

STAYCARE DELIGHTS

FINAL CH: ROLLOUT

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The Galar region wasn't one devoid of Daycares.

In fact, the most popular one could be found in the Wild Area. It was an easily accessible venue for trainers that were challenging the Galar League, and it was roughly in the center of the region. Thanks to Corviknight taxis, it was easily accessible and it didn't have any business rivals until very recently. So it was usually a bustling location that most trainers could rely on, even the local Gym Leaders.

“Hm? Where’s Cindy?” It went without saying that even these Gym Leaders relied on the Daycare to help raise Pokémon that they didn't have time to raise themselves. Nessa, the Gym Leader of the distant, seaside town of Hulbury, was one of these patrons. She was almost even busier than her peers because of her status as a model. If she wasn't staving off Gym challenges, in the off-season she was swamped with work related to her second job. This meant that she didn't have the same time to train that some of the other Gym Leaders did.

Nessa had frequented this location enough that she knew all the staff's names by heart. The young man that had greeted her at the reception desk? Well, he wasn't one of their regular employees, which had prompted the question. The response? She was working in their new branch? Nessa was aware that another Daycare had opened elsewhere in Galar, but she didn't know they had the same ownership.

It was the same location where their current Champion and Marnie had gone missing some weeks ago.

But this was all a lie anyways. The existing Daycare had been infiltrated by Team Galactic to hasten their plan, and the very same transformation room that utilized Aether Organization technology had been installed in the back. **“A tour? No, I’m sorry, but I need to get to a shoot.”** Though Nessa didn’t fall so easily into their lap, as she turned to leave? The woman was struck in the back of the head, leaving her with no choice in the matter.



When she came to, Nessa’s surroundings were entirely white. **“Nn...? What the hell?”** The words she spoke carried very little energy once her consciousness returned. She found she couldn’t move, and the reason was fairly obvious. She had been bound with rope that tied her arms behind *something* while another rope was wrapped around her stomach. **“I knew something was fishy...”**

She struggled to the best of her ability, yet Nessa was not able to break free of her constraints within the room of tiled white. **“Am I still in the Daycare? When did they add this room? Why did they add this room?”** Assuming she hadn’t been moved, of course. Her head was still heavy, she wasn’t exactly

thinking straight.

This was just as true when the white room suddenly light up with a soft pink color. The woman didn’t really register the cause at first, even if she could have realized by craning her neck upwards. The source was a gemstone at the top of the thing she was tied to, a pedestal in the center of the room. That gem was glowing pink, filling the room with pink and her body with a strange warmth.

Until, unprompted, a strange sound escaped Nessa’s lips. **“Mooooo?”** She blinked with disbelief. Had she just mooed? Like a cow? What had brought *that* on? Likely the same thing that had brought on a subtle change in the color of her eyes, icy blue irises darkening to a more navy shade. **“Ugh... What’s happening? What did they do to me?”** Her head felt heavy. *Everything* felt heavy. Not to mention the splitting headache she had begun to experience.

Much to her relief though, the headache passed quickly after peaking suddenly. That peak had been accompanied, unknowingly, by the eruption of something atop her head. Or a *pair* of somethings, really. Because from beneath her hairline, two short, sharp, white horns now

protruded up from her skull. In tandem, the shapes of her ears were stretching and flattening, black fur spreading across their tops while a yellow fuzz spread through their undersides. They certainly weren't the ears of a human, but then again humans didn't typically have *horns* either.

Already essentially immobile since she was tied up, Nessa could only really feel in her neck that she couldn't control her body properly. She was stuck looking forward, unable to investigate any of the strange feelings that plagued her. Such as why she had suddenly felt so *bloated*? The model didn't know how long she had been unconscious, but she was certain it was long enough that she hadn't eaten anything in a long while. Was she sick?

“Wh-What?” That bloating ultimately had a tangible, visual effect on her body, however. She could feel it. Her stomach pressing up against the rope that was wrapped around her belly much more keenly than it had before, like the rope had tightened? That was certainly what she *wanted* to believe was happening, but it wasn't an issue with the *rope*. It was a product of bloating.

