

The Queen and Her Beauty

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains: Pokemon, Transformation, Gender Transformation, Possession, Soul Merging, Personality and Mental Rewriting, and is told in the First Person Perspective. If you don't like, don't looky.

In a corner of Hau'oli City, the largest city in the Alola Region, was a boring looking house that stood out just from how much it didn't stand out. Inside you would find an equally boring and rather scruffy looking man passed his glory years, probably with his desk and bed hidden under many papers, the air conditioning blasting on, and the glow of the computer screens obnoxiously being the main source of light in the bedroom.

This man's name was Paul. He was a retired trainer who now worked as a researcher. What was he researching?

Ultra Beasts.

A year ago or so, the existence of these things, Ultra Beasts, and the dimension they came from, was leaked to the scientific community. Evidently there was an incident involving them and the Aether Foundation. The details weren't particularly clear on that, but evidently the Aether Foundation were studying them or something.

I don't know. I hardly pay attention. Not like I'd provide much input to his research.

Oh, right. Yeah. Paul's my trainer. My name is Stella. I'm a Tsareena. Beautiful grass type, lovely legs, attractive eyes, all around quite an amazing Pokemon I'd recommend obtaining if you need a good Grass type. Not that I'm biased.

Anyway, as I was saying. Paul is my trainer. Or at least he was. Now he just does all this dumb science nonsense while I have nothing to do but lounge around. He doesn't even let me out of the house anymore without him! The nerve!

Oh, yeah, so, my relationship with Paul is a bit... strained, nowadays. Don't get me wrong, I don't hate him or anything. I appreciate all he's done for me. He raised me from a Bounsweet to a Tsareena (and a pretty great one at that!), he gave me my super adorable name, and he's actually a pretty great cook and knows how to really pamper a gal...

But now? Nothing. He's completely retired from being a trainer. I have absolutely nothing to do! He doesn't even take me to do that thing anymore!

No, not battling!

I meant *meeting hot guys*.

...

Oh, yeah, so this might be a little weird to say, but I've always been a bit... flirty around male Pokemon. What can I say, what's a queen without an entourage? A harem?

Some Pokemon might think I get a bit too heated over it, but I say huff! They're just jealous. A girl has needs, you know. It's not like I was breed crazy or anything, I just... well, liked having a good male of my tastes under my beck and call~

So what if I tended to lash out and attack other females if I think they're stepping on my turf? That's simply establishing dominance, a part of nature. Paul understood that! As long as I just didn't maim them (again) he was okay with it!

Or at least, he was, a long time ago before he ditched the battles (I wasn't really much of a fan anyway) and became a total downer. Now suddenly he's acting like my little quirk is a problem, getting in the way of his *super important business*. I haven't gotten any action in forever. He doesn't take me out to meet new Pokemon anymore, too busy to give ME attention instead of his dumb, boring "Ultra Beasts" that he's never even seen before, the nerve! I resorted to sneaking out and stirring things up on my own but he really didn't like that and installed locks on all the doors and windows. Same reason he won't leave me alone in the house anymore.

You'd think he doesn't trust me anymore.

So here I was, lying on my personal throne (a very lovely recliner), bored out of my skull and feeling particularly needy. If only Paul could really get me, you know? Understand my point of view-

"Stella! We're going out!" Paul called out.

"*What?*" I responded on instinct despite him not actually understanding me. I stood up and moved to him, watching him put his coat on.

"I got info on a spot where an Ultra Beast may have been spotted once. We're going to check it out." He nodded. Of course, and here I was getting excited about actually going out for once.

“Stay near me, okay? No more wandering off.” He scolded. I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms.

“*Whatever, ‘Master’.*”

Unexpectedly, when we got there, there was in fact signs of... something. I wouldn’t say an Ultra Beast, but the grass was heavily scarred and patchy and there were no Pokemon around as far as I could see, like they were staying clear of the place. As expected, though, there were no supposed beasts around either.

I got a bit of a bad feeling from here. From what I remember of Paul’s lectures, it was kind of odd we’d never seen an Ultra Beast at all. I remember him talking about a rumor of some trainer actually going out and *catching* all of them, but really.

I went back to being bored while Paul looked at the site. Since whatever was here scared off all the Pokemon, there wasn’t even any wild ones for me to look at!

I wonder if there were any hunky Ultra Beasts... What happened if we found one, anyway? Would Paul expect *me* to fight it solo if it turns out to be bloodthirsty and crazy? Honestly!

