

Pocket Confidence and Automaton

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains (willing) TF, Pokemon, Robotification, and minor mental changes. And it is also a sequel to “Pocket Service and Automaton”, which I recommend you read first due to a lot of context and the use of previous characters.

After another long day on my feet it was a relief to finally come to my apartment and meet my bed. A big sigh escapes me involuntarily as I worm my way to my side and remove the remote that I ended up landing on from my stomach and toss it onto a pillow, then go back to flopping limply on the bed.

My name is Pamela. A tall and unimpressive girl with hair that I really needed to condition more often. That’s me. I should explain, I work at SOLATEC, a leading company in technology and science. By some miracle my resume was accepted and I of course took the job. Who wouldn’t? The pay was out of this world even for my position!

Oh, yeah, the reason I’m so tired... you wouldn’t think my feet would hurt if all I did was work on computers or something, right? Well, my job is... not that. I’m actually a member of the care staff. Which is just a more respectful way of referring to people on janitorial and cook duty. Which is just a more respectful way of saying we’re maids.

I mean, literally maids. No one in the entire corporation tries to hide that the president is a weirdo. Apparently when people were submitting uniform suggestions someone sent in ‘maid outfits’ and then everyone voted for it as a joke and...

Ahem, that’s not the point of this story, right, um, hang on, okay.

I’m actually overqualified for this job. I mentioned computers and... well, my degree actually is for computer science and programming. You’re probably wondering why I applied for something with lower pay, more walking, and less familiarity, and...

Sigh. I don’t know what to say. Well, I guess I do, but, it’s not really a proud reason or anything.

I'm... shy, I guess. I'm an absolute mess with talking to others and communicating and... you get the idea. A big department like that? No doubt I'd have to talk to people all the time. I already know that's a big no no. School was already a disaster every time there was a group project. The only way I passed my major classes was because I managed to do really well on the solo projects. And the final was optional whether I wanted to work in a group or not.

So, there you have it. I'm a plain, socially awkward lady working as an *adequate* maid in some super futuristic science lab, coming home alone to spend all day watching movies and browsing forums and chats on my computer all the time. My poor degree, being wasted on silly little games I half finish on the side. At least the high pay got rid of my university debts.

A monotonous life, I guess, but... at least it's not *bad*, right? I guess I don't have much to complain about.

I guess...

Then I met her.

I had heard of them before. Yes, back when I was accepted at the job, I was told all about them. The... robots that "worked" here. They were like any other employee, a number of them in the various departments, even the care staff had a handful, but this was my first time seeing one for myself.

A Ciccino. Happily working away without a care in the world. Honestly, she was adorable, and I... I don't know, I felt kind of jealous? And not just because she seemed to be much better at all this despite the lack of height and shorter arms.

It just made me think of the interview all over again.

Those robots... they looked like Pokemon, but the truth, which I was sworn to secrecy multiple times over to make sure it never left the facilities, was that they were formally human.

Yes, multiple members of the staff willingly turned themselves into robots of all things. And from what I was told, it was irreversible. Why'd they do such a thing, I have no idea, but...

The Ciccino looked so happy.

The truth is, I was offered to go through the process too. My interviewer thought I was wasting my skills on care staff, and after I admitted my... problem, he told me all about it. The POKECAST, which could turn me into one of them. It could help me work more efficiently and maybe even assist with my social anxiety. It sounded too good to be true, honestly, but he assured me that it was harmless and that I had a "high compatibility".

As you can tell, I said no. It was... too scary. Becoming a machine permanently? Was that worth possibly overcoming my "issue" and more pay? And what about not being able to leave the facility? Sure, I don't go out much (or at all), but that's still pretty intense, right?

But then I look at the Ciccino again. And again I play back that conversation. Doing what I really love, overcoming shyness, having some excitement in my dull grind. Again I start to wonder if that absolute no of mine was truly certain...

...

I thought I was someone that enjoyed monotony and quite, but... I'm not so sure about anything now.

...

...

Multiple days, and I see her, again and again. For all of next week our break times were the same, too. It's like I was being mocked. Did someone know? Did this company make some kind of mind reading device and test it on me? ...Well, honestly, that was very likely, but-

Sigh.

