

The Mermaid's Night

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains TF, TG, Pokemon, Assimilation/Corruption, Twinning/Cloning, heavy mental alteration/'personality death', and is told in first person. Don't look if don't like.

"Alright, Popplio, that's enough for today, I think!" I call out to my Pokemon. The little blue water type looks over to me and gives a cheerful cry of what I assume is confirmation. I laugh a bit before going over to scoop him up, brushing some sand off of him. In return, I get a bubble to the face. "Hey, now!" I grin, before setting him down.

It might have been a little weird, yeah. I only just got Popplio this morning, but already, I dunno, I could feel a sort of connection with the little guy. The way he looked at me made me think that he felt the same way, although maybe that was just his crazy amount of energy.

I'm a new trainer, you see! Just got my license and everything today, along with my Popplio! And, of course, with being an officially stated Pokemon Trainer, that meant that I was now totally able to take on the newly instated Alola Region Pokemon League. It's only been around for a couple of years, but ever since they finished construction I couldn't wait to take on the challenge.

And the wait paid off. Me, Popplio, and whatever other Pokemon we'd catch were going all the way to the top, and I knew it. I could feel it. However long it took.

That's why I spent the entire day out here training. I studied up on all sorts of guides on raising and training Pokemon, but it was nothing like the real thing, definitely not. Giving commands, watching Popplio use his attacks, it was a crazy different experience for me. Sure, he wasn't particularly flashy or had enough attacks under his belt for us to really start getting tactical, but he was doing his best even if this was our first day together.

But all days end eventually, and today had just did, if the fact that it was suddenly night time was any indication. We got a bit carried away training out here, I guess. The few people, mostly tourists, that were around before were gone too.

I sighed, before stretching my arms and kicking my legs a little. It was a long day, but it felt like it went by a little too quickly. I could tell that Popplio was stronger than he was when I first got him, though. The payoff of a ton of training! He was doing his best to look all cool and energetic, but I could tell he was feeling pretty exhausted himself after fighting off so many wild Pokemon.

I think next time I'd like to get him some experience against other trainers. I need that experience too. Every trainer no matter how new to things they were knew that trainer battles were a whole different beast from picking fights with the usual wild Pokemon.

"Come on, Popplio, let's head back home. I bet mom's already making dinner. You'll love her food." I laughed at the excited look on Popplio's face at the mention of food. "Plus, she probably wants to get a look at you some more." He seemed a bit less excited about getting prodded on some more by my doting mom, but either way he started hopping along after me.

I decided to train further down on the other side of the beach. Since it was farther away from the nearby city and houses, more Pokemon tended to frolic around there. That's what I heard, anyway, and it looked like that tip was right. No Pokemon that stood out that I wanted to really catch, though. This, of course, meant that we had to walk all the way back in the dark.

Most people are eager to get right into their adventure as soon as they get their Pokemon, but I decided to take my time training nearby before I started my challenge for real. Hence, I was heading back home for now instead of to a Pokemon Center or camping out or something.

Popplio seemed to be enjoying the walk. It was a full moon tonight, and out here there were plenty of stars. He seemed particularly smitten by the ocean view, and I couldn't help but laugh. Yeah, Alola was pretty great. I tend to forget about the whole "tropical paradise" thing sometimes since I grew up here. Honestly, I'd love to go somewhere else sometime.

But that was for waaay in the future.

"Come on, Popplio, don't get left behind too much." I call out playfully, the little Pokemon giving an embarrassed 'Bwark!' in response before hurrying to catch up.

We walked together, the only noises around us being the ocean waves, the occasional wild Pokemon, and of course, Popplio himself humming a short tune or two.

But then there was another noise, one that distinctly stood out to me. I looked down at Popplio and he seemed to be thinking the same thing. A cry of a Pokemon I didn't recognize. More importantly, the cry came from somewhere close. It came from behind us.

