

# STAYCARE

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



*Admittedly, Marnie had never used the Pokémon Daycare before.*

She knew of the two: both the one on Route 5 and one within the Wild Area, but she was typically the type of trainer to raise her Pokémon herself. This was even truer now that she was going to be the next Gym Leader of her hometown, Spikemuth, following in the footsteps of her brother while still aspiring to be Galar's Champion.

It just felt a little impersonal? If you were going to be working for an exceptionally long time with your partner Pokémon, then it didn't make much sense to let someone else take care of them, right? She couldn't fathom Morpeko and herself being as close as they were if Morpeko had gained levels just hanging out in someone's facility rather than being at her side the entire time.

But she also knew that Gloria was a fairly frequent user of these daycares. Marnie trusted her, the current Champion, just as much as she did her own partner, and that fondness was perhaps a little more intimate than the teen had truly realized herself with her social ineptitude. Gloria was a stronger trainer than herself, so... Perhaps they weren't all that bad?

**“Mm... I'd like t'leave this one.”** Placing down a single Dusk Ball on the counter, because Marnie habitually caught all of her Pokémon in Dusk Balls, she exchanged a glance between the woman behind the counter and the ball she was putting down.

Truthfully, she was only trying out the Wild Area Daycare Center because she'd noticed a poster on the front door while biking by. Fifty

percent off for first timers? Well, if it was just a matter of simply trying, she figured she might be able to leave her freshly caught Impadimp there for a day or two. She'd also been eyeing it due to a new feature they'd apparently added. **"I'd like t'take the tour, too."**

Had confidence in the daycare system been dwindling as of late for some reason? She couldn't imagine why else they'd tout daycare tours as an exciting, new feature? But nonetheless, the lady behind the counter took her Pokémon from the counter and asked the Gym Leader to leave the rest in a nearby box before leading her into a side hallway. It all looked fairly standard – a small, country cottage with housing for the staff and storage rooms for whatever food and medicine Pokémon might need.

It wasn't until she was led into a room that wasn't quite like the others that she arched a narrow eyebrow. **"Huh? What's this place used for?"** The rest of the building had been crafted in sanded wood, but this one? Walls, ceiling, floor; it was all done up in white tiling, with only white doors and no windows to speak of. But before the staff member even answered, she had slipped through the next exit, and Marnie could hear the two doors lock. **"Erm...?"**

Wait, wasn't this bad? People didn't just lock kids in rooms, normally.

Likewise, there was a short, white pillar in the room's center that Marnie barely stood taller than. It had been fairly inconspicuous at first, but not long after the doors locked? It began to emit a pale blue light throughout the room. No... It wasn't just a simple light. She could feel it reverberating throughout her very *heart* and *soul*.

**"Marnie!?"** Strange as it felt, and confused about her circumstances as she was, the girl had thought to let loose a cry of confusion. But what came out instead was the Gym Leader calling her own name. In fact, she couldn't stop. **"Marnie! Marnie? Mar!? Nie...?"** Almost as if she were a *Pokémon*. The cause? The blue light carried a special signal meant to influence the mind. It repurposed a human's brain to function more like a Pokémon's might... with the intention of the body following after. Pokémon spoke with only their names, so as long as Marnie recognized herself as such?

Spikemuth's Gym Leader had already run over to the door the daycare worker had wandered through and was banging balled-up fists against it. **"Marnie! Marnie! Marnie!"** Cry and bang as she might though, there was no answer from the other side. She'd fallen into some sort of trap, and with her own partners left in the lobby, all she had were her own... two... hands...? **"Marnie!?"**

Being forced to communicate with her name alone had been weird in itself, but her attention was promptly shifted to the hands that were banging against the door – if they could truly be called ‘hands’ any longer. Her fists had unfurled against her will, and her fingers? They were shrinking. Little by little they regressed until they fused with her palms in a rather shocking development.

Marnie had stopped banging and was now examining her fingerless hands with confusion – but it didn’t stop there. Almost as if it were all being shaved away, the circular shape of her hands eroded from the sides, pressing inward until either hand was little more than a pointed nub. A pointed, *white* nub. “**MARN!?**”

No, it wasn’t just her nubby hands that had turned white! The color had spread up her arms and across her body as a whole. And Marnie only realized this because a looseness in the fit of her jacket had provoked her to look over at her shoulder, where she could see it bare in all of its pale, white glory. What was happening!?

It didn’t take much longer before her jacket fell from her arms and onto the ground, and, in fact? Her dress soon tumbled as well. Her body was narrowing, both shoulders and hips crunching in towards her neckline while weight drained from her body, leaving her look incredulously thin. Paired with the fact that her head still retained its original size, and she almost appeared *alien*.

