

# SAZZLE AND DAZZLE

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Maybe it would be best to leave him in the daycare for a while after all?”**

After much deliberation regarding what to do with her newest Pokémon, Iris, Champion of Unova, had more or less reached a conclusion. She had been sent a Salandit from a friend in Alola and while not technically a Dragon-type, its mannerisms and dietary needs were certainly similar enough. There was also nothing binding in Iris’ contract that insisted her team consist *solely* of Dragon-types either, so at times she raised up little critters that she could substitute if she needed to take her opponent off guard.

The issue? Things had become terribly busy recently. Being Champion meant that the Dragon Master had more to deal with than simply accepting challenges from those pursuing her title. She had to help deal with any issues that plagued Unova, and among them was a strange Box outage that had plagued Sinnoh around the same time. Not even Iris could switch her party around, which meant she needed a temporary solution for her little lizard friend.

Really, the Pokémon Daycare was the most convenient of the potential solutions. She didn’t want to burden a friend with watching over the Salandit for the time being, not when the Box issue affected so many and other trainers were surely having similar storage woes. Iris concluded that she’d feel a little better leaving it with some professionals while paying for that service.

And so, her trip to the local daycare had taken the same turn that so many had before her – to the same unfortunate result that had someone



been masked from the world's media even now. The growing number of disappearances across the world surely should have been something worth reporting, especially since it included those as prolific as Gym Leaders and Champions.

No, it was impossible. The only real explanation was that something more nefarious was controlling the spread of information throughout the Pokémon world. Controlling it in a

way that kept the actions of Team Galactic much more hush than they really ought to have been.

**“Hm... You know, I’ve been in a Daycare Center before, and the layout of this one is a little weird, you know?”** Near the end of the tour Iris had been forced to take, she ended up saying something that put the man who had been working behind the counter when she’d arrived on guard. If the victim caught on before guiding them to the Modification Room, it was possible the entire plan could go off the rails. **“Isn’t the feed room usually in the back?”**

Luckily for him, Iris hadn’t thought all that deeply about it.

He laughed it off and continued the tour as he always did for every single individual that would succumb to his team’s nefarious plans, and before long they entered the key room. The room with white walls and a pedestal in the center. **“Uh, what is— HEY!?”** Before the Champion had so much as a second to stop him from doing so, the clerk had run through a door on the room’s opposing side.

Just as quickly, the pedestal in the room’s center lit up with a dark purple glow, one that Iris could feel seeping into her very body, eating away at her energy and ability to resist. **“What... is... this!?”** It certainly wasn’t something like *magic*, because that sort of thing didn’t exist in the Pokémon world. Could the pillar have been exuding some sort of ability typical of a Pokémon? Or was it really just a scientific invention acting on its own ability?

Iris didn't have the foggiest idea, but something was instinctively telling her that she had to break that pillar and fast. The issue? Her Pokémon had been temporarily confiscated at the front desk, and with her small body she wasn't confident that she would be able to do any damage as is. But she *had* to try. If she didn't then, well, *she didn't know what was going to happen to her!*

It was strange though, because the distance between where she had been standing near the door and the pedestal in the room's center was only about a ten-foot difference. Plausibly it was a distance the girl should have been able to travel over a short duration of time even *with* the feeling of weakness that plagued her. But the more she traveled, the farther away the pedestal almost seemed to become. Taller, too!

...*Wait*. Her clothes had been feeling more and more burdensome ever since she'd begun to walk, and the Champion had attributed that feeling to the great sense of fatigue she was experiencing, and *yet?* Not only had her hands retreated into the confines of the big, puffy sleeves of her dress, but said dress had seemingly tilted off to one side, as if it was in danger of falling right off of her. Not to mention the fact that her skirt was now dragging against the ground, and her feet felt like they were going to slide out of her sandals (*if she didn't trip over them first*).