Her stomach was surging forward, mass accumulation rapidly as the rope dug into it. But it didn't just expand *forward* and expanded out to the *sides* as well, her back stretching in shape to accommodate the roundness of her new gut. And it was *certainly* very round. Inch by inch it continued to swell forward, until eventually? The rope *snapped*. **“Moo!?”**

Nessa blurted out a moo again, and this time her tongue flopped out of her mouth. It was... longer!? She was having a hard time getting it to go back into her mouth – because it didn't *fit*, of course. She didn't have the mental focus to deal with that, though, not when she felt her stomach jiggling about so freely below her neck. **“I'm a *mooodel*, I can't be overweight!”**

That said, she could be forgiven for misunderstanding the situation since she couldn't see. She wasn't bloating in a way that made her look like an overweight human, not at all. In fact, the skin on the front of her rounded, bulging tummy had lightened to yellow. The flesh upon it was tender and firm, yet near the bottom? Two large, pink protrusions emerged.

Those protrusions, several inches long, ached. But so did Nessa's *nipples*, she found. This was for a good, if not unfortunate reason. The bloat of her tummy had absorbed her breasts, and nipples slid down the yellowed flesh and became just as pink and bouncy as the bottom two.

Giving her four *teats* upon an *udder* that made up much of her thick, round torso.

“Mooooo! Nooooo! I need to stop! I’m nooooo some Miltank!”

Her big, thick tongue flopped about as she struggled to say even this much. Nessa didn’t even know how *correct* she was with that comment as the front of her shorts ripped, her rear end merging completely with her rounded torso – while her dark skin was promptly obscured by what seemed to be light pink fur, short in length, appearing against skin that *wasn’t* her udder.

Her arms, legs, back, and face were all painted with this thin fur, giving her a shiny appearance. But *black* fur wrapped around her neck and the side of her head almost like a bonnet, hair atop her head falling off so that she was ‘bald’ aside from this black fur, which also appeared in a diamond shape on the woman’s back.

“MOOOOOO!” It was getting harder and harder to make noises that didn’t sound like they were being made by a cow or bull, not at all helped by the shape of her face. It was being pulled forward into a rounded snout, the pink fur that already covered it fanning further to cover any exposed patches that were rendered visible with more fat to cover. Lashes and brows disappeared, navy eyes wider than ever. Her nose, now wet, was left a pitch black as well. In fact, the growth even made its way into her neck, which thickened gratuitously until it was almost invisible in the overall body shape of her rounded form.

Arms and legs changed further. In the case of the former, they shortened and became chubbier, which actually *helped* Nessa since they were now short enough that the rope that tied them slid off. On the other hand... or other *foot*? Her legs shortened until they were little more than bulbous nubs fastened to... wherever her hips were under all that jolly fat that composed her body.

When it came to her hands *and* her feet, their resemblance to human hands and feet were quickly compromised, yet they all took similar shapes. In both cases, digits shrunk and hardened. Hands and feet were rendered only a third of their original sizes in the end, and instead of fingers and toes? Each one had only two hard, black points. On her *hooves*, which hardly looked suitable for supporting such a round and heavy body. Yet they did the trick.

In the end, a long, yellow tail with a black ball on the end escaped from where her tailbone was. This would actually help with her balance while standing. Not that this was something to be *celebrated* in any capacity.

Nessa's transformation into a *Miltank* had seen to it that the ropes that had bound her were no longer an issue. Shorter, stubbier arms had slipped out of the bindings in the rear, while her pronounced and rotund gut had snapped the one that had been bound to her tummy. With her ability to move returned, she fumbled a moment as she got up onto two feet. Or, well, two *hooves*.



Her body was short and heavy, her legs short and round. But perhaps the most distracting aspect of all were the four teats upon the udder that doubled as her stomach. Even the slightest movement caused them to jiggle sensually, highlighting a strange fullness inside. “*Moo...?*” Did she need to be *milked*? That was the only thing she could really think of. Considering Miltank produced over *five gallons* of milk every day...

Despite how different the Miltank's body *was*, though? After getting herself upright, she found herself moving around naturally despite how cumbersome her form was when compared to her previous, human body. She still had her sense as a human largely, but the aching feeling within her udder kept distracting her. She needed to be milked, and her hoof-like hands couldn't really do the job. Not to mention... how embarrassing would that be? “*Moo...*”

But the little sense she had left? It would be promptly knocked out of her by the Tauros that had been released in the room, approaching her from behind without her knowing.

“*MOO!?*”

Nessa certainly wasn't the last victim of Team Galactic's plot, and in fact it only worsened from there. More machines were built, and the ruse of using a Daycare eventually became unnecessary. Little by little they changed their enemies into Pokémon, turning them into breeding stock to create new monsters to subjugate those who dissented otherwise. Would a hero eventually rise?

Perhaps someday, but that would mean one of the humans-turned-monster breaking free of their breeding stupor to turn on the Team Galactic members that were giving them food and shelter.