I turned around and saw it, a white and blue Pokemon that looked sort of like a mermaid. A sleek body, with a long snout that ended in a familiar round ball of a nose, and a head of shiny blue hair.

"A Primarina!" I said, immediately recognizing what this Pokemon was. Of course I would- it was Popplio's final form. I studied up on Popplio before picking him, after all.

I also knew that Primarina were extremely rare, and wild ones were almost completely unheard of!

The Primarina stared at us, lounging on a rock as it seemed to smile. It was a little offputting, but it didn't really do much else. I thought about what I was seeing, here. This Primarina just sort of showed up behind us, and now it's just watching. Popplio looked a little confused, seeing what was basically an older and stronger version of himself in front of him.

This was a pretty amazing moment! And it may have been some kind of sign, I think. I wasn't superstitious, but a strong looking Pokemon like that showing up right at my feet on the very first day?

Now that was some great luck!

It was pointless to try and catch it. I already had Popplio, after all. Plus, I think there were rules against catching Primarinas since they were so uncommon in the wild. You could only get it by raising a Popplio officially given to you. Same with the families of the other Alola 'starters', rare Pokemon handed out only to certain special trainers. I myself had to practically ace a ridiculous test to prove I deserved Popplio.

That left only one option, really. I was confident, but not overconfident. I looked down to my companion, my partner. He only had a day's worth of experience, sure, but in that day he proved himself, taking out any Pokemon we had come across before. He was stronger than he looked, I could feel it.

Popplio could take this Primarina on, I knew.

"Alright, Popplio!" I had made up my mind as I grinned to my own Pokemon. Maybe I was feeling overconfident, yeah, but this was a rare opportunity. "Think you can take that Pokemon on?"

Popplio looked towards its larger final evolution with a bit of concern. He probably knew that Primarinas were its stronger evolution, but eventually he looked back to me and nodded. "Bwark!" my little blue buddy called out with a determined look before getting into battle position.

I smirked with pride, adjusting my cap before looking towards the Primarina. It just looked at the two of us with a weird stare, brushing its hair idly with a flipper. I assume it was expecting us to do something, or leave it alone. Maybe it didn't think we were actually going to fight it? To just run away since we were supposedly outclassed? Well, too bad, because now it had a fight!

"Popplio, get ready! Let's show how strong we've gotten with all our training!" I cry. This seemed to get the Primarina's attention as it sat up on its tail. Was it smiling? Well, whatever. At least it

was getting into it. “Quick, use-... huh?” I was distracted from giving my command when I saw and heard what the Primarina did next.

Instead of attacking or getting ready to fight, she had begun to sing. Her voice carried itself loud and clear and for some reason I couldn’t really form my commands. Popplio looked confused too, watching the Primarina sing to us.

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Its song continued, like a slow opera. I wasn’t much of a music person, but this was nothing I’ve ever heard before. It was kind of nice, actually. I totally forgot about the battle at this point. All I could really focus on was the song, as loud and amazing as it was.

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The Primarina’s eyes were closed, its entire body bobbing and swaying as it sung its heart out. A flipper went to its’ chest as its’ other arm outstretched to me and Popplio, as if inviting us to take her hand, to join her. Her eyes opened and watched us, as she held her long note.

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For a moment we both just stared in awe. I couldn’t speak for Popplio, but there was a sudden cozy warmth in my body, a fluttering in my heart as I stared at the beautiful singing Pokemon. Before I even noticed I started walking closer to her, to get a front stage listen to her voice, and my Pokemon hopped next to me to join.

This song was as fantastic and alluring as she was. My heart thumped as that warmth continued to grow until it filled my body, everything from my toes to my finger tips to the very top of my head and running through my hair feeling so cozy and warm. Her song felt like it was bathing me in warm water, telling me to relax, to sit back and enjoy everything, especially what was about to happen.

