

The Forest Guardian

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains TF (Transformation) themes and Pokemon. If you aren't interested in that, don't read!

The world of Pokemon was a vast, large place where many creatures lived. Sometimes, they lived in harmony, other times, they lived in conflict. A huge world, with a huge history. There were many regions upon the world with their own unique stories, climates, Pokemon, and people within.

Humans and Pokemon living side by side, as friends, as family, as companions, as partners. There came a time when some humans working together with Pokemon close to them would be known as "trainers", a unison of both bringing out the best of each other.

This is not a story about such things. This is a story in time, moving backward, to before those concepts came to be, to before the 'modern' times, before the world had been mostly explored and people had access to the information and technology that made the Pokemon World as we know it.

We go to the past, to a land that, in many centuries after this tale, would come to be known as the Unova Region, prior to even its most famous, most aged legend.

Instead, we go to a legend that not many know.

Within a quiet forest unnamed, there lived a village. It was a small village, secluded from other settlements, but this was fine. They liked it better like this. This village and its people lived in harmony with the forest surrounding them. As it went, they would take care of the trees and Pokemon, and in return the trees and Pokemon would take care of them.

A form of harmony between man and Pokemon.

But it wasn't as simple as that. For you see the village itself knew that this forest was enchanted. Somewhere within its depths lay a Pokemon. A special kind of Pokemon, whom had a bond with this wood, a connection to the spirit of the land these people called home.

It was their task as well to protect this Pokemon, and so the forest would return the favor as their home.

This Pokemon's name is Celebi.

And every new generation within the village, there came a time where they would have to settle who would become Celebi– the forest's, new guardian. One individual would be chosen, and they would bear the responsibility of protecting the forest and those within.

And so our tale would begin at the time whence a new guardian was set to be chosen, and so that was why two individuals had strolled to the village's outskirts.

Leon and Kerra were siblings, a brother and sister pair born and raised within the forest. Like any other villager, they knew of the ritual. Everyone, especially the children, were taught and told of the sacred decision.

That didn't mean they were happy with it.

"What if we just... left?" Kerra offered, in the secluded little clearing. The two enjoyed taking a walk in the peaceful forest, seeing the Pokemon and plantlife away from the loud adults in the village. This also gave them the chance to talk of things as private as this.

Leon considered his sister's words, before turning to her. Even she knew that was a ridiculous suggestion. No, they respected the choice too much, and loved their home too much. They didn't want to interfere or run away.

This was but a fear. The thing about the choice was that there was no way of knowing who would be the next guardian. Perhaps Celebi left it up to chance or otherwise kept it a secret as to not have the chosen be ostracized or treated any differently by everyone else until then, but the point was, it was nearing decision time, and both siblings were afraid.

The siblings had never really been apart. It was a small village after all. They shared the same fear. What if they were chosen? What if the other was chosen? Would they be willing to leave them behind, or be left behind?

No. Definitely not.

"It's not like we're the only children around, though! So it might not be us." Kerra gave a nervous smile, holding Leon's hand.

Leon smiled back, although his was more strained. "Yeah, but the wait is terrible, isn't it?" He grimaced. "I just wish Celebi would make the decision clear already. At least then I wouldn't feel so anxious."

"I see what you mean..."

Leon ruffled his twin's hair, eliciting a look of annoyance from the girl while he looked out to the trees. "I respect Celebi, and the forest, and everyone else, but..."

"I know."

"...I really don't want to be picked. And I don't want you to be picked either. Not if it means one of us going away." Leon grumbled.

"I-I mean, we'd still... see each other, maybe. W-when we're not busy doing... guardian stuff or..." she trailed off.

There was that, he supposed. He looked up to the sky, wondering. What was Celebi thinking, at this moment?

Being chosen as guardian wasn't just a simple being pointed at and going 'you, go guard the forest now' or something.

No, this forest was truly sacred. Sacred enough that it needed something strong to protect it. This was why when the time came, a human would be chosen and given the responsibility of defending their home.

That human would be altered, forever discarding their humanity. They would become, completely and irreversibly, something or even someone else.

They would become a Pokemon, powerful enough and in tune with the forest's will enough to both defend and understand it as one of its own.

It was always a hard choice. For Celebi, a suitable guardian would be one both strong of will, and with enough love and compassion within to truly care for not only the forest, but everyone within. Some chosen performed better than others, but overtime she had gotten a good understanding of the proper criteria.

