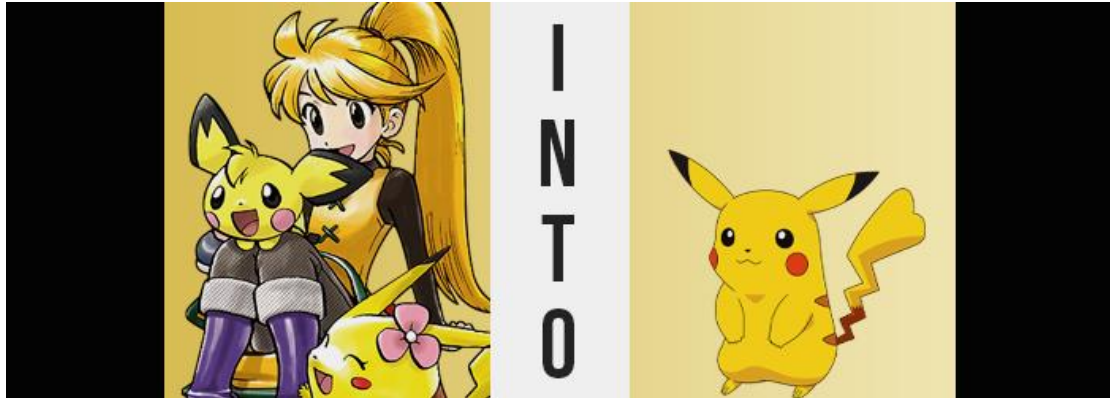


# YELLOWEST PIKACHU

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There was a lot that could be said about Yellow. She was a trainer from Kanto, and one that had become quite prolific over the course of her adventures. She was strong and talented, if not a little immature emotionally. But she had a strong sense of duty when it came to Pokémon and loathed to see any of them hurt for no good reason. These philosophies as a trainer often led her to throwing herself into danger for the sake of protecting Pokémon, in fact.

But Yellow wasn't defenseless without her Pokémon, either. She was unique. An enigma. She possessed abilities of the likes that were seldom, if ever, observed in other humans. Telekinesis, the ability to heal, and the ability to read the minds and feelings of Pokémon. These were all great and useful powers, and because of that it was important she try and keep them a secret. There were those out there that would try and use them for evil.

If they could get a hold of them, anyways, which meant getting a hold of Yellow herself.

Peace had settled over Kanto as of late, though. Team Rocket had been defeated, and it seemed like things were returning to how they were prior to their evil plans. Unfortunately? Whenever there's a vacancy for evil, something will eventually arise in its place. The roots had already been planted in Kanto for something *worse* than Team Rocket to thrive. And this team, a team that had not yet even decided upon a name, had set their sights on Yellow and her powers.

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**“H-Huh!? Where am I?”** The brown eyes of the blonde-haired girl shot wide with confusion the next she awoke. The last that Yellow could recall, she had been camping outside with her Pokémon. But this clearly wasn’t outside, nor were her Pokémon anywhere in sight! This was... a cage? But one made of glass? She quickly collided with it in an attempt to break free, only noticing after that while she was clothed, her favorite sun hat was missing. **“Who the heck stuck me in here!?”**

There *was* room beyond the glass walls that surrounded her, but they were completely dark. So she couldn’t make anything out visually. But there *was* a voice. **“Oh, so you’re finally awake then? Good. We can finally begin the experiment.”** It was a man’s voice. Was he actually in the surrounding room, or was she hearing it through a speaker? It was difficult to tell without the ability to get eyes on the speaker. **“We want those powers of yours, but we know you won’t cooperate. So if we breed those abilities into something that will...”**

***“HUUUUUUH!?”***

Yellow had plenty of reason to yell at the top of her lungs at that revelation. Strange people wanting her powers was nothing new, but breeding? Like sex? She knew *of* it, but she had never *had* it. She was only a teenager after all, and she didn’t care about stuff like that! She also had no idea how making her have sex would result in anyone getting her powers? Like, had she been captured by some sort of psychopath?

Before she could ask any of the *many* questions she had about all this, though? The sound of machinery whirring to life forced her to perk up. **“What, what’s happening!?”** Why was the glass box that she was standing in beginning to vibrate!?! **“Shoot! I need to get out of here, and fast!”** Was there any obvious way out? Yellow had certainly *hoped* that there was, but things appeared to be pretty air tight, without even an apparent door amid the glass. Of course, it was so dark that seeing was already a problem on its own.

She didn't want to entertain the thought, but eventually she realized it was necessary. That she would have to try and use her powers. If the box had just been vibrating, perhaps she would have played more of a wait and see approach. But she could *tell* something was wrong. Everything about her body just felt incredibly *tingly*.

