

The Mermaid's Night: 2nd Movement

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains TF, Pokemon, Assimilation/Corruption, Twinning/Cloning, heavy mental alteration/'personality death', and is told in first person. Don't look if don't like. Also you should probably read the first story since it is important to this one.

I close the window after taking one last look into the night sky. It was very hot and rather muggy today. Probably best to stick to the air conditioner. Certainly new to have a not very cozy day in Alola for once.

Maybe part of it was just my mood. I seemed to be the only one not feeling the Alolan cheery spirit today.

It had been several days since my son had officially become a trainer. He had gotten his Pokemon, a cute little blue thing that seemed as energetic as he was. I... think its name was Popplio? Yes, Popplio, that was it. He looked so happy with his new Pokemon, and I was so happy for him. They got along so fast, it looked like a match made in heaven.

That was the last time I had seen or heard from my son since.

He told me he'd do some training and learn some about Popplio and then come back home. I was aware that he didn't want to start on his League Challenge right away, that he wanted to take some time to get ready. He had this all planned out, really.

And yet, I ate alone that night. His plate and the new bowl I prepped for Popplio went untouched completely.

At first I... thought maybe he had gotten excited and headed off on his journey early. But even then it was strange and I didn't fully believe myself. He didn't bring any supplies or extra clothes with him or even came by to tell me of the change of plans.

I didn't want to think of it. That something happened to him. But it had been days, more than a week, since I heard from him. Surely if he was off travelling he would have called me from a Pokemon Center by now, right?

I thought I, as a mother, I'd be ready for when my son went off on his own, but this... isn't how it was supposed to go, is it?

I sigh. I don't know if it was my intuition or just me hoping against everything else, but I was sure that he would come back. Yes. Someone would find him soon. Or maybe he'd see the posters I had put up around the island and call, or maybe even come right back home. I just had to stay positive.

And that's when I heard something outside. It stood out from the usual sounds of waves and the occasional wild Pokemon cry here by the shore. My heart beat a bit harder before I relaxed myself. Surely it couldn't be *him*, could it?

Besides myself I slipped on my sandals and headed for the door, opening it quietly and glancing around before spotting it at the shore.

It looked like a mermaid, like in the fairy tales. A Pokemon with a graceful blue tail and long, gorgeous hair. A true beauty, that looked even more majestic as a spring of water erupted above her and bathed her in the moonlight.

I couldn't help but walk closer, marvelling at the elegant looking Pokemon as her spring shower ended and she turned to look at me. I froze, nervous. It was a wild Pokemon, I think, which could be a bit... unpredictable. I don't know what possessed me to come this close already. "U-um... hello, dear..." I whispered as softly as I could, hoping not to startle it.

Its voice was a soft melody. From here I could see its body more. It had a white upper body and its head seemed a bit familiar. The nose in particular reminded me... of Popplio. It must have been an evolution, then, maybe? The coincidence just reminded me of my previous worries. "A-ah... forgive me for... intruding. I just heard you and wanted to see... I-I live nearby, you see..." I slowly pointed over to my beach house.

The Pokemon followed my finger, before looking to me and giving a happy trill. I took it as a sign that it didn't mind, but then...

It seemed to motion me to come over. I was a bit nervous. Regardless of how pretty it was, it could still be dangerous. Water types in particular had some beautiful yet... rather violent members within it, I seem to recall.

Still, I felt like running now would offend the Pokemon. Nervously I moved closer, and the mermaid smiled, turning her head out to the sea.

I wasn't sure at first, but after following her gaze I spotted it. The view of the horizon, the dark blue waves and the moon and stars shining brightly above. Despite the heat, the sky was completely clear. It looked beautiful.

"Oh... are you here stargazing...?" I asked the Pokemon. She looked to me and gave a delighted, soft note in response. "Ah... aha, yes, Alola does have some beautiful night skies, doesn't it?"

