

The fire crackled amidst the dark emptiness. A few orange embers rose in the air before the blowing wind tore them apart. Chris shuddered once as the breeze touched his body. He saw his hurried breath disappear into the dark before gazing upwards. The stars above looked so beautiful. A thousand of them shone in the immensity of space above, contrasting the black void that stretched endlessly behind them. Those celestial bodies watched Chris like a thousand eyes gazing upon nothing whatsoever. Staring at the sky always sent shivers down the man's spine. He could only wonder what secrets lay beyond his planet. At night, before going to bed, Chris often closed his eyes and allowed a thousand questions to fill his mind. But despite his neverending curiosity, he wasn't a man of science. Chris was but a commoner in the Pokémon world -- a mere trainer roaming around the region in hopes of becoming a champion. It was a simple lifestyle. One often plagued by adversities and risks. But to the young, there was no better life than this. He wouldn't exchange it for the world.

He shuffled on his seat twice, trying to find a comfortable spot. The log he sat on didn't make for the most suitable place to sit, but Chris had to make do. In the wilderness, one can't be too demanding. He looked to his right and watched his Charmander lay its head on his side. The creature yawned and shook its body.

"Are you tired already, Blaze?" Chris' voice echoed throughout the empty forest, reaching the innermost areas of the woods around him.

The Charmander nodded slowly.

"Heh. We'll go to bed soon, don't worry," Chris said. The Pokémon by his side smiled weakly in approval of his trainer's words.

He looked around once more and took in the sights of the forest surrounding him. A thousand trees stretched into the infinite horizon, each pine tree taller than its predecessor. Chris wasn't sure where he was. It was probably somewhere in Route 7, judging by the path he took after his last gym fight, but he couldn't muster the energy to go inside his tent and grab a map from his backpack. If he were to continue traveling at the same pace, he'd arrive in Celadon City in two days. Chris could only wonder what sights awaited him there. He closed his eyes and envisioned himself and his Charmander strolling through the streets he'd only seen in photographs. Despite being in his twenties, Chris had never traveled around Kanto before.

As he caught himself thinking those thoughts, a yawn leaped out of his mouth. Chris rubbed his eyes and looked upwards again as though he wanted to make sure the universe remained up there. A thousand stars blinked above. If he could, he would spend the whole night gazing at those celestial bodies and pondering what enigmas they hid. But he couldn't, for his exhaustion always overpowered him. He could feel it weigh down on his mind -- his limbs had already grown weaker, and his thoughts gradually slowed down. Bags formed beneath his eyes, revealing Chris' predicament to the whole world around him. Unwilling to fight over his needs, he stretched and yawned once more, giving in to his exhaustion. His shoulder blades popped as he raised his arms toward the sky.

"Alright, Blaze." He turned toward his Charmander. "Let's go to bed."

Blaze wasn't Chris's only Pokémon, but he was the man's longest friend. He knew the Fire-Type ever since he was a kid, and the Charmander was nearly as old as Chris himself. His appearance wouldn't reveal such a curious tidbit, however. Even after so many years, Blaze hadn't evolved yet. Chris' other Pokémon remained asleep inside their Pokéballs, stored deep inside his backpack.

The Pokémon smiled and leaped out of its seat, his tail dragging across the ground. It yawned once more before looking at Chris, who slowly rose from the log he sat on. The young man smiled at his Pokémon. "You can go inside already," he said, gesturing toward the blue tent behind him. "I'll join you soon."

The Charmander didn't open his mouth as he made his way toward the tent. Chris remained outside and gazed at the sky above with a bittersweet smile on his face. He watched the celestial bodies twinkle for what felt like a thousand lifetimes. Chris could never get tired of such a marvelous view. But as he gazed at the dark horizon above him, his curious eyes caught a glimpse of something. A ray of light soared through the horizon like a meteor, but its movement seemed unnatural and artificial. Like a Mothim searching for the sun, the white glow danced across the sky. It moved erratically, frequently changing direction without any recognizable pattern. "Is that a Pokémon...?" Chris asked himself as he paced around the campsite. This was the most logical conclusion, but the faraway dot didn't remind Chris of any Pokémon in the world.

He gazed at the sky with his eyebrows furrowed. Chris couldn't take his eyes off the glow above, questioning himself whether or not he had begun to imagine things. As he stared at the sky above, the young man watched the mysterious object grow larger. What once was a white spot in the sky became more identifiable. Squinting his eyes, Chris witnessed the mysterious appearance take shape. He took notice of its oval exterior and soon realized the dot wasn't increasing in size. It was approaching him instead.