But no, that wasn't what made the decision this time hard. In fact, she had already found a couple of perfect candidates, and in record time, even! They were ripe and ready to assume the title of guardian at any time. She could even get started right now, as they had already stepped out of the village and into the sacred ground, where her will could reach them.

But there was a problem. She had heard their woes, their fears, their desires. All of them. Even if she hadn't, she could sense within both the same thoughts.

They were perfect, but she couldn't bear to do this to them. To tear apart beloved siblings in such a way. It was hard enough separating a new guardian from those close to them. Children from their parents. Friends from their friends. No matter how willing the guardian was, they always had the same turmoil within.

She could look for someone else. Yes. It wouldn't have been the first time she had convinced herself to second guess.

...

No. Perhaps it is because it wouldn't have been the first time that she especially realized that she needed them. One of these two had to be her guardian. She would pick one and then...

Wait.

That was her answer. Yes, a way for everyone to feel a bit better. She wasn't the type to grant wishes, no, that was a certain other's ability, but she could do this for her new guardian. For both of them.

They wouldn't have to be apart, after all.

The sounds within the forest swayed and echoed around the two as they continued their not so secret discussion. Both were unaware as the Pokemon had enacted her plan, as the trees shimmered and the grass whispered and they both felt the presence of another.

"Is... is someone there?" Kerra whispered anxiously. If someone had listened in on them, she couldn't imagine the earful they'd receive. Leon stood up, although there was something that felt off. His legs seemed to have fell asleep.

No, actually, it felt more like his arms and... head and... everything. The world felt like it was being pulled out from underneath as a sudden pressure on his body made itself known. Something was wrong, something was here, something was-

Leon gasped, Kerra's eyes darting to him immediately with concern. The boy stumbled on his feet when the sudden weight in his chest started. His mouth hung open as his arms wrapped around him, cold. He could feel it, an unnatural energy surrounding him, weighing down on his human body. Was he chosen? Was this it? This power... the spirit of the forest itself held him.

"L-Leon, are you-" Kerra gasped softly. She looked into Leon's eyes as they turned to her, but instead of the brown eyes she recognized that they both shared she saw large red iris' with a thin black slit for pupils.

But that wasn't why she gasped. Not entirely. Instead it was because of the numb, building pressure in her gut. The girl groaned, pitching forward as the energy forced itself upon her much like her brother.

"K-Kerra, what's..." he shuddered, falling to his knees. His legs felt almost impossibly brittle and soft, as if he would collapse at any moment even while the vision of his changing eyes blurred, the grass floor beneath him looking like streaks of green and brown with fading corners.

It was disorienting. Was this how all the chosen felt? He could never imagine. To think his fears were right after all. But what was happening to Kerra, if he was chosen?

He couldn't dwell on it, soon distracted by a small prick on his nose as if it were being pinched, followed by an unpleasant tugging upon it that seemed to spread to the rest of his face. His hands rushed from his numb chest to his suddenly aching face, giving him the opportunity to feel the mystic changes happening to it.

He was astounded to feel the shape and bumps of his nose shrinking and merging into its surroundings. Or rather, as he felt his cheeks and along his upper jaw line, it was more like the rest of his face was pushing out to merge with it. Not only could he feel it, but he could see it, the forming pointed snout that his face was becoming. His head had begun to round out, while his lips shrank away, leaving a smaller, thin mouth on the underside of his snout.

Kerra fared no better as the pressure in her gut only ever seemed to grow and continue growing, spreading around her body in a ring, from her belly to her hips to the small of her back. She felt cold as her body had evidently turned against her in the span of a few moments, and now she felt alien within her own skin. It was all she could do to not whimper or complain, for she knew that this was the forest's will. She had been chosen for a reason, and there was no turning back.

Suddenly the pressure in her area spread outwards quite literally. She felt something pushing out of her from all sides, alien sensations in parts that she didn't recognize, and had to lift her shirt up to reveal it. To her shock and anxiety she saw the sources, some sort of large, bright green growth pushing from not only her waist but from her sides. She couldn't help but feel them, and upon doing so she was taken aback by the texture, and as the growths continued expanding, growing downwards in an almost dress-like shape, she recognized that the yellow-ish green growths weren't just that. They were *leaves*.

The cries of his sister distracted Leon as he turned his pointed, rounder head towards her and saw her growing dress. As much as he wanted to comfort her, this was all too overwhelming, both the change itself and the confusion as to why they were both changing. Was this a mistake of some kind? No, the forest would never...

