

# LOLAMINE

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was late at night, but Lillie actually preferred the time of day. The stars always shone so brilliantly, and she was something of an enthusiast when it came to wondering just what might exist throughout the endless universe. She had taken to stargazing over the years, truthfully. Before her mother had gotten too busy, they used to do it together often. But these days? She was too preoccupied with the Aether Foundation to worry about her children. That was why she'd stolen Nebby and embarked on her own adventure.

But Lillie's Cosmog partner? They were sleeping now, which meant the child was essentially all alone on the mountaintop with her telescope. Or so she had thought, but no sooner than she'd set everything up did she find an unexpected guest. It was evidently enough a Pokemon, but one she didn't recognize. With its white body and star-shaped head... she felt like she'd read a legend about a Pokemon like this before. One that could grant any wish.

***"Jirachi!"***, she finally exclaimed once the name had come to mind, and the floating Pokemon did a happy, little twirl as if to say *'yes, that's my name!'*. **"Wow! I never thought I'd see a Mythical Pokemon all the way out here."** Especially since the legends of Jirachi came all the way from Hoenn. **"I guess if I had a wish that I wanted granted... I'd wish my mother were as happy and sweet as she used to be. Oh, and that she'd reach out more to Gladion and I! I guess that's a little too impossible though..."**

Little did she know that her wish would come true. Just not quite how she had planned it in the back of her mind. Her intention had been for

Lusamine to go back to how she had been before their father had died, but...

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Around the same time at the Aether Foundation headquarters, Lusamine had just been freshening up. It was past midnight, yet her research often resulted in a number of all-nighters. That was why it was important for her to take a breather now and again throughout the night so that she could clean up. The woman prided herself so much in her beauty that not even her work was enough of an excuse to get all gross and slimy, even though those were natural side-effects.

**“Hm? That’s odd. I’ve never seen this color sprout up before...”** After washing her face, she had tended to her hair, and while brushing? She had come across an unusual strand. It wasn’t her usual platinum blonde nor even one of the silver-blue pieces that gave her hair that layered look. It was ginger. Not even a true ginger? It was a more cartoony orange than she would have ever worn. Which begged the question: *how did it get there?*

It was ugly, it needed to be disposed of. Should she just snip it away? That would be the most logical course of action had it been the sole strand. She could likely study it and figure out why it had grown in such a color. The issue? It *wasn’t* the *sole* strand. Another had popped up, and another, and another. Before long, her entire head of beautiful hair was plagued a wavy, orange that seemed to swirl in places to leave remnants of her previous, blonde color. **“What is going on here!?”** Needless to say, Lusamine was *very* upset by this. No one messed with her beauty and lived to tell the tale!

**“This color is so... so... *AHA!* Urk... Why did I la—*AHAHA!*”** The woman struggled to even get a complete sentence out, laughter welling up uncontrollably from within to the point that she could not stifle it. This was no laughing matter! The layers of her hair were both fading and fraying, lengths seemingly unwinding for it now only hung halfway down her back! The color!? The mix of pastel orange and blonde? It swirled together so that it almost looked like... **“*SNRK...! CANDY! HAHAHA! IT LOOKS LIKE CANDY!*”** This time she had to cover her own mouth to stifle the laughter. What the *hell* was happening!?

The process of covering her mouth had resulted in covering her nose as well, and when she finally felt calm enough to remove her fingers? She could tell something was awry with her face. Her eyes somehow seemed softer in appearance, but that wasn’t quite it. What drew attention was the color of her nose. *Red*. The tip was a bright red, and within a matter of moments the entire nose was the same color. **“Now what!?”** A pressure beneath her nose built and grew, and before long Lusamine

was having difficulty breathing through said nose. It wasn't difficult to see why. Not as her nostrils closed and the shape of her nose began to swell and grow. It inflated slowly like a balloon, becoming perfectly round – there wasn't a single doubt in the mother's mind. *This was a clown's nose.*

Well, that explained the bursts of laughter and immature amusement that stood contrary to her typical, serious demeanor. Except it didn't explain it at all! Again, Lusamine had to ask: “**WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME!?**” Her lips had even become plagued by a *bright red* similar to that of her clown's nose, which was now breathable despite not having any nostrils she could see. Almost as if she were somehow becoming a clown *biologically*.

“**Ouch!**” A tugging feeling at the back of the woman's head yanked her hair into a swirling bun that resembled a lollipop, that was bound by a thin, orange hair tie that had seemingly spawned from nowhere. But this wasn't the only accessory to make a sudden appearance, because a yellow half-mask that covered everything from her nose to her forehead (*barring eyes and now-ginger eyebrows*) took shape, along with a pair of bright pink pearl earring that dangled down to... even larger pink pearls. “**This is all so gaudy...! I am no clown, I am— Erm.. I just want to have a fun time!**” Lusamine's words betrayed her, forcing a smile, but she still pawed at her nose and mask in an attempt to get them off of her. She would *not* succeed.

