

Return of the Joybot

Misty turned away from her now imprisoned captor and looked down at herself. The diaper she was forced to wear seemed to be custom made and tailored to fit her size. It was thick, but not overly so. As she stared at the white disposable cradling her crotch, she realized that she didn't exactly have a lot of experience with diapers. After all, she was the youngest child out of four girls, and never had to change diapers, but she did know that all she had to do was pull off the tapes and the diaper would fall to the ground.

"Ugh!" Misty grunted in annoyance as her fingertips tugged on the edges of the tape and nothing happened. She tried to dig her nails underneath the firmly applied adhesive, but couldn't get any leverage. It was like the tapes were glued on and were only meant to be removed by the Joybot.

Upset, but still determined, Misty grabbed the waistband of her plastic prison and tried her hardest to pull it down. However, unlike a pair of panties, they wouldn't budge. She realized that the upper part of the diaper had contoured itself to her hips, sealing her firmly into the disposable and preventing her from yanking them down her thighs.

"Why won't you come off?!" Misty whined as she kept tugging on the plastic shell with all her strength, causing it to crinkle randomly against her fingers.

She then decided to try grabbing the outside edges of her diaper's leak guards for leverage. With a huff, she struggled and fought to slide them down, but it was no use; her diaper stayed firmly in place.

Sighing, Misty had to admit defeat. She contemplated asking the Joybot if there was a special way to get the diaper to come loose, but the sound of kicks against glass made Misty realize that wasn't exactly a good idea.. Even if the Nurse would tell her, she was now trapped within the mechanical contraption's glass stomach and the redhead from Cerulean City definitely didn't want to join her. Although it was a joke, Misty noted that her captor would definitely be trapped inside her own creation for a few months if she didn't get someone to help her.

The thought of getting Officer Jenny to assist her went through her mind before she dismissed it. If Nurse Joy was in cahoots with Team Rocket then what if Officer Jenny was too? It didn't sound unreasonable since it seemed like the criminal organization had already infiltrated the

Pokemon Center. Plus, even if Jenny wasn't working for Team Rocket, Misty didn't exactly want Jenny to see her like this. She saw her every other day!

"Great, now I have to go outside dressed like this to find someone to save you!" Misty exclaimed as a vein throbbed on her forehead.

Anyone else might've left their kidnapper to rot, but the Cerulean City Gym Leader wasn't vindictive. She may have had a fiery temper and was firmly stubborn when it came to certain things, such as trying to get a new bike from a certain dimwit from Pallet Town, but she wasn't cruel.

"Ash!" Misty announced outloud. "He might be able to help me with this!"

She started walking back to the belt when she heard the ever familiar crackle of plastic against her thighs. A crimson blush spread across her face when she remembered what she was wearing.

"Ash is going to laugh at me!" Misty couldn't help but whine as she poked the outer plastic shell of her diaper.

Still, it was probably best if she tried to get Ash to come over here and help her. He was her best friend and, unlike some random person from the area, she didn't have to worry about him blabbing to anyone about her current state of dress. If word got around Cerulean City that the Gym Leader was seen naked, running around while wearing only a diaper, she would never be able to show her face in public again!

With her mind set, Misty started walking towards the exit when she caught a glimpse of something that looked out of place in the grey, industrialized factory. It looked like her yellow shirt! She waddled her way over to the side of the conveyor belt and bent down with a crinkle.

"Yes!" The redhead cheered as she saw that all of her clothes were strewn about, laying there on the other side of the machinery.

She hopped onto the conveyor belt and pivoted on her diapered butt to get over it. Landing on her bare feet, Misty quickly grabbed her yellow crop top and slid it over her head, smiling as her chest was now covered. Most of her midriff was still revealed, like it always was, but the fact that her diaper was uncovered irked the redhead. She reached for her jean shorts and struggled to yank them over her diaper. She managed to get them half way up her diapered butt, but the diaper was much too bulbous to allow the shorts to go any higher. Even if she could get them to cover her diapered backside and stay held up with her red suspenders, the zipper in the front wouldn't close and, no matter what she tried, the waistband of her diaper was still prominently on display from every angle.

"This stupid diaper is too big for my shorts!"

Misty frowned as she dropped her jeans, giving up on trying to cover the diaper. As she stared down at her padded prison, holding her suspenders in her hand, she thought of an idea. 'Maybe I can clip my suspenders to the diaper and go through the woods until I get back to the Gym. That way, I'll look normal from the waist up and, if anyone sees me, I'll probably be standing behind some bushes or shrubs.'

With a half baked plan in mind, Misty sat down on her diapered behind and coughed a single cough as a puff of baby powder was forced up from the front of her large pampers. After clearing her lungs of the talc based powder, she slightly smiled as she put on her trademark red, yellow and white sneakers. Under different circumstances, she would've enjoyed the comfort and padding that lifted her bottom a good inch off the hard cement floor of the facility. It was like sitting on a pillow, but a pillow that was perfectly fitted and made to cradle her petite form. Without being forced into various humiliation scenarios she had to admit that the diaper, by itself, was actually rather nice. If she wasn't about to venture out into the forest, there was a possibility that she could grow to like wearing them.

Before leaving the building, Misty felt a rapid sense of anxiety overwhelm her. She tried to push open the door, but her hand was starting to shake. She turned around one last time to look at nurse Joy; the reason she was in this strange situation. Part of her needed to see the woman trapped in the glass womb to remind herself of why she was about to risk her reputation by walking around in just a diaper and a shirt. She couldn't just leave her trapped like that even though she deserved it.

"Now you stay out of trouble and be a good girl for your mommy!" Misty shouted from her spot by the exit, seemingly gloating. She was snickering to herself as she turned back to face the door. With a much more steady hand, she forced it open and ventured out into the cool night air.

'It's still night out?' Misty realized as she walked away from the decrepit old warehouse and started to make her way into the woodlands.

She had no idea what time it was as numerous Murkrow sat on the tree branches that hung just above her head. They chattered with one another as Misty struggled to navigate the scrubby bushes that were starting to encroach upon the makeshift path in front of her. It reminded the redhead of all the times she and the boys would get lost in the woods. However, this overgrown area just outside of Cerulean City was her home. She may not have known the forest as well as the back of her hand, but she was confident that there was no chance she'd end up walking around aimlessly for days like during her travels with Ash and Brock.

Aside from the random Murkrow and Spearow cawing or Hoothoot hooting, she knew she was alone. She was sure of it. She kept telling herself this fact. However, the occasional crunch of a twig underneath her sneakers made her pause briefly to catch her breath. Despite being out during the middle of the night, and shielded from the potential prying eyes of random passersby by overgrowth, she was still breathing rapidly as her heart tap danced with every step she took. She had never been so nervous in her entire life!

The damn disposable strapped to her waist wasn't helping her either as every slight movement she made caused the thing to crinkle like a stiff plastic bag rustling in the wind. Each bush she accidentally brushed up against only made her diaper sing its manufactured song as the scurry of random Pokemon made the poor girl hold her breath. Normally she loved going for the occasional hike in the woods in the morning, but this was by far way more intense than a simple nature walk.

"AHHHHHH!" Misty screamed as a Furret darted out in front of her from a bush.

She quickly slapped her hand over her mouth in an attempt to stifle her scream of shock.

'It's just a Furret. It's not a person.'

Misty felt extremely tense, but after she stood there for a few minutes, she composed herself. However, as she caught her breath and was ready to move on, she noticed that shafts of morning light were beginning to breach the cover of the tree tops.

'Oh, the sun's rising... this isn't good.'

Misty sighed and pushed further into the forest as the track ahead of her was beginning to grow wider. The diapered Gym Leader stayed close to the bushes to preserve her modesty even though it meant having to concentrate on avoiding the protruding sticks and leaves. The last thing she wanted was to rub up against poison ivy or get scratches on her legs.

After a few minutes of cautiously creeping along the edge of the bushes, Misty came upon a small clearing which allowed her to see the sun rising behind Mt. Moon. She couldn't help but stop and admire the radiant colors that spread across the sky. The reds, blues and oranges hues colored the mountains, bathing the granite ridges that towered beyond Cerulean City in a medley of colors, making it appear as if the mountain range was a painting that belonged in an Art Museum.

Even though the sight was breathtaking, Misty knew that she didn't have time to enjoy the view. She lowered her gaze and took in the clearing she had found herself in. It seemed to be an island of grass in a sea of trees which made it seem somehow out of place with the surrounding bushland and forest. The grass looked lush and thick with spots of bare dirt that randomly dotted the area. The clearing was ringed by tall trees that served to enclose it from the rest of the woods. It seemed to be vacant save for the few Pokemon that played and pranced around in the morning mist that was slowly dissipating. Misty saw that there were a few Pichus and Diglett darting about and realized that this was one of the spots where she trained her Pokemon!

'I'm almost home!'

Misty stayed close to the trees and bushes, tracing the perimeter of the open space. If she could just find the path that led away from this clearing and back to Cerulean City, she could make it home in a matter of minutes instead of aimlessly wandering through the woods, hoping that she was headed in the right direction.

As Misty walked along the edge of the open area, a green bug type Pokemon, with its six black and yellow striped legs and a face on its back dropped, dropped down from a lone tree branch, dangling right in front of Misty.

"Spina!"

The poor, arachnophobic girl stood frozen, the only sound that could be heard was a faint, but increasingly loud hissing noise that came from her waist. Misty was so in shock that she didn't even realize that she was peeing herself.

Misty brought her balled fists to her face and screamed. "AHHHHHH!"

The girl's long, noodle like legs instantly carried her away from the horrible bug Pokemon as she ran as fast as she could, tears streaming from her eyes. She was so frightened that she didn't even feel the thoroughly soaked disposable diaper weighing her down as she ran, the garment struggling to contain all of her pee as some dripped past the leak guards. As she ran, the diaper's heft swayed gently with each stride the water trainer made until she slowed down to a stop near the edge of the woods.

Standing behind a large bush, Misty shook off her shock and actually smiled as she glanced out from behind a large bush she was crouched behind. She could see the top of her Gym building from here! No one seemed to be outside, most likely due to how early it was, and Misty wanted to get inside before it got any later in the morning. It was only a block away, she knew she could make it to her Gym, but doing so unseen was the real challenge.

Her adrenaline was slowly fading away as knelt there and studied the surrounding area. It seemed the coast was clear, but something caught her attention; an immense heat radiating from her crotch and an odd warmth cupping her bottom. It felt so strange to her. She looked down while simultaneously rubbing the front of her diaper.

"Ohhh, come on!" The furious redhead whined as she gazed down at the incredibly soggy diaper that was held firmly in place around her hips.

'That stupid Spinarak made me wet myself!'

