

TO DEFEAT ONESELF

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Galar's Wild Area was as vast as it had always been. The Champion of the region, Leon, was in the midst of a several week long training session with his Charizard, charting undiscovered parts of a natural, environmental region overflowing with unique and powerful Pokemon. But he wasn't there to add to his team (*not that he'd refrain if something caught his eye*), it was all about bettering the bonds between his Pokemon and himself.

“Hm? Isn't this campsite Bea's?” It was roughly in the middle of his trip when the Champion had come across a campsite. It was cave-side, undoubtedly a location that was selected for an ideal proximity to a training area. Despite her younger age the Gym Leader of Stow-on-Side was always working to not only strengthen her Pokemon but herself, the girl possessing a physical fortitude that even the champ himself had to admire.

She was a little too impassioned about one thing in particular though: dethroning him. That was a common sentiment overall -- plenty wanted to be Galar's next Champion. It was just Bea had lost repeatedly now, and each time she disappeared for weeks to a month at a time without contacting Chairman Rose. So was this where she'd wandered off to this time?

Charizard stashed in his Pokeball, Leon poked his head in the cave. No lights. It was risky to go in deeper without being sure that's where she was. Maybe it'd be better to wait for her at her camp? But he couldn't imagine she'd be too happy to see him. Oh well! Much like Chairman Rose, Leon worried about Bea too.

Leon filled his water bottle with the contents of a pot Bea had left sitting over an unlit fire pit. Clean water was in short supply out in the Wild Area, which was one of the things that made extended stays extremely dangerous. But he couldn't have known tampering with her campsite in any capacity would have led to the disaster that would unfold the moment he'd taken a drink from that bottle.

He shook his head only a few moments after drinking. “**Did she boil this properly?**” It tasted a little strange. It was clear like water from the nearby stream, but there was an almost salty, sweaty flavor to it. It was possible the pot she was using was old, or maybe it had been sitting there longer than he'd thought and something had gotten in.

Leon stuck out his tongue with distaste after trying another sip, the fact that said tongue was a little smaller than he might have expected not really a phenomenon he would have looked out for. Nor the discoloration of his hair, which while typically a royal purple that had been passed down from his parents to both his brother Hop and himself, had quickly become a grayish silver that served to contrast his darker skin tone in a way that just hit different.

The champ steadied himself as dizziness settled in. “**Maybe it wasn't the water...?**” He had been traveling through the Wild Area for over a week now. It wasn't unusual to catch bugs while out in the wilderness for so long. Dizziness paved way for a fever, and before long he was rubbing at his chin in thought, expecting to feel the soothing touch of his facial hair as he did so. It was a regular habit of his when he was anxious, but somehow it just wasn't bringing the same relief it always did.

Almost like his whiskers were thinner? They were actually non-existent by the time he was done, friction loosening them enough for them to fall out before the breeze caught them and carried them away. Feverish symptoms stole Leon's attention away from noticing however, and his mind wandered to needing a place to rest. Bea's tent was here and unoccupied, but there was a camping chair stationed outside too.

Could he shake this off just by sitting? He had his own sleeping bag in his pack, so maybe if he just borrowed her tent for the time being... Or so had been the intention, but he got as far as unzipping the front door before he collapsed against Bea's own sleeping bag, body surprisingly heavy as if his mind was expecting it to be more limber than it was. The girl's scent was everywhere, not that he really *knew* what the Fighting Gym Leader smelled like in the first place. But this fragrance coming off the sleeping bag could only be hers, right?

He felt immobile but not unconscious. The man wasn't tired nor was he teetering on the point of passing out, but he *did* feel extremely hot and his breaths had become increasingly shallow. Each inhale was sharp, and each exhale almost felt as if he were ejecting some of the weight that was pinning him down in the first place. That was a thought that could have been taken without literal context, but there really was some literal consequence to it.