Chris felt his legs threaten to give out. A sense of impending doom washed over him as he gazed at the sky above. His eyes quivered, watching the unknown object approach his meek body. The young man felt paralyzed by his own emotions. Soon, the former dot grew in detail: Chris witnessed its pale exterior reveal a sheet of metal covering it. He watched it move with a terrified gaze, seeing pieces of machinery emerge before him. It wasn't a star, or a comet, or a Pokémon. It looked like a great Leviathan stamping the skies above Chris -- a machine so impossibly advanced it couldn't be human-made. A single tear ran down his cheeks.

And then, a light enveloped his body. It encircled Chris as though he was the leading actor of a steamed play. Looking around, he shouted the first words that came to mind. "B-Blaze? Blaze, help me!" He couldn't move. Chris wasn't sure if his fear left him paralyzed or if something else caused this predicament. And he didn't want to know. The prospect of knowing the truth felt more terrifying than being left to wonder.

Chris' voice resounded throughout the campsite. His Pokémon wasted no time before leaping out of the tent, his eyes wide in confusion. Once it jumped past the makeshift home, Blaze gazed at the sky with a mixture of wonder and fear seeping through his mind. It stared at the otherworldly machine obstructing the clouds above, his reptilian mind rushing to identify it. It looked like a gray oval, with its outside dotted by bolts, panels, and complex circuits. A beam of light erupted from a perfectly symmetrical circle in its center. The light coming from the compartment encapsulated Chris' body. The Charmander rushed toward his trainer and clung to his clothes in an attempt to pull him away. But as soon as it stepped into the light, Blaze felt unable to move. He groaned and jerked his head from one side to the other, but his limbs disobeyed his commands. "B-Blaze!" Chris cried out.

The young man spat out a few more words, but they all got lost amidst Blaze's terrified breathing. Feeling his own body become lighter, Chris looked down and noticed that his feet no longer touched the ground. His figure became weightless, as though he sunk underwater. Looking around, Chris observed the trees moving around in the distance, their crowns approaching his eye level. And after gazing upwards, the trainer watched the machine slowly near his face. "H-Huh..?" Chris whimpered. He felt his Pokémon tug at the ends of his pants. Blaze floated alongside the young man, holding onto his trainer's clothes with fear that he would fall if he let go. "I-Is it k-kidnapping us?!" Chris said these words out loud for reasons he couldn't comprehend. In that moment of confusion and despair, he couldn't think straight anymore.

The world expanded around the trainer and his Pokémon. Chris stood still in the air, slowly soaring upwards. In the distance, he saw the horizon stretch endlessly. The lights from Celadon City and the tall trees in its surroundings fought for attention while occupying his field of vision. The wind blew on his face. Trembling, Chris gazed upwards and froze as a hatch opened on the machine.

And as he entered the hatch, everything went black.

Chris struggled to come back to his senses. The world spun around the tired man, whose body threatened to stop functioning at any moment. Chris found himself kneeling as he woke up, and as soon as he attempted to stand up, he fell to the floor again. A flurry of swears erupted from Chris' mouth. His head throbbed with an overwhelming migraine. Grunting, he laid a hand on a nearby wall for support and felt the cold metal press against his palms. The trainer panted while trying to regain his composure, sensing a strange feeling pulsate on his left arm. His legs still trembled down below, but at least he could stand upright. With one predicament out of the way -- and another creeping in the horizon -- Chris blinked. His vision slowly came back to normal. The world remained blurry for a few seconds, but Chris already looked around in hopes of recognizing his surroundings. Blinking again, he saw great gray walls encapsulate the room he was in. Each one was adorned with wired and metal panes. Then, looking to his sides, Chris saw four walls surround him. They were transparent like glass but seemingly much thicker. By his side, his Charmander lay asleep in another translucent box. Chris rubbed his eyes. When he opened them again and gazed northwards, his mind raced with a thousand questions.

Dozens of Clefairy stood in front of him. They all stared at Chris with an intense expression flashing across their faces.

"H-Huh... What?" he whimpered. "...Clefairy?" Chris shook his head and recalled his predicament. "H-Hello? Can you take me to your trainer?"

The Clefairy looked at one another and repeated their own names. The trainer could barely hear their words from inside his cage, but he knew they weren't speaking his language. It wasn't as though they could, of course. After mere seconds passed, some of the Clefairy in front of Chris shuffled out of the way. Another one of them stepped out of the back and moved toward the young man, holding a gray device in its clawed hands.