I'd have to do it, wouldn't I? I can't calm down anymore. I have to talk to her, if only to get some answers.

I steel myself, looking to the Cinccino. I just had to approach and say 'hello', then I could...

She turns around, and I quickly avert my eyes and pretend I don't see her. My heart threatens to leap out of me, but she didn't seem to notice me, going on her way.

...M-maybe I can wait until we're on break.

...

Two days later, I decide it's time. We're on break together, and she's sitting off lounging.

I approach.

It shouldn't be too hard. Just... imagine you're talking to a Pokemon, not a person. Then it'd be easier, right?

No, wait, that'd be insulting. Ah...!

"Oh, hey, you're... Pamela." She says after a pause. I didn't even notice I was right in front of her until she spoke up. I refocus on her face to see her smile at me. "How's it going, Pam?"

"Um, Pam...?" I say, quieter than I'd like, but it seems she has no trouble hearing me with those large ears.

"Haha, sorry, don't like nicknames?" She asks cheerfully.

"O-oh, um, no, it's fine, um, go ahead and, and call me that if you want..." I stammer out. "And you're, um... you're... Chelsea, r-right?" I manage to get out. Wait, was it weird to know her name like that? I mean, we've never talked once. Then again, she knew my name, although she probably just has a list of all her coworkers or something saved...

“Yup, that’s me!” She beams. I can’t help but be in awe at how expressive she is. I never got a good look at her or any of the robots before, but her face is definitely fluid enough even if it’s robotic. “What’s up?”

“Ahah, um, nothing’s up! That’s, erm, I don’t need anything, from you, just, I thought we could... talk and all, s-since we’re coworkers and on break and you were alone so...” my head only sinks lower as I realize I’m rambling. Gods, I’m a mess.

“Hey, girl, breathe.” She says suddenly, snapping me out of it. “Why don’t you sit down?”

“...’kay.” I relent quietly, sitting next to the... Ciccino.

And so we talk for a while, but it’s mostly just her leading the conversation and me listening. Honestly, I don’t mind.

I guess Chelsea really is made for being care staff. She just radiates friendliness. Even I lower my guard after a while. I get the feeling she noticed that I’m not the best speaker. I appreciate it, honestly.

I learn a bit about her. What she likes, other small talk like that. And she asks me random questions but never expects me to explain too much or go in depth or anything.

It’s not at all what I wanted to talk to her about today, but I guess I can’t really complain.

“Looks like break time’s over. See you around, Pam~” Chelsea pats my leg before hopping off the seat.

“H-huh? Oh! Oh, gosh, did that much time pass already...” I quickly realize I didn’t even have lunch yet, but I can’t go and complain now. I sigh, rubbing my head before standing up.

Nevertheless, I can’t help but smile a bit. That... wasn’t a complete waste of time.

...

“G-good afternoon, Chelsea.” I say the next day during break. This time I remembered to get myself a meal.

“Yooo, Pam~ What up, girl?~” Chelsea beams in that cute robotic smile she had last time.

“O-oh... um... not much... work is exhausting.” I sigh. It felt like I was getting more tasks lately. “Um... can I... that is, if you don’t mind company, uh...”

“C’mon~” She answers before I can finish asking. I blush and shut my mouth, sitting next to her.

Again we talk, although I’m mostly silent... although to be fair, this time I’m also eating.

I realize that we’re on a time limit, though. So this time I definitely NEED to bring *that* up... but how?

I didn’t want to look like a weirdo. Or pushy. What do I do?

I just... need to lead into it somehow. Yeah.

I sigh. “You know... I’m a bit jealous of you, Chelsea.”

“Hm?”

At her inquisitive look I shrink. “I-I mean...!” I blush all over again, then look down. “This work is, you know, really... tiring, and all. I don’t, uh, don’t know if I’m really made for it. My feet, um, they always kill me when I’m going back home, so... I-I was just thinking that you probably don’t ever have to worry about getting tired or sore or anything huh? Haha...”

“Haha, yeah, I guess that is kinda convenient, right? Like, honestly, it doesn’t even come to my mind that I don’t get tired anymore. I’m just, like, always going. Except for when I have to, like, recharge, anyway,” she nods. “It isn’t totally perfect, though.”

