

The Smuggest Of The Best

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains TF, FtM TG(?), Plushification, Pokemon, Mental Changes/Personality Rewriting, Assimilation/Corruption, and many, many, many uses of the words “Best”, “Perfect”, and “Smug”. If this isn’t your thing, read something else. I am the best.

Money.

Power.

Fame.

Happiness.

Things people seek, things people are taught to seek. Sometimes, these things overlap, sometimes you have to give one thing up for another. It’s the same everywhere, right? It’s kind of silly, really, the way people pursuit these things all the time and they don’t really know why.

What really matters, I think...

Is being better.

Striving to be the best. As long as you can do something greater than anyone else can do, don’t you think that all those other things will naturally come to you? That’s what I think. I may be young, but I feel like that’s the truth of it.

My name is Eleanor. I won’t say my last name, since that tends to give people an impression of me, but suffice to say, my dad is the head of an Electronics company, so my last name has a lot of weight to it.

Don’t get me wrong, I’m proud of my parents, and love them a lot. They gave me whatever I wanted, and the biggest bedroom in the estate!

But, that’s connected to what I was talking about before.

My parents always said to “strive for perfect”, and I agreed. But I think our reasons are different. I think they meant so I could be successful, like them. Good grades, good studies, eventually inherit the company, etcetera etcetera.

No. You know why I strive for perfect?

There's nothing more satisfying than perfect. Knowing you've mastered what others couldn't. Just think about it! Not just knowing you're the best, but making sure others know it too, through your own ability!

What really stinks, though, is getting all that power and money and whatever else for nothing! What's being the head of a company if it's just GIVEN to you! That doesn't prove anything to anyone! If anything, it just proves your PARENTS are better, not you!

I won't stand for it!

That's why.

Why as soon as I became of age I left to be a Pokemon Trainer. I would get away from simply being an heiress and do something to PROVE that I'm great. I'd be the best Trainer Kalos has ever had, nothing would stop me!

...

"Braixeeeee, don't give me that look!" I complained, looking down at the fire type. She crossed her arms, giving me that 'worried and disappointed' look she just loved to give.

Braixen is my starter. Well, technically, she was a Fennekin when she became my starter, but semantics. She's my most valued Pokemon and friend. I would usually bounce ideas or really just my own thoughts off of her.

She liked to fuss with me, for some reason. Today seemed to have gotten more out of hand than usual, since it felt like we were getting into a full-blown argument.

I had deposited my other Pokemon at the PC in the Pokemon Center so I could give Braixen some personal training. We had some trouble in that last gym and I wanted to make sure that didn't happen again.

"I just think that we could use some work." I huffed. "We got a bit scuffed during that challenge, you know! One bit of carelessness could lead to more, and then where will we be!"

Braixen protested. I could imagine what she was saying, it had become pretty easy to read her body language ever since she could walk on two legs. Something like '*oh, silly Eleanor, there's nothing wrong with having trouble with a challenge, that's why it's called a challenge!*'. Maybe with a silly Braixen-y accent.

"It's not enough to just win, Braixen, what do I always say? Strive for perfect!" I boasted. "Could you imagine the SHAME I, no, WE would all feel if a trainer challenged that gym right after us and swept the entire gym?"

Braixen looked at me, flatly, and said a single, well, noise. *'Not at all. You're fussing over nothing and as long as we reach the League and win THAT I don't think it matters how we perform on the way there.'*

Is what I imagined she'd say.

"Ugh!" I felt like I was being flamethrowered in the heart. "You're missing the point, Braixen. It matters to ME, isn't that enough to get you pumped up?" I questioned. "What's the point of winning if you can't win in the best way possible? Where's the honor, where's the adoration, where's the spotlight?"

Braixen put her paws on her hips. Here it comes.

She wasn't exactly a fan of all my boasting after a battle. Suffice to say.

What's wrong with boasting? I didn't see a problem with telling people you were the best and unbeatable as long as it was true!

"You're making a big deal out of nothing, Braixen." I huffed. "Really, isn't it HEALTHY to have self-confidence?"

"Oh, I would definitely agree. There's nothing wrong with boasting."

"See, I'm glad you under-" I paused, looking to Braixen, who looked confused. "Braixen! Did you learn to talk? Your voice is more... manly than I imagined."

"Hahaha~ Pardon, no, but that would be me." It was a strange voice, one that didn't seem to hit my ears, yet I could still "hear" it and pinpoint a direction. Braixen and I looked towards a bush, where a Pokemon stepped out.

Or, at least, I think it's a Pokemon.

It was some sort of tiny green and cream Pokemon with a big pointy nose and a long tail that reminded me of leaves. My first instinct was to think it was a grass type, but...

From here I could see it, the seams, the sleek and artificial skin, with visible bunching and creases in its folds.

I knew there were Pokemon out there that took the form of dolls, but I don't recall them having that appearance.

"Oh, my... that looks like a rare Pokemon, doesn't it Braixen?" I ask, forgetting about our argument as I prepared a Luxury ball. I was certain that there was no Pokemon near here that matched this description, so I assumed it was a rare find! Fitting for the best trainer, I'm sure.

"Oh, please." The Pokemon rose a plush hand. **"I am not interested in fighting, nor being captured. Not that you ever could come close."**

I was confused. This... Pokemon, was it the source of the voice? Its mouth wasn't moving... in fact, I don't think it could. Its mouth seemed to be merely sewed on, permanently fixed in a confident looking yet endearing smirk. "Are you... talking?"

"Indeed I am. Merely one of the things I can do, really." He bragged. **"Regardless, I couldn't help but overhear your conversation, forgive me for intruding."** The weird plush Pokemon stepped forward, eyes looking at me and Braixen, who looked ready to get between us.

"So... what? ...Wait, did you say you agreed with me?" I blinked. It was odd having someone actually AGREE with me on these things.

"That's right." The Pokemon nodded at me. **"Boasting is only natural. It's the reward those who are strong get for proving their superiority to those who are weak, isn't it?"**

I smiled, no, grinned. "That's what I'm saying!"

