

In a glade, a riolu sat up, brushing the back of their head, starting as if noticing the point of their snout and the fur of their features for the first time.

Their panicked surprise caught the attention of others who hurried over to the source, quieting them and escorting them away from the open and vulnerable sky.

All these intelligent creatures lived secluded in the woods in their own society, they had taken the confused, disoriented riolu in. Nub had lived in that peaceful setting for a while, holding their tongue on the few things they were sure of, while openly admitting the holes in their memory on how they'd come to be here. Among the pokemon gathered in the woods, there were none who matched Nub's kind and so they could offer no further clues.

Life was rather peaceful, if primitive, the occasional bad egg would surface in the village, with the most heinous crimes met with the punishment of exile. It seemed like a petty punishment to Nub, especially as any exiled pokemon that didn't disappear entirely soon joined one of the few packs of disgruntled bandits that prowled nearby.

Still, Nub had come from a different society and they could only bear the differences so long before finally they let their half-remembered origin slip, how they had been a human, how they'd woken one day, in that glade and in the body of a riolu with no memory of the landmarks around them.

That sparked great confusion and even a trace of fear in the settlement's inhabitants. None of them knew what a human was, yet their description had somehow unnerved many of them.

Time passed with the unease starting to settle, outside of a few weird glances thrown their way. That stillness only left Nub all the more exasperated. It became clear that to learn anything about their situation or how to fix it, they'd have to leave the woods.

Those on friendly terms encouraged them not to, yet none were brave enough to follow. They warned of things like the human Nub described, things that were not to be trusted and impossible to bargain with.

While the stories were unnerving, Nub put it down to the forest dwellers simply being sheltered and afraid. If they met one of the humans then even if they didn't share a common language, Nub was confident they'd be able to communicate in some way.

That was what they'd thought, yet the truth struck with a far more bleak reality. The edge of the woods had barely faded from view before they'd heard the sounds of technology. A vehicle driving along the road.

Standing just over two feet in height, Nub had been cautious about being directly on the road, yet still they stood away from the bushes, jumping and waving for attention. The vehicle

drew to a stop some distance away, the doors had opened and as the small pokemon walked closer, thinking up what to say, anthros stepped out from the vehicle. One a fox and the other a seal, both clothed in some manner of uniform. The writing on it didn't look like any language Nub had seen but the odd mechanisms they pulled out looked worryingly familiar; like weapons.

Their arms went up and they called out even as a barrel was levelled at them. "Hey, I'm not a threat, I wanted to talk?"

The fox barked something at the seal yet the accompanying gesture showed they weren't interested in speaking. Fear struck Nub and the riolu ran, making it to the bush as a trigger was pulled. There was no loud bang, instead a whistling sound as a dart was discharged from within. It clashed against a leaf, falling to the floor, yet Nub wasn't sticking around to watch.

The irritated fox snatched up a radio, calling into it while the seal began to give chase.

Nub ran, driven away from the forest by the chase, though it was probably for the best. The last thing they wanted on their conscience was leading trouble to the one place that had been helpful since their transformation.

Another bank of trees lay ahead, if they could make it there then it might buy a chance. Leaves rustled up ahead as another uniformed figure, this one an eagle, stepped out. A wider barrel was directed at the riolu and then fired, heavy balls were spat into the air, stretching wide and carrying a net between them, a net that snared the riolu, knocking them off their feet as the weights flew past. The emerging figure let out a victorious whoop as a crow and elk rushed out. "H-hey! Wait, this is a mistake!" Nub called to them, desperate as they closed in on the riolu and set gloved hands to roughly spin them in the net, tucking it around before zip-ties were fed through and tethered between the net hoops.

In seconds, Nub had gone from running to compressed, the strands of the net squeezing their arms to their sides, holding their legs together into one and as they shouted out for mercy, the crow took the chance to shove one of the ropes into their jaws.

With another tightening twist or two the net was secured enough that the elk could grab the dark coloured appendages on Nub's head and lift the riolu by them in a single hand. "Hhhhy! Sthhmmh!" Nub said, wincing at the unexpected tug, doing the best they could to show they meant no threat.