...

While I was thinking to myself, I realized that my bad feeling wasn’t really going away. I don’t know how to explain it, but...

It felt like there was something near us, watching us, waiting for... something.

I heard a rustle in the grass nearby and immediately turned. In the corner of my eye I saw... I have no idea how to describe it. It was like a really bright *thing*, like looking at the sun. Was THAT an Ultra Beast? Ooookay, maybe it was time to get Paul.

“*Paul! Paul! There’s something heeeere!*” I cried, tugging on his dumb labcoat. To my annoyance he just waved me off. Like, seriously!

“Not now, Stella, please. I’m looking at these markings... I think I’ve gotten some good samples too...” he muttered, totally off in his own little world.

“*Tapu Lele’s Fat Mother are you kidding me right now?!*” I curse at him. I hear another rustle of grass and turn around, but once again see nothing. “*There is clearly something here with u-*”

As I turned around to face my trainer again, I saw the *thing* I had noticed before. Thankfully, Paul finally saw it too, considering it was right in front of him.

The problem was, I had no idea what the thing was. It was this... bright light, like, really really bright, it hurt my eyes to look. And it didn’t look like there was anything beneath all that light. It was just this floating white thing. Every couple of seconds I felt like I vaguely saw the light take on the shape of something almost human but kind of wrong before I refocused my eyes and the shape was gone.

Paul was completely awestruck next to me. He dropped all his notes and samples and stared at the thing too. Neither of us made a move- me, him, or the light. Was this an Ultra Beast? It didn’t really look... Beastly. It looked more like a ghost or something, and I don’t mean the Type.

I don’t know how long had passed since we started looking. I felt kind of nervous. I don’t know why, but it felt like the light was staring back at me, at us. Judging us, looking between the both of us and looking for something. I wonder if it was trying to talk or something and we just couldn’t understand it.

I took a half step back and suddenly the light started moving. It moved at a truly blinding speed, practically diving towards us.

Or, more accurately, it dived towards Paul.

The weird light thing entered my trainer in a second. There was a flash and I heard him yell out in pain before it simply *disappeared* into him. Suddenly his eyes shot open wide, his head tilting back, his body going stiff. I was worried, of course, but it was even more worrying when his feet left the ground and he started rising in the air.

This wasn’t right. I may have had issues with him, but I definitely didn’t want anything bad happening to him! I tried to run to his side, although I had no idea what I planned on doing. Pull him down? Try and get the light to go away? “*Paul, what’s happe-*” I was cut off when the light got intense. Really intense. Shooting out from his entire body and pretty much blinding me entirely. All I saw for several seconds was white as I stumbled back away from him. I had to rub at my eyes to get the spots to go away, and once I could relatively see again I looked at my trainer once more.

Paul had his mouth hanging open and his eyes drowning in blue light, pupils gone. I wasn’t sure if he was even *there* anymore, but there was something else going on with him now. His body

was shaking, and his face was paling, brown skin getting whiter, more like mine, starting from his nose and spreading outward. Under his frumpy clothes he was getting thinner, like all the fat and muscle was being sucked out of him with a straw. I could see it, the way his clothes seemed to be getting looser, especially around his torso, his shoulders sinking and rounding out, the belt of his pants sagging and a bony thin waist visible underneath.

I didn't know what to do. He was... something unnatural was happening to him. Despite my instincts telling me to help, to *save my trainer*, just WHAT was there that I could do? I was frozen, my legs refused to budge, my eyes locked on him. Him and his transforming body.

With that I could see his hands convulsing, opening and closing repeatedly as if trying to grab something. He spread them open and I watched as the skin of his palms started turning a blue-ish grey. It wasn't just that, either. I could see his fingers getting thinner, almost monstrously thin and boney, his thumbs getting longer. That grey color spread up to his wrists which seemed to pitch in and section off from the rest of his arms.

My eyes were then drawn lower, to his legs, where I saw more of them visible from his pantlegs. At first I thought his pants were shrinking for some reason, but as I kept watching it was clear it was the opposite. His legs were growing. Longer and longer. And it was clear that they were thinning out too, like rubber being stretched, the longer they got the thinner they seemed to get up until his boots nearly touched the floor again.

