

A Tale of Poisonous Friends

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains Pokenmans and Transformation, including a Poken getting transformed, too! If you don't like either of these, I don't know why you're reading. I recommend something else for your weekend reading material. Have a nice day.

"Come on Sally, stay close!" the young black-haired boy called as he marched after his over eager Pokemon.

The Pokemon in question was a Popplio, one who turned around and gave an excited call before continuing on ahead. The boy couldn't help but laugh, even as he picked up his pace.

"C'mon, it's not like any battles are running away, silly! Part of an adventure is enjoying the scenery, you know." He chided.

In return the Popplio turned around once more, but this time decided to playfully stick her tongue out.

The boy laughed, scooping the water-type up into his arms as he looked around.

It was a nice sunny day. The cries of Pokemon in the distance providing a nice backdrop for their walk.

The boy's name was George. A boy taking his first steps as a trainer, with only his starter Pokemon by his side and only for a few days.

Already he was enjoying the life of a trainer. He wasn't much of a battler, or really that into battling to begin with, but his newfound title gave him something much more rewarding.

He looked to Sally and smiled as the little blue Pokemon wiggled in his arms, laughing as she booped her nose against his. Rubbing the Popplio's head and setting her back down, they continued onwards. "It's still early, so relax a bit," he suggested, smiling as she barked up at him.

To say George and Sally were close were underestimating how easily they connected despite having known each other for such a short time. Indeed, already, George felt as if he could easily call her his best friend, perhaps even family.

Perhaps even his only family, really.

His smile faltered, luckily Sally was ahead of him and didn't see it.

Yes. There was another reason why he was eager to become a trainer.

To get away from *there*.

His parents weren't awful. They weren't abusive. They let him become a trainer and go into the wild on his own, after all.

Yes, they weren't awful. Yet...

Empty. That's what was waiting for him back home. Emptiness, with no one who really cared. Going through the motions. No aspirations, no connections, longing for something, anything.

Absentmindedly he bent down to rub his Popplio's head once more before straightening out and continuing his walking pace.

He was happy to leave it behind. Especially if this was the alternative. He wasn't sure what he planned to do as a trainer. Not yet. Really, this whole... League thing was something he picked because it just seemed to be the default course of action for a trainer. He didn't really get much joy out of battles. He wasn't some collector. He hadn't even caught any other Pokemon yet despite already going through a few towns! Perhaps contests, or maybe breeding, although he didn't really see himself as the flashy type and caring for so many Pokemon seemed way too complicated and far too much for a boy his age...

George sighed. This caught the attention of Sally, the little Pokemon giving a curious bark and tilting her head up at him. He laughed, scratching his head. "Sorry, I guess this scenery is making me a little sleepy~ It's real relaxing," he lied.

Sally barked in response, looking a bit doubtful. Acting quickly, George pulled a

Pokebean out of his pocket and held it to her, the Popplio giving an excited bark and happily munching away. The boy was happy she bought the distraction.

Sally was another problem. No, she herself wasn't the problem, it was... well, trainer and Pokemon didn't really see eye to eye. While he was pretty much indifferent to becoming champion or taking on the League and being the best trainer, the Popplio was brash and eager to get into battle and get stronger. The League was practically her calling.

So what would he do? He hadn't shared his thoughts, despite sharing so much with her already.

To tell her to ditch the League felt like he'd be betraying her after getting her so excited over getting a trainer and the chance to go on a grand adventure where she'd get stronger. And what would happen if he were to fail? Or if they did get to the League, what happens after?

He was in a better place, yet now he had to deal with so many what ifs and whens.

His thoughts were halted by another shout from his Pokemon. The black-haired youth jumped slightly, looking towards his loud companion before looking over in front of him.

There, a Pokemon stood- or rather, floated before them. It was a strange looking thing, yet oddly cute. A large round head bigger than its body and cute tiny limbs with a long tail. Atop its large head was a grey round-tipped needle, with two similar needles sticking out from small spikes on either side of its head.

Most striking, however, were its colors. Its body was a pristine almost shiny white with some bits of yellow, and its eyes and mouth seemed to glow a bright light blue.

The Pokemon in question looked at them, or more specifically, looked at George, curiously.

"W-whoa... what's... that isn't a normal Pokemon, right?" George stepped back, frozen for a moment. He remembered, however, that he was a trainer, and quickly fussed with his pocket to take out the Pokedex he'd been given. Fumbling with the device awkwardly he got it pointed towards the strange Pokemon and scanned it for info.