And then, a voice echoed throughout the room.

"Hello there, human." A feminine voice resounded on Chris' ears. The young man looked around in bewilderment. He searched for another human in the room, trying to identify where the voice came from. Then, it dawned on him. There were no other human beings in his surroundings. Only Clefairy surrounded the young man. Of course, this could only mean one thing.

He shook his head. "Y-You're... You're talking to me?!" he asked at the Clefairy standing before him.

The Pokémon pressed a button on its device. "Gee, are all humans stupid like that? Of course I'm talking to you!"

"H-How... I mean, what's happening? Where am I?!"

"Isn't it obvious?" She chuckled and pressed the button again. She touched the machine every time she opened her mouth. "You're inside our spaceship."

"Spaceship...? You don't mean -"

"All Clefairy come from space. Thought you humans knew this already."

Chris' legs trembled with the immensity of such a revelation. "N-No, we... I mean, there were theories, but... W-Wow! I... I don't even know what to say." He paused and took a deep breath. "What's your goal, then? I mean, why visit the Earth?"

The other Pokémon grew quiet. They stared at their feet in nervousness, their tail wagging slowly. The Clefairy in front of Chris smiled warmly. "Well..." She scratched her fur.

"We want to turn humans into Clefairy and eventually take over the world!"

"...Huh?"

These words weighed down on Chris' mind. They rang inside his brain like an alarm clock going off, forbidding him from concentrating on any other thoughts. Turn humans into Clefairy? Take over the world? That couldn't be true. Chris gazed at his surroundings once more, searching for any hidden cameras. This must be a prank. Unable to find what he looked for, he gawked at the Clefairy in the back of the room. They all eyed him with a mix of curiosity and anticipation rising in their minds. It couldn't be true. "...You're joking, right?" he continued.

Her face turned serious for a moment. "Do you hear anyone laughing, Chris?"

Chris felt at a loss for words. But before he could even think about what to say, a sound caught his attention. "Char... Charmander...?" Chris immediately looked to his left and watched as Blaze woke up from his slumber. The Fire-Type wobbled around in confusion, rubbing a hand across his tired eyes. "Char...?"

"Ah, perfect!" The Clefairy exclaimed. "I'll show you we're not kidding around, Chris."

"What do you mean?"

"We've already taken care of the procedures before you two woke up. You see, your... Charmander, right? Well, he went in first. According to my calculations, it should start..." She paused. The Clefairy held her next word in the tip of her tongue, savoring it like a piece of candy. "...Now."

Chris shook his head. "It? What are you talking about?"

"Char... Charmander...?"

Chris gazed at his Charmander once more. The Pokémon stumbled around in confusion, laying a hand on his forehead. A burning sensation spread across the creature's body. It jumped from limp to limp, his tiny heart beating fast inside his chest. Blaze panted and stood still, trying to resist the overwhelming feeling. It had been years since Chris had last seen his Charmander behave like this. It reminded him of what happened a decade ago when Blaze came down with a terrible sickness. But back then, it all happened slowly. This time, it was instant. One second, Blaze was waking up. The next, he stumbled around and grunted in agony.

Soon, the nightmare unfolded. The Charmander repeated his own name as an itch emerged on his forehead. He tried to scratch it, but it was to no avail. Blaze felt his sharp claws rub against his scales, but the feeling persisted. It was naive of him to believe it would go away. After all, the tingling behaved differently than most itches Blaze felt his life. This one pulsed beneath his orange scales rather than on them. The Pokémon couldn't observe what happened there, but his trainer watched everything with widened eyes. He took a step back once a single pink strand erupted on the Charmander's body. Chris assumed he had started hallucinating. He blinked multiple times and rubbed his eyes, but the follicles didn't

vanish. Instead, it multiplied. The once lone strand reproduced and caused more of itself to emerge. Hundreds -- perhaps thousands -- of hairs sprouted out of the Charmander's forehead like grass growing on a field. Beneath them, the Pokémon's scales came undone. Everywhere the fur touched, it caused Blaze's orange plates to vanish into thin air, exposing a soft layer of skin underneath.

Blaze raised another hand toward his forehead. His eyes widened as soon his fingertips sunk in the emergent fur. "C-Char? Charmander?!" His claws danced across the pelage. Blaze recoiled in response to the sensation, wholly unaccustomed to it. It felt unnatural in ways he couldn't explain. But the transformation progressed regardless of his feelings. And soon, the pink tuft on his forehead spun into a curl.

