

JUST KEEP SWIMMING

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



Undella Town.

A seaside village on the eastern side of the Unova region. A popular place for city folk looking for a vacation to travel to within their own region, it became popularized decades ago when Water-type Pokémon became more abundant nearer to its shores. To say it had become a hot tourist location would have been an understatement, for even a member of the Elite Four had a villa there – often frequented by the ex-Sinnoh Champion herself.

Said Elite Four member Caitlin, and said ex-Sinnoh Champion Cynthia, had both come to said villa that weekend. With a new Champion among the ranks, the previous iteration finally had time to put her feet up whenever she pleased. Cynthia did, and always had, got on well with Caitlin. Their relationship was one of friends, but at the same time they could merely be seen as rivals as well. Caitlin was always trying to overtake Cynthia, and at times it was a hurdle that appeared far too difficult for her to manage, but she was confident that she would someday beat her in a Pokémon battle.

But *this* visit? It was not one where their rivalry was spotlighted. They were there as friends and nothing more, with Pokémon battling taken completely off the table. This was a vacation for them as well, and so as the two women frolicked by the beach, their Pokémon were off do their own things with other creatures that had gathered at the beachside.

“This wine is delicious, Caitlin. Where did you say it came from again?” Cynthia eventually questioned after taking a sip of her beverage. The two were sprawled out in tanning chairs, bodies lathered

up but still pale. Where Cynthia wore a black bikini and shades, Caitlin naturally wore pink. For tanning together they needn't wear anything too elaborate. It would have been a different story had she opted to sunbathe off of the villa's property where strangers might see them.

Although Caitlin didn't appear to have an answer to that question, throwing her legs over the side of the chair. **"Hm... I'd have to ask one of the housekeepers. I must say it wasn't on my usual acquisition list. But it isn't bad."** That was evidently the case, for she had already had a full glass and had to use the bathroom. **"I'll return shortly, Cynthia. Nature calls."**

The trek up to the deck and into the toilet was not a long one, and before long she was washing her hands in preparation of returning to the beach. **"Hm, as I expected... Because I stay inside so often, tanning truly is difficult."** Even with the lotion applied, her thin form was still completely white. They had been sunbathing for hours too, speaking to the resistance her complexion put up. Unfortunately, Caitlin was certain that by the day's end she would be completely burned instead.

Pushing her disappointment aside, the woman with a hearty yawn towards the door, and yet a glint of something in the mirror's reflection stopped her in her tracks. **"Oh?"** She had only just barely caught sight of it, but there was a spot upon her hand that was darker than she had expected. **"Did I actually tan a little?"** At the beginning she was certain it was merely a freckle or something of the sort, but in the area around this spot? Finer speckles had begun to surface.

"...What?" Now *that* was cause for concern. One's tan didn't come on quite that suddenly, and certainly not that *inconsistently*. Then what could cause a phenomenon like this? Was that not a tan? Was she ill? Might it be an allergic reaction? Yet, even if she likened it to one, she'd never seen symptoms quite like *these* before.

If it were *actually* an allergic reaction, and she was reluctantly assuming it was, considering the rate it had come on, she had to ponder the source of it as well. There certainly wasn't much she was allergic to short of the pollen season (*her psychic powers truly were terrifying while she was left sneezing for weeks at a time*). Which implied it might have been something new that she *didn't* know she was allergic to. The only thing that came to mind, that she had never had before, was the wine Cynthia had praised.

Raising her second hand, she found the same spots forming there, but... *no*. All it took was a careful examination of her reflection to realize that the phenomenon wasn't isolated to her hands alone. Freckles were

decorating her entire body, for a few moments speckling her alabaster skin in a way that at least appeared *natural*. The Elite Four member had seen people like this of course, people who had been born with a pension for freckling and were typically covered head to toe in them. For a brief moment she was able to think ‘*Oh, perhaps that is what is happening?*’, and yet...