“H-huh?” I blink, probably not doing a good job of hiding my interest. What sort of downsides did this have, after all?

“Yeah, like, since I don’t have limits, I totally get more shifts and duties than everyone else. Like, totally unfair.” She scoffs jokingly.

“O-oh... I... um, didn’t notice that. Sorry.” I apologize for no reason.

She giggles. “It’s fine~ Everything else is good anyway. I still get breaks at least, my boss thought it was too unfair if I didn’t.”

“I... I see.” I pause. Okay, that’s... good info, but I need more. I can’t let this conversation die too quick. “Um, hey, Chelsea, can I ask you something? Erm... what’s it like? All of... you know... being that.”

The Ciccino smiles. “It’s pretty great. I like it. The free room and extra pay’s nice too. Plus, like, I’m real popular with the staff, heehee.”

“That’s... nice. I can’t imagine being popular. I-um, was always kind of a loner, and uh, I have problems um... you know.” I admit, scratching my head awkwardly. “But!” I stammer out quickly before she can comment on my previous statement, “um, what was the... well, what was turning into that like?”

Something seems to register in her eyes as she listens to my question. She opens her mouth to speak before her eyes flicker. “Oh, darn, break time’s over...” She frowns slightly. “Humm... well, guess we gotta, like, continue this later. Sorry, Pams.”

“O-oh, it’s fine...” I blush, looking away, biting back my cursed sigh. We go to our shifts, everything I heard so far still hanging in my head.

But instead of clearing my doubts, they’ve only grown bigger. I need more info.

...

“Heeey, Pam~! Wait up girl!” I hear a squeaky voice call me while I’m heading down the hall. My shift is over and now was my long and boring commute back home to another evening of complaining about feet pain and going through my backlog.

“Huh? Who-Oh! Ch-Chelsea. U-um, did you... need something?” I stammer out, turning around and spotting no one before looking down and spotting the dressed up Ciccino-bot.

“You heading home?” She asks me.

“Y-yeah...” Unlike the robots and some of the higher staff members, I didn’t actually live here.

“Cool! You wanna hang out?~ We didn’t get to finish talking earlier, so.”

“A-ah... are you sure? Um, I mean, I don’t mind, but if you have something else to do I wouldn’t...”

“Aww, it’s fine. I always got time for girl time!” She gives me the best thumbs up she can do with her stubby paw. “Come on, let’s go~”

For a while I’m not sure where exactly she would want to hang out with me. I’m pretty sure none of the robots were allowed to leave or go in public, after all.

I get my answer quickly enough when she takes me to the Staff Quarters and drags me into what could only be her room.

It’s... well, honestly, it’s not what you’d think a robot’s room would look like. I guess it’s closer to what you’d think a typical girl’s room would be like. If everything was sized for someone less than 2 feet tall.

I end up having to sit on a couple of pillows, admittedly really comfy ones.

“So!”

She immediately gets my attention.

“You wanted to know what it was like, huh? Conversion? Lemme guess, you were offered it too?”

I can only nod, looking embarrassed over how easy to read I was.

She smiles. “It isn’t so bad, you know? It didn’t hurt at all, if that’s what you’re wondering.”

“But... wasn’t it weird? I mean, you’re... not human now! N-no offense.”

“Yes, I guess I’m not human anymore, but honestly, I don’t mind. I got used to everything really quickly. Everything about this body, artificial or otherwise, just comes naturally. Even my job is simple, I remember every detail necessary for any task I need to do, and no one treats me any differently. I can even communicate with Pokemon like this.” She smiles wistfully, showing just how much she means everything she’s saying. She doesn’t even insert a ‘like’ like I got used to her doing!

“But... weren’t you scared?”

“Hm... yeah. I was a bit, at first. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“...Um... this... is a bit personal, but... why? Why go through with it, even if you were scared? Did you... um... really need the money?”

She giggles. “No. It wasn’t the money, even if it’s a nice bonus.” She shifts her head, looking a bit embarrassed for the first time since I’ve met her. “Honestly, I...” She smiles softly. “I did it because I like helping others.”

“You... like helping?”

