

Tales from the Cursed Pokémon App

By: Firingwall

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Tables of Contents

Introduction	P. 2
Tale #1: Working It on the Job	P. 4
Interlude: In Business Central	P. 8
Tale #2: Going Up in Power	P. 9
Interlude: In School Central	P. 13
Tale #3: Joining a New Team	P. 14
Interlude: In Crime Central	P. 18
Tale #4: Hitting for a New Gang	P. 19
Epilogue: Why Didn't You Listen?	P. 23

Introduction

It's a lovely day out for once and there you are, currently out and about with your face in your phone. That can't be help though, right? The rain finally stopped and the latest update for your favorite mobile game came out a few days ago: Pokémon Go.

Your first order of business is to head for a Pokéstop in the heart of your city. Lots of "trainers" like yourself show up there and with the newest update that included Pokémon from Alolan region, there were sure to be plenty of 'mons to catch. You have a ton of Pokéballs and patience, so it is time to have the fun you felt you deserved.

When you arrive at your favorite spot though, you find a disappointing sight. The whole area is closed off due to some heavy construction. Checking your phone as well, you don't even see any nearby Pokémon to catch either. It took you quite a bit to reach here by walking, a sting of disappointment hitting you in the gut.

You let out a sigh and tell yourself out loud, "well... I can always try near the mall. There's plenty of activity around there anyways."

"Hey," a voice says to you, "are... are you by chance playing Pokémon Go right now?" You turn to your right, surprised by that someone had snuck up on you. You are even more surprised when you get a good look at them as well.

The person is a witch with green skin, a long nose & chin, short black hair, moles, and an iconic black witch's hat. However, she is also wearing a strange, blood-red sundress, lovely red heels, and drinking what appears to be a pink slushie. There's no hostility in her eyes as she looks at you, just curiosity.

You decide to answer her question, just in case she'd get mad if you ignore her. You reply slowly, "yeah, I'm playing Pokémon Go... you... do you play too?"

"No," she flatty says, slurping her slushie casually.

There's an awkward silence as she stares at you, just drinking more of her frozen treat. You think about walking away so she'd that, but before you can do that, she speaks up again, "you probably shouldn't be playing it by the way. It's pretty dangerous."

You stare at her right back, your head cocking to the side at her confusing concern. You clear your throat after and say, "I thank you for your concern... but I'm fine. I know how to be careful while playing the game, paying attention to all of my surroundings, and I even read the..."

"No," the witch bluntly says, "That's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about the curse. That's what's dangerous."

You go right back to awkwardly staring at her, but she doesn't seem to notice or care. She merely continues on, "anyhow, I'm being rude here... the name is Cassidy and I have all the ins

with witching communities around the world. One community in Japan... decided to play a nasty little prank on all Pokémon Go users after the company banned them for cheating at the game.”

“You can cheat at Pokémon Go?” you ask.

Cassidy shrugs and replies, “eh, apparently, they found a way and now they are out for revenge. Anyone who plays the game with the latest patch ends up turning into a Pokémon themselves.”

To you, that sounds awful and messed up. To think that the game somehow transforms you into a Pokémon because of a couple of vindictive witches? That’s scary and it gets to you a little bit... but only for a little bit. You then realize something. Witches are notorious liars and tricksters, causing problems and chaos for all that cross them. Who is to say this witch isn’t trying to trick you right now with this story?

You decide to laugh off her tale and turn, walking away from her. You assume she is lying and that there is no reason to continue this conversation at all. However, you hear the clicking of heels as Cassidy hurries to catch up with you. She’s giving you an odd look as she slurps down on her drink.

The witch asks after finishing, “so... you don’t believe me do you now?”

There was no vindictiveness or anger in her tone, just a very casual nature. She goes on without waiting for you to answer, “well I guess it is fair that you don’t trust me. I am a random person who walked up to you and said that a video game patch was cursed. Crazy, right? But! What if I told you I had an example of that?”

Tale #1: Working It On the Job

“Hey baby! That’s right, walk that way right on pass,” jeered a heavy man with a gut. He was one of many construction workers at a small site in the middle of a large city, busying finishing up their work on a storefront. Most of the men had just wrapped up work for the morning, starting their lunch break by eating outside.

Like out some annoying stereotype, the majority of the men were jeering and whistling at different women walking by. Most of the responses had been to ignore or flip them the bird, all of the ladies having the same, exhausted looks on their face.

“Guys,” one worker spoke up, stepping out of the building, “knock it off. Do you REALLY want to get another complaint and have the boss chew you out again?”

“Knock it off Jerry,” the fat leader of the group grumbled, “we’re just having some fun here. Don’t be spoilsport.” Jerry was a middle-aged, gruff, but fit man, one that was balding and had a dark beard. He had been on the job for longer than everyone else there and did not like what he was seeing. However, with no real power despite his seniority, he couldn’t do much beyond looking at them with disappointment and frustration.

“Yeah,” another worker stated, “f**k off man. Just having some fun is all.”