The Mermaid gave a nod, before turning her head to me and motioning to the sand with her flipper. I paused, unsure how to interpret what she wanted me to do, before she chuckled and patted the sand down. "O-oh, sit? Ah, I don't know, I don't want to get sand on these..." I frowned a little, but then I looked back up at the Pokemon and those expressive eyes of hers and sighed. It's not like I had to look good for anyone, right? "Oh, why not..." With that I lowered myself down to sit on the sand, ignoring the protests of some of my bones as I tried to get comfy.

Here I was, stargazing with a Pokemon. How silly.

And yet... "Tonight really is lovely, isn't it?" I asked softly. The mermaid gave a cheerful response, swaying her tail slightly.

It helped, at least a bit, maybe. Just... enjoying the night, instead of... wallowing in my doubts and worrying. Here I was a bit more sure.

The waves were relaxing. I'd never done this before, not even with my husband, and here I was. I don't know how long I sat there with the mermaid, but eventually I noticed that she had stopped looking at the water and skies and started looking at me. Those colorful blue pearls in her eyes gazed at me, and I couldn't tell what she was feeling, but I could tell that she had something on her mind.

Something to ask me.

I gave her a polite smile, and she rose a hand and waved it, motioning me to speak.

I felt silly. A wild Pokemon was concerned for me. Was I so easy to read? "Sorry..." I apologized sheepishly. "I shouldn't bother you with my own problems..."

The Pokemon shook her head, hopping over closer and giving a soft, comforting trill, urging me to speak.

I blushed slightly. Oh, I was such a mess, wasn't I? Here I was, about to spill my heart out to a stranger, and one that wasn't human, no less.

"It's... my son." I whispered, feeling a weight on my tired shoulders. "I... haven't heard from him in more than a week." The mermaid gave a soft gasp, concern etched in her eyes as she tilted her head. I shook my head. "I'm worried sick and... I have no idea where he is or... or what could have happened. I-if anything happened at all."

The Pokemon gave another note, motioning with her flippers, drawing a circle and waving forward. I lowered my head, nodding. "Y-yes... I... I saw him at home, he said he'd come back for dinner but... never did."

She motioned to me, and then to herself. I shook my head. "No, he wasn't... alone. Not really, I suppose. He had just gotten his Pokemon, you see. Became an official trainer and everything." I sniffed, rubbing some of the salty air out of my eyes. "He was so excited, he just had to go out and play with his new Pokemon for a while."

She then made a motion towards the sea, giving a trill. I smiled sadly. "I was sure he would have come to tell me he was leaving. I wouldn't be so worried if he had, but as it is I haven't heard from him since he told me he and Popplio would be back by dinner..."

The Pokemon was silent. I couldn't tell what she was thinking. It felt nice to share my worries with someone who couldn't offer me the same reassurance everyone else did, at least.

I sighed, reaching out carefully. She didn't flinch or lash out, so I continued until I touched her hair. It was soft, mildly damp. I gently pet the Pokemon, who leaned into my hand, gazing at me with those blue orbs.

"I'm sorry. I didn't want to ruin the mood or your night. It was nice talking about this with someone, though..." I chuckle. "Really, it's fine. I... well, it may be silly, but I'm sure wherever he is, he's fine. I'll hear from him again soon enough, I'm sure of it." I reassure the Pokemon as I pet her.

She gave a soft trill, before moving away from my hand. Her eyes remained on me, rather intensely actually. For a moment I worried that I might have overextended my bounds by getting so... handsy, and I was ready to apologize before she did something I didn't expect.

A hand to her flipper, she opened her mouth... and started to sing. Its voice was lovely. It held the notes like a professional on TV, her hair swaying in the wind as she poured her heart into her song.

I listened, at first confused but then touched. Maybe this was her way of cheering me up. The least I could do was keep listening then. "Oh, that's... beautiful..." I whispered, stunned. She didn't respond, of course, focused on singing, although she did give me open one eye to glance at me before continuing.

It was like magic. So much emotion and thought put into sound. It sent chills down my body. Pleasant ones, of course. I closed my eyes and let the music take me.

