

DELICATELY DOMINANT

FIRST PERSON STORY

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I was *obsessed*.

It had been what had felt like a *very* long time since the last Pokémon games had come out, even though it had just been a little longer than normal. I couldn't really *fault* them for it, either. While the games were still incredibly fun if you were still fond of the gameplay loop, it was difficult to deny that the quality of the games had gone downhill over the years – likely caused by crunch to get those games out as quickly as possible. There had finally been a lull, giving them time to cook.

And *boy* had they cooked with Pokémon Legends: Z-A. Of course, you wouldn't have thought that if you looked at social media. It definitely had areas where it was rough around the edges, especially when it came to the presentation (despite being a huge improvement over Scarlet and Violet), but presentation was only *part* of the formula. It was the *gameplay* that was very good. The loop was incredibly fun, and catching Pokémon had never been more exciting.

Another point in its favor was its *characters*. Both in terms of design *and* personality, most of them left a very strong impression. They were a big part of why *I'd* become a big fan of the game personally. My plans were to completely 100% the game, but—

**IF YOU'RE SUCH A BIG FAN OF THE GAME,
THEN WHY NOT BECOME PART OF IT!?**

Huh? Sorry? Who's talking over my narration—!?

What was that smell? *Tea?*

“Ugh... Where *am* I?” I had been writing a blog about my interest in the new Pokémon game one moment, and the next? I was *sitting* in a location that was *very* unfamiliar to me, on a bed that was almost *unbelievably* comfortable. It was a canopy bed done up with light purple sheets and curtains, in a *very* spacious bedroom done up with mahogany. Everything about it *screamed* ‘bourgeois’, from the deep closet full of what looked to be dressed in the corner, wooden antique furniture, and was that a table in the center of the room with freshly brewed tea on top of it?

Well, that explained the *fragrance*. What I *didn't* understand was what had happened. *At all*. I vaguely recalled words being typed on my page that *I* hadn't typed. Something about becoming ‘part of the game’? **“There's no way, right? But I guess the *décor* *does* kind of remind me of the SBC...”** Or the *Society of Battle Connoisseurs*. It was a faction within Z-A to that was led by the battle hungry yet sophisticated, Jacinthe.

The SBC was full of Lumiose City's wealthy elites, and that more or less fit the description of *my room, non?*

“Huh? *My* room? I've never stepped foot in here before, though.” That was something I knew with 100% certainty, or... at least I'd *been* certain? I was getting a strange feeling after looking around a second time. Almost like *déjà vu*? I shook my head and approached the tea table without any other destination in mind. Each step that I took felt *lighter* than the last. Over and over that was the case, and yet? I didn't stop to examine the cause, even though it led to my pants *and* underwear slipping off, left behind along with my socks.

That was all happening because, with each step that I ended up taking? Some of my mass peeled off. Perhaps the most obvious effect of this as a bigger guy was that my *weight* was disappearing. The body fat that was housed primarily in my gut faded, jiggling less and less as I walked while unneeded body hair and stretch marks were smoothed away in tandem. Of course, this meant that my shirt was becoming *very* oversized, as did my pants with my now hairless legs and ass free of any excess. That was why my pants had fallen off.

On the other hand? While the loss of weight *was* perhaps the most obvious, it wasn't the only ‘mass’ that was shaved away. The walk towards the table had actually ended up taking several steps longer than I had initially anticipated, not that I ended up processing that at all. It was as if the reach of my legs hadn't carried me as far as I'd expected? I

was almost six feet tall, so my stride was quite long. But that stride ended up shrinking because *I* had been shrinking.

5'7". That was how tall I was by the time I reached the table. It was then that I finally showed some semblance of *awareness* too, because when I reached down to touch the teapot – *which was quite improper to do while standing, by the way!* – I noticed my *hands*. “**Eh? Why are they so small?**” My hands *and* feet had all shrunk along with the rest of my body, of course, but my hands were shaped a little more delicately and I noticed my arm hair had been completely smoothed away. “**They look... dainty? And my *nails*?**” They were long and *manicured*? Like a *woman's* nails would be.

“**This is *très weird!***” *French*? Had I just randomly slipped some *French* into what I was saying? And why was my voice so *sugary sweet*? These were questions that I had asked myself briefly, but they didn't linger for very long. For how big the room I was in was, there wasn't a mirror? There *was*, it was just inside the closet where I couldn't see it. Regardless of whether there was a mirror or not, the result was the same. I had no way to see my own reflection, and so I couldn't see what was happening to my *face*.

Those facial features were rearranging, completely altering the perception of not only my *sex*, but my *race* as well. It had begun with a speckling of dark spots that began to appear not just all over my face like freckles, but over my body as a *whole*. They grew in number *and* in size, eventually replacing my complexion with a *very* dark skin tone that certainly would have only been found on a Black person in the real world.