Jerry huffed and walked away, deciding to go spend his lunch somewhere else. Two or three blocks away was a fast food joint and he could get something there, away from those idiots. As he walked along though, he pulled out his phone and started up an app. He thought pleasantly, *well, at least I can play this and get my mind off of their crap.*

On flicked Pokémon Go, an app he downloaded a while back after growing curious about it. Ever since downloading it, Jerry had spent some of his free time before, during, or after work wandering around, going on long walks to hunt down some Pokémon, and meet others doing the same. It was a fun experience and he did enjoy the extra exercise.

With the recent new update, he was getting out much more often now, trying to capture the newest Pokémon that came out, even some of the new variants of old ones he captured. Turning a corner into an alleyway, he eagerly thought, *okay... this blue version of that big fox creature should be around here... bingo!*

His screen flickered to camera mode and off in the distance, he could see an Alolan Ninetales just chilling about, staring at him. Jerry smiled and flicked a Pokéball off at the creature. However, when the ball connected, the screen glitched out and the phone heated up, almost singeing his hand.

“Dammit!” he cried out, dropping the phone and letting it bounce off the concrete alley, “that hurt like hell! What was that...” His voice trailed off as he noticed something strange and wrong with his hand that was burnt. Instead of it being all red... the skin was blue.

Jerry mouthed something under his breath as he watched as light, soft fur began sprouting out of his palm. The silky fur slowly made its way over his palm and up his wrist and fingers, their body mass shrinking significantly. His fingernails grew longer and pulled out to the tips, forming into small, but sharp claws. Dark blue pads popped out on his palm and fingers as well, completing the furry canine form that his hand had taken on.

The middle-aged man wiggled his fingers, rubbing them up against one another. He felt the fuzzy texture as they slid against one another and the soft, but thick touch of the animal pads. *They're real*, he thought, almost too stunned or numb to react, *what... what is happening to me?*

Very light blue fur crossed up his arms and began working its way up to his shoulder blades with no sign of slowing down or stopping. As the pelt grew, his shirt's sleeves evaporated, fabric coming undone and disintegrating into nothingness. His arms were left bare, revealing that they had significantly shrunk as well, body fat and muscle slimming down to slender proportions.

Jerry didn't know what to say or think, his mind quiet as he stroked and poked at his arms frantically. He only stopped when he noticed black hair falling onto his forearms, causing a shiver to run down his spine. Raising his paws up and placing them against his cheeks, he pulled them back only a moment later to discover clumps of black hair all over them.

M-my beard, he thought, a small stutter within it, *wh-what's happening?* With each strand and clump of black hair gone, light blue fur rose to take its place across his cheeks and chin. The new fur growth quickly worked its way up the cheeks and sides of his face, reaching his thinning hairline.

Upon doing so, the root of hair turned to a brilliant white, shimmering under the light of day like freshly fallen snow. His hair began growing out, even from his bald spot, giving him a luscious, long coat that fell down his back and to his navel. Instead of staying there though, the lovely locks floated upwards and behind his head, as if being blown by a hard breeze.

As his hair even started puffing up, his face began pushing forward as the light blue fur finished covering the entirety of his face. His nose turned dark blue, his nostrils flaring as the bridge of his nose pushed out with his jaws. While his teeth sharpened within his developing muzzle, his eyelashes grew longer and his eyes turned a deep, dark, icy blue. Once his face finished cracking forward, he let out a soft, womanly moan, remarking, "oooooh, I feel... I feel different..."

Jerry paused for a second after speaking, absolutely still and silent. He then reached down and grabbed his phone off the ground, checking himself in it. The beautiful, elegant, animalistic face staring back gave him more pause, though he didn't touch at his face confirm it was real this time. He just knew it was true.

"I..." he spoke, his voice cool and beautiful, "I look like that blue Ninetales from the game... what's going on here?" His ears pulled up the sides of his head, the inside turning dark blue, and stretched out into points, flickering slightly. He could hear so many different things now and from far away. He could hear...

“Hey girl! Real nice shake and sway you got there!”

Jerry didn't say anything, something entering his mind. Something interesting. Something that made him miss that his work boots and socks just vanished. Something that made him ignore standing barefoot on the dirty ground as blue fur sprouted over his feet. Something that distracted him from the bone restructuring of his feet that turned them into slim, elegant, lupine paws.

He quietly put his phone into a soft greyish blue purse that materialized over his arm. With that, he strutted out of the alley and began heading back the way he came. As he walked out, his shirt and pants merged into one, changing and morphing into a tight, shoulderless dress that stretched down to his thighs. His body was completely covered in light blue fur now and his body mass shrank down to that of a thin, but toned young lady.

Nothing about Jerry looked human anymore. He was but an anthro, feminine-looking Alolan Ninetales guy and a real head-turner at that. Everyone stopped in their tracks as he walked back, captivated by the sight walking by their normal, boring human self.

He could hear more jeers and lecherous marks off in the distance, a smirk coming to his fox-shaped mouth. He picked up the pace, his shoulders falling back and his chest pushing out, a slight sway being added to his hips as well. However, nothing compared to the fact that his bulge in his dress melted away, removing the last trace of his old male self for good.

A smile crossed the new Pokégál's muzzle as she brushed some of her flowing hair back some more, a sense of excitement and joy coursing through her cold veins. Her thighs thickened, turning tender and soft, rubbing against one another as she strutted along. Her sways grew more sensual as well, her hips stretching and curving out, making for a positively alluring lower half.

