

Iso's Pokémon Prank

Foxgamer01

Content warning: Transformation, Pokémon

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Iso knew this was a risk, but he enjoyed taking risks.

He prowled from tree to tree as a Flareon, though any person who spotted him would think he looked off. Anyone knowledgeable about Pokémon would know that a Flareon had reddish-orange fur, not bright orange. Even if they thought he was a Shiny Flareon, his long, bushy tail, and mane were a darker shade of yellow instead of yellow.

Iso's eyes, pure white instead of black with white pupils, glanced around at his surroundings. He approached a dirt path where campers hiked up and down a hill. His long, diamond-shaped ears, the inner a dark shade of orange instead of black, twitched at the sounds of incoming steps. He ducked into a bush and waited.

It took a moment for him to realize his tail stuck out.

Iso tugged the tail inside the bush, feeling the branches breaking off and sticking into the fur.

It was not common for Iso to be in such a form. Sure, he became a Buizel, a Gholdengo, and even a two-tailed fox, but never a being with such an oversized tail. It did not help that he was more used to being a hybrid of solid and intangible than pure solid. That was part of the risk, but he felt a thrill that nothing could replace.

Iso reached up and adjusted his beanie, which was blue (though with the top half a lighter shade). A bandana wrapped around his neck, nice and snug, blue on the front and white on the back. On the back of his head lay a white spiral, though as a square on its corner instead of a circle.

He let out a wide grin, exposing his white teeth. There ahead climbed two humans, a guy and a gal. Their clothes, yellow and purple, stood out from the green and brown background. The gal pulled out her Rotom phone and had it hovered forward and in front of the guy. It took a picture of him with her right behind before it went back into her pocket.

At least their shirts made it easy for color-coding.

The two carried backpacks, though that did not attract Iso's attention. What did was the green and black lunchbox the gal had. That made things even better.

Unless they brought onions.

Iso hated onions.

Even so, it only increased the risk factor that he loved. That and trying to capture him, which should be impossible. Besides, what was the worst they could do in retaliation for his schemes? Kill him?

They could not take his life since he never had one in the first place.

#

“Alright. We’re at the halfway point.”

Manish walked ahead, searching for any possible threat to him or his love, Emily. He brushed back his long, black hair, shaking off its excess sweat. The bush to the side looked suspicious since there was shaking, so he scanned it. Once satisfied that it was nothing, he turned his green eyes to Emily.

Emily gave him a smile, which touched her blue eyes. Her red hair was cut shorter than his, which she wore well. She carried a black backpack and their lunch on her shoulder. Along the way, she found a solid stick and used it as a walking stick.

Manish worried it might give her a splinter, but nothing terrible happened yet.

“Doing alright there, dear?” Manish asked. He adjusted his blue backpack.

“I am. Don’t worry.” Emily flashed a grin at him. “We’ve done this plenty of times. Once every month, come to think about it.”

Manish nodded while trying not to blush. He always loved how she grinned at him. He could not explain why, even with Emily. Perhaps it was because it showed how much she cared for him.

"Good, good. And yeah." Manish flexed his fingers. "How about you sit down for just a moment?"

"It's a good place as any." Emily nodded and set their lunch bag down. She sat next to it with the walking stick between her legs. "Ah, it's always good to go out in the woods, even for just a few hours."

Manish nodded while tempted to sit next to her. He believed she would not mind; she might encourage him if asked. Whenever he thought so, the image of her father sending a Charizard to scorch him came to mind. Instead, he stood beside her, not doing anything that could be seen as too eager.

Emily looked at him and giggled. "You should sit down as well. My daddy isn't that unreasonable."

"You read my thoughts there." Manish rolled his shoulders a couple of times. He remained standing despite getting permission. Reason tended to die when loved ones became involved. Besides, only a poor father would not feel protective of his children. "I can handle standing."

Emily giggled again. "You're silly. And we're legal adults. What would daddy do? Order a curfew?"

Manish thought of plenty of things her father would do but kept it to himself.

#

Iso grinned wide, with his expression gleeful. The two humans stopped for some type of break. This could not have come at a better time. And they placed their lunch bag down, too. That made it easier for his plan.

He glanced at the guy and could not help but be amused by his caution. If a leaf fell in front of him, he bet that guy would pause and consider until the sun went down the horizon to go around it. Quite the opposite of Iso since he would step on it without a care in the world, even if it was poisonous.