“**Marnere! Rene!?**” Looking down at herself as clothing fell from an increasingly unfamiliar and jarring body shape, Marnie wasn’t oblivious to it. The fact that her cries were changing, sounding less and less like her name. “**MARNEREEEEENE!?**” Yet she was hardly afforded an opportunity to process as much before her body suddenly plummeted in stature.

As she shrunk, more and more of her human features were robbed from her visage. Her breasts shrunk and flattened, nipples disappearing into a stringy, white torso just as her bellybutton had as it filled in. Her height did not compress with any consistency, and both arms and legs diminished alongside them, white skin robbed of any hair or beauty marks.

Her feet? Similar to her hands, her toes and souls were sucked into a pair of nubs that it was miraculous she could stand upon, each leg half the length of her torso – which was now quite clearly inhuman with her little stick arms, and no sexual features to speak of. Even her butt had smoothed out, and her genitals? They were masked by a whitish-gray covering.

From the neck down, she looked like a badly drawn cartoon caricature of a human. She had legs and arms, but each was pencil thin against a body that could only be three feet tall at best, wobbling without proper feet to hold her upright. “**Hatter... Hatternie?**” It took all of her power to keep herself standing overtop the pile of clothes that had once fit her perfectly.

*Literally.* Because she didn’t even realize she was now emitting some *psychic powers* that were aiding her in keeping an upright position.

Which made some sense, considering how improbably it was that a body of this size would be able to lift a head so big without help. Fortunately, her head had shrunken somewhat along with her body, but it still appeared much bigger than everything else; not at all helped by how it seemed to be rounding into a ball shape.

Without even realizing, Marnie’s lips had been erased, leaving her mouth as little more than a round orifice upon a whitish-gray face – her nose flattened until it was little more than a pair of nostrils that could hardly be seen. While all else shrank, it was actually her eyes that grew, widening into the shapes of ovals. This wasn’t without additional change, for both irises and sclera alike turned a pitch black, while her pupils suddenly whitened. Above these eyes, her brows were erased, only for a trio of pink skin in upside-down teardrop shapes to appear over either eye, as if to emulate them.

“**Marnere? Hatternie?**” She was scared now, and never in her life had she felt such an overwhelming fear. In fact, every emotion she felt seemed like it was dialed up to eleven, and she could also sense a menace directed at her from behind the door that made her both scared and angry. She wanted a place to hide. She felt so exposed!

And her wish? It ended up granted. By her *hair* of all things. Black locks suddenly spilled all around her at an incredible speed, pooling on the floor all around her and provoking another cry of surprise. Though, this time? Her original name was nowhere in said cry. “**HATTERENE!?**” Her hair had grown so thick and massive that she needed to use her tiny hands to part it around her, the locks around her head both voluminous and rounded – almost like a shell.

“**Rene?**” Marnie tilted her head to the side as she felt her feet suddenly lift off the ground. The mass of hair that had hung loosely all around her appeared to be firming up and taking a structural shape, and it lifted her fragile, *Pokémon* body so that she could feel safe within her shell of hair. In the process, the excess hair reshaped itself, taking the form of an elegant, black gown whose monochrome days were numbered.

For layered colors, pastels to boot, soon washed through this mane. White at the base, pastel pink in the center, and pastel blue around her face and head – excess up top shaping into a pointed witch’s hat.

She flexed her fingers a moment. “*Hatt... erene?*” Wait, her *fingers*? No, the feeling wasn’t coming from her hands, but instead a three-pronged tendril that had grown from the peak of her ‘hat’. It dangled down to the base of her hair-dress, but she found she could freely move it like a hand. Marnie... Standing at 6’11”, she was...



Marnie the *Hatterene* was overwhelmed with emotions at present. Anger, confusion, shock, fear – all of them *negative*. And Pokémon of her new species were notoriously bad at managing these feelings in a healthy way. “*REEEEENE!?*” Perhaps it was inevitable then that her new Psychic powers, hardly within her control even before dealing with the emotions, would eventually swell beyond her control.

***BOOM!***

The far wall of the chamber had been blown out through her powers alone, and instinctively she lifted her body just an inch off the floor before levitating out at high speeds. She could hardly process what had happened, or what was going to happen, she just knew that she had to get as far away as possible!

