

POPPY'S PLAYTINK

COMMISSION STORY

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It had been more than a few months now since the release of the newest Pokémon generation, Scarlet and Violet, and it seemed that the usual cycle had continued. Rampant skepticism by a vocal chunk of the community prior to the game's release, complaining about EXP sharing or something of that nature, then when the game came out? Equally rampant complaints about the game's mechanics and performance. Though while the latter complaints seemed to be becoming more apparent with each and every generation, in this case they finally seemed to be more valid than in the past.

Because the game did *not* run well. Constant graphical glitches plagued the general experience and, limited by the Nintendo Switch's hardware and poor design on Game Freak's part, largely empty environments. Not to mention memory leaks that inadvertently caused the game to lock up now and again, and a series of hilarious issues with the models to top everything off.

Did any of this matter in the end? Not a bit! You could say Pokémon as a franchise was too big to fail and be right, but more subjectively? Despite its flaws the game was still *fun*, and most people play games for that reason alone despite how vocal the haters could be. The same was true of Joseph, who not only loved it when her first played, but was still now playing it in *February*.

“Also, so I just need to set up the room, send him the code, aaaand...” In fact, he was playing the evening! He thought it might be fun to *actually make use* of the game's social features, and had made plans with his friend Axel to battle and maybe do a little trading since they were running different versions. Of course, they lived across the

world from each other, so it wasn't as easy as meeting up in person. It all had to be done online with Discord as the medium through which they spoke. And it was through that medium that he also sent the join code since Nintendo games insisted on never following modern gaming norms when it came to online functionality. **“Alright, everything seems to be... Huh?”**

He'd gotten as far as the screen that showed the two games were communicating, but the image being displayed soon looked... odd? Like his character model had been swapped with one of the Elite Four? Poppy? Joseph had a number of questions, but it was easy enough to assume it was just a new glitch he'd found.

But all of that quickly went out the window.

“Where the heck am I!?” The next he realized? He was standing in a big, white room with doors on either side and a familiar rectangle in the room's center. It was decorated like one of the arenas used for Pokémon battles in his game. Like where you faced... the Elite Four? And looking beside him... There was another man? **“Axel? What are you doing here?”** It was his friend, but how was that possible? He didn't even receive a response from the man in question, because before he could open his mouth?

Axel froze, and the word *PAUSE* floated above his head.

That *couldn't* be right. Not only was he *not* in his bedroom anymore, but his friend had just been paused like he was in some sort of video game. **“But that can't be...”** It would have been easy to dismiss it as a dream if not for how real it felt, but how else could he explain this? Was it because his game had suddenly acted so strange? Come to think of it he *had* seen Poppy, an Elite Four member. And now he was at the Elite Four stage. But...

“But maybe trying to figure out how to unpause Axel should come first?” They were both in the same situation, but arguably he had it worse seeing as he couldn't move. Could he even *perceive*? But in terms of perception, Joseph should have turned that sort of thought inwards *towards himself*, because there were some notable differences now between what his appearance *should* have looked like, and what it now did. For example? Sparing a simple glance at even his hand would have revealed that his olive skin had paled to a light pink – and that was across the board.

It wasn't just that, either. While already slight compared to his friend, the excess weight that the man's body bore thinned away, in turn

making sure that his clothes were much looser by contrast. And *that*, at least? It was something he noticed. Unlike how the style of his dark head of hair had lengthened, almost looking like a bonnet in the back with choppily cut, yet nonetheless smooth bangs in the front. **“Huh? What’s up with my clothes?”**

His pants had almost peeled right off his hips and now he was leering down at them. Before he felt compelled to *grab* them, though? They clung to his hips once more. Maybe a little *too* well, as he could make out the curves of those hips when he couldn’t do that before. **“Uh... Are my hips swollen? What’s going on here?”** Could it really even be considered *just* his hips though? Even looking at his thighs, he could see how they were straining against the pantlegs like they were too big and almost... *feminine*?

“YAH!?” Those thighs wriggled against each other almost immediately after the thought had crossed *her* mind, a hand immediately reaching down to the front of those pants to find a vacancy where there had once been a dick. **“I’m a woman!?”** How? *Why*? Considering she was already in a location that should have been impossible, the first question wasn’t quite as important as the second.