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“Unknown Entry, no data, please scan again...?” George muttered, looking at the screen and then back to the Pokemon, who seemed to grin slightly in response.

“Th-that... must be some kind of super rare legendary Pokemon o-or something...!” George said in awe. What sort of luck was this? Was it a message or sign of some kind, maybe?

An eager bark from his Pokemon reminded him to stay focused. “R-right... I should... try and catch it! Go, Sally!”

The Popplio didn’t need to be told twice. Sally jumped up ahead and stared the larger Pokemon down confidently. The mysterious white Pokemon floated back and looked at the Popplio as if seeing it for the first time, frowning slightly before getting into a readied stance. Sally noted how its gaze seemed to move back towards George every once in a while and frowned.

“Okay... don’t know what type it is, but hopefully it’s not electric, and it doesn’t look like grass... Water Gun, Sally!”

Sally barked, taking in a deep breath before a torrent of water burst from her mouth, aimed right for the floating Pokemon. After a moment it zipped out of the way, yet Sally tried to readjust her aim and follow after.

She managed to nick its tail, but didn’t seem to do much damage otherwise as it performed a loop in the air around the water gun and changed directions suddenly. The Popplio was unable to realign her shot, the Water Gun ending.

With the threat of a blast of water gun, the mystery Pokemon suddenly changed directions in the air once more and charged right for Sally. Despite George’s warning to dodge, she had little time to get out of the way before she was jabbed right by the edge of its needle. A Peck attack to her side, one that sent her rolling before she quickly shook her head and righted herself.

This Pokemon was faster than her, it was clear, but not by much, at least. Was it a Flying type? No, it didn't matter.

She'd just have to be faster, right? With that logic, she chose her next move. She sprayed another shot of water, but this one instead careened back and wrapped around her. With her shell of moving water she charged, launching forward in a burst of waves as she used Aqua Jet.

The Pokemon was caught by surprise, at least, and indeed this time the Popplio proved too fast and all it could do was hold its arms up to block itself before getting tackled by the Water-type move.

"Yes! Good job, Sally! Keep it up!" George cheered.

Sally smiled, although she noted that the white Pokemon didn't seem particularly harmed by the attack. It was probably quite strong... which made sense, considering it might have been a legendary, according to her trainer.

She kept her mind on the battle, narrowly hopping out of the way of several sprays of some kind of liquid aimed right at her, shot from the Pokemon's needles. Yet, the Pokemon chased after her, getting closer every time. She considered using another Aqua Jet to put some distance between them but didn't have the right opening to prepare it.

"Disarming Voice!" George called out nervously.

The Popplio barked, spinning around and giving out a cute cry that seemed to shake the air with a pink wave. Much to both of their disappointment, however, the opponent seemed to shrug it off for the most part, stopping only for a second at best to wince slightly and then flying circles around Sally.

"I-it resists Fairy? It's not Fire, so is it Steel, or...?" George murmured before going wide-eyed. "Look out!" The trainer's voice cried out in warning.

She spun around just in time to see the Pokemon's grey needle coming right at her once more, except this time there was something different about it. It glowed an unfriendly purple, clearly being powered up by some kind of move.

She was hit, and the sudden spiking pain and numbness that filled her told her what kind of move it was. Poison.

The Poison Jab struck her directly, launching her back quite a few feet. “S-Sally!” George shouted in worry.

The Popplio shuddered, but quickly righted herself. She wasn’t down yet, and luckily it seemed like she wasn’t poisoned either.

George grimaced, looking towards the other Pokemon. It wasn’t *unharm*ed, per say, but it was definitely in better shape than Sally was.

Before he could consider telling his Pokemon to retreat, Sally was already on the move again. George didn’t even notice the other Pokemon approaching him until he saw the Popplio charge right near him with an Aqua Jet, closing the distance and tackling the Pokemon away.

“Wh-what was that?” George blinked, stepping back. Was the other Pokemon about to attack him? Why was it so close? Did it want something?

The Pokemon in question looked annoyed, at the very least, glaring at the water-type that really should have known to just stay down.

The battle wasn’t over yet, Sally’s body glowing a deep blue as her ability had activated. Water Guns were fired to counter Acid Sprays as the little Popplio did her best to dodge whatever was thrown at her with bursts of Aqua Jet, yet the few hits she managed to get on her own did at least a bit of work thanks to her own boost.