"Aww!" The Clefairy chirped. "Look at how cute your fur is! Much better than being a disgusting Charmander, right?" Her tail wagged behind her back.

"C-Char?"

Chris stomped his foot on the ground. He couldn't believe what he had just seen. His Charmander slowly mutated before his eyes, gradually losing all of his reptilian features. Soon, he wouldn't be himself anymore. "H-Hey! What the hell are you doing?!"

"Oh, don't make me repeat myself. I told you before, didn't I? You two will be transformed into Clefairy."

"S-Stop this right now!"

"Hm... You make a good point." She smiled. "Just kidding! It's not like it can be stopped, anyway."

The young man gulped once a horrible sensation rose in his stomach. Chris felt as if his insides were boiling, each of his organs burning intently. Droplets of sweat formed across his brow. Looking down, Chris watched his legs tremble. He felt afraid, but his emotions weren't the reason for the sensation. Something coursed through his veins. It was something Chris didn't have the words for. But he knew that, whatever it was, it was otherworldly and terrifying. If he didn't know any better, he would assume it to be magic. Chris gazed at his arms and saw a red mark on his skin. A new realization immediately dawned on him: The Clefairy wasn't lying. They had injected something into his body. And now, whatever chemical they mixed with his bloodstreams began its mission.

Unlike his Pokémon, Chris' torment commenced on his ears. The cartilage beneath his skin writhed and burned while the poor man stood still. His stomach turned upside-down in response, his arms and legs trembling with fear. Chris looked at his surroundings with tears in his eyes and gazed at the Clefairy in front of him. This was his fate. In due time, he and his Pokémon would become like them. And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

The young man felt frightened, and in his horror he imagined what happened to his ears. But Chris didn't have to imagine, as he soon came to find out. Raising a curious finger toward his right ear, he sensed his skin move like a living being. Chris wished to explore the alterations there, but the burning feeling surrounding his flesh prevented him from moving. The trainer stood still while his ears forsook their human form. Their cartilage danced and spread around in the blink of an eye, their tips stretching to infinity. Chris' ears expanded in shape while their growing tips narrowed slightly. This, in turn, caused them to take on a triangular appearance. To further complete their alterations, new muscles arose beneath their skin. Chris felt his newfound ears twitch while his fingers explored their mutated appearance. He ran a digit across their overgrown length, prickling his skin once he met with their pointed tips.

"M-My ears..." he said, refusing to lower his hand.

The Clefairy clapped her hands. To her, this was a moment of celebration. "Yep, they've changed! Don't you see how adorable they are?" In the distance, a few Pokémon chuckled at the sight of Chris' body.

"A-Adorable? Adorable?! This is insane! This is -"

Blaze's voice interrupted his words. "C-Char...?"

Chris looked to his side and watched his Charmander tap his claws against the glass. "Looks like his transformation is progressing!" the Clefairy remarked.

The itch atop Blaze's head never once disappeared. It instead traveled throughout the creature's face and dominated everything in its path. They colonized the Charmander's scales during their voyage, forcing them to succumb beneath the dense pelage. The million plates on Blaze's head came undone in the blink of an eye, fading into dust before they even reached the floor below. Without the orange plates in the way, the pink fur coursed endlessly. It ran around like a wild Zebstrika, dashing from Blaze's cheeks to his forehead. The poor creature groaned while attempting to resist the overwhelming warmth surrounding his body. He wasn't accustomed to such sensations. To the Charmander, the cold touch of his scales was a welcome feeling. But now, as the thick coat surrounded his head, such feeling vanished without a trace. All that remained was the heat from his growing pelage, which Blaze soon learned to abhor. On his cheeks, the pink fur darkened slightly. It created two oval markings there, but Blaze never noticed their existence.

"B-Blaze!" Chris cried out. By that point, his Pokémon looked nigh unrecognizable. His anatomy was the same, but a dense fur coat encompassed his head. If Chris didn't know any better, he would assume Blaze had somehow found a mask.

"C-Char!"

The Clefairy chuckled. "Don't worry, he'll come to appreciate his fur sooner or later. This spaceship does get cold at times, after all."

"S-Shut up!"

"So will you, by the way. Everyone always loves it!"

The young man shook his head. "S-Stop talking! I don't want to hear you!"

"Can you imagine it? Being a Clefairy like me? Can you imagine your fur will be?"

Chris closed his eyes and pressed his hands against his ears. He didn't want to wear any of the Clefairy's words.