His short bush of hair receded back to his round cranium, he had almost missed it had he not seen for himself a few clumps falling away passed his eyes. Fangs formed in his lower jaw as the rest of his teeth shrank and the overall shape of his mouth altered, a numbness in his tongue as it lengthened and flattened, changing shape within.

He shook his head to focus, although it was hardly his head anymore. The skin atop his head and along the back of his neck began to turn a bright green, while on the underside of his snout his skin paled into white that traveled down his neck. His ears receded entirely, leaving nothing but smooth green skin-no, scales- in their wake while in the back of his head two bumps formed, growing into pointed flat extrusions with light yellow-green undersides that almost curled backwards, almost like horns or ears yet not really.

It was at this point, then, that his throat suddenly felt hoarse and he began coughing whilst his entire neck expanded, extending in length while also thickening outwards. He fell to all fours as it had become difficult to support himself with this fantastic shift, all while the skin on his chest and around his shoulders felt oddly sensitive.

From beneath his shirt something grew from his skin, blue-green that extended out from his collar and he could only touch them in disbelief and semi-wonder as they grew long and proud, extending even higher than his head to the point where they hung and bent outwards from him. There were two separate extrusions from what could be seen, the inner segments the same yellow-green as the extrusions atop his head whilst the very tips curled outward. The extrusions connected together on his chest, while behind him they connected higher, more on the back of his neck, giving almost an illusion of some sort of fancy, popped collar, particularly with his pale white neck terminating where the blue-green met.

"What am I turning into? No, I think I recognize... but... the colors are weird..." Leon thought to himself as he felt his neck and collar-like growth with one hand, supporting himself with the other, noting the scaley and leafy texture to them both. His neck had extended to the point where he couldn't reach his head unless he bent his seemingly more limber neck to move his head closer.

Kerra watched as her new leafy dress grew over her legs, concealing the majority of her thin, smooth limbs. The leaves were thick and unmoving, and she didn't particularly think it was a good idea to try and remove them or move them out of place. She did, however, feel something strange happening beneath the tulip-shaped 'dress'. Specifically, her legs had gone stiff, buckling together and oddly difficult to move apart. Indeed, out of her vision her legs had begun to alter, sticking and merging together as the skin turned bright yellow and the split between them disappeared.

Her legs had continued altering as she held her leafy dress in distress. It was an unnatural feeling that she couldn't decide whether it was pleasant or not whilst her lower body seemed to shrink, her height dipping downwards while the structure of her legs had vanished under the

dress, the remains of her skirt and undergarments falling down in a discarded pile over her feet, which had also become stiff and consumed in an odd fuzzy feeling.

It was all her effort to kick off her sandals, nearly falling over as her feet cracked and moved on their own. Toes merged and nails fell away as skin turned bright yellow like the rest of her shielded, unseen legs, leaving two solid masses that may have been vaguely shaped like feet. They did not remain that way for long, however, as soon both of the 'feet' seemed to split. Thankfully it wasn't painful even as her feet split in half down the middle, and even as the outer halves twisted and parted from their others, moving to actually face backwards. Each tip of her four crossed 'feet' then curled up slightly, poking out from beneath her leaf/petal dress like some sort of stem or root to go with her tulip-shaped lower body.

"Wh-what is this? Am I becoming a-" She let out a small squeal as a sharp pinch made itself known on her back, above the dress and more on her midsection. Her top was pushed upwards further as two more growths pushed out from behind her. Despite turning her head as far as she could she could only barely see a hint of what was now occurring on her back.

Two more leafy extensions sprouted from her, these more of an aqua color as opposed to the limey yellow-green of her dress. The two separate leaves grew outwards on either side of her body, hanging down to rest just above the ground, almost like wings. What she couldn't see was the skin around her leafy 'wings' and petal 'dress' beginning to pale, going from tan to egg white.

Leon had acknowledged at this point that he was becoming a Serperior. Not only that, but some sort of strangely colored one. Yes, the people of his village were familiar with all forest Pokemon, and the shape of his collar, neck, and snout made it clear to him even without him seeing his actual face. A glance at his sister confirmed to him that she was becoming a Lilligant, although much like him the colors were off, somehow.

"I don't understand... two guardians...?" he tried to say, but from his mouth only came the cries of a Serperior, as his voice had been altered just as the rest of his head had. Kerra looked at him with wide eyes when she heard his new voice, and got a good look at the progress of his own change.