The other Pokemon seemed to be getting frustrated, whatever goals it had getting held up by the feisty water type.

Finally, it launched another Acid Spray, one that Sally countered by dousing the spray down with water.

Through the splash of liquids, however, the mystery Pokemon suddenly charged through both of the attacks. The Popplio was so taken by surprise by the boldness of the maneuver that she didn’t have time to dodge the subsequent Poison Jab.

George winced, gritting his teeth as he saw his partner roll on the ground painfully. "Sally...!"

The water type gave a weak bark, pushing itself up. George grimaced. "It's over, Sally. You did great, but we need to get you to a Center!"

The boy searched around for her Pokeball, pulling it out and taking one step forward before jumping back as the other Pokemon suddenly whisked into his way.

The poison-type panted slightly, looking a bit tired as it stared into his eyes. Finally, a smile filled its face as its needles began to glow.

"Wh-wha...? Whoa, I-I didn't mean any harm, okay! P-please, I'll get my Pokemon and we'll leave!" George cried out.

Yet the Pokemon ignored him. It looked at him eagerly for some reason, as if it *wasn't* about to attack him. The boy could tell that some sort of big attack seemed to be building up in its needles, yet he didn't want to run and leave behind Sally.

A bark surprised both human and mysterious Pokemon. Much to George's shock, Sally weakly crawled and hopped her way in front of him, angrily shouting at the poison-type.

The poison-type for its part looked a bit nervous, oddly enough, actually floating backwards. But by then it appeared to be too late. Its "attack" was already coming. Seeming a bit reluctant, the Pokemon finally aimed its needles and shot at both George and Sally.

To the surprise of both, a thick cloud of purple gas suddenly engulfed them. Thoughtlessly and involuntarily George shouted, the gas entering his mouth and nose before he covered them with his hands, eyes watering. He couldn't see either Sally or the other Pokemon, a smokescreen of purple all over his body.

George coughs, gripping his throat as the gas forced its way down. It wasn't too painful, but gas from a poison type would never be good. How far were they from a Pokemon center? A hospital? He had some antidotes but he wasn't sure those would work on him.

His body felt cold and tight. An involuntary shiver going through his spine that to his anxiousness didn't stop. No, instead, it seemed to stay, getting more intense until he could barely remain standing on his legs from the shakes that seemed to go through his torso. He felt as if he were being pulled apart like taffy from the waist, and even stranger and more worrying was the feeling that his body seemed to be giving to the pull.

"A-aah... S-Sally...!" he said, coughing between words as he fell to his knees. The shaking didn't stop until finally something seemed to pop behind him. From the base of his back he felt... something growing, unfamiliar feelings and nerves growing in that one spot that seemed to get wider. He could only look behind him and watch.

A spot that pushed his pants down and his jacket up grew into a lump, that then further grew. The lump turned a clean purple, unnatural for a human but not in any sort of 'unhealthy' way, just as if his skin literally dyed itself that color as if that was the color it was meant to be. What interested George more was that the lump was growing further, getting thicker and longer, giving an involuntary twitch as more nerves formed within the forming appendage.

The tip, thinner than the rest of what was clearly, yet impossibly, a tail, dyed itself a pink color. The long and waving tail seemed to finish growing, only clear to George from the fact that he could no longer feel that *pulling*, with a single spike pushing out from around the middle of its length.

"W-wha...!?"

He winced, feeling a strange stabbing atop his head. Anymore words were cut off as he grit his teeth, bringing his hands up to try and ease the pain before his hands froze upon contact with the foreign object on, or rather, growing out from atop his head. A long, grey-colored tube stuck out directly from the center of his skull upwards, a hole in its tip that seemed to puff out a bit of gas without his input.

"A-ahgh... I-I'm changing?! Th-that... gas...!" The boy gasped, becoming aware of the tiny blue Pokemon that should have been near him. "Sally! D-don't breathe the...!"

He waved the gas away only to find it was too late. His little companion seemed to have become aware of what was happening soon. The water-type shivered on the ground, a flipper on her head as he saw a similar grey nozzle sticking out from atop it. A streak of purple seemed to go down her body up to the tip of her tail. Sally looked up

at her trainer and gave a worried cry, an odd flicker of blue going through one of her eyes.