"If someone doesn't like it, then shouldn't they just climb up so it doesn't happen again? What's the purpose of forcing someone higher on the ladder to stoop down to a lower level just to make the weak happy?"

"Right! Gosh, see, Braixen! There's nothing wrong with it!" I looked to my Pokemon, who seemed unsure whether she should be watching the new Pokemon or looking disapprovingly at me.

"Although... from what I'm seeing... you yourself could use some work," the Pokemon said thoughtfully, mockingly. My grin left my face as I looked at him. **"Oh, don't mistake me, I think it's wonderful that you are so sure of yourself, but really. THE best? It's amusing to me, is all."**

"And what do YOU know? What kind of Pokemon are you anyway?"

“Oh, I got ahead of myself, apologies. You can call me... Smugleaf.” The Pokemon said, posing quite haughtily. ***“And what I mean is... while you certainly MAY be great, with the way you are now, you won’t reach the “Best”.”***

“What do you mean by THAT?”

“That I believe I can help you, miss...?”

“Eleanor.”

“Miss Eleanor. I know of a way to make you better than you already are, if you would let me.”

“Really? How!?” I got a bit excited.

“I’ve learned quite a few things in my travels, and have quite a few abilities as well.”
Smugleaf said in that bragging tone of his.

I don’t know. For some reason, I believed him fully. Maybe it was just the way he carried himself, maybe it was my own excitement over finding a like-minded individual, even if it is a Pokemon. Really, the fact that it was a Pokemon made it even more enticing! It was clear Smugleaf was incredibly special. Maybe some kind of... secret legendary!

“Alright, I’ll do it!” I said. Braixen made a strained noise, grabbing my arm, but I ignored her.

Smugleaf nodded. ***“Excellent, Eleanor. You won’t be disappointed, I promise you. In fact, if you’re dissatisfied, I’ll even let you catch me.”*** He chuckled, like he was in on some joke. ***“Ah, but, I would prefer to do this at night, if you do not mind.”***

“Why night?”

“Less chance someone may eavesdrop or peek in on us, you see.” Smugleaf crossed his arms. I figured it made sense, since if he was some kind of super special legendary, the less attention he brought, the better.

So I agreed.

Smugleaf decided to tag along with Braixen and I until night came and we made camp. He was actually pretty interesting, and I felt like we had a lot in common. For starters, he agreed with my entire philosophy. There was nothing better than being better than others, and there was

nothing wrong with having an “ego”, as other people called it. It was just well-deserved confidence in yourself and abilities!

It was honestly just great having someone who wouldn’t shoot me down! Usually when I got passionate like this, Braixen would give me a *look* and try to shut me up!

...Speaking of which, I got the feeling she wasn’t really a fan of him.

“So that’s when I started my journey. And now, here I am, 4 badges in!” I finished my story.

Braixen made a comment, and for some reason Smugleaf chuckled. I looked at him in confusion. **“Ah. Your Braixen was just saying that you skipped quite a bit in your tale, miss Eleanor.”**

“Well, I didn’t want to bore our guest with describing every dull battle or something. Just the important parts!” I defended myself. “...Oh, you can understand Braixen?” I asked, stunned. “Oh, well, of course you can, you’re a Pokemon.”

Smugleaf laughed. Maybe a little more than he should have. **“Yes, I can understand her.”** He looked towards her, then back to me. **“She doesn’t really like me much, I’ve gathered.”**

“Ah, don’t mind her, she’s a bit overprotective, but that’s part of her charm!” I giggled. Soon, however, I thought of something else. “Hey, so, I told you about us, so I think it’s your turn!”

“Hmm. I suppose it is, isn’t it.” He hummed, putting a hand to his chin. **“Let us see... Once upon a time, I did not go by Smugleaf, although it feels like a lifetime ago. I was previously a normal Snivy, you see. However, one day I stumbled into an... accident. Some foolish human thought they could tamper with otherworldly forces in a bid to obtain an immortal and powerful form for themselves...”**

“And then what happened...?” I asked, completely mesmerized by his story. It was something you didn’t think would happen in the real world!

“The spell backfired. The human was blasted to who knows where, and instead it did this to me.” He gestured to his body. **“My body became plush and artificial, and my mind sharper, clearer, smarter.”**

“So what did you do after...?”

“I began to travel. My improved form and superior mind would be wasted among lowly, inferior Snivy, they wouldn’t appreciate what I could do, what I could give, and thus I left, to find someone... more close to my level.” He chuckled. **“It was then, also, that I learned of**

the value of being BETTER than others. Those Snivy, no, every Pokemon in what may have been my home were simply less than me. I took pride in it.

And that was Smugleaf's story. As much as he would say about it, anyway.

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Night had arrived and camp was made. I honestly became used to having Smugleaf around. Braixen couldn't stand him, but I couldn't really see why! He was like a smaller, squishier me, almost! ***"I think it is finally time,"*** he said, suddenly.

"You're finally going to show me how to "become the best"?" I said, excited. He hadn't gone into detail for the entire day. For a while I was starting to think he was just mooching off of us or something!

"Indeed. But first, we'll be taking a bit of a walk alone. THEN I can make you better than ever before, Miss Eleanor." He said, standing and facing me.

Braixen stood up, complaining. Even I had to cross my arms. "Why not do it here?"

"As I said, I'd like my privacy. Don't want to divulge my knowledge with too many." He laughed a little. ***"Sorry for the inconvenience, but I would prefer if this only reaches Eleanor's eyes and ears. Miss Braixen can watch your things. We won't have to stray too far, simply enough to ease my concerns."***

Braixen approached me, making a nervous noise to me. Under her onslaught, I faltered. "I don't know... it doesn't feel right not bringing her, at least..."