As I sat there on the sand and listened to her melody, I felt... at peace, like something was reaching and caressing my soul. Soon I realized that it wasn't just caressing, but trying to shape and mold it. And I...

I welcomed it. It felt calming, warm, my worries slipping away. I felt so safe, less tired, more at home here listening to her voice than I ever felt in my own home, especially not since my little boy had left.

My feet felt as if they were swelling and somehow I knew that I was being changed. Yet, I was calm, not worried at all. I couldn't explain just why, but I could just feel a rightness in what was happening. I took off my sandals, exposing my tanned bare feet as I set them aside and watched. I had pressed my feet together, the inner ankles clicking together, and from there I felt a numbness. I watched the skin start to pull, bunch up rather oddly, sticking together and sliding into each other like paint mixing into one until my feet were connected.

My feet had swollen, I couldn't help but wiggle my toes as the numbness went up them and I found it harder to get them to respond to my commands, and I watched in intrigue as the my feet got rounder and bloated, bones and joints disappearing under more softened features.

“Oh, my...” I whispered in awe as the skin of my ankles and around my toes turned a pristine white, noting how much louder the song seemed as the Pokemon got closer, sitting next to me and watching my change with me.

Further up my legs, my brown, aged skin turned blue. I reached to feel the altered skin in curiosity and felt sleek, soft scales. Just as I did so, the watery cool tingles traveled upwards from my merged feet. I saw my calves and lower legs start to fatten and bloat up with muscle and fat, all while the blue continued to spread.

The Pokemon sang a sweet, soft melody. I couldn't help but smile gratefully to her, before my attention went back to my feet. My toes were shrinking down, nails chipping off while each tiny digit sank away into the white round shape that both of my feet had become. “This is a tail... am I becoming one of you, dear...?” I asked, yet knew the answer.

The Pokemon smiled in her eyes, putting a flipper to her chest as she held a note. I shuddered, watching the blue scales move downwards on my legs, my calves sticking to each other and the skin squeezing together into one smooth length, the shape of two limbs bloating and mixing into one. Above some where my ankles once were, the blue stopped, yet the skin started to grow out, a frill forming much like a dress. From that frill grew another, but this was a softer and different from my new blue scales. It was a lighter blue color, nearly transparent, an additional fin.

My legs were changing like mad. My lower legs had combined completely into a tail, getting a bit longer while more of my legs stuck together to become it. My capris were even getting ripped apart as my legs pushed through them to merge together.

Soon everything up to my thighs was changed, and from there they continued. My hips were getting wider, rounder, my bottom bloating up and merging with my thighs, smoothing out, tearing my tighter pants completely apart and my undergarments beneath. “Oh, dear...” I whispered, giggling slightly despite my ruined clothing.

My legs and pelvis seemed to have completely merged into one big, wonderful blue tail that looked just like hers. I ran my hands over the scales, enjoying the feeling. My tail, such a weird thought, felt so soft yet firm and strong. Leg pains I tried my best not to complain about in public or in front of my son so he wouldn't worry were no more. It felt as natural to me as walking or blinking.

I felt a tingle on the back of my neck, as my hair started growing immensely. Within seconds what was once shoulder length hair sprawled down my back like water. Not only that, but the hairs gained a natural wave and curl to them and, as I grabbed a few locks of the growing hair to get a look at them, they seemed shinier and healthier.

That wasn't all, of course. I happily watched, as if I were a child seeing a magic trick again-- although this may well could be called magic, really-- my boring dark brown locks start shifting in color. First they turned a dark blue like the night sky but then they lightened, growing more radiant and shiny until they were a soft light blue like a fresh pool. "Oh, so pretty..." I whispered.

Her song shifted and I smiled softly. I didn't notice at first, the slight tugging sensation in my hair, nor the hairs that I had in my hands leaving them and moving back as my long blue locks that pooled around the sand lifted upwards, invisible hands shaping and styling them. Pearls formed around the hair to keep them tied together. Two sets of them, in fact. I felt up my hair in glee. I felt so... glamorous. It had been a long time since I could feel this... pretty.