Misty sat there, literally stewing in her own juices, as her plans for getting back to her Gym were just dashed. She didn't want to even leave the bush. It was one thing to be seen in a clean diaper. She could at least play it off like she lost a bet during a Pokemon battle or she was

coming back from some kind of bizarre costume party. A visibly wet diaper was a whole other thing entirely. It's hard to play something like a diaper off as not being a big deal if the damn thing was literally about to burst like a water balloon.

"Good morning, Misty!"

The Cerulean Gym Leader immediately jerked her head up and peered from above the overgrown shrub to see a familiar face; the old lady who lived just across from her Gym.

"Hi, Mrs. Akima!" Misty replied as politely as she could.

"What are you doing over there? Hunting for new Pokemon?" Mrs. Akima stopped walking and inquired from her spot along the path.

"Yes!" Misty answered, struggling to keep her voice from wobbling. "My cousin is just about to start his Pokemon journey and he really wants something special. So, I'm looking through all these bushes until I find him a nice Pokemon."

"That's so kind of you to do that for your younger cousin." The older lady smiled. "I won't keep you from your search. Happy hunting!"

Misty sighed, relieved that she was able to keep her terrible secret hidden from her eighty year old neighbor. She had always thought of the woman as something of a grandmotherly figure. Just the idea of the older woman finding out that she was wearing a wet diaper made Misty's blush from head to toe.

Finally, after waiting about five minutes, Misty could no longer see Mrs. Akima who vanished from view as she walked over a nearby hill.

With the coast clear, Misty stood up and grimaced due to the increased weight of her plastic prison. 'I must've wet it when Mrs. Akiyama startled me' Misty thought, her face frowning at the revelation as she stepped out of the safety of the bush and proceeded to make her way towards her Gym. She took a route behind people's backyards which kept her off the main road and afforded her more cover as she ducked behind fences and did her utmost to stay unseen.

At this point in her journey, her diaper was not only a humiliating badge of shame, but a liability. It was starting to slow her down. Luckily for the diapered Gym Leader, she was now only separated from her home by a single street. All she to do was run across the street and sneak into the side door of her gym. It was mostly built for delivering props for her sister's stage shows and Pokemon food for all the aquatic creatures they had in the aquarium, but today, it would serve as the gateway for her social salvation.

Misty ran across the desolate road, ran like she was being chased by a swarm of Beedrill. She had never crossed that street so fast in her life and found herself standing by the garage door and a keypad. Not bothering to catch her breath, she started typing in the code for the door and, with a long beep sound piercing the morning's tranquility, the door rolled open.

"Thank God!" Misty smiled as she walked into the privacy of her Gym.

She quickly walked out to the lobby and hide behind a plant while she put put a sign in the window of her gym that read "Closed to all Challengers" before retreating to her room. The last thing she wanted was for any wayward trainer to enter her gym and catch her in this humiliating state of dress.

Once in the safety of her room, comforted by the fact that all the doors were locked in her aquatic acropolis, she sat on her bed. Normally, she would've taken solace in the solitude of her room, truly admiring the softness of her mattress and covers as she relaxed after battling the trainers who sought her out. However, as she sat down onto her bed, the squelch of cold urine shattered the feeling of accomplishment and reminded her of what she was trapped in.

"I have to call Ash..." Misty said to herself with a sigh as her face became as red as her hair.

"M-Misty?" Ash asked, surprised to see Misty on the screen of his Pokegear.

"Hey, Ash!" Misty blushed slightly, hoping that her old friend couldn't hear the random crinkle that came from her bottom as she shifted her feet nervously. "Long time no see, huh?"

"Yeah, it's been a while."

"Pika pi!" Pikachu cried as he climbed up onto Ash's shoulder and looked down at the screen containing Misty's image.

"Hi, Pikachu!" Misty smiled, happy to see the yellow rodent.

"Pi Pika Pi!" The rodent chattered excitedly as it stared at Misty on the Pokegear.

Misty wished she could continue with the pleasant reunion, but decided to cut to the chase. "Are you still in Pallet Town?"

The Raven haired trainer leaned closer to the camera. "How did you know I was back in Kanto?"

"Pi Pika." Pikachu seemed to pick up on Ash's surprise and added his own voice into the conversation.

"I called Brock to ask him where you were. He said that you had just gotten back from traveling overseas in Kalos." Misty replied, glad that she had called Brock first to see if Ash was even on the same continent as her. The three friends did do their best to stay in touch, but Ash was always the hardest to stay in contact with due to his globetrotting style of training.

"Yeah, I called Brock and told him that I had gotten back yesterday, but when I tried to call your Gym, you didn't answer." Ash trailed off.

Suddenly, the awkwardness Misty felt was replaced by the events of the previous night washing over her mind like a tsunami. Despite not wanting Ash to know what was strapped tightly around her waist, she had to tell him about Nurse Joy.

"Ash! You have to get over to Cerulean City right now!"

Ash held the Pokegear away from his face, not wanting to get his ears blown out by Misty shouting as Pikachu scurried down Ash's body and stood on the ground.

"What's got you so worked up all of the sudden, Misty?" The black haired boy couldn't help but ask.

"It's a long story, but the reason I missed your call last night was because Nurse Joy had kidnapped me! She made some sort of deal with Team Rocket and she's now trapped in this warehouse on the edge of the city."

"Nurse Joy kidnapped you?" Even as Ash said the words, he couldn't believe what he was saying. Then, his brain processed the second half of his friend's statement. "Joy is working with Team Rocket?!" Ash exclaimed.

"Yeah, she stole a Pokemon she was treating from the Pokemon Center and traded it to Team Rocket for a giant robot." Misty explained, purposely leaving out the stuff about getting put into a diaper.

"That doesn't sound like something that she would do..." Ash muttered to himself, not exactly believing what he was hearing.

"You have to believe me! She's lost her mind, Ash!"

"Why didn't you get Officer Jenny to handle this?" Ash thought aloud.

'Damn it, Ash. You would ask me that...'

"Because..." Misty paused, trying to think up an excuse. It wasn't like she could just tell Ash that she didn't want Jenny to see her in a diaper. "What if Jenny was working for Team Rocket too? Wouldn't it make sense for Jenny to be involved too if Joy was?"

"Huh, now that you say it, that does make sense." Ash replied.

"So, when can you get here from Pallet Town? Do you have any flying Pokemon that can fly you over here?"

"I was already heading to Cerulean City..."

"Really?" Misty asked, surprised by what Ash said.

Suddenly, the urgency of the situation was replaced by curiosity.

"Why were you heading over here?" The redhead asked coyly, pivoting her weight from her left foot to her right foot.

"I wanted to surprise you and then go see Brock at the Saffron City Pokemon Hospital." Ash answered and, for a brief moment, he could've sworn that he heard a crinkling sound come across the connection.

Misty felt her heart flutter. 'Ash, you big softie.'

"Well, that's good. When can you get here?" The redhead stated, trying not to sound like she missed him or anything like that.

"I was probably going to do some training and get there in the afternoon, but this sounds like it's serious. I can be there in an hour or two if it doesn't rain." Ash replied as he looked up from the Pokegear and gazed down at the vast forest at the base of Mt. Moon.

"Thanks, Ash. I knew you were the only person who could help me with this."

"No sweat. Where should I meet you? At your Gym or-"

"It's an old warehouse on the main route heading towards Mt. Moon." Misty explained, interrupting Ash.

"Okay. That's easy. Just don't do anything until I get there."

"I won't. I'll be waiting for you outside of the warehouse." Misty said with a smile.

"See you soon."

With that said, the screen went black, leaving Ash only with his thoughts as a dark bank of clouds rolled overhead.

"Misty was acting weird. Huh, Pikachu?"

"Pika." The yellow mouse agreed.

"Well, no matter what is going on, we have to help her." Ash declared to his furry friend who nodded and the duo resumed their trek towards Cerulean City.

The sky had become overcast and, as the minutes went by, it looked like it would rain soon. Ash occasionally glanced skywards as if to confirm that the dark clouds were still there, hanging thick in the sky above. It was quite a contrast compared to what the trainer from Pallet Town had awoken to only an hour ago when the sky was beautifully lit by the rising sun in all its glory. The air had been warm then, but now cool breezes whirled around the young man as the darkened sky seemed ready to spill forth its bounty of rain upon him.

A few thick drops of rain smacked against Ash's face and arms. An electric sparking sound came from beneath him and Ash noticed that Pikachu's cheeks were starting to spark due to the thunderstorm rolling in overhead.

"Pikachu, I know you hate it inside your Pokeball, but I don't want you getting overcharged if lightning starts going off."

"Pi Pika chu." The small Electric Pokemon agreed and was called to its Pokeball.

Within a minute after withdrawing Pikachu, the loud crack of thunder roared overhead, causing Ash to flinch. A steady downpour began to pelt the boy from Pallet town, causing him to run for the forest.

"Today just keeps getting worse." Ash muttered to himself as he walked underneath the canopy of trees.

Thankfully, the leafy overgrown trees were able to protect him from the rain as he continued to walk deeper into the forest. Despite being shielded from the rain the initial downpour had left his clothes soaking wet. Even with sopping wet clothes clinging to his body, Ash was able to press onwards and, within two hours, he spotted the large, rustic looking warehouse that Misty had mentioned during their last contact. His luck seemed to be changing since the red headed tomboy was standing in front of the corrugated steel covered building.

"Misty!"

However, as he got closer to the building, he noticed that the water trainer looked oddly dressed. She wasn't wearing her trademark blue Jean shorts and yellow crop top nor was she wearing her all yellow outfit that she wore during her time with him in Johto. No, what she was wearing was an oversized green dress that seemed to hang loosely down from her neck only to billow out in an oddly round bump around where Ash suspected her shorts would normally be.

"Ash!" Misty called out to him with a smile as she waved her arm.

"What are you wearing?" Ash couldn't help but ask.

"I haven't seen you in almost a year and that's the first thing you say to me in person, Ash Ketchum?!"

Ash smiled. That was the Misty he remembered from his travels through Kanto and Johto. Her over the top annoyance and all too familiar twitch of her eyebrow caused a surge of memories

to come cascading back to him as her cute little nostrils flared. Even if she was wearing the equivalent of an old green canvas bag, it was the same old Misty.

"Since when do you wear a dress? You weren't wearing that thing when we talked on the Pokegear this morning."

"I'm not wearing this because I want to!" The fiery redhead replied in an annoyed tone. "I have to wear this because Nurse Joy's stupid robot put me a-" Misty paused, too embarrassed to say what she was wearing out loud.

"In a what?"

Ash arched an eyebrow as a blushing Misty bent down with a loud crinkle. He watched as one of his closest friends hiked up the hem of her dress until he spotted what was causing her to have a bulge at her hips. It was a large, discolored diaper!

"You're wearing a diaper?!" Ash had to cover his mouth to keep himself from laughing his ass off.

"It's not funny, Ash!" Misty whined and hit the boy from Pallet Town on the head.

Ash looked up from the ground and saw the diaper as he unintentionally caught a glimpse up her dress. "Is this a joke or something?"