However it might have been construed, the captors showed no sympathy, holding the dangling netted creature and walking to a van. It looked like some manner of animal control vehicle, if animal control were overly funded and equipped to deal with far more drastic measures than one would expect.

The worried, increasingly dejected Nub was carried to a cage and thrust within it, still left entangled in the net. Struggling in the small confines they managed to get their head nearer the door after it had been shut and latched, watching in concern. The elk spoke at length over the

radio, multiple other voices chiming in. His appraising eye seemed to be measuring Nub, reporting in further.

After a while of conversation the van door was slammed shut and the vehicle rumbled to life, driven off to wherever their headquarters was.

In the dim gloom, Nub blamed himself. They'd seen some of the borderline dangerous powers that the other pokemon had, despite their smaller frame. Of course they'd be seen as a potential threat if there was no way to know better. The fact the anthros hadn't even tried to communicate back was even more disappointing.

After some time, the vehicle hummed to a halt, the door was pulled open and Nub was plucked from the cage. At least this time it was the eagle carrying them, his hands threading through the net ropes rather than grabbing the riolu directly.

Nub barely saw a glimpse of the white-plastered brickwork of the building's exterior before being carried inside what definitely felt like a service entrance. Minimalistic hallways gave off a worryingly clinical feel, only further exacerbated when the eagle took them into what at first guess Nub would have called an exam room.

That comparison grew and twisted as they saw something waiting for them, a short, widely spread array of canvas straps and sleeves. An extensively heavily designed straitjacket. "Mmmhnoo!" They grunted and gasped, squirming again earning a growl from the eagle.

A different seal waited in the room, her body language showed a touch of amusement, but somehow even the tone of her voice was inscrutable to Nub. The sharp syringe within her reach however was not. Nub feared what would happen if they were provoked into using that and tried to fall still despite the worry. The net was untangled slowly, a knife taken to the ties that held it.

They didn't even give Nub time or space to brush themselves down before the eagle's hands clamped over their upper arms and raised them up. With her eyes looking warily at Nub's face, her hand drifted to the syringe and then passed it, taking up a mass of thick leather. Nub let out a sigh of relief at first before gasping at the muzzle, shaking slightly in apprehension. The seal said something to her colleague and then brandished the muzzle at Nub. Reluctant though they were to allow it, any safety measure they accepted might make their captors more willing to listen to eventual reason or at least pay off with softer treatment.

Her hands tightened and buckled the straps behind Nub's head, the muzzle was shaped to be a close match to their snout, with an optional third strap going between the ears, a few circular holes showed the colour of fur beneath. It was settled close to the tightest notch it would go by the time the woman had worked it into place. The resulting medical-grade restraint squeezed tightly over their jaw and kept them from saying anything, not that anyone of these anthros seemed to be able to understand.

The seal gave a word to her colleague, yet didn't even spare a further glance to the riolu. Rather, she moved to the canvas, stuffing a hand within a pouch at the bottom before taking one of Nub's legs. The riolu wanted to kick, yet they got a sneaking suspicion there was a far harder way this could go.

Even so, the pair spared nothing, pushing and wrenching hard. Their feet were thrust into the pouch, their front laid against the canvas as a series of straps were tugged, accompanying a zipper that traced up behind them. A hole was lined up with their tail and under the rigid grip and vigilant eyes of the seal and eagle, they pulled Nub's arms from their sides and fed them into sleeves.

Objecting to what was coming didn't do anything to stop it. Not that they tried beyond stiffening and lightly pushing back. With a hand on Nub's elbow and another pulling the sleeve of the jacket from below, the limbs were thrust in, then the back was swiftly pulled over their shoulders.

"Nhhmhh. P-plhmmnh." Nub muffled into the gag, worry rising as the jacket was secured, a zipper first, laces over the top of that and then the lattice of straps to cap it off, hiding the zipper below and ensuring it wouldn't come loose. That last measure was also the worst to bear. Short buckles connected from the back to their wrists, stretching after the arms had been forcibly folded. Another dual strap ran over the top of their upper arms and there was even a solid leather binder integrated in the mass to squash over their forearms, turning the garment from snug to squeezing.

