

SNAKEBITE

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes life had a weird way of giving you something you needed but never had an awareness of needing it in the first place. A strange phenomenon that might bring you across a new favorite food or song, but things weren't always so subdued in nature either. A change in occupation, a change in relationships, there was always the risk of something changing for the worst... or it could change for the *better*.

Things were no different in the world of Pokemon, one that prized itself in the bonds forged between Pokemon and the humans that populated its earth. They battled alongside one another, conquering challenges and overcoming odds to reach their shared goals. But it was only natural that there were those that would seek to overturn this balance, and in secret many organizations began experimenting on Pokemon and people alike.

Of course this was all done in the shadows, so that no unsuspecting souls might possibly find out about these scientific horrors. But sometimes, only sometimes, things go awry. Things like a sample subject slithering out of the lab for example, unleashed onto an unsuspecting world. In a case like that, one could only imagine how the course of the world might be altered.

"Gastly? GAAASTLY!?" A sweet but eerie voice called out across a foggy graveyard, the name of a specific Pokemon echoing through the void. Bobbing through the cold night air was, well, a *bob* of dark purple hair that was attached to the head of an atypical Hex Maniac. Pokemon trainers of her profession tended to have a rather precarious reputation, one that generally made others evasive towards them. They were far too into the occult, many of them citing Ghost-types are their best friends and lifelong companions. Their swirling eyes, in some communities, seen as a bad omen or cause to back away.

So it was fortunate for Pamela Voorhees, otherwise known as Pam Isla, that despite being a Maniac, her swirling eyes of terror and delusion came and went depending on her mood. Anger was a surefire way to get them spinning, something that was more difficult to do than it sounded.

At the moment however? She was close. Someone at the bar in the nearby town had directed her out this way with claims that 'the graveyard is a congregation spot for Gastly, you'll never see so many in a single place'. She'd thought it had sounded a little too good to be true, but now she was thinking that was *one hundred percent*

the reality of the situation. She'd been bamboozled, shooed away with rumors of something they thought she'd like just to get rid of her. It was definitely annoying, but not something she was unaccustomed to.

Fingers clutched into the dark purple of her pleated skirt as she considered returning to town. It was late, and while Pam was certainly a creature of the darkness she couldn't deny the journey had fatigued her. The ground around her was uneven and made trekking difficult even with the pathways. It'd be better just to go back to the inn and catch some sleep before moving towards the next big occult spot on her trip.

But then she heard *it*. A rustling in the shrubbery around her. It was either multiple Pokemon or one moving extremely fast based on how many directions the sounds emanated from, provoking her to reach for the Pokeball that contained her Honedge either way. "**Kukuku...**" Not wanting to startle it she made no noise other than that, but it seemed that concerns of this nature were otherwise misplaced.

"**OW!**", she screamed as a shadow leaped out from the shadowy shrubbery, a pair of teeth sinking into the side of her leg before the culprit dashed back into the darkness. It wasn't the first time she'd received a bite from a Pokemon, it being something of a common occurrence in a world full of them, but this was the first Pam had been disappointed because the right kind hadn't bit her. She'd been honestly hoping that maybe it was a rare Ghost type!

As quickly as the pain set in however did a burning sensation follow. The bite in the center of her thigh, damage obscured by purple and white striped leggings, the full extent of the damage remained to be seen even as her body swerved from side to side. "**So... dizzy...**" Her entire body throbbed, and losing control she fell to her knees, and then onto her side of the graveyard's dirt path. Her vision began to fade, but the last thing she saw before everything went black was a flickering tongue and a pair of golden eyes staring into her soul.

When Pam regained consciousness the first thing she considered was how much time had passed. Her entire body still burned, at no point more intensely than the bite upon her right thigh. She had yet to open her eyes, instead laying silently with her chest against the dirt as her body felt like it was doing a hard reboot. Shallow breathing growing healthier, a subtle twitch of her finger, it all led to eyes inevitably flickering open with a strong gasp for air, knees almost immediately pulled to bosom after turning on her side.

"**To think the dark tendrils of fate would house such a cruel destiny for me.**" Her murmurings were typical of a Hex Maniac regardless, even as it seemed like her life might be in danger. She felt weak and incapable of any substantial movement, the burning of her body contradicted only by a cold sweat that soaked into her dress and chills that almost rhythmically ran up and down her body. The natural assumption was that she'd been bitten by a Poison type, which meant her life might

be at real risk and yet... Unless someone came by this isolated graveyard there would be no help to be found.

The moon still hung high in the sky, indicative of the fact that at most only a few hours, or even a few minutes, had passed since she'd passed out. At the realization that her life might be in danger, Pamela did her very best to push herself upright. Clothing had become dirtied from her dirt nap, but really that was to be expected. She had spares at home.

Laying legs out beside her, the young woman immediately set out to examine the bite wound she'd received from what she was assuming had been an Ekans. The bite itself had taken a chunk out of her legging, leaving the afflicted area completely exposed beneath the full moon's light. Red and inflamed, dried blood was matted to the surrounding area. So much as gentle stroking it with her fingertip was enough to send an electric pulse of pain through her body... *definitely* a snake bite.

She tore the legging around the bite, making room to better examine and possibly treat the damage if she could find someone to help. A graveyard had to have a keeper, right? So *someone* had to be around. But as she tugged cloth away from the damage, she began to notice something a little more unsettling. The area directly around the bite was red and swollen, yes, but just beyond that the color of her skin was showing signs of darkening. With only the moon to illuminate it there was some difficulty in identifying the exact coloring, but it almost looked... purple?

Fingers traced this discolored area, noting it wasn't only the shading that wasn't right. The afflicted area didn't even bare the texture of a human's skin, the outer layer itself hard and, perhaps she was seeing things but had the skin itself segmented to resemble scales? Like a lizard? A snake? An *Ekans*. It almost looked like it had been ripped off the very Pokemon that had attacked her and grafted to her skin.