"Why would I make you come all the way out here if I was going to play a joke on you?" Misty asked as a throbbing vein popped up on her forehead.

"Okay. So it's not a joke, but why is it wet?"

Misty's face grew even redder, almost as red as the hair on her head. She struggled to find the right words to explain her predicament.

"I've been stuck in this- thing- since yesterday!"

"You can't take it off?"

Misty sighed and shook her head. It was no use getting even more upset over this situation due to Ash's questions. After all, it seemed that Ash was still the same simpleminded and naive boy he was on that faithful day she had met him.

"So, you can't get that diaper off and Joy is trapped inside this building?"

"Yes, she's trapped inside this weird robot that looks just like her." Misty answered.

"She must be stuck inside the driver's seat" Ash assumed.

"You'll see. Now let's get her free before it starts raining harder."

Ash nodded, but stepped in front of Misty and opened the door. "I don't want anything bad to happen to you so I'll lead the way."

"I don't think that's a good idea." Misty answered quietly as she followed him into the dimly lit warehouse.

'Didn't I leave the lights on when I left?'

"Wait a minute, Ash. Let me turn on the-"

Right as Misty reached for Ash's shoulder, a few dozen mechanical arms came from the ceiling and grabbed the black haired trainer, lifting him off of his feet.

"Misty!" Ash cried out in shock. "What's going on?!"

The redhead didn't wait to find out as she dived behind a stack of crates that were lined up in the center of the floor.

"Let go of me!" Ash shouted, struggling against the numerous metallic arms that held him by his ankles and wrists.

The four arms held the boy stretched out, much like a starfish, as another pair of arms got to work stripping him of his clothing. One gloved hand removed his prized hat while another started untying his shoes. With expert precision the hands both took off his shoes at the same time and then moved on to undressing his lower body by pulling on his belt that held his pokeballs. With a fluid tug by one of the hands, the belt came off. With his pants loose, the hands simultaneously yanked down his pants revealing his boxers.

"Hey! Give me back my pants!" Ash cried.

The gloved hands securing his ankles had to relinquish his legs to allow his pants to be removed entirely. With this slight freedom given to him Ash started flailing his legs, kicking at his robotic captors. One of the mechanical arms snuck behind him and yanked upwards on the waistband of his underwear, giving the boy a wicked wedgie until the shorts ripped into two pieces.

"Ooouuccchhh!" Ash whined. "That hurt!"

The arms went about their business, not paying attention to his questions or caring about his demands to cease their actions, as they moved onto his upper body. They ripped his navy blue jacket right down the middle, creating a clean tear as it was removed from his body. The AI running the machine wasn't going to give him another opportunity to fight back as it dropped the scraps of what used to be his underwear and clothes onto the floor. His shirt and fingerless gloves were the last bits of clothing to be discarded onto the floor, joining the remnants of his underwear, jacket and shirt as Ash squirmed and wriggled against the big white gloves that held him firmly in their grasp.

"Bwaaah!" The naked trainer from Pallet yelled as he realized that he was naked from head to toe. He wanted nothing more than to cover his privates, but the machine refused to relinquish his arms.

"Who's doing this? Nurse Joy? Team Rocket?!" Ash asked defiantly.

Ash's questions went unanswered as an eerie sound came from the ceiling as an odd looking screen was lowered down. With a bit of static, the television came to life, but what Ash saw on the screen was nothing like any TV he had ever seen before. The screen glowed a bright red as it proceeded to slowly pass his head and scan his entire body. Ash looked down as a steady red line crept down his chest and onto his stomach, scanning his entire upper body with a red laser beam. It seemed that all the screen wanted to do was go over his body which was embarrassing enough for the trainer, but if he had known that he was being documented and his body's measurements were being entered into Nurse Joy's database of daughters, Ash would've probably blushed even harder than he already was. Things seemed to be proceeding along smoothly until the screen saw his cock.

"Inappropriate Appendage Located Where Vagina Should Be! Engaging Feminization Protocol To Correct The Growth!" A robotic voice declared to the confused trainer who hung butt naked in the air.

"What's that supposed to mean?!" Ash shouted into the dimly lit building.

No answer was given, but out of nowhere he felt one of the gloves glide its thick finger down the small of his back until it stopped right between his buttocks. Ash wasn't a genius, but he was smart enough to clench his cheeks shut. Sadly for the Pokemon trainer, the machine was much stronger than him and easily breached his backdoor until the finger was pushed deep into his hole, filling his asshole entirely. Ash's eyes bulged out of his head as he started to resist, pulling away from the intrusive digit, but the hands holding him by his wrists and ankles prevented him from getting far enough away from the anal invader.

"What are you doing?! Stop that!" Ash demanded as the finger slid deeply into his hole until it reached his prostate.

Ash went cross-eyed when the finger started probing his prostate and tickling his anal canal. Even though his whole body was consumed by an unknown sense of sexual ecstasy, Ash could still focus his mind on the source of his undying pleasure. He could feel the thick finger repeatedly rub against the deepest reaches of his hole as his entire body randomly spasmed, his cock suddenly growing very hard.

Despite Ash's weak protest, the machine continued the prostate massage until it got the exact response the machine wanted from the boy.

Even though Ash couldn't understand what the machine was trying to do him, he still knew that it felt good. He ceased his struggles and allowed a new gloved hand to grab his erect penis. It gave him a loving squeeze before it tightly wrapped its comical fingers around his shaft. The hand started stroking him with a smooth, fluid motion that gradually became a series of precise strokes which grew exponentially quicker and quicker with each passing second. What followed was a bizarre mixture of Ash bucking his crotch clumsily against the robotic hand that was jerking him off while the other hand kept sticking its probing finger up his ass, repeatedly pulling it out only to shove it back into his butthole.

"This feels amazing!" Ash exclaimed happily.

Misty looked out from behind her hiding spot to see what Ash was shouting about. She couldn't understand how anyone could enjoy being stripped naked and diapered- What she expected to see and what she actually saw caused her to blush from head to toe. One of her best friends was held up in the air by mechanical arms while getting fucked in the ass by an almost cartoonish, gloved hand as another identical hand was busy working on his cock. Misty knew exactly what the machine was doing; it was jerking him off, but why? She recalled being stripped naked and diapered, but that was the extent of anything sexual that happened. The machine didn't finger bang her or anything and Nurse Joy didn't get fingered by the machine, she had to service herself, Misty recalled with a grimace.

"Ooohhh! Ooohhh! Ooohhh" Ash moaned.

It was so overwhelming to the young man who had never felt anything like this before. The hands were doing things that he never thought were possible. Every few seconds, Ash found himself squirming and clenching helplessly as the probing finger kept plunging itself back into him. Every few seconds he was forced to let out a girlish moan of sexual bliss when his dick, squeezed between the fat fingers, started twitching. Ash didn't understand why the glove rubbing his cock felt so good. He didn't understand how his penis could grow so big or why it was throbbing. He simply kept humping the hand, letting it rub his cock as he started to feel faint and out of breath.

Out of nowhere another hand gropes and squeezes at his ball sack, kneading his testicles in between its fingers. Ash let out a staggered, weakened groan of pleasure due to this new stimulation. As the hands rubbed, fucked and pulled him, he felt the glove that was still jerking him off become slippery and sticky. For some reason that Ash couldn't comprehend, his cock was dripping a weird white fluid that was leaking out of the tip of his cock. This bizarre substance created a warm, slippery surface for his cock to rub against as the hand continued to gently stroke him off with its fat fingers.

Ash suddenly felt anxious as everything slowed down. It was getting hard to focus and he was starting to feel a strange mixture of euphoria and panic since his breathing became even more labored. His balls were twitching and his vision was becoming a bit blurry as the hand kept stroking him to the brink of ecstasy. Ash instinctively arched his back while his cock finally erupted, sending a long stringshot of hot white goo flying out into the air.

Fully spent, Ash hung there limp and tired as the restraining gloves held him up by his wrists as his legs gave out. Coming down from his post orgasm, Ash started to think a bit more rationally. The whole situation made no sense and only served to confuse the boy even more than before, but he would be lying if he said that wasn't the most amazing feeling that he had ever experienced in his life.

"Emptying Of The Genitals Has Been Completed! Commencing Surgery!"

"What?" He asked. "What's that supposed to mean?!"

Ash stared at the odd cylinder shaped mechanism that replaced the odd TV screen. The device was slowly lowering itself down from the ceiling while Ash stared at it with a puzzled expression. The top portion of the tube was lavender in color with a square shaped ending that looked like a small box. Without warning, the box spread open into numerous panels which were connected to the cylinder by thin rods that swung out on tiny black hinges while a few longer pieces of metal stretched out like spider legs, wielding blades. The whole thing looked extremely high tech and extremely dangerous.

"What's that thing!?" Ash cried out, worried about the device that was hovering near his limp cock.

A grey tentacle snaked its way out of the center of the pink device until it hovered over Ash's circumcised cock. It quickly clamped itself beneath the head of his penis and started stroking it until it grew hard again. The pink, metallic band stopped and held his cock firmly in place as the two or three spindly extensions wielding small, surgical blades grew closer to Ash's privates.

"Stay away!" Ash begged, but his pleas weren't processed by the machinery.

With a quick slash across the boy's ball sack, the machine was able to gain access to his scrotum. Ash screamed as his whole body shook in agony. The machine didn't just cut him, but it sliced him open across the middle of his sack from the base of his cock to the start of his gooch. Not only was his most sensitive organ gushing blood, but his whole body started to feel incredibly cold as another slightly smaller cylindrical device came towards him from the roof.

"What are yo- AHHHHHH!" Ash screamed out in agony as the device stuck itself into the incision.

The odd machine reached his sack and clipped the veins holding his balls before the metallic rod came to life with a rumble inside his ball sack, sucking his balls out with an extremely strong vacuum tight suction, removing his testicles with little care or concern about hurting him. Ash shivered and twitched, trying to stay awake as his body trembled underneath the bizarre machine that was performing a sadistic surgery on his manhood without any anesthetic.

"Please-" Ash tried to find his breath as the machine finished removing his testicles and started slicing his penis, "please, staahhpp!!!!"

Misty couldn't believe her eyes as she cautiously poked her head out from behind the random crates that lined the side of the conveyor belt. From her vantage point she could see that the machine had removed Ash's balls! The machine had removed Ash's balls in mere seconds and now was slicing his dick, peeling it back like a banana as blood leaked everywhere. Misty had to cover her mouth to keep herself from vomiting as the machine started slicing his dick. It only took seconds for the boy's once proud manhood to be dissected and shredded into ribbons of red flesh. The redhead clenched her eyes shut as a gloved hand with red splotches covering its white surface started peeling the ribbons of flesh back. The last thing she saw before closing her eyes was Ash trembling while his eyes were tightly shut. It seemed that he couldn't watch the machine manipulate his cock like it was a banana ether.