All the straps were drawn tight and then a collar built into the neck was tightened, buckled and locked. The two anthros stood up, flipping Nub onto their back and then taking a breath to reclaim their stamina after the intense workout.

Nub was left on the bed. The tight canvas sack over their legs was the most flexible part, since they couldn't move their arms even half an inch before leather creaked in resistance.

It was no use, they couldn't even get off the bed and to the floor like this and if they did, what then, hop toward a door they had no chance of opening while their captor's just looked on?

As if the universe was conspiring to deny Nub even that much, the seal walked past the table and nonchalantly clipped a leash to a ring at the front of the collar before lashing the other end to the bed's frame. The riolu was left to squirm and stew in the mercilessly well fitted and secure restraint for minutes while the eagle relaxed in a chair, waiting for the seal to finish her work on some paper forms and a terminal.

Neither figure seemed in a hurry. A moment later there was a knock at the door to the room. The eagle rose, opened it and on seeing what had arrived, turned back into the room. Nub squirmed in concern, eyes wide as he approached, untied the leash while leaving it clipped to the collar and then picked up the riolu in both arms.

The seal murmured something but it seemed she was done with the exchange, soon, the eagle was as well. A small hand-truck waited outside, the eagle's final duty was securing Nub to it, two straps running over their sacked legs with a trio above their waist. A new voice clucked something to them as a hand reached down from above and brushed their head softly. A feline of some kind, though they didn't get a better look at her.

The brush did nothing to console the riolu, after all, dressed as they now were and secured too, their newest handler might well know nothing about them or their capture and assume all manner of things. Then again, that was all on the assumption these anthros had any moral code they were working with.

Regardless, this newcomer would probably treat them as some unruly stray that was brought in.

Being treated like a stray might have been a kindness compared to what actually happened. Secured like cargo, Nub was wheeled hurriedly into the strange building at a reckless pace, taken to a lift which was operated by their new handler's keycard and then taken down, underground.

*'What now? What are they going to do with me?'* The very act of going further underground worried the Riolu more than if they'd stayed at ground level. Out of sight, harder to reach and all the more easy to keep deeds secretive.

That tension only grew as they passed multiple key-card sealed doors. This place was highly secure. The lights were dimmer here, too, with several rooms lining each hallway. The doors were alike save for illegible signs and different coloured stripes marking them. Above each room's door shone a red light and behind each door drifted muted sounds, ranging from the incomprehensible speech of the anthros to worrying, stomach twisting distressed noises that sounded almost understandable if they weren't further muffled by some obstruction.

The cart trundled on until they reached a door marked with a pink stripe. The red light above was unlit, the room itself sitting silent.

The door opened and Nub was taken through it. Cabinets and surfaces populated the room but it was the two chairs that drew the eye, one a simple wheeled stool, minimalist and practical, the other far more elaborate, padded with many adjustable factors, from the arm rests to a head rest, even posable legs which were at a mercifully shallow angle. It had already been shrunk close to as small as it could go, laid back to let the sitter recline.

Beside the chair was a raised tray, higher than the riolu's vision, though they saw some metallic points over the edge. "Whmmh? Mmmhnn.." They mumbled. The feline walked into view, speaking seemingly to Nub in that inscrutable way, she was a cheetah, looking in her late thirties at a guess. Her hands roamed over the chair, patting the shoulder of it as she droned on

before laughing and moving back to Nub. The straps holding them to the cart were removed then with a heave, the woman lifted the riolu into the middle of the chair. From one set of straps to another, Nub was secured with a head-cradling brace tucked over their collar, a multiple-strapped harness over their chest and folded arms, with the cheetah pulling on a zipper below Nub's hip. The leg-sack was pulled away, the last of the chair straps running between the thighs to hold them tightly in place as their legs were stretched wide and forced to ankle cuffs.

