

STAYCARE DELIGHTS

CH2: FAMILY BUN

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The free Pokémon Daycare initiative was, of course, one that was worldwide. Such was part of the plans of those that had launched it, so that the lines between ‘human’ and ‘Pokémon’ could be blurred and new, strong monsters could be bred for what could be seen as a hostile takeover. But this information was *not* public, and anyone who was sent to investigate? They were never seen again along with the many others who had disappeared.

And that was only in regions that had caught on to the disappearances. In some locations? These free Daycares were newer and the associated mysteries had yet to become apparent. And one of these regions was the Johto region – or at least the more rural towns where testing hadn’t been launched earlier.

“Heya! I’ve got this newly hatched Miltank with me, and I thought it might be a good chance to try out your services seeing as you just opened and all!” The bubbly voice of a pink-haired young woman sounded at the front desk of the new Daycare Center on the outskirts of Goldenrod City within Johto. Anyone who even so much as *breathed* in this part of the region would have known who she was.

She was the local Gym Leader, Whitney. A fanatic of the little monsters and an expert when it came to the Normal typing, she was beyond popular with the locals and one of the challenges that an aspiring Champion would have to overcome. So yeah, she was kind of a big deal! Not that she had expected any special treatment from this establishment, not when they were already offering their services for free.



Of all things, she hadn't expected to receive a tour for free! Apparently this new location was much higher tech than anything that already been established in Johto so she *had* been a little bit curious. But she didn't know that this was how they captured *all* of their victims. The tour was little more than the piece of cheese on the mouse trap, realistically. The unfortunate thing was that the young woman had none of the context required for her to realize this, and the next she knew?

“H-HEY!?”

Whitney found herself in a cold, metal room with seemingly no windows (*at least not double sided ones*), the door shut behind her by the guide who had led her there in the first place. No amount of banging on the door prompted the woman on the other side to open it, and she couldn't exactly see another way out. Rather, the only thing *in* the square room was a strange pedestal in the center. It was the same color and material as the walls, floor, and ceiling.

...Except the top of the pedestal had begun to shine a brown light. **“What...?”** That was strange enough on its own, but her body began to tingle and lock up. Was the light doing it!? **“H-HEY! Let me out of here!”** Though it was getting harder for her to even yell. She wouldn't be robbed of her ability to speak completely, but shouting? *No*. It would have been a problem if anyone outside heard anyone within shouting, even with the room having been soundproofed.

“I can't really... move!?” The realization hit her as arms soon hung limply from her sides. For a time she worried that she might fall over, and yet her feet remained grounded, nonetheless. Her destiny was not one that entailed being on all fours. But that didn't mean it didn't entail *other* shocking changes. The first of which settled into place rather quickly.

The first of many was actually arguably one of the most dramatic, and the Gym Leader noticed that it was happening basically *immediately*. **“Huh!? What's going on? Why does the room look... bigger?”** She had to blink several times to make sure that she wasn't seeing things, but it turned out that she *wasn't*. But it wasn't exactly a case of the room getting bigger so much as it was Whitney getting *smaller*.

Dramatically so, as well. She stood tall at 5'3" and, as a young adult, was essentially fully grown by this point in her life. But whether it was her torso, her limbs, or even the size of her *head* – size peeled off from her at an alarming rate. It didn't take long for her jean shorts to fall from her hips along with her underwear, nor for socks to peel off and her shoes to feel overly large. She fell not only beneath the five foot mark, but below the *four foot* mark as well, her button up shirt only lifted an inch off the ground and covered basically her entire body.

“Wh-What!?” She was just as small as a child if not smaller, but she still had the proportions from when she was taller. It was more like she was just a smaller version of herself, almost like a toy or a doll... at *first*. But Whitney's posture began to shift and it appeared that she was shrinking even further. All thanks to some changes that were happening to her legs that cast light on her future humanity.

Although before *that* was addressed, something that needed to be noted was just how *itchy* the woman's skin felt. It had began in patches, and of course she was wholly unable to actually scratch much less properly observe what the cause of the itchiness *was*, but across most of her body a thin, brown fur had begun to sprout. Around her face, her neck, her arms and her upper legs. While a tanner fur sprouted around her wrists and below her knees.