“Mmhm.” She leans back on her pillow casually, idly twirling a ribbon on her maid outfit. “This body lets me help people better than I ever could otherwise. Sometimes in ways I never even thought of! Translating Pokemon’s speech to their trainers really changes so much. But the biggest draw...”

I lean forward, my eyes wide as I listen to everything she says.

“The POKECAST—the thing that changed me. It really could do a lot of good in the world, you know?” She smiles. “Imagine, giving a new, completely healthy body and perspective to the sick or injured. When I was interviewed they told me I had 100% compatibility with the process. My data would be—IS a big help to development.” She explains, sounding smarter and more amazing than I ever thought she could be.

I’m at a loss for words. It made me feel bad about my own motivations and issues with it all.

And I understand now that I could completely open up to Chelsea about everything.

So I tell her. My worries, my fears, my anxiety, my true dream job and how I gave it up, the offer I was made, saying no because I was scared.

And she listens.

And she tells me the words I must have needed to hear.

“It’s fine to be scared, I think everyone is before they do it. I was scared too, but I overcame it and realized I really wanted to do this, even if it was permanent. You totally don’t give yourself enough credit, you know?”

“But...”

She put a paw on my hand. “Do you really want this, Pam? Is it worth it? I think if you can answer that, then you don’t have to worry about all this anymore. And I’ll help you no matter what, girlfriend! If you go through with it, I’ll even be right there with you to cheer you on!”

I *almost* didn’t cry that day.

Several weeks pass by after then. The next day I officially requested a change in department. The day after that I accepted the offer to go through the Upload. And the day after that Chelsea gave me her contact info and we started chatting online, since I really couldn’t miss my commute or break times. Not to say that we didn’t keep talking in person whenever we had the chance.

It was easy to open up to her. I don’t know. I guess after realizing just how... caring she was I just couldn’t pass the opportunity to finally, finally speak everything I could.

She really helped me tough out these last few weeks. Sure, I made the request and they accepted it all, but the wait while all the paperwork and numbers and prepwork went through would probably have killed me of nerves twice over without someone to calm me down.

And now it was time.

The POKECAST.

The thing that would take away my humanity. No, the thing that would answer all my woes.

Why did it have to be so... menacing? So many tubes, and that dark paint. The large door was far too intimidating. It's like if I stepped through it I'd never come out again.

Which I guess was true in a way.

"You got this, girl. Deep breaths." I hear from below me. I look to my side and see my best friend Chelsea, her paws balled up in the best fists they can be as she looks at me with determination in her eyes.

Nevertheless, I swallow and look to the machine. "Deep breaths." I repeat.

"It doesn't hurt."

"It doesn't hurt." I repeat quietly.

"Everything will work out."

"Everything will work out..."

"You got this!" She cheers.

"I-I... I got this." I whisper. My face flushes. "H-hey, Chelsea..."

"Yeah?"

"Do I... really gotta be... half naked for this?" I mumble, covering my chest and behind and looking around for cameras.

"Well, clothes WOULD get in the way..." she explains, although there's a look of understanding in her eyes. "Technically you should be completely naked, but be happy I argued against that for you."

"A-ah..."

“Hey, it’ll be fine. Just relax, okay? Remember, I’m right out here, cheering you through. Nothing will happen!”

“Okay... okay.” I mumble. There was no delaying it. I was waiting for today. It’s... better to just get it over with, like pulling off a bandage.

Except not really, because this was a lot more ridiculous and permanent than a bandage.

The door opens and I head through.

My mind is on fire as it registers that I’m now *inside* the POKECAST, but it’s too late to back down now, not when the door closes behind me. I could still hear Chelsea cheering for me through the thick metal door, barely.

“Miss Pamela, everything is stable. Please, step forward onto the platform and we can begin.” a voice startles me through what’s probably a speaker inside the machine. I recognize it as the Scientist that spoke to me about the process during the weeks I was waiting.

“O-okay...” I hold back my nerves as I walk deeper into the machine. It’s cramped in here. The only room to stand is a very small ‘path’ at the door and a thin silver platform 2 steps forward.

I stand there.

“Please put your arms to your sides.”

I flush.

“Pamela?”