But that wasn't the end of it for Leon as the changes had continued. He quickly noticed once an odd vibration in the tips of his fingers. His eyes quickly darted down to see his fingertips turning blue, the same blue-green of his 'collar', yet that wasn't the only thing that happened to the digits. He watched his nails recede, as his fingers shrank, whittling down as bones faded and the thin digits hung limp and soon the rest of his hand followed suit, wrists vanishing as the blue-green coloration spread upwards.

He couldn't use the limbs to support himself any longer, so he had to settle for clumsily sitting down whilst watching his arms alter, shrinking in length while the tips had become flatter, thumb

becoming a flat pointed tip, while the rest of the fingers combined into another 2 separate tips, leaving the ends of his 'arms' three-pronged blue-green extrusions. Extrusions that grew closer to his body by the second as his arms kept shrinking down.

His shoulders felt stiff as the changes melted away his elbows and continued crawling upward. He could feel then as the joints in his shoulders started shifting, melting and moving until they were hardly there, smaller and less prominent, leaving a smoother, harder to notice transition from neck to torso on the boy. His 'arms' had finished settling in place, although they were now less arms and more like small leaves sticking out from the sides of his body, not particularly useful for doing any sort of grabbing. At this point he had to struggle to wiggle out of his shirt, the neck already ruined and with no arms to actually support his efforts.

Then he felt something grab him. He looked to see his sister, and was surprised to find that even with him sitting he was taller than her. "H-hold still, I'll get this off of you..." She said bravely, and Leon felt compelled to listen and let the still transforming girl remove his constricting shirt for him.

Kerra tried not to think about her own struggles. Even as she worked she could feel something else happening to her body, no, specifically her torso. She felt so small, and yet she seemed to be shrinking even more so. Indeed, her belly, now painted a bright white rounded and softened as it shrank from all directions from height to width. Her own shirt practically felt like a dress now as it draped over her leaves.

Her chest, which had only just begun to grow and mature, flattened into smooth white just like the rest of her front underneath her shirt, the skin feeling particularly sensitive as the fabrics brushed against altering flesh. She tried not to think about it as she finally wrestled Leon's shirt off of him, giving a squeak as she fell back and landed on her tulip. It was surprisingly easy to right herself, but once she did she truly realized how small she was, as Leon on his knees positively towered over her. She must have lost at least a foot or two, while he had grown and only continued growing, the length of his body increasing the more serpentine he had become.

She was distracted with a cough and an itch on her throat. No, not her throat, but rather it seemed her whole neck and collar felt itchy. She gasped and removed her own shirt, freezing as she saw her tiny white body, only a small fraction as big as her 'dress' was, her still normal girl sized arms looking extremely out of place on it.

As shocking as that was, she instead focused on the object growing around her neck. A bright yellow collar of some kind made up of four points, one hanging over her chest, another down her tiny back, and then one over each delicate shoulder.

Her shoulders, which had begun to shrink closer to her teeny body, bones and mass disappearing as a split had formed between her arms and white torso, as if they were separate things altogether. Beneath the bright yellow sepal draped over her collar the skin altered in size,

shape, and texture, beginning to turn an aqua not unlike the 'wings' adorning her back, spreading from the base of her arms and upwards. It was hard for her to lift her arms then, as her new connectors were clearly not made to lift her still human limbs.

Indeed, they were flattening at the base, horizontally wide and sticking out from where her shoulders should have been. The bones in her arms slowly vanished as the new color spread over them and they became more appropriately leafy for her form. Her appendages even started to bend slightly at the top in ways that more bony limbs wouldn't have been able to and the weight of her upper arms and hands hung down on them. 'Thankfully', it became a bit easier to manage each passing second as more of her human arms dissipated and more of her Lilligant arms grew in.

Passed her elbows, the joints vanishing leaving only solid leafy material, perhaps less brittle and more durable than your average leaf, her arms began to shrink in length, not to the extremes that her brother's had, but noticeable enough, as instead of the blue material spreading up to the rest of her arms, it was more like her human arms started shrinking closer to where the leafy bits ended.

Once her forearms had shrunk to her wrists her hands felt numb and fuzzy all the same as if they had fallen asleep. She, of course, knew what a Lilligant's arms looked like, even if the color was oddly wrong. Her hands rounded out, the gaps between her fingers starting to vanish as every digit flattened and stood rigid forward. The knuckles shrank and vanished into smooth filament while the individual fingers became smaller and nubbier. Pink nails chipped off as her fingers closed their respective gaps and she found that her hands were gone. Her arms were left as two long aqua colored leaves with rounded edges, flat and soft yet also prehensile and at least moveable, a more functioning set of arms than her brother had at the moment for the comfort that that was worth.