**“Ngggh! NGGGGH!”** Try as she might, though? Nothing appeared to come of her attempts to do much of anything with her telekinesis. Perhaps it wasn't that surprising, seeing as it was such a limited technique in the first place. But if there was a time for it to come through and do something amazing, now would have been that time! She was concentrating so hard. Maybe a little *too* hard, because her face constrained almost like she was sitting on the toilet.

***RIIIIIIP!***

**“EH!?”** That expression quickly turned into one of concern, her head tilting back so she could get a good look at the source of the sound. After all, it had come from *her* clothes, and she could tell that the cause had been her own body – as hard as that most certainly was to believe. Without looking, it felt like something had risen from the base of her spine and torn through the orange cloth of her dress.

And, in fact, that was *exactly* what had happened. She could see it clearly, a fleshy appendage that was rising up from behind her. It zigzagged in shape, getting thicker and thicker near the tip. It even adopted a shape something akin to the top of a heart instead of ending on a point. **“I have a tail!?”** It looked a little gross, seeing as it was bald and the same color as the rest of her skin. But at the same time she could have sworn she recognized the shape...

Not that she had to think very long nor hard about it, because what was once bald soon inherited a coat of fur. It had begun with fine strands that had stuck up across her new tail, but before long they grew so numerous that colors began to form. The bulk of the tail was a bright yellow, and yet near its base? A brown. An utterly familiar coloring because Yellow saw it every day.

**“Wait, is that the tail of a Pikachu, *pii!*?”** The realization in of itself was alarming, but more so was the addition of a sound the girl hadn't intended to make at the end of her sentence. It sounded almost like she had just begun to say the Pokémon's name again? **“No way, that couldn't be!”**

As much as the girl wanted to deny the possibility though? A twitching on the sides of her head provoked her hands to rise up in a panic. She

had expected to grab her ears, and in a way? She had. Yet the shapes and feel of them were absolutely *not* what she had expected. After all? They were longer, taller, and even fixated higher than they should have been. Not to mention they were covered with something that provided a familiar softness. The feel of fur. “**Chu ears...!**” Yellow at the base, black at the tips.

She had done it again, mixing her human tongue with something much more Pokémon. But Yellow didn't really care. Not as she grasped the tall, furry ears that rose from the top of her head. She had no doubt in her mind that they resembled those of a Pikachu, though they quickly flattened downwards in response to her mood.

Yellow dropped her hands down. Was this really happening to her? Was she becoming a Pokémon? Could this machine really do that? She couldn't really deny it any longer, seeing as how she sported ears and a tail, and could now both feel *and* see her face being pulled forward. It was clear that the intention was to create a muzzle, and her nose gradually flattened into it – ultimately not only becoming small, but black and wet as well.

Her jaw dislodged slightly as it stretched, tongue extending to fit into its new shape while her teeth all sharpened into fangs. “**Chuu... This is uncomfortable!**” The most she could croak out was this as it happened, and in tandem her face began to appear fuller. This was seen especially when it came to her cheeks. They engorged themselves until they were big and squishy, and while yellow fur had spread across the rest of her face? A pair of red patches appeared with one on either cheek. The truth was that her cheeks had become so full because a pair of pouches had formed beneath them.

The advent of fur became more severe, now emerging across her body in its entirety. When it came to her hands and feet, they were ultimately disfigured in their shapes. Feet distorted so that only three toes remained on either foot, and their shapes were longer and flatter. While her hands? They kept all five of their digits, yet fingers became shorter as the fur enveloped them. It ultimately consumed her hands as well, until they were little more than paws.

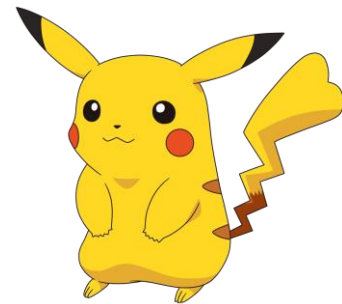
“**No! Pika! Stopi pika!**” It was getting harder and harder for her to speak in a human tongue, but she was crying out because she felt her vision began to change. With her transformed ears and nose, the associated senses had been enhanced, but now the darkness of the room she was in was slowly revealed to her as her vision grew stronger as well. The cost? Well, her brown eyes had begun to bulge forward, a glossy black fully taking them until they no longer resembled the eyes of a human whatsoever.