As if the transformation wished to punish Chris' lack of manners, it continued to morph his body. A horrible ache coursed through his spine, causing the young man to lean on one of the glass panels. He panted heavily while the pain tortured him. It traveled from his neck to the tip of his spinal cord, burning intently inside his body. Chris groaned, allowing saliva to drip out of his mouth. He looked down with half-closed eyes and witnessed his legs trembling down below. The sensation didn't stop. If anything, it evolved much in the same way a Pokémon would. Like a Magnemite turning into three, the aching developed more intricacies. What once was a mere ache turned into a burning, a tingling, a numbing sensation. And soon, all of those nightmares escaped to the outside world. Chris ground his teeth as he felt his spine unfurl inside his body. His vertebrae moved in an attempt to leap out of his body, forming a protrusion above his rear.

This new lump curved as it grew longer, eventually pushing against the back of his pants. The aching that once resided in Chris' spine disappeared, but the torment wasn't over yet. His new appendage ached while treading a war against his jeans, injuring itself as it pressed against the thick cloth. Their battle was fierce, and Chris' pants suffered a few casualties during the fight. The growing lump tore through the denim of his jeans, causing tears to show up everywhere. Pink fur greeted the outside world through these holes.

"Oh, this won't do." The Clefairy shook her head and pointed at another Pokémon in the back of the room. "You there! Activate the machine!"

Amidst his aching, Chris felt a cold breeze hit his body. He looked around in a daze, watching as pieces of his clothing faded into dust. His shirt and pants disappeared before his eyes. The strings and cloth that once comprised them floated in the air before vanishing into nothingness. His growing appendage leaped forward after being freed from its prison. The aching there stopped, and Chris let out a sigh of relief after realizing this. But as soon as he regained his composure, he realized what had happened. The young man looked down and came face-to-face with his naked body. "W-What did you do?!" he demanded an answer.

"Oh, don't worry. It's just a simple machine made to dematerialize any inorganic material."

"What?"



"We took away our clothes. Don't worry, though! You won't need them anymore. More importantly, however, don't you wanna check out your new tail?"

"My what...?" Regaining his composure, Chris took notice of the new weight in his body. Something moved behind him, slowly swaying from one side to the other. Moving his head, he noticed the fluffy tail protruding above his rear. "I... I have a tail!"

The Clefairy smirked. "Of course you do! Why don't you try wagging it?"

"W-Wag...?" Before he knew it, Chris' new appendage moved on its own. It swayed from one side to the other, delicately dancing behind the man's body. "H-Heh... It feels..." His eyelids drooped.

"Char!"

Chris' eyes widened. His Pokémon's voice immediately woke him from his trance. His tail stopped moving as soon as he glanced at Blaze, watching the Charmander become unrecognizable. All of his former features vanished beneath a thick coat of fur. His once reptilian head turned into something fluffy and pink as though he wore a Halloween costume. But the changes didn't stop there. Blaze winced once a burning sensation infected the sides of his head. He groaned and laid a hand there, his clawed fingers meeting with a writhing layer of skin beneath his fur. From it, something emerged. The transformation carved something new out of his skin, this new growth slowly blossoming with cartilage underneath. It connected to Blaze's ear canal during its development, soon taking the shape of a triangle. Muscles and veins arose on his newfound ears, causing them to twitch as they celebrated their completion.

"Charmander! Char!" the Pokémon cried out. Blaze's words soon morphed as he continued to speak. His cries of gibberish quickly turned into words. "Char... S-Stop m-mander... Right now! Please stop this!"

Chris' eyes widened, the fur on his tail standing on their ends. "B-Blaze... W-What did you say?!"

"H-Huh?"

"I can understand you!" He turned to face the Clefairy. "What's happening?! Why is he speaking my language?"

The Pokémon chuckled. "Slow as ever, huh? He's not speaking your language. The two of you are speaking ours."

"What are you talking about?!"

"Haven't you noticed? I'm not holding my translator anymore."

It was only then that Chris noticed the Clefairy's empty hands. "B-But..."

"It's funny, isn't it? You didn't even notice you were speaking a whole new language!"

Chris shut his mouth and refused to open it again. Even his own word frightened him now. He suffered in silence once an itch surfaced on his hands. Chris gulped. Although he feared what happened there, he couldn't contain his curiosity. Once his eyes met with his palms, the young man watched as pink fur strands sprouted out of his skin. They looked long and luxurious like the coat of a Furfrou, and they eventually created a dense layer on both of Chris' hands. Unable to resist his morbid curiosity, he held his hands closer to his face. For a second, Chris felt the need to run his fingers across the fur. He could only wonder how his new coat would feel, thinking of rubbing the soft strands across his bare skin.