I looked up and saw that his belly was poking out underneath his shirt now. At first I thought that he was once again being stretched out, but this time, ironically, it was actually his shirt that was shrinking. His dumb coat having been discarded after being too big to fit on his delicate, smaller shoulders, his undershirt was receding, pulling upwards, revealing his stomach and waist. He was never very muscular, and from what I recalled had a bit of a belly, but here I watched his stomach shrink away, practically pitching inwards along with his waist and sides like he was being wrung out. Yet, he never changed expression to show if he was in pain or not.

Instead his body just kept thinning while his shirt shrunk upwards. Oddly, despite his thinning frame the clothes didn't seem to get any looser. In fact, it almost seemed to cling to his body, or at least shrink with him. Its green color was getting pale, too.

At the same time, further up on his body, his neck seemed to be stretching. Again, he showed no pain as his neck suddenly grew longer and got thinner. It became smoother and rounder, too, his Adam's apple shrinking away as the skin paled and cleared. Blemishes were disappearing too, including that one mole he had. His neck had become almost exaggeratingly slender and smoothed out and it seemed to still be stretching and changing.

Further up, his head was becoming something entirely alien to me. The shape was... well, softening, for lack of a better term. His chin was rounding and smoothing, cheeks becoming less defined and boney, his beard falling away in clumps revealing white and completely smooth skin below. His lips were flattening and turning white similar to the surrounding skin. His pale white nose was getting smaller and rounder. His eyes becoming softer and wider. His head seemed to be getting a bit wider too, the height shrinking down as his chin and square jaw seemed to be softening and rounding away while his cheeks and eyes were pushing out width-wise.

Atop his head, I saw his hair, originally a dirty, moppy and inky brown, start to pale and whiten out. Not only that, but the texture was changing too, turning silkier and less clumpy, a lot smoother and less visibly oily. I could tell it was getting longer too, strands flattening out and extending like they were stuck in a wind tunnel.

It was clear to me that my trainer was transforming. Becoming something... not human. I probably should have gone to find help of some kind, but I didn't. I don't know what had come over me, but I was frozen on the spot watching, some kind of fascination with all of this happening to my trainer, me being completely captured by his magical glow. I was in awe.

His arms started to shake and convulse again, but I couldn't see what was happening due to his sleeves, although it looked as if they were getting a bit longer. I got my wish to see more when it looked like his sleeves seemed to roll themselves up. Although, upon closer inspection, it was actually that they were shrinking away, shrivelling and unravelling and exposing more of the arms underneath, up until they completely vanished leaving only the straps on his shoulders.

Parts of his arms were... very thin. The part connected to his wrists was practically a stick, while something weird was going on with his elbow region. His elbow itself was a grey-blue color much like his hands were, but they had also gotten a lot rounder, more like an oval completely separate from the two halves of his arms. The coloration on both sides of his arms further highlighted this separation, being a pale white that was slowly spreading to the rest of his arm. It was like his arm was divided into segments with this weird oval-like blue joint being the connector.

Downwards, his feet, or rather, his shoes were starting to change. On the tip of those ugly brown boots he'd had for years, I could see a pale color started to spread. The same grey-blue that was on his hands and elbows. His boots seemed to be getting thinner, slimmer, as if the feet underneath weren't even there. The sole itself sealed around his leg, moving downward to around his ankle, where the leathery boots also started turning grey-blue.

His pant legs then started to shrink upward, much like the sleeves of his shirt, pulling up and losing texture. Now that his pants were shrinking away I could see his legs, which were definitely longer and thinner. They seemed almost shapely, even, slender yet with a distinct soft

and round look. Almost like mine but of course a lot longer and not as pretty... not that I was paying attention to that. His pant legs seemed to stop shrinking around above his thighs and over his rear end, exposing his much thinner frame and long legs.

I was taken by surprise when atop his head the hairs suddenly bloomed outwards, growing dramatically in what must have been a few seconds. The really short white hairs had suddenly grown to almost reach his bottom. Not all the hairs did so, however. There was a distinct clump of hair, mostly the ones over his forehead, that, while still much longer than before, seemed to be going straight up. I noted that instead of the white that most of his hair had become, they were turning a greyer color at the tips and seemed to be sticking together into shaped points. Kind of like a crown, with the way it stuck out from the rest of his white hair and face, while two similarly colored thin blue orbs seemed to extend out from the crown.

Speaking of his face, it was barely recognizable as human and it was losing more of that human aspect as I watched. His nose had shrunk away entirely, leaving the spot between his eyes flat and smooth where I couldn't even see his nostrils. His eyes were changing shape, growing into pretty big semi-circles that took up quite a lot of space on his face, especially since his nose and ears had shrunk away and disappeared.