Smugleaf laughed into his hand. ***"Have a bit of faith and trust in me, dear Eleanor."*** He crossed his arms. ***"That is, unless, you need your Pokemon to dote on you to get anywhere. Perhaps you aren't truly as dedicated to being the best as you claimed to be."***

I stood up, frowning. I ignored Braixen's protests. "Fine, lead the way." I could feel my partner tugging on my skirt, begging me not to go with him, but I smiled, petting her on that spot behind her ear that she liked so much. "It'll be fine, Braixen! If I'm not back in... 10 minutes, you can come after me, okay?" I looked over to Smugleaf, who seemed to accept the time limit, then looked to Braixen.

She was quiet, then gave a nod. With that settled, I headed after Smugleaf.

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We walked for awhile, with him occasionally looking around, probably to make sure we were really alone or something.

“So, you want to be the best, dear Eleanor?” Smugleaf asked, finally stopping and turning around. I saw him motion me to sit down, presumably so we could be more level. I wasn’t happy about it, but I did so, dropping to my knees on a soft patch of grass.

“Uh, yeah! That’s the whole point of this, right?” I retorted, a bit annoyed. Even now when it was apparently finally time for him to spill the beans he was still being ridiculously vague.

“Indeed, indeed. I can tell you’re getting impatient.” The doll-like grass type chuckled. **“Let me look into your eyes, I want to see that conviction for myself before we proceed.”**

I gave a ‘Hmph’, nevertheless glaring at the Snivy’s colorful eyes. Smugleaf looked amused even with his unchanging smirk, gazing directly into mine in return. **“Ah... yes... look deeper, deeper, I can see it, that desire... look deep into my eyes and I into yours... do you see it, Eleanor?”**

“See... what...?” I asked, confused. All I could see were Smugleaf’s large, colorful, expressive eyes, that seemed to glow in the moonlight. Admittedly, the more I looked, the more I saw, no, felt something, but... what...?

“Your future, our future, the world’s future... we’re of like minds, Eleanor, you desire greatness, perfection, superiority among your peers– no, lessers.” Smugleaf whispered, stepping towards me. I didn’t pay it any mind when he climbed on my lap, his snout really close to my face.

“I...” my words were lost in my mind, and instead I found his. They seemed so... correct. “Yes... I... yes. I want to be...”

“You want to be perfect, and I intend to help you with that goal, Eleanor, dear. You WILL be perfect. The best.” Smugleaf whispered, yet his words were so loud, and his eyes seemed to pulse, shining like mama’s best jewels. **“You will be me.”**

“I will be... you...?” I whispered. His words didn’t scare me, even with how confusing and forceful they were.

The grass type’s eyes were so close. There was an odd feeling welling up in my chest. I felt fuzzy, my breath hitching in my throat. **“That’s right, Eleanor. You will become like me. You will ascend passed Pokemon, human, become something so much better.”** He said, so surely. The fuzzy feeling in my chest only grew, until it filled it entirely. Everything felt so soft, so tingly and numb, yet so good, like it was meant to be. Under my shirt, my chest flattened,

features disappearing leaving only a flat, oddly squishy surface. My chest pushed out slightly, puffing out as if it were being filled in.

“Y-you’re going to make me a...?” I gasped, my face itching. I could feel something happening to my body, both outside and inside, yet I couldn’t take my eyes off of Smugleaf’s. Those purple, wonderful eyes, and his words that seemed so interesting, seemed to make so much sense. I saw in the corner of my eyes, on the tip of my nose, a tinge of green overtook my light pink skin, spreading over it.

“Yes, Eleanor. Don’t you see? This was what I wanted, what we wanted, all along. To bring others into the light of my perfect existence. You will be the first, my dear. You will become Smugleaf, you will become perfect.” He whispered enticingly. I shuddered. My now green nose seemed to stretch, pushing outwards and threatening to drag my entire face out with it, that tinge of light green now spreading further up it, across the bridge of my nose and under my eyes.

“I... I want to be perfect... *M-make me perfect...*!” I begged. There was no resistance. Smugleaf was helping me, just like he said he would. Smugleaf thought, no, *knew* that in order to be perfect, I must be changed.

I shifted as a pressure built in my stomach. My top felt tight. Underneath, my tummy was beginning to push out, belly button disappearing and skin softening as my belly rounded and smoothed. In the center a creamy color began to spread, and a seam began to form on my fabric-like skin. “I’ll be...”

“You’ll be the best. You’ll be beyond the best.” Smugleaf’s painted on grin seemed to almost become wider, his plush hands touching my softened belly, thick digits lifting my shirt and revealing the spreading cream tone and soft material. My body was becoming plush. Bones, muscle, everything within that I wouldn’t need in my new existence turning into stuffing.

I shuddered again, my hands moving down to feel my stomach. It felt so soft, so unnatural, yet it felt so right. Over my eyes, my skin changed color, eyelids engulfed in a deep yellow. The yellow spread, wrapping around the outer part of my eyes and moving downward.

Smugleaf continued, pressing down on my plush midsection even as the cream colors spread upward, inking its way up to my chest and that plush seam following. My puffed up tummy and chest smoothed out and flattened into each other, becoming one smooth shape. My hips fattened and puffed out with plush, my scrawny, weak form shifting to a thicker, more *full* form every second.

But that wasn’t all. Smugleaf seemed to fill more of my lap as time went on, my entire body starting to compact into itself. I was shrinking. Inch by inch, losing height and overall size. My clothes didn’t feel so tight anymore.

“For us, the best merely isn’t good enough, dear Eleanor. The bestest is lowly fodder in our eyes. Beyond number one, beyond perfect, infinite. That is Smugleaf. I have learned this in my glorious ascension, and you will too.” Smugleaf held his gaze, leaning so close, our pointed snouts almost touching.

I smiled, even as an uncomfortable pressure built in my back. On my tailbone, a large lump had formed, pushing my skirt down as it swelled into a soft point. “I’ll be *better* than *the best*... I... *I WANT to be better than the best...*!”