I was distracted from my self admiring when I felt an odd tickle on my waist and hips. I looked down, before moving the scraps of my ruined pants away to see what was happening now. Around my waist, where my blue tail ended and still human skin began, more slightly transparent blue fins began to grow. This time it looked a bit like a skirt, growing all around my waist and separating my tail from the rest of my body.

It was amusing. I looked like a mermaid! Yet, perhaps a bit more authentic. And, of course, it wasn't over yet. I felt a bit of an itch on my bottom in several spots and had to roll over so I was now propped up on the underside of my tail. The beautiful Pokemon grabbed my hand and assisted me, looking into my eyes with those wonderful pearls of hers and for a moment my heart fluttered. Her voice was a hum, and her eyes looked past me to something else and I followed their gaze to watch the five pink growths coming out of my upper tail on my hips and bottom, the last of my tail fins, meaning my lower body now completely matched hers.

I smiled softly and squeezed her flipper, giving my tail a few experimental flaps here and there before looking to her. She leaned forward, singing a soft melody, guiding me with her eyes. It felt like she was saying something, and I immediately figured what.

I blushed slightly. “Me, sing? Oh, but, I’m not as wonderful as you, dear...” I protested softly. And yet, she insisted, lifting my chin and repeating the tune from before, expecting me to follow.

It felt natural to do so. I began to carry a tune. I couldn’t match her with my pitiful voice, but she didn’t seem to mind the back-up singing.

It felt lovely. Singing. It’s like it was my calling. I became lost, not just in her song but in adding to it.

As I sang, the years left me. My body was getting smaller, my skin softening, aches and pains that came from age vanishing in youth and healthy beauty. I don’t know how many years I lost, but I didn’t care. The answer was ‘enough’ in my heart.

Wrinkles on my face and under my eyes smoothed away, cheeks flattening down and blemishes vanishing. My body didn’t feel as heavy, my arms feeling lighter and softer. My bosom felt perkier, my belly not as jiggy, my back stronger. If I didn’t think of this change as a gift already, this would have overwhelmed me.

My shoulders rounded, getting smaller. My upper arms started thinning, although they didn’t seem to get shorter. All the weight seemed to be going instead to my hands. The one that had been holding hers was fattening up and so was the other.

The skin paled. No, more than that, it was turning a clean white completely. From my fattening up fingertips up my wrists and to my elbows and up my shoulders passed the sleeves of my top.

My fingers, already so different and bulky, continued altering and reshaping. My nails disappeared, popping off and leaving smooth thick white skin underneath. My digits got longer and fatter, but perhaps more dramatically, they were merging together. My index and middle finger, and my ring and pinky both were combining into single digits on each hand. My thumb shifted in position, becoming another third digit on my new flippers instead of the opposable thumb. My arms fattened up, becoming much larger passed the elbows, yet they didn’t feel particularly heavy.

I was so happy, I was looking more and more like her. Like how I should. My song was getting louder, more passionate, I couldn’t help but express myself, my joy.

My neck tickled. I could feel a slight stretch, my neck becoming just a bit longer and thinner, smoother and more streamlined, all of which made my voice crack, becoming lighter and lighter, more in tune. I ignored the urge to cough and only kept singing, and I could hear the difference in my notes. They felt so much better.

There was another tickle around my neck, and the back and over my chest. I tried to unbutton my blouse but my flippers proved it difficult, so I simply tore the blouse open, buttons popping off as I slipped the top off my shoulders, not caring that my bra and bosom were exposed.

All that mattered was that my new fins could grow freely. The blue transparent growths pushed out from my skin, the area around them turning white, a color which started spreading all around my torso, inking its way over every bit of tanned brown skin. The fins grew around my shoulders, wrapped down to under my chest, and over the back of my neck.