A dumb smile filled my face as she soothed my mind. My skin felt all tingly as I raised my hands and watched as my tanned brown complexion began to pale. I welcomed it, because her song told me to. I watched as my fingers were completely drained of color, becoming a clean white.

That white spread up my hands, covering my knuckles, my wrists, travelling up my arms. I couldn't see through my clothes, but I knew deep in my heart that it was going over my shoulders, travelling across my chest, moving down my belly, crawling up my collar.

The hairs on my arm shrank away leaving clean, pristine white instead. My skin felt so nice, so soft. I couldn't help but rub my cheeks with my snow-colored hands as I felt the white creep up my neck, cover my chin, consume every pore. My cheeks felt so soft, so warm, a little laugh escaped my mouth as the rest of my face lost its color. Old bug bites and scars from my more wild days softened and cleaned up leaving no trace, only a beautiful white. Just like her fair skin.

Her song continued, tickling my ears. My face felt as if it were being caressed by so many hands, no, the ocean itself, warm and tender. I closed my eyes and couldn't help but smile. I knew my face was being altered, transformed at every conceivable level. Even the shape of my head had to go. My square jaw softened and rounded, my skull got smaller, but it didn't hurt or feel weird at all. It felt right. The song said so. I gasped as my face pushed outwards, mouth and nose extending into a long, slender snout, lips flattening and disappearing. I could feel my teeth shifting, rearranging, tongue smaller. A pleased sigh left my small mouth but it sounded different. Smoother, so much better than that scratchy voice of mine.

My eyes felt like the area around them was being massaged. Smooth skin, my eyes getting bigger, the hair of my eyebrows shrinking away into nothing leaving only white behind. My eyelashes were getting stretched and styled. It made me, vaguely, remember seeing my mom go to a salon once. Maybe? It felt so distant. I didn't really care anyway. I opened my eyes slowly, fluttering them as I took everything in. Everything looked so clear to me, now. Especially her. I couldn't help but coo.

My nose grew at the tip of my snout, changing in color, a cute shade of pink, I decided. It was soft and smooth and the song said it was a perfect centerpiece to my altered face.

"Hehe..." I couldn't help but giggle at the thought as I rubbed my cheeks happily. I knew what my head looked like now, of course. I knew, too, that it wasn't finished, and I was ready to see what was next. I got my wish, as I felt a tingle wave through my body. I shuddered, hugging myself, feeling my soft fingers brush and rub against the skin of my arms. I tossed away my ugly hat and pulled my constraining shirt off and looked down at my body. Skinny and unsightly, not at all like her image.

As if she knew my turmoil, I could feel a ripple through my torso. I hugged myself and shuddered, as my pale white body thinned out, stretching almost as height was added in return for losing overall thickness. My shoulders felt smaller, more delicate and round, my firm square chest softening as even my bones seemed to be shrinking beneath. My torso was rearranging, the upper half thinner and softer while the lower half was a bit more thick and rounded. Not to say that I was 'fat' of course. No, my proportions were much better now, serving to make me look cuter, more feminine, even. Rather than scrawny and bony, I was slender and softer.

Yet, I could feel my body getting a bit bigger, even though my torso was more 'compact', everything grew out some. I hadn't yet reached my maturity yet now it was all catching up. I could feel it, things becoming more solid, growing out and finishing growing. I became more aware of my own body than I ever had as it developed. I became aware of the slight rise to my chest, the subtle, supple curve to my hips. Even the way I carried myself felt so... mature, so delightful. I shuddered and giggled, and smiled at the sound of my own voice. It was almost like hers. Almost perfect.

My legs felt strange, heavy, a billion tiny hands running and rubbing over them. I wiggled in place, looking down at them over my snout. My pants and boxers had fallen to my feet long ago due to my smaller waist. It was no trouble to step over and out of them. The song ushered me to move, and I did so, lowering myself onto the sand below me, kicking my shoes off and pulling off my socks, leaving me entirely naked, but that didn't matter to me.

