

LOVE LEVEL UP

MARCH 2026 BIG STORY

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While Lumiose City was a relatively safe place, there *were* contingency plans in place in case of an emergency.

One of those contingency plans was to designate the various hotels scattered about the city as safe havens in moments of crisis, and unfortunately one such moment of crisis had crossed the city's path suddenly one day. It had been unavoidable. A powerful storm had crept through the Kalos region, bearing strong winds and heavy rains. While there was no *guaranteed* risk, regular housing for the humans may not have stood up to the storm's power, and so everyone was asked to relocate into hotel rooms until it had passed.

“Gifts, gifts, gifts...” *Despite* the storm raging outside, Ivor of the Fist of Justice was wasting his time away lurking amidst the gift shop of Hotel Richissime, taking in the wears. Being funneled into *Jacinthe's* hotel of all places certainly hadn't been his first choice, but at the time that the sirens had gone off, it was the closest one. Not to mention his sister, Gwynn, and her girlfriend, Canari, had also evacuated to the same hotel.

That was actually what had inspired him to do a little shopping. He realized while lounging around the room that he'd been given that he hadn't *actually* gotten them a gift to celebrate their relationship, although he was too muscle-headed to realize that giving a gift for something like that wasn't necessarily a *normal* occurrence. Because they were all together (albeit in different rooms), it felt like a good time to give them *something*. But he didn't know what would be best. That was when he received a little help from the *last* person he wanted to see.

“Bonjour, Monsieur Ivor! Did you say you were searching for gifts?”

About an hour later, Ivor returned to his room with a small box in hand. Jacinthe had been the one who had helped him pick gifts out and had even handled the delivery process – which worked out, since while he knew which room Gwynn was in, he didn't know where Canari was staying. But she had kept her gift ideas a secret and had even given *him* something with the instructions to ‘not open the box until he got back to his room’.



Well, it certainly hadn't taken him long for curiosity to get the better of him. He opened the box the *very* moment he got back into his room, only to find that inside was... “**A cap?**” Considering the man's wild hair, the martial artists hardly, if ever, wore hats. And even if he did? This one wasn't really his style at all. It was a white, frilled cap that you would expect to see on one of the maids working at the hotel. Which made him wonder... “**Did Jacinthe prank**

me!?” It was a fair assessment, and he wasn't going to wear it.

Or so he *thought*.

“**Huh!? Witchcraft!?”** Ivor had blinked to clear some dust out of his eyes, but in the split-second that it had taken him to do as much, the cap was just *gone*. That was how he had *seen* it, anyways, but the cap was still present. It was resting atop his head, barely keeping his long, blonde hair pinned down. “**Where did it go!? ...Are my eyes playing tricks on me?**” They weren't, but he was dumb enough to not realize where it had *actually* gone.

Much less that its presence had begun to have some *peculiar* effects upon the head it was resting upon. His hair in particular was the earliest indication of this, because the hat began to gradually sit more comfortably atop it despite the length and thickness of his mane, mainly because it was becoming *thinner*, *shorter*, and additionally? *Darker*. Blonde turned to a brown that reached just past his shoulders... or at least it *would* have if not for it being pulled up and under the cap, where it was styled into a bun.

With the maid's cap in his hair, it didn't look like there was any length to Ivor's mane at all. But the phenomenon that had changed it began to

seep down into his face and skull next. The overall shape and size of his head shrunk, where in his face his features smoothed and softened. His face's shape inherited a more petite and rounder shape, while his nose slimmed and his lips puffed up into poutier forms. His eyes narrowed with a brown seeping into his irises beneath browned brows when, put all together...

Made him appear *increasingly* feminine above his smoothed Adam's apple. In fact, he looked like a completely *average* woman of around *thirty*, which meant he had grown older as well.

Ivor himself appeared to be none the wiser to this fact. "**The cap... it... Hm?**" By the next time he spoke, his voice had become much higher. Much *gentler*. It was far more delicate than his tall and bulky body suggested, but that was about to be corrected in quick measure. Even so, the sound of his voice *had* given him pause. Had he always sounded that *feminine*? In the end, he shook his head. "**Maybe I'm just tired?**" She did feel a little disoriented. Wait... *she*?