"Whhts hmmnh?" They tried to ask, looking to the cheetah's eyes then following her hands to the tray. Nub stiffened, the tray bore a mix of soft and pointed implements. None of which were sharp enough to pierce or cut, yet that worried them all the more as they saw brushes, strange rollers and most telling of all the pinwheel and feather.

The cheetah plucked the metal pins up and kicked the stool closer, Nub's foot was already wiggling in apprehensive panic before her empty hand fell behind it, thumbs landing on a pad and pulling back. "Mmmh!!!" The metal pins pricked the sensitive paw, as the cheetah wiggled the tool flat against it, not even rolling them. The cushioned padding of the chair absorbed the little distance that Nub could have squirmed as the cheetah began to roll the pinwheel in earnest. A studding strafe of pricking spikes rolled over the sensitive skin and fur as she explored their entire paw. "Mmmh!!! Hmhmhmh mmmhmmhmm!!!"

First the cheetah traced along the arch, between the pads. Then she moved under and between the toes down to the heel, even rolling over the top and upper part of Nub's foot, giving them a chance to breathe though still stimulating uncomfortable needling rather than outright tickling. All while her other hand stroked and squeezed in the wake of it.

The pin reached the cuff, then rolled around the base, Nub shook their head in denial as the cheetah casually dragged it around and down the back, finding the more tickle-vulnerable underside and subjecting them to the overstimulation once more. "Hmhm! Hmhmhmhm, hmhmh!!!"

Her hands pulled away from the paw, the needle-adorned wheel was deposited on the tray and then the cheetah lifted up a pen, turning it to paper. Still, as if to keep herself getting bored, she flicked the top of it to brush Nub's paws in between her note taking.

Their sole still crackled, tingling from the sensitive parts having been so deeply poked. Their breathing steadied, though their heart still pounded in their ears, distracting them until there was a clattering on the tray. The pen was down, the pinwheel was missing, already in hand as the cheetah attacked Nub's other leg.

Some saccharine taunt left her mouth as she gave the exact same treatment to the other foot. Yet, as Nub whined in forced laughter, gasping for breath as she reached the point she stopped last time, instead she carried on! Rolling beyond the cuffs, needling their inner leg with one hand while the other hand pulled out a stiff plumed feather to trace over Nub's opposite leg.

“Nmhghh! Nhhmmhmmhmm!” The riolu begged, succumbing to tear-jerking laughter as the cheetah appraised and studied their weakness all the more.

The straps on the chair and jacket creaked in the more violent thrashes that Nub attempted, yet they were only getting more tired by the moment, unable to think clearly beyond their body insisting it be removed from the touch it couldn't escape. The cheetah even tried the tail, running both pinwheel and feather along the underside of it, though she seemed unhappy with the lesser results.

“Ghff... hfhhf... ffffhhh.” Nub mumbled as the pen scratched once more, fell onto the tray, and wincing over what was next, they didn't dare to look. Light vibrations hit below their feet, overwhelming that prior thought and catching their eye. They saw the cheetah was affixing something new to the foot of the chair; pink fluffy cylinders.

“Plhhhs, nnhh mhh.” Nub whined already guessing their purpose as the cheetah flicked a switch that set them rolling in the air. She hummed out a tune that sounded just as discordant as her speech before setting the whirring toys against Nub's feet. “Nnnnhhhmmhmmh!”

While the toys turned Nub into a victim, she was writing something down constantly for a moment, after which she moved her hands to grab the brushes, scraping them over Nub's thighs, adding to the pressure. The stimulation from before had made them more vulnerable to the touch, the tears well and truly filling the riolu's eyes as their lungs struggled to keep pace with the forced laughter. The cheetah fell silent with her brushing after a shorter session. When Nub blinked they could see them preparing another set of rollers, on longer arms. *‘D-don't you dare, please! Mercy!’* They shouted in their head, unable to form more than muzzled “Mmmh-hmmm-hmmmhs!” With their voice.