These thoughts lingered on Chris' mind before he eventually shook his head and purged them away. He couldn't trust his own brain anymore. This terrified the trainer, but he didn't have the time to linger on this. Soon, another ache interrupted his train of thought. His fingers, which started trembling since the fur first appeared, now receded away. Two of them shrunk until they disappeared from the world. Everything that once surrounded his bones -- such as his flesh and skin -- retracted further and further until they ceased to be. They faded into dust, their atoms disobeying the laws of physics as they vanished. Chris lost them forever, but his torment didn't end there. In due time, his remaining digits changed as well. These survivors shrunk until they lost half of their length, and once they felt satisfied, they allowed a layer of keratin to engulf their tips.

He moved his fingers around. "I... I have claws...?" Realizing he didn't receive an answer, Chris looked to his side.

The Clefairy stood in front of Blaze's cage, watching him change with a smile on her face. "You like this, don't you?"

Blaze clutched his head. "I d-don't... I..." He struggled to think. The Charmander's mind was clouded by a thick fog, his thoughts unable to reach his frontal cortex. "I..." An ache settled on his back. Blaze's bones cracked inside his mutating body, readying themselves for a new set of alterations. In response, the poor Pokémon closed his eyes and groaned loudly, his thoughts growing more confused by the minute. Blaze didn't know what to think anymore. He couldn't understand the situation he found himself in or what happened to his body. Outside his mind, some of the bones in his spinal cord stretched and splintered. They continued to grow until they poked against the Charmander's flesh, forming two lumps on his back during their escape. These protrusions stretched like trees growing, departing into two separate directions as they blossomed with skin.

"Aww, look at your wings!" the Clefairy squealed. "You can't fly with them, but they look cute, don't they?"

He shook his head. "N-No... I..."

"Don't worry. You're a Clefairy, aren't you? Why are you so afraid?"

Chris stomped his foot on the ground, nearly forgetting that he wasn't wearing shoes anymore. "B-Blaze! Don't listen to her!"

"B-Blaze...? Who's B-Blaze...?" Is that my n-name..? His name, once something the Charmander held so dear, now only exuded a mere twinge of familiarity within his mind. It meant something to him, but Blaze couldn't remember what it was.

The Clefairy rolled her eyes. "Blaze...? No, of course that's not your name. None of us have names, remember? Why would you?"

"Y-Yeah, you're... you're right." And like a snowflake melting away in the spring, that twinge of familiarity vanished from the Charmander's mind.

The trainer wanted to say something -- anything to make Blaze remember. But Chris couldn't muster the courage to say anything. He tried to open his mouth, but as soon as the first syllable of a sentence escaped his mouth, he took a step back. Something else happened to the Charmander's body -- something so drastic it caused Chris to flinch. On the other side of the room, Blaze groaned once a warm sensation infiltrated his crotch. Down there, his malehood sprung to life before receding into his body. His reproductive system mutated and turned into an opening concealed by fur.

"W-What?!" Chris immediately shouted. "W-What the hell is this?! What did you do?!"

"Haven't you noticed?" The Clefairy turned toward Chris. "We're all female. And soon, the two of you will be as well."

Blaze shook his head. "Will be...? No... I'm... I'm female, right...? I've always been..."

"That's right. You've always been a female Clefairy, haven't you?"

The Charmander's pained expression twisted into a smile. His closed eyes slowly opened, his pupils turning black. "Y-Yeah. T-That's right!" she exclaimed. Behind her back, the flame on the tip of her tail gradually vanished.

"B-Blaze, no!"

"Blaze...? Who the hell is Blaze, human?!"

The other Pokémon smiled. "Oh, don't mind him, Clefairy. You know how these transformations go, right? They always behave strangely before coming to their senses."

"Stop this! I don't want to change!"

"Your Charmander said the same, y'know. And look at her now."

Chris didn't say a word. His mind became filled with horrifying thoughts and visions, all of which prevented the young man from doing as much as opening his mouth. The weight of the situation dawned on him at last -- the realization that soon, he wouldn't be himself anymore. The fur crawling across his arms served as a progress bar. The closer the pink strands got to Chris' shoulders, the closer he became to forget who he was. Chris groaned and panted while watching the follicles crawl across his arms. The itching sensation returned, but the young man felt so afraid he hardly paid attention to the overbearing itch. But the fur required neither his attention nor his approval, and in due time, it consumed Chris' arms. The trainer felt his limbs succumb to that new warmth, still reeling from the neverending itch that once afflicted them.