What would that do? Kill him?

As he always said, 'Ghosts. Don't. DIE!'

Iso kept his eyes on the two humans while sneaking to their lunch. Yes, this plan was going well. He felt this Flareon body's heartbeat quickening, a foreign thing for a ghost. Excitement flowed underneath this furry form.

He took a quick sniff, which caused his grin to strain and his left eye to twitch. They brought onions (or something with onions) in their lunch bag. Whether they chopped it, fried it, or used onion seasoning, he did not know. Either way, it would make it harder for him to carry their lunch bag.

He would still take it.

He loved taking risks, after all.

#

After a minute of persuasion, Manish sat next to Emily. His knees were feeling tired from all of the standing anyway. Even so, he made sure to have a space of nothing between them a foot wide. Manish averted his eyes from her, which he kept even as she touched his arm.

"Hey, sweetheart," Emily said. She giggled for a few seconds. "If daddy didn't approve of you, he would've done something about it."

"I-I guess," Manish responded. He thought back six months ago, just before his first date with Emily. It was to meet with Emily's parents, though it was more of a grilling session between her father and him. The older man kept showing off his Charizard while explaining how his dear

girl could melt steel in a single attack. Manish got the message. "Still would not like to rush things."

"Ah, sweet daddy." Emily shook her head. "He may look and act like a ferocious Ursaring, but he's more like a cuddly Teddiursa once you know him better."

Manish inclined his head. He had little doubt about that but still preferred to keep things as safe as possible. That way, Manish could gain her father's trust over time. If he ever succeeded, he would give it a chance to propose to Emily. If she rejected it, perhaps her father would not burn him like a piece of meat.

Even a Teddursa could be dangerous if angered enough.

Manish dared to turn to Emily, only to blink in surprise.

A Flareon dug his head into the lunch bag.

Manish widened his eyes. "What's that doing here?!"

"Huh?" Emily twisted toward the lunch bag and gasped. "Hey! That's ours!"

The Flareon poked his head out and grinned at them.

Manish leaned back out of shock. He saw multiple types of Flareon, but this was so unlike the others. His eyes were pure white instead of black with a bit of blue and

white pupils. The fur had subtle differences, like that of a Shiny Pokémon, but it was wrong on this Flareon. He wore a blue scarf and hat, which was untypical of wild Pokémon but standard on owned ones.

The Flareon grabbed the lunch bag by its handle and carried it away by his teeth.

“Hey!” Emily jumped up with a frown on her face. “That’s ours!” She turned to Manish and yelled, “We need to chase that thieving Pokémon!”

Manish hesitated for a moment, trying to think this through. If this Flareon went deep enough in the forest, it would be difficult to find their way back. He could already envision Emily’s father sending his Charizard if he was five minutes late.

On the other hand, regardless of whether this Flareon was wild, he still stole their lunch. Her father might be angry if they returned late, but there might be a slight chance he understood why. Besides, if he let a thief escape, that would make it a black mark on Manish’s record.

A true father would want their daughter to be with someone who could support her, no matter what.

“Alright.” Manish got up as well. “Let’s get our lunch back.”

Emily grinned and tossed the walking stick aside. “That’s the spirit.”

With that, the two rushed into the forest.

#

Iso suppressed a wince while carrying the lunch bag. Jeez, he hated onions so much. Even the small, uncut ones watered his eyes.

Despite that, he kept carrying the lunch bag while rushing deeper into the forest.

He loved taking risks, and this was a risk.

Iso thought about various tales he had heard throughout his undead existence. For adventure stories, they begin with a twist of fate. Perhaps a wind knocked a piece of paper from someone’s hand, leading them to a mysterious shop. Maybe they continued their day until they met a grandfather they never knew existed. Or perhaps an old wizard pushed the hero out the front door to join a group as a thief.

In a way, what Iso did was no different.

Iso twitched his long ears and heard branches pushed aside, snapping along the way. That meant that the human pair was chasing him. He grinned despite the smell of onions filling his nose and watering his eyes. This was going well.

Outside of the onions he kept smelling.

They should have taken something with apples instead.

Iso loved apples.

Despite that, he grew worried that he had too good of a head start in this chase. He wanted them to follow him, not get lost in the woods. He could leave only so many pawprints behind, with the ground getting dryer.

He came across a patch of fallen leaves.

An idea came to Iso.