**“Did I... Did I get smaller?”** If the girl didn't sound too surprised, it wasn't because she *wasn't surprised*. In fact, she was so shocked that she couldn't even find the appropriate emotion to react to this scenario with. Practically buried in her dress, Iris had shrunk to a height that was just barely below the four-foot mark. She hadn't been that small since she'd been a little girl! ...Had she really been all that bigger before, though? **“No... Nope! That's impossible! I must be having a dream or something, right!?”**

Standing still, still both shocked *and* in awe, her mind was attempting to process things in the only way they could. If something was impossible then it just *had* to be a dream, right? People didn't just shrink randomly thanks to magic pedestal lights! Well, actually... Wasn't Minimize a Pokémon move? So she supposed it wasn't something that was *entirely* unheard of.

**“AHHHH!?”** Iris had to scratch that train of thought though, because a clump of her own hair had suddenly landed on her shoulder before rolling down her onto the floor. And *another*. And *another*. And *another*. Hands reached up frantically to her head in a panic, hoping that what she thought was happening *wasn't* actually happening, but with a simple slip of her fingers everything else was forced off. **“I'M BALD!?”** Not just bald, but balder than even a newborn baby.

Despite being Unova's Champion, the girl was close to crying. She'd gotten smaller and balded!? Why!? Was she turning into an egg or something? Well, *something that came from an egg* was the correct answer! **"Thith is totally impothible!? BLEH!? WHATH!? MY TONGUE!?"** As much as she wanted to scream about it, Iris found some difficulty in doing so.

Because her tongue was hanging out of her mouth. Certainly not in a way that was on purpose, but in fact it had grown so long that it could no longer fit in her mouth after growing five or so inches. More than that, the tip of this tongue now had an obvious fork in the middle of it. Much like the tongue of a reptile. Try as Iris might to pull it back into her mouth, the best she could do was make it flicker.

She whimpered, for it was too hard to make any other noises with her tongue in this state. Feeling her tongue dry out as it remained dangling there was pretty uncomfortable too, but... Fortunately or unfortunately for her, the shape of her skull soon stretched to adjust. Her jaw pulled out and forward, nose pulled along with it as nostrils flattened to become little more than tiny slits at the tip of what was so clearly a muzzle being rendered from the human shape of her old face.

**"A-aaa... Aaa..."** The pulling didn't *hurt*, but of course you would be distraught while watching your face pull out into a muzzle. At the tip, the upper portion that now sported her nostrils hooked down several inches past the tip of her lower mouth, while the fit of both halves took a jagged line that made it look like she had fangs. Which was probably for the best, seeing as with her long tongue now nestled comfortable in her muzzle, there were no longer *any* teeth inside.

Her cries of despair gradually turned into a hiss that sounded like a sound any common reptile might make, and Iris was opening and closing her beak to try and get a sense for how to move it. As this all transpired, however, the shape of her skull continued to bend. It slimmed down on the sides, so it was hardly wider than her hooked snout was, which left her eyes no choice but to move onto either side of her head.

Utterly displaced, these eyes darkened in color until they were a dark violet, irises and sclera becoming a single color while her irises stretched into vertical slits. Eyelashes fell from around them, but in exchange a second pair of eyelids occasionally closed and opened horizontally. It was around this time that she found herself able to conjure a proper word again. **"Salazzle!"**

Except it wasn't at all what she'd *meant* to say. That had been a Pokémon's cry, hadn't it? Considering the shape of her head, though...

*Was she becoming a Pokémon!?* That was impossible! Impossible, and yet! She couldn't deny the big beak protruding from her face, nor the fact she was having difficulty with her eyes on the *sides* of her head. Her dress had even fallen from her body, for her shoulders had collapsed inwards so much that it just slid right off of her. Did she even *have* shoulders now? It looked more like her arms just came out of her torso without anything in between them!

With her body naked now though, it was clearer that her humanity was being stripped from her in its totality. Her nipples and belly button had all been erased, but at least the pronunciation of that chest remained. It was puffed out naturally in fact, seeming even bigger than before thanks to the fact that her tummy had become so trim that it was only half a foot thick around.