I smiled in glee as I watched my legs fatten up. Opposed to my white, slender body, my bottom half was getting larger and actually gaining color. I watched my old, blemish-covered skin turn a deep, beautiful clean blue, my hands running over the soft blue scales in bliss. My thighs and bottom were rounder, wider, at least twice as thick as my rather tiny upper body. I could also see that my thighs started to stick together, being carefully molded into one mass as the split between my legs began to disappear.

In my staring I noticed something else. My boyhood, exposed to the elements. I couldn't help but feel wrong, maybe even shameful or disgusted, at what I was seeing. It didn't feel like it belonged on my body, and that upset me, yet her song soothed me, made me relax. I cooed, my voice a gentle hum along to her powerful notes, and nodded knowingly. Even now I watched as my maleness shrank, disappearing, vanishing into secret folds. I was a *true* lady now, and ever closer to her vision.

My thighs had entirely merged together, and lower down my legs were following suit. I rubbed at my soft blue scales happily, revelling in their smooth and clean beauty. The bones and joints within were mixing and altering, one long spine the stretched to where my legs were still reshaping. Past my knees, the bending joints in both limbs disappearing into one connector. I admit, it was a little odd, yet I didn't mind. Any discomfort was soothed away by the song's caresses, as if giving me a massage. The overall width of my tail thinned considerably further down, and it seemed as if my lower body had gotten longer, stretching out quite nicely. As it stood, at around where my ankles maybe would have been, my tail was only about as thick as just one of my human legs. A big, beautiful tail in the making.

My feet shifted, a gentle pulse through my appendages. I could see them bloating up as they joined at the heels. Form and distinct corners disappeared as both of my feet became rounder and rounder. Nails chipped off as my toes shrank into the singular mass. The tip of my growing tail stood out from the rest of my lower body in that it wasn't blue. Yes, I could see it turning

paler and paler, pinkish skin altering and shifting into a pure white that matched my upper body. I couldn't help but wave my tail around, feeling so alien yet so very familiar. A giggle escaped me, and I realized that my voice had finished settling into its new form.

I couldn't help but hum along to the song then as I watched another change happen to my tail. These changes focused on two separate parts of it. Around my hips, where my scales changed color, something started growing. A thin material, light blue in color that circled around my bottom in a neat line. A fin that served not only to help me swim but also, in my opinion, made me look oh so much cuter. It looked a bit like one of those human skirts!

Regardless, something similar happened near the end of my tail, a bit of a ways above where the blue ended, the blue scales flared out a bit, widening in a separate layer around the main segment, before another cone of lightblue extended out from it in a sort of fringe. I experimented in waving my tail around, before rolling in the sand to lay on my underside, settling for sitting this way. Much comfier, I found.

I shuddered, feeling the pressure on my shoulders. Yes, my larger fin was beginning to grow out, I realized. I could trace exactly where from the tingling sensation on my skin, around my neck and down my chest, moving to just under the subtle curve of my bosom. "Aaaah...~" A whisper sigh escaped me, in delight I watched as the light blue fins grew into place, large and beautifully draped over my upper body.

Before I could admire my fins growing into place so perfectly, my pitifully small human hands were held by the wondrous song, which at this point I had begun to sing along to, and it felt like the ocean itself was caressing my white yet mostly unchanged limbs. Like a marvellous sculpture, it stroked along my skin, and as I held both my hands out in front of me I watched with a pleased smirk as they began to grow. My hands became larger, rounder, as my wrists and forearms thickened up to match the increase in size until it was a smoother, more streamlined appearance. My fingers fattened as the nails fell off, before my thumb and index finger merged together, along with my pinky and ring finger on both hands.

