

# STAYCARE DELIGHTS

## CH1: COTTON CANDY PONY

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It was a sensation that was sweeping the world.

Free Pokémon Daycare stays? While perhaps this didn't sound like a particularly exciting prospect on paper, you would be surprised just how tantalizing of an offer it was for plenty of trainers. Humans from all walks of life walked alongside their Pocket Monster companions, after all. Some kept them as close friends, others as helpers at their jobs – Pokémon training wasn't *exclusively* for the sake of going around, battling, and becoming the strongest trainer imaginable.

And *everyone* had moments where they were too busy to help care for their Pokéball bound friends. Sometimes unforeseen problems came up, sometimes you needed to go away on a trip, and some people just simply had *too many* Pokémon to care for constantly, particularly those that took issue with the box system. And people like that *did* exist. So the fact that these Daycares appeared to be popping up in every region imaginable had become a godsend for all types of individuals.

Champion Nemona was *not* one of these people, however. The Paldea region was a little *different* from the rest in that Daycares weren't exactly a thriving business. In fact, up until recently they had only been spoken of as fascinating inventions that saw use in the other regions in the first place. Even if they hadn't been common though, the teen trainer believed that Pokémon should be taken care of and raised with your own two hands.

The power of her partners didn't really matter if they hadn't developed that power together, after all!



**“I really don’t want to put up my partners here, sorry! I just wanted to check things out! You guys said you were from Sinnoh?”** Nonetheless, Nemona had been sent to scope out Paldea’s very first Daycare Center under orders from the head of the League, Geeta. They had set up shop on the outskirts of Mesagoza, and it had attracted plenty of attention. But there had also been a strange influx of disappearances as of late.

Nemona was a Champion herself. She was strong, and so Geeta had no reason to expect that anything bad would happen to her with a quick check-in. Admittedly, the teen herself hadn’t expected to do more than ask a few questions. But when her refusal to leave a Pokémon with them had been met with an invitation to explore the staff-only section? Well, that had seemed like an invite worth taking the clerk up on.

And for a while it had seemed like a pretty standard tour of the facility. It wasn’t all that big since most of the property was full of open fields upon which the monsters could frolic and play. **“Uh... What’s this room used for, exactly?”** It *had* been pretty standard until they had come into a room with steel floors, walls, and a strange pedestal in the room’s center. She had gone in before the clerk, and when she turned to ask her question? The door had closed with the clerk on the other side. **“Tch!”**

Reflexively she reached to grab a Pokéball from her pocket as the pedestal behind her whirred to life, giving off a pastel purple glow. But then Nemona remembered they had taken all of her Pokémon at the front desk. She’d walked right into a trap! What *kind* of trap, however, was something she wasn’t sure about. Was she in danger? **“Wait a sec, why am I...?”**

She quickly found her movements slowing, but more than that? Was she top heavy all of a sudden? She was leaning forward, and before long her hands made contact with the floor so that she was on all fours... if her hands counted as feet in this case. And they didn’t, at least not *yet*, but it would take Nemona a while to clue in on just what was happening that might lead to this.

**“Hey! Let me out of here! Where Miss Geeta catches wind of this, you’ll be closed up!”** The Champion’s threat fell on deaf ears, of course. On her hands and feet like she was, she looked ridiculous with her butt hoisted in the air like a cat stretching. And she couldn’t muster the energy to take a different pose – or perhaps it was better to say that

she couldn't will her body to move in the first place? In fact, she couldn't even crane her neck. Which panicked her when...

***RIIIIIIIIIIP!***

The sound and sensation of *something* tearing through the teen's shorts prompted an understandable cry of surprise from her. She couldn't move her neck to see, but she could *feel* something there. Something swishing back and forth? But that couldn't possibly be! ...*Yet it was*. Because from her tailbone, an *actual* tail had pushed out. The bone wasn't more than five or six inches long, and yet... A swirl of pastel purple and blue fur had puffed out from the bone, becoming an enticingly fluffy tail of fur that was a touch coarser than its human hair counterpart.

**“What’s back theeeere!?! What the heck *arrre* you doing to me!?”** Something was wrong, that much was obvious. But Nemona hadn't intended to hold those syllables for as long as she had. They almost sounded like equine whinnies weaved in alongside her human tongue. Though it served as an ample distraction away from how her hair had begun to take on the same colors as the fur of her tail. It became just as fluffy too, pastel purple and blue soon draped over her right shoulder – and was now strangely coming out of her *neck* as well.