Misty sat there trying to ignore what was going on just mere feet away from where she hid, feeling ashamed of herself. She wanted to do something to help her friend. She wanted to save him, but she didn't know how she could do that. Above all else; she wanted to scream. However, she knew better than to do that. All that would do was give herself away. Even if she had no idea what to do, it was still better to save herself than to end up like Ash.

'Ugh, I'm pathetic.' The redhead winced as she heard the familiar high powder hum of a vacuum suck away more of Ash's manhood.

She wasn't a coward. She was better than this! She knew that she had to do something. After all, she got Ash into this mess. 'If it wasn't for me, Ash wouldn't be getting his dick removed by a crazy machine!'

A pair of mechanical arms slithered their way down from the roof, going past Ash who was struggling to stay awake. The arms used their white gloved hands to pull apart what remained of his penis so the sucking machine sucked up the blood until there was nothing left except for some drooping skin. With a loud hum, the rod shaped device that had sucked up his balls and cleaned up his ruined penis, began to push into his crotch it was pushing through the mess of shredded skin, creating a hole where his new vagina would be crafted from the remaining skin of his dick.

Ash gasped and released an ear piercing scream as the metal rod turned slowly, twisting itself like a knife into his flesh as it stuffed itself into his pelvis. As the rod tunneled into him, stretching his new birth canal wide and deep, a terrible, foul smell of burning flesh wafted up to the trainer from Pallet Town's nose. Ash craned his head towards his now sexless crotch and saw what was causing the painful burning feeling; a laser worked feverishly to cauterize the numerous incisions on what remained of the skin hanging from his crotch as a pair of gloved hands molded the remains of his balls together to form the outer lips of his new pussy.

Another machine gradually descended from an opening in the ceiling and appeared to hover over Ash's chest. The boy stared at the weird, spark plug shaped device which hung from the roof by a long purple tube. Without warning, the base of the lavender colored device pressed into his chest and a tight seal was formed over his right pectoral muscle. A vibration signaled to the boy that the machine on his chest had started up as he felt dozens of metallic holes manipulating his skin. An agonizing pinch caused him to howl as something jabbed his nipple. Seconds turned to minutes as his chest began to tingle and swell.

Ash had no idea about the transformation that was occurring hidden from his sight by the metallic tube. The holes that lined the inner walls of the tube were pinching his skin at a microscopic level, injecting his right chest muscle with chemicals to help his chest grow a matching pair of large breasts. It had an immediate effect upon his breast that Ash could feel; his pectoral muscle was swelling and getting firmer. While that was happening, three tiny metal arms were working on his boyish nipple, tugging on it and pulling it until the hormone enhanced chemical cocktail caused his nipple to become large like a woman's.

As the mysterious machine worked on his chest, Ash felt a huge pressure leave his body. He looked past the lavender tube attached to his chest and saw the white rod being pulled away from between his legs. Where his cock and balls once hung was now a flat pubic mound with a slit. He stared at his new vagina with confusion.

"So, this is what girls have?" Ash wondered aloud to himself.

A hiss of air shot out from the sides of the circular opening, interrupting his train of thought as the strange mechanism lifted itself from his right pectoral muscle. What was once a flat surface had been replaced by a truly glorious breast which looked like it belonged to a porn star.

Ash's mouth hung open in shock. He couldn't believe that he now had a boob! What was even crazier was the fact that it was bigger boobs than his own Mother's!

"What have you done to me?!" Ash shouted at the numerous machines working in tandem to transform his body.

'I can't just sit here and do nothing!'

Misty stood up and looked past the side of the boxes that concealed her body, ready to help her dear friend. However, all of her courage crumbled when she saw a large white rod hovering between Ash's legs! She looked past the rod and saw that her friend now had a vagina! If that wasn't bad enough, just above the spot where the weird cylinder was protruding from his chest Misty spotted a large pair of breasts hanging from the boy's chest!

'He's going to have bigger tits than me!' Misty shook such jealous thoughts from her head and tried to focus her mind. 'Why is this thing doing that to him? Why is it trying to make him a girl?!

Suddenly, the fiery redhead realized just what the machine was doing to Ash. She recalled Nurse Joy saying something about how this thing was specifically designed to baby her "daughters" and, in a sick way, it sort of made sense that the machine was trying to make Ash into a girl. If Joy had kidnapped a boy and put him into the machine then the machine obviously was programmed to make that guy into a girl.

Misty felt queasy just thinking about what Ash was going through as a pair of gloved hands started to shave his black hair. Once again she ducked down, feeling ashamed of herself.

Ash winced as an electric razor was pressed against the base of his skull and pulled up the back of his head until it was removed just above his eyebrows. He peered down at his breasts to see numerous black hairs scattered across his bosom. The skin on the exposed strip of scalp was cold and felt foreign to the boy, but he would be getting used to it as the buzzing razor made another pass across his scalp sending even hair falling onto his naked flesh as it fell to the cement floor.

The gloved hands used a painter's brush to go over Ash's scalp, sweeping away the excess hair which clung to the top of his now bald head. Once cleaned up, the machine focused on removing the remaining follicles his hair by shaving around his ears. The gloved hands gently holding them down and out of the way of the razor as the last of his hair was removed.

"If I'm supposed to be a girl then why am I bald?!" Ash cried at the ceiling in vain.

The gloved hand ignored him and ran a lone finger against his bare skin, checking to see if it missed any lone hairs, but it seemed pleased with the tiny bits of stubble that covered Ash's head. Taking the painter's brush, another hand dipped it into a bucket of clear goop. With a full brush, the hand slathered it all over Ash's head, causing him to squirm from the odd material coating every inch of his bald head.

"Arrgh! What are you doing to me now?!"

A pink grappler shot down to just above his head and firmly planted a massive blond wig complete with a bow onto his bald head. The clear adhesive goop formed a rapid seal, ensuring that the wig was never going to leave his head unless it was literally shaved off.

Curiosity got the better of Misty and she decided to peak her head out from behind the crate. She couldn't believe her eyes! The removal of his short black hair and addition of the blond hair made Ash look just like a woman! If Misty didn't know any better, she would bet money that Ash, with his new body, could compete with her older sister for any man in Kanto.

"Hey! What's going on now?!" Ash hollered as the machine pulled down two harness-like things and put his legs into them.

They must have been motor-driven because they both began to pull Ashley's legs into an upright position so that her ass was stuck up in the air. A fairly innocent looking rectangular shaped machine was positioned near his plump bottom a long metal extension came out of the machine. This rod shaped extension was lined up perfectly with her asshole. A low hum filled the room as the big rod began the in and out motion of being inserted into Ashley's asshole.

"Hey! What are yo-AAHHHHH!"

A cold piston pushed it's way into Ashley's spread cheeks causing the newly created woman to emit a feminine shout as her plump buttocks took the anal intruder.

Ashley took in a breath as the machine was just a bit too large for her asshole, but thankfully the piston started to secrete a gel-like solution that was worked into her tight hole. The slick juices squirting out of the sides of the metal rod helped it slide more easily into her asshole. It started out gently at first and the liquid helped keep things moving, but suddenly the machine started going faster and growing larger in diameter!

The stretching of her asshole had begun!

The machine had one job; rendering the user incontinent. It just kept growing in size and extending as it pushed deeper and deeper into the poor Pokemon trainer's rear end.

The dainty shouts coming from Ashley gradually became a series of moans as the slippery rod slid in and out of her rectum. It was just too much for her to take, after all, it was only natural for the newly created woman's sensitive body to respond to the exquisite massaging and caressing in such an unlady like way. The deeper into her ass it went, the more liquid it squirted into her! It seemed that the machine had reached its limit when an extension popped out of the tip of the rod and slid even deeper into Ashley's asshole, stretching it gradually wider as the blond moaned like a dirty whore.

"Moooaarr!" Ashley cried as her excited anal lips swelled, wrapping around the mechanical dong which was not only fucking her ass, but making her anally incontinent. Once it was done working on her asshole, she would never be able to hold in her poop again!

As the iron intruder pushed into the poor girl it emitted a pulse of some kind while simultaneously squirting a cold fluid, but this wasn't done to keep things slick like the warm gel. This new chemical solution mixed with the warm lubricant to produce a powerful chemical reaction that had an immediate effect upon the walls of the girl's asshole! The lining of her anus was rapidly losing muscle and the rolling sensation that the dying muscles created led to an orgasm that few had ever experienced in their lives.

"YAASSS!" Ashley cried out as she finally became a woman.

Misty watched the machine finish pleasuring her friend, Ash's eyelids were closed before he screwed up his pretty little face and screamed like a whore.

Slowly, Ashley's eyelids opened to reveal her beautiful, golden brown, eyes sparkling from the renewed euphoria she was feeling as the machine kept assaulting her asshole.

Misty looked around and realized that the machine was too busy butt fucking Ash to notice her. In the blink of an eye, her expression of disgust became a grin as she jumped out from her hiding place and ran for the door of the warehouse.

Just as Misty reached out to grab the door handle, a strangely familiar sensation was felt under her arms. The redhead paused and turned her head right as two gloved hands lifted her up into the air. Shouting and squirming, Misty tried to wriggle out of their hold, but the machines weren't going to let her go.

"Let me go you stupid gloves!"

It looked like Ashley was going to get company if the angry insults coming from Misty were an indication. The blond gazed up at the squirming water trainer who was being held by a pair of gloved hands. No matter how hard she fought, the mechanical hands kept her from falling.

"Misty!" Ashley hollered out, "behind you!"

The first redhead stopped fighting and turned her head to see the same rod that fucked Ash slowly coming for her! With a flurry of kicks and screams, Misty fought with everything she had to escape from the metallic tentacles that were holding her, but the machine was simply too powerful. Her diaper was ripped from her petite body and, just like with Ash, Misty's legs were grabbed and positioned in such a way that allowed the piston to be perfectly lined up with her bare naked ass.

"No!!!" Misty begged. "I'll be good! I promise!"

The machine couldn't be negotiated with or talked out of performing its task. With a motorized hum, the long shiny rod was pushed up into Misty's pooper and pumped in and out of her without mercy. Misty took the phallic metal rod as well as could be expected, but after the second push, she broke down and started wailing due to how large the metal intruder was inside her tiny hole. She had never felt anything so massive in all of her life!

While this was happening to Misty, Ashley was moved slightly away from the redhead and gasped as a pair of gloved hands brought over two large milking tubes. The blond didn't know what they were, but she struggled against her gloved captors when they neared her new breasts with those odd looking tubes. The blond tried to pull away from the horrible machine, but it was no use, the hands were much too strong and attached the milker to one her new nipples. Another hand stuck a milker to Ashley's other nipple and then held both milkers in place for a moment, waiting for the machine to be powered on.