All of a sudden she became more sure that this textured patch of skin was purple, not because the lighting had improved but because her vision had seemingly grown sharper. Not clearer exactly, more like the world around her had been suddenly tossed through a saturation filter, but it was enough to identify the vibrant purple of her flesh and how that purple was beginning to progress across the entirety of her leg. Fingers clawed into the cloth, pulling them further to make sure of this.

Her enhanced vision hadn't come without change of its own however. The pupils of her eyes had narrowed into slits without Pam even noticing, irises lightening from dull shades to a bright yellow along with the whites behind them, creating a set of wholly lemon optics short of the black slit in the center. To say these eyes looked out of place on a human woman would be something of an understatement, and their shape began to to become a more perfect horizontal oval in the process.

Purple scales heeded not a single moment to halt their progression even as change plagued elsewhere. But while scales shone purple on her sides, as they moved towards the front of her legs the discoloration became a little different. Namely,

much like her eyes they turned a bright and shining yellow, the color of an Ekans' underbelly. **"This isn't possible is it? Surely I wouldn't be cast into the flesh of a snake of all things!?"** Panic finally setting in, the Hex Maniac's yellow eyes might have swirled if not for their new biology.

This was practically unheard of. Was it a curse of some sort? A Pokemon move she'd never seen nor heard of? Perhaps she was seeing things because of the bite? But as she rubbed her hand across the smooth scales that were taking her leg she was reminded of just how real it all felt.

Regardless it became clear that she had to find help before it was too late. Wobbling, Pamela forced herself onto her feet and couldn't help but sway too and fro from the poisonous reaction. The scales had not only gone down the full length of her one leg at this point, but had likewise crept across her ass and pelvis to begin working on the second one. The strangest part however was that the inside of her leg had been left alone, as if she didn't need scales there for some reason.

Standing, it became evident that her body's shape wasn't quite right either. Scaled leg had grown thicker, at least enough to feel uncomfortably within a legging that had been perfectly measured to fit her. Even her underwear felt cramped, an ill effect of her butt growing more desirable in slight as scales added just the littlest bit of volume to her rump.

While scales didn't seem to spread past inflamed hips, that didn't stop the coloring itself from progressing skyward. With her dress obscuring her torso it made sense that the Maniac wouldn't be able to see it, but the skin around her stomach had begun to brighten to yellow just as the front of her legs had. Skin remained its usual texture even as the yellow turned to purple just below her breasts, leaving her belly alone gold as nipples enriched themselves with a much more prominent violet than the rest of her form.

It wasn't until her fingertips were stained with this new shading that Pam finally took notice, her hands the only part of her body not hidden by cloth. Her fingernails sharpened too, taking on a more predatory design than a mere human would ever have need for. **"Is this truly happening? Such a cruel and twisted outcome? Am I woman or beassst?"** The S in her wording slid into a hiss, the tongue in her mouth providing the sound naturally. Ekans didn't have the forked tongue typical of your average snake, but the muscle still grew thick and rounded, feeling foreign in her mouth up until the point her jaw adjusted to accommodate its new size. Snakes could dislocate their jaws to swallow prey whole after all. **"Even my wordssss? AH!?"**

Little time was ponder her newfound speech pattern as legs collapsed before she could even make a single step. Peculiarly, however, she didn't collide completely with the ground. Knees clacked against the dirt, or at least they should have, but the moment they buckled the sensation was more akin to them melting away, body somehow remaining upright as the sound of cloth tearing rung out throughout the graveyard. Tatters of her leggings fell to the ground as the culprit became clear: the

space between her legs was closing. The skin inside melted into what was clearly a lower body in the form of a snake tail, perfectly symmetrical legs becoming a singular entity in the process.

Her toes dangled behind her, feeling especially swollen as toes slowly fused together, becoming a single bulbous yet hollow existence and the rest of her feet merged into similar shapes, taking on the form of a bright yellow rattle used to ward off potential attackers. What's more, the rattle itself became increasingly farther away as it seemed like her tail-like lower body grew longer and longer until it was almost ten feet in length. Below her butt and nether region was an expansive Ekans tail that made her look like a lamia or naga, a natural hunter and potential enchantress.

Purple having taken her face as well, it was merely her general humanoid shape and facial structure that remained of Pam's old identity. The clothing on her upper body, as well as her skirt, remained in tact at least momentarily, but new instinct provoked her to tear them off with her claws as fangs emerged from the roof of her mouth before hiding themselves again.

Naked body soaking in the moon's rays, she grew angered again as a sudden realization dawned on her. She'd been led out here by the instructions of a certain individual at the same time she'd been bitten. She couldn't understand her own predicament well, but it almost seemed like too much of a coincidence. "**Wass I sssent here on purpossse? How woefully sssad!**", she hissed, the sounds of approaching footsteps caught by newly pointed ears.

Was she to be hunted now? Where could she go?

Unsure, Pamela slithered into the brush, lower body moving from side to side as if she'd had it her whole life. Everything felt and moved naturally, no learning curve required. Surely that would be something to her benefit as she attempted to evade the people hunting her.

Yellow eyes caught sight of one in the distance. A man in a white lab coat. The very same man who'd directed her here. "**Sssso I was right!**" As if possessed she lowered her head and suddenly began to approach him at superhuman speeds. Fangs bared, they sunk into his arm as he screamed, releasing a familiar venom into his veins before the woman disappeared into the nearby forest. Much like the Ekans that had bit her, her own venom carried the same experimental formula. One that would turn humans into monsters.

And the Pokemon world could only pray she wouldn't become aware of that fact.