Up ahead, she saw the construction site and the men sitting down, eating lunch and ogling the passing women. The anthro continued to smile and headed in their direction, her movement swifter as her destination was closing in. Her rear protruded out, ballooning out into a bulbous bottom that turned heads as she strutted by several people.

As her waist caved in, her chest began to swell alongside her eager excitement. The top of her dress grew outwards more and more as a set of breasts bloomed. They started at A-cups, but quickly grew to B, and C, and finally, an impressive D. With the tightness of her dress, the fabric conformed around her busty mounds, pushing them up and providing her was incredible cleavage.

The jeering came to an immediate stop once she arrived on the scene. The men looked at her, mouth agape and their jaws hung open dumbfoundedly. Why wouldn't they be shocked? A gorgeous, stunning Alolan Ninetales stood before them, her chest shoved out and a lovely smile on her lips.

“Hey boys,” she cooed, strutting right by them slowly. Her chest playfully bounced in her dress and her hips swung in a rather overexaggerated manner, hypnotizing the men and keeping their gaze directly on her no matter what.

She smirked when she passed them, her head turning back and winking at them. Suddenly, several large, puffy, shimmering furry blue tails sprouted from her back. They flowed about majestically, but when they came out, a strong gust of wind came blowing at the men. It was freezing, chilling them to the bone and even freezing their drinks rock solid.

Teeth clattering and shivering a plenty, the guys could say nothing as the woman softly spoke, “next time, try being more polite and respectful. You never know if you might run into another woman like me.”

With a soft chuckle, the Ninetales strutted away, her old work life no longer on her mind. In fact, something else was on her mind. It instantly hit her when she crossed the street, bringing her to a complete stop. *Wait a minute... she thought, what... how... how am I going to explain this to my wife and kids?*

Interlude: In Business Central

You are currently in the heart of downtown at high noon. Many businessmen and women pass you by as they look for a place to eat. The streets are crammed with cars, their drivers doing the same. You, however, pay no attention to such a thing. You are still playing Pokémon Go.

You have managed to ditch the witch somewhere when she was telling you her story. You didn't believe a word she said and frankly, it felt like there were logical holes in her tale. Maybe they were explained away after you escaped, but you are not concerned about that.

In the past hour, you had managed to capture a few new creatures in the area. A few that you like and a few that you don't. Either way, you are on your way to a new Pokéstop, the big fountain in front of one of the largest skyscrapers. Maybe you would have more luck over there.

Moving towards your destination, you happen to pass a food cart with a line of people at it. Only glancing at it for a second, your stomach rumbles and you feel a twinge of emptiness within you. It has been too long since breakfast and you could go for something nice or simple to eat on your way over.

You get in line and start queuing patiently. By the time you're second in line, you are hit with a nasty surprise. The customer ahead of you turns around with their purchase, a big hot dog, and notices you.

"Oh," speaks Cassidy, "it's you again. You kind of disappeared on me a while back. Where did you go?" You don't say anything, too nervous and uncomfortable to tell the witch the truth about ditching her.

She takes a big bite out of her hot dog and watches you as you now step up to order yourself, doing your best to ignore her. As you wait for your own meal, she continues talking, "so... you still playing more of that game?"

You sigh, deciding to just tell her "yes" and get it over with. She doesn't react much though, her head tilting slightly as you say that. She simply replies, "I see..."

She looks around the area, taking note of all the people in business-attire as if she just realized where she was at. "You know," she says to you, "I still think it is dangerous to play that game right now. In fact, I just thought of another story to help prove my point..."

All you can do is just sigh, waiting patiently for your food to arrive.

Tale #2: Going Up in Power

“And while I’m gone for lunch,” Mr. Powers spoke sternly, “I would like for you to finish proof-reading that speech I’ve written. I don’t want to make any such mistakes when I’m delivering the address to the board this week.”

“Yes Mr. Powers,” Carla replied softly, typing down the request down on her computer.

“And don’t forget to clear my schedule for the next week,” Mr. Powers continued, walking away as he said his last lines, “I had a very important business trip just come up for next week and I’m too busy to call everyone to let them know I’ll be busy.”

“Yes Mr. Powers,” the young woman with soft red hair replied, adjusting her glasses as she watched him leave the room finally.

The young woman was Carla Summers, a secretary for a high-powered company CEO named Mr. Powers. While the pay and bonuses were good, Carla never felt exactly great in her position, feeling weak and overworked. Her boss always dumped tons upon tons of work on her and gave her deadlines with a terribly limited amount of time. She just wished she could just quit and find a new job, but there was no way she would ever get one with this good of benefits.

As Carla sighed and mumbled about the workload ahead of her during this lunch hour, she decided to have a little bit of fun before she got to it. “Let’s see,” she mumbled, pulling out her cellphone and turning on an app, “what is currently out there to catch...”

The Pokémon Go app came to life and showed her current location, as best as it could given that she was inside of a skyscraper. There didn’t appear to be any Pokémon close by at first, disheartening her. However, at the very last second when she was about to shut it off, she got a strange signal indicating that there was something very, VERY nearby.

“Ooooh,” she remarked, getting up from her seat, “where are you hiding at?” She walked about the room for a bit, but no Pokémon appeared on the screen. The redhead tried stepping out into the hallway to check next, but the signal disappeared almost instantly.