And now that her sex had changed, not only did her thicker thighs and wider hips make sense, but so too did how her butt had bubbled, and how upon her chest? Well, her shirt was prompted to pull upwards by the emergence of two lumps upon her chest – two *breasts* that were only B-cups in size, but a narrowed waistline seemingly made them seem even bigger.

Joseph, blushing, resisted the urge to touch them. Though this blush looked even *cuter* than normal thanks to changes to her face that had made it more feminine. That face was much more circular on the whole and bore pronounced lips and a button nose. Her brows were thin, and her eyes, now darker in color, were much larger and had lengthier lashes. Even after her immediate embarrassment waned, that blush remained as a pair of circular stickers on her cheeks that would remain a constant on her face.

She looked like a proper young woman, the sort you might believe came from a rich and noble family. There was just something about her that made her seem important, even if the woman in question didn’t feel important. **“This can’t be happening... How am I going to explain this to... to... to...? H-Huh? He’s right in front of me, but what was his name again?”**

It wasn’t just Axel’s name that the woman couldn’t recall. Where she had come from, what she was doing here, *her own name*. These all felt

like they were up in the air, and while she was on the cusp of remembering these things, what came to mind didn't really make all that much sense. But in the end it didn't really matter.

The woman tripped over her own pantleg because she had become a bit shorter with her change in sex, and while she fell through the air into an inevitable pile on the ground? It was almost as if her clothes were swallowing her body whole. Her body was shrinking at a dramatic rate, and even though her clothing obscured the sight? She wasn't exactly shrinking *proportionally*.

Mature curves that she'd retained as an adult evaporated while she was air-borne, her ass and breasts sucked away into nothingness as the torso they were adjoined to became short and stubby. Her limbs followed suit, as did her hands and feet become *extra* tiny. But in terms of proportional consistency? The head that eventually poked out of her shirt's neck hole appeared a little too big, maybe? *And a little too young*.

From head to toe, Joseph couldn't have been any older than four or five. And it was reflected in her thought processes as well. Forget complicated thoughts, she was merely staring at awe of her surroundings like they were somehow *amazing*. But she felt proud too, like she wanted to boast about how she didn't cry despite falling!

Strangely though? When her head *had* emerged she had been wearing a baby blue bonnet with a yellow underside, and as the rest of her old outfit mysteriously disappeared? She was clearly dressed in a matching ensemble. Cute yellow tights, the tiniest of shoes, and a baby blue jacket dress over a tiny shirt that poked out through the neck. There were also black gloves and, well... the underwear she was wearing had cute little Tinkaton print on them.

“Oh wow! Who's this guy!? Hellooooo? Why aren't you moving? Paws...t?” Elite Four *Poppy* gazed up at the paused Axel, wholly ignorant that she had not been a little girl, but a grown man up until a few moments ago. The last *she* could recall? She had come to the Elite Four headquarters because Rika was working, and she'd just been asked to play with her Pokémon in the arena in the meantime.



But there was this strange, non-moving man here. Should she get Rika? Maybe he was just sleeping? **“I said helloooo?”** A tiny hand reached out to shake his leg, and the moment it made contact with his jeans? He suddenly began to move again, and he

looked *shocked*. “**Um... Did I do an oopsie?**” Maybe she’d hurt him somehow?

From Axel’s perspective, a lot had suddenly occurred that didn’t make much sense to him. Though to be fair it hadn’t made any sense to *Joseph* either. He’d been waiting for his friend to set up their ScarVi lobby, and then when they connected to each other the entire game had freaked out. He’d seen what he *thought* was his Tinkaton on screen, and the next he knew? He was inside the game’s Elite Four building along *with Joseph*.

For but a second.

He didn’t know he’d been paused, and so through his eyes Joseph had been there one moment, and the next? A familiar girl. Poppy from the game’s Elite Four, a small child that made you *wonder* how she had become a member at such a young age. “**Wait... You’re Joseph, aren’t you?**” Axel didn’t have any way to *prove* this, but considering he’d been there one moment and replaced the next? No, there was a gut feeling too. He just sort of *knew*. And he was right. But the girl wasn’t acting like him. She was acting like a little girl.