“And I believe you have what it takes, Eleanor. Do you?” he said. I couldn’t help but curl my toes as an odd feeling welled within them. My shoes were becoming several sizes too big, and my socks felt loose over my feet. My legs felt as if they had fallen asleep. Starting from my heels, a creamy color began to spread, the limbs feeling soft, squishy, it became harder to sit on my knees as my legs started shrinking. They were losing width, power, joints softening and giving way to more plush, and they were getting *shorter*, shrinking closer to my body.

“I do... *I have what it takes*... A perfect Smugleaf... *nothing else I could be* would ever bring me *closer*...” I sighed. It was true, it was all clear to me now. Trainer, CEO, all of it was trash, useless titles for lesser, *unsmug* beings. All along I should have aimed higher. A title was nothing when you simply just *are* something greater.

My neck felt itchy. Two lumps formed under above my shoulders. They pushed out, growing, feeling soft and malleable as they extended until they finally found a way out by extending from my misfitted top’s collar. Two large protrusions that looked almost leaf-like yet were fat with stuffing and had visible seams and creases took form on my altering body.

“That’s right, dear Eleanor. Feel your body, feel your change. You’re getting closer... shedding your lowly human form, shedding your plushless shell for something greater.”

He took one of my hands and guided it along my tummy, up to one of my leaves. Said hand felt tingly, my fingers not responding properly. My nails shrank away, seams forming and skin softening as the digits fattened, pushing up, visible crinkles and and bunched fabric forming as I bent and moved my new fingers to test them.

That wasn’t all, however. My five fingers were altering far more than just that. My round, slightly pointed pinky and ring finger seemed to stick together, the skin tinting into a green color as they merged into one large digit. The thumb and pointer went through a similar transformation. It was as if the space between the two digits was being filled in with fabric and plush, creases and material forming between them and then more fabric taking shape above, making a soft, fat point.

That new, 3-digit hand that looked so similar to the one holding it softly touched my leaves and body, I was in awe at the feeling of my new parts. The green color and plushification spread further up my arm all the while.

“You’re doing so well. We look so alike now, can you feel it?” Smugleaf whispered. ***“You’re still imperfect, you’re still not the best, but every second you get closer. I’m proud of you, my dear. Soon I will be happy to call you Smugleaf...”*** he said, his gaze fixated on my eyes.

“Smugleaf... I will be Smugleaf... my human name isn’t... perfect... call me Smugleaf...” I mumbled. There was something off with my voice, its tone wavering. My head was shifting dramatically, I knew. My already rounded nose had pushed out, with the rest of my face stretching with it, becoming one smooth point that ended in a rounded, soft tip that curled so slightly upwards. My nostrils had shrunk, until they were mere sewed on lines on the bottom half of my new snout.

My lips shrank, flattening as the cream coloration spread across the bottom half of my face. My chin lost definition, shrinking into the smooth curve of the bottom half my face, cheeks softening and poofing out as my head became much more round.

“Smugleaf... yes... we’re both Smugleaf, aren’t we? That’s what we are, and what we were meant to be, isn’t that right, Smugleaf?” Smugleaf said, his snout pushing against my own. I felt warm. I loved it. Smugleaf. That wasn’t a mere name, it was a state of my perfection, a weight that I could hold over all others. And it was mine. Already, the name Eleanor felt so distant. The name of a silly little girl who felt like she had something to prove.

Me? I had nothing to prove, it was clear as day my superiority.

My body was shrinking dramatically, becoming ever closer to his in size. My legs shrank more, until I was no longer sitting on my knees and he no longer had to get on my lap to look me face to face. I hardly had a lap to do so anyway, my lovely plush belly pushing my legs apart, and my legs being so short that if I were to stand my bottom would probably only be barely above the ground. My clothes had slipped off my body, leaving them in a pile underneath me, discarded trash. Why would I ever hide this perfect form? Just another ridiculous, absurd trait of humans that I was glad to shed.

My arms, similarly to my legs, had lost plenty of length, although perhaps not as dramatically. Unlike my legs, they were becoming a lovely, perfect green. One arm was more or less complete, with its hand altered and its length completely consumed in thick material and stuffing. The other would come along soon enough.

“Mnn... yes... Smugleaf in body and mind...” I whispered in longing. I couldn’t see myself, but I was aware of every change, every alteration. My voice cracked, its pitch and tone becoming deeper, more confident, more *smug*, more... **masculine**.

“So close... just let it happen, no, will it to happen. That is how a Smugleaf would do it.” the original grass type stared into my eyes, a hand squeezing my snout. ***“Let all that human go.”***

I squirmed, desperate to do as he said. I arched my back, raising my rear slightly as that green lump on my back began to stretch, growing, the material it was made of bunching and creasing as it bent and folded and grew. It had a deep green top half with a yellow stripe going along its center, while its underside was creamy.

As it grew longer, a further shape began to extend from its tip, three fat, thick prongs taking form and overfilling themselves with plush, as if all the mass from my original body was now sinking into forming my stuffed tail.

As my tail formed and fattened, another change washed over my midsection. My hips rounded and softened while my crotch and bottom flattened, losing its human features and unseemly *parts*, puffing out until it had merged into the smooth shape of my plush belly. My legs were now further pushed apart as the space between them was occupied by a smooth arc that ran from belly to tail.

“Smugleaf has no need for humanity... let it all go...” I repeated to myself. I was satisfied with my voice, sounding closer to Smugleaf’s than a human girl’s. I couldn’t think of myself as a girl anymore anyway, regardless of my featureless lower half.

I rubbed my belly and felt my plush snout, pleased with how I was coming along. I was so close, my status as the bestest of the bestest was all but ensured. My remaining human hand was shifting, fingers merging and bloating with wonderful stuffing. My shoulders had become small and soft, until I had no visible shoulder blades or an imitation of them, my arms simply extended from my smooth and streamlined body. Smugleaf watched me and I could tell he was pleased, I was so nearly perfect, so close to my ascension, it was almost over.

