

OSHI APPRECIATION

BIWEEKLY STORY #175

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“You just don’t get it! You don’t know anything about Canari!”

SLAM!

Lida winced as the door to Naveen’s room within Hotel Z was slammed directly in her face, the young lady evidently quite stunned by the gesture. It took her a moment to recover, and eventually just scratched at her cheek and turned away. **“Kind of an overreaction, I’d say…”** It didn’t take her long to retreat back into *her* room, seeing as it wasn’t too far away, but the past few moments replayed in her head several times as she tried to justify why she’d received the reaction that she had.

It was already after 8pm and those of Team MZ that weren’t out participating in the in the nightly tournament were already winding down. Even Asha had mentioned to her about twenty minutes beforehand that Hoopa and herself were getting ready to head back to their accommodations with Lebanne as an escort. Hopefully Harmony stocked up on donuts for the night if she was going to be out!

Because everyone had been winding down, she’d taken an issue with the level of noise coming from Naveen’s room. She didn’t want him causing any disruptions with the hotel, especially since they actually had several guests staying for once! If they left bad reviews because Naveen was making a racket, then how was he going to justify that? Especially when what he was doing was listening to a Canari stream *way* too loudly!

He'd *told* her that it was because his headphones had broken. Fine. But couldn't he listen to it quieter? No, apparently, because he wanted to hear her voice at a certain volume? There *were* common interests

between Naveen and Lida as friends, but when it came to his obsession with this streamer, the dancer did *not* understand why he was so fixated. What was that word he used sometimes?

She was his *oshi*? Whatever *that* meant. Apparently the term originated in the Sinnoh region, but she didn't know more than that.



“Oh well. I’m sure he’ll be over it my tomorrow, I just need to— HUH!?” The girl *had* gone to sit down at her desk, but before her butt could touch the seat? She suddenly found herself *falling*. There was a brief moment where she *thought* she’d seen the insides of one of Hoopa’s rings before it disappeared and she landed on a different chair than she had expected. A computer chair, right in front of *multiple* computer monitors on a desk. **“Wh-What just happened!? Did Hoopa warp me somewhere?”**

It *had*, in fact. Before it could leave with Asha, it had overheard the two bickering from all the way down in the lobby and had been possessed by the *innocent* idea of solving their debacle through its power. After swiveling in the chair to get up and running to look out the nearest door, Lida at least understood where she had ended up. **“Isn’t this the Racine Construction building? ...Wait, doesn’t that mean this is the room Canari streams from!?”**

But *that* was weird. Naveen had been watching a live Canari stream. Canari wasn’t there, nor was her computer on.

If she didn’t act fast, there was a good chance Canari or her grandfather would show up, right? She definitely didn’t want to get in trouble for trespassing or anything like that! Out of all of the members of Team MZ, Lida liked to think that she was the best behaved! And yet, even though it was an easy fix because she just had to *leave* after all, she didn’t budge. It wasn’t like the drive wasn’t there, it was more like she was... *confused*.

You see, Lida was usually dressed in her skintight dancing leotard, and it *was* ‘skintight’. It had been customized to fit her at her current height, weight, and build, and if she ever *gained* weight she needed to get it adjusted. The issue wasn’t with her *weight* though (at least not yet). If that was the case, the leotard would have been getting *tighter*. **“Huh?”**

The *actual* issue was the opposite, that she felt like there was too much slack around her elbows, knees, and stomach. With the hoodie she wore over it unzipped, she leaned forward to get a better look. “...**I didn’t stretch it, did I? But it should stretch that easy! It’s *totes* high quality!**”

Lida was thinking backwards though. It made sense, because that was the only way you could realistically gain slack on something that normally fit tightly. She had simply ruled out the truth because it was basically impossible, and because she was in an unfamiliar room, she wasn’t aware enough to realize that the things around her were technically *bigger* than they’d been when she’d first arrived. Well, it was actually more like she was several inches *shorter* than she had been, making her a more reasonable height for a girl her age rather than being above average.

That said, what did ‘her age’ even entail? She was *supposed* to be eighteen, but oddly? As she’d shrunk, her facial features almost appeared slightly more... aged? Her lips were fuller and poutier, her nose flatter with widened nostrils, and her eyes somehow narrower. Was this even about *age* anymore? She practically looked like an entirely different woman! One that was probably around *twenty-one* or so, but one that hardly looked like the teenager she had *just* been.