No, it certainly *wasn't*. While the tanned spots had been so dispersed in the beginning that they created this illusion, as they continued to multiply what remained of her pale skin ended up overcome and filled in, as if colored by a child making sure not a single speck of their coloring back was left white. “**A tan...**” Until, finally, the sheen of her skin was left entirely copper. Never in the woman’s life had she managed to earn the discoloration typical of the tanning phenomenon, and yet natural as could be, that was what her reflection implied had occurred.

“**Am I really sick, this feels more like...?**” Caitlin actually couldn’t find a word to describe what this actually felt like. It wasn’t something she had ever felt before. She didn’t feel unwell – on the contrary, it felt more like her level of energy was slowly on the rise. For the ever sleepy psychic Elite Four, this might have been more alarming than even the tan. Then again, she was actually quite pleased with her new, copper skin tone. It allowed her to check off one of the things she most desired she could change about herself, *secretly*.

The other? The woman had been born scrawny, and because of the training needed to maintain her psychic powers, she never had quite had the time to see her physical form flourish. Cynthia was quite muscular, and that was something Caitlin admired about her... Perhaps she admired that a little too fondly. But she had always wondered what it might be like to not be so physically frail.

“**Oh!?**” Now crying out without the sleepy undertones so characteristic of Caitlin’s voice, she couldn’t help but cry forth with elation as a second burst of energy accompanied a feeling of tension that was likewise incredibly pleasurable. She felt stronger than she ever had, and in turn? That was replicated in her physical state.

That tension was constant throughout all of the muscles upon her body, and once said tension released, she could not help but let out a breathy moan. The physical results could be seen plainly, as the muscles in her arms and legs bulged out against her tanned skin in slight, while her tummy rippled with a freshly born eight pack. Nowhere had her body become excessively ripped, and the muscle distributing seemed better keyed towards a certain type of exercise.

Swimming.

Caitlin hadn't thought of that sport because she'd been piecing together why she had become stronger. Rather, a desire to do just that had suddenly bounded into the forefront of her mind. "**Man, I really want to go for a dip!**" Her bounding energy had taken root in her words and gestures, for the woman pumped a muscular arm in the air with enthusiasm while a smile crept across lips that were now painted in a cherry-flavored gloss.

She'd hardly noticed at this point, but her once blue eyes had changed to an olive green, and her complexion? It had improved, but her facial structure seemed completely different. She seemed... *plainer*? Well, short of her lips, which bulged at almost twice the size she was accustomed to.

The woman soon wriggled, her swimsuit feeling somewhat *tight*? "**Huh? Why am I wearing this old thing? I must've worn this color like, five years ago, right? I'm much bigger now...**" There was something to the tone of Caitlin's voice that was far more *vapid* sounding. At some point she had completely forgotten to enforce the dreariness upon her mind that kept her psychic powers at bay, but that was fine. Largely because those powers had faded the moment she'd thought about swimming.

Returning to the problem of her tighter bikini though, fingers decorated by nails that were both longer and glossier reached behind her to pull at the strings of her top, allowing the front to flutter to the ground below once she let it slide down her arms. Even her tits had become tanned, more suggestive of the fact that that was actually a natural skin color and not something earned under the sun, with her nipples even darker.

Not that this was worth as much attention as their *sizes*. Caitlin's bosom had always been so lackluster, but already they had jumped a cup size with a prominent jiggle. They bloated further, bring what had once been a set of larger A-cups into the realm of Cs, and finally Ds within a matter of moments. They were so big and sensitive that she couldn't help but moan. "**How'd I even fit that tiny bikini on before?**"

The bottom was becoming a problem all its own, for the straps on the sides dug into her hips because there was simply just *more hip to cover* in the first place. They'd widened, making room for her thighs and ass to flourish just as her breasts had. This meant that the tight muscles they now sported would end up concealed, not removed, as fat saw thighs bloat and round, and her tanned ass cheeks burgeon to *triple* their old size. With each step, those big buns would sway to and fro attractively,

and as it stood, her pink bikini bottom had ended up flossed between them.