I opened and closed my new hands, or rather, flippers, to test them. They felt right. More than right, actually. They felt wonderful. I couldn't help but hug myself, giving a joyous note of my own. I was more than aware of the others doing the same. I felt so fantastic, so perfect. I was--

Oh! How silly of me, I wasn't done yet. I got, perhaps, a little ahead of myself, yes. There was still a bit more to make this former perfectly that of my own. For one, I felt something growing from above my forehead, and indeed as I felt it I could feel the blue fin that made up my crown. Underneath, a wondrous set of pearls grew to give my crown a bit of flare, and matching pink starfish over my flat earholes.

Then there was my hair. This wouldn't do, no. As I held a long note, I ran my flippers down over my short, messy hair, starting from behind my fin and moving back in one smooth motion. I

could feel the hair underneath my flippers shifting. It grew longer, longer, and longer still, even once my flippers left my head. Long, light blue locks, nice and wavy like the beautiful oceans that are home to me. They reached the floor before I could feel an invisible, gentle tug, as I knew my hair was being tied up in gorgeous pearls that matched my tiara.

Oh, how I longed to approach the waters and gaze into my own reflection to admire my newly finished hairdo, but alas there was just one last thing to take care of. I sung, we had reached the crescendo, our voices one, our bodies and minds one, as I could feel the pressure on the base of my tail. I sung my part, and in the corner of my eye I watched as my last fins grew in, long and delicately pointed. Symmetrical and even along my hips and rear, they finished, I finished.

“Ooooooh~Aaaaaaah...” I finished, the remaining buzz, no, a trickle in my throat, the tingle of a marvellous performance done. I shuddered gleefully, hugging my body, a giggle escaping my mouth. “I feel so refreshed, so free, even~”

“Fufufu... don’t we always?~” A voice, exactly like my own, responded. I addressed her, my sister, with a knowing smile.

The three of us moved closer to diverge. “Oh, but isn’t the next song always the best?~ Truly, it never gets old, does it now?” My other said.

“Indeed~” I agreed playfully, rubbing my cheek against hers. “You were wonderful! Oh, I especially loved the, how do I say it, the heart you put into your act. Oh, it nearly moved me to tears, and I was singing with you!”

We all giggled at that.

Yes, this was nice. Truly, a solo act was golden, but having more only made our songs louder, more beautiful, surrounding each other and ourselves with the magic of song.

Our song entered others, and with that we could fill them with our feelings, our love, our soul. It was the best, no, the only proper way to communicate.

We were as one under the song.

It was nice of that boy and his little friend to play the audience. Really, it was quaint to see the baby form of my own species. Amusing, in its own right. Regardless, they were such wonderful people to sing to. So attentive, taking every bit of my heart into them. Truly, so nice of them to be here tonight. And, of course, they even gave me some new sisters as well!~

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Hm. Oh, dear. How troubling.

I looked to the others, and of course they shared a similar expression to my own as we three all gazed towards each other questioningly. "You were..." "No, was it not I that... hum..." "I recall being..." "But what of..."

Oh, how silly of me! Or rather, how silly of us!

Which one of us was the original? Who was the human? Really, so irresponsible. I jokingly suggested we should work on distinguishing ourselves from one another in the future, and of course we all had a good laugh at that.

Yet, still, I crossed my arms and thought, and the others did the same. I vaguely recalled the boy, the sensations given to me by our favorite song. Was I him, at some point? It felt distant. No, I could have also been the Popplio, yes? I recalled being in a grassy area earlier in the day, but... there were his clothes over there. They seemed familiar. But really only in a 'I saw you wearing that' kind of way. I recalled, maybe, a human parent, being proud of two of us? Or was that my imagination?

Yes, it all felt distant, much too distant. I could tell from the cute expressions on my fellow sisters that they were going through a similar ordeal.

We looked at each other, then chuckled to ourselves.

We decided we didn't really care. What good did it do, to worry about a past so long ago? We had now, we had each other. I embraced my beloved other selves, my 'sisters', as we left this sandy little corner.

We moved towards the waves, which would take us to our home.

The moon looked so beautiful tonight. I could write a song about it. I was sure.