The changing human gazed at his arms and groaned again. His mind felt fuzzy, like an invisible fog obstructed all of his thoughts. "Please s-stop..." he struggled to speak.

"Why would we stop?"

"I... I don't want to be a Clefairy!"

"Hm..." The Clefairy turned her attention toward the former Charmander. "What do you think?"

She smirked. "Everyone else should become like us, of course!" Behind her body, her long reptilian tail started to recede. Blaze felt her spine crackle, but she remained still with a smile on her face. Her brain felt numb during these changes, a mixture of confusion and excitement flashing across her head. To Blaze, she had always been a Clefairy. Although she felt the transformation unfold, her mind prevented her from noticing the changes. Unbeknownst to the Charmander, her appendage slowly but surely retracted into her body, its tip curving in the meantime. Once it turned small and curled, pink fur strands spread throughout its length.

"I agree, Clefairy! Don't you see? Even your former Pokémon agrees."

Chris shook his head. "N-No...!"

"Why don't you want to change? Don't you see how beautiful your fur is?"

"My... fur?"

She nodded. "That's right. Look at how adorable and luxurious it is! Much better than being a hairless ape, isn't it?"

"It's so soft... but... I... N-No, I d-don't want to change!"

Chris' hair changed atop his head. Its brown strands turned pink in the blink of an eye, drifting across the color wheel. Once it finished its makeover, the follicles on his scalp sailed across the man's head. It spread much like the fur, soon turning indistinguishable from the pelage covering his arms. Some of the strands turned taller than their siblings on Chris' forehead., growing longer until they formed a delicate curl. And soon afterward, new alterations spread across his head. His ears, which had long since morphed, twitched in celebration. They spectated the other transformations, witnessing the man's nose recede until it disappeared beneath the fur. Chris whined in protest, sensing his whole face ache and tingle. His open mouth revealed a set of sharpening canines, his pupils turning black in the meantime.

"M-My face...!" Chris exclaimed as soon as he opened his eyes. His curious hands explored his face, clawed digits drifting across the fur.

"Heh." The Clefairy chuckled. "It looks just like mine. Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Beautiful...?" Chris' tail slowly started wagging. "It's... I g-guess it's kind of cute..."

The Clefairy took a step forward, staring at the young man from outside his cage. "Indeed. Isn't it beautiful, Clefairy?"

"Yes, it is!" Blaze agreed. "It's marvelous!"

"Don't you want to be beautiful?"

"I..."

A warm sensation spread in between Chris' legs. The young man felt unnerved as he looked down. Chris already knew what would happen, for he watched these same alterations occur to his Pokémon. Down there, his malehood receded into nothingness. Several emotions sailed across the man's head as he watched his private bits morph. Part of him felt afraid and disgusted, but he still couldn't stop his own tail from wagging. In the depths of Chris' brain, he wanted this. He wanted his maleness to shrink further, and soon, it did exactly that. The assets between his legs vanished and transformed into something distinctly feminine. "M-My..." His throat suddenly felt lighter. The lump that once resided there disappeared, and Chris' voice became much more high-pitched as a result.

"Don't worry about that. You're becoming so adorable. You'll be such a cute Clefairy!"

His tail wagged faster. "A... A Clefairy...?"

"Of course. Look at your former Pokémon. Don't you think she looks better?"

Chris gazed at Blaze with a curious expression on his face. He watched his Pokémon shift, her legs trembling endlessly. The Charmander felt her lower limbs ache, but she remained still while staring at the Clefairy with a smile. Slowly, her legs mutated. They repurposed their mass around in order to change shape and length, soon becoming unrecognizable -- chubby triangles leading to a shrinking foot. Down there, Blaze's claws approached one another in their transformation. Their keratin merged until they turned into a single digit. But this wasn't all. It wasn't merely Blaze's anatomy that changed, but her figure as well. The former Charmander felt her stomach turn upside-down. Her organs danced inside her figure, causing more and more fat to emerge inside her body. Before Chris' eyes, Blaze grew chubbier. Her torso quickly expanded horizontally, causing the Fire-Type to appear round and cute.

"He looks..."

"He?"

"She looks amazing..."

The Clefairy giggled. "Of course she does! Don't you want to become like her?"

