

# Digi-Devolve (MtF, FtF, AR)

"Are you seriously still watching that crap?"

The sudden teasing voice behind him caused Mark to glance up from the laptop screen, and he saw his friend standing in the doorway. Chelsea shook her head and smiled as she walked into the room, seemingly having walked into his apartment without him noticing it.

"I thought you'd outgrown that kid's show," Chelsea said with an amused tone, her dog Dexter eagerly running up to greet the guy sitting at this laptop.

"Hey, you're early," Mark said, petting the golden retriever a bit before the blonde girl reeled him in. "Thought you wouldn't be here for another hour."

"Yeah, well, my spin class got canceled, and I didn't want to just sit at home doing nothing," she explained, taking a seat next to him and giving her dog a quick scratch behind its ears.

The old dalmatian lying on the floor near mark opened its eyes, having either not heard Chelsea walking into the apartment or cared about it. It wasn't the first time the two canines had met, and Dexter was quick with walking up to Orea as their tails began to wag happily.

Chelsea gave Mark's canine friend a quick rub on its head, causing the lazy dog to wag its tail a bit extra as it got up and stretched before meeting the far more youthful Dexter.

"So, are you ready to study?" Chelsea asked, taking the leash off her dog and letting it wander around the living room.

"Yeah, sure, just let me finish this episode first," Mark said, causing Chelsea to roll her eyes.

"Ugh, seriously? You've seen that show a million times already. Can't you watch it after I leave? You do know that the exam is this Friday, right?"

"Yeah, I know. But I don't want to stop watching in the middle of an episode."

"God, you're impossible," she said, shaking her head. "Why are you even so obsessed about the show?"

"I don't know," Mark said with a shrug. "I think it's good, and I like the nostalgia."

"Alright," Chelsea said, giving the lazy dalmatian's head another scratch. "I still think it's weird that someone in their twenties is still watching Pokemon this obsessively."

"It's Digimon," Mark said, almost sounding offended. "Not Pokemon."

"Yeah, like there's a difference," Chelsea said mockingly.

"Yeah, it is. The shows are completely different!"

"I don't know. Japanese show about kids running around being friends with cutesy monsters in another world? Seems the same to me."

"Yeah, well," Mark huffed, sounding a bit annoyed. "It's different."

"Yeah, I guess your right," Chelsea said teasingly. "The monster in this one can actually talk."

"Look, it's okay if you don't like this stuff as I do, but you don't have to be a dick about it," Mark huffed. "I wish you'd understand."

"And I wish you'd listen to me for once," Chelsea said, sighing heavily. "Because I mentioned the exam is this Friday, right?"

"Yeah, yeah," Mark groaned, finally deciding to pause the episode so they could start studying. "I heard you the first time. Fine, let's get "

However, as soon as his finger touched his laptop, he felt a jolt pass up and through his arm. He winced, groaning from the sudden shock, and pulled his hand away.

"Fuck," he muttered, staring at his computer. "What was that?"

"What was what?" Chelsea wondered, having been distracted with petting her dog when it happened.

"I don't know," Mark muttered, quickly noticing that the screen was frozen. "I think my laptop shocked me."

Mark tried to unpause the video, but nothing happened. He tried clicking and hammering his fingers against the keyboard, but nothing happened. Well, except that he got another shock a few moments later.

"Shit!" he huffed, pulling his hand away.

"Did you get a virus or something?" Chelsea said, leaning over to give it a closer look. She tried turning it off, but it only ended with her getting shocked. "Crap! What a piece of shit."

"Come on! It's brand-new," Mark groaned, trying to get it to respond. "I can't afford to buy another one now."

Dexter had been barking a bit during all of this, and even Oreo stared at the two in annoyance. Mark tried to get it to unfreeze and respond, but it only ended with him getting more and more shocks.

It didn't take long before the entire screen went white, causing the guy to groan in anger. Chelsea stayed quiet, feeling like she would only make it worse with her snarky comments and snide remarks.

"Great, just my luck," Mark groaned, trying one last time to get the damn thing to work. To his surprise, the screen flickered, and the episode started up again. "Huh."

"Did you get it to work?" Chelsea asked as Mark tried to press pause or move the mouse. However, nothing seemed to work.

"No, I think it's still broken," he said, sighing. "I guess I'll just hav-"

Mark's sentence got cut short when another flash of light erupted from the screen, blinding them both. It made them groan and gasp, rubbing their eyes as they tried to see again. An intense tingling sensation passed through their bodies, cascading up and down their spine. It touched every part of their bodies, giving them both goosebumps.

It took a few moments for their vision to clear up, and when it did, they could see that the episode was frozen again. The screen flickered oddly, frozen on a scene with a couple of characters on it.