Her mind had been filling up with what her old self might have considered to be *nonsense* in the meantime. Recollections of her once great powers, of all the training she needed to do to make sure she could control them? It had all faded, replaced by memories of tirelessly training her body in the water. She was still wealthy, and she could still recall owning this villa, but it was like she had been stripped of her independence. For, whenever she thought of something she owned, it was processed as *'I'm so glad daddy bought me this'*, or *'I'm so glad daddy bought me that'*.

She didn't look herself anymore. Rather, Caitlin looked the part of some spoiled rich kid that was still spoiled even though she was now in her twenties. All that remained was her wavy hair, but even that lost its luster as a coloration that was both sandier and more golden blonde overcame the duller blonde it had once sported. Any strand dyed straightened, and before long it fell straight down her back, with bangs parted in the front to show off her entire forehead (*including her thin eyebrows which had earned the same color*).

Swimmer Caitlin was left stunned. **"Uhh... Why'm I in the bathroom wearing this!? I totally packed my regular bikini, right!? I hope I did! Guess I could go skinny dipping worst case, though!"** The thought made her giggle profusely.

"Caitlin is certainly taking a while. Maybe she went to grab a snack while she was up?" There was another possibility, but Cynthia didn't want to assume that her ladylike friend was doing something like clenching her buttocks over the toilet. It had been about ten minutes by this point, and she had been contently basking in silence with her eyes shut until a thirst had stirred her.

The sensation was an odd one. Forsaking a second glass of that wine (*and being better off for it*), she had instead reached for one of the many bottles of water they had sitting in the cooler beside the two trays. At first, she believed that a simple sip would be enough to wet her whistle, and yet before long she had downed the entire bottle and opened up the next one.

She was drinking so quickly that she eventually coughed and stood up, wondering if something were amiss. **"Why am I so thirsty?"** She shuffled her feet against the sand, the sensation not isolated to her thirst alone. It was also represented by her skin, or more like... every single facet of her body? Hard to describe, Cynthia was fairly certain she was

suffering the ill effects of dehydration despite the two bottles of water she had just scarfed down.

Beyond her notice thus far, or perhaps she never *would* notice, the woman's skin was looking... Well, perhaps the best term to use would be 'dried out'. A yellowish tone was claiming the pinkness of it all, making the woman appear sickly, as if she had jaundice or something of the like. But things ended up going a step further, for the off-coloration of her skin ultimately lead into a sudden flaky roughness that made her look dried out from a distance.

But upon closer inspection? One might notice a plethora of scales surfacing across what was once human skin. From her face to her hands and feet, the flakes were inconsistent in size, but evident in nature. Without taking notice, though, Cynthia sniffed the air curiously. "**Does something smell fishy?**" she asked, not realizing the cause was, in fact, her own body.

Tertiary signs that something was awry had begun to surface, and one needn't look much farther than the ex-Champion's lips to identify this much. They were swelling and pinkening. Not just in slight, it wasn't at all similar to Caitlin's lips growing inside. Rather, they stretched wider, so they took up much more of her face, shapes round almost like tubes to the point that they looked quite comical. They certainly did not belong on a human's face, which begged the question... *what was she becoming?*

"**BAS!?**" Cynthia suddenly blurted out a sound she hadn't intended to as the inside of her maw was being rearranged to better suit the size of her lips. It almost looked as if her face was being pulled forward, nose flattening and merging with the yellow scales of her face while her eyes were pulled to either side of this slope. Her gaze was looking duller as the color of these eyes faded, but their sizes grew by contrast.

And this vacancy wasn't merely for show. Thinking was becoming difficult. Had she just made a strange noise? What had she been doing a few moments ago? Why did she feel so strange? These questions were being simplified, and as her disorientation grew the woman could only think about how desperately she needed *water*.