There was no answer provided though, despite the fact that Poppy looking *very* confused more or less answered it. But she didn’t answer because she *couldn’t*. She stood frozen now, with the word *PAUSE* floating above her head. “**...Huh?**” This whole situation was just getting weirder.

Axel was blinking at the sight, but distracted more by the child and her presumed identity? He wasn’t thinking much about *himself* and the changes that initially transformed Joseph into a woman came on a little faster in his case. It could already be seen in a face that had been thinned and feminized, ultimately rendering him extremely pretty – with dark hair that had grown to reach his shoulders.

As he had a notable gut, there was a fairly pronounced loss of weight to be found too, and before he knew what was even happening? His jeans had pooled around her ankles with a body now at a much more reasonable weight for a man in his late twenties. “**Uh...?**” Not just his pants but his *boxers* too. Thankfully he had *also* shrunk several inches, so the bottom of his now oversized outfit was acting to cover what needed to be covered.

“**Wait, I’m thin!?! And what’s... Ngh!?! My dick just...?**” *Her* discomfort with the change that had just occurred was audible in a groan that sounded much more feminine, and while she resisted the

urge to lift the bottom of her shirt to double check? The shapeliness of her hips, thighs, and ass all had different plans, expanding to give her a womanly sway that lifted the shirt just enough so that if someone had been observing her, they would have easily seen her new genitals. Hands immediately reached up to her chest though, where a pair of C-cup breasts emerged. **“Tits!? I’m... a woman!? Why!?”**

Though things were a little different compared to what had happened to Joseph. When *she* had become a woman, she had looked like an older version of Poppy. In Axel’s case? She just looked like how she might have looked if she were a thin woman as opposed to taking on a completely different identity. Though that seemed to be because *her identity wouldn’t matter all that much*.

She was befuddled. What was she supposed to do about her changed sex? Live as a woman? But then again, Joseph had become Poppy right? So was there a chance things would get worse? There wasn’t *even* a chance this might happen because it was, in fact, already happening if the color of his skin was anything to go off of.

The issue? Nothing about this color could be deemed perceivably *human*. Because it began with what looked like bands of a bright pink blush spreading across not only her face, legs, and feet, but across her torso and chest beneath her shirt now as well. These bands spread until they were the sole, consistent colors in these areas – as well as on her thumbs. But her hands and arms otherwise? They turned a very soft, borderline white pink that could also be seen elsewhere on the woman’s body.

“How am *tinka* supposed *ton* live like... this?” Axel froze up and blinked several times after some strange sounds had emerged midst what she was saying. In the process? The shape of her mouth had seemingly been changing. The teeth that were normally hidden behind her lips merged with the lips in question, and this mouth became almost as hard as *steel* with grooves for teeth carved out on the uppermost part of her mouth. She could still talk and move it normally, but even the enlarged tongue within seemed *odd* and *inhuman*.

The whitish pink from her hands had spread into her hair, painting most of it in the color while the length and style of it appeared to grow and thicken. It looked and *felt* heavier, and it became debatable if the strands were even still separate or it had all become just a single piece of soft metal meant to resemble hair at this point. A brighter pink layered it as the design changed though, taking a zigzagged pattern among what ultimately resembled a pair of big, heavy twintails with bangs that zigzagged in front of her eyes.

She sniffled a moment, not even realizing it was because her nose had flattened into her pink face so that only a pair of tiny, unnoticeable nostrils provided her air for breathing. “I just **tinkatoned tink a ton...?**” Axel was growing increasingly frustrated that she couldn’t say what she wanted to, but she knew what those sounds were. They were the sounds of a certain Pokémon that had the same, beady silver eyes that her own had become now.

Which should have been *impossible*.

As if the woman needed anymore proof, the sudden and dramatic loss of stature that followed really put the final nail in the coffin. And yet while it was similar to how Joseph had shrunk in that her proportions weren’t consistent? Their inconsistencies were much *more* inconsistent, teetering away from what could even be deemed human even on a child – though she certainly did become *child sized*.

“**TINKAAAAA!?**” The cry she shouted out was certain a Pokémon’s as the horrors of having the world grow around her all at once took hold, and unlike her friend she was still completely aware of the fact that she was changing. The womanly curves she had developed faded into irrelevant, with any sexual traits whatsoever soon hidden by a bubbling in her pink belly that saw Axel’s gut return in a cuter form, spilling over her waistline.