If anything, Nub's predicament just encouraged the cheetah, nestling in the singular roller, perched wide enough that Nub could choose to have both inner thighs teased or one mercilessly tormented at best. Though their own fighting body took the choice into its own, fruitlessly squirming grip. The cheetah was satisfied for now, walking up behind Nub and brushing over their head with her hands.

She was stroking and petting them, taking handfuls of their fluff, holding the appendages in her palms, even wiping the occasional tear away, all while the riolu was tickled to distress by the machinery.

Her hands brushed up their cheeks and then folded upwards, dropping over Nub's eyes. The thumbs continued to stroke while her fingers served to blindfold them, holding vision away despite their shaking head, until their focus on those tickling rollers grew deeper still. “Mmmmmh!”

Further words echoed to Nub's ears, likely teasing from how unsympathetic the cheetah was being. One hand pulled away as she moved to cover both eyes with a single one, rustling behind Nub's head for something.

They felt chill leather as the cheetah took the most roundabout way in feeding one strap of a thick padded blindfold into her eye-covering hand and slowly pulled it over the front of their face. It allowed some light to break through the cracks though far short of a useful amount as she dragged it on and lined up the padded interior with the riolu's eyes.

They felt a push on their scalp as the cheetah gave a kiss, all the more twistedly out of place given what they were enduring. A few steps during which fingers brushed their front took her back to the pen and paper, with the light scratching barely audible over Nub's own muffled assault of laughter.

She was clearly recording their reaction, though why was not something Nub could even begin to guess.

The pen stilled, the cheetah watched for several minutes, before toying around once again with Nub directly, grasping their legs and pushing them in so both were under the flurry of action from that central roller.

The almost tender affection in the cheetah's touch was combined with passionate force whenever she decided to push one of the rollers closer for even more teasing. Her hands moved from their thighs, back to the paws, her fingers plucking an individual toe at a time and nestling something rounded between each one. '*N-no, not more!*' Nub begged into the blackness before a thrumming vibration struck just as suddenly as the rollers. They were bullet vibrators held on delicate arms to ensure they could shake without being directly connected and to top it all off, the cheetah returned to Nub's head, bearing the brushes which she slid in the small openings at their neck.

"MMMMMMH Mnmh hhh!!!" They cried out before laughter rocked them, on and on. The cheetah was seemingly done with new additions, focusing entirely on her captive's endurance.

Seconds stretched into agonising minutes, Nub's body was too tired from its pathetic attempt at struggling to even twitch by the time she was done.

Panting, throat feeling dried despite it all, the woman pulled back at last. The blindfold came off and then in the order of their application she dealt with the tickling implements. The rollers first, then the toe vibrators, one by one. Rather than dismantling they were just turned off and twitched out the way, it would be concerningly easy for her to just slip them back.



The exhausted Riolu was hoping that was it as the cheetah lifted the clipboard and wrote one last flourish, looking more like a signature than useful information. She looked over the sheet and then while prattling in that tongue, she flipped the clipboard for Nub to see.

Their stomach twisted, expecting charts or lines of notes, or just filled in circles in a checklist. Instead it was a rough sketch of Nub herself! She let out a chuckle before her claws scraped down the front of the sheet, shredding the paper and letting the tatters float down before she kicked them off to the side.

After all that they'd endured, it was all... pointless?! There had been no record or notes made at all!? Nub let out a wearied wail, not even having the strength to resist as the cheetah prattled on while loosening the straps.

She moved out of their view, collecting several more soft tipped toys. She brushed her hands over the rounded appendages at Nub's head, strapping one onto each. "Mmmh-hmmh."

A soft brush accompanied that as if trying to calm them, even as they knew the depth of what was coming and wouldn't be deceived. Additionally, a pair of strange shaped flat pieces were guided to the back of Nub's legs. The cuffs were removed, allowing the cheetah to tie the new pieces below the knee, down the ankle and even hooking them around Nub's middle toes. They felt the lumps within and sagged yet it was already too late, she had strapped them on, with more of the same bullet vibrator's nestled between their toes.