The woman had shuddered a moment, thinking that it was merely a matter of a chill crossing her body. But it had actually been a direct result of her genitalia dwindling and folding up into her loins in the form of a woman's pussy. Blonde pubes turned just as brown as the hair atop her head, but while she *was* effectively a woman now... The loss of her dick merely triggered far more extreme changes.

"**I... Whoa!?**" It was her overwhelming stature that was addressed in quick succession. If Ivor was to be a woman, then she couldn't be so *tall* and *bulky*, right? Ivor had been close to six feet in height, but that rapidly unraveled along with a softening and thinning of her muscles. Years of bulk that he had spent meticulously training just *melted* away until he was perfectly thin. Skinny arms, and lacking legs, with a tummy that developed the slightest paunch that was suggestive of very *little* physical activity at that.

But some of the areas of her body that had begun terribly thin soon expanded again. It was just that, like her tummy, they expanded with *fat*. The only exception to this was her *hips* as she dipped below the 5'6" mark. Her shoulders had grown slenderer, but her hips actually ended up flaring *out* a few inches. There was a purpose for this expansion, because fat had begun to pool nearby. Her thighs bloated with a supple weight that saw her skin pulled tighter around them. They were certainly thicker, almost twice their original width, but that heftiness traveled to her *ass* before long too. It bubbled into a perky, peach shape.

Ivor's loss of size inevitably led to her outfit becoming a poor fit for her. Big, white pants were on the cusp of falling off, kept up only by the

thickening of her lower body. Meanwhile, up top? Her black sports shirt sagged with long sleeves becoming almost *incessantly* baggy. **“My clothes... I... I’m not dressed for work? Where is my uniform?”** Her *uniform*? Ivor both knew what she was referring to and was confused at the same time. It proved to be a decent enough distraction from what was happening to her chest *beneath* the shirt. Because where broad, hard muscles had once been, a pair of *C-cup* breasts burgeoned and jiggled, completing her assimilation into femininity.

In the end, it all came back to her comment about her *uniform*. Under the hood, her personality and memories had been shifting. She was already more demure and less fiery by nature, and it made sense when all of her memories of work had been replaced with memories of the very hotel that she had been staying in. Not of being a guest, but of being an *employee*. A 5’4” tall female employee.

That was why she didn’t bat an eyelash when the martial artist robes she had been wearing *disappeared*, and she was swathed in a blue maid uniform and a white apron. Her small feet had been dangerous upon the huge sandals she had been wearing before, but now? **“Oh!?”** She dropped down into a pair of small, leather shoes. **“My uniform is fine, non?”** *Non?* Since when did she sprinkle Kalos’s ancient tongue in there?

“Mon dieu. Was I cleaning this room? But then where is my cleaning cart?” *Yvonne* was one of the *many* maids that worked within the Hotel Richissime, or at least that was how *she* saw it. She had the uncanny feeling that her clothing hadn’t fit properly a moment ago, but after inspecting her uniform? She found everything was in place, right down to the maid cap she wore upon her head. It was the same uniform that *every* maid working at the hotel wore.



She shook her head slowly. **“Oh! I must have been preparing this room for a guest on Mademoiselle Jacinthe’s orders? With the storm, we’ve been quite busy...”** It was so generous of her boss to allow people to stay for free during a crisis, and while still bankrolling the hotel’s many staff at that! But if that was *really* the case, then why had the hotel’s owner taken it upon herself to *create* a new maid for her staff team? Was she perhaps a little short staffed?

...Something like that.



“Who... left this box here?” As it turned out, even *if* Ivor had known where Canari was staying, he wouldn't have found her at her room because she'd been out at the hotel's dining room, having dinner with Gwynn. Her girlfriend was the only thing keeping her sane during the storm, because she was worried about all of her streaming equipment in the warehouse. She generally had a strict streaming schedule, and the fact that she couldn't keep up with that was driving her a little crazy too.

