

The drink tasted.. strange? Not bad, just strange. Alice had gotten plenty of weird drinks since she started her vacation in Alola but this one just tasted.. green?

“Why am I still drinking this? It isn't even that.. good, I.. I've had.. way better drinks-”

Alice caught herself staring. The little yellow face with the pointed ears and the big nose seemed familiar, so did the object it was dangling on a string while she felt herself relax. Her head went blank inside, and then the taste of that sickly-sweet green drink made her snap out of it again. Another mouthful. Alice tried to set the drink down but then she caught herself making eye contact with a little yellow pokemon with pointed ears and a big nose and.. that.. felt familiar, and-

An empty glass, a tall one dripping green down its sides, sat in front of Alice as she stood and gripped the bar, her stomach twisting and making strange sounds. She felt bloated, her insides were creaking and moving, her fingers felt thick and clumsy and her back itched – especially right in the center of it. She looked around, fear growing inside her, trying to think of what to do – what could have gone wrong – wondering why nobody else seemed to be noticing. Alice's eyes locked with a strange little yellow pokemon, pointed ears, swinging something back and forth.. back and-

Dropping to all fours was another shock to the system. Alice let out a surprised squeak as she looked at her hands and saw blue-green skin, scales growing in, and thick claws instead of fingernails at the end of increasingly clumsy, stubby looking limbs. She tried to stand, only to collapse right back down as her body refused to bend the way she thought it should, and weirder still she felt *something* flop loose between her legs. A heavy, hot piece of flesh that immediately made them shudder through an increasingly squat, flabby body.

“S-something's.. s-so wrong, ple-eeass.. s..aur? Please h- e..enus.. aur? V.. Ve-?!”

Backing away on all fours, feeling their body swell more with every step until their belly was dragging on the ground and their thighs were pressing together and pinning a newly grown cock between them so that every step they took rubbed and squeezed and drove them closer to a fit of pleased madness, the newly changing pokemon tried to shake off what felt like some kind of mad dream – only to find themselves looking right into the eyes of the Hypno across the bar from them and his little swinging coin.

“V...veee.. V-Venusaur..?! V..vee..”

Something on Alice's back moved. It grew, split, spread – they saw a thick, heavy leaf lay itself down over their forehead and felt the blossom on their back. Too late did they think to look away

from the Hypno. It was too much of a relief to have someone looking – noticing them – approaching when they so desperately needed help. The Venusaur's fat body couldn't even turn fast enough to try and escape before the Hypno had them entranced again. Their eyes followed where the Hypno wanted, being brought up around until they were staring straight into the eyes of the psychic. The panicked mind of Alice felt the Hypno push inward, felt themselves crumbling under that pressure, and could hear the Hypno's thoughts where their own used to be.

*Good. **Good** little pet. Time to go – you will make a **very fine** breeding stud. That is what you wanted, is it not? A bit of time without worry and responsibility?*

Confusion reigned in the Venusaur's mind. They felt the presence in their mind tugging, urging them to follow, and their body started to obey. It wasn't as if the Hypno was wrong, was it? Sluggish as the Venusaur's thoughts were that part still felt real – it felt right. Even if everything else felt dreamlike and wrong, like how their body kept quivering and jiggling with every step, and how they *desperately* wanted to sink that new cock between their legs into a mate-

Well, rest easy... Branch? Yes.. let's call you Branch from now on, I think~ The only worries you have to contend with for the rest of your life are growing fatter and keeping your brood fertilized. Isn't that nice?

A body-wide shiver ran through the Venusaur. It did – it sounded *wonderful*, even if the voice in their head wasn't their own. It ought to have been the voice of.. someone else? There'd been a name for them, but the sluggish and *monstrously* horny Venusaur couldn't for the life of them remember that name anymore. Branch though, Branch was delighted to follow his new Master.