With each exhale Leon's body mass diminished. It wasn't like he was losing a little here or a little there, but instead was a consistent lessening all throughout his body. Hands slowly crept closer and closer towards his short sleeves as the gloves on his hands loosened with their contents smaller than a close fit. Feet wriggled free of his designer shoes, the toes within hardly a proper fit for the size 10 men's fit they were.

But more than shrinking there was clear wear to his feet and hands. The former were much more obviously hit with soles calloused to the point that lotion would need to be applied daily to make sure they didn't crack, gentle arch of his heels more discreet than when feet had been bigger. Said feet were also now void of hair, something he'd once had sprouting around each foot. For better or worse they gave the overall suggestion that he hadn't worn footwear in a very long time despite the shows that lay discarded at the base of the sleeping bag.

Fingers birthed callouses of their own as they dug into sleeping bag, a groan that wasn't quite masculine gargling up from the back of the man's throat while toes that had one been pushing against the edge of the small tent were now carefully fit at the very end of the sleeping device, indicating he'd become just the right size to fit in it.

His eyes clenched shut, when Leon reopened them they'd taken on a steel blue hue that would have been terribly familiar could he see them. After all: he'd stared right into them during any number of Pokemon battles in the past.

Exhaling again, this time the champ found the strength to finally roll over and onto his back. The feeling of how his body moved underneath clothes that typically fit him perfectly was distracting. Everything was clearly baggy, and his shirt even got caught underneath his back as he rolled over. "**This fever is making me see things...**" His murmur came as he raised a hand to block the sunlight that pierced through the tent, observing glove-free fingers that were short and worn. Slowly turning his head to the side he could make out his arm. It seemed short too, but it didn't seem particularly scrawny? On the contrary it was built with trained muscle, but that muscle seemed to have reached a growth ceiling. Probably because of his young age, or--?

“Young...? How old am I?” Try as he might, he couldn't seem to grasp a number. In her twenties felt too old, but a child felt too young. In his teens? That was wrong, but it was also difficult to deny that it felt pretty natural to perceive himself that way. **“Ugh--!?”**

Despite his lack of energy he shot upward, small knees curling towards the sky and soon hugging his chest as a sharp pain rang throughout both his stomach and groin simultaneously. **“The heck...!?”** It honestly felt like something had just ripped his balls off, which really wasn't all that far from the truth in the first place. His dick had slipped away but it wasn't like it had all just been yanked off. It had been re-purposed, tissue forming the linings of a chasm that were to be *her* pussy. Were that not strange enough, the collapsing of her waistline and the emergency of tender lumps against the knees Leon had pinned to her chest certainly cemented this as a bizarre occurrence.

But *Lean* herself? She was struggling to register this as wrong. Her head ached, her muscles ached, her *soul* ached. Masculine rear became taut and plump as fat redistributed itself between her butt and her overly fit thighs, notable thigh gap between her legs apparent even as she sat there in the fetal position. When did everything get so big? Or had everything always been so big? Wasn't that part of why she was training so hard? Because there was someone bigger than her she had to take down?

Lea blinked, stunned. Why was she wearing *these* clothes? Mind racing to find an inconsistency had found the wrong thing inconsistent entirely. **“These are Leon's... why would I...? Wait, aren't I...?”** Her voice was dry, her thin brows furrowed as she brought a hand to check her fever again round, girlish cheeks. No, she wasn't Leon? That was a really weird thought. If anything she was going to beat him in the next League challenge. His title was going to be hers!

Noting how her temperature had subsided and her breathing had stabilized, Bea returned to the troubling nature of her outfit. Was it a prank? Her Machop was something of a prankster, so maybe while she was napping... **“Oh well. Back into the cave if I'm feeling better.”** Using her powerful muscles she sprang onto her feet in a single motion just by rolling her back, the men's shorts and boxers falling to the tent floor and exposing her lower body momentarily while she fished out her usual gym uniform from her back and put it on. Silver hair tied back with her usual bow, she grabbed her training back from beside the tent entrance and made her way outside.

Leaving Leon's clothes, and the Charizard he'd been keeping on his belt, behind.