Returning to the room, she eyed her boss’s office and decided to check it out cautiously. Inside it, the room was your typical, normal business office with a large desk, computer, fancy chair, and shelves filled with various items Mr. Powers deemed worthy having around to look at. Carla paid none of it any mind and wandered further in.

Her exploring was quickly rewarded. The catch screen appeared and amusingly, sitting on Powers’ desk was a large Persian. “Oooo!” Carla declared, her attitude improving several times over, “I’ve been wanting one of you for a long time now. Time to make you mine!”

With that, she smirked and started chucking Pokéballs at the feline Pokémon. On the third try, the ball caught it... only for the screen to instant go black, followed by her phone

rebooting itself. Before she even had a chance to react, her phone heated up several times over and stung her hand, causing her to drop it.

“Dammit!” She remarked, whisking her hand about, “What the hell was... ooooooohhhh.” She started to moan as her vision went blurry and her head stung. Her legs wobbled and felt like jelly, making her want to drop. Not sure if she could make it back to her desk, she trudged over and collapsed into Powers’ chair, slouching in it.

Resting for a bit, the wooziness Carla was feeling began to dissipate and her body slowly relaxed. However, during her brief rest, something odd began to occur. A large, perfectly round bump formed in the direct center of her forehead. It didn’t seem like much at first, but then the skin around it started to part and open right up. Something red appeared, glittering under the light of the sun, but it wasn’t blood. It was a jewel.

A perfectly smooth, round, red jewel had appeared on her forehead, but despite it’s weird appearance and look, she did not notice or feel its presence. Instead, she caught something else that was changing with her body. The stinging on her hand had gone, but when she went to check it, she noticed pale tan fur growing over her fingers.

“What the hell?!” She remarked, looking at her hands, “What... what the... why is...” She went on stuttering like as fur continued to grow. Every inch of skin from her fingertips to her wrist was not left untouched, her own hand slightly swelling in size. Her pinkie merged with her ring finger as her fingernails moved to the tip of her fingers, sharpening and thickening into claws.

She gulped loudly and her head creaked over to the left, her eyes falling upon her other hand. It had also changed as well, matching her furry right hand now.

“Why is this happening?” She murmured, sitting up straight and looking between each hand rapidly, “Why are my hands different now and... and... does this have to do with what happened to my cellphone?”

As she pondered the reasons, her body wasn’t the only thing to change about herself. Both her high heels and stockings suddenly vanished from her body completely, leaving everything below the skirt bare. However, losing the heels may have been to her advantage, because her feet morphed. They grew their own lush, lovely tan coat of fur and sharp claws themselves, several of her toes merging together until there was only three, thick feline-like toes. The bone structure of her feet shifted as well, forcing her to only walk on the balls and toes from now on.

“Maybe... maybe I should get out of here,” she murmured, “Just get my phone and return to my desk before anything else weird happens...” She gripped the armrests on the swirly chair and heaved herself up onto her paws, still unaware of their new form.

Pushing herself up accidentally triggered more changes to strike. Both her arms and legs sprouted their own well-groomed tan coat of fur, matching that of her hands and feet paws perfectly. Not only that, but they also grew in size as well. Not to a huge degree, but enough to push her up an extra half foot and make her limbs about as thick as her boss’s.

Legs still a tad wobbly, this time from all of the changes striking her, Carla moved around the desk and made her way over to the fallen phone of hers. Looking at it, seemed to have finished rebooting and was back to normal, showing the current time on its black screen. Carefully, she reached down and grabbed it.

The touch of it was still warm, but not to the degree that it was when she had it originally. Relieved, she pocketed it and stood back up. Almost immediately upon doing that, a large, thick tail shot out of her back, just above her rear. It whisked about happily, curling up at its tip.

“Okay this is just getting too frickin’ weird!” She remarked, feeling up her tail, “I... I got to get out of here right now!” She rushed for the door as quickly as her thick paws could take her. However, when she grabbed onto the doorknob, she instantly came to an abrupt halt.

Another headache had struck her, her head ringing and the world vibrating around her it felt like. Her lovely red hair slowly shrank up her back and back into her skull, tan and black fur growing up and over her ears. They concaved and zipped to the top of her head, growing larger and larger until they were nearly as wide as her face.

As very long, thick whiskers popped out alongside her face, Carla mumbled, “wait... why... why am I leaving again? I... I need to sit down...”

She turned around and trudged back towards Powers’ chair, her torso twitching and bubbling. Underneath her work clothes, her bra completely disappeared and her panties expanded, turning into a pair of black boxers. Her waist pushed out as her hips pulled in, her subtle, curvy shape vanishing. Her stomach toned as her breasts sank in her chest, leaving the area completely barren.

Sitting down, Carla’s legs spread open as her skirt converted into black, slick pants. Within her pants and boxers, a bulge appeared and pressed against the fabric, signaling a deeper change within him having happened. Scratching at his face, he mumbled, “gees... I’ve been feeling completely off this entire hour. I better have lunch now.”

He pressed the intercom button on his desk, the last of his red hair having vanished and his voice turning deep, “Ms. Powers? Can you come in here for a second?”