Dinner with Gwynn had been *amazing*, but returning to her room to find an unopened box on her bed when she'd *had* the door locked left her a little... concerned. **“Room service maybe? Not my fave when people enter my personal space without permission though!”** There *was* a small note on the box with her name, so she opened it to find... **“Hah!?”**

Of all things, there was a *maid's headband* inside!

Or, at least, that was what she had *thought* was inside of the box. **“Huh? Where the hell'd it go!?”** Canari had laid her eyes on it for merely a second, but after that second had passed the box had been rendered *empty*. This left her wondering if there had even been anything there at all, or if she'd simply imagined the existence of the headdress – not that she'd had any plans of *wearing* it. But on the other hand, plans *could* change.

In fact, they already *had*, whether she had realized it or not. The headdress wasn't really *gone*, and in fact it was resting atop her head at that very moment. But much like it had been the case with Ivor, this effectively signaled the beginning of a transformation. But *unlike* Ivor, she wasn't also becoming some nobody maid that worked at the hotel, even if she was clearly becoming *a* maid based on what was now resting atop her head.

It also seemed that even if the trigger was the same, the transformation itself wouldn't necessarily follow the same beats. Case in point, her own process began with a change that was much more extreme, and much more *noticeable* than what Ivor had suffered. **“...Eh?”** Because Canari's gaze was *immediately* pulled down towards, of all places, her *bosom*. This was seemingly for a good reason, because while she had a pair of perky breasts hidden beneath her crop top...

They had become a little more than simply 'perky'. **“M-My tits seem... bigger? Am I going crazy!?”** The zipper on that top was *struggling* and that struggle only became more apparent because, while she had

caught the phenomenon early, they had *continued* to grow. The zipper slipped down a number of teeth as deepening cleavage began to peak overtop, but fortunately for her? They *stopped*, bloating her B-cups to *D-cups* before any real damage could be done. **“H-How!?”**

Her breasts *shouldn't* have been that big, that much was obvious. But even though she *was* understandably surprised, there was a part of her deep down that wondered why she was even questioning the size of her own bosom. In fact, she didn't even have the same energy for a similar expansion that transpired around her hips, but then again, her baggy pants were doing a good job of concealing them.

It was similar because she *was* gaining in general size when it came to her body's lower half. Canari's hips had swung a little wider, but there was so much slack in her waistband even with her belt that it was hardly a bother. The same could be said about the weight that bloated her thighs, stretching her skin several inches around them while the back of those pants filled with a touch of excess to make up for the fact that the longer width of her hips had pulled the existing weight across a wider area.

“What the!?” The next time she freaked out, there was a little more *aggression* behind it than there had been before. Canari was known by her fans for her lashing out, but that was usually reserved for after she lost a Pokémon battle. She was also quick to *curse*, but as she yelled in response to a subtle imbalance, she had refrained from going that far uncharacteristically. Because of the fit and design of her outfit leaving so much room for movement, it hadn't really occurred to her what had led to that stumble.

Then again, maybe she was already too far gone to realize that her height had *grown*. It had only been about *four inches* or so, but she had *definitely* shot up. The yellow belt around her waist ended up slipping, her hands pushed out farther from within her sleeves, and you could end up seeing her bare ankles. **“What even was that? ...I need to remain composed.”** *Did* she? That didn't feel like a very Canari thing to say. But then again? She didn't *sound* much like Canari. Since when had her voice become so deep?

Regardless, with more of her naturally tan skin on display from that minor clothing malfunction, you could easily see that this tan was being *drained* away. It was sapped of its color, paling to a pinker shade while a change of hue struck her hair in equal measure. Whether it was the half that was yellow or the half that was blue, all of her hair darkened to the same forest green that soon lengthened dramatically. As it spilled out behind her? It wrapped itself in a long, thick braid that found a white bow tied at its base, with the bangs in front of the headdress shorter,

straighter, and swept to the right. Her ears were left exposed, revealing new piercing holes in them that remained unfilled.