**“Salazzle! Sala!?”** Try as she might, she was wholly incapable of getting out any words in the human language. As she appeared at this juncture though, she really did appear as if she were some sort of *alien*. The peaks of her thighs grew incredibly thick, but to contrast that everything beneath the knees became almost pencil thin. Her limbs in general were just *shorter* when compared to a body that was thin and long.

However, speaking of things that were thin and long, her fingers and toes alike succumbed to the same changes. They lengthened while fingernails disappeared, their undersides sticky enough for the girl to cling to a solid surface if she did so desire. Palms were more or less erased, with fingers erupting from little more than a stub at the end of her arms, and the long toes on her feet spread out dramatically.

It was her hands and feet that showed the first signs of a change in skin though. Not just the color of her flesh, mind you, but the make and feel of it too. On the top of her hands her skin darkened to a charcoal black, but that skin was actually composed of very tiny *scales*. While on their undersides? They came alight with a hot pink that could also be seen making flame-like markings across the front of her torso. As well as on the bottom of her feet.

The black scales ended up covering her entire head and back, and while they also coated her neck, that neck stretched a little longer to contribute to her overall lankiness. Iris' underside, however, turned a purple very similar to her eyes. These scales even crept over her genitalia, concealing them behind a flap that would only open if absolutely necessary. So, you know, for funky fire lizard sex.

Already struggling to remain standing with her body as it was, she let out another cry as that delicate balance was rocked. **“SALAAAA!”** A

black tail erupted from where her tailbone was, wriggling out behind her with the same scales that coated the rest of her body. Mind you, the underside of this tail was the same hot pink as her flame markings and the bottoms of her hands and feet. Above this tail, two little growths sprouted and began to wriggle about of their own volition.

Try as she might, Iris the *Salazzle* could no longer stand properly on her hind legs and despite trying several times to keep herself fully upright, she fell back down onto her scaly, four-fingered claws. “**Sala!? Azzle! AZZLE!**” Awareness of her true identity had been retained thus far, but she could not deny that not only was she speaking the language of a Pokémon both externally and in her subconscious, but her mannerisms had begun to follow that same trend. She’d struggled to stand before, but now she’d found a way to stand on her hind legs in a way that kept her mostly upright with ease.



She wasn't even sure how. It had just sort of *come to her*.

Multiple eyelids blinked as her hooked muzzle was moved from side to side. *Did I really become a Pokemon!? But I feel so... Good? Good* was the best way to describe it, really. She felt very *confident*, which was strange considering the fact that despite being Champion she had always been doubting herself. She also felt *hungry*, and the more that hunger built, the more agitated she felt. Was there no food in here!?

There wasn't, but a sudden flash of bright light spawned another living being in the room. A male Salandit – the very same Pokémon she had brought to this daycare to be stored temporarily. Iris herself didn't realize, but the very moment her purple eyes caught sight of the male, her body had begun to secrete a poisonous gas. One that had not only caught the Salandit's attention, but had apparently enamored it.

It shuffled up to her, cooing in a way that only triggered the Salazzle's agitation further. Before Iris even realized what she was doing, one of her 'hands' had lit up with a purple flame and she had slapped the Salandit across the face. “**SALAZZLE! SALA!**” *How dare the male not bring me food!? As a member of my harem, he—* “**Sala...?**” Wait... What had she just been thinking? It had been so instinctual, yet so carnal. And despite feeling strange...

*She felt empowered. It felt normal. This dominance excited her.*

On a high from this feeling, she hissed and slapped the male again. This time it scurried off a moment, before eventually returning with... a piece of bread? Where had he gotten that? She should have wondered longer, but he was quick to drop it in front of her and the Salazzle was even quicker to scarf it up with a lick of her long tongue. Because the male had responded to her desires, she licked its face affectionately before her temper boiled again.

***“Salazzle! Salazzle! Sala!”*** She barked her next orders. Find her more food, and she would reward him with her loins. But return with nothing and he would receive a much harsher punishment than a flaming slap.