"What the hell was that?" Mark said, rubbing his eyes.

"No idea," Chelsea muttered. "But I'd be surprised if that piece of shit still worked after that. You really got to get that fixed."

Mark turned around and glanced at Chelsea, his eyes widening a bit as he noticed that something looked off about her. The blonde girl's hair usually reached her waist, framing her face and cascading down over her athletic frame. It looked much shorter right now, not even flowing down to her waist, and he could almost see how it was shrinking with each passing moment.

At the same time, Mark's short blonde hair was growing instead. The locks had thickened up slightly as they began to trickle down the side of his face and neck, growing steadily longer. Neither one could believe their eyes, staring at each other in shock.

"Your hair!" They both exclaimed, quickly realizing that it wasn't just their friend that went through this freaky ordeal.

"What the hell?" Mark said, grabbing a handful of his locks as they grew from his head, trailing down his face until reaching his chest.

The color began to shift, taking on a darker hue until it was light brown. It framed his face, the strands thickening up nicely until it was straight and somewhat luscious.

However, unlike him, Chelsea's hair shrank down quite a bit. The mane she was so proud of got shorter and shorter, stopping when it reached down to her neck. It changed color as well, becoming an orangey-brown hue.

"How is this even possible?" Chelsea said in a panicked voice as she ran a hand through her shorter mane.

"I have no idea," Mark said, his throat itching as he talked. "B-But maybe it's stopped?"

Each word that left Mark's mouth was softer than the last, his voice cracking and rising in pitch at an alarming pace. He rubbed his sore throat, feeling how his Adam's apple was rapidly vanishing. Then, with a soft crack, it disappeared altogether, and he could hear how tender and effeminate his grunts and groans sounded.

"Oh god," he said in his girly voice, causing Chelsea to stare at him in shock.

"Holy shit," she said, her throat itching as well. "You sound like a girl!"

They could hear Chelsea's voice had changed as she talked, even if it remained girly. It sounded oddly familiar, and he couldn't help but feel like he'd heard it before. He could also swear that he recognized his own girly voice.

Neither of them had an opportunity to admire their new voices or hair before another flash came from the computer. It blinded them again, but not as much as the first one. Dexter and Oreo were freaking out as well, both loudly barking as they didn't understand what was happening.

After the flash, they both felt an intense tingling sensation going through their bodies. It cascaded through their bodies, up and down their spine, and increased in intensity each time.

"I-I don't like this," Chelsea groaned, unaware of how her skin and body had gotten more youthful since this started.

"There has to be a reasonable explanation for all of this," Mark said, trying to rationalize what was happening.

They had no idea that their bodies were getting younger, losing year after year with each passing moment. They were both in their early twenties but were already rapidly approaching their teens, losing some of the maturity they had gotten in recent years. It was most noticeable on Mark since his body changed in more ways than Chelsea's.

The guy's skin was softer than before, and his unshaven face was getting smoother and more hairless with each passing moment. The hair on his arms, chest, and legs all disappeared, leaving his skin more delicate than ever. He didn't even seem to notice it, not even when his clothes were caressing his softer frame and sending tingles of joy down his spine.

In the end, Chelsea was the one that realized what was happening to them in these last few moments.

"Oh no," she muttered, putting her hands on the side of her head.

"What is it?" Mark said, causing him to shudder when he heard the girly voice that left his lips yet again.

"The calculus class we took last semester," she said, giving him a shocked look. "Do you remember anything from it?"

Mark certainly did. It was one of the worst classes he'd taken that semester, and he had spent more than one night studying like crazy to make it through it. It had been insane!

Yet, as Chelsea made him think back to it, he realized he didn't remember a thing. He remembered studying for it and what a pain in the ass it had been, but nothing else. Mark couldn't remember a thing about integrals, derivatives, or anything else he'd painstakingly forced to learn during that class.

When Mark realized it, his face went pale with shock, and he could feel his entire body shuddering.

"Oh god," he muttered. "I can't remember a thing!"

"Neither can I," Chelsea replied, rubbing her fingers against her temples. "It's all gone!"

Mark soon realized that more and more things he'd learned at college were disappearing from his mind. It felt like his brain got drained of knowledge, sucked right out by some unknown force. Whatever was causing this, it wasn't just changing their bodies.

Finally, it was at this point that Mark noticed something odd with Chelsea that made his eyes widen with shock.

"Chelsea, you look..." he said, unsure what word to use. "Different. Well, you look almost younger."

Chelsea grabbed a small makeup mirror from her bag, pulling it up to stare at her reflection. She saw it as well, and she agreed. She did look younger.