Like some sort of *mane*.

Nemona shuddered. Her body suddenly felt incredibly itchy *all* over, but immobilized like she was, she was unable to scratch anywhere – much less look at *why* she felt itchy in the first place. Yet the same thing was happening across *all* of her skin. It almost looked as if her natural tan was being erased, for visually it seemed like her skin was becoming *snow white*. But this wasn't *technically* the case. The snow white coloration was thanks to short, white fur that pushed out of her skin. It covered her face, hiding her freckles, but also wrapped around her chest and tummy to hide any more unsavory features.

This fur even extended to her ears, and that became clearer because those ears in question? They were growing *larger*. Pulling out and upwards, her left ear was much more obvious than her right with how her new mane was flipped to one side. But they grew into triangle shapes that were almost as large as her head itself, each lined with dark purple fur in the middle.

None of this seemed particularly *human*. Humans didn't have fur, nor manes, nor big, triangular ears. Nemona winced as she gained yet *another* thing that humans didn't have. Pressure built in the center of

her forehead, and from that pressure a spiral, dark purple horn with white grooves extended about four inches from her face. “**W-Wait, what’s thaaaaat!?**” Since it was between her eyes, she could make out that it was there. But she couldn’t really make sense of what it was. Or maybe she just didn’t want to *believe* it?

“**Trrr!?**” Shocked once more, a sound escaped her lips that sounded less like a human and more beast-like in nature. But her raised backside? It had suddenly dropped down so that it was even with her chest. But... How was that possible? The only scenario she could think of where that made sense would be... if her legs... *were shorter*? Which was what actually *had* happened.

The lengths of her legs had lessened so that her entire torso was even. But not without misshaping the legs in question. Nemona’s knees had buckled backwards as a part of their shortening, her bone structure clearly different from what it had once been. Excess fat was shaved off of thighs that had flattened vertically, and her hips all but rounded away. Similar change swept through her arms, but while elbows inverted? They were higher up on her front *legs* than her inverted knees.

Nemona’s mind was racing. What was going on? While she was on all fours, her overall height had shrunk down to just over three feet, and now her clothing was practically sliding off of her. But more than that? Her torso, thinner overall, had been robbed of its breasts so that her body was smooth and agile. She was no longer even burdened by shoulders, as those had merged with her body proper.

“**Nrr think I trr!**” It was even harder to speak now, but she had wanted to communicate that she could feel her ability to move returning. She had managed to raise one of her ‘arms’! But when it dropped back down on the tiled floor? *CLACK!* That wasn’t the sound of a fleshy hand touching the ground. But that was because it *wasn’t*. Her hands and feet alike had blackened and hardened, digits compressing inward until only hooves remained.

Hooves decorated with tufts of pastel purple fur.

Something internally had given up on trying to talk, and so wordlessly the girl craned her neck down and turned it to try and get a better look at herself. What she saw was shocking, enough to make her *neigh* with surprise. But it didn’t strike her as odd at first that her neck had such a long reach. But that neck had thickened and stretched. Just as her face pulled out into a soft snout, and eyes moved to the sides of her head where they became big, beady, and blue.

Another flash from the pedestal eviscerated Nemona's uniform, leaving not a human standing naked in the middle of the room. But a creature. An animal. A Pocket Monster. One that was small and pretty, one with a snout and flat teeth. One that looked like someone had shaped cotton candy into a tiny horse.

She'd had so much trouble walking on all fours initially, but now that Nemona's proportions made more 'sense' to her brain, she finally found her footing and seemed to trot around without falling over – but that didn't mean that she wasn't *just* as panicked! “*Trrr!*” The sound that escaped equine lips was not human, but it was a directly result of the new *Galarian Ponyta*'s attempt to speak with a human tongue regardless.



Her human mind, while largely still intact, waned in terms of influence the more time passed. She frantically ran around the steel chamber, tossing her pony-shaped body into the two doors in an attempt to break free. She could feel it slipping away though. Rather than think of her life as a human, she was slowly settling into thoughts that were a lot more instinctual.

Things only worsened on that front as a red light formed in front of her, forcing the Fairy-type Ponyta to whinny and kick her front legs into the air from the suddenness of it. That light turned into another Ponyta. A regular Ponyta. And one that she could tell was a *male* from its scent alone. This naturally troubled Nemona, but it also left her *wanting*.

And before long? She'd certainly *receive*, washing away any doubts.