Another animalistic cry escaped her lips, this time because the world around Yellow had begun to grow larger. This wasn't possible, of course. And the fact that she presently looked like a humanoid Pikachu was something that was quickly being addressed as she was swallowed up by her clothing. You see, it wasn't a consistent loss of height in the long run. She *did* grow a lot shorter, but there were a number of changes to her figure and her body's overall composition as it happened, too.

For example? Her tummy, once trim, began to bulge forward. It became thick and rotund, robbing her of her girlish figure and ultimately blending into her furry breasts. The two areas merged until they composed her underside as a singular feature, with no nipples nor a bellybutton to speak of. Yellow's head was actually larger than ever now, it practically dwarfing her torso in size what with how chubby it was. The chubbier she became, in fact, the easier it was to see the stripes of black fur across her back.

Her limbs, as well, bore no consistency as they shrunk. Her arms grew much, *much* shorter, but also thicker so they were short and rounded limbs. Whereas her legs? When all was said and done they were practically nonexistent, only little nubs that extended from her chubby torso, anything akin to genitalia hidden by fur as well. In the end, though? Despite how round and short she was as she tried her best to climb out of the mound that her been her old clothing, this body was *designed* for agility. Not just the Pokémon move with the same name, but just in general.

***"Piiika...?"*** Swaying back and forth on her hind legs after crawling free of the darkness that was her human clothing, the new Pikachu (hereby dubbed *Yellowchu*) shook her fuzzy head and did her best to clear the fog that had persistently hung over her mind. Had this all *really* happened? Had she *really* become a Pikachu!? She could scarcely believe it, and yet holding out her stubby arms to stare at the paws on the ends of them? ***"Chu!"*** Yup, she had a Pikachu of her own, and that was definitely what their paws looked like.



Despite the fact that she was now a small and seemingly helpless Pokémon, Yellow was still very much herself in terms of ego, memories, and behavior. She hadn't lost an iota of her human intellect, and simply saw things as '*I was transformed into a Pikachu!?*' rather than being forced to accept it outright. If anything, the only real mental change was one that made it so she could function properly in her new body. Despite never being small and furry before, she found she could easily walk

around on all fours. She could better understand her keener senses, as well.

And on that note? **“Pii?”** The rodent tilted her head to the side, eyes fixed on one of the tiles within the glass cage she was held in. She hadn’t noticed it as a human, but there was a draft coming from that tile. Was it broken? No, it hadn’t been put down correctly? And there was a draft coming out of it! *‘Aha, a way to escape!’* Or, at least, that was the hope. Putting two and two together, the plans of the ones who kidnapped her...

Well, they wanted to breed her with another Pikachu, right? *‘I DON’T WANT TO LAY EGGS!’* Not in a million years would she want that! She was way too young to be a mother! Maybe not in Pokémon time, though. But that didn’t matter because she was still thinking in human time! Much to Yellowchu’s dismay, though? It didn’t matter how much pawing she did with her tiny paws, she couldn’t seem to loosen it at all! *‘What moves do I know? Growl... Thundershock... Tail Whip... Quick Attack... Ugh!’* None of those would be of any use, either. What level even was she, like 10!?

**“Chuuu...”** Boy, she wished she could still speak the human language! No matter how hard she had tried previously though? It had ended up a fruitless endeavor. It just came out as *Pikas* and *Chus*. Falling on her plump bottom in defeat, she once again mulled over her options. Her sensitive, triangular ears could pick up the sound of footsteps approaching the room. Which meant her time was limited. If she didn’t figure out something soon, then they were going to *breed* her! And then they were going to take her powers! **“Pika!?”**

*‘Wait! That’s it!’* Realization dawned upon her. For their plan to work, her other abilities still had to be intact, right? So if she couldn’t dislodge that tile with the abilities of a *Pikachu*, then perhaps her abilities as *Yellow* could free it. Beady, black eyes fixated on the tile in question. She had to concentrate, and so concentrate she did. **“Piii kaaaa chuuuuuu!”**

It worked! Her telekinesis kicked in, and the tile lifted up into the air before landing nearby. Yellow didn’t waste a single moment after her escape route was exposed, and with all of the agility of an electric rodent, she dove into the gap and wriggled her way through a series of what were evidently vents underneath the facility. With her new senses it was easy enough to navigate, and before long? She emerged outside on what appeared to be the outskirts of Veridian City.

But no sooner than she *had* escaped did the voice of a human call out. **“Oh hey! A female Pikachu!”** Yellow’s intention had been to seek

help once she had escaped but turning around she found a boy holding a Pokeball. A trainer, and one that clearly had the intention to try and *catch* her.

***“Pikaa...”***

She was in for a bad time, it seemed.