#

"That Flareon went that way!" Emily shouted. She rushed ahead of Manish, pushing aside a branch along the way. "We're catching up!"

"Are you sure?" Manish asked. He supposed he should run ahead of Emily, but she was a better tracker. "I don't see any prints."

“Don’t worry!” Emily looked at the ground as she ran. “Even without prints, I can see where he disturbed the ground! And look at this!”

Manish glanced ahead and blinked twice. Brown, dry leaves covered the series of small clearings. For some reason, there was a gap that exposed the ground. It looked as though that Flareon dragged the lunch box along the way. Despite no prints, even Manish could observe where that Flareon went.

“That Flareon must have thought he was being clever.” Emily bent at the small gap between leaves. “But didn’t think it through.”

“Huh?” Manish leaned to the side.

“Yeah. Our little thief wanted to hide his tracks, so he dragged the lunch bag behind himself.” Emily straightened out while stroking her hair. “But didn’t realize that only made the path much more obvious.”

Manish hesitated, biting on his lip. He could not help but feel something was off about this. It was such an obvious thing, especially for a thieving Pokémon. Plus, it was so much effort for anyone, Pokémon or human, to do.

It was as though the Flareon was leading them somewhere.

Emily rushed ahead before Manish vocalized his thoughts.

He huffed and followed her.

#

It was a stroke of genius on Iso's part with the fallen leaves. It made it clear where he was going while slowing him down just enough. Those silly humans may either overthink it or not think well enough, which makes it great. It meant that they would not foresee his actual plan.

Plus, it could make the guy of the pair nervous; he did look the type.

And Iso enjoyed taking risks.

Iso ran deeper into the forest until he came across a clearing. It was an oval of barren woods, with not even grass growing in such spots. He grinned, dropped the lunch bag, and zipped around to the side where he came from. His extra bushy tail struggled to follow him into a bush, enough that he had to tug it in.

Once done, he wiped his nose and eyes of that onion taint.

Who thought onions were good anyway?

#

"There it is!" Emily shouted. She rushed into the clearing ahead of Manish.

"The Flareon?" Manish asked. He pushed aside a bush so it no longer tugged against his jeans.

"No, silly! Our lunch bag!"

Manish raised his right eye out of confusion as he stepped into the clearing. He brushed off the leaves and branches stuck into him. They left stains on his clothes, which he thought could be worse; they could have tear holes. Once finished, he went over to Emily's side.

She already kneeled and opened the lunch bag. It was covered in dirt, which Manish must explain to Emily's dad. At least they got it back, though he expected that the Flareon ate most, if not all their food.

Emily pulled out the various meals they made for the trip. The ham and cheese sandwich, along with the fried potatoes and onions, were still intact in their wrapping. So was their bag of sliced carrots and tiny tomatoes. Their mini pizzas were undisturbed in their container. Even their water bottles were untouched.

Manish blinked and swallowed, with sweat forming on his head.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" Emily placed their lunch back into the bag and picked it up. "We can head back to the trail and continue hiking."

"Doesn't this feel weird?" Manish asked.

"What do you mean?" Emily brushed her short red hair. "It's not uncommon for wild Pokémon to steal people's means."

"How many Pokémon food thieves that *didn't* eat the food?" Manish scanned the clearing, looking deep into the shadows.

"I admit that it's odd, but perhaps that Flareon didn't like what was in it." Emily shrugged. "After all, beggars can be choosers if they dislike it enough."

"Tell me, did that Flareon look like a wild Pokémon to you?" Manish brushed his long, black hair, feeling every strand. "Wild Pokémon don't normally wear a scarf or a hat, after all."

Emily rolled her eyes. "Now you're acting paranoid."

"Think about it," Manish insisted. He twisted back to her. "A 'wild' Pokémon that isn't native here came up and stole our food. That Pokémon lead us here, leaving a trail so we don't lose track. And now we're in an open clearing,

with that Pokémon nowhere in sight and left ours untouched.”

Emily sighed. “What do you think?”

“I think this is a prank for some reality TV.”

#

Iso watched their argument with utter glee. For a moment, he thought that guy figured out the game. He was searching hard in this bush for a while. He still would have gone for it, even if it made it harder to enact his plan.

Instead, that guy came to the wrong conclusion.

It was natural to think that way, but it was still hilarious. Some humans, Iso noted, had odd quirks that allowed them to figure out the truth. That this guy edged to the truth only to walk away from it made it better.