George looked to the strange Pokemon, as if expecting any sort of answer or explanation or at least guilt on the small white and yellow thing's face, before his left hand buzzed and twitched with pinpricks. He quickly removed it from his head and looked to it, seeing it start to *shrink* of all things. Before his very eyes he could see his hand getting smaller, thinner, fingers getting tinier and nails popping off, the creases of his palm flattening down as even his wrist shrank down.

It was too surreal. Even now he thought he would wake up at some point, back home. Yet, no matter how much he pinched himself, his tinier, unmatching, harder to move hand didn't get any less strange. His body still felt oddly cool and squishy, and his new tail seemed to react to his emotion as it kept thudding against the dirt underneath him nervously.

"G-guh..." A rumbling in his stomach brought his attention away from his hand. Quickly he lifted his shirt up and stared downward. He was a thin boy, not far enough in his adventure to build any kind of muscle and not a big enough eater to build any kind of fat. Yet, before his eyes he watched his tummy start to bulge outward. It pushed the hem of his jeans down as his belly just got rounder from all sides. It didn't seem like fat, considering he didn't look particularly flabby or weighty, rather it just seemed as if his body shape was naturally reforming itself to be rather bottom heavy. His anxiousness didn't lower much as he saw a purple tint form right on his belly button that started to ink its way over the rest of his rounded gut, the belly button itself disappearing.

Sally wasn't faring any better. The little Pokemon had rolled onto her back, staring downwards as her collar seemed to be... shrinking. An odd purple lump had formed on her forehead, growing upwards. All the while, her bottom half seemed to be altering dramatically. Her hind flippers were moving upwards, becoming thinner and less rounded while her bottom was 'stretching' into a tail of her own. The fact that the tip was turning a similar pink to his own assured him that she was turning into the same thing he was.

He didn't have much time to think over anything before the next change began. Underneath him his legs seemed to wobble, a lot more uncomfortable with the weight he was putting on them. The boy flopped onto his side, leaning on his shrunken hand and staring down at his lower limbs in fear. He tugged one of his pant legs up to see

just what he had feared. His legs were shrinking lengthwise, as if they were being sucked into his body.

He was distracted again by his Pokemon's distressed cries, watching helplessly as her hind flippers shifted, bending, turning into what appeared to be *legs* that the Pokemon could only wiggle awkwardly, the limbs completely and entirely alien to her. A flipper moved up to her face, a worried look in her oddly blue eyes as her nose seemed to be shrinking, her snout flattening and turning pink.

"What are you doing!? What is this?!" George demanded from the mystery Pokemon who simply floated backwards out of his reach, its bright blue eyes staring at them both in anticipation. Its eyes focused then on George, causing the boy to cringe slightly and wonder why before he realized there was a specific part of his face the Pokemon was staring at.

His unchanged hand moved up to the center of his face and felt around. Sure enough, he could feel his nose getting smaller, shrinking down as if it were being flattened out against his face. He winced, an itch going across his face as his nose was simply gone. He couldn't even feel his nostrils. Another wince and a cringe went through his face as he felt several sharp twinges around his eye, and many more all over his cranium. His right eye had begun to glow, his vision from it looking... strange, disorienting because of the mismatch. His iris, his sclera, all of it was tinting a bright blue color he couldn't see, only 'feel'.

What he could feel even more, however, was a sharp migraine as something seemed to be happening to his whole head. It was... growing. Larger and larger still, his chin rounding while the top of his head just seemed to keep stretching upwards.

Even while he was focused on that, his body just kept changing without regard to how overwhelmed its owner was. On his lower body, his legs seemed to spread apart, his hips popping out audibly as his legs set to either side of his round bottom torso as opposed to underneath him, giving his lower body a very inhuman appearance. A contrast that only got more intense as his chest seemed to thin, getting smaller as its features smoothed away. His jacket and shirt, already baggy and unfitting, only seemed even closer to simply falling off as his shoulders were just that much closer together.

Sally only continued to wriggle on the ground, holding her own head as she seemed to be going through her own pains. Her snout had flattened entirely at this point, her eyes

cyan ovals with her nose a small orb while her head seemed divided between turning pink and turning purple. Her tail had finished growing in and was now flailing in a panic as the Popplio gave a helpless squeak.