In an instant, the tubes shook as they came to life. Ashley winced as she felt a powerful suction tug at her nipples. Within seconds, a small spurt of milk sprayed into the tube. The second hose was similarly sucking milk from her the nipple on her right breast causing Ashley to moan. With

a whirring sound, the blond shuddered as both of the hoses simultaneously began pumping milk from her breasts.

Ashley's new areolas kept squirting milk as the milking tubes rhythmically sucked on them, moving them upward within the sealed cylinder. Ashley sighed happily as her nipples grew hard. Ripples of pleasure radiated across her chest as her new breasts slowly became lighter as the machine drained them, sucking them dry.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh maaaiii Arceus!!!!!" Ashley cried in ecstasy.

Ashley could feel a warm fluid trickling down her inner thighs from her new womanhood. She didn't know what was happening, but the newly created hole between her legs was throbbing and was demanding attention. However, Ashley couldn't reach down and touch her quivering lower lips. Her arms and legs were still held by the gloved hands that held her captive.

The machine must've noticed that Ashley's pussy was leaking cum because it moved the long phallic rod which had just spread the blond trainer's asshole over to her new pussy. A powerful jolt rocked Ashley's body, causing the young woman's new clitoris to come alive as the huge rod entered the moist pair of lips. In a rhythmic fashion, the hard vibrating rod was repeatedly thrust into Ashley's body making her petite body bounce up and down. She was simultaneously being fucked and milked by this crazy machine!

This pattern of penetration and milking continued while Misty was finishing her anal stretching. The poor redhead was practically crying as a pair of suction cups were affixed to her hard nipples. Once the machine came to life, a powerful force sucked on her nipples, pulling them into the openings of the tubes which created a tight vacuum that forced her milk to spray out of her areolas. This repeating suction caused a steady stream of her milk to flow down the tubes and into the machine which poured both Misty's and Ashley's milk into a collection tank. Once the tank was full, the milk would be transferred to the Joybot.

"Please stop!" Misty cried out as the milking machine threatened to suck her dry. "I can't take any more!"

Misty should've known by now that this machine could not be reasoned with or talked out of completely its assignment. If anything, the machine mistook the redheads pleading and yelling as shouts of ecstasy and brought over her anal stretching rod to the front of her tight virgin slit.

"No!" Misty shouted at the machine with tears in her eyes. "Anything but that!!"

It could be argued that the machine started penetrating Ashley to test out her new pussy, but Misty was already a woman. She didn't need her womanhood to be tested!

Sadly for the Cerulean City Gym Leader, she was about to be put into another battle against the machine. She had no way of knowing this, but Nurse Joy had designed the machine to make all of her future daughters both incontinent and reliant on her for all of their sexual releases. She wanted to forge a bond where the girls needed her. Misty was now going to have her pussy trained just like her asshole had been. Not only would she no longer be able to hold in her poop, but her pussy would soon learn to crave the metal rod above any other form of cock!

"It's too big! It's too big! It's toooooo biiiiiiiiiggggg!!!!" Misty shouted as the anal stretching rod was rammed up her tight vagina. It was just such an extremely tight fit!

While Misty was learning just how much metallic cock her pussy could handle, Ashley was learning to love her new boyfriend as she thought of the machine. Her clenched jaw would only open to release long moans of pleasure as the machine taught the trainer from Pallet town to her new little pussy. Escaped my throat.

"Moar!" Ashley begged. I need moar!!"

Yet the machine did not care what the blond wanted. It did not slow or stop for Misty, nor did it speed up or increase its pounding for Ashley. It simply continued with its assigned steady rhythm of sliding in and out of her throbbing little slit, stretching the blond wide while causing Ashley to learn to crave the huge cock.

With each push, with each thrust, Ashley bounced and recoiled from the shock of getting fucked by such a massive rod. With every piston powered punch, the metallic dick stretched Ashley's new vagina lips, straining them to their limits as the blond trainer panted and gasped for air in between her slutty moans. Every so often Ashley would breathe in enough air to beg for more. With each thrust, Ashley learned to squeeze her hole tighter around the intruder, wrapping around the metal rod to increase her pleasure.

There was no denying that the blond was in love with this device as it drove up into her vaginal tunnel, pounding against her pelvic walls, demanding her womanly juices be spilled.

"Need moar!!!!" Ashley demanded as drool spilled onto her big breasts.

An unexpected shift of hydraulics caused the machine to speed up, ramming Ashley with its unrestrained power. The blond was now screaming as her wish was granted; the metallic dick fucked her with full force.

"Ohhh! Uuughh! Ohhhh maaaiiii!"

Misty could just make out Ash's shouts of lust over her own growing arousal. She did not consider herself to be a slut, but the tubes tugging on her nipples and the rod fucking her tight slit made her moan just as loudly as her friend. It was simply human nature that caused her to want more. The redhead was overwhelmed by her body's demands as she moaned, cried and strained against the gloved hands that spread her wide like a starfish. Her pale white skin was covered in little bumps, prickling from the sexual arousal while her heaving lungs cried out for more. Her hips were rolling in pace with the machine's thrusting as the pleasure kept building up until she could no longer hold back anymore.

"I'm gonna cum!" Misty shouted.

With milk tubes flowing, rods thrusting in and out of their pussies, the two trainers cried out together as the metallic dicks took them over the edge of ecstasy. Ashley especially was crying out with everything she had as the blond squirted a healthy gush of her female juices. The sticky fluid splattered against the concrete floor as her body was consumed by pleasure.

Even as the machine stopped, and she finished cumming, the blond wanted more. She never wanted to give up that intense feeling! With what strength she had left, Ashley heaved and lifted her womanly hips up an inch or two and then gave up, landing on the phallic prosthetic allowing gravity to give her one last thrust. It was all she could do to draw out that amazing feeling, but it only lasted so long.

The facility was now extremely quiet. Only the sounds of electrical power coursing through the machines and some random gears turning could be heard. Each girl had ceased their screaming and begging. Both were now fully pleased and content. Even the normally fiery Misty was docile as her mind swam in a sea of endorphins.

Once their milk tubes were removed and the rods returned to their storage space, the gloved hands resumed their jobs. Misty smiled as her womanhood was gently dried of her sticky cum, with a baby wipe, by one of the hands. At this point, she didn't even care if she was going to end up in a diaper. As long as she got to experience that every day, she would be anyone's baby!

Ashley hung there limply in the gloved hands grasp as she slowly started to regain her composure. The blond had no clue what was happening as the metallic tentacles carried her over to the conveyor belt. She was feeling tired after such a long fucking.

The yawning trainer from Pallet town and Misty were gently laid down onto the stiff surface of the conveyor belt. Wasting no time, the mechanical arms quickly forced them to lay spread out on the belt as they secured their hands to the surface of the belt with metal cuffs. Once cuffed, the gloved hands forced Ashley's hands behind her head while spreading her legs outwards, exposing her shaved pussy.

Washing Procedure Engage!

With a loud, electric hum, the conveyor belt turned on and slowly started moving forward as the two naked girls started squirming.

"They're going to wash us Ash!" Misty warned her friend who was forced to lay out in front of her.

Ashley didn't exactly understand what Misty was so worried about. A bath sounded so nice after having such vigorous sex with the metal penis. Her new pussy felt sore from the rod, but it wasn't as sore as her once tight butthole which now ached from being stretched wide.

The blond wondered where the tub was as she approached a pair of matching metal pillars. Without warning, she was blasted by a series of water spraying out of two metal poles which

stood on opposite sides of the belt. Five jets of water hit her lower body, wetting her feet and thighs as five other blasts of water covered her stomach breasts and face.

"What kind of bath is this?!" The startled blond shouted. "It's like a shower or something..."

Suddenly, a large spinning brush came out from an opening in the roof. It looked just like those brushes that car washes used to clean the roof of the cars! The massive, industrialized brush slowly lowered from the ceiling and started going over Ashley's body, causing the naked blond to scream out in a fit of giggles; she was so ticklish!

"Stahp! Stahp!" Ashley cried out in between laughs as her body was assaulted by the mammoth brush.

Millions of tiny brushes tickled her entire body, starting at the tips of her toes until reaching the top of her head. However, the brush did seem to linger on Ashley's midsection due to her new breasts. They were a perfect target for the overhead brush since they sat perched above the rest of her slender body. Such big boobs caused the huge brush to go over them a few extra rotations, whirling over her sensitive nipples, before rolling along and hitting her face.

"Ahaaa! Hhha!"

Misty could see the large brush swirling robotically in front of her as it finally finished going over Ash's face. She recalled seeing Nurse Joy start to get sprayed with water, but she interrupted the machine before it could actually wash her. Nurse Joy may have been crazy, but Misty had a feeling that this part of the machine was designed by Team Rocket. No mother would wash their babies like this!

"I don't want to be washed like this!" Misty shouted as the approaching brush started going over her pale feet.

The squirming redhead tried not to laugh, but the small bristles tickled the soles of her feet before slowly moving over her calves and thighs. The brush was slowly making its way up her body, but the wide car wash style brush was spinning incredibly fast!

"Enough!" Misty cried as water sprayed her head.

Unlike Ashley, Misty wasn't as gifted up top and the brush quickly passed over her chest and was on a collision course with her poor face! The spinning brush ran over her face repeatedly, forcing soap and water into her eyes and mouth. After what seemed like an eternity, the Cerulean City Gym Leader could actually breath air instead of soap.

"I hate this stupid machine!" Misty cried as a pair of mechanical arms descended from the ceiling.

Ashley finally stopped laughing as she was lifted up by the gloved hands and held in the air. She looked around, wondering if that was the end of her washing as her friend joined her in the air. They both kind of hung there like wet rags.

"Misty, is it over yet?" The blond couldn't help but ask.

"I don't know. It could be."

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" Ashley screamed as an unseen fluffy spinning brush made contact with her plump bottom, swirling over her soapy buttcheeks repeatedly, scrubbing them softly but rapidly.

Right when Misty saw Ashley get attacked by the round fan brush, she felt a bizarre feeling on her ass; it was washing her too!

The two girls squirmed and spun around in the air, wrapping themselves in the machine's power cords, until both of their bodys were dangling from the roof like soaping wet puppets covered in soapy suds. Two new fluffy brush machines pressed against their faces, causing them to twist and turn until they smacked into each other's back. As if by reflex, Ashley and Misty leaned away from one another, trying to give each other space, but all that succeeded in doing was getting them entwined together as their butts pressed together.

"Ash! Your ass is touching mine!" Misty whined, kicking her legs backward before another spiny fluffy brush started washing her shoulder.

Ashley could feel the back of Misty's thigh rubbing against her pussy and enjoyed the nice feeling until the spinning fluffy brush started coming at her face!

"Nooooo!"

Ashley cried out, her eyes wide with fear, as the fluffy rotary brush hit her face.

The blond tried to move her head away from the round brush, but it was just so quick. Spinning clockwise, round and round, the brush covered her face and scrubbed off all of her sweat from her anal stretching and sex session.