“Yes Mr. Rossi,” a chirper voice giggled back through the speaker, “Be right there handsome!” Rossi chuckled and leaned back in his seat, his nose turning black and bumpy, nostrils flaring as its tip lifted upwards.

She’s such a doll, Rossi thought pleasantly, I probably shouldn’t be this close as her boss, but with that cute face and wiggle? How can I not? He chuckled softly as his eyes turned red, the shape of them slanting slightly to where it looked like he was always stern and serious.

The door creaked opened and he leaned forward, tan fur covering the rest of his face as a strong, feline muzzle developed. Stepping inside, an anthro female Persian strutted in. She wore

a thigh-high skirt and a button-up blouse that had its top buttons popped, showing just a little bit of tasteful, but playful cleavage.

The Persian woman smiled and approached him, sitting on his desk and leaning in, showing some of her chest for the male Persian to see. “So,” she cooed, “what does Mr. Rossi need from little old me today?”

“Quite simple darling,” Rossi chuckled, pawing and stroking her face, “Lunch! Why don’t you go get something nice from the cafeteria and bring it back here? We can eat it together, just you and me.”

“Anything for you handsome,” she giggled. With that, she leaned in and licked him on the cheek, before strutting back out the door.

Rossi merely chuckled, his tail swaying happily from side to side behind him. He leaned back in his chair and thought happily, *it’s good to be the boss around here.*

Interlude: In School Central

“Must keep following me around?” You remark angrily at the persistent, annoying woman that keeps on following you around the city. You are now walking by a large high school. It’s the middle of the day and off in the distance, you can hear the football team practicing for some game.

“You clearly must be mistaken,” Cassidy replied simply, shoving her hand into her bag of potato chips, “I’m not following you. You sir are just coincidentally ending up in wherever I show up. I can’t help if there is something sort of otherworldly magnetism attracting you to me.”

You merely respond by giving her a frustrated look as she shoves chips into her mouth, crunching and chewing on them loudly. She does not respond to the look, so you return back to the phone you have in your hand. You’ve been catching a few new Pokémon and things have been going well so far. The only exception would be the annoying witch that went on with her nonsensical and random tales.

After finishing her hand full of chips, the witch continued, “so still playing that game, eh? None of my stories scaring or warning you about the dangers of it?”

“They’re not really all that threatening,” you retort, “Frankly, that last one sounded like a good thing in the long run. Plus, if these tales are real, how do you even know about that one?”

“Look,” Cassidy politely stated, “I’m just trying to help you avoid such a fate as...” She stopped talking and glanced to the right, seeing the football team practice for the first time.

You notice her stares and a dreaded feeling arose in your stomach. *Oh great, you thought, she’s... she’s gonna...*

“Seeing all of those kids over there reminds me of another tale,” the witch started, “I’m sure this one will convince you and let you see what I’m getting at finally!”

All you can do is simply moan and groan.

Tale #3: Joining a New Team

A big-spectacled, pudgy 18-year old was wandering down the hallways of his high school after school. His name was Teddy and he was busy with his favorite mobile game: Pokémon Go. He had been playing since it first came out a few years ago, checking in whenever he had the chance.

Right now was such a time. During his years with the app, he had noticed that the school seemed to be a hotbed for Pokémon action, with tons upon tons of the monsters spawning around. With the latest game update, he was ready to search the entire area for the little creatures to capture and stuff in little balls.

“Let’s see here,” he mumbled, scratching at his partial double chin, “The map says there’s one nearby, but I can’t get it to show up no matter how many times I go down this hallway or into any of the classrooms...”

“... then its gotta be in there.” And by there, Teddy meant to the room before him. A room that was completely off limits to anyone like him; a place where he would receive harsh penalties for being in there. The room, of course, was the girls’ locker room.

He stared at the door for the longest time, no one around to stop or inquire about his odd gazing. *It’s gotta be in there*, thought Teddy, *...and everyone else who would be in there is already gone for today so... let’s do this...*

He took a deep breath, taking a quick glance about him, before heading into the locker room. As expected, there was no one there from what he could see and no signs of life. Happily, he checked his phone and sure enough, the Pokémon he was after suddenly appeared on screen.

It was a Sylveon, sitting on a bench up ahead of him. *Perfect!* He thought, smirking as he slowly approached, *time to make you mi...*

“And what the hell do you think you’re doing here?” Those words sent a chill up his spine and his body tensed up. His neck slowly inched to the left and standing in a doorway that led to another section of lockers was a girl, one with quite the reputation at the school.

It was Gracie the Witch. She was the teenage daughter of a famous green witch the area, Beatrice, and the school’s head cheerleader. In fact, she was decked out in the school’s cheerleading uniform. However, most notable about her was her temper and the wrath she dealt out to others that crossed or annoyed her.

Teddy gulped and slowly said, “Oh... ah... I’m sorry... I didn’t mean... I didn’t mean to come in here... I must have come into...”

Gracie snapped her fingers and Teddy’s phone flew out of his hand and into her grasp. Looking at it, she smirked and said simply, “I see... you like boobs and you like Pokémon. Clearly, you want something that has a little of both then, right?”

Before he could even say anything, Gracie's eyes lit up a bright, dazzling pink. Colored lightning shot from them and struck him right in the chest, throwing him against the locker. His entire body twitched and shivered, all of his hair standing on end as he took the full blast.