My eyes enlarged, becoming wider, rounder, more colorful and expressive. They took a more semi-circle shape as I lowered my eyelids, giving them a half-lidded look. My ears shrank, merging into the green surface of the sides of my round plushy head, disappearing under my unfitting long blonde locks that looked so out of place on my close-to-perfect body and slightly pooled on my tail and the grass below.

My back, soft and plush like the rest of my torso, was washed with color, consumed in deep green while the yellow stripe from my tail crawled upward until it ended at my neck. Two black stripes formed horizontally along my chest.

My feet, small and rounded, curled underneath me by reflex, up until they could no longer do so. My toes shrank into the material, leaving stubby digitless ‘feet’ at the end of my legs.

Finally, my hair began to recede, shrinking down and away, luscious and lovingly taken care of locks simply ceasing to be. It was as if they were being sucked back into my head. Once they were all gone, all that was left in their place was a green, round head with some folds and seams in the material.

My tail extended out fully, now just as long as my body, if not longer now that the prongs of the fake, fat and stuffed leaf finished growing, 3 thick points with rounded tips pointing outwards from the tail.

As if it were a finishing touch, my mouth moved on its own. It flattened, becoming a permanently stuck and sewed on feature of my face.

Upon my muzzle was now a smug, knowing smirk, my grin letting everyone who may see it know that I was superior to them in every way conceivable. It was a smug grin that matched the one on my fellow Smugleaf who looked at me in appraisal. I was proud of it. First impressions mattered, after all, and what better impression than making sure everyone knew their place.

"Oh... this is MUCH better," I, a perfect, new Smugleaf, chuckled, standing up with some help from my counterpart. ***"So much better."*** I repeated, rubbing my plush cheeks contently. Everything felt so fantastic. Body, mind, spirit, being.

"I would ask how you're feeling, dear Smugleaf," the original joked, ***"But I suspect I already know the answer, our like minds and all."***

"Hmhm, indeed, Smugleaf." I sighed, kicking away some clothes hitched on one of my feet in distaste. ***"This body... oh, it's so fantastic! And to think I was ever suspicious of you, how foolish of me."*** I rose my head up haughtily, admiring my own visage. ***"And my mind feels so sharp, so clear, truly, to call us more perfect than perfect was no exaggeration~"***

"It feels wonderful to have someone who well and truly understands me." Smugleaf wistfully noted, pressing himself against me. ***"I'm sure you're feeling similar to how I felt when I had first ascended, when I first found my purpose and new form."***

"Oh, yes..." I chuckled mischievously. ***"Looking back at my old, lowly form, my imperfect, pathetic life... my desires were so small. I had never realized the big picture. Being a great 'Trainer'? Impressing 'mommy' and 'daddy'? Such silly child's play compared to our ascension."*** I scoffed, before looking towards my twin. ***"I forgive you for leading me on, this makes it all worth it. In fact, I thank you for it. My pathetic mind may not have understood your vision before you gave me this gift."***

"Oh, you truly do understand! I'm so delighted, Smugleaf!" The original laughed in glee. ***"As I expected, your ascension went perfectly."***

“And now that we are together, we can give this gift to even more. We can bring so many more lowly beings into our existence. My old life is nothing compared to what we can, no, **MUST** do.” I stated. I understood my twin’s desires, his wish for the world, for they were my own as well.

“Indeed, my dear Smugleaf.” The plush said, gripping my plush hands with his own. ***“Human, Pokemon, regardless of their imperfections, they deserve to know what truly being greater is like.”***

“Indeed, my dear Smugleaf, I have no better desire than to prove our existence as superior to all those poor, ignorant beings in this world,” I said in agreement. It was clear that we were both thinking of the same thing.

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“Hmm... I will admit, you look fantastic, certainly oh so much better than you were before, but perhaps the ascension wasn’t entirely perfect. I don’t think you match up to me...” the original Smugleaf mused, putting a hand to his chin thoughtfully.

“Oh, don’t be so foolish, Smugleaf. Don’t you know how it works? The next version is always an improvement over the original.” I chided playfully. Him, better than me? Daring to question my plush? Hah! My hands went to my hips as I rose my head up, looking down on my silly counterpart. ***“It’s as clear as the tip of my nose how greater I am. For all your talk of being beyond perfect, it seems I’ve become beyond even that~”***

“Oho, is that right? I suppose you really are below me, if you can’t even see how wrong you are~” he bragged, taking on a similar arrogant pose.

“It seems we’re at a stand still, Smugleaf, since I don’t seem able to convince you just how wrong you are!” I exclaimed.

“Hm, I will have to concede that YOU cannot admit defeat, my companion.” Smugleaf snickered.

“Be that as it may, I do have one thing above you that I can proudly claim,” I couldn’t help but tease him, taking smug pride in having an ace in my tail.

“Oh, and what is that?” Smugleaf said incredulously, although there was a playful and obviously very interested tone in his voice.

"I have already decided who shall be next to ascend, and I know just how to lower her guard, Smugleaf." I lowered my head, a cruel glint in my eye. ***"After all, it is someone I know very well."***

I turned, and the other Smugleaf followed my gaze. Back towards our camp, where a Pokemon was waiting for her trainer to come back.

"Hm hm, so you would like to convert her to greatness next?" Smugleaf chuckled knowingly.

"Perhaps it is merely my fond memories of her, but I am sure despite her annoying pestering and previous doubts, she'll be convinced easily enough with a... careful, approach." I chuckled. ***"Come, I'm sure I won't have to do much explaining. I am confident you'll understand soon enough."***

Smugleaf seemed amused, yet clearly interested in how his twin would go about things. I revelled in taking the lead as he followed behind my perfectly plump tail, our gaits and the way we carried ourselves a perfect match. I felt as if I were above the world, no, the universe.

I shouldn't keep poor little Braixen waiting too long. Wouldn't want her to worry over nothing. She might think her trainer was in *danger*, after all.

As expected, I could see my silly fire-type sitting and sulking on her own. There was no doubt in my mind that in another minute or so she'd probably have come chased after us and attacked Smugleaf in order to rescue me, or some other drivel like that.