It was at this point that his shirt had paled entirely into a similar white color to his face and arms, maybe a tiny bit darker. The shoulders had shrunk away and disappeared leaving only a strapless white garment that mostly covered only his chest. Although, it didn't seem to actually be "clothes" anymore. The texture seemed to be just like his own smooth skin, and the way it stuck to his collar looked like it had merged to his body. Along with that, the hem seemed to extend outwards, kind of like a cone. The body underneath that cone was very thin, even thinner than his already thin hips, he was practically a stick! I noticed that, oddly, his torso seemed to have shrunk in overall height as opposed to the way his legs and arms and neck got longer in exchange for thickness.

On his legs, his knees seemed to swell and pop and convulse, taking on a grey-blue color while the skin around it turned a deep black. It also seemed to pitch in, flattening up against the new joint segment similarly to how his elbows were segmented away from his body. Maybe it was because of the way his legs were segmented, but I noticed how shapely his thighs were, as weird as it was to say. The black skin was spreading up them, blemishes and hair vanishing like magic, while a similar process went downwards.

As my eyes traced his legs (really weird to say), I noticed that his pants were altering. The hefty looking green pants had darkened dramatically, nearly black at this point, and all the zippers and pockets and the belt were fading and merging into the material that seemed to get smoother and darker. The waistline seemed to cling to his hips in a way that told me they had merged, while the hem of what remained of the legs frilled out slightly, like he was wearing very tight shorts.

Around his neck, a grey-blue growth of some kind started to grow, pushing out from her slim and smooth collar. It appeared to be some kind of, well, collar, growing entirely around the base of her neck and separating it from the rest of his body while his neck continued stretching out. At the base of his head a line seemed to form, segmenting it from his neck as well.

Back on the collar, something seemed to grow out from it, or rather, ‘underneath’ it, extending outwards and stretching out in a wide yet thin cone. This new growth, just as white as his head, neck, and completely whitened upper arms, grew out, circling around her small shoulders and hiding them entirely. The cone grew until it covered all of his shoulders and upper chest, including where the line separating his former shirt from his body was.

Further down, something else started growing. It was another cone-like segment, this time extending out from underneath his off-white top. This one, as opposed to the pure white or off-white of the upper two segments, was a more notable grey color, and it continued to push outwards in a curled cone until it grew to cover up his slim belly, if it could be called that.

I looked up to his face, my eyes drawn there for some reason, perhaps from the way the light seemed to dance and lead me around, and saw more changes take on his head. The eyelashes around his eyes seemed to grow larger and more prominent, even more than mine, and much more pointy too. Large black lashes that gave his eyes a very... feminine and alluring look. On that ‘crown’ of his hair, those two growths coming from the longest points of the crown seemed to be growing larger, and I could see now the two grey-blue orbs along with the white connectors coming out from them and down to his crown. Those were antennae, clearly.

Behind his crown, his(?) hair seemed to move on its own now instead of being blown to and fro by an invisible wind. I watched as the even longer than before strands, which at this point were at least passed his bottom and almost to his knees, started to take on a more round arc-like shape, the strands almost impossibly aligning themselves to form their new shape. They seemed to be changing in texture and I could see them merging together. I could almost see through the white ‘hair’ now, and it was clear it wasn’t exactly ‘hair’ anymore. Or at least the hair that was finished changing wasn’t hair anymore.

Further below, down below the grey section of his belly, yet another section started growing out, although this one was closer to black, yet still just a bit lighter than his black shorts and legs. The cone was a bit wider than the two above it so it could clearly go over his hips and waist, concealing where his “shorts” connected to his body. With the way it draped around his hips, it looked a lot like a skirt, really.

By this point, my attention was drawn back to his hands. They were long enough to reach his knees, and I could see all of his fingers aside from his thumb, practically as thin as twigs while

his thumb was a more reasonable width, start to stick together. All of the digits had lost their nails, and as they merged together the tip of the now single digit sharpened and curved slightly to more of a claw-like shape, his thumb doing the same on its own. Both of the digits looked to be separate from each other, with the palms of his hands gone and both digits simply sticking out from one thin end of his arm. Both of his arms were now white much like the upper sections.