"Oh my god," he moaned, stumbling forward after the hit, "What... *what did you do?*" His voice had suddenly lightened and lost all sense of masculinity to it. It sounded higher and rather sweet. It was like a voice that he might hear in a group of girls from his school.

"Why I am giving you exactly what you wanted," cackled the teenage witch triumphantly, "My mom taught me the best lesson to deal out to those who invade your personal space is to give them exactly what they want. I think it's quite lovely."

POP! POP! Two large, furry, pink animal-like ears popped out of the top of his skull in a burst of bright light and sparkles. The ears are dark blue on in the inside, but outside edges pulled out into round, pink points. His original ears vanished and his new ones twitched and shook, his hearing far more powerful than it once was.

His hands slowly gravitated up towards to his ears, feeling them twitch and move on his skull. Once he touched them, that sound came knocking again. **POP! POP! POP-a-POP!**

His entire body winced and he frowned, something weird brushing up against the back of his hands... which also felt different to him. Just out of eyesight, two long, ribbon-shaped feelers had popped right out of the back of his head. Covered in white, blue, dark pink fur, they moved independently without him realizing, rubbing against his hands.

Speaking of which, looking down at his hands, everything from his fingertips to the middle of his forearms were now covered in coat of pink fur. The fur had a lovely glossiness to them, shining underneath the lights of the locker room. But mostly importantly though, besides the fur, he also found his hands to be... quite smaller and thinner than they once were.

"*What did you do?!*" Teddy gasped, a cute tail zipping out of his backside abruptly. It curled straight upwards, covered in similar fur as his paw-like hands.

"You already asked that you silly pervert you!" Gracie giggled, "But if you must know... that catch you were about the get in your video game? Well I'm giving her to you! ...among other things of course."

Teddy's entire body rumbled once again, though the next pop came not from his body. It instead came from his glasses, which exploded and vanished with a blast of lovely pink sparkles. He cringed, his hands quickly moving to his eyes and rubbing them harshly. As he did, more fur sprouted across his face, covering every last bit of skin and causing his own hair to vanish. A soft pink pelt covered the top of his forehead, part of it dipping down between his eyes and to his nose. The rest of his mug was covered in soft, vanilla cream white fur.

Eventually, he stopped rubbing his eyes and let out a sigh. His face shot forward abruptly, forming into a soft, short muzzle. His nose turned canine in shape and texture, losing its fur and revealing bumpy, pink skin underneath. He opened his eyes, showing dazzling baby-blue pupils that were immediately drawn to his small snout.

“Holy crap!” he remarked as he poked his snout.

“Awesome isn’t it?” giggled the witch, “But frankly, I think you are still missing a few more feminine touches personally.” **POP! POP!** Around his creamy fur neck, two more ribbon-like feelers grew out, floating and waving behind him as if caught up a draft. Also, a large, pink bow-tie appeared before the front of his neck, covering the areas where the “ribbons” grew out.

All of his body fat melted away, slimming him down several sizes until his figure was on par with that of Gracie. However, with all of the loss of weight, both his pants and boxers fell down his legs, flashing the witch and revealing white fur covering his legs and waist.

He blushed incredibly and reached down to pull his slacks back up, but Gracie held up her hand. Her face was red as well, her eyes looking up at the ceiling, but he still stopped in his tracks regardless, not sure what was going on. *“What... don't you want me to...”*

PPPPPOOOOOOOOOOOFFFFFFFF!! Teddy’s entire body disappeared into a pink cloud of dust and glitter. The witch’s smile returned as she looked back at him, rubbing her hands together in anticipation as she awaited the fruits of her labor.

There was light coughing as the dust settled, a figure appeared in the midst of the dust that was slightly obscured at first. However, when the glitter was all gone, Teddy was once again visible... but also rather different now.

He was wearing a bright green and gold cheerleading outfit, just like Gracie’s own. He had on the frilly skirt, crop top, and sneakers to boot. Looking himself over, he also noticed that his entire body was covered in soft fur from top to bottom, his skin no longer visible. One thing that he did notice was something missing below his skirt, in his crotch area. It was a lack of male anatomy there, replaced by something more female-related underneath her soft cotton panties.

“EEEP!” Squealed Teddy in a high pitch voice, raising her hands to her head and being bonked by a pair of pom-poms she was now holding. She looked frantically at her hands and back at Gracie. Whimpering, she asked, “you turned me into a cheerleader!”

“I know right!” Gracie giggled, walking over and placing her arm around the new girl’s shoulder, “I think it looks great for you personally.”

“But I don't want to be a cheerleader!”

“But you will... after we do some last-minute changes of course!” With a soft giggle, Gracie kissed Teddy right on the middle of her forehead. The furry girl blushed and stepped

backwards, but her body shivered suddenly and her mind grew cloudy. A strange feeling had entered her mind and an odd sensation was traveling down to other key points of her body.

Teddy's eyes grew dim and her face redder, her flat bottom and chest twitching slightly. The twitching turned to shivering, shaking, and finally, to rumbling as the areas expand rapidly. Her hips grew round and curvy for a girl of her age and her rear gained a bit of perkiness to it. Her chest swelled three full breast sizes, putting her just a cup below the showy witch.