“Y-yes...” I squeak out, uncovering my body. For a split second I imagine this all being a prank, an elaborate ploy to get pictures of me, but I think better of it and quickly shoo the thought away.

I nearly jump as I feel several cold bars of metal clamp around me. My wrists, my upper arms, my neck, around my forehead, my ankles, my waist.

“Relax, relax,” the man placates me as I unconsciously start to squirm without thinking. “These are for your safety. Don’t want you to lose your balance or hurt yourself during the change.”

“R-right... right, okay, sorry.” I squeak out, only really half believing him. I’ve watched too many movies, maybe.

Already I’m imagining at least a handful of ways this thing could maim me, or suddenly glitch for the first time ever and tear me apart.

But I hear her. Outside, waiting for me, assuring me everything is fine.

I imagine a little Ciccino maid running around in my mind smacking away all my fears with a broom.

I take deep breaths like she told me to, shutting my eyes and trying to calm down.

“Beginning.”

I could feel pin pricks under the metal clamps. Sharp and quick jabs of something piercing my skin painlessly. I couldn’t help but become hyper aware of my own breathing, the rise and fall of my chest, the sensation of every bit of my body, as I waited for the change.

“This won’t hurt... this won’t hurt... this won’t...” I whisper to myself in assurance, but in the middle of it all my voice starts to give out. My head, my mind, feels fuzzy. Weird. Like... I don’t know how to describe it. As if it were being moved, as if someone was gently trying to wrap it up and pack it away somewhere.

I could understand that this was all part of the process. My consciousness was being... changed. Uploaded, I guess? Is this how it felt? I didn’t really like the idea of my thoughts and memories getting shifted around like a file getting saved on a USB.

In this state I could feel the physical changes. Yes, my head was changing shape, now. Everything was getting rounder. I always had a really skinny face. The part of me that was always conscious of my appearance wasn’t really a fan. It made me look bony and awkward, I think. Now, it was all changing.

My slightly long nose shrank down, flattening against my shifting face. The skin around it became oddly hard and smooth. Thankfully I didn't have any blemishes to feel even more self-conscious about, but the skin of my nose, cheeks, around my eyes, and up my forehead became unnaturally smooth, pale skin turning soft whitish blue as if it were being dyed from the inside and gaining an unmistakably metallic sheen.

It was strange. Strange how aware of my own changes I was. Was... the POKECAST feeding me info of my own transformation as it happened? I feel like an outside observer to my own body at the same time that I felt every change happen.

It's confusing.

My jaw shrinks down, becoming less and less prominent, rounding out with the rest of my head to leave it more oval shaped. My mouth changes next, lips flattening and disappearing, my tongue drying and my teeth melding and shifting. Was I allowed to eat? I still had a functioning, moving mouth, but I'm not really sure if I could actually taste anything. My tongue and everything else felt smaller, and...

Ah! My teeth! I could feel a slight pull on my front teeth. Were they getting bigger? It seems like it. I had buck teeth now, apparently. Okay... that narrows down the Pokemon I could be turning into...

A tickle goes through my ears. My hearing vanishes for a few seconds as they suck into my still shifting head, leaving me sitting in mute silence before it all comes back. It's weird, like I were listening to everything through my headphones, but the quality seems to adjust itself and come out much smoother than ever. I guess my hearing was going bad from all my computer time, huh...

A-ah, yes, my ears! They 'regrew', but not in the same spot. Now they were coming out from the top of my head, coated in light blue metal and triangular, vaguely cone-like in shape. Microphones and antennas built in conveniently. Even some 'nerves' so I could feel them properly, and rotors for me to shift them slightly. Spare no expense, huh... Oh, how did I know all of that? Must be the machine uploading more information into me.

Then my eyes went. The fact that it was so sudden was more jarring than me going blind, honestly. It was more like someone turned my vision "off". And yet, the machine kept feeding me observations to what was specifically happening. My eyes change,

blue irises and white sclera merging into a dark grey, eyelashes and eyebrows disappearing as they became a smaller more oval shape.

They shifted, becoming flat screens instead of real eyes. I can't imagine what my internals looked like (really, I can't, because the POKECAST was also happily uploading my specs to my digitizing mind even as it was building those specs into me. Did this thing have a sense of humor or what?).