His shoes— or rather, his new feet, as it was clear that they had merged completely to his body, looked a bit similar to his hands. They were entirely thin and ended in a single point, and as the color spread to turn them completely grey, I noticed that from his heels (if he even had heels anymore) another ‘digit’ grew out, separate from the other and extending the other way. It reminded me of those shoes that some human females wore.

Her (By this point the fact that this was my trainer had slipped my mind) body seemed entirely done, but her face seemed to still be altering. Her eyes finished their reshaping, wide semi-circles that seemed to end just below his ‘crown’ while her lips, barely visible on the rest of her white face, shrank away to leave a thin, small mouth.

The hair that made up her crown solidified, individual grey-blue strands merging together to form one mass. The crown had three small points in the center while those were flanked by the two longer and sharper points that extended above her eyes.

From that crown, the antennae continued to grow, extending and then hanging down from the side, almost purposely hanging in a way to frame her body as the two feelers at the end nearly reached her feet and the floor below. Her ‘hair’ behind that finished hardening. It seemed to be composed of two segments that would have gone passed her legs if they didn’t curve inward to either side, ending in sharp, thin points.

I barely noticed as the bright light coming from her body finally went away, and yet her body still seemed to glow majestically. I didn’t move as her feet finally met the ground, softly touching the grass and adjusting to balance herself. Her eyes stopped glowing, revealing large, gem-like purple irises and watery blue pupils.

She opened her mouth, releasing a soft sigh before looking down at her body. One hand moved to her hip, while the other went up to her face, gingerly touching and tracing her cheek before moving down to brush down her torso. “*Aaaah... a body again, how wonderful...*” her voice was melodic and elegant, enough to make me jealous. I watched wide-eyed as she looked herself over. “*Mmm... it appears the merge was successful, yes, I recall everything, excellent...*” she noted to herself. “*It will take a while to adjust, but I will live... hm, strange, I feel I’m forgetting something.*”

She blinked, then looked down to me. *“Oh, that’s right!”* Her smile was oddly gentle as she approached me, a sway to her hips. *“Stella, dear, are you alright? I’m fine, it’s still me... partially. I’m sure you have a lot of...”* She tilted her head and looked at me with concern in those wonderfully beautiful eyes that made my heart flutter. She bent down, and I got a closer look at her face. So pretty... *“Stella, are you still with me?”* She asked, but I wasn’t really paying attention. Her voice was like a song, and her everything was so... so perfect, almost impossibly so. I was in complete awe of the thing before me, more beautiful than any Pokemon I’ve ever se-

I felt a hard sting on my cheek and suddenly I forgot what I was thinking about. Instead, I stumbled back and quickly nursed my cheek. *“WHAT THE CRAP WAS THAT FOR!?”* I shouted angrily, glaring towards the being. For some reason she was a lot less attractive in my mind. Well, she was still pretty impressive, but it felt like the picture was ‘clearer’ somehow.

She held a ‘hand’, if it could be called that, up in peace. *“Forgive me, Stella. I had to snap you out of it. I must have been releasing quite a lot of pheromones during the transformation.”*

“Did you have to hit so hard? This face is merchandise, you know!” I growled, glaring upwards at the tall thing in defiance. My anger at getting slapped soon gave way when I remembered just what, and who, I was looking at. *“W-wait, you know my name... Paul! Paul, is that... is that still you? What... what happened?”*

She sighed as I gazed at her. *“Yes, yes, I wanted to explain. This is all a lot to take in, I’m sure. At least I could skip explanations with the human, er, me.”* She gave a smile. *“I’ll explain everything, but to ease your biggest fear, yes, it’s me... ugh, ‘Paul’.”* She shuddered in disgust at the name. *“Ugly name aside, I’m still here, just quite a bit different.”*

I crossed my arms. She certainly wasn’t *acting* like Paul. The way she spoke and carried herself was far too feminine, too confident and casual. If anything she was acting more like me. She seemed to notice my concern and nodded. *“Let me just explain, come...”* she looked down to the grass and seemed to wince. *“On second thought, I’d rather stand. I need to get used to having legs again, or, rather, having different legs, anyway. A bit confusing figuring out which one specifically.”*

“You... really aren’t making much sense. Are you really my trainer? What was that light?” I asked, sitting down and watching her cautiously.

“That light was me.” I glared at her, and she rose her hand once more to stop my questions. *“Well, the former me that wasn’t me... oh, this is very difficult to explain. Okay, let me just start from the beginning once more in a way that’ll be simpler to follow. I promise it will make sense.”* She probably saw the doubt on my face, but I nodded and motioned her to start. She nodded back and brushed her chest before beginning her ‘story’.