Grinning, Gracie asked the girl sweetly, "so my dear Elizabeth... ready for cheerleading practice? Everyone is ready to see their favorite Sylveon girl in action."

The anthro's eyes blinked several times, a sparkle and brightness returning to them with each blink. "Like umm... yeah!" the Sylveon declared, her mind clearing and her memories fully in place, "Totes ready! I'm ready to cheer my lil' heart out! We'll cheer our team to victory and all the way to the end!"

"That's the spirit!" The witch giggled, picking up one of her pom-poms. Glancing at her other hand and realizing what was there, she held out "Teddy's phone" and asked, "hey... do you want your phone with you? It looks like you were busy huntin' some Pokemanz here..."

"Nah!" Elizabeth giggled, running towards the exit, tail wagging the entire way, "I wanna focus today! The phone is gonna, like, distract me and stuff!" The witch nodded and placed it into the Sylveon's new locker, proceeding to follow right behind her.

Tale #4: Hitting for a New Gang

It was late at night and Officer Dahlia Smith was driving up to a small, quiet gas station on the far edge of the town. Her patrol route took the newbie officer through the area often and she made it a habit of stopping at the station for a quick refuel or late-night snack.

Stretch the legs, she thought pleasantly as she pulled in, talk with the guy behind the counter, hit the can, and grab some beef jerky on the way out before I get back to it.

She parked her patrol car next to the only other vehicle in the lot, an old, large, brown van. She didn't think much of it as she shut off her engine. She grabbed the door handle and prepared to exit when something did catch her eye through the front window.

It was two anthro Pokémon guys, a Mightyena and Arcanine, wearing rouge-ish-looking clothing and bearing their fangs at the employee, who was shaking behind the counter. The Arcanine even had flames emanating out of his maw, looking like he was about to flamethrower the guy any second.

Oh crap! The policewoman thought, sinking low in her seat, *they're trying to rob the store or something! I... I never dealt with this before...* It was true. It was her first month on the job and while she received plenty of training and ran mock-scenarios regarding situations like this, she had never dealt with one before.

Still, Dahlia took a deep breath and unholstered her firearm, creeping out of the car and below the front window quietly. There was no time to panic or call for backup. Now was the time for action and to stop this before it got any worse.

Reaching the front door, she took one final deep breath and moved inside. The doors slid open and raised her weapon, pointing it at the backs of the canine Pokémon anthros. She yelled at them loudly, "Police! Stop what you're doing and put your hands behind your head!"

Both canines flinched and immediately tensed up. Their heads twisted back slightly to get a good look at the officer before turning back forward, getting down on their knees and placing their paws on their backs quietly. They remained still, though there was low whispering between the two that Dahlia could not make out well.

So far so good, she thought, taking out a pair of handcuffs from her belt. She moved in closer and cuffed the Arcanine without much trouble, the giant anthro not looking at her or putting up any resistance. She grabbed a second pair of cuffs and moved in to get the Mightyena next.

However, the beefy anthro spun around and shot some sort of dark energy at her, striking the woman in the chest. She was knocked to the ground, her gun going flying and falling somewhere else. In the confusion, the employee dashed out from behind the counter and ducked into the employee room in the back.

“Sorry sweetcheeks,” the Mightyena chuckled, walking over to the fallen officer, “But this isn’t how things will be going down.”

“Also,” the Arcanine laughed, simply snapping the chain between the cuffs with relative ease, “Did you really think your human handcuffs would stop us? You’re just being silly.”

Dahlia weakly inched back, her whole body feeling like it was on fire. As the Mightyena grew closer, she softly asked, “what... what are you going to do?”

“Add a new member to the crew,” the black & grey dog chuckled, “We could always use more muscle when knocking over stores and such. What do you say... handsome?”

Dahlia opened her mouth to yell and ask what the hell that even mean, but her face and voice said something else. Her mouth filling with sharp fangs and lips curling into a mean smirk, she growled out in a deep voice, “**Sounds like fun to me.**”

RIP! A long, sleek, black-furred tail shot out from her officer’s uniform, whisking about madly. It had an arrow-shaped fluke at the end, catching her attention right away. Her voice dropped back to its normal, womanly quality and she yelled out, “What the hell is that?!”

“An improvement!” The Arcanine declared, now standing right above and looking down on her, “Trust me, to be a part of the gang, you need the right look.”

RRRRRRRIIIIIIPPPP! More of her uniform began tearing open, though in many different areas. Around her wrists and ankles, there appeared to be dark grey, bone-like bands. One appeared around her collarbone, a tiny skull shape dent appearing as well, while her back was littered with rows of bone bands as well.

“**Heh, I guess you’re right!**” The deep voice from within her returned, gleefully feeling the new additions to her body. She shook her head, the voice dying down and her yelling, “What did you do to me?!”

“Just bringing out the big bad side of you,” Mightyena chuckled. He glanced at Arcanine and added with a little chuckle, “Did wonders for my buddy over there by the way.”

SHRRRRREEDDDDD! Her police cap and her shoes tore apart as something large tore through them. On her head, two long, grey horns tore out of her skin, curling at the end. For her shoes, her feet had transformed into monstrous black-furred paws. She only had three toes on each, with their own sharp, deadly claw at the end.

