

GETTING CREAMED

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“Well, that’s the last time I piss off a baker.”

Fresh cream dripping from her pink hair, Klara had *regrets*. Playing the victim for free items had been a staple of her arguably bad personality, and with her own minor gym being opened in Galar her terrible attitude had flared up vigorously as of late. All of that confidence she had lost when Gloria had come to train at the Isle of Armor back then? It was back with the vengeance, and she’d believed she was owed a little treat.

So visiting the local bakery had been her first destination that evening. She’d purchased some overpriced crepes, and then stuck her own hair in it to try and get a refund. Sleazy, but it was better than shoving a poison spike in there, no? But, well, who wouldn’t recognize her extremely pink hair when presented with it? She’d been banking on the baker being flustered and giving her a refund without questioning it, but in the end?

Well, the opposite had happened. She had gotten angry with the gym leader and had doused her with the measuring cup of cream she had carried out from the kitchen, and now? Klara’s hair was ruined! She was just lucky the cream had been so thick and hadn’t dripped down onto her outfit.

With a huff, she slammed the door shut behind her once she’d returned to her apartment. She’d even lost the crepes because the baker had taken them! **“Urgh... Well, I guess I should clean up...”** Still grumbling to herself as she walked towards the bathroom, she weighed other options. Ordering in? It’d have to do, she supposed.

“Huh?” Once she reached the bathroom and began to draw water, however, she finally pushed her attention towards her reflection. She had expected the worst, and yet what she saw? **“What happened to the cream? The hell?”** There wasn’t a speckle of it on her head. It all looked completely normal, as if she hadn’t even been soiled in the first place.

She couldn’t have possibly noticed her hair had become significantly softer from look alone. Even if she had, she wouldn’t have realized the cause. That the cream she had been splashed with had been no normal concoction, but an experimental Alcremie brew that had been sent to the bakery accidentally. **“That’s weird. And the whole time I thought I looked like I was a mess! I guess I’m as cute as always!”** Egotistical as ever, she gave her reflection a wink and a pout.

Oh well, maybe she could go woo the butcher in the unit below her apartment for a free sandwich!?

She evidently hadn’t learned her lesson from the first time.

Klara scooted out of her bathroom and back into her apartment living room, not thinking too deeply about where the cream might have gone. For all she knew, maybe she’d walked so fast back to her apartment that the wind had could it and tore it away? That made the most sense, right? No, it absolutely *didn’t*, but she evidently didn’t care enough to think much more about it.

At least not until something had suddenly dripped onto her nose. **“Huh? Don’t tell me the tenant upstairs left their damn sink to overflow again!?”** That *had* been a disaster, but it wasn’t actually the case here. For, upon gazing up, she could see nothing dripping from the ceiling. She had been about to wonder if she’d just been feeling things when something else dripped, this time almost landing in her eye. **“Hey!?”**

A hand wiped at the girl’s face, picking up whatever had been dripping. Looking at it splattered across her fingers; however, she was surprised to find a pinkish cream that carried the same scent as the batch that had been dumped on her. Was some of it still stuck under her bangs? She reached that same hand up to brush their undersides, but instead of doing just that...

Her fingers sunk *into* her bangs.

“...!?” Klara pulled these fingers free in a hurry and doing so cause more cream to drip and spill down against her face and costume... because those bangs themselves were the source of it all. No, by the time she’d

run back to the mirror it evidently wasn't just her bangs, but the entirety of her head of hair.

The scent of a sweet and delicious whipped cream filled the air, but Klara's expression was not one of joy or hunger in response, it was one of horror. For her hair, in her reflection? It had changed color. Instead of being bright pink with lighter pink highlights, the reverse had become true. The bulk of it was a very pale pink, almost white like cream, while the highlights were of a brighter shade. And it was all very... *drippy*. It was wet but seemed to remain formed so long as she didn't touch it.

Now, she was no Pokémon expert, but anyone in Galar could put two and two together here. After all, there was a Pokémon with a condition like this, and it was largely famous. "**Alcremie hair!?**" That's what it reminded her of: an Alcremie, the cream Pokémon. Its entire body was made of whipped cream, and its cream hair was typically styled in – "**Dollops!?**"

Before she could even finish that thought, her hair had begun to fluff outwards into a series of puffy dollops. One on either side of her head, two dangling down the sides, with the peak of her hair twirling up into a point as if her hair were a freshly drawn soft serve cone. Each dollop was roughly half the size of her head in size, making it all come together like a 'hairstyle' that dripped against her face and clothes. Her headband couldn't hold on to her hair as it was, and eventually it slid off the back and hit the floor.