“What you may call Ultra Beasts, as you know, live in a different dimension, here known as Ultra Space. Originally, this dimension and Ultra Space were entirely separate from each other, however; there existed a way to create a temporary bridge. The Ultra Wormholes. These... things, were dangerous, and I’m still not entirely sure who or what could go about making one reliably, but a year or two ago someone on this side had managed to open up several, and quite a few Ultra Beasts managed to go through before they closed. I also believe a couple of humans and Pokemon from this side managed to go through to Ultra Space, but I do not have the full details on that.”

I nodded, following along so far. Most of this was stuff I vaguely recalled from Paul’s research. I didn’t know about the ‘humans and Pokemon going through to the other side’ bit, though. “Now,” she started again, *“this is where the hero of our tale comes in. Back in Ultra Space, there was a Pheromosa— that’s my species, by the way,”* she motioned to herself before continuing, *“who had learned of the events and... got curious. Perhaps recklessly so. You see, Ultra Space was rather... dull and lifeless aside from her fellow beasts. Most of them were frightened by the dangerous, unclean world beyond those Wormholes, sucking up those nearby, and only a handful ever returned... but not this Pheromosa. She was always a rather special case among her kind. Both in body and mind... and so after hearing of it, she tried to enter the other world, that is, this world.”*

“And that Pheromosa is you...?” I asked. She simply smiled thinly before continuing on.

“We’ll get to that soon. You see, this Pheromosa had a rather, in hindsight, utterly ridiculous and wild plan to create a Wormhole on her own end for her to jump through. This plan involved harassing a few of the stronger beasts and tampering with forces she probably should not have, but eventually it worked. A rather unstable hole was made and she went through it and found herself here. Except there were a few... problems.” She cleared her throat, making a show of it. *“She had lost her body on the trip through. Her physical form was gone, and all that was left was her essence, her soul, floating without a shell.”*

“That light.” I pointed out. She nodded.

“Yes, that light. That was m-... her. She desperately needed a body, you see. She was afraid, alone in an alien world without any form. What would happen to her if she did not have a body? Would she be doomed to simply float about forever without feeling? Would she disappear? With those thoughts in mind she went to find a... replacement.”

“And you, I mean, “she” found us?”

“Correct again. She found two possible hosts, you and your human, and despite her reluctance to ‘use’ another life to save her own, had to make a decision. She chose the human Paul as his own essence seemed less bright. Easier to meld and combine with. Thankfully, once she attached to his soul, he seemed willing to understand her woes and share his body. There was no struggle, there was only an intermingling of two souls to create one that would share equal parts of both without overwriting or harming either.” She gestured to herself. *“That would be me.”*

Everything was quiet. I guess the story was over and she was waiting for my response. It was... wow. It was a LOT to take in. I wanted to be angry at Paul for doing something so completely STUPID. And I wanted to be angry at this Pheromosa for doing something JUST AS STUPID, if not MORE STUPID. But apparently both were gone- or, at least, both were now all mixed up like a poffin to create the Pheromosa in front of me. *“So... you’re my trainer and that Pheromosa?”* She nodded, those big colorful eyes looking right at me. Probably trying to figure out what I was thinking. Honestly, I wasn’t sure myself. I sighed in defeat. *“And I take it there’s no fixing this, huh?”*

“From my perspective, there isn’t really much that needs fixing.” She smiled, a hand on her hip. *“I feel quite good, actually, much more youthful and fit than the human body, smarter than the original Pheromosa body... but, no, as far as I know, there is no reversing the process. We’ve melded together far too much. It’s hard for me to even split apart where one set of memories ends and the other begins.”*

I grumbled, shaking my head. *“So what do we do now, then, ‘Paul’?”*

“Pheromosa, please.” She gave a smaller, shyer smile. *“It feels more... right, in this body. And I’m sure calling such a thing of beauty a frumpy name like Paul would be weird for both of us.”*

“Fine, fine, whatever, what do we do now, Pheromosa?”

“Mm... well, I’m not too certain. To be quite honest, I’m not particularly feeling up to that original Pheromosa’s desire to ‘explore the mysterious new world’ anymore, and it seems Paul managed to get his goal of finding an Ultra Beast and learning more about them after all, considering my mind already has all the knowledge he wanted anyway...”

“So... what, then? Are we just... going home?”