...E-either way, my eyes turned back on, faint glow to the LEDs within. As expected, my vision was completely clear for the first time after years of staring at computer screens in the dark. I guess that's just another benefit to all this that I didn't even think of.

My cheeks tingle, strange since I thought they already changed, but I guess it's not done yet. Yes, a large part of the white surface of my smooth cheeks suddenly dyed a bright yellow, taking up almost all of the space in big ovals.

Well, I guess that explains what I was becoming.

My hair starts receding away. Slightly stringy and short brown locks pulling in, leaving me bald. Thankfully my head was pretty much entirely changed so I didn't have to deal with the self-embarrassment of seeing the regular me bald. A blue stripe between my ears forms, travelling down the back of my bare, small metal head.

My ears involuntarily twitch as I hear an audible 'pop'. I look down, scanning my body, and see my shoulders shrinking, almost melting into my body. I could feel my neck shrinking downwards and notice my chest is still.

I wasn't even aware that I stopped breathing at some point. I guess it made sense as my mouth and little dot of a nose aren't made for that. My chest isn't still for long, though. Yes, it starts moving again. Rather... well, it's embarrassing to say it, but my breasts were shrinking. My bra, already struggling to stay on due to my shoulders, goes limp as the mounds underneath (which weren't small before, honest!) shrink down, "features" vanishing as the skin turned white and metal.

I could feel a slight pull on my arms. I look to either side of me, but surmise quickly that it's my arms that are shrinking, not the clamps that are tugging on them. Quickly the machine's arms do start moving closer to my body as my own arms get smaller and

smaller in length. It is surreal, from my perspective, my eyes, it's like watching them get sucked into my body.

My hands twitch, going limp. My fingers feel tingly all over. I watch as my middle and index finger merge together, and my ring and pinky go through the same on both hands. The 3 fingers on each hand melt and round into stubbier paw-like digits, completely white and lacking nails. They're very small, in fact I can detect that my hands in general were smaller than before. Both of them could probably fit in the palm of my old hand. The digits were segmented at their bases, allowing me to move them, even if it's slightly limited.

My arms continue shrinking, white metal covering the remainder entirely. At this point I'm sure most of my upper body has been fully processed. I could feel my lungs and heart in the process of being shifted to robotic components and counterparts. What a dangerous machine this was that it could turn such vital organs into mere parts.

Ah, I was getting pessimistic again. And weirdly analytical, too? I don't know. It's easier to multitask when your brain's been mostly converted into data, I guess. I'm focused on this transformation, taking everything in, but I'm also thinking about a lot of things...

My upper body has been completed. My bra is dangling off the clamps of the machine that are holding my paws in place, far too big to fit on me now. I'm definitely becoming a Pachirisu in size and not just appearance. My arms and hands have been replaced by stubby paws. Admittedly, this'd probably make using a keyboard or even a phone a bit problematic, but I'm sure there's a workaround or two.

My waist rounds outwards, and my stomach gurgles uncomfortably while my tummy softens. I look down and see my belly button disappear, everything getting coated in white. Bones crack and pop painlessly, my legs wobbling as everything upwards shrinks in a way that they can't really fit.

"O-oh my..." I squeak out in embarrassment as I realize where the transformation reached now. Then I'm taken aback by my voice. It's so... squeaky and cute. I guess the best way to describe it would be... well, how I'd imagine a Pachirisu speaking English would sound like? Mixed with a bit of my own voice too, of course.

Further proof that this machine clearly had to have its own "mind" and sense of humor. Honestly, I couldn't see any reason for them to want to change my voice other than for fun.

“At least it works fine...” I say, followed by what I can only interpret as a virtual ‘sigh’. Oh, good, my habit of sighing *isn’t* going to be changed from my pending roboticization. Lovely.

I’m distracting myself here. Yes, the transformation reached my... nethers. My butt flattens down, and I... well, whatever’s down there disappears, okay? Same goes for my groin, smoothing out and becoming a featureless curve.

My hips flatten down with the rest of my torso. I hear my legs crack and I’m sure if I wasn’t secured I would have fallen over. Segments and joints form on my lower body for my legs as they move position, leaving a plentiful gap between them even as my bottom shrinks to match the size of my upper body.