“Nng...” the boy grit his teeth, feeling a pressure in his cheeks and temples. Something started to bulge out from them, pushing outwards and upwards and gaining a purple color. His ears, in the way, simply flattened down and disappeared then. His entire face seemed to be rearranging as his head only got bigger and rounder.

His eyes and mouth got closer, his jaw shrinking, the shape of his mouth altering as inside an oddly sour taste filled it, lips flattening away as from where his nose used to be a deep pink similar to his tail tip began to spread, washing over his entire new face and even down his neck.

All this while his right, now entirely cyan and pupil-less, eye itched again. He could feel it changing shape, becoming a more clean oval in a bit of an angle flat against his round and smoothed features, a ‘spike’ sticking out from the top of the oval pointed towards his forehead. He of course couldn’t see how much it looked like the mystery Pokemon’s, but he could certainly see it on Sally, the poor girl didn’t even look much like her own original species anymore.

Yes. He became extremely aware of what he was becoming when he looked at Sally. The shape of her head, the features of her face, not to mention her tail and little stubby legs. She, and by extension he, were turning into the same Pokemon as the one that did this to them. Sally’s face was no longer that of a Popplio. She didn’t even have her species’ iconic cute little ball nose. Her head was mostly purple, with some pink spreading over the top much like it had consumed her face, the remaining bits of blue quickly disappearing.

A tingle went through his right arm and sure enough after freeing it from his drooping clothes it was shrinking as well, purple spreading over the fingers and palm as they started working themselves over to match the stubby, almost useless limb his left hand had become, not even half its original length.

He wriggled out from his pants and underwear, which were all but useless with his much smaller and misshapen body. If anyone else were to come, he would have probably looked like a Pokemon playing with some lost clothes at first glance. He looked down at his body, seeing his round purple tummy, his crotch having smoothed

out and lost any hint of his gender to join into the spherical shape of his lower torso. The purple that covered it had spread over his thinner and strangely located thighs.

He watched his legs shrink further and further. It wasn't until his shoes just slipped off and he wormed his feet out of his socks that he saw that it wasn't just his legs that were shrinking. For his feet it was even more dramatic. Smaller, thinner, stubbier. His toes simply disappeared as the rest of his feet straightened out and flattened away until they were simply no more, his legs ending in cute round purple stubs. His legs were extremely short, as well, barely extending passed his bottom.

George didn't even bother worrying about holding onto the rest of his clothes. He was far too small for them. He could probably use his jacket as a tent if he could fit his large head underneath. He wriggled out of his shirt, crawling awkwardly with his tail worming its way out behind him just in time for him to feel yet another spike in pressure on his head. He saw brown clumps fall down his vision and realized it was his hair. Underneath where his hair was, his head seemed to divide into segments. The first segment started just above where the spikes on the sides of his head stuck out. The next started halfway up, with 4 rounded triangles growing upwards. The remaining part of his head turned pink, dividing into two last segments, one larger while the other mostly composed of the bit of pink surrounding his main nozzle.

The rest of his head turned purple, the boy wincing as a spike pushed out from his forehead, extending up before the upper half turned pink. The same pink grew over the top portions of his side-spikes as another two pressures formed on the tips of both, two more grey nozzles taking shape.

He brought his arms up to look at them. They were so much smaller, not to mention shorter. They barely reached out in front of him! His tiny digits wiggled, feeling awkward and numb as they only seemed to shrink even further. He had lost two fingers on each hand and it seemed the rest would disappear soon.

Further and further their changes went, the two looking more similar by the second. Sally whimpered as she watched her flippers shrink down and down until they too had become small nubs, digits merging together as the tiny limbs turned purple. Her belly rounded, pushing her legs apart as most of her body turned the same purple as his.

The boy grimaced, looking down at his chest as it turned pink. He realized pointedly as he looked over his body that not a single bit of skin hadn't been changed at this point. He wasn't human, and there wasn't a hint on his body to indicate it anymore. Every

inch of his tiny body was purple or pink. Everything was so much larger, the ground so much closer. His head seemed to be about the same size of the rest of his body combined. It was ridiculous.

He didn't even acknowledge the blurring in his remaining human eye. It turned blue, starting from the pupil, at the same time that it grew wider and rounder, taking up the empty space on that side of his face and finally matching its counterpart.

The boy shook his head, putting his hands and legs underneath him, watching his fingers shrink away and disappear entirely and the last bits of his hair drop down underneath him as he pushed himself to stand up.