It was hard to see that much of a difference, but she looked like she did when she was nineteen. Even her eyes had shifted, her green eyes taking on a maroon hue. Chelsea stared in

awe at her younger face before glancing back at Mark, soon noticing that he also looked younger. But, more importantly, he didn't even look like a man anymore.

Mark's face had softened immensely, with his masculine features fading rapidly. His bushy eyebrows were thinner than before, and his nose had shrunk down to a dainty and effeminate size. His cheeks were more pronounced, his chin thinner, and his neck slimmer. It was hard to see him as a guy at this point, especially with how large and expressive his eyes had become. His iris changed from steely blue to a light brown, matching his hair much better now.

"Mark, your face..." Chelsea said, handing him the makeup mirror. Mark panicked and grabbed it, feeling his hair swaying as he did.

The man stared into the small mirror that Chelsea had handed him, unable to comprehend that the cute face that stared back was his own. He blinked and turned his head, watching as the girl in the reflection did the same. It was eerie, and it made his heart skip a beat. Yet, once again, he couldn't help but feel like the face looked familiar.

"What the hell..." he muttered before another flash blinded them both.

It engulfed them all, causing their bodies to tingle even more again. They could feel how more knowledge got drained from their heads, causing them to forget everything they learned in college. Even worse, they had already begun to forget things from high school.

"Crap!" Chelsea said, rubbing her eyes.

"It just keeps getting worse," Mark said with a groan.

"I really don't like this!"

"I just want it to stop!"

Suddenly, Mark and Chelsea's hearts skipped a beat when they heard two more voices in the room. They scanned around, soon spotting their pets staring at them nervously. Their pets stared back at their owners, their eyes gleaming with intelligence that hadn't been there before.

"Wait, Dexter?" Chelsea asked, unaware that she was getting shorter as time went on.

"I don't know what's going on!" The dog suddenly said in an oddly effeminate voice, the canine running around the room as he panicked.

"Make it stop," Oreo said, both animals not fully comprehending that they could talk like a person and that their owners could understand them as their minds and bodies changed.

Dexter's golden blonde coat had shifted to a more pinkish hue, and Chelsea could almost see a few feathers sticking out from his fur. She could even see how his figure had deformed a bit, causing him to put more weight on his back legs.

The old dalmatian had begun to change as well. Oreo's black-and-white spotted coat was taking on a green hue, and the fur seemed to shrink back into his body. His tail began to pull back into his body, and his limbs seemed to thicken as he changed. Even his eyes were different, now a greenish color that had overtaken them entirely.

Chelsea and Mark stood silent as they stared at their pets, unable to comprehend that they were talking to them before an intense tingle passed through their bodies.

They suddenly shrank in size, becoming not only younger but slimmer as well. Chelsea's athletic figure was thinning, her muscles disappearing and her body taking on a more youthful shape. Even her proud breasts had started to shrink in size, causing the cups on her bra to become increasingly emptier. Her clothes looked a tad bit too big for her, her jeans no longer hugging her hips as tightly and her top now looking a bit breezy over her torso.

However, it was nothing compared to how much Mark had shrunk. He hadn't just lost pounds in muscle mass and fat but more than a few inches in height. His own jeans barely clung to his slimmer waist and figure, causing him to hold them up using one hand, and his shirt hung loosely over his thinning torso. His entire masculine figure was wasting away, becoming thinner and more feminine with each passing moment. Even Marks' manly pride had shrunk to a minuscule size, now barely a nub between his legs.

They were both pushing down into their teens, going from their early twenties and becoming barely fifteen years old. As they got younger, they felt how everything they learned during high school was vanishing, making their minds match their bodies more and more.

On top of that, their memories were being affected as well. Neither one remembered going to college anymore, and their memories of their families and friends were becoming hazy at best. It was hard to notice it as it happened so gradually, and they had more important things on their minds. For example, their changing bodies and their pets transforming alongside them.

"This is insane!" Mark said, watching as his dog lost his fur and took on a green hue. To make matters worse, Oreo suddenly pushed himself upright as his legs got thicker and more stump-like. "What the fuck?!"

Suddenly, the gears inside Mark's head began to turn. He glanced back at Chelsea and Dexter, watching as the girl shrank and the dog transformed. Already, the canine was walking on two legs, his fur pink and gradually turning to feathers, and his hindlegs becoming birdlike talons.

He then glanced at his dog again, watching as the dalmatian looked greener and more naked than ever. His muzzle had pulled back into its face, and thick petals had begun to sprout from his scalp.

Mark then glanced at the screen, his eyes wide at the frozen scene with Mimi and Sora along with their Digimons.

"Oh god, I think we ar-" Mark said, his voice cut short as another flash engulfed them.