That wasn't the only place where I felt an itch. On my forehead, too, was a similar sensation. My crown-like fin grew into place on my new body, its light blue texture complementing my soft white skin and framing my hair quite nicely.

And then my pearls formed, lovely white balls with no scratches or tarnishes, positively glistening in the moonlight. Very nice. To finish my head ensemble, the star-shaped accessories formed at both ends of the pearl string. I couldn't help but playfully bat and adjust them, even if these unsightly human ears of mine were in the way.

I rose my voice as it shifted, putting a flipper to my chest. A tingle went through my front as those heavy mammaries that were simply in the way felt odd and warm. They started to get lighter as the fat disappeared and shrank away, the human udders deflating until my chest was thankfully nice and properly flat.

I slipped off the human undergarment and tossed it aside contently, my song dripping down into a lower pitch. I could feel a stream through my chest and belly as the song worked its wonders to change it. My entire frame shrank down, width compressing and shape streamlining, my lower torso obviously a bit thicker than my upper half.

Finally, my beautiful face would be next. I would be complete, soon. Already I could feel it, my nose stretching out, merging with my mouth into one smooth and pointed snout. My lips shrank away, and I tried not to let the shifting of my facial features interrupt my song. The tip of my new snout began to round and grow into a ball like

shape, my nostrils going with it and settling on my new round nose as it turned a soft pink color.

The shape of my head compressed, chin shrinking down and cheeks rounding as everything got a bit smaller to fit my body. My ears tingled under my sea stars until they shrank down until they disappeared entirely, becoming smaller holes that didn't mess up my cutely framed face.

Finally, my eyes. They got bigger and wider, and the color-- although I can't really remember what it was before-- probably changed to my more appropriate watery blue color instead at this time. The unsightly eyebrows of my former self shrank away and vanished, while my eyelashes turned a pure white and grew out, much longer and more feminine and pretty. Good for fluttering and framed my eyes quite nicely, I would say.

Our song came to its climax, and as I faced my sister I couldn't help but smile. "Such a lovely song, wonderful work." I giggled, my flipper atop hers.

"Oh, thank you, thank you~" She giggled, playfully nudging me with her nose. "But it was much better as a duet, I'd think~"

"Most certainly." I beamed, nuzzling back at her. "How amusing, finding dear mommy after turning the boy~"

"I know, isn't it? I may be a bit of a romantic, but surely anyone would think it was fate to meet her on this wondrous night!"

"Oh, most definitely." I giggled, giving a pleased sigh. Of course, I was previously said mommy. I recognized as much only because I was the only one of us two sitting on top of torn ruined human clothing.

In truth, though, that mommy wasn't me. Certainly, I could remember the worry on her face and thinking about that boy, perhaps a few other details if I thought about it hard enough, but I simply wasn't concerned enough to care. What does it matter who was who, when we were all lovely Primarina sisters?

"It's quite a tale. Oh, the mother, reuniting with her lost child in a new life, family together again~" I sang, before chuckling. "Of course, now as sisters instead of a mother and son~"

“Indeed, sister~” my other self told me cheerfully, pulling me into an embrace.
“...Although, I’m not too sure if they’ve truly reunited yet, truth be told.”

“Oh? Hum...” I thought. It was true, technically. I used to be the mommy, yes, but was the me that was before me the son or another one of me? Certainly if she didn’t know then I wouldn’t really know either, now would I? “Hmm... that is quite troubling...”

“Indeed... I would like to, at the very least, honor dear mommy’s worries and have her meet her child again, I’m not soulless, after all~” She complained.

“Mm... yes, I suppose that IS understandable... well, there’s only one real solution then, I suppose, isn’t there?”

“Hmm? What’s that?” She asked. I cocked my hip and looked at her, and my silly twin had the decency to be a bit embarrassed. “Ah, yes, I guess that IS quite obvious...” she giggled into a flipper, before turning towards the sea. “Shall we go home, then? I’m sure the other half of our beloved *family* are awaiting at home~”

“Oh, that would be lovely. I’m sure they’ll be surprised and delighted to see we’ve become a quartet~” I giggled. I hopped out of the torn scraps of cloths that was my former life’s outfit, leaving them behind in the sand as I joined my sister in the wetter sands of the shore.

