

# GOOD GOURD

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Sona Buvelle had found herself in a predicament. She couldn't remember how she'd ended up in this shop, but now a precarious saleswoman had been pushing a choice upon her. "...?" Mute as she was, it wasn't like the songstress had the voice to argue with the elderly woman, who held a tiny, ornate pumpkin in one hand, and an illustrious scaled necklace in the other. Despite the fact that she was shaking her head vicariously to indicate she wanted neither, the woman was being quite insistent.

**“What? You don't want my wares? A pretty, little thing like you? They could change your life, you know! You just need to pick!”** The woman's eyes were wide and her movements eccentric. Quite honestly, it was difficult for Sona to keep track of her motions. Perhaps, then, it was no surprise to find the woman accidentally chucking one of the items into the air – the pumpkin – only for Sona to catch it in her hands. Doing so had earned the peddler's ire for some reason. **“No! You aren't supposed to touch it until you've paid!”**

But before the voiceless woman of azure hair could even tilt her head to the side to indicate her confusion, the woman's voice faded away. No... the woman and her surroundings altogether... *they had just simply vanished!?* The shop had been so warm, but now a chilled breeze tickled her bare shoulders as she found herself standing in what looked to be an empty forest in the dead of night.

It was a spooky looking one to boot. Most of the trees lacked leaves. Was it autumn? This sight, paired with the cool air, suggested this to be the case. Yet Sona knew the season to be spring, so how was this possible?

Had she suddenly been transported across the world? She was actually on the right track with this theory, but...

*It was more like she'd traversed worlds altogether.*

This wasn't the one she knew. Sona didn't know that. She also didn't have a voice to call for help, naturally. And... "...!?" Looking down, another complication was noted. Where had her clothes gone? Why had she been stripped down into nothingness!? Even if help were to stumble upon her like this, she would have trouble explaining why she was naked. Well, naked aside from her hair ties, strangely enough. Not that she could even explain, considering her muteness.

Her hands had been clenched this whole time though, and it was only now that she opened her palms to cover her breasts and crotch. That was when she felt it fall, a tiny object that landed in fallen leaves below. She was quick to kneel down and pick it up again, finding the tiny, ornate pumpkin the shopkeeper had been offering on the ground. How was that possible if everything else had been taken from her? Was it the source of her predicament?

As if to say 'yes', it began to glow a bright orange in her palm.

Her palm... *Her palm...*? The light of the ornament was captivating, and yet the longer she stared at it, the more aware the woman became of the fact that the hand that was holding the item appeared off. Truthfully, it wasn't like its shape or color was different. That would have been too *easy*. It was more like the hand was turning see-through? No, not just the hand but her whole arm. And not just the one arm, but both!

'*What's happening to me!*' Sona had no voice, but she could still mentally cry out in shock as the translucency of her limbs became more and more intense. Before long she could barely make out her hands at all, until finally? The pumpkin ornament fell to the ground because there was simply *nothing* beneath it to hold it up. "*!?*" '*My arms!?*' *Where are my arms!?*'

Her eyes were wide to convey the shock that she felt, completely flabbergasted by the sight of smooth shoulders with nothing attached to them. This had to be some kind of dream, right? Arms didn't just disappear? At least not without being severed, which absolutely didn't seem to be the case.

Sona couldn't sit still as anxiety and fear set in, and so her body began to shake and quiver. The problem with this? Without arms, she had no means of balancing herself. All it took was one misstep for her to suddenly tumble forwards, not at all helped by the weight of her ample

bosom. Eyes clenched, the mute woman was more than certain that she was about to eat the fallen leaves below and perhaps earn a broken nose in the process. And yet?

*Something caught her.*

‘*Huh?*’ A single eye peeked open to find her face only a few inches from the ground, and slowly her second eye opened as well. Something was propping her up and she couldn’t tell what. If only she could push herself up-

She pushed herself up. At least enough for her to rest on her knees and pull her head back. Doing so lifted whatever was propping her up off the ground though, and a very stunned Sona was left wide-eyed at what she was witnessing. Her twintails had misshapen themselves into hands with a trio of fingers each, either side functioning like an actual hand might. It was... *confusing*.

Uncertain about this sight, she tried to move them willingly by flexing these fingers, which seemed to be made of thicker hair than the rest. They followed her commands. Clapping them together? Same thing. Naturally, they weren’t as solid as an authentic pair of human hands, but they seemed to allow her to grasp things to some degree.

She blinked again as her hair hands were held out idly in front of her. A prompt change of hue at her ‘fingertips’ had caught her attention, and this color was quickly traveling up the full length of every strand. ‘*Orange? Pink?*’ The color seemed to teeter on the brink of these two tones, every inch that was painted thickening in slight to make her hair denser and her grip stronger. Were that not enough, she could tell that the hair was lengthening as well. It presented her with a greater reach and, as bangs grew to fall past her right eye, partially blinded her.

