictures around that I recognized. **"I'm not... *dreaming*, am I?"** It was undeniably the office of the Looker Detective Agency, which shouldn't have been possible considering that was a *fictional* location. More specifically, it was the version that Emma occupied in Z-A.

A dream *was* the most plausible explanation, but the pain I'd felt when I'd fallen off the couch had been too realistically painful.

**"Assuming this isn't a dream... is this some sort of *set* or *something*?"** No, that didn't make any sense either. I didn't live anywhere near where an attraction like that would be made. I doubted even an official Pokémon theme park would recreate such a niche location. But while I dwelled on the wheres and whys, I was initially distracted from what was happening to my body under my clothes.

Slowly but surely, my large belly had begun to *regress*. The skin that had wrapped around my gut was tightening, and the stretch marks that decorated it were gradually healed as weight drained away elsewhere to boot. I was too disoriented initially for it to occur to me, but I didn't have any excuse once my body's weight had lessened so much that my *jeans slipped off*. **"Huh?"**

I had been far too late to catch them, and so they pooled around my ankles with my boxers in tow. I stared in disbelief for a time but simply became even *more* confused as it seemed like the ground I was staring

at was getting closer, and the base of my shirt crept farther and farther down my thighs. Almost like... “**EH!?**” Almost like I was *shrinking!*?

Of course, this recognition was paired with the recognition that I was somehow *thinning*. By this point, there had still been a slight bump to my belly, but that eventually smoothed away until it wasn't *just* flat, but muscles bulged slightly to get me a set of abs... around a waist that couldn't have been any wider than *ten inches*. Contrastingly? My hips still jutted out about *fifteen inches*, giving my body quite the feminine shape beneath my oversized top that wasn't helped by slimmed shoulders.

“**How is this possible!?**” Well, it wasn't like I could rule anything out after ending up in an impossible location in the first place. But I was thin, fit, and now around 5'6” – which was a pretty significant drop from the nearly six foot height I had possessed before. My mind was running a mile a minute as it usually did when I was scared or anxious, but it was *weird*... There was an inner voice that wanted me to *calm* and think *rationally*. How could I think rationally when my body was *transforming!*?

I hadn't even been able to factor in the fact that I was *younger*, which was a little difficult to tell without looking at my reflection. I certainly looked like a number of years had been shed. I had flown back not only into my twenties, but as far back as *twenty-one*. It wasn't *because* of my regressed age, but my skin *had* become smooth and hairless. There wasn't any risk of me growing a beard or potentially growing too much body hair with the amount of shaving... that a *woman* might typically do.

And that became realer than I could have fathomed. No, that wasn't quite true. I *could* have fathomed, because my understanding of my body – and of my life as a whole – had gradually been retranslated in the back of my mind to paint the picture of a different person entirely. I *was* a woman, and I barely even grunted when the bulge between my legs deflated and, ultimately, pulled up between my thighs. Those thighs *had* thinned when I'd lost weight, but a touch of that weight *did* return to make them two inches plumper, while my ass bubbled into an *attractive* heart-shape behind me.

“**This is all so mysterious... Or, uh... What was? Something is, right?**” Was it the sound of my own voice? It did sound like a woman's voice, but was there anything *wrong* with that? I *was* a woman, so... My face had *already* become more feminine, but those features rearranged to shift away from my old identity and paint it with a new one. Pouty lips, a small nose, big blue eyes... as it turned out? It was the *exact same*

face that Joseph now possessed, but it looked *older*. About *five years* older. Was I becoming her big sister?

*Not quite.*

My pale complexion made that something of an impossibility, but it *did* finally begin to darken to the same caramel shade as my hairs darkened to the same black. Those hairs grew as well, but not past my chin even *if* their hair color was the same as what Joseph's had become. It curled inward towards my lips at the sides, with bangs swept to the right with a patch of my forehead exposed to the left. While the hairstyle was different and certainly cleaner, I had grown the same lick on the right side of my head that the young Emma had possessed.

Well, there was little point in denying just *how* similar I looked to that girl now, even though I was still lacking one key feature. Or, well, a *pair* of them. My thinned chest had remained flat throughout it all but soon jiggled as weight pooled beneath thickening nipples upon my toned torso. Within moments they had swollen to *C-cups*! I could remember my teens when they'd been B-cups. But before I'd hit twenty? I could recall having one final growth spurt both in height and... in the weight of certain parts of my body. That was why my ass was bigger too.

All that was really left by this point was a change in clothes, but I'd come over too groggy to think much about the sensation of that situation being fixed. The shirt I'd been left wearing soon shrunk down into a beige, cropped trenchcoat with an open chest and raised collar. But I wasn't left *naked* underneath, because a skintight, black bodysuit now hugged me from my feet all the way up to my neck. There were orange highlights around my shins and the bottoms of the gloves, but I did wear separate shoes over my feet. Otherwise? A rainbow stone sat upon my collarbone, and a circular hairclip rested on the left of my head, behind parted bangs.

**“Nnngh!?! That was a pretty good nap!”** Aside from knowing that I was *Emma* now and forgetting the whole *transformation* thing, my perception of the past few minutes was somewhat similar to what I'd imagined before. I remembered falling asleep on the couch in my office early in the evening, and now it was late at night. That was *fine* though. Detective work gave me a pretty inconsistent sleep schedule, especially when I was taking it upon myself to patrol more after Az's passing and the incident surrounding it.



After stretching, I began to pace around the office to properly wake myself up the rest of the way. Speaking of patrol, I'd have to go out again soon. But my nap had disheveled the modified Expansion Suit that I wore. Skintight as it was, it didn't take much for it to get caught in places that I didn't necessarily *want* it to. I had to pick it out of my ass and tug it around my belly. But it didn't take long at all. "**Okay!**" I clapped my hands together and began to strut towards the door.

The moment I stepped outside, I was greeted by the sight of the ruined Prism Tower on the horizon. For some reason? I was reminded of that night five years ago when I began to stay at Looker's. "**A lot has happened in those five years, huh? But don't worry! I'll protect Lumiose in your stead!**" I psyched myself up with a fist pump, missing the context for why I'd *actually* reminisced about that night.

Because we had both become 'Emma' at different points in our lives, I'd effectively become Joseph-Emma in the future, and that night had stuck with me because 'I', as Joseph, had transformed on that night too. Did that sound confusing? It was! But it didn't really matter, not when *I* didn't really know anything about it. It was just a regular night in Lumiose for me.

And I had some patrolling to do!