As Ashley was getting her face cleaned, Misty was fighting against a very naughty brush that was trying to get in between her legs. It worked its way up her inner thighs and finally reached her sore lower lips. Hovering in place, the mechanical arms pressed the spinning fluffy brush into her shaved pussy. The redhead instantly started moaning and shouting as her pussy tingled. She struggled against her binds and tried to move away from the invasive brush, but she couldn't get away from the swishing brush that tickled the surface of her pussy. All she did was press her back against Ashley's back again.

Ashley could feel Misty's spamming body against her own, quivering repeatedly as the girl moaned and screamed. However, she could do nothing to help her friend because the brush moved down from her face and started swirling around her large perky breasts! The soap covered fluffy brush was spinning so fast that her nipples started to get very hard and hot. In fact, her whole body was starting to warm up as the blond felt her skin turn pink.

"Stahp it!" Ashley whined, but couldn't deny that the brush was starting to turn her on. The feeling of the fluffy brush swirling across her sensitive nipples made her feel so horny that her pussy started to leak.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!"

Ashley could hear Misty begging over the electronic whirring of the fan brush. The blond knew exactly what was happening to her friend and hoped that the brush would do the same to her pussy too. In the end, Ashley actually got her wish and ended up joining Misty when the brush

washing her breasts moved downwards towards her sticky crotch. Ashley was finally able to catch her breath, but she wouldn't be able to breathe for long as the brush made its way down her tight tummy to clean her dirty lower lips.

"YAAZZ!" Ashley shouted like a lewd girl who craved sex.

"I need moarr!!" Misty roared.

While both girls were getting their pussies cleaned, a mechanical arm snuck around underneath them and held up a spinning fluffy brush. The brush moved closer and closer until the two girls could feel a soft set of bristles spinning across their plump butts, lathering soap around both of their bottoms. It was a unique feeling for both of the girls as their own brush worked on their pussies while their asses shared a brush.

"Moar please!!" Misty begged.

While both girls were getting their pussies cleaned, a mechanical arm snuck around underneath them and held up a spinning fluffy brush. The brush moved closer and closer until the two girls could feel a soft set of bristles spinning across their plump butts, lathering soap around both of their bottoms. It was a unique feeling for both of the girls as their own brush worked on their pussies while their asses shared a brush.

Misty quivered and wriggled as her body felt like it was shivering in sexual ecstasy from all the different brushes swirling over her pale skin. She had just come only minutes ago, but her body was starting to build up again as her mind swam in a sea of pleasure. If Nurse Joy had treated her like this only hours ago, Misty might've given in and become her baby.

Ashley too was enjoying the hundreds of tiny bristles brushing over her new private parts. Her pussy felt extremely sensitive due to her training with the metallic rod and the dancing brushes made her lower lips tingle and drip with her juices. If the brushes kept going, she would need another washing!

A loud beep rang out above the sounds of the machinery and their sinful moaning. Suddenly all the brushes ceased spinning and the blond and redhead found themselves beat red and

unfulfilled. Ashley especially was whining and bucking her hips into the air while Misty found a blush spreading across her face.

The Cerulean City Gym Leader couldn't believe what she had been thinking about during her washing. Was she really that weak? Would she so happily and readily give up her freedom just to cum? It disgusted her how much she was enjoying these machines.

'As soon as these hands let me go I have to get out of here!' Misty told herself before she was lowered towards the belt.

A solid blast of water sprayed the two girls, making them squirm as the cold water washed all over them, rinsing all of the suds from their bodies.

"Ahhhh!" The blond cried out in shock.

Ashley had been humping the air when that icy surge of water sprayed her without warning.

Ashley had been humping the air when that icy surge of water sprayed her without warning.

"Hey! What gives?!" Ashley snapped. She was quite upset that her very erotic cleaning session was finished.

Dangling in the air, held up by the gloved hands, the two trainers were at the mercy of the machine when out of nowhere a bunch of hair dryers came to life, blowing powerful gusts of hot air across their wet bodies. Tiny beads of water were sent flying from Ash and Misty's skin as the hands moved all around them with the blow dryers. After a minute of intense drying, the girls were lowered down towards the belt.

Ashley was dumped onto the moving conveyor belt and quickly got up on her knees to see what was going on around her. She could see that Misty was right above her and was in the process of being lowered down onto the belt.

Misty tried to kick her legs in an effort to break free, but before she could even pull her legs back to launch a kick, her ankles were grabbed by one of the gloved hands and held. She was lowered onto the hard rubber, forced to lay on the conveyor belt and await her new diaper. She tried to roll off the belt, but the hands were too quick for her. They reached out and caught her before she could even fall off the belt.

Seeing that all the hands were busy keeping Misty from escaping, Ashley leaned forward and her hand washed no time reaching between her thighs. The naughty blond started slipping her fingers in and out of her glistening slit. She may have been denied release by the brush, but the trainer from Pallet town was determined to finish the job that the machine had started.

"Stupid machine!" The fiery redhead pouted, staring at the ceiling with her arms folded across her small breasts. She was so close to getting off of the belt, but the mechanical hands were simply too fast for her!

Feeling upset, and more than a bit embarrassed, she stared past her chest to see how Ash was doing.

"Ash!? What the hell are you doing?!"

Within seconds of yelling at Ash, Misty felt her ankles being grabbed and lifted up from the industrial lining of the conveyor belt. She screamed in shock as her arms shot out to the sides, bent and rigid.

Ashley was blushing due to being caught as she looked over her shoulder just in time to see a steel tentacle send one of its gloved hands at her bottom. The machine was holding a canister, but before Ashley could guess what was in it she smelt a familiar scent; baby powder. The moment the blond realized what the smell was she felt her bottom and hairless pussy get dusted with a huge cloud of baby powder.

As Ashley was getting her plump ass powdered Misty was getting restrained by the machine. Her wrists were grabbed, forcing her arms back behind her head. She was literally only able to kick and felt incredibly vulnerable as the conveyor belt continued to take herself and Ash deeper into the facility. She was truly at the mercy of the machine.

"Leave me alone!" Ashley whined as the machine grabbed her by her wrists and literally flipped her onto her back.

A few more hands honed in on the upset blond and stretched her out on the belt while making sure her feet were facing the next station and her head was laying on the belt. From her new position Ashley could see that the next station was the diapering station! Numerous mechanical arms were waving around from the ceiling and each one held a cute disposable diaper in their hands that looked like they were large enough to fit her.

"I don't want to wear a diaper!" Ashley whined.

Misty simply sighed. She should've known better than to come back to this crazy place. Sure, she couldn't figure out how to get out of her old diaper, but if she had just swallowed her pride she could've found someone willing to help her out. Now she had gotten her best friend involved and, just like always, he was no help. Yeah, she may have gotten out of her diaper, but sadly for her she was going right back into a fresh one!

Washed, powdered and restrained, the machine had these two girls right where it wanted them. The computer lifted both Ashley and Misty's legs up, exposing their cute puckered pussies and round asses.

Ashley looked behind her and saw Misty's perfect pussy. The blond had always wondered what it looked like, but Ashley never thought that she would find out like this! Suddenly, she felt her bottom get lowered down onto a soft cushion. It would've been nice, but a loud crinkle told the newly created woman that her fat ass was laying on a diaper! The very idea that the machine was actually going to force her to wear a diaper like Misty made the blond's face turn red with embarrassment.

"Please don't diaper me!" Ashley pleaded.

No response was given except for a pair of hands going for her waist. Ashley could do nothing but lay there awkwardly as the big bulky fingers of the hands fiddled with her diaper. They pulled the wings tight, wrapping her womanly hips in a layer of plastic as another pair of gloved hands tugged on the disposable diaper's tapes and fastened each side of her diaper together, sealing the trainer from Pallet town into a tremendously thick, plastic covered diaper. As if adding insult to injury, the hands finished her diapering by patting the front of her diaper. She could barely

feel her new pussy through all that thick padding. It was like the machine was letting Ashley know that she wouldn't be playing with herself anymore.

"I swear to Arceus that I'm going to burn this place down when I get out of here!!"

With a frown, Ashley peered back behind her and saw Misty's pampered posterior staring back at her. The blond had expected nothing less, but when she heard all of the loud screams coming from the furious redhead, she had to check on her friend and check to make sure that she was okay.

INITIALIZE JOYBOT

The computerized voice caught Ashley off guard, but what really got her attention was the series of steps, louder than anything Ashley had ever heard before, growing closer with each passing second. The blond felt extremely anxious as the ground shook slightly as the steps drew near.

"Umm, Misty?"

"Yes, Ash?" The redhead replied, scowling.

"What's making that noise?" Ashley felt her head start to sweat.

"Ash Ketchum! If you tell me that you already forgot about the giant robot that I told you about over the phone, the one that looks like Nurse Joy, I'm going to get up from this conveyor belt and pinch your tit so hard that you'll scream for your mom!" The angry redhead threatened.

Luckily for Ashley, the fiery redhead was in no position to make good on her threat and wouldn't be anytime soon because their new caretaker had just walked up to the belt. Ashley gazed up at the giant metal woman in awe as it came into view right above the conveyor belt. Ashley couldn't believe her eyes! The robot looked just like a nurse Joy, but without any clothing on!

"I can't believe this thing is real! I thought you were making it up!" Ashley shouted, shocked by the sight of the metallic woman.

"So you thought I was lying?!" The redhead barked as the robotic Nurse Joy brought up a brush and a pair of scissors in its metallic hands.

"This isn't even hair! It's a wig!" Ashley whined, hoping that the robot would just leave her alone.

Ashley winced as the robot's large fingers began to slide through her hair until they reached the top of her shoulder blades. The trainer from Pallet town felt the machine gathering up the false hair and wondered if this crazy thing was really going to cut the wig shorter. Ashley held her breath out of fear as the cold blades of a pair of scissors briefly touched her bare skin. Not knowing what to expect, Ashley was nervous and apprehensive and clenched her eyes shut. It wasn't like she even cared about the wig, but the thought of a robot wielding something as sharp as those scissors so close to her naked body made the young woman incredibly freighted.

With a lone snip, Ashley heard the sound of hair being cut and then, a second later, she felt it tickle her spine as the strand of hair fell to the conveyor belt. Ashley was no stranger to hair cuts, she used to get one every few weeks to keep her hair from growing too long when she was a boy, but now that he was a woman, it felt so different than before; it felt unique. Maybe it was due to the fact the wig was so long, but it felt nice to feel some of the weight taken away from the back of her head.

After the first few snips, the Joybot started to slice off the main length of Ashley's hair until the hair stopped at the middle of Ashley's back. The length had been much too long for a baby, the robot reasoned as it slowly and deliberately cut the girl's hair until not a single hair fell past the blond's waist.

Ashley sat on the conveyor belt in a mixture of awe and fear. She knew better than to move or the robot might cut her accidentally with the scissors. So, she just sat there watching all of the blond hair fall into a big heap onto her bare thighs and eventually onto the conveyor belt. Even though it wasn't her real hair, she was amazed by how long it once was.