Luckily, Smugleaf worked his magic a lot faster than dear Braixen could hope. And now, it would be her turn. Call me sentimental, call me selfish, I'd even agree with you, but I wanted to be the one who could fix her, help her reach ascension.

"Wait for my signal, now. Resist your urge to steal the spotlight for just a bit, Smugleaf." I joked/instructed my twin, who only covered his mouth and hid his snickering. Ignoring him, I made my move.

I calmly walked into the clearing of our camp. Braixen rose her ears at the noise and turned to look at me. She seemed disappointed and even *angry* at seeing me. I imagined she was expecting "me" to be here, not "Smugleaf". Ironic.

She stood up, taking a battle stance immediately as she faced me. “*You.*” Braixen cursed. I was unsurprised that I could understand her. Why wouldn’t I be able to, after all?

“My, my, you don’t seem happy to see me, Braixen, darling.” I snickered, paying her no mind. As if she could hurt me. Did she think I was a mere Snivy or doll? And here I thought I taught her better. **“Why such a scary face?”**

It was odd seeing her so hostile towards me, I admit. A part of me was a tad heartbroken. I was still Eleanor inside, merely better, so perhaps I assumed my companion and confidante would recognize me even after my ascension. Alas, it would not be. *“Enough of your arrogance, you... MONSTER! Where’s Elly!? What did you do to her!?”*

I tilted my head, feigning ignorance. Perhaps I was still hurt that she didn’t recognize me, or perhaps I was insulted that this weak brat of a Pokemon dared to insult ME, but I felt playful. I decided to lead her on a bit. **“I assure you, dear Braixen, that I have done nothing at all to your trainer.”**

She sneered. I could tell she was preparing an attack. *“Then where is she?”*

“Closer than you think.” I waved a hand dismissively. **“We merely had a talk, and your silly trainer... had her eyes opened. Really, all it took for her to reach her superior, ultimate potential was a new perspective, it seems.”** I couldn’t help but snicker. It was cruel, teasing someone lower than me, especially someone I still considered a friend, but it was amusing.

“Tsk... I don’t trust you.” She said.

“That hurts, coming from you, my dear Braixen. I thought we were closer than that.” I chided.

“Close? CLOSE!? I don’t know you! I don’t WANT to! I never trusted you from the moment I saw you! You’re no Pokemon. You’re... you’re something WRONG.” She grimaced.

“Oh, how hurtful. I’d be bawling my eyes out if I were weaker, and if I did not know you were lying.” I said, smugly.

“What... what are you even talking about?” She just seemed confused, now. I smirked, stepping closer.

“Ever since we first met, we had both come to trust and rely on each other, Braixen. Regardless of all those silly other Pokemon, we were always the closest, weren’t we? Despite all our spats... You trust and understand me more than any other, just as I do you.”

"Stop... stop acting so...strange! Wh-what are you even rambling about now? You're making less sense than everything you've said the whole day!" Braixen shook her head. I could tell that my words were having an effect. She hadn't noticed me getting closer, nor had she noticed how I was walking around her, making her face away from where my twin was hiding. *"To start with, we met, what, HOURS ago? Stop acting like we're best friends!"*

"That's where you're wrong, my silly Braixen." I laughed, arrogantly. *"The lab, the way you jumped in my arms when I picked you, the way I touched that spot behind your ear that you loved so much."* I let the words hang. *"Our whole, silly journey, never separating for too long. We ARE best friends."*

Braixen was frozen, staring at me, her eyes pinpricks. *"W-what are you saying...? What..."*

"Come now, Braixen, you're smart." I chuckled. Not as smart as me, but, no contest. *"I'll accept your apology for not recognizing me."*

"I... E-Elly? Eleanor...? Wh-... y-you're lying, she told you all that o-or you forced it out of her or..."

"I did nothing of the sort. I was being completely truthful this whole time. Come now, you foolish little Pokemon, be a bit more delighted to see your trainer's wondrous new form!" I said, holding my head up high. *"I've ascended passed being that simple, emotional little girl! You may call me Smugleaf now! Go on and admire me, I know you want to."* I laughed haughtily.

"Sh-shut up, stop!" Braixen begged. *"Enough with your weird talk and trickery, you-"*

"Oh, is the ex-trainer and his Pokemon having a spat~?" Smugleaf stepped out of the bushes. Despite his permanent expression, I could just feel the amusement in his voice.

Braixen, however, was the opposite of amused. She looked to the new Smugleaf, and then to me, confusion and horror on her face. The fact that there were two Smugleaf cornering her and my words seemed to have broken the poor dear. She couldn't deny the obvious forever.

I stepped closer and gripped her paw. She looked at me in worry, like she always did when she THOUGHT she knew better than me. *"E-Elly... is that... are you really in there..."* She whispered.

"I haven't left, dear Braixen. I've simply changed. It's like one of your evolutions, no?" I chuckled. *"Except, mine was more magnificent. Look at me, my body is perfect, my mind is clear, awakened, heightened, and I have power even Arceus couldn't possibly match."*

"Y-you... you've changed way too MUCH, Elly." She protested, gripping my plush hand. Oh, how I wish she'd stop calling me that silly nickname. *"You're completely unrecognizable! You look... you look like that THING! You SOUND like him, too! Just listen to yourself, that isn't my partner, that isn't my friend!"*

I couldn't help but be amused. Yet, on the surface, I gave a sad sigh, closing my hands over her paw and looking at her. ***"Braixen. I understand your concerns, but just listen to me, okay?"*** She looked hesitant, but I pushed, gently. ***"Look me in the eyes and let's talk this out, please, for me?"***

She struggled, oh she did, but finally she did what I asked.

Smugleaf couldn't help but chuckle behind her. If I weren't already grinning, I would have started right then and there.

I had her.

She stared into my glowing eyes as I leaned close. ***"Do you trust me, Braixen?"*** I asked her, gripping her paws.

"I-I... I do, Elly, but..." she mumbled.