My thighs start shrinking inwards and thinning dramatically. The other clamps on me keep me steady while I’m losing height drastically. Everything around me just gets bigger and bigger as my legs just seem to melt away into nothing. I can’t imagine where all my extra mass is going in this change.

Soon enough my legs are entirely gone from the knees up, and even after that my knees quickly follow, the joint disappearing in both my legs. Next my lower legs follow a similar process, up until all that’s left of the formally human me are my feet.

From my new tiny height, which my self diagnostics list as an even .4 meters, I get an up close look of my feet’s transformation. They divide into segments, shifting into the same white color and material as the rest of me. Unlike my hands and fingers, my toes merge into one solid lump, rounding out before two etchings form at their tips giving them the appearance of having separate digits. I cannot move my toes but it seems the rest of my feet are still adjustable.

My entire body has been transformed. Scans and system diagnostics tell me everything has been successfully converted. Even my mind has been uploaded and transferred into my chassis with 0 complications or errors. Yes, everything was working as intended. All that was left was the finishing touches.

On the small of my tiny white back, another limb pushed outwards. Thick and round, made with a softer and lighter metal with a joint at its base. The limb curls at its round end, with a blue stripe running down its length and 3 rounded spikes at the top of the curl. Yes, this is my tail. A more subtle alteration to my shell is the small number of

ports and slots that appeared just above the base of my tail, in such a way that they could be hidden if I positioned it just right.

“POKECAST Running Process complete. 0 errors found. Pachirisu model successfully implemented. Compile records, data, and thoughts for further analysis. And future perusal, if I feel like it.” I say, startling myself. Aha, I got a bit carried away there, it seems. Yeah, being a computer would take getting used to.

Those records might be nice to look at later, though.

The POKECAST releases me but I hardly notice, too focused on looking myself over. My little paws reach up and touch my cheeks. I blink my eyes, then realize that I can in fact blink! I mean, sure, I saw Chelsea do all these things herself and know how expressive she can be, but it’s still strange seeing, feeling, experiencing it all for myself!

I wiggle my legs, giving a few kicks, then turn my head and lift and lower my tail a few times. It’s strange how... normal everything felt. Surely something so dramatic should have caused me to be rendered completely immobile as I got used to my new body, yet everything just fit together perfectly. Perhaps that was also part of the adjustment to my mind.

Just more things to think about. I wonder if it’d be rude to ask them how all of this even worked? Surely with my new mind I’d be able to understand well enough... maybe.

“Ahem. Are you alright in there, Miss Pamela?” a voice causes my ears to twitch.

I dart up in surprise, and notice that the POKECAST’s door opened, a human head peeking in along with a Cinccino’s head looking worriedly underneath.

“A-ah! Yes! Sorry! I was just looking at myself!” I chirp out, quickly rushing out of the door— on all fours, I notice.

“Pamela... wow, girl, look at you! A Pachirisu, huh?” Chelsea gushes, moving to my side and looking me all over. It’s definitely jarring talking to her now that we’re the same height. Really, the fact that I’m eye level with a Cinccino to begin with, even if it’s a mechanical one, is something of a shock to me.

“Yes... I didn’t really expect something like this, honestly. I was expecting something that still had... you know, hands, and could fit on a desk.” I admit.

“Oh, don’t worry, you won’t need hands, you can interface with pretty much any computer. And you’ll still get a desk. It’d be bad for morale otherwise,” the man, evidently the head of this project, said with his tablet in hand.

“Well, that’s good to hear, although it wasn’t really my point...” I remark, Chelsea giggling at my side.

“You look, like, real cute, Pam! Totally cute! How you feeling, though? Was it all good?” She says as she keeps eying me over.

“I feel... fine. Honestly, better than ever. It was disorienting at first but, well... My eyes are so clear and my head feels more... focused? I don’t know. Everything just feels... really nice. Even my hearing is better! I didn’t even think I had a problem before!” I can’t help but gush.

Chelsea gives another electronic giggle. “You’re speaking a lot clearer now too! You look like you’re loving it! You’re, like, way more hyped up than I was after my change!”