Little did she know at the time that her escape had been so noisy that it had drawn the attention of a trainer passing through. Gloria hadn’t had any intention of stopping by the Daycare Center at all, but she couldn’t really ignore all of that ruckus, could she? “***Whoa!?***” The Champion hadn’t quite expected a Hatterene to go speeding by, either. Was it wild? Was it related to the noise she’d just heard? It had looked quite distraught and pained, though...

Empathetic to the possibility that might be in pain and worried it might accidentally cause harm to another person or Pokémon, she was quick to fire off a Pokéball of her own that contained her Raichu. “**Thunder Wave!**” The exceptionally large, electric rodent did as it was told, and mid-fleeing attempt, the Hatterene suddenly fell to the ground. “**Sorry about that, but you’re coming with me! Don’t worry, I’ll get you some help!**”

This certainly wasn't how she'd expected to use it, but Gloria let her Master Ball fly. The Hatterene, unknowingly her dear friend Marnie, let out one final cry as she was slurped up in red light, and said ball eventually stilled. **"They probably have potions at the Daycare Center, right?"** After picking up the ball, the oblivious Champ then made her way to the building in question about twenty feet away.

Gloria was surprised to hear that this wild Hatterene had supposedly blown a hole in the Daycare Center unprompted, or that's what the nice lady at the counter had told her when she'd mentioned catching the Psychic / Fairy in question. As a reward for helping, she'd even offered to give the girl a tour of the place! Despite being a regular, she'd never really seen the inside of the center before.

So she was incredibly surprised to find a white tiled room (*one different from the one Marnie had been dropped into earlier*) down a flight of stairs in the back. **"Huh? What's this room used f— Where are ya goin'!?"** The lady had suddenly run through the nearest exit, leaving behind the Pokéball that contained the Hatterene on the pedestal in the room's center. A pedestal that began to emit a very strange field of pale green...

**"Ugh... What's this feelin'?"** Gloria could perceive this light, and it left her feeling disoriented at best. It felt like the world was spinning around her, like she was losing herself. **"Gloria...? Gloria!? GLORIA!?"** Until a familiar effect bled in, and she lost the ability to communicate with anything other than cries of her own name.

There were already signs of physical change in the Champion's body, most noticeably the tone of her skin. Patches of unsoiled white had sprung up against her pinkish complexion and were dominating the consistency of her skin's tone before long, this inhuman white the norm after only a few moments had passed. Additionally, a bright green had begun to dance among the locks of her hair, and her eyes had begun to glow red.

**"Gloria? Gloooria!?"** The girl herself couldn't make heads or tails of what was happening, just that she couldn't speak, and that she felt weird as all hell. True panic hadn't set in, at least not until...

***KRSHRIIIIIP!***

The sound and feeling of something bursting out of the chest of her hot pink dress and the gray cardigan she wore over it, tearing fabric and bursting buttons, immediately drew her very jarred gaze downward.



**“GLORIAAAA!?”** This cry sounded almost pained – because while she wasn’t in pain, the sight of what was revealed shook the girl fundamentally. Two red spikes – horns? – had erupted from her body where her breasts had sat. Breasts that were flattening beneath them, making these horns look even larger as they hooked up towards her face. Gloria herself couldn’t tell this, but the horns likewise came from a similarly red growth that had erupted from her back at the same time.

Her shock was so great that the transforming trainer stumbled backwards and crashed into the pillar, in turn knocking the Pokéball that contained the Hatterene onto the ground... and the Pokémon herself freed as a result.

**“Hatter... Hatterene!?”** After taking a moment to clear her head, still shaking the effects of her paralysis, Marnie realized she was in that room again. No... it was a different one? But more pressingly, she could see her dear friend Gloria writhing from shock, her body appearing less and less... Less human... **“HATTERENE!?”** Oh no! The same thing was happening to her!

**“Gloria!”** On the other hand, Gloria had noticed the Hatterene, but was too distracted by her own transformation to really acknowledge her. She couldn’t understand the Fairy either, for while she was crying out her name like a Pokémon, her mind had yet to be wired to understand them.

The Champion had hardly realized that her height had dipped to roughly five feet, or that her rapidly greening hair was curling inward around her ears in the back while drawing to something akin to a beak that looped over her nose in the front.

...Or that what she was breathing through could hardly even be considered a nose at this point. Much like had been Marnie’s case, her nose had flattened into her face and now existed as a simple pair of nostrils hidden beneath her hair. Her lips had been erased too, forcing Gloria into the ‘O-shaped mouth’ club.

Red eyes not only grew to several times their original size, but as the shape of her head rounded, they seemed to settle slightly to either side, her hair perfectly lipping over their peaks and obscuring the fact that her eyebrows were no more. White facial spikes really sold just how inhuman she looked, as they rose out from either eye, and looped backwards with several spines on either side.