Back to the increasingly more serpentine of the two, Leon had his own share of troubles to contest with. His body was altering dramatically, perhaps even more so than his sister. She, at least, had remained humanoid in some level, but he was becoming far less familiar with himself with each new change.

The changes progressed down his body slowly. He hissed in a voice that wasn't his own as his chest felt heavy. The bones and entire structure pushed outwards, a flat chest cracking into a rounder curve as if he were being inflated like a balloon, the top portion of his back undergoing a similar stretching. Speaking of stretching, it wasn't just overall circumference that was increasing. Much like his neck, his torso was elongating as it increased in size, enough so that he felt reasonably tall despite sitting down.

At least until he couldn't support his weight even then and he found himself falling over onto his chest, a cry of displeasure escaping him as he landed with a hefty *thump* on the grass below.

He got onto his knees but there was no way he could lift up his huge upper body now, so he had to settle for lying on what was effectively his stomach.

From this position he could see the spreading of scales on his back, looking behind him to see the dark blues inking downwards. The blue had also spread along the front, a curving three-pronged pattern spread down his chest as an extension of his blue 'collar', giving the further illusion of him wearing some sort of suit. As opposed to those blues, however, was a bright green that began to cover his front section in contrast to his darker colored back. The bright green was the same color as that of the top/back of his head, spreading over the spots that the blue seemed to miss on his chest.

Further downwards his gut, flat and slightly muscular from working the land in his years, began to push outward much like the upper torso did, rounding and thickening until it was just as wide and barreled as the rest of his upper body. And just like his upper body it elongated, increasing his overall length even more so.

The scales of blue and green continued spreading downward, consuming all the tan skin it came into contact with. It halted for a moment however as partway down his 'stomach', a pattern emerged, a smooth stripe on his back a light yellow-green in color much like the insides of his not-ears and collar. The stripe spread to his sides, and then split into two prongs that curled outward along the edge of his front, the other colors growing around the new pattern before continuing their trajectory down his back.

His torso had been irreversibly and completely altered now and was just waiting for the scales to spread further. Once it reached his tailbone and the base of his hips he felt a sudden shift and gasped lightly, knees weak and wobbling in strain as his bottom had started changing.

He watched carefully, feeling something pushing from his tailbone, a nub that quickly started to expand and fatten. It consumed his rear and nethers in its sensitive scaly flesh. Another yellow-green stripe appeared where the end of his spine once was, just above his legs and much like the other stripe that was higher up his body it also split into two curls on either side of his belly scales. Soon his legs gave out underneath him with the weight of his newly growing tail and the lack of proper pelvis to support it.

His tail continued pushing outwards, his pants pushed out of the way by his growing backside and hanging over his legs that now lied on either side of his body, completely unfitting of his Serperior self. The lengthy tail thinned as it stretched outwards. Much like the rest of his main body it sported blue-green scales mainly and then bright green belly scales underneath. That is, up until it thinned to a certain point, where the blue spread to underneath as well, the belly scales coming to an end in a triangular point beneath whilst the tail continued growing outward in its finishing touches. Palmate leaves the same blue color grew from this lower bit of tail, at least three bits of plumage of various placement. Finally, the tail had stopped growing, with a rounded, slightly curved tip.

That wasn't it, of course. There was still his legs. A Serperior, after all, didn't have legs, much less long human ones. Already his legs began to shrink. No, it was more like they were shrivelling up. Toes curling and twitching before furling inward, curling out of his sandals as the entire foot squashed and caved unhealthily within itself. His legs curled into themselves further as he watched, the shriveled and dried up limbs, as they lost mass and bones, sucking themselves into his main body, melding and melting seamlessly with no evidence of them being there aside from the discarded pants and footwear that now lie underneath his large body.

With that, Leon was a Serperior now. A shiny variant at that, marking him as special, unique, a guardian of the forest. Of course, he wasn't the only guardian. His sister had to deal with the last of her own changes now.

She felt her face rounding out the edges, becoming smaller and more proportioned to her body as she cupped her cheeks with her new leaf arms. The white of her torso spread up her chin, her cheeks, her lips feeling particularly dry once the soft white consumed them. Her lips shrank away until there was just a thin line, and even that grew smaller as her entire mouth became tinier, invisible on her cute round face. Her already small and cute nose shrank down and flattened into her face as well, not visible but still apparently there, since she could still smell just fine. Much like the rest, her ears soon followed the example, shrinking and disappearing into her short locks of hair.