“**CRAP CRAP! I don’t want to be like this! I want to be aaaaa f**king criminal like you two cool guys!**” Her voice shifted again, her nostrils flaring and her nose darkening. Right around her snout, soft, burnt orange-red fur began sprouting.

“That’s what we like to hear!” Arcanine declared eagerly, holding out his paw to help the changing officer up. Dahlia took it, gripping it tightly as her hands morphed and turned into

thick, paw-like hands. She kept all off her fingers, though ended up with a fresh coat of black fur, orange pads, and claws.

“There’s just one little extra thing,” added the Mightyena, leaning in and grinning at the officer, “This is more of a “boys’ club” if you know what I mean. I hope don’t mind manning up.”

“WHAT?!” Dahlia yelled, her voice sort of between woman and man, **“But I don’t want that at all! I won’t turn into a criminal, I won’t...”**

“Not for all of the money in the cash register?” teased the Arcanine, pointing at the undisturbed box behind the register. He continued, “You have it all. Consider it a “signing bonus” for joining us. You do like free money, don’t you?”

Despite her ears suddenly shrinking and disappearing into her head, black fur covering the empty area now, Dahlia’s eyes widened when she heard those words. A strong, powerful urge rushed through her body, her black hair shriveling up into her skull and her crotch area bulging ever so slightly. She responded softly, **“m-maybe...”**

“Well go for it! You might need some muscles to pry it open though.” The Arcanine chuckled as he yanked the cash register from it spot and set it closer.

Dahlia gulped and moved towards the register, looking at it closely. Black and burnt-orange fur began growing around her face as she carefully gripped the closed till and top part of the box with her meaty paws. Then, all the muster she could, she began to pull and tug.

It didn’t bulge and Dahlia began to growl, her jaw and face beginning to push forward and form into a strong, tough muzzle. She growled louder, her voice deepening, **“come on... open you damn machine! I... I want money!”**

As she pulled and yanked, her body swelled and grew in all the right places. Her legs and arms bulked up with incredible amounts of muscles that bulged and burst out her uniform. Her torso overinflated with strong, iron-hard abs and pecs, her breasts flattening against her chest and vanishing almost instantly. Her uniform and clothing ripped itself to pieces as a large, muscular, furry male Houndoom came bursting out of it.

“Come on,” the new Houndoom growled, his face pushing out into a full muzzle, **“I... almost... got you...”** There was the loud sound of breaking metal as the till was yanked out the register. Looking inside of it, there had to be a few hundred in there at least.

The Houndoom laughed, yanking all of the money out. Mightyena walked up and placed his paw on his new comrade’s shoulder, asking, “So... this better than being a police officer?”

The new canine laughed and said, **“Yes! What the hell was I thinking being a goody two-shoes? This is much better.”**

“That’s great!” Arcanine chuckled, “Now, all of that is yours... but how about we add a little more on top of it? The backroom where that little wimpy employee ran off to has a bunch of money in there as well. Care to help us get it?”

“**Hell yes,**” Houndoom laughed, fire crackling out of his maw, “**I love to get some more money from that weakling. I like to see him try to stop us.**” The three anthro Pokémon laughed and walked towards the backroom.

Epilogue: Why Didn't You Listen?

“Oh come on! That didn't even have the app in it at all! Now you are just telling me random bulls**t lady.” It's late at night and you are completely fed up with Cassidy now. She had followed you around all day, constantly eating and telling you random ass stories about the “cursed” app and sometimes not at all.

You are now at a diner getting supper, charging your phone in the wall and waiting for the waitress to come over with a menu. Across from you in the booth is Cassidy, as always, now drinking a complimentary glass of water. Despite the powers exhibited by her, you are just exhausted and wish she would leave.

“I'm sorry but I'm just trying to save you,” she simply replies, neither upset or offended by your outburst at her.

“And as much as I appreciate it,” you say with a long, defeated sigh, “I rather take my chances and have my fun. Could you please leave?”

“Maybe after I get something eat,” she replies, sitting her glass aside, “I'm SUPER hungry and stuff!”

“After everything you ingested already?!”

“Well it all goes into recharging my magic batteries or my boobs,” the witch casually answered, “Either way, I need more food... and you should really stop playing the game.” You had just reached for your phone, only really interested really in checking your texts now. However, after that last, final remark from her?

“I wasn't going to play it, but you know what? I will! How do you like that?” You declare, firing up the app one last time. A Pokémon instantly appeared on the screen and without even looking, you flung a ball to capture it. You just glare at the witch, showing contempt and frustration with her the entire time.

Cassidy doesn't react or get mad, just causally drinking her water as she looks at you. You frown, feeling disappointed, but that only lasts for barely a second. You drop the phone and it falls onto the tabletop. It heated up so quickly and suddenly, stinging you!

You wave your hand around, trying to get feeling into it. However, as you do, you see the color of it begin to change. Instead of red, it turns bright orange, your fingernails vanishing from the hand. Soon after, your digits merge towards, leaving you with only three fingers that begin to grow. Your hand has become that of a Hariyama's.

Cassidy slurps down on her drink and simply responds, “I don't like it, but what can you do? I mean, I warned you and now... you get to live with the consequences.”