He wobbled, completely thrown off balance on his tiny stubby legs with so much of his body weight and center of gravity in his head. It was only his tail that kept him standing as he stared down at his entirely changed body, at a total loss for words.

His stubby purple limbs, the odd feeling of some sort of power running through his small body, how close the ground was. He was hyper aware of everything about his form in that moment, from his head to the tip of his slowly wavering tail. He wasn't sure how he felt about it, either. This was... a once in a lifetime event, something he'd never heard of happening.

He was... a Pokemon.

"A-ah... What... what did you do to us!?" a completely unfamiliar, light voice shouted behind him, breaking him out of his thoughts. George turned around, seeing a fearful looking purple and pink Pokemon on the ground, pointing an accusing arm at a white and yellow version of itself that was floating nearby.

For a moment the former boy was confused, before realization dawned on him. "...Sally?" he asked, gingerly taking a few awkward steps towards the Pokemon that looked like him.

The Pokemon in question darted her large head towards him at the sound of the name. Her cyan glowing eyes went wide-eyed before creasing in a worried grimace. "G-George... w-we...!" she began to protest, but couldn't bring herself to continue, her tiny arms crossing over her chest as her head drooped.

“You can talk-er”, George shook his head, stepping forward and gripping one of his former Popplio’s arms. “I can understand you now!”

“Y-yes, that’s nice and all, b-but our bodies...!”

“It’ll be alright, Sally. We’re still together, after all, we can get through this!” He smiled as comfortingly as he could. “Can you stand? I can’t imagine how weird it is suddenly having legs...”

The other purple Pokemon frowned, carefully trying to push herself up as her companion held her as steady as he could. “Th-this is all so ridiculous... there’s no way this is what evolution is supposed to be like...” she murmured.

George continued to hold the former Popplio. The boy was still in awe over the fact that he could actually hear her words. Here he was, having a conversation with a Pokemon! He tried to hold back his excitement over this fact considering how his friend was handling the situation.

“Haha~ That’s the spirit you two!” Another voice suddenly cheered, causing both of them to jump a bit. They turned towards the floating, white and yellow Pokemon. There was a wide, excited smile on its face as it looked over them. “I wasn’t expecting to get both of you, but hey, this works out! And neither of you are panicking, that’s a lot better than I was expecting!” She beamed, before clearing her throat. “Buuuut I’m just droning on. Sorry, sorry, I’m just so excited. I’m being rude. Ahem, how are you feeling~?”

George just looked at the Pokemon weirdly. Really, this one sounded like a sugar-filled child. Which was saying something considering he himself was a preteen at best.

“Uh...” George struggled to find proper words. “Okay, I guess...?” Aside from becoming a different species, he had to admit that he felt... good, so it wasn’t a lie.

Sally, on the other hand, avoided looking at her white copy, a grimace on her face as she remained silent.

The off-color Pokemon noticed her discomfort, of course. A small pout crossed her face as she began floating towards the former water-type. “Hey, hey, look, it’s not soooo bad-”

She was interrupted by George, stepping in the way and standing between her and Sally. "Sorry, but you got a whole lot of explaining to do before I even think about letting you near her!" he tried to be as threatening as he could despite his teenier body. Of course, the other Pokemon could have just floated around him, but to her credit she seemed to back off, waving her stubby arms defensively.

"Right, right, sorry. I do owe you guys an explanation, right? Haha. I'm just... so excited, sorry. Okay, okay!" The Pokemon cleared her throat. "Alright, let's get comfy and start from the beginning!"

She unceremoniously sat down in the grass and waited. The other two looked at each other before George sighed and sat down, helping Sally sit next to him. After Sally awkwardly wiggled into a comfortable position, George motioned towards the mystery Pokemon.

She nodded, then rose her head. "Right! So, you're probably wondering what you are, right? Well, what we are! That thingy you had before didn't have anything on me, you said, not really a surprise, since I'm not really "from" here. I'm-- we" she corrected, "are Poipole!"

"Poipole...?" George repeated, looking down at his body once more, before looking back up to the original. "What did you mean by not from here?"

"Well, I'm what you'd call an Ultra Beast! We're kind of like Pokemon, but we're from another dimension!" She said proudly, before holding a hand up to stop their questions. "I came here through a Wormhole from Ultra Space. That's where I'm from!"