“**Okay, so I gotta figure out a way to... to...? Eh? Testin’? Testin’? Why am I talkin’ like this? I sound kinda...**” *Super casual?* Well, there *was* that, but her voice was also a little more *playful*. Lida arches an eyebrow that was being plucked thin at that moment while mascara darkened her lashes and pink gloss tickled her lips. The skin of her face gradually took on a mocha tone as well, though that spread throughout *all* of her body’s skin. “**Where have I heard this voice before? It’s pretty bangin’!**”

...Was *that* really the right word to use?

Thing ‘felt pretty hype’ for some reason, and evidently she wasn’t thinking too hard about it else she might have caught on to just how dramatically her physical form continued to change in the process. A steely blue possessed her irises as if to say, ‘she’s been sufficiently brainwashed’, and she carried herself with a more playful posture even as the fit of her bodysuit was compromised further. It did get a *little* looser around her waist courtesy of her stomach slimming, but otherwise?

It generally became *tighter* again, just not in the same ways that it had been before. You could see some of this beneath the open folds of her sweater, which was being pushed a little more to the sides because the

B-cup mounds that they concealed were puffing out, rapidly growing until they were *D-cups* that didn't tear the nylon, but they certainly stretched it to the point that her bosom felt like it was being *compressed*.

These larger breasts did make use of some of the slack left from her height drop, but it also had a little help from her *hips*. They ended up flaring out a few inches, the etchings of her pelvis deepening in the process. As it turned out, this stretching of her hips was much needed. It provided a canvas for her thighs to bloat, jiggling mass painting over some of the tone that she had developed as a dancer while not removing it entirely. Before it seemed like her thighs might be *overfilled*, mind you, it began to bleed into her tanned ass so that it perked up behind her within the bodysuit – so tight that you could make out her ass crack deepening through it.

“Mm... The \$@#& am I wearing, anyways!? This @\$& is lame!” As she ‘remembered’, she had a very particular way she had to dress for work. Like in dancing attire? *Nah*. In terms of colors, it was similar to the colors emerging in her *hair*. Long, black strands that used to reach the center of her back were yanked upwards, length absorbed as a dye job split her head of hair between two colors: blue on the right, and yellow on the left. It zig-zagged across pulled up bangs that came undone, while what remained at the back was pulled to the sides in a pair of lightning bolts that were held there by... Elektross-mouth hair clips?

Why had *those* appeared? It wasn't like they were the only instance of an attire change, though. The woman had just been complaining about her outfit, but now she could hardly find anything to complain about. A black, cloth mask hung off her ears, and she wore a yellow crop top with black straps that matched baggy, black cargo pants worn loosely off her waist. Well, the *right* leg was black, and the left was *blue* – connected to a yellow strap that ran across her right hip around an otherwise bare belly. A cropped, yellow, hooded jacket hung off her arms, and she had a pair of *very* big white boots.

A trendy, fashionable outfit that suited a *streamer* of her pedigree.

“Huh? I’ve gotta stream soon, right? Why am I standing around like a dumbass?” With the uncanny feelings passed, *Canari* looked around the streaming room she used inside the Racine Construction building before sliding over to the mirror on the far wall – just out of sight of where her webcam pointed while streaming. She just wanted to check herself over before going live. That included fixing her hair, reapplying her lip gloss, and even adjusting her bra.

But at first glance in the mirror? She paused for a brief moment. In some strange way it felt like she was looking at her own reflection for the very first time, which of course couldn't be the case! If not her reflection, she always saw her own image in the stream window of her third monitor! **“Get it together, Canari! We've got a quiz show tonight!”** Another one of those quiz shows where she'd grant the wish of one of her fans.

To her, this all felt very *normal*. And it was, even the circumstances surrounding things were entirely *abnormal*. Hoopa *had* sent Lida to the construction building, but she'd been right that Canari should have already been streaming... if it had been the Canari of *her* world, anyways. She'd been sent to a *parallel* world and transformed into the Canari that lived there, and now that she was fully assimilated, then she'd likely never realize it.

But you couldn't worry about what you didn't recognize, right? That was why she pressed the power button on her big computer and flopped into her big, cushy chair. It was just another day for *this* Canari. Another day of steaming and loving Electric-type Pokémon! And maybe if she was *super* lucky...

“Maybe G-Volt will visit me after stream!”