Iso was no wild Pokémon, but none owned him.

Not even the government of any kind owned him.

He did lead them here, but not for a show.

Iso emerged from the bushes and approached the guy and gal with glee. They were too busy arguing that they did not notice. He grinned wider.

#

"You're being completely ridiculous," Emily declared. She shook her head. "There's a good reason for all of this that doesn't involve reality TV."

"Do you really think so?" Manish demanded. He flailed his arms around. "I might accept one or two coincidences, but not so many at so short of time."

"Even so, this is usually the point where the host comes to us and reveals the truth." Emily huffed with her blue eyes blazing. "If this is just a prank for a show, why hasn't someone come up to us?"

"Maybe it's because—"

Before Manish could complete his sentence, he saw orange at the corner of his eyes. He twisted around until he looked down. That thieving Flareon was standing with his front paws on one of their shoes each. The paws glowed yellow with white at the brightest point.

"What?" Manish gasped.

Emily blinked in confusion before turning downward as well. "Wha?"

The Flareon grinned wide and snickered.

Before either Manish or Emily did anything, their height decreased. Their clothes became loose, with

Manish's jeans slipping off his waist. He grabbed onto it, trying to keep it close. The Flareon also grew closer to them, or rather, they shrank closer to him. Their eyes widened in shock and surprise. They slipped off from their backpacks when they became too heavy to carry.

Manish's fingers shrank down, with his thumb shifting back. Yellow fur sprouted on each tip, which spread down to his hands. Paw pads, pink in color, formed and thickened on his palms. A similar thing happened to Emily, though the fur growing on her stubby fingers was purple instead. She flexed her forming paws, speechless.

At the same time, their socks fell off from their shrinking feet. Manish stepped out of one of them, only to be greeted by yellow fur on his shrinking feet. His feet stretched out, and his ankles adjusted until he could only stand on his toes. Pink paw pads also formed underneath his paws, with his toes fusing into three.

"M-Manish!" Emily said. Her jeans slipped off from her waist. Purple fur spread up her changing legs. The thighs became wider on the side while slimmer on the front. A crack on her back forced her to bend forward. She tried to bend it upward, only to find it impossible. "I-I can't stand upright!"

Manish felt his spine cracked, forcing him to stand on all fours. The yellow fur spread up his body, reaching his hips and shoulders. The shirt slipped off, leaving him naked in front of his lady. He blushed hard, which turned deeper when he felt a tugging feeling on his rear. His spine stretched with new bones, skin, nerves, and muscles. Thick, bushy yellow fur grew on his new tail, ending with cream on its tip.

Emily twisted back to her new tail, which was purple with a creamy tip. The tail tip's pattern was wavy instead of scraggy like Manish's. The fur went over her shrinking torso and back. Around her neck grew a thick, cream-colored furry collar like a mane. She reached up and touched it with her front-right paw. It felt so soft and silk-like.

Manish winced, pressing on his mane while being too worried to note how soft it felt. His face shifted with a slight muzzle forming. His teeth grew sharper, though no larger than before. His nose shrank until it became a black dot on his face. Yellow fur covered his face, and his hair-fur turned yellow as well.

Emily winced, her eyes becoming solid blue with white pupils like Manish's green. Her ears also stretched out on her head, growing longer by the second. It only stopped when they grew as tall as her head, forming a slight

triangular shape. Dark brown covered her ears in the inner while purple covered the outer.

Manish and Emily faced each other, having turned into a pair of Eevee.

"W-what?" Emily gasped out. She exited her clothes and spun in confusion. "H-how did this happen?!"

"NEE-heheheheheeee!!"

Manish and Emily flinched and turned to the voice's origin. They expected to spot that Flareon, only to encounter another Eevee instead. He still had the same bright orange fur, with the mane and tail tip an orange-yellow shade. His hat and scarf shrank to still fit him. A turf of fur stuck out from his cap.

A white square spiral on its edge lay on his forehead.

"Ah, yeah! You two fell for my trick!" The orange Eevee laughed some more.

"Trick!?" Emily huffed out, with her standing up and growling at the orange Eevee. "You think changing us into a pair of Eevee is a trick!?"

"Yes!" The orange Eevee snickered and grinned. "After all, that's what my kind do."