From the neck up, Marnie was fairly certain she understood what Glora was becoming. The head looked like a Gardevoir’s, though a little different? Galar didn’t have Mega Pokémon, so her confusion was understandable.

“**Glorevoir!?**” The what was now best considered a human-Pokémon hybrid’s cry was changing, and it was clear as she wobbled to and fro and attempted to keep herself stable. Her feet had lost their toes, and then the feet themselves had been erased, leaving naught but tiny nubs in their place that the girl could tiptoe upon like a dancer. She lifted a white leg, and then the other, both of them coming free of her footwear.

The skirt of her dress was blown off next, not because of widening hips (*and, in fact, like her shoulders and neck they had become dramatically narrower*). Instead, what had torn up her dress was, of all things, a completely different skirt. Born of white, it was puffy and layered... and Gloria herself could feel it as if it were a part of her body. Because it *was*. It gave the impression that her lower half was adorned in a bridal gown that masked a thin dancer’s legs and hairless genitals beneath.

It was all quite beautiful, in an intoxicatingly *eerie* way.

“**Gardia... Gard?**” Gloria’s shock was fading, however, and she was quickly finding herself more accepting of her circumstances. So much so that her eyes glowed a moment, and the clothing that still clung to her was eviscerated. She was a Pokémon, so why was she wearing human clothes? Unlike Marnie, the mental influences of her transformation seemed to have robbed her of her memories.

Well, Marnie was supposed to have suffered the same fate, but her Hatterene empathy abilities had interfered with her assimilation, allowing her to escape with her identity intact.

Comparatively, Gloria was no longer freaking out. Not as her white fingers merged together so that she only had two digits per hand, or as her hands swelled to merge with swollen arms so that it looked like she was wearing a pair of fluffy gloves. “**Gardevoir!**” In body and in mind, she had fully embraced her role as a **Mega Gardevoir**, clad in a gown made of her own body that had stolen away all of her human features.





What was left in the white tiled room aside for the small pedestal in the center was not a human Pokémon trainer, but a beautiful *Gardevoir* and an equally beautiful *Hatterene*, two adult Psychic / Fairy types that stood both disoriented and anxious. While Marnie still had a firm grasp on her old identity, it was Gloria that had become much more far gone. She could no longer fathom her prior humanity and smiled shyly at the Hatterene across the room.

*'Don't ya understand what happened to us? Yer Gloria, right? Yer the Champion of Galar!'* She wasn't communicating in a human language, but using telekinesis afforded to her by her new typing, she was able to relay her thoughts to the other. But the thoughts she received in return?

They weren't exactly promising. *'Good day to you! I'm not sure what you're referring to, though? Aren't your thoughts quite rough for a Hatterene?'* The *Gardevoir*, at the very least, curtsied. Marnie had already prepared a rebuttal, but before she could communicate it to her fellow victim, the light from the pedestal in the room's center began to glow pink.

For some reason, it made the pair of them feel very... *warm*.

Through the nearby door, the daycare lady, dressed in the uniform of the long-disbanded Team Galactic, was typing away on a machine. **"The Hatterene still remembers her past life...? Was there an error in the program? And after we infiltrated daycares all over the world to turn the masses into Pokémon and enlist them under our will, showing them just how society had mistreated Pokémon all of these years... Very well, there are other ways to make her forget, even if two females don't typically..."**

Marnie wasn't sure how to describe how she felt. Like she was burning up? Looking down at her Pokémon body, she could see it twitching and turning. She was restless. But what ultimately caught her attention was the approach of the Mega *Gardevoir* she still knew to be her dear friend Gloria.

She appeared to be in a similar condition, her cheeks crimson, and her body weak. But before Marnie could realize what was happening, the fellow Psychic type was pushing her down to the ground. She should have resisted... She should have... But a part of her instinctually knew what was coming, and somehow wanted it. Even though they were both female Pokémon? It was the pillar's influence. For a moment, the Hatterene though the *Gardevoir* looked quite beautiful, and suddenly her long repressed feelings for Gloria made sense to her.

*She was in love?*

But as the two fairies copulated, and copulated, and copulated, that love was replaced by a similar but different feeling. She was less and less Marnie as time wore on, and eventually became more and more like a Hatterene in body and mind. These two couldn't make an egg, of course... Yet, for some reason? In the aftermath, the two became an inseparable couple – something only realized due to their keen intellect as Psychic types.

*Gay Pokémon are real, as they should be.*