She would have been *entirely* swallowed by her shirt if not for her arms, hands, and her head. Her head actually hardly shrunk at all, making it appear almost cartoonishly big when compared to the rest of her features – but her light pink arms and hands certainly helped it look less ridiculous. Because they had certainly become *shorter*, but her hands were now even thicker than before, the arms and hands practically combined into a single appendage optically, though her wrists still did function within.

Silver, steel fins jutted out behind her cute tummy, spanning to the sides of her hips almost like outturned pockets, but these were actually part of her body as well. And regardless of how small she was getting? She was actually getting *heavier*. Her flesh and blood was weightier almost like metals themselves, and in the end she’d weigh *more* than her thinner, human form at 220 pounds.

Perhaps this weight took a toll on the shapes of her legs – or perhaps on the species of Pokémon that Axel was becoming, the legs had evolved the way they had to accommodate this extremely weight for a small body, but her legs were only several inches tall without any notable ‘feet’ to speak of. This stubby legs merely had flat surfaces for her to walk upon, though toe pads could be observed on their bottoms. “**...Ton?**”

She could only watch sadly as the shirt she was wearing disappeared, leaving her to stand there naked. A big finger poked at her belly, and the monster whimpered a moment from confusion.

Unlike Poppy, who was fully adjusted mentally by the time her transformation had completed? Axel was nowhere *near* as fortunate. She was still conscious of her old identity *despite* the fact that she was clearly a living, breathing *Tinkaton*, a humanoid, Fairy/Steel hybrid Pokémon that was roughly the size of Poppy herself. Her limbs were short and stubby, she had a pronounced tummy, and her huge hands didn't scale well with her almost jointless, trunk-like legs. But she couldn't keep her pink body away from the giant, Corviknight-corpse hammer that had appeared beside her.

Something *fundamentally* prompted her to stick close to it deep down. Like a child with her favorite blanket.

Because she was still herself, the question of 'what should I do?' Was on her mind. Poppy was still frozen and that concerned her – and in a way that was stronger than the mere friendship she'd shared with Joseph. She wanted to *protect* the human? And she was in danger as she was. "*Tinkaton!*"

The monster was unable to mutter anything that wasn't a syllable from the name of her new species, but that didn't

stop her from crying out as she reached a big, pale hand out to give the child a shake.



Surprisingly it seemed to remove the paused status, and the Elite Four member blinked. "**I'm not... Uh... Huh!? Tinkaton, there you are! What are we going to play!?**" Poppy beamed at what she perceived to be *her* Tinkaton, and that smile alone was enough to sew doubt in the Pokémon's mind. Play? Like games? Like a child? But did she not remember who she was? Having become a Tinkaton, she *knew* that Poppy had to be Joseph!

“**Tinka! Tinkaton!?! Ton! Ton!**” But as much as she wanted to explain it, to try and get Poppy to understand? She could not force the human language from her puppet-like mouth. Worked up into a tizzy, she had even grabbed the hammer with her right hand for emotional support – which gave Poppy a curious expression.

She pulled a Pokéball out of her bag. “**I get it! You wanna play with your bestie too, right!?**” And she tossed it, confusing the Tinkaton as a red light glowed and another Pokémon appeared in the air. A Corviknight. Axel knew that. She also knew that Corviknight were a Tinkaton’s prey. But even though she knew that... It was strong. So, so strong. It overwhelmed every other desire.

She had to smash it!

Laying on her hammer at Poppy’s bedside, Tinkaton let out a yawn as the morning light filtered in through the nearby window. Several months had passed, and while she’d resisted this new life at first? Every day it had become a little harder. Each day she had becoming a little more childish, a little more impish, and she’d grown closer to Poppy. She was the girl’s constant protector, her companion, and honestly? Each morning she had forgotten about her previous life less and less, until she no longer remembered.

Up before her trainer, she simply cast a gaze to the trainer in the bed. “**Tinkaton...**” She hoped that Poppy would get up soon, even though she looked so peaceful when she slept.

Because she *really* wanted to ‘play’ with Poppy’s Corviknight today!