"Your kind?" Manish blinked. He felt so many questions flowing in his head, so he asked them all. "Who are you? Why did you do this? How did you change us? What are you, really?"

"NEE-heheheheheeee! You're a thinker, ain't you?" The orange Eevee swayed his tail in a taunting way. "First off, I'm Iso! I'm a Boo! I would show you my true form, buuuut," he winked at them, "doing so will undo your change too soon."

"Boo?" Emily tilted her head. "Is that a new type of Pokémon, or are you just pranking us again?"

"Neither! I'm what you may call a ghost. Not a ghost Pokémon, but a ghost, period! One that likes to go on adventure and transform others!" Iso snickered. "Now, I would stay and chat some more, buuuut I have more stuff to do. Take care, you two! Also, don't worry! My changes will only last an hour or so!"

"Hey, wait!" Emily shouted. She extended her front-right paw forward.

Iso ran off into the forest faster than either Manish or Emily expected.

Manish sat there with his solid green eyes wide. He felt at a loss about what to do. He doubted they could carry

their belongings in their current form. If this Iso told the truth, they could not return to their hiking and picnic once they returned to normal. What would he say to her father? That something that looked like a Pokémon somehow changed them into Eevee?

If anything, Manish would get grilled.

He turned to Emily, only to blink.

She left Manish a second to prepare for her pounce.

"Ack, hey!" Manish flopped on his back, with Emily on top. To his surprise, she had a mischievous expression on her face. "Um, dear? What are you doing?"

"Having fun!" Emily giggled and rolled off from Manish. "Ah, sweetheart. I can hear what you're thinking. And you know what? We should enjoy ourselves as Eevee."

Manish blinked twice. "Um, are you sure? Suppose a couple of trainers found us? Wouldn't they try to catch us?"

"They'll have to try first." Emily blinked. "Besides, you worry too much." She giggled some more. "I want to remember this moment, so hold on."

Emily dug through her clothes until she pulled out her Rotom phone. Whether it was the Rotom that recognized

her even as an Eevee or if it was put on a password, she managed to unlock it. She set it for a five-second timer before rushing to Manish's side. She pulled him close and grinned at the phone.

Manish winced, both from the tug and the phone's flash.

Emily went back to the phone and showed him the picture that was taken.

It displayed the two as a yellow Eevee and a purple Eevee.

"There we go!" Emily set her Rotom phone back into her clothes pocket. "No, shall we travel this forest? We never went this deep."

Manish hesitated, wondering if this was a wise thing to do. He never enjoyed going off from the beaten road since that risked getting lost. They could forget where they left their stuff, or another wild Pokémon (a real one) might steal it. Several things could go wrong.

Then again, that was what it meant to live: taking risks and accepting them when things go wrong.

And things already went wrong.

Manish grinned. "You're on!"

Emily nodded, running into the forest with Manish following.

#

Iso watched the two former humans, now Eevee, go into the forest with a wide grin.

“Ah, I love it when my victims enjoy themselves.”

A Foxgamer01 Story

The End

About Author

Standing over six feet tall, Foxgamer01 is a writer born in Arizona and currently living in Arkansas. Though he initially wanted to be in the gaming industry, he did not realize until later, after years of playing with random toys and imagining adventures with them, of his gift of being a writer. Even then, it took some computer classes with a dry professor in college that solidified his change in becoming a writer.

Foxgamer01 has been writing, at first through notebooks and later through laptops, since 2009. There was a dry spot between 2013 and 2018, thanks to distractions and work, but he has been writing consistently since. He had written over a hundred short stories and six 'books,' including one collab story.

Foxgamer01 would like to thank fellow friends and writers Greyhound1211, SnekKnack AKA Nick, Tails230, and Kinshou-fox AKA The-Writing-Dragon AKA Huggles. They have been the biggest inspiration for getting him to write. Though Foxgamer01 carried a lot of regret over the years, he would never regret the days he founded their writings, which triggered his desire to write his stories.

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/foxgamer01/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~foxgamer01>

<https://furrynetwork.com/foxgamer01/>

I have a lot of great content there that I think you'll love.

Also, if you're interested in supporting me and my writing, please consider visiting my Ko-Fi and Patreon accounts at:

<https://ko-fi.com/foxgamer01>

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Every little bit helps me to keep creating and sharing my stories with the world.

Lastly, if you have any questions or comments, please don't hesitate to contact me at:

foxgamer01@hotmail.com

I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!