'Now's my chance to get out of here!' The tomboy thought as she watched Ash get his haircut by the giant, metal monstrosity.

It was almost like the Joybot could read Misty's mind because the moment the young redhead moved, a pair of gloved hands reached out to restrain her.

"Let me go!" Misty shouted, struggling with the hands that grabbed her.

"Misty, just hold still. This isn't even that bad." Ashley stated in a calm voice.

"Easy for you to say, Ash! Your hair isn't even real!" The Cerulean Gym Leader whined, but the more she fought, the tighter the hands squeezed her forearms.

The Joybot, now pleased that the feisty girl was restrained, returned its attention to Ashley's hair and got back to work. It worked in a very meticulous and calculated manner. Each cut was done in a way to create a soft, layered effect in the girl's hair. This took a few minutes to achieve, but finally the Joybot tapped a big finger on her back, telling the blond that it was done.

"That feels much better!" Ashley smiled, tilting her head back to feel the difference.

A moment later, Ashley felt the robot run a brush through her newly cut hair. She sat there happily as the Joybot worked to brush out the hair and to snip off any uneven strands. The Joybot took a second to admire its work; the girl's hair shined so radiantly and looked soft to the touch.

Once the machine was done with the back of her hair, Ashley felt herself spun around on her plastic backed diaper until she faced the imposing Joybot. It may have looked creepy, but it seemed to care about her and didn't seem to want to do her any harm.

'What's it doing now?' Ashley didn't have to wonder what the robot was going to do next for very long. It started brushing her fringe and spraying her hair with hairspray. The trainer from Pallet town coughed loudly, not used to the chemical scent of the aerosol. With her bangs stiff, but wavy from the hairspray, the Joybot decided to give the girl a nice purple bonnet to really make her bangs stand out.

After what seemed like an eternity to Misty, the Joybot stepped back from Ashley. She could only watch in fear as the humongous Joybot moved away from Ashley and approached her. She tried to shimmy and squirm away, but those damn mechanical hands kept her from moving an inch. It was like a bunch of Ekans were keeping her from getting off of the belt. All her struggling did was make her diaper crinkle and her body sweat.

A cold, heavy weight fell on her shoulder as the Joybot put its hand on Misty's shoulder in a way that told the girl not to move. As she was held in place, Misty felt the gloved hands relinquish her arms and slither away from her body. Before she could try to escape, the Cerulean City Gym Leader felt the machine untie her side ponytail, forcing her long red locks to spill across her shoulders and back. Misty froze in place, waiting to hear the sound of the scissors clipping her lovely red strands of hair gone, but the sound never came. The sound she heard was nothing like the sound of steel snipping into her mane. In fact, it felt like the machine was brushing her hair.

Misty stayed still, listening to the comb run through the back of her hair as she tried to steady her breathing. She could feel the brush going through the entire length of her hair and touching her back when it finished. Once more, the machine started at the crown of her head and resumed running the brush down her hair. 'The stupid robot is just combing your hair.' She told herself in an effort to calm down.

The Joybot stopped brushing her long hair in the back and turned its attention to her bands which had become messy and tangled. A quick spray of mist from a water bottle made her red, messy hair wet and weighted down. With a steady hand, the machine started to comb the front of her bangs with a small toothed comb, going slow to straighten out any tangles.

Misty wanted to relax, the gentle brush running through her hair was definitely nice compared to everything else this crazy place had done to her, but the poor girl knew that something bad was going to happen. She couldn't stop thinking that it was only combing her hair to get it ready to be shaved bald or something horrible like that! However, the electric hum of a razor never started up. She never even heard a snip or a clip. In fact, the robot was putting her brushed hair back into a side ponytail and spraying all of her hair with hairspray!

"Y- you didn't cut my hair?" Misty stammered out the words in disbelief.

The Joybot didn't say anything, but it did raise up a small handheld mirror to show Misty the extent of its work.

"I look completely normal!" Misty cheered.

The Joybot simply nodded and then stepped back from the belt, allowing the gloved hands to restrain Ashley and Misty back onto the belt.

Now that its job was finished and the two girls were freshly washed, dried, diapered and their hair was cut and styled, the Joybot had nothing to do except watch the hands get to work. The gloved hands forced Ashley and Misty to lay on their backs on the conveyor belt. Misty scowled as she was laid out on the unyielding rubber surface of the conveyor belt. The redhead may have been happy that her hair wasn't butchered by the Joybot, but that didn't mean that she was enjoying the way the machine was treating her.

Without a word said, the mechanical arms quickly attached cuffs to her wrists and she was forced to lay there behind Ashley as a massive screen was lowered down until it stood a few inches away from their faces.

BEGIN HYPNOTIC CONDITIONING

The familiar computerized voice announced to a confused Ashley and Misty. The two trainers had no idea what "conditioning" meant, but Misty did recall being hypnotized once before by a Hypno and she didn't want to be put under another trance again!

The fiery redhead pulled at her cuffs and, when they failed to budge, she began fighting and thrashing against her bindings as the screen started airing the hypnotic programming. She couldn't break free so she did the only other thing she could; she closed her eyes. The machine noticed that one of the babies wasn't cooperating and was forced to use extreme measures. It used a pair of hands to pry her eyes open and kept them held open.

Ashley heard Misty slamming her back against the belt and wondered what she was so angry about? It was just some weird TV show. The dimwitted trainer from Pallet town felt her head grow fuzzy as she watched the strange shapes swirl and rapidly blink on the screen. Every so often, other shapes danced around on the screen interconnecting with the designs before breaking up the swirling pattern. The shapes looked familiar, like pacifiers or bottles and occasionally a pair of Nurse Joy's breasts would flash incredibly fast on the screen.

The blond bimbo started to drool as the program went on and couldn't help but ask for "boobies" after a few minutes of watching the screen.

Misty may have taken a few minutes longer to program her than the Joybot expected, but after about five minutes the robot saw a change of expression on the fiery redhead's face. Her eyes became unfocused and a slight bit of drool dripped down her petite chin as the Cerulean City Gym Leader started babbling about milk and boobs.

Programming Completed

Still under the hypnotic spell, the two diapered trainers couldn't fully comprehend what the computer had said or what was going on. They felt the belt lurch forward underneath their bodies and simply went along for the ride. The conveyor belt didn't go very far before it came to a stop and finally released the diapered girls; A clicking sound came from each one of their limbs as the wrist and ankle cuffs opened automatically.

The Joybot walked over to where the teen babies sat and pulled out two Pokeballs. It tossed them onto the air, summoning two rare bird type Pokemon that had brilliant white features, an orange beaker and looked a bit like storks.

Misty and Ashley gazed at the white birds in wonder. Even though they were still under the mental manipulation of the electronic programming, they could still see that these were a kind of Pokemon that they had never seen before. Misty and Ashley reached for the two beautiful birdies and tried to pet them.

The Joybot used this opportunity to dress the two confused trainers who were too preoccupied babbling nonsensical gibberish at the two Pokemon to realize that they were free. The metallic doppelganger of Nurse Joy grabbed Ashley's hands and started to slid her hands into a pair of pink mittens. It only took a minute to get the girl into the mittens and even less time to get her feet into a pair of matching pink baby booties.

Misty gawked at the majestic Pokemon as her hands were fed into a pair of thick, poofy gloves. The Cerulean City Gym Leader was too out of her mind at that moment to fight back and merely muttered baby talk as the Joybot started dressing her feet into a pair of booties. The redhead

looked away from the bird Pokemon and stared down at the odd weight on her once bare feet. She couldn't figure out what was currently covering her feet and simply kicked them in a pathetic attempt to rid her feet of her infantile footwear.

The Joybot tickled the girl's tummy and got her to giggle which helped stop her from kicking her feet. For a moment, the metallic replica of Nurse Joy stared at the girl, processing its next move. It knew that Misty was a fighter; even though she was hypnotized the girl was still trying to remove her booties. Once the hypnotically induced euphoria wore off, there was a very real chance that the diapered redhead might wriggle free from the delivery bird. With no other options available to her, the Joybot decided to knock her out and did so by spraying the water trainer in the face with a slight dusting of sleeping powder.

"Wah-" A loud yawn came from the drowsy young woman before she succumbed to the powder.

The Joybot lowered the passed out girl face down onto a white cloth. It then wrapped her exposed tummy with a large white towel and proceeded to stretch the material out until the machine was satisfied with the length. It then tied a large knot into the fabric above Misty's back which would ensure that the bird could keep its bundle of joy safe during their flight. With the Misty ready for delivery, the Joyboy lifted the sleeping girl up by the knot and fed the loose ends of the towel into the Pokemon's beak.

Destination: Pallet Town. Recipient: Delia Ketchum

A Hydraulic piston hissed as a panel in the roof rose up until there was a big gap in the ceiling above them. The bird that was already loaded up with Misty simply nodded and started flapping its wings until it lifted off the ground and rose into the air.

Ashley watched in a dazed sense of awe as the mysterious bird lifted Misty up higher and higher until they flew into the bright, natural light pouring through the opening in the roof. In her electronically induced stupor, Ashley lost sight of her best friend and the bird. "Buh bye."

However, Ashley wasn't going to be left behind. The Joybot had her face down on the conveyor belt with her diapered butt in the air as it prepared the dazed blond for her trip. When Ashley started to squirm, the machine gave her a lavender colored rattle, that was shaped like a flower, to shake which seemed to mesmerize the confused teen baby. Once the robot tied up the white bundle of cloth into a knot, Ashley was handed off to the remaining bird which promptly took the

cloth into its beak. The bird Pokemon flapped its strong wings and started to ascend into the air as a silly giggle escaped from the diapered trainer's mouth. Ashley wasn't scared; she was enjoying her trip into the sky.

The giggling girl looked down at the metallic replica nurse Joy who was waving to the teen baby. Ashley responded by shaking her rattle and gibbering more baby talk down at the robot.

Now that the babies were enroute to be delivered to their new mother, the computer that ran the facility checked the vital signs on it's former master, who was still imprisoned in the artificial, detachable glass womb that the Joybot placed in the wall. Nurse Joy looked a bit fussy, but a quick sedative pumped into the breastmilk helped the grown woman quickly calm down and curl up into the fetal position before falling asleep.

With its current baby momentarily out of the way for a few hours, the computer started working on new calculations for future adoptions using the now trapped Nurse Joy's numerous logs and plans. Since the Nurse was now a baby, she could longer be a mother and her two newest babies had to be put up for adoption using the database to locate their next closest relative. Still, with the babies dispatched to Delia, the machine had a new girl in its sight; the Gym Leader of Rustboro.

An hour later as the Murkrow flies

Misty blinked her eyes as a cold cross breeze blew past her bare thighs, causing her skin to tingle as she was instantly pulled out of her slumber. The redhead looked around, stunned at what she saw; there were clouds in every direction! She looked down and instantly regretted it.