They were all blinded, all four gasping and shouting as it happened. Mark and Chelsea could both feel their bodies shrinking again, causing their clothes to hang heavily over their younger and smaller frames. Their pants dropped to their ankles as they became too big, their shirts acting like dresses over their regressing bodies.

During this moment, Mark didn't even notice that **she** wasn't even a man anymore. They pushed down in age, soon shifting from their teens towards a more prepubescent state. Chelsea's athletic and womanly figure was gone, her chest as flat as it was before she went through her puberty. Their heads tingled and itched as they lost everything they learned in school, and they slowly but surely forgot more and more of their old lives.

Mark opened his eyes first, soon noticing that he didn't see Chelsea standing before him. Instead, he saw Sora wearing her friend's too-large clothes over her young frame. At the same time, Chelsea only saw Mimi standing and staring at her.

They both glanced at their pets, quickly noticing that they looked nothing like they did before the transformation started. Dexter was no longer a dog, now looking more like a pink-and-blue feathered bird with bright blue eyes that sparkled with intelligence. Oreo no longer looked like himself either, the older canine now looking like a weird green walking-and-talking plant with bright green eyes and a pink-and-yellow flower on its head.

At this point, it was almost over. Mark could see them shrinking a bit, becoming closer and closer to the age Mimi and Sora were in the original series. The former man's heart fluttered as she realized what this meant and as she noticed how her memories and mind were already changing. Soon, he'd be a ten-year-old girl, and her friend would be a mere eleven.

"I-It's almost over," Mark said as he glanced down at his dainty hands, slowly but surely realizing that he was becoming Mimi in both mind and body.

"What's almost over, Mimi?" Sora asked, giving her friend an odd glance. Mark stared back at her, quickly noticing how her mannerism and the look in her eyes had changed. "Where are we?"

"Sora..." Mark said, not realizing that she used the wrong name for her friend.

Finally, one last flash of light engulfed them, and they were gone. The room was empty, leaving nothing behind except their old clothes and Dexter's old collar.

Mark and Sora fell through the digital vortex, swirling lights surrounding them as they flew downward. Their former pets followed, their minds already shifted to match Biyomon and Palmon perfectly. As the friends fell through the void, they could feel how the light engulfed them and turned to matter. Soft fabric embraced them, covering their naked bodies in familiar outfits.

Sora soon wore her signature outfit, with the yellow sleeveless top, blue pants, sneakers, and red gloves. Even a familiar hat appeared on her head, causing a tuft of her short hair to

stick out the front of it. She screamed as they fell, mostly scared as she had no idea what was happening to her, Mimi, or their Digimons.

Mark found herself slipping into her new role as a red dress formed around her body, covering her frame in an outfit that was both new and familiar at the same time. Her hair pulled back into a ponytail, leaving two strands of it to frame her face. Brown gloves appeared on her hands, and her dainty feet soon wore a pair of boots.

By the time they both emerged on the other side of the portal, landing softly in some bushes, they both wore their signature outfits. Palmon and Biyomon landed near them, causing all four to groan as they were back in the digital world.

"What happened?" Sora asked, rubbing her head and brushing off some leaves. "You okay, Biyomon?"

"She sure is," Biyomon said, walking up to the girl.

"Mimi, you okay?" Sora said as she stood up, glancing down at her friend. She saw that her friend was still lying in the bush and staring into the sky, her eyes looking glazed and unfocused.

Mimi could feel something was off, but she couldn't put her finger on what it was. She lay there, staring up as the portal above them closed, and wondered what had just happened. She remembered falling through the portal, but before that? Nothing. She had no idea what had happened or how they had ended up going through it.

The brown-haired girl watched as her hat came out from the portal before it closed, gently falling through the air down towards her. The pink cowgirl hat landed on her face, causing her to snap out of her daze and push the weird thoughts aside.

"Mimi?" Sora asked again, causing the girl to hear her friend.

"Oh, uh, yeah!" Mimi said, sitting up and putting her pink hat on her head. "I'm okay!"

"Good! Do you know what happened? The last thing I remembered was falling through the portal," Sora said, scratching her head.

"No, I can't remember anything," Mimi said, brushing some leaves off her dress as she stood up.

"Anyway, we got to find Tai and the others. Come on, let's go!" Sora said, sprinting off with Biyomon close behind her.

"Hey, Sora! Wait up!" Mimi said as she and Palmon tried to catch up to her friend.

Neither of them could remember what had happened back there, not even when they met up with Tai and the rest of the group. Then again, it didn't matter to the two girls. They were happy to have found their friends again, and they continued their adventure blissfully unaware of their former lives.