"Uh, wait wait wait--" George shook his head, while Sally for her part just stared in disbelief at the cheerful Poipole, mouth hanging open. "A *wormhole*? So, you just... walked through a portal and came here? That... what?"

"Heehee, it's not really as neat as it sounds. Honestly, going through an Ultra Wormhole just makes me feel a little queasy every time, so I don't make a habit of it. I wasn't planning on going back until I finished my business here~"

"...And was changing us part of your business?" Sally glared at the Ultra Beast.

"Eheh... well, kinda sorta..."

“What do you mean kinda? Why come to another dimension and go through all this trouble?” George questioned.

The Poipole blushed, poking her hands together. “Weeeeell... this is a bit embarrassing to say out loud but... I was looking for... well, a playmate.”

The other two were silent. After a few seconds of staring, Sally leaned forward. “A *playmate*?”

“Look, okay, I know it sounds like a small deal, but... you have no idea what it’s like back home. Poipole are really rare, you know? I’ve only ever seen... like... a couple. It’s ridiculously lonely not having anyone of your own kind around, okay?” The Poipole frowned. “I was desperate.”

Another period of silence before the Poipole sat up happily. “But then I stumbled through a Wormhole for the first time! It was insane! But even crazier, you see, I got totally attacked by this big Pokemon for wandering into its territory, and get this, I’m apparently a really special kinda Poipole! My gas turns regular Pokemon into Poipole! ...Well, it’s probably not a surprise to you, since you’ve experienced it, but it was a huge shock to me and the other guy!”

George glanced over to Sally, noting the upset look on her face, and cleared his throat. “Um... maybe get to the point?”

“Ahaha, right, erm,” she poked her hands together again, before looking over to the male Poipole. “Well, after making sure my powers didn’t spread to the Poipole I made, the other Poipole sorta freaked out and swore revenge and ran off before I could talk to him. But... eheh, well, I got a real crazy idea then. This basically answered all my problems, you know? If I couldn’t find a Poipole, I could make one!” She stated, self-assuredly. “So I decided to scour around for a human my age that’d wanna play!”

“Wait, why a human?” Sally frowned, looking at the poison-type.

“Well, I figured they’d be... well, more comfortable with changing. Humans are really adaptable, you know? I mean, look at how well your human took his change!” The Poipole exclaimed with pride, darting forward and grabbing George’s hands.

“Wh-wha?”

"I knew it when I first looked at you! Right away I could tell you were nice! And how well you got along with your Pokemon! And that look in your eye, it's the same as mine! You were perfect!"

"Hang on!" Sally cried, awkwardly planting herself between the two. "You said you were looking for a human! A human! So does that mean...!?" She accused, a bit of panic in her voice.

Here, the Poipole looked embarrassed. She floated an inch above the ground and moved back. "Aheh... y-yeah... I... wasn't really aiming for you both. Just Geo--ah, your trainer." She caught herself from referring to him by name. They weren't that familiar yet, after all. "Honestly, the plan was to change him, and maybe if he wanted you could come with us, but you jumped in the way and... I kind of panicked and sprayed you both cause I didn't know if I'd get another chance to get him on his own."

Sally drooped, slumping over. "M-my body... I-I was looking forward to being a Primarina... an-and now I'm this... and it wasn't even part of your plan!?" She sobbed.

"I'm REALLY sorry. I'll do whatever I can to make it up to you! You both! I..." The Poipole, watching the sobbing ex-Popplio, started to tear up herself. "I just wanted a friend! I'm really really sorry for doing this, but I SWEAR if you give it a chance you'd love it! I'll even teach you a BUNCH of stuff, and not just about being Poipole!" She cleared her throat, blushing. "So... um... what do you think? Can we... erm... be friends?"

George looked conflicted, glancing between the two sniffing poison-types. Taking Sally's hand, he gave a glance to the original. "Can you give us a moment to talk things over? This was... kind of a lot to take in."

"R-right! Right! Haha, I'll just be over there if you need me!" The shiny Poipole got up, darting away with her back to the two, notably pretending not to glance behind her.

George sighed. She really was a child. Things like this just made it more obvious. Regardless, he had someone else to worry about. "Are you okay, Sally?" He started, patting the Poipole on the back.

"...O-our journey is over, isn't it? Just like that. No league, no going home, we're just... stuck like this," she mumbled. "Everything feels so different. Too different. I-I... I'm supposed to be a Popplio, not this, George. I feel like a stranger in my own body..."