Her body suddenly fell against her side on the hot sand. Had she tripped? No, her legs had gotten tangled up with one another... literally. They had fused at the thighs, and the trend had moved towards her feet where they fanned out like a mermaid's tail. Were that permanent, then she might have been much luckier. But unfortunately? As *blue scales* swept across this 'tail', it drastically shortened and, at times, frayed into a

number of unkempt spines that still resembled a fish's tail. But a fish that has a stubby, spiny, unattractive tail.

“FEEBAS!” Another unusual noise blurted forth from her thick, fishy lips as her body began to flail. Her torso was shortening in a similar fashion to her legs, and yet in doing so it also flattened on the sides like a pancake, sprawling out vertically as all of her human, sexual characteristics merged with a container that looked more and more like a fish with every passing moment. Before long she had wriggled free of her bikini, in no small part because on the whole, her body was just *smaller*.

Her long, beautiful arms? Blue scales not unlike those of her new tail spread across them, seeing fingers shorten into obscurity as the attached limbs were brought closer to her torso... or what counted as a torso at this point. Stubbier and stubbier still, these blue masses eventually frayed into a pair of fins that were decorated in sand much as the rest of her body was as she flopped around on the beach, both bewildered and confused thanks to panic and her significantly lower IQ. **“FEEBAS! BAS! FEEBAS!”** She could still understand the human language at least, but she absolutely couldn't speak it.

Continuing to thrash as her long, blonde hair was plucked from her fishy head and stolen by the breeze, eventually she bumped into the small table that the wine the two had been drinking was resting upon, and she ended up knocking the bottle off the table. Cynthia's body was short and round now, scales apparent and her entire form, clearly, that of a fish. An extra fin of blue did eventually sprout from her 'back', its shape unusually squared, and her identity now entirely that of a Feebas.

Her vision was poorer now, so the Feebas couldn't see, but there was a tiny sticker on the wine bottle's bottom that would have added some much needed context to things.

PLEASE THROW THIS BOTTLE OUT. THE CONTENTS ARE CURSED!

If only the two had realized this before, perhaps this entire incident might have been avoided.

Cynthia the Feebas was left to flop against the hot sand, her mind so simple that the only thing she could think about was her need to reach the pond. Forget remembering being human, there was hardly a thing about her old life she could remember *at all*. Hatching from an egg and months of living in the wild before being captured by her trainer was

about the extent of what her memories told her. Somehow, remembering much more than that felt like too much work.

She just wanted water!

“Feebas!?! How did you jump out of the pond!?” A familiar voice suddenly soothed the fish Pokémon by sound alone, as a tanned woman clad simply in a dark red bikini came running down from the deck of the villa. The woman’s body toned and hair long, the Feebas immediately recognized this woman as her trainer. She knew the woman would save her.

And save her she did! The human’s arms scooped the fish up and quickly jogged towards the beachside pond, launching her partner into the water with a big *SPLASH!* The moment she slid into the water, the uncomfortable dryness and feelings of suffocation Cynthia had been feeling all faded, and she felt better than she ever had. So much that she swam in a few circles before splashing her trainer playfully. **“BAS!”**

Caitlin beamed and gave a thumbs up. **“I’m glad you’re feeling better, partner!”** Nothing made her happier than seeing her own Pokémon happy. She was so happy she owned this villa because it was the perfect place to relax! Well... It was through her daddy’s money at the end of the day, so maybe that happiness should have been directed at him? But he spoiled her because she was among the ranks of Unova’s Elite Four Swimmers, so it was fine, *right?*

“Oh! That reminds me!” Crouching before the pond, she waited for Cynthia to swim back around, poking her head out of the water to stare at her trainer. **“Daddy ordered us a Prism Scale! In a couple of months when we see him next, you’ll be able to become a big, beautiful Milotic!”**

This sounded great, but Milotic were more intelligent than Feebas. Which meant that, in all likelihood? Cynthia’s human memories, still lingering, would reawaken once she evolved.

And that would cause all kinds of problem.