She paused, then shook her head. *“Mm... no. It would be silly to go back home in this state. I think it would be best to find another home for myself, somewhere far and isolated from humans. And then... hmm... perhaps I’ll find a few mates and settle down. May as well REALLY make myself at home with this body and colorful world I’m in~”*

I stared at her, then went wide-eyed. “Wh-, MATES?”

She blushed. “Oh, my, did I say that out loud? Oh well, it’s not like you were any better, Stella, dear” she chuckled. “Let’s just say the Pheromosa part of me had certain needs and other reasons for coming here. And, well, let’s both be mature women here and admit it. I look perfect by normal Pokemon standards. If you got it, flaunt it, no?”

I just continued to stare in disbelief. She chuckled as she turned away, a hand on her chin. “Humm... I suppose first I should find a home. I suppose a cave of some kind would be best. Oh, but finding a clean and empty one will be a bother...”

I shook my head and focused. “Clean?”

She gave a dramatic sigh. “Yes. This world is so gross and dirty. Keeping my pristine and beautiful visage while hunting for a home and mate will be such hard work... oh, forgive me, Stella, I almost forgot about you! Listen... I know it’s a bit odd, given who I may have been before, and knowing that I may not exactly be them anymore, but... would you still like to be with me? Not as trainer and Pokemon, but perhaps as friends or roommates? I wouldn’t mind having company, and I still do care about you. Of course, I’ll understand if you want to go your own way...”

This was just weird. Paul, er, Pheromosa... well, I saw a lot of me in her. I mean, she had ‘my’ interests, and she actually cared about being clean! The idea of going back to the wild or something... well, it didn’t really appeal to me. I mean, he got on my nerves, but I didn’t want to ditch him, even if he was... well, not himself anymore. The pampering and cleaning was nice, too...

This was the perfect opportunity, in a weird way! Finally, someone who UNDERSTOOD me! “I’d love to go with you!” I grinned.

She smiled, hands together. “I’m glad to hear that, Stella! I didn’t want to go off completely alone, to be honest.” she chuckled. “Are you completely sure, though? I mean... you’ll be going with me.”

“Yeah, so?” I crossed my arms.

“Well, I know how you get around males. And I don’t want you getting jealous or anything when they all start flocking to me instead of you.” she stated way too smugly for my liking.

“What!?” I shouted, glaring daggers at her. She actually SMIRKED at me.

“Let’s face it, dear. It’s simply a matter of fact that they’ll all come crawling to me what with my pheromones...~”

“Oh, now I KNOW you’re just trying to pick a fight! You know what!? I’m actually happy you’re a Pokemon now, cause I have a ton of frustration to take out against my dumb trainer!”

“Oh, dear, did I upset you, Stella?~” she sung, cocking her hip. “I’m merely stating the obvious... although, I AM much more attractive than you, so even without the pheromones... The boys love a tall girl, don’t they...?~”

“Oh it is ON.” I growled. She seemed to get the idea and stepped back a few feet, getting herself ready for the upcoming battle too. It was weird, knowing that I was going to beat down my former trainer... but he had it coming.

...

I may have been a bit out of practice.

That was a more elegant way of saying that I got my beautiful white butt handed to me. Something I discovered about Pheromosas: They were very fast, and those legs weren’t just for looks.

I looked up at the Ultra Beast, who simply offered a smile and kneeled down closer to me. She offered a hand which I reluctantly took and she helped me stand. *“You know, Stella dear, you’re quite smart, but picking a fight with me was a bit foolish.”*

I grunted, ignoring my sore everything and looked at her. *“And why is that?”*

“You seem to have forgotten that I used to be your trainer. You know, the one who taught you everything you knew about fighting and raised you?”

I decided not to comment.

“Also, Pheromosas are all part Bug type.”

“Okay, okay, in my defense, there was no way I’d know that part.” I grumbled.

She giggled. *“You were pretty impressive, though. To think that was your first time fighting an Ultra Beast. And you were out of practice, too!”*

"I... was impressive?" I blinked, looking at her.

"Oh, very. The part of me that was your trainer is a bit proud." she chuckled. *"Perhaps if you kept training you might even rival me one day."*

Rival, huh...?

I stood up, crossing my arms. *"Hmph. Fine then. You may have won... this time, but I'll get you next time. I just need to brush up on my training again."* I glared defiantly up towards the tall smug stick of a Pokemon, who only smiled back.