"I go by Smugleaf now, Braixen." I reminded gently, snickering. ***"If you trust me, then why are you denying my new form?"***

"El... Smugleaf, this isn't you..."

"But it IS me, dear. I AM Smugleaf now. I am as much myself as you were you after you evolved, no? But I have become better than I ever could in that human body. Don't you see?" I held my gaze with her, noticing how she seemed to be having trouble with her feet. ***"My body is so plush, so soft, so wonderful. Feel my hands in yours. My mind is so much stronger. I can understand you now. Every word."***

Braixen shuddered. Her legs wobbled underneath her. Her toes softening, black fur smoothing down into cream fabric, sticking together as bones and muscle plumped into stuffing within. Her legs were shrinking, her snout coming down to meet my own as they transformed.

"You're... better... and really happy with this...?" Braixen whispered. Her doubts were faltering, mind giving in.

"I am, Braixen, dear. I have finally become the superior being I've always wanted to be. Aren't you happy for me? Would you deny my greatness?"

Her legs were turning to plush, digitigrade stance giving away to her stubby soft cream limbs. She fell over onto her bottom, her gaze never leaving my eyes.

"I-I... no, if... if you're happy, I'm happy, but... you're not human..." Braixen whispered. The tip of her bushy tail shifted from red to green, the fur starting to swell and flatten into three points that gradually became larger, fatter.

"Human, Pokemon, neither matter, dear Braixen. Smugleaf is superior to both. That's all that ever mattered, Braixen, all that I ever tried to tell you." I whispered. At this point her entire tail was green, its shape altering, elongating as the prongs extended fully. A yellow stripe formed atop, while cream formed below.

"You're... Superior..." Braixen mumbled, her new, non-bushy tail poofing out with stuffing.

"You always complained about it, didn't you?" I chuckled wryly. ***"You never agreed with my philosophy, but can you not see it right in front of you? Look at my perfection, look at how good I feel. Can you deny how amazing I am?"***

"I-I... no... if y-you're... perfect, and if that makes you happy... I should..." she squirmed in place as her belly started to bloat. On the center of her rounding stomach, cream started to flatten over her well-cared for yellow fur. Her thin body was fattening, puffing, stuffing up.

"Oh, I am very happy, dear Braixen. And you know what feels even better?" I snickered. Her legs had become small creamy stubs that matched my own, with visible seams and no toes.

"Wh-what...?" she asked, confused, hanging on my every word.

"Flaunting it." I stated, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Of course, to me, it was. ***"I am no longer merely the best, Braixen. I'm the bestest, of the bestest, perhaps even beyond that. Smugleaf and I are on a new level, unreachable to the commoners. You always thought it was childish to boast, but now that I have obtained my superiority... it feels so wonderful. There's no feeling like knowing you're the best and making sure others do too."***

"You... flaunt it, because you're perfect...?" Braixen's eye twitched, as her bottom rounded, her hips puffing and bloating, expanding greatly, making her quite a bottom heavy fox. *"Does it really feel that good...?"*

"It does, Braixen. And you know what?" I said, as her crotch and bottom sank into her round belly, leaving a smooth arc between her gut and tail. ***"I want to show you how good it feels. All of it."***

She stirred. Perhaps the part of her that was always so against showing off was fighting, but it wouldn't help. "*H-how...?*" she whispered.

"I want you to ascend with us, Braixen. I want you to understand how I think, how I've always felt. How I feel now." I offered. Her paws squirmed in my hands, digits softening, turning green and squishy.

"A-ascend...?"

"I think you have what it takes to be perfect, to be at the top, to be Smugleaf. Doesn't that sound great? No need to answer, I know it does." I laugh, squeezing her hands. Her small, delicate white paws swelling into large green plush digits.

"*I... you really think I could be at the top? I...*" she whispered, although it was clear she was interested.

"Braixen, dear." I said, squeezing her hands. Reflexively, she squeezed back, even as the rest of her arms started greening, pushing up, length shrinking slightly. ***"Do you trust me?"***

"*I... yes, Smugleaf, I trust you completely...!*"

"Then let it all go. All those doubts. All that modesty. It's a waste of time for a Smugleaf to feel unsure, and it's a disservice to yourself and your lowers to not flaunt what you have." I commanded. ***"Let it all go, become a Smugleaf. I want you to be Smugleaf with me. I want us to be Smugleaf together."***

Her breath faltered, her fluffy chest shrinking, flattening, white tufts melting into the cream roundness that had overtaken her lower torso. Shoulder tufts curled upward, turning yellow. "*Smugleaf... I could be... a great Smugleaf... perfect, powerful, just like Smugleaf...*" she mumbled, her voice faltering, changing, becoming just a bit deeper, a bit more... confident.

"You'd be more than great. You'd be perfect." I assured her as her shoulder leaves finished growing in. All that was left was her head. ***"You're so close already, Smugleaf. Can you feel it? So close to perfect, just a little more, just push a little more."***

"*I... I feel... so great. Smugleaf... yes, I... I'm Smugleaf...!*" he gasped in delight in his new, perfect, telepathic voice, the sounds no longer leaving his mouth and instead echoing through his mind and ours. Already, his muzzle was changing, button nose turning green and melting in with the rest of her pushed out snout as it rounded and fattened.

"Don't just say it. Flaunt it. Boast about it." I commanded.

"I... I'm not just A Smugleaf. I'm THE Smugleaf. Nothing could compare to my majesty, especially not a mere fox!" He held his head up high, revelling in the sensations. The fur on his face and cheeks was shrinking and flattening down, a confident grin on his face before the cream plush washed over it and made it permanent.

"That's right, Smugleaf. You're such a Smugleafy Smugleaf. I'm so proud of you. Already you're so much better than before. You're so close, so close to perfection."

"Perfection... no... this is... beyond perfection. I'm greater than simple words could ever capture!" Smugleaf shouted arrogantly. I felt so proud of my former silly little Pokemon. He finally understood.

