

MAREANIE BIOLOGY

DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The professor's assistant, Sonia, had been tasked with an important mission: come to comprehend the legend was passed down from generation to generation in the Galar region. One that had been told and retold countless times over the course of history, but never were there any records of anyone researching or even questioning its accuracy. Over the course of her journey Sonia had come to realize that maybe it wasn't because no one had tried though. Important tapestries, hidden monuments; a cover-up had very clearly been conducted to conceal the truth from the general populace, but the *whys* still escaped her.

Research had eventually taken her to the icy town of Circhester. It had some cultural significance to the legend proper, the supposed heroes having bathed in the springs of the city's center after the great battle that had threatened the safety of the entire world. But Sonia had already investigated the springs along with two of this generation's aspiring Champions. Rather, during her stay in town she'd been asked to examine a Pokemon habitat that ran parallel to the city down a frozen river.

Mareanie and Toxipex. Depending on your opinion they were either treasures to be held or a menace to Pokemon ecosystems. They were venomous and preyed upon the Corsola that likewise made their homes nearby, but the deterioration of the Corsola population and the harsher climate of the north had seen them move inward. They lived in colonies near the riverside, but apparently there had been a boom in their population as of late. Along with an unusual number of travelers going missing.

There wasn't any real notable correlation as far as Sonia was concerned. Mareanie were shy, they wouldn't seek out humans to kill them. And she was certainly correct about that at least.

"This is the spot, right? Weird... I don't see any traces of the space being lived in..." Following the directions given to her by the villagers in Circester, she ultimately came across a small riverside cavern that she'd been told the Pokemon had been congregating within. It was just... there weren't any around? She pointed her flashlight in every nook and cranny as she wandered across the surface, but not once did she even find anything like markings or food scraps to indicate the cavern was anyone's home. At least... not until an icy blast of water took her left leg by surprise. **"Ah!?"**

It had gone through the ground? No... She was standing on ice! There was an underwater segment to this cave, it had just frozen over! She'd managed to pull her leg out of the water, but not before she felt a set of three fangs gnaw into her flesh. Was that a Mareanie? If so, that was bad! They were extremely poisonous! She quickly pulled herself to the cave entrance where she could expose the wound to sunlight and treat it as needed, every step harder and harder as what she assumed was the poison seeping in slowly took away her ability to move.

But it wasn't just her leg. She'd worn her hair the same way for probably a decade, so why did her head suddenly feel so heavy? Was the poison already affecting her brain as well? With each step it felt as if her ponytail smacked against her skull with more and more weight, but honestly Sonia had something more concerning to deal with than wondering if her hair had gotten wet or something.

Turquoise eyes winced as she finally stepped out into the light of the sun, the crunch of the snow beneath her foot somehow louder than normal thanks to the fact that her head had begun to ring from what she assumed was the poison's influence. She planted the foot of the wounded leg firmly in the snow as she knelt down to pull her pants up and over the bite just above her ankle. It was worse than she thought, if only because what was actually happening wasn't what she *expected* to be happening.

"Purple!?" She was so shocked that she couldn't help but blurt out the color that had filled her vision. Not only was there no discernible bite marks on her leg, the skin of said leg was a vibrant purple that not only had no business appearing on a human's body, it also wasn't the color her skin should have turned from a Mareanie bite. Rather, it looked like the coloring Mareanie themselves had in the stalky portions of their body.

Sonia, regardless, was quickly to unbutton her jacket so that she could tug out the bag she wore beneath it, fishing around for the bottle of antidote she'd been given to her by the villager that had asked her to look into the population influx in the first place. She'd been told to take it orally if she needed to take it at all, and without a second thought she tossed it back and down her throat. It had a weirdly *fishy* taste for something that was meant to be a poison antidote, though.

In the end though? This only made things worse. The *'antidote'* had been designed to make things worse. If the professor's assistant had vetted the villager that had sent the request out to her she might have learned that the woman had been a Hex Maniac from another region that had been conducting strange experiments in the wildlife near Circhester, and she might have grown suspicious that the trend of missing trainers had a relation to these experiments. But neither had occurred to her, and so she would ultimately become one of the countless victims.

The countless victims that now composed the local Mareanie populace.