"I..."

Chris' body ached. Whether it was in protest or celebration, he didn't know. He looked down before mustering up the resolve to spit out an answer to the Clefairy's question. With his eyes aimed at the floor, Chris observed the ground approach his face. The man's arms and legs trembled endlessly, afflicted by an imaginary earthquake. His skeleton cracked inside his body. Chris panted heavily while his figure receded in height over the course of a few minutes. The soon-to-be Clefairy shrunk further with each passing second, but this change in size wasn't all. During his shrinkage, Chris' neck retracted as well. It was a drastic alteration -- his head sunk into his torso, quickly losing the bridge that connected these two parts. "I... I d-don't know..."

"Look at me. Look at my fur."

His body continued to shrink, slowly reaching the height of a child. "It's beautiful."

"It's soft and luxurious, isn't it? Now look at your unchanged parts."

Chris looked down at his torso, where the fur slowly marched onward. He stared at his bare skin and winced. "It's so... horrible."

"Right? Now run your fingers through your fur. Look at your tail -- your ears! Don't you want to become a Clefairy?"

"I..." His tail wagged even faster now.

"Don't you?"

"I..."

"Tell me."

Something snapped inside his mind. "I do! Make me more like you, please!"

"About time you came to your senses," Blaze remarked. By that point, her anatomy looked wholly different. Blaze wasn't a male Charmander anymore, but a Clefairy. Her entire body remained drenched in fur, her former scales nowhere to be seen. But to the former male, she had always looked like this.

"I'm glad to hear that. Being a human is so terrible, isn't it?"

"It's... It's disgusting! T-Thank you for this, Clefairy! Being one of you is so much better."

She smiled. "No need to thank me, Clefairy."

Chris' body finally achieved its proper height. The former human became the size of a child, the walls around him now towering over his figure. But as Chris gazed at his diminished body, he felt confused. Hadn't he always looked like this? Either way, it didn't matter. Once his shrinkage stopped, his figure widened. The former human heard his stomach rumble as though he hadn't eaten in days. The transformation churned mass throughout his entire body, forcing his torso to gradually expand. Chris' belly jolted forward while his sides widened in the span of mere seconds. Much like what happened to his Pokémon, the trainer's anatomy morphed. He -- well, perhaps "she" would be more appropriate. Chris didn't feel like a male anymore, and whatever masculinity once resided in his body had long since vanished. The thought of being a man felt bizarre to the Pokémon, and she couldn't even remember being one in the first place. Regardless, Chris had always been a skinny woman. But at that moment, her frail figure turned chubby and adorable.

The former human stood still for a few seconds, her lips twisting into a grin. Her mind went numb, preventing Chris from thinking of anything. In the depths of her brain, memories disappeared. They vanished like footprints being swept away by the ocean, swimming alongside the tide as they leaped out of the woman's head. Chris forgot everything about who she was. She couldn't remember ever being a human -- or a male. The Clefairy couldn't remember her name or her former Pokémon. And even the events that led to her transformation disappeared from her brain. But her mind didn't become a blank slate. Once the waves crashed onto the shore of her head again, they brought in new knowledge. The Clefairy remembered everything about the spaceship, her goal, and her mission. And with a smile infecting her furred face, she opened her eyes.

"Alright, release them from the cages!" the leader shouted to the other Pokémon.

On cue, the glass panels around the two Clefairy receded away. The Pokémon took a step forward. "Why were we locked up?" the former human asked. "I can't remember, for some reason."

"Oh, don't worry about it. Just a simple check-up." She smiled. "You two are free to go."

The former Pokémon raised a hand. "What's our mission for today?"

"Same as always. Go to the control room and scout the area for any suitable humans or Pokémon. Look around for tents, by the way. I hear there are a lot of trainers around these parts."

"Can I watch them change? I've never seen a transformation before!"

"Yeah, me neither!"

The leader chuckled. "Of course you can. Now go on! See if you can find someone!"

Neither Clefairy said a word as they dashed toward the end of the room. The leader watched them vanish into the horizon. "Another perfect transformation," she congratulated herself.

Then, she left the room and strolled through a vast corridor. A long window stamped the walls there, and the Clefairy couldn't prevent herself from looking at the planet below. She watched the clouds in the atmosphere slowly dance across the dozens of landmasses. The sun already stamped the sky in some regions. There, denizens stretched and yawned while jumping out of their beds. The Clefairy let out a quiet chuckle. It wouldn't be long until the entire planet had been assimilated.