“I came here with a purpose, did I not? And that was...?” While the woman could not place exactly what that purpose had been just yet, you could tell when she spoke that she was *forcing* herself to sound much demurer than she actually was. It was almost uncanny in a way, not helped by facial features that were continuously sharpening. Her silver-blue eyes darkened to brown, for example, but her eyelids became so sharp and her lashes so long that she looked like a different woman entirely.

And that woman appeared far more *intense*.

Her face was drained of everything that remained of her identity as ‘Canari’ beyond just her eyes. Her nose lengthened and her lips swelled, even gaining red lipstick while thick mascara painted her eyelashes. When paired with raised, thinner cheekbones, it made the woman look a little *older*. Like she’d passed her mid-twenties and was beginning to creep up on *thirty*. Nonetheless, *she* wouldn’t see any issue in it the next time she looked in a mirror.

Canari had been assimilated, attire and all now that her body’s transformation had concluded. Her trendy fit was replaced by a stylized, black maid uniform that consisted of a singly piece with long, puffy sleeves and shorts with equally puffy legs. She wore weight thigh highs and black leather shoes with purple heels, and not to mention the ornate apron that wrapped around her torso. Several more bows appeared in her braid, all meticulously picked out and dictated by... *her boss*.

“Ugh. Lady Jacinthe isn’t in this room, either.” The *Lebanne* that stood within the room Canari had occupied was peculiar in that, unlike the maid, she wasn’t the *only* version of herself walking around Hotel Richissime at that moment. The *original* Lebanne was still present and was equally unaware of what Jacinthe had been up to. *This* Lebanne believed that she had been tasked with looking for her boss, rival, and romantic partner, and that she’d had a hunch that she’d be in this particular room.

...*For some reason.* **“The hotel is packed and I can’t find her? I need a *break*.”** A *battle* break, specifically. Her fatigue and annoyance were building and she needed an outlet. A battle with Jacinthe would have helped, but despite their



rivalry? Well, they were two adult, consenting women. Their romance was layered and *mature*, and it had varying *flavors* to it. Some of which could be... stress relieving. The maid's face burned pink.

“There's one more place she could be!”



“**Uh...**” Gwynn had returned to her room around the same time that Canari had. She was staying on a higher floor of the hotel, so it did take her slightly longer to arrive by elevator than it had taken her girlfriend to reach her own. Regardless, she had returned to a very similar sight: a box on her bed with her name attached. “**Is this some sort of gift? Or maybe something from Miss Jacinthe?**” Like the others, she had been hesitant to stay at Richissime for the ‘Jacinthe factor’ as well.

Knowing her personality, she had been expecting the worst upon opening the box. What she ended up finding inside was... a pinkish-purple hat with a gold brooch with a purple bow and white tassel affixed to it. It was very familiar. “**...This is the hat that she wears, isn't it?**”

There was no denying that it was the very hat that Jacinthe wore, which made it extra confusing to the Ghost-type trainer when it suddenly...

Disappeared.

“**Hm?**” Gwynn looked from side to side in search of the hat, but it didn't really occur to her that her *own* head had grown lighter. The large, Chandelure-inspired hat that she wore had been replaced by the purple hat that had been in the box, sitting on a leftward tilt. The very same way that Jacinthe wore hers, and considering what had happened to Canari... Well, you could likely assume where this was heading. In fact, it all but confirmed itself almost *immediately*.

That was because the pigmentation of the young woman's flesh had begun to change, and rapidly at that. Her usual, pale complexion darkened well beyond a tan and well beyond a brown you would consider ‘chocolate’. *Dark* chocolate might have been a closer descriptor? But needless to say, it *was* quite dark. It was just a shame that the girl hadn't had a reason to examine herself just yet, even if the only places she *could* have seen it was in her forearms or her exposed index fingers, otherwise she was wearing gloves.