“***Fwoo! Fwoo!***” Sona tried to blow these bangs out of her field of view to no avail. They simply fell back across her right eye, obscuring the fact that the color of her iris had adopted numerous orange speckles, ultimately building up to completely overtake her blue before the phenomenon quickly spread into her visible eye as well.

At least with her hair hands she had the ability to balance! And was it just her, or did the dark forest path suddenly look clearer? Almost as if she’d adopted some form of *night vision*. ‘*I don’t... Geist... Huh? Did Gour just...?*’ While attempting to try and rationalize what had happened to her hair, she found herself incapable of misunderstanding parts of her own thoughts. Almost as if she were thinking in a language that didn’t quick *click*.

It proved to be an amazingly effective distraction; at least as pastel orange splotches began to splash against her alabaster skin. This coloration actually blended quite well with her hair and eyes, but it absolutely wasn't a *human* color either. It made her look like some kind of plant, perhaps?

'*Gour!?* I'm *geisting!?*' was all Sona could think as her point of view suddenly dipped with gravitas. Bare, orange knees clanked against each other from shock, height diminishing at an alarming rate that miraculously preserved her curves. But for reasons she hadn't even realized, her hair hands had tightly gripped her ample breasts as opposed to flailing about from shock.

She dipped into the 4'5" range, but instead of expressing continued shock at her diminishing height, she ended up caught up in the self-passion of fondling her chest. The fingers born of hair were surprisingly prehensile, and not only could she twerk her nipples with ease, but they were strong enough to sink into and toss the breasts around to maximize their heave and bounce.

This made Sona happy; almost childishly so. What was first seen as a way to stimulate herself soon became something of a game to her, but her fun was cut short. Her height drop had ceased at the 4' mark, and yet other sizes were due to be reduced. Her breasts were among these areas, and so her fondling was cut short.

Because honestly? There was *much* less to fondle. Breasts that had once been so well sized that there were many women that envied them found their weights dissipating while the skin around them tightened. Even her nipples shrunk, not being all that impressive in scope even when erect. It eventually became so *unfun* that she withdrew her hands and looked down at herself with a defeated sigh. Defeated, but not worried.

A part of her was telling her it was okay to accept this, barely B-cup breasts, and all.

It wasn't simply her bosom that ended up depleted, either. Her ass had undergone a similar reduction, and without her excessive rump to support her hips ended up collapsing. She was completely shaved above her pussy, too! Fortunately while she was much smaller, something deep down expressed reassurance to Sona that she hadn't become any younger. This was a normal body type for her new species.

'*Geist? Gourgeist!*' She finally understood that she was thinking in the name of the species she'd become as well. These thoughts might not have made any sense to a human, but now that her own mind had been rewired? They made sense to her. There was also something else. Like

an instinct? As if she were some sort of common animal in a sense. She wobbled from side to side, thankfully that her long hair covered her nipples, but was remiss that her lower half was still exposed – and a little chilly.

Almost like it was answering this plight though, a light began to glow from the woman's narrowed thighs. That light shone brighter and brighter, and as if created by magic a skirt took shape. Brown, with ruffled orange beneath a cut out that made her lower body look like a jack-o'-lantern. The light of her thighs didn't dim though, and simply continued to shine as if it was natural.

The *Gourgeist* – if she could truly be *called* that considering how human she still looked even with her transformation completed – waddled along the path she'd found for a short while before coming across a small, forest house. She didn't know what had led her here. Was it the strange kinship she now felt with the earth and plants around her? Was it something instinctual? In a way, it was like her body itself had led her here on muscle memory alone.



Still, she had been driven by something. Sona was still Sona deep down, even if her thoughts were conveyed in a language that felt foreign, and her actions seemed more instinctual and animal-like in reason. She needed answers, and she knew that this was where she needed to be. *'Gourgeist? Geist! Geist!'*

**“Gourgeist!”** Before the Pokémon monster girl even reached the front entrance by following the cobblestone pathway to the wooded entrance, the door had swung open, and a pair of women ran out. Both of them were dressed in negligees; one purple, the other green. It was the green that Sona was soon smothered in as this ginger-haired woman fell to her knees and wrapped her in a hug, pressing the Gourgeist's face into her breasts as a side effect. **“Where did you run off to!? We were so worried!”**

Sona felt both shocked and relieved. She had never seen these two before, and peering up at the owner of the purple negligee, it was a woman with pale skin and swirling, purple eyes that unsettled her a little, but on the other hand? She felt like she'd known them her whole life.

***THEY'RE MY TRAINERS.***

...Trainers? What did that mean? What was this bond of trust? She felt a little like she understood, but as the purple haired woman fell to pull the both of them into a hug, likewise crushing Gourgeist with even heftier breasts, she just felt like she was *home*. With her trainers, an Aroma Lady and a Hex Maniac who were in love and always intimate – wait! How did she know all that!? But strange as it was?

She didn't feel any desire to escape.