"Oh my Arceus!" Misty shrieked as she realized that she was literally dangling a few hundred feet above the treetops of the Viridian Forest.

The loud screams of Misty caught Ashley's attention, but the blond was still a bit dazed and out of it. She looked around searching for the source of the screaming as she flew above the trees. Everything had looked so nice, but it wasn't as pretty as it had been before and, with each passing minute, the view was starting to lose its beauty.

"Ash!" Misty cried. "How did we get up here?!"

Hearing her name, the trainer from Pallet town turned her head and spotted Misty who was paddling her shapely legs in the air like a dog as she shouted in shock. The blond initially thought that the redheaded baby looked funny, but all the yelling had triggered something in her mind to click. She started to feel incredibly fearful when she looked back down at the ground as the realization slowly set in that she was doing something that was physically impossible for her to do; flying.

"Misty!" Ashley called out to the redhead.

"What?!" The Cerulean City Gym Leader shouted in annoyance.

"How did we get up here?!" The dimwitted blond asked her diapered friend.

"I literally just asked you that, Ash!" Misty screamed.

"I don't know. The last thing I remember was watching that TV screen and then I woke up here." Ashley replied.

"Oh, God no." Misty gasped as memories of the past two days flooded back to her like a torrent. She rubbed her legs together and heard the crinkling of her enormous pamper, but didn't want to even consider that this was really happening to her.

"Hey, Misty!" Ashley called out to the redhead as she pointed her purple rattle at a house that was gradually coming into focus. "I think I can see my house from here!"

Misty looked up and couldn't believe her eyes; not only were they flying over the fields outside of Pallet town, but they were rapidly losing altitude as Ash's house grew closer.

"No, no, no, no!" The redhead repeatedly cried out loud as they were coming down for a landing in Ash's backyard.

Delia stood over her tomatoes, watering the vegetables when she heard a commotion coming from overhead. She looked over at her fence just in time to witness the most peculiar sight she had ever seen; Misty and a blond girl were being lowered onto the grass by a pair of strange looking birds. Delia watched with concern as the beautiful white bird Pokemon stood over the two girls. They looked like no other Pokemon she had ever seen before. However, that wasn't the strange thing; the two girls were naked except for the big disposable diapers they were dressed in!

"Misty!?" The concerned mother called out to her son's girlfriend as she started to run over to the two girls that had been laid out of the grass.

Hearing her mother's voice call out to Misty, Ashley looked over to see that her mom was now rushing over to check on them. "Mom!"

"Mom?" Delia repeated out loud as she knelt between Misty and the mysterious blond girl.

"It's me, Ash." Ashley blushed, covering her breasts.

Confusion washed over Delia's face as she looked over the naked, blond girl. Her face did look familiar, but there was no way that this girl could be her son. The bewildered mother stared into the blond's eyes for a moment and suddenly saw her son staring back at her.

Delia's jaw dropped. "How in the world could this have happened? Ash, you were a boy when you left, but-"

"Miss Ketchum, we need to get inside before someone sees us." Misty spoke up, interrupting Delia.

Delia nodded and looked over her shoulder, checking to see if anyone was out and about, hoping that there wasn't anyone nearby who might've seen the two trainers get delivered. The nearby path was empty and the area looked to be secluded. She stood up and dusted off her pink apron before helping Misty and Ashley to their feet. "Let's get you two inside."

The two diapered girls waddled alongside Delia, struggling to walk in their thick diapers and oddly bulky booties. Delia and the girls finally made it to the door which she opened for her new daughter and Misty. She couldn't help but watch them walk into the house and think that it looked cute how they were waddling around. It would have been cute if not for the gravity of the situation, Delia corrected herself.

"Mime?" Delia's Pokemon asked, sounding concerned when he saw the diapered two girls waddle into the house. He walked over to Misty and Ashley and looked them over. "Mime?"

"It's okay, Mimey. They've been through a lot, but hopefully you can help them relax by making them something to eat." Delia said in a sweet voice as she entered the house.

"Mime." The Pokemon looked over his shoulder to see Delia walking over to him, but suddenly he noticed the presence of two strange looking Pokemon that Mr. Mime had never seen before.

"Mime!" The domestic servant and companion of Delia shouted as he darted past his master and approached the unwelcome fowl.

Delia couldn't quite understand what had gotten into Mr. Mime until she turned around and saw those strange white birds that had delivered her son and his friend, Misty to her backyard.

"Mimey, be careful!"

Mr. Mime stood as tall as he could and stared at the mysterious duo, ready to fight if it came to that. However, the two birds had no intention of fighting anyone and left the mime Pokemon alone. They simply walked past him and started walking over to Delia and the two girls.

"You two aren't welcome here!" Delia stated in a stern tone as she stepped in front of her feminized son and his girlfriend.

Mr. Mime felt Delia's unease and decided to make these two Pokemon leave by force.

"Mime!" The mime Pokemon cried and started to use his energy to do an attack.

Delia anxiously watched as the two birds twisted their long necks around, turning their heads away from her, and stared down her Pokemon. It was rather awkward watching the battle from her angle, it looked like they were just standing there, menacingly. However, Delia couldn't see that the birds were doing a synchronized attack using their hypnosis to mesmerize her Pokemon.

The young housewife could only watch as her Pokemon's eyes became wide and disoriented. He stood as still as a statue while the birds finished him off with a double blast of Psybeam which send the mime falling to the ground.

"Mimey!" Delia cried as she rushed to her fallen Pokemon.

She held him in her arms, trying to comfort him. Unlike her son who was a Pokemon trainer, she had no idea what to do! She looked up to yell at the horrible birds, but found herself looking deep into their eyes. Their eyes... they were swirling round and round as she suddenly felt her mind growing calmer as the attack took over her mind.

Delia now understood why her daughter and Misty were delivered to her; they were her babies and she was there mommy.

No longer confused or concerned, Delia lowered Mr. Mime onto the wooden floor and stood up. She removed her apron and sun hat, putting them on the coat rack by the door before she made her way over to her new daughter and Misty. The busty mother knelt down next to her two babies and looked over her new daughter.

"Mom? What's the matte-" Ashley was interrupted by the gentle touch of Delia running her fingers through the trainer's recently washed and blowdried hair.

"This won't do at all." Delia tsked and brought out a comb from her pocket.

"Miss Ketchum?" Misty stared at the mesmerized mother with concern. "What are you doing?"

"Fixing my little girl's hair." Delia replied nonchalantly as she removed the lavender colored bonnet and began to comb Ashley's hair, parting it to form two pigtails.

"But why?" The diapered redhead wondered out loud.

"Don't feel left out. You're next." Delia replied as she finished tying a big pink bow in between her daughter's pigtails.

"But I don't want you to put my hair put into pigtails!" Misty whined and tried to sit up.

A firm hand forcing Misty to sit back down as Delia hummed a soft tune was the only response she got. The older woman untied Misty's side tail and started brushing out the squirming Gym Leader's hair until it had a line running right down the middle of the back of her head. She easily tied the girls hair into two big spiky pigtails.

Ashley didn't know what to say or do as she watched her mother fix Misty's hair into a more infantile style. It seemed like there was something wrong with her and the blond had no idea what it was.

Delia stood up from the living room floor and sat on the comfortable couch. She leaned forward and beckoned to her babies with her hands. "Come to Mommy, my sweet little babies. It's time for your feeding "

"Umm, mom. What did those Pokemon do to yo-" Ashley suddenly stopped as Delia began to unbutton her blouse.

"Miss Ketchum!" Misty shouted. "There's something wrong with you! Snap out of it!"

If Delia heard what either Misty or Ashley had said, she didn't acknowledge it. She simply kept unbuttoning her top until her bountiful bra bound breasts popped out. They certainly looked bigger to her than they had a few minutes ago. She cupped her massive mammaries and they seemed ready to burst as was evident by the large wet spots growing on the front of her white bra.

Ashley and Misty gazed up at Delia's contained breasts in awe as their programming overwhelmed their rational thoughts.

"Wan boobie." Ashley said in a babyish voice.

"Meh too!" Misty chimed in as the two diapered girls crawled quickly over to the couch.

Misty beat Ashley to the couch and climbed up onto the sofa until she was facing Delia. She happily allowed the topless mother to pull her in for a hug, but at the last minute Misty felt her body being turned over and readjusted until she was laying with her back on Delia's lap. Misty found herself staring at the large tits which hung down right in front of her face.

"Drink up, baby." Delia cooed as she brought her left hand behind Misty's head, forcing the girl to latch on.

Misty didn't refuse the nipple that was pushed up to her lips. She eagerly began to suckle which caused Delia to whimper and moan with a mixture of surprise and arousal. The redhead ignored the noise Delia was making and brought her hand up to hold the breast in place to prevent it from jiggling out of her mouth. With the breast firmly held, she happily sucked the milk from Delia's large nipple; it was rather warm and sweet, but not too thick.

Ashley had climbed up onto the couch at this point and was jealously watching her 'sister' nurse from her mother's swollen breast. However, the blond noticed that there was an available breast just hanging out in the open and Ashley wanted to suck on it more than anything in this world. So, the blond crawled in between Misty's spread legs and leaned forward to take the leaking nipple into her mouth. With her own breasts rubbing against Misty's plastic covered diaper, Ashley latched onto her mother's big nipple and started sucking.

Once Ashley latched onto her right nipple, Delia was officially nursing both of her new daughters at the exact time. She tried not to moan when Ashley and Misty sucked on her breasts in unison, but the sensations going through her body were simply too powerful to handle. When Misty had started nursing it felt so wonderful, but Delia had quickly grown adjusted to the feeling and anticipated the girl's sweet suckles. With two mouths randomly drawing milk at different moments, her body could never quite get used to the feeling and was constantly being turned on by the larger mouths tugging at her teats.

Delia's right hand slowly came up to the side of Ashley's head where it cupped her head, holding the girl in place and allowing the thirsty blond to suckle to her heart's content. She knew that her Ash had always been competitive and now that she was an adult baby girl, she was unknowingly competing with her new sister to see who could drink from her breasts the fastest. This realization made Delia smile internally as her moans grew louder and her face became hot and red.

Misty felt an arm rub up against her arm as Ashley's hand moved upwards until rested on her shoulder. The redhead couldn't see past the breast her face was pressed against, but ultimately she didn't care who was touching her as she continued to suckle at a reasonable pace.

Both girls nursed on her tits and Delia couldn't be happier. She finally felt whole; she finally felt completely satisfied in her maternal desires. All this time she didn't know what she was missing in her life, but thanks to the two strange birds and her new daughters, she was ready to truly begin her life again. However this time, she wouldn't make the mistakes she made in the past and let her babies grow up.

"I'm never going to let you two grow up ever again." She whispered the words between moans.

The End