"D-Did that baker bitch do something to me!? What's happening here!? I'm looking more and more like—WHAT NOW!?" Klara had moved to rest her hands against the sink as she attempted to place the blame for this situation, but the moment she did? Her fingers sunk right into it. Looking down revealed the cause: her fingers had become the same pale pink and, evidently, *boneless*, so her hands had slid right off the sink's edge.

Her stomach churned as she watched severed fingers of cream slide towards the drain. "**Ugh!?**" Her hands, finger free, looked like something out of a horror movie. It was clear they were completely cream as well, and without fingers it was ghastly! But, responding to her distress, a trio of 'finger's took form on either hand. They looked more like claws than anything, much more like the hands... of a Pokémon.

"Is *cremie* becoming *al* Alcremie!? *Cremie's* voice!?" She choked on a mouthful of whipped cream, the inside of her mouth sagging and softening as the transition evidently bled from her hair and into her head. Bone, skin, and brain alike were all taking the same pale pink

discoloration, softening into confectionary as even her teeth were erased. But obviously, Klara's main concern was the way she was talking.

For all she knew she was communicating in the human language – her brain (or the creamy replacement for her brain) was telling her mouth what to say, but much like a Pokémon she had begun to involuntarily mix the name of the species she was becoming in with her regular words.

Klara's cheeks grew rounder and her nose was absorbed by the rest of her face as her mouth became little more than a hole she could open and close to make sound. Her ears had already been covered by the dollops that now made up her hair, but they too were creamified, the source of her sense of hearing evidently a mystery.

“Al shrincreamie!?” *‘I’m shrinking!?’*, she attempted to cry, but now her words came out more as Pokémon than human. Not only was she consistently plunging in height as her body grew more petite, but her legs were *sagging*. Fortunately, she had taken off her shoes upon entering her apartment, but it was a miracle that she had managed to keep herself upright, for bare heels and toes had sagged against the floor and lost their shapes as they began to pool in the same pink cream that was plaguing the rest of her form.

The two pools of cream that had once been her feet eventually merged into a singular pool that began to grow as more of her legs were transformed. Everything from her knees and below became the lowermost layer, yet her hips and thighs? As they softened, they expanded both outwards and inwards. In the latter case they merged into a singular body of gooey creaminess, and in the former they became wider and shapelier alike, creating bell-like curves.

Because Klara's body had been regressing on the whole, however, her clothing was beginning to become an issue. She was swallowed whole by her shirt and the fur coat she wore overtop of it, barely managing to throw the both of them off in time before she became too small to have plausibly been able to do it otherwise. **“CREMIE!”**, she squeaked with anxiety as she did so. Just enough of her torso was still human-like at the time that you could see her bare breasts softening and swelling, merging with her belly to create a tuft of cream that made up the entirety of her frame.

But her shorts? Since her legs had become a singular, creamy mass, her the insides of her shorts had gotten stuck inside her lower half. It felt weird, knowing her body didn't have any bones inside of it, and that things could just get caught inside of her like this, but she had to remove them! Her 'fingers' grasped the waistband of the shorts and she began to

pull with all her might. “**AL! ALCREMIE! CREMIE! AL! AL! CREMIIIIIE!**” Since she didn’t have bones, she wondered how she even had grip, much less the strength to pull, but after a few moments she managed to dislodge them.

It felt icky though, made ickier by the fact that the gap doing so had created merely filled in as if nothing had happened. The only thing even *vaguely* human about Klara at this point were her eyes. But with nothing left to change? It was *inevitable*.

A pressure built beneath the eyes she had, and her eyeballs were pushed uncomfortably past the surface of the cream that was her face. This would have looked unsettling if not for the fact that these eyeballs already possessed a glaze to them that almost looked like candy. They stretched vertically into a set of teardrops, while all the while a bright purple hue decorated them as if they were glass. By a human’s standards they certainly didn’t make much sense as a pair of eyes.

But Pokémon biology didn’t make a *lick* of sense. Alcremie was a creature whose body was more or less entirely made of slime. It was effectively a cream slime when push came to shove, with its body capable of reforming and consuming. Surely, Pokémon had a full understanding of how their bodies worked, but what of a human turned into a Pokémon?

Klara, now an Alcremie, didn’t have the foggiest idea.

Her biology made no sense. How was she supposed to move!?! “**Alcremie!?**” She could squawk all she wanted too, but no human would ever understand her. How could she get one to understand that she’d once been a human woman!?

Back to movement, maybe if she jiggled a little bit? She raised her stubby arms and began to move her upper body somehow (*she didn’t have bones, so how did this even work?*). But the lower half? It wasn’t so simple...

How long would she be stuck in the middle of her living room before someone found her? Well, she had been rooming with Gloria temporarily since she had work in this town. But was she going to get caught on sight!?! That girl was a Catchaholic!

“**Alcremie...**”

She was doomed.