That fed into the shapes of my facial features. My lips became fuller because of the femininity that was applied, but their shapes widened slightly because my race had been affected. My nose shortened and my nostrils flared out a bit, while my cheekbones were lifted to give me a slender face with a smooth and *flawless* complexion. *As if someone like me could be anything less than flawless, though!* I thought such an uncharacteristic thought while my eyes widened, only to be possessed by a pink-purple glow that shone like gemstones within thickened lashes. I looked *younger* as a result as well, perhaps in my *mid-twenties*?

“**Mm... It feels quite good though, *non*? And the smell of this tea! She brewed it to perfection! Perhaps she deserves some... E-Eh? Wait, who am I talking about? *Alors...***” Was there a woman that should have been making me tea? Was I *that* important? *Of course!* Oh, well, okay then. Lost in thought as I was, I couldn't have realized that my dark hair had paled *considerably*, lashes and pubes and all, to a soft, pastel purple.

At least when it came to the pastel purple on *top* of my hair, it lengthened vigorously, spilling far down my back as its volume became curled and fluffy. It created a mass of hair that was split into diverging lengths in the back, all of it almost looking as fluffy as a sheep's wool – that was the impression it gave off, at least. But my pubes weren't *completely* left out of the fun. Beneath my oversized shirt they puffed up too... although they *did* end up shaped like a heart above my... dick?

Ew. Why would I have such a dégoûtant thing?

The thought of having a *dick* really was a disgusting one, but of course how could a *woman* as pretty and feminine as *me* have one of those? As if my feelings were becoming a reality, my dick *and* the attached balls were quickly tugged away with a quick “**Ooh!**” on my part. *Dom or not, I have no interest in playing with one of those.* Because they weren't *cute* at all! I didn't register it as my sex changing as much as there was some subconscious acknowledgement of it being a 'return to form'. Return from *what*? I didn't have the foggiest idea!

My altered sex led to the rest of my figure transitioning into ladyhood properly. Take my *hips*, for example. Even with my shirt being so oversized, you could see that my hips had flared out several inches within – something that happened as my waistline slimmed to give my figure the frame of a mature young woman. The weight that you would expect was soon applied, fattening my thighs so that they were about as thick as my waist. They'd surely make a good lap pillow, but *I* would never let someone use them that way!

On the other hand? The shape of my ass behind me bubbled into what could *almost* be described as a heart shape. My dark cheeks were *very* pronounced, sticking out almost *six* inches behind me. It was a very noticeable bubble butt, *and one that I always factored into my fashion choices!* Tragically, the piece de resistance upon my chest wasn't *nearly* as eye catching. The breasts that I grew – *non* – that I always had possessed were *C-cups* at best. But could a girl not dress to impress anyways?

Wiser words had never been spoken! Which was true, of course, because *I* had spoken them! And that was made plain almost *immediately* after the fact. Had I been wearing some big and ugly shirt before? Non, that couldn't be the case! Not when I was so *clearly* dressed in my favorite, light purple dress, complete with puffy sleeves, white gloves, and pale purple, fishnet stockings that dug into my darkened thighs. Even the *lingering* I could feel digging into my ass and tits was top-of-the-line, purchased from a designer brand to bring out my sexiness for whenever I stripped.

As an elite, I should at least do *that* much, right? That was why I likewise wore such a *regal*, purple flower above my fluffy bangs in my hair.

“Let’s see. 8am on the dot? *Tres bien!*” I grabbed my antique pocket watch from the small table beside my bed and effortlessly popped it open to check the time as I did *ever* morning. It was all part of my morning routine. It was a very *complicated* routine, you see, one befitting of *Jacinthe* of the SBC. I had to shower, tend to my hair, style it, choose my lingerie for the day, get dressed, tend to my hair again, use the powder room. And then? At 8am on the dot? It was time for the tea that my dearest Lebanne made for me~! How good it was to see that her brewing technique had become so much better over the years.



It was kind of *hot*, in fact. But if you weren’t a socialite like me, you wouldn’t *get* it.

After placing the watch down, I moved with grace to the small table in the center of the room with a playful shake of my ass. I was refined, of course, but was it really all that poor for a woman to flaunt what she had? Especially one as beautiful as I was? I was *quite* a catch. But I enjoyed catching *others* more~! That was why I’d become *curious* about an up-and-coming trainer in Lumiose. A girl name *Harmony*, was it? Well, Lebanne had her orders. **“Today is the day, so I’ll need to cut teatime down to 58 minutes instead of the full hour.”** A shame.

“Today is the day of the Super-Tournoi de Jacinthe. I have to make sure the tournament room of the hotel is *parfaite!*”

And I would *not* tolerate any unwanted developments that might derail it!