He grimaced, rubbing the Pokemon's back. Even now, it was strange being at eye level and understanding her. Yet, it still hurt to see her so upset. "Who says the journey's over?"

"...What...?"

"Well, I mean, yeah, I guess my journey as a trainer is over, but it was going to end at some point anyway. We don't need any Pokemon League to have an adventure, though, Sally. I mean, just look at us! We can talk to each other, communicate, and there's a whole world, heck, two worlds, at LEAST, to explore as Poipoles!"

He gave a grin. "Plus, remember what I said? We're still together! That's enough, even if I'm a Pokemon now!"

"...Haha, good to know you're still optimistic even like this. I guess that means you didn't really change much after all." The Poipole giggled, before giving a glance towards the third member in the distance.

The boy looked over as well. "...She's like me."

"Huh?"

George frowned, looking down. "Alone, looking for friends. She's a kid like me, too. Maybe even younger? I can't really tell." He rubbed his head. "I feel bad for her? I mean, I at least got you, but she doesn't have anyone."

"...So you're really thinking of going with her?" Sally frowned. "Even after what she did?"

George thought to himself, humming slightly. "...I trust her. I dunno, I just have a gut feeling. Maybe cause I've been in the same place as her? I know it's hard to believe, but she really didn't want to hurt us." He smiled towards Sally. "I don't want to leave you behind, though. Do you think you could at least stick around and give her a chance?"

The Poipole sighed in defeat. With effort she managed to stand on her own. "Not like I have anywhere else to go. I'll be able to protect you if things mess up, too... I'll trust you on this."

“Good to hear!” The male Poipole beamed. “C’mon, let’s go tell her the good news!”

With a resolute nod, the two went over to speak to their white and yellow counterpart.

“Are you suuuuure you don’t want me to teach you how to float? It’s really fun!” The Poipole said, glancing over to the two below her, currently struggling to keep up on their tiny legs.

“Let’s leave any lessons on being Poipoles for another day.” George tiredly responded, just before moving to catch a tripping Sally and help her rebalance. “Or at least until we get somewhere cozier before it gets dark.”

“Siiiiigh. Fine, fine,” she finally relented. “We’re at the Wormhole anyway!”

The two ground-bound Poipoles glanced at it. The best way to describe it truly was a “tear” in the air. Or perhaps in reality itself. A hole that seemed to threaten to pull them inside and do who knows what or take them who knows where.

“Are you sure that thing’s safe?” Sally asked nervously.

“Sure! I’ve gone through it plenty of times! It’s a bit dizzying but it doesn’t really hurt! Think of it like spinning a lot except you’re also moving faster than time and space should let you!”

“Uh... huh.” Sally glanced over to George, who coughed awkwardly, looking away. He wasn’t the best with theme park rides...

“So, what are you waiting for? C’mon, c’mon!” Poipole whined. “You don’t need me to push you in, right?”

“No pushing!”

“How about you go on ahead and make sure the other side is safe? I’ll help her through and then come through last.” George offered.

“Mmmn... fine. Don’t keep me waiting, though. I have a lot to show you!”

The Poipole headed for the wormhole. She turned around and gave one more wave before zipping through and disappearing.

This left only the two purple Ultra Beasts alone. Both watched the flickering wormhole. It filled them with anxiousness just watching the... strange thing.

“Are you really okay?” George finally asked, looking over to his companion.

“...Not really. But... we’re together. I think I’ll be fine.” She affirmed, looking back at him. “How about you? Aren’t you going to... you know, miss being human? There’s no way you’re taking this as well as she thinks you are, I know you.”

George frowned, looking back to the hole. “I... don’t know. My body feels really weird and wrong, and I don’t have anywhere to go back to, but... I feel like I didn’t really have much to go back to anyway. I’m thinking about what mom and dad are doing right now, without me there, wondering how long it’d take them to notice I haven’t called them or anything...” He shakes his head. “I don’t know. I guess I’m trying to look at the best.”

Sally giggled. “You sound so old, you know?”

“Bleeeh,” he retorted. Regardless, he took her hand and looked forward. “C’mon, I wanna see what’s so cool about Ultra Space after she kept talking about it on the way here.”

The Poipoles laughed together. One gives the other a smile before they both faced the wormhole. As one, they entered the wormhole, leaving everything else behind for a new adventure.