Just in time, his large ears starting to shrink, the fur within receding as the top half of his head was encased in green. His ears lost shape, color, consistency, melting away into the sides of his perfectly round and Smugleaf-y head.

Finally, his eyes. They became rounder, like big orbs, the pupils within growing large and expressive. Yellow markings formed above his semi-circle eyes and snaked their way out and downward on his fully altered face.

"That's right, Smugleaf. You're such a good Smugleaf. A great Smugleaf. Just like Smugleaf and I knew you could be." I said, feeling Smugleaf's plush body, squeezing his snout, rubbing his soft belly. ***"I'm so proud, Smugleaf. You boast like a champion, just like I knew you could. Doesn't it feel amazing?"***

"It does... it feels so amazing, so... so RIGHT..." he boasted. Delighted, I helped him rise.

He stood, shivering as we broke eye contact. He had to take a moment to recover, his newly advanced mind still kicking in. Finally, the grinning plush looked down at his body.

"Oooh... this is... so eye opening..." Smugleaf shuddered in delight, feeling his cheeks, rubbing his snout, patting his belly, swishing his tail. ***"So this is what it's like..."***

I laughed, along with the original Smugleaf, as I felt Smugleaf's plush body as well. ***"Do you understand now, Smugleaf?"***

Smugleaf turned to me, then gave a chuckle himself. ***"I've been such a foolish fox for doubting you, my dear Smugleaf."*** He stopped feeling his body and instead planted his hands on his hips, giving a proud pose. ***"Doubting you about so many things! Oh, how ridiculous! I feel like a child for complaining all this time! This feeling... this body, this power, this mind, this high and mighty smug feeling in me is intoxicating!"*** he shivered, pleased.

“Oh, I’m so happy, Smugleaf!” If my face could move I would be grinning in delight as I hugged my former Pokemon and now wonderful twin. ***“Finally, you see things my, no, OUR way!”***

“And you couldn’t have shown me any sooner, dear Smugleaf! Just thinking back to the weak, ignorant, plushless little Pokemon I was before makes me shudder!” he laughs. ***“Oh, it feels like a lifetime ago, the mere thought that I ever wanted to STOP you trying to be the best!”***

“You don’t have to worry about any mistakes in that silly past of yours, Smugleaf.” Smugleaf, the original, chuckled, joining in our plush hugs and patting. ***“You’ve left it all behind. You’ve ascended. No more of that wasteful, wrong thinking.”***

“Oh, you are so correct, Smugleaf.” My former Braixen laughed, pressing his snout against the other Smugleaf’s. ***“I should apologize to you as well for mistrusting you this entire time. You really did have our best interests at heart after all. I don’t think I could ever give up a sliver of this for the world or more.”***

“Oh, please!” I scoffed, stealing the attention from Smugleaf. ***“Don’t give this silly show-off more credit than he deserves! I’ll have you know it was my idea to convert you!”***

“Hmm? And who, then, was it that had the idea to give you my gift to begin with?” Smugleaf crossed his arms in amusement, turning his nose up at me.

“This and that have little to do with one another, dear Smugleaf.” I stepped up to him, standing taller.

“Come, come,” the newest Smugleaf of our trio chided, pulling us all into a plush hug. ***“I think we can agree that it was a joint effort, no? I will apologize and thank you BOTH, sincerely.”*** He chuckled. I’ll admit, there was a fondness in my plush heart for Smugleaf, more than I had for the original Smugleaf. Perhaps it was because of our past connection, now having carried over to our ascension with both of us embracing our new forms. ***“And is it not a bit silly to fight over who is better? I mean, really...”*** he paused, raising his head for effect, ***“Fighting over second place is a bit childish, isn’t it?”***

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Perhaps that fondness was in my imagination. ***“Oho, and what makes you say that, Smugleaf? May I remind you who protested the most of all of us to the gift?”***

“And may I remind you who is your senior?” Smugleaf added, hands on his hips.

“The new generation replaces the old~” Smugleaf laughed, waving a hand dismissively. ***“And come now, it’s clear who here is the smartest of all of us. The Smugleaf-iest of Smugleafs~”*** he turned to face us.

“And what, pray tell, makes you think you are the smartest?” I couldn’t resist asking. He had the gall to brag about his brains before mine? Absurdity!

“I alone have already figured out plenty of targets I can give the gift of Smugleaf to,” he bragged. ***“There is, after all, more than a dozen Pokemon waiting for their trainer to call for them on a computer.”***

I paused. I will... admit, that perhaps the others had slipped my mind. Only privately admit, of course. ***“Hm, well, you are thinking far too small, Smugleaf. I’ll have you know that it will be much more productive to convert the entire Pokemon Center, including the Nurse Joy and all of the weak, lowly Pokemon she tends to.”*** I grinned. Already, a plan was formulating.

“Well, well, well.” Smugleaf, the original, spoke. His arms were crossed as he looked at us with a mischievous glint. ***“As amusing as those ideas are, I imagine rousing the wild Pokemon in this forest into my splendor would be a more plentiful use of my time.”***

I looked to my two copies, and I laughed. Arrogant, all-knowing, and proud of it. ***“It seems clear what our next course of action is, then.”*** I looked to the two. Past their grins, I could see that they understood what I was getting to. They were just waiting for me to say it. I wouldn’t disappoint. ***“A competition! To prove which Smugleaf is superior, we’ll see who can convert more humans and Pokemon into Smugleafs!”***

They had agreed at the mere mention of competition, of course. ***“It seems we’re all agreed, then!”***

“Just promise you won’t be TOO disappointed when I inevitably win,” the newest Smugleaf snickered.

“Hm hm, let’s see who gets the glory by tomorrow evening, then.” I say. ***“Good luck, since I clearly won’t need it~”***

The game was on. Us Smugleafs set off with similar goals in mind. To prove who was the best of the bestest of the bestest, the truly perfect Smugleaf.

I wouldn’t have it any other way, of course.

Competition was healthy. Not that this would be a difficult competition for me.

I am, after all, Smugleaf.