“Gee, you think so?” If I could still blush I probably would.

“Yeah. You’re not even stuttering anymore. You sound way more, like, I dunno, confident? I like it! Guess you really were looking forward to this after all!”

Now I REALLY want to blush. But, I can’t really deny what she’s saying.

So instead I quickly hug her, nearly burying my face in her neck fluff. She laughs and I can feel her longer arms wrapping around me as best as they can and squeezing tightly. “Thanks, Chelsea. I would have been too scared to do this without you, but I can tell that... yeah, you’re right, I think I really did want this all along.”

“Aw... you know I got your back, Pam!” the Cincino cheers.

A throat clears. “About your new accommodations and schedule, Miss Pamela...”

“Shush, we’re having a moment.” Chelsea gives the best glare to the labcoated man.

He sighs, relenting. “Fine, fine, she has the rest of the day off anyway, but remember you’re only on break.”

We giggle.

It didn't take me long to get used to the new flow of things. No longer was I... *care staff*, now I worked in the development of new technologies provided by SOLATEC. I guess if it were any other company, that'd be a really ridiculous and unheard of jump in the food chain, huh?

Well, I already figured this company wasn't normal after I saw what the uniforms for the "caretaking staff" were. The POKECAST was just the last nail of the coffin.

My new boss, well, one of them, since as an Automaton I was also partially of the POKECAST division and answered to the head there (although he mostly just called me in for check-ups, took the "rookie" in stride and put me right to work, sending me all the files and data I needed for my assignments and showing me my personalized computer on the first day after introducing me to the rest of my "team").

Evidently, development and programming had some of the higher numbers of the Automaton members of the staff. I guess higher computational and multitasking power was a benefit for any programmer. Either way, everyone got used to me really quickly. They were more interested in how cute I was.

After a few day's worth of compliments, I had no choice but to believe them, really. Being the center of attention was hard for a bit, but I think it was good for me, too.

My stutter was all but gone, and I've started actually looking people in the eye when I talk to them now! ...Ignoring how hard that was sometimes with the lack of height.

Using computers has never been easier and more efficient. With but a few thoughts I could do everything I did before faster and all at once. Being able to watch a movie, hold multiple conversations, and accomplish work at the same time was definitely worth losing thumbs, I'd say.

Yes, all in all, life really has improved for me.

And of course, there's Chelsea...

“Heehee, you know,” I giggle, “the REAL best part of all this? I don’t have to wear the maid outfit,” I joke.

“Hah hah,” the Ciccino retorts, “jokes on you, I think this, like, totally makes me look cuter,” she snarks. “Least I have clothes that fit me.”

“We don’t even need clothes anymore, though.” I pout.

“Girl, next time we get together like this, we gotta teach you about the magic of fashion and accessorising,” Chelsea smirks. “Still, how’re you liking it here?”

I sigh. Yeah, I still haven’t stopped with that. “I’m honestly loving it. This has all been amazing. Everyone else is so nice to me.” I can’t hold back my grin. “The free internet and extra pay is great too.”

“What are you even using that pay for?”

“Movies, new computer parts...” I gesture to the large screen on the wall and the speakers. “Everyday needs.”

The Ciccino laughs, then gets comfy on a pillow. “So what movies are we watching tonight, Pam?”

“I’ve got a good selection this time. You know that one series I told you about a week ago? I got them all, Director’s Cut too!”

“Wasn’t that an Action series?”

“Mmhm~!” I say, already loading up the first movie.

At this Chelsea groans. “You know, it wouldn’t kill you to, like, have a few Romances in there.”

“Maybe not *kill* me...” I roll my eyes as best as I can. Honestly, the one thing I could never get with Chelsea was her taste in movies.

Really, looking back at everything, it feels like we had very little in common.

“BUT since you have watched everything I’ve recommended, I have a few movies I think you’ll like too.” I grin.

This time she’s the one that sighs. “Fiiiiine, I’ll watch too, but next time we’re DEFINITELY having a makeover day for you~”

Yet, even if we’re completely different girls, I know for sure that I wouldn’t replace her for anyone. Just like I wouldn’t replace any of this for anything.

~My Happy End~