“**I don't understand. Where did the hat go? It was très fashionable! Er... No, I didn't mean to say that?**” Gwynn couldn't deny that Jacinthe had *sensational* fashion sense, but it wasn't the type

of fashion that *she* would wear. Then again, wasn't 'sensational' too strong of a word? Gwynn wouldn't generally use such a term, it was too, well, *sensational!*

As she pondered her own words, still vaguely confused by them even though her physical form was continuing to change. Her change of skin tone had been suggestive of a change of race, and nowhere was that more apparent than in her *face*. Her nostrils were widened and her lips thickened substantially, all while her cheekbones became *far* more defined and her eyes not only rounded, but a pale purple seeped in to replace the woman's irises. And while she might have been mistaken as a girl before, she certainly looked more like a *woman* now.

One pushing *thirty*, similar in age to Lebanne.

The same pale purple that colored her eyes dyed her eyebrows, making them stand out against her darker skin with added volume also making them significantly thicker. That pastel purple found the roots of the hair atop her head too before long, and not only did it paint her entire head of black hair in its coloring within moments, but the dyed strands grew in both length *and* volume. **"Hm... I'm feeling far... *prettier?* And definitely more confident! Or have I always been this way? It certainly feels... right!"**

If her voice had changed in any way, it was certainly a little deeper, but there was also a rather grating, self-important squeak to it. But it didn't even register, nor did the fact that her hair was being coiled into a pair of wave, rounded drills in the form of twin tails behind her. They hovered just past her ass in length, but were eventually hoisted up to her hips as her body began to gain as well. At first, it was just *height*. A few inches shot her up, but she was still about a head shorter than Lebanne.

"Hm... But if I'm looking my best, then what is with this *laide outfit!*?" She pulled off the gloves she had deemed 'ugly', not batting an eye at her dark skin or lengthened fingers, much less the longer, manicured nails upon their tips. She just thought the gloves were *hideous*, and she found the fit of everything else to be blatantly uncomfortable. The jump in height *had* pulled her tights from her hips, but maybe that was for the best?

Because the raised skirt of her dress, her hips were forced wider by inflating cheeks and thighs. Her ass burgeoned into a perky peach shape, with the leftovers spilling into thighs that were seductively plush and still met between her hips even *after* they widened. Gwynn herself felt *hot*, and she seemed to understand the best way to maximize this hotness while still looking like a *noblewoman*. Which was something that had become very, very important to her all of a sudden.

As if it was responding for the idea that she should be steeped in status, the rest of her outfit changed rapidly. Thin, fishnet stockings covered her dark legs where the pastel purple pencil skirt she wore above it didn't cover, and a matching coat with a plethora of white frills clad her torso. Violet heels matched her cap, and white gloves matched the lace of her coat, bringing the outfit together entirely with complete cohesion.

“Oh! I understand! So, that's what is going on!” *Jacinthe* clapped and nodded to no one but herself when her memories finished adjusting and she was struck with the truth she had been searching for throughout her transformation. She was gifted the understanding that the original *Jacinthe* possessed, and so she *knew* what was going on. **“So, I am a copy transformed from someone else courtesy of clothing weaved with a Pokémon's enchantment. How...”**



That was the sort of realization that would have left anyone else horrified, and yet... **“...Fun!”** But she was *Jacinthe*, a woman with *very* unusual tastes. If the real one had organized such a transformation, then why would the fake question it? She found it amusing, and how could she complain when she had become someone of such great importance? Mind you, she *was* a little annoyed that it had happened so that the original *Jacinthe* and *Lebanne* could spend the whole storm cooped up together, having ‘fun’ in *Jacinthe*’s room.

A mixture of Pokémon battles *and* sex, naturally.

But why should she miss out? *That* thought crossed her mind when the door suddenly opened and *Lebanne* stepped in. No, that must have been *Canari*. But if the two of them had simply become older, more experienced lovers, then wasn't that a *Love Level Up*? **“Hello, *Lebanne*! I know I have you working, but why don't we use this room for some *alone time*!?”** After all, the original's plan only worked if the copy she had made was *willing* to go along with it.

And she wasn't!