"Hmmm... well, I must admit, I'm looking forward to seeing if you'll own up to those words." The moment of tension sparked between us, and I think we both knew that our relationship had changed then. No more trainer and Pokemon, no more 'roommates', now... now we were rivals.

"But anyway-" she suddenly spoke out, breaking my train of thought. *"We need to get home hunting, no? It's getting late, after all. And I think we could both use a good cleaning up after that battle. What do you say?~"*

"...Hmph, fine."

But I won't pretend to like it!

So, what happened then? Well... pretty much exactly what Phero said she'd do next. We found a real nice and cozy cave with a lot of room and called it home. I'll admit, I missed the bed at first, but Phero really worked wonders to turn it into as luxurious a cave could be.

It was a pretty great love nest.

My dynamic with her was really... different, now. Some days it was weirder than others. Those times where I saw just a bit of Paul's old personality and quirks shine through, reminding me just who Phero was before.

Oh, by the way, I started calling her Phero now. Pheromosa was way too long of a name. At least Paul had taste in names before!

Anyway, back to what I was saying. Just like she said she would, she frequently went hunting for mates. I did too, but we (mostly) stayed out of each other's way.

...Which didn't change the fact that she always brought home what was practically a harem of different males every time, while I only brought around half as much on a good day. Those dang pheromones. I bet I'd bring triple what she brought home if I had them, but noooo. It's totally not cheating!

...Not that it was a competition.

...Well, okay, maybe it was.

Oh well, at least there were SOME males out there with *taste* that didn't let themselves get won over just because she apparently smelled really good or something. The variety out here was nice too. All sorts of potential mates to play with that I'd never have gotten a chance to even look at and appreciate the eye candy, much less 'play' with back with Paul! So, whatever, Phero might have me beat on number, but I was a winner in spirit, and that's what mattered.

Anyway, remember how I said we "mostly" stayed out of each other's way? Well... sometimes we set our eyes on the same guy, and like civilized Pokemon we fairly discussed who would get the first shot on him.

In other words we fought.

We fought a lot.

Of course, she beat me every time, so far, but I could tell I was getting closer. Whatever, so what if she got the dumb muscle for a cheap fling every time. It's not like I was bitter or anything.

Strangely there were a few times where she let me have the guy we were fighting over anyway. Saying she lost interest or saw someone cuter in the distance while we were fighting or something.

This was one of those times.

"Ugh... you know, you don't have to pity me, Phero." I grumbled, huffing on my spot on the ground. *"The whole 'I'm not interested anymore' act is getting old."*

She chuckled. *"It's not pity, Stella dear."*

“Yeah, then what do you call it?” I sat up, glaring at her. She looked a bit worse for wear, but probably not as bad as me.

“I’m just impressed by your effort, is all~ Your determination to surpass me continues to impress me~” She giggled. *“You keep getting closer and closer. Why, if I didn’t know any better, you just might beat me one day! If only you applied this kind of effort to things aside from getting boys, ohoho~”*

“...You’re enjoying this, aren’t you? Even by Pokemon standards you’re kind of a freak, you know that?” I huff. *“Honestly. Looking forward to getting defeated, what in the world?”*

“Mmm, maybe it’s my pride as your former trainer~ But still, the idea of you getting the one up on me is a bit exciting~” She shrugged her arms playfully, cocking her hip. *“Well, you should probably get cleaned up before you go work your ‘magic’, dear. If you don’t mind me, I thought I saw a hunky new ‘catch’ over there the other day...~”*

I watched her saunter off, leaving me sore and annoyed. Seriously, what was with her? It’s like she was treating this like a game or something! *“Uuugh.”*

I stared up at the sky.

Despite the soreness, wounded pride, and how much I wanted to wipe that smug smile off of Phero’s pretty face, I was happy. She still took care of me just like Paul did, and she still talked to me and cared about me just like he did, but she felt like an equal. We saw eye to eye, we told each other all sorts of things, we shared plenty of interests (despite how often those interests led to brawls I happened to lose).

And all the boys were a pretty great bonus. Around here I felt like a true queen, a diva! So what if she happened to get more boys (and sometimes stole my own catches), I still got more action than I ever did when I was with Paul.

The fights were pretty fun too, I guess. Never anything serious.

So yeah, I was happy. Honestly, I couldn’t imagine things getting better than how they were now.

...

Well, that’s not true.

I still wanted to kick her ass and finally win, after all.

Now **that** would be the day.