"Ugh..." Sonia felt some of the potion bubble up at the back of her throat even after ingesting it. She hadn't expected instant results, but wasn't her condition worsening? Dizziness had beset her along with the throbbing of her head, not to the heaviness she'd felt when moving back outside becoming more pronounced. She would have reached a hand up to her hair to see just why it felt that way, but when she reached said hand past her field of vision she was left to stifle a scream instead. **"What's happening to me-anie!?"**

A hand couldn't reach up to touch her hair because there was no hand. The purple had run through her arms while she'd taken the antidote, but more than that there were no longer hands attached to the ends. Merely purple nubs that looked soft and boneless, and the nubs themselves were pulling in closer to her body as the length of each arm seemed to diminish as well.

The sudden sensation of her pants slipping provoked her to reach another *'hand'* down to grab the waistband, but of course there were no digits to grab hold. The nubs practically didn't even reach! Sonia had then thought to raise her knee to catch the jeans from falling all the way but... she couldn't. She couldn't bend her leg at all! The most she'd managed to do was lift her leg a little, and even then her foot had come right out of her shoe and sock. Or... what was left of her foot. Much like the woman's hands her feet had become essentially nothing, and now bending over to see her naked lower body she could see the space between her legs filling with even more purple flesh.

It didn't really look like human flesh though. It was too damp, too rubbery. Almost like an aquatic Pokemon. One like... **"Mareanie!? Mar-am I becoming a Mareanie!?"** It was difficult to even straighten her body upright again after bending over thanks to the weight atop her head, but the motion that did finally straighten her spine finally gave her a glimpse of the weight. Tentacles. She'd definitely caught one in the corner of her eye. A long tentacle that fell down the side of her head instead of the long, ginger hair she'd known since birth. From what she could tell, the coloring bore the same turquoise as her eyes.

And while her irises retained that turquoise regardless of the transformation, her sclera and pupils were not spared any human normalcy. A bright yellow claimed the whites and blacks of both, her vision strained a moment as nerves adjusted to their

new talents to see in the dark, a film spread across them so that they could be freely utilized underwater.

Sonia's torso, now thin and largely free of any bones as it had become little more than a purple mass that wasn't broad enough for her to even keep her shirt on (*without arms existing any longer and with her torso so thin the neck just slid into the pool of pants and underwear beneath her*), wobbled to and fro almost like gelatin. The wobbling grew more intense as the sensation of falling cause her to shriek out again. "**Mareanie!?**" Although, when her mouth closed from the scream she felt three sharp points digging into purple, featureless lips. Fangs. Two on top and one on the bottom. Her mouth was no longer designed in a way that she could hide them, and so they just stuck out continuously.

The girl, no longer possible to mistaken for a human, plummeted closer and closer towards the snowy ground below. Clothes that had fit her perfectly minutes before ultimately rested only a foot below her as the shrinking period ended and she stood only roughly a foot tall herself, each piece of cloth looking like a blanket from her current perspective.

Just as Sonia thought her weirdly soft and boneless body was about to spill over due to the weight of the tentacles atop her head, a weird feeling took her. She could no longer feel arms and legs because she had none of course, but she suddenly became hyper-actively aware of a new set of appendages and her ability to move them. She could feel the cold of the snow beneath ten points all around her body, and the chill of the air against one just above her eyes. Tentacles... The tentacles! Mareanie possessed ten. It was how they remained upright and moved despite their fragile, legless lower bodies. "**Marean...**"

Despite it all being new to her, it didn't really feel all that new. This baffled her more than anything. Her body was completely foreign, but she was able to effortlessly move her tentacles to free her from the web of clothing. A web of clothing that she was increasingly beginning to question why she was standing in the middle. Her intellect was dulling, but more than that so were her memories. By the time a yellow spine had poked out of the tip of her head, within an orifice left by the purple spout that spread out into tentacles, she was merely questioning why she wasn't hiding in the cave.

The sunlight was bright. There were too many predators during the daytime. This place demanded that Mareanie stick together. But food was also scarce. She was hungry. Her three fangs ached to bite into something hard. She wanted to gnaw. Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw.... On a Corsola? Those hard Pokemon? Yes, those were her prey. Were there any around? Maybe if she asked the other Mareanie. Her friends. Her family.

She felt as if she was forgetting something important as she inched into the dark of the cavern, ultimately dropping into the hole her human leg had left in the ice ten minutes prior. As the Mareanie dropped into the ice though, she noted the same

human scent from the pile of clothes she'd stumbled onto. It was gross. Had a human come exploring their habitat? Hopefully the others had scared them away.

They just wanted to be left alone. Living in this region was hard.