Perhaps just as troubling, the pink hair atop her head had begun to fall out, exposing additional brown fur that had grown beneath it.

“I'm...! I... *Lop!*? I feel so *punny!*” Her handle on the human language, or at least her ability to *spea*k it, was slipping just as quickly as she was getting fluffy. Her thighs thickened and took on more oval shapes that seemed to blend in with her hips, though they were thicker forward than horizontally. Yet beneath her knees, where the tan fur grew? Her lower legs *shortened*, diminishing her height down to 3'3" in the process. Were she able to lift a leg, doing so would have completely removed her foot from her shoes *and* her socks, because toes had regressed into her heels and now only existed as a pair of soft nubs with paw beads on their soles.

Whitney still had no control over her body, yet it became increasingly twitchy as her humanoid shape was gradually tainted. Her torso thinned into an arched curve that could be grasped around fully with a human's hands, and her breasts flattened away into the new soft fur that clad it. While above a butt that was now featureless, merely a piece of her torso otherwise, a fluffy, round brown tail appeared.

She could tell that she wasn't exactly *human* anymore. She felt *wrong*, and that applied to her mind as well. **“*Punny... I'm not a Lopunny!*”**

Lop!? **Lop!**” The Gym Leader felt skittish and cautious, her mind subtly bowing more to what could best be defined as ‘instinct’ rather than common sense. Tufts of tanned fur emerged around her hands, and with only brown fingers sticking out of these tufts? It was difficult to see that she had lost her pinkies and her thumbs on either hand.

She wobbled slightly as her neck thinner, and the shape of Whitney’s head changed next. Her fuzzy face pushed forward into a rounded snout while her front teeth took on more obvious bucktooth shaped within her mouth. Her nose grew wet and turned pink, merely a triangle at the tip of her new snout – though her sense of smell increased incredibly.

“**Lop!?**” No longer could she speak in the human tongue, and only the cries of a Pokémon escaped thin, black lips while her brows grew *exponentially* out from atop eyes that had not only turned pink in terms of her irises, but now had acquired black sclera. Those brows were the same tan as the fluff of her paws, and they were about six inches long each. A length that was only rivaled by...

Her ears.

The last thing to change upon Whitney’s form were her ears. Coated with brown fur on the exterior, pink fur in the interior, they had moved to the top of her head and had lengthened several inches upward. Yet they flopped over away from her body moments later, length growing more significant while fanning out into wider widths as well. As they flopped past the woman’s face, the color of fur turned to a familiar tan that grew exceptionally fluffy near its wide tips. They were so big that her posture leaned forward from their weight. And boy could these bunny ears *hear*. It was enough to startle her, honestly.

“**L-L-Lopunny!?** **Punny...**” All of Whitney’s original bravery had all but evaporating, and newfound caution guided what almost seemed like an anxious approach to her situation and surroundings. But that was to be expected, because that was at the core of a *Lopunny*’s nature. They were extremely cautious Pokémon that could defend themselves if need be, and although they weren’t native to Johto, being a Normal-type expert meant that Whitney was familiar enough with them.



Familiar enough to realize she had *become* one.

But a realization struck her. She could fidget around now because the light had faded, so she could move? And while her body was small, cute, and fluffy? Lopunny were known for the power of their kicks. If she hadn't been able to open the door as a human, perhaps now she could... "**Lopuuuuunny!**" The bunny hardly even hesitated, now running at the door with the intention of crashing through the door with a mighty kick.

...Only to fall to one knee as the light whirred to life behind her again. No! She had been so close! She had to get out and get help, because she feared if she remained this way much longer she would lose herself! Or at least what mentally made herself 'human' still. But, movement still limited, the sound of a Pokéball being thrown behind her forced the Lopunny to turn her head.

To find a Kadabra looking at her. A *male* Kadabra. She wasn't sure how she could tell by scent alone. But she could. And it stirred a desire within her that she had wanted to repress. One that was both carnal and instinctual. The instinctive desire to *mate*. "**Lopunny...**" It was something that her human ego would *not* survive.