This left her eyes, which, thankfully, didn't disappear. They did, however, start to itch and she couldn't resist shutting and rubbing at them. Her eyelashes were brushed off by her leafy appendages as the shape of her eyes themselves changed, becoming thinner in width yet vertically larger at least in proportion to her rather small head. Eyebrows flaked away as she opened her eyelids once more, revealing her seed-shaped eyes now a light pink entirely aside from white dots for her pupils.

Her hair, originally short, began to grow, past her yellow-covered shoulders, across her small white back, reaching the near bottom of her skirt all in one wave. Yet that wasn't all that occurred to her brown locks. One by one the individual hairs had begun sticking together, brown strands becoming clumps of bright green that joined other clumps of bright green, her hair taking on texture and weight not unlike her dress/petals. Her short bangs grew into two long, loose individual leaves that frame her tiny white face.

Finally she felt a sudden pulling atop her greened head, leafy arms reaching upwards to try and soothe the tugging to no avail while something grew, no, sprouted atop. A pink bud formed from her cranium past her leafy 'hair' at a bit of an angle. The bud grew larger while sprouting aqua-colored leaves, growing until it was practically larger than her own head. Finally once it stopped growing the bud opened, blossoming and revealing pink and white petals, with bright yellow filaments and pink anthers.

Kerra was now a Lilligant in all of its entirety. She felt nothing else that seemed to be changing, leaving only an oddly refreshed feeling. Like her brother she had become a shiny variant, a special and unique being within the forest, of the forest.

“L-Leon...” she stammered, her voice not entirely her own anymore. The small Lilligant looked towards the larger grass-type that stood in the clearing with her. “What... what happened to us?”

“Sis... we... we were chosen, weren’t we?” He answered. Of course, that was the obvious answer to what had happened, and there was no doubt of this odd energy that surrounded him, the coolness that the forest gave unto his being that it did not before.

“B-but... why? Why both of us? I... I thought it was only one guardian every generation, but we were...” the Lilligant was confused, to put it lightly, as her pink beady eyes stared at her leafy arms.

The Serperior wasn’t doing much better as he got used to his form. He managed to figure out a proper balance to keep his head up, although the feeling of his entire lower body resting beneath him on the grass was certainly alien. “I don’t know.” He admitted. He carefully maneuvered closer to his sister– his fellow grass-type, his fellow guardian– in order to comfort her somehow.

That’s when the thought occurred. His sister stood before him, a Pokemon now. The voice of the forest had chosen her. But he was a Pokemon as well. They shared the title of guardian, the burden, the duty.

Together.

“Celebi did this on purpose.” He reasoned out loud. This caught Kerra’s attention. Their eyes locked as they both processed the information given to them.

“Celebi... Heard our plea.” Kerra gasped. “I-it heard us say we didn’t want to be apart... so when one of us was chosen...”

They didn’t know what to say, really. The shock of becoming the new guardians was enough to stun them on its own. They couldn’t complain about the sworn duty of their new roles, obviously, but the fact that their sibling had shared the same fate was a mixed bag. They both felt uneasy, knowing that their beloved sibling had shared the same fate as them, to never be human again, to be part of the forest and protect it, to be a *Pokemon*.

Yet they were happy, in a strange way, knowing that their sibling would be with them through this task, and vice versa. “Leon...” Kerra shuffled a little on her feet. “How do you feel?”

“Well, not having legs or arms is different.” Leon tried to be lighthearted. “But actually, this feels pretty... amazing.”

“I think I feel the same way. Aside from the not having legs or arms thing.” She poked the tips of her leafy arms together. “Should we go back to the village? The elders might want to know about this. And mom and dad...”

The Serperior thought, looking through the trees in the direction of their home. Then he looked outward, to the forest surrounding them. After a long moment, he had his answer. “Later. I believe we should meet Celebi first.” He smiled to his sister, who understood soon enough.

“That sounds like a good idea.” She nodded. She didn’t have a visible mouth to smile with, of course, but Leon could feel her smile regardless. “We have to thank her for doing this, after all.”

The brother and sister pair, with renewed energy and confidence, moved deeper into the forest, side by side. It wasn’t long before they had gotten used to their bodies and they could move effectively with them, and so they walked/slithered together, to where they knew Celebi was waiting.