The night’s cold waves felt so wonderful on my tail. Of course, it was nothing new to me, but I never grew tired of the sensation. I looked into the starry clear sky and smiled. Coming up to shore was always worth it for the romantic view. Such a perfect backdrop for our songs.

And gaining new sisters on occasion was a wonderful bonus, of course.

Our lovely home, always a welcome sight. A perfect little cove where the riff raff couldn’t bother us. Just me, me, me, and of course now me~

The acoustics were quite lovely, as well. A nice bonus.

I arose into the main room of our undersea paradise, followed shortly by my ‘sister’. Of course, who else would be there than the other half of my growing collection of copies.

“Oh, my, it seems someone’s come back~” one said happily, taking note of the fact that there were 2 of me as opposed to 1.

“I’d say she returned twice, wouldn’t you?” The other giggled, moving over to appraise us both. I chuckled, moving to embrace her.

“Mmhm~ And you’d never guess who our new sister used to be~” the ‘me’ behind me joined in on the happy little cuddle pile.

“The mother, no?” The one not participating in the hug session answered, eliciting a mock gasp from the previous. “Silly, did you forget? Those memories go to all of us, you know~”

“Oh, poo.” She sighed in defeat. “And here we were hoping to make it a surprise~”

“Would it help if we pretended to be surprised?~” The one in my arms offered.

“Oh, don’t encourage her~” I giggled, letting go of her as I appraised the three other Primarinas before me. “Oh, just look at us, a beautiful quartet. My, we’re big enough to be a band, aren’t we~?”

“Very much so~” “Oh, how amusing.” “I hope you don’t plan on suggesting to be the lead singer, sister~”

“I’m glad we came across that poor, lonely looking woman. Oh, I’m such a good soul, helping her so~” I clasped my arms together in delight, smiling to the others. “Her story brought such a tear to my eye, you know. Well, I’m sure you all do know, but being there yourself was an experience~” I wiped my eye a bit, sniffing. “I could just imagine... oh, it’d make such a tragic song. Just imagine, the tale of a mother looking for her child. It’d bring tears to an entire audience!”

“Oh, what’s this now?” Another of me put her arm on her hip, frowning. “I recall being there myself, you know. Weren’t you the mommy?”

“Hmmm?” I frown. “No, I believe I was the one who... oh, drat, now you’re getting me confused!” I huff.

Someone else sighed, rather dramatically. “Oh, to think I could be so airheaded sometimes.” She mused. “Let’s just agree to come up with that song together, yes? Skip this whole silliness about who was who or what.”

“Perhaps we should try styling our hair differently or some such thing...” another one asked.

“Huff! I refuse to mess with my look. I worked hard to get this, you know.” Primarina complained.

“Oh, girls, girls! Let’s just forget it. It doesn’t matter who is who, really. We’re all me, now, after all~” I giggled, and the other three agreed.

“I suppose that’s true enough.” Primarina giggled. “At least one of us here did a good deed and reunited a family~ Quite heroic, I must say~”

“I’d have to agree. Very touching.” The one to my left chuckled. “Look at us, a happy family, without tearing apart another~ I’m sure everyone is delighted.”

“Oh, yes, back together again... whichever one of you is the boy, anyway~”

“I say we should celebrate, my dear sisters!~” One stood tall and proudly. “Let us sing, an ode to family and reunion!”

“Oh, that sounds lovely!” “Aaah, I could use a cheerful number.” “Very proper theme for our first quartet, isn’t it?~” “Thank you, thank you~” “May I begin?” “Oh, are you leading this time?” “Would you prefer to do so?” “Should it not be the newest member?” “Can you tell who that is?” “Ah...” “Please, now, come, let’s begin together.”

And so, here at home, our private song echoed. Four of us.

Together, much like a proper family, weren’t we?~