“**Whoop!**” Lusamine's body promptly fell forward against the bathroom sink, while her butt pushed outward due to the sudden change in posture. She was still upset deep down, but it had grown too difficult to express that fact. Instead, she beamed with a playfulness that hadn't been seen on this woman's face in years – if that face could even be called her own anymore.

There was a reason for her sudden posture change, for a weightiness had found itself into her figure. She had ultimately been pushed forward as her breasts swelled, her relatively small chest typically something she attempted to draw attention away from with her manner of dress. For a woman that prided herself in beauty, a large bosom wasn't exactly a necessity. But it would have been preferable to possess a larger pair.

That wish had been granted, and it affected the front of her dress. All of Lusamine's clothing had been tailor made to fit her subtle curves, and if she gained even the slightest amount of weight then things would have become a little uncomfortable. It was a system meant to encourage her to keep off the pounds, but she never fathomed it would culminate in an event where the flesh of her breasts was forcibly pushing the chest of her dress out, lifting up the attached skirt ever so slightly as a result.

**“How are they so *super duper* big!? B-cups? No... C? C for candy! Gladion and Lillie loved candy. Maybe I should bring them some? They would like that, I’m sure!”** How else was she supposed to react, strange interest in her children aside? The tension was almost suffocating, so much that she was pulling at the dress to try and create more room to breathe.

In the meantime, her posture had also swayed backward because of what was happening to her rear. Like her dress, her pants were a perfect fit. That... *wasn’t* quite the case any longer, not as the flesh of her ass bubbled out into two almost cartoonishly round orbs. Her pants absolutely could not accommodate them, and the cheeks peeked up and over her waistline. **“Ohhh! Everything is so round! Round and cute!”** As much as she despised it, Lusamine’s spirits were gradually lifting. Any disdain she’d had for the transformation process was quickly fading.

How could she be made when she was so adorable? And had equally adorable children! Being beautiful or powerful, wasn’t that kind of thing overrated? Family was what should have mattered at the end of the day!

*...It was sad that this was a changed point of view for her.*

More enthused about life itself than she had ever been in years, she hardly noticed as her outfit *exploded*... both with color, and very literally. Yellow and orange vertical stripes cycles around her pantlegs as, all at once, they inflated like the insides of a hot air balloon. It might have been easy to have mistaken her for having humongous thighs if you didn’t realize she was a clown, and while her thighs really had become a little bigger, they hardly filled those pant legs.

The pants fused with the dress, and the skirt was entirely absorbed by the material of the pants. The top, on the other hand, took on a baby blue coloration while the gemstone accessory Lusamine wore melted into it, forming a white imprint on the shirt that resembled a clown head mixed with a target. Yellow overalls had extended from her pants over her shoulders, and her shoes? Gigantic, red runners – absolutely comical, as befitting of a woman clown. In fact, Lusamine looked more like a cartoon character than she ever had... and that was before her arms did *the thing*.

They were sagging, and quite literally at that.

Hands absolutely shouldn’t have fallen idly to one’s knees, but that’s what they were doing. Her arms seemed as loose as taffy, and despite the absurdity of it all the woman hardly seemed to notice. Eventually

they shortened, although not because they had returned to their regular size and shape. *Quite* the contrary, actually. It was as if all of the bone in her arms had melted, and it was winding up like a spring while pink and orange candy colors spread across her skin. Her hands, on the other hand, remained completely normal. She wasn't wielding a weapon, so... *But those arms would certainly be better for reaching out to her children!*

*Lola*mine couldn't get Lillie and Gladion out of her head! Why was she at work so late? Why wasn't she with her precious babies? Where was this, anyways? Her irises had taken on an unusual spiral shape, indicating her mental repurposing had finally completed itself.

A clown like herself could never work in such a stuffy office! She could wield her ARMS in tournaments. Or she could do something with candy? Pokemon research? Wasn't that a little *dark*? What even *was* a Pokemon? Like a pet? **"It's time to BOUNCE! Haha! I need to go see my kiddos!"** *Lola Pop* couldn't even remember anything about her old life short of the fact that she had two children, and right now, because she was so confused, she wanted to see them more than anything! That was why she'd grab the first boat off of this scrap heap and find them, wherever they were!

Incidentally, the Jirachi had granted Lillie's wish. Her mother was now as happy as a clown, as sweet as candy, and could reach out incredibly far with her extendable ARMS. Well, one couldn't expect a Pokemon to properly translate the wishes of a human, could they?

Either way, Lillie was in for one heck of a surprise when her clown mom eventually found her.

...Hopefully no residual effects turned her into a clown girl as well?