The leg sack was pulled back into position, their legs tucked within it once again, then it was zipped shut, too limiting for Nub to kick and try to detach the devices even if they had the strength. She slung the defeated riolu over her shoulder, carrying them out while pushing the empty cart with her other hand, clearly not feeling the need for it. The heightened angle revealed more worrying things. A spread of other tickling and sensual tools that the cheetah hadn't even used were packed away at the walls.

As they passed outside of the room, Nub saw the light above the room they were in was shining, before with a click, it abruptly fell dark. Not all the lights were still on but the meaning was now certain rather than suspected. Inside each of them was a 'session' of some twisted treatment.

The riolu even saw a heavy duty gurney outside one of the rooms, gulping as they recognised a fully rubber-suited Ampharos strapped to it, awaiting transport.

Another secured door was pushed open as Nub was marched past wall to wall of cells. This wasn't some catch and release, though at this point they would be truly naive to expect it to be.

The cheetah moved onward, taking them past a number of those cells before turning into a different hall and opening a door at the very end. '*N-no, please!*' Nub thought while letting out

a loud “MMMMHHHHH!!” as they saw rows of much smaller doors, embedded in the wall like lockers.

The cells were all silent, worryingly so, despite all being closed with red lights shining on most of them. One of the dull, lightless cells was the cheetah’s focus, she keyed in a code, swiped her card and pulled it open. Nub was unable to see past her head until she slung them in like a sack of potatoes, stuffing their legs and head to fit in the cramped space. It stretched the leg sack to the limit of flexibility as Nub was greeted with glossy black padded walls. The cushioning felt all the more conforming as a result.

The cheetah’s hand pushed in behind Nub’s head, smooshing their face into the wall in front as they fumbled open the buckles and pulled the muzzle off. “Mmmh, no! Please, let me out, let me go!” They begged. To which the cheetah let out a mocking series of noises.

A fresh spike of realisation hit. Did Nub just sound like a pokemon to her? To all of them?!

While stunned at the thought the woman blindsided them with a new muzzle, it matched the same tight fit but the leather had a wide tube in the centre that shoved past the lips and into their mouth. A hollowed plug was inserted, clipped into place while the length of the tube carried on into the cell’s rear wall, serving as a means to preserve the riolu and as the last little tether to keep them escaping the cramped confines. Before the cheetah pushed the door shut she plucked out a fresh blindfold and snagged it on too, casting the riolu into needless darkness, all while humming. As the door latched and a meaty clunk signalled the lock setting, the humming stopped outright.

“Mmmh?! Mmmmmhhh!!” Nub whined. The timing and cut off was too perfect to be faked.

Their cell was absolutely soundproofed. The riolu could just about bend around in the cell, designed with small pokemon in mind, while still being able to fit a few slightly larger than them. Yet they couldn’t stretch out, always having one more more part of them squashed into the padding. The straitjacket was relentless, and they couldn’t even reveal the zipper on their leg sack. Though, if by some miracle they did, there was nothing for the zipper to catch and pull on.

It was absolutely useless. Trapped in a dark cell, the thoughts flowed into Nub’s mind. Not only were there the unused tools in the room they’d left, the riolu feared that the different rooms would house different kinds of horrors. How many of them were they planning to subject them to?

Was there even any point to it all, or was it simply cruel bullying for the sake of it. “Plmmh, mhmphmnn...” They begged the door as they tried one last exhausted kick. It was like trying to push at cushioned steel.

Turned into a pokemon through unknown means, and now even having those freedoms stripped by creatures that either wouldn't or simply couldn't communicate with them. Nub felt self-pity welling up, as the sheer hopelessness of their situation washed over them, hoping that the following day would somehow prove not to be even worse.

Yet as if not allowing them even that, they heard a single beeping sound before along their feet and heels, over their paws and on those aura reading parts the freshly attached tickling toys sprang to life. "Mmmhph! Mmmmmhfff!!" Nub squealed, their voice dulled by the thick walls, that restrictive cell grew all the worse as they were unable to squeeze in a way that might stop the tickling. The legsack served to protect and pad their feeble attempts, instead making it even worse to press into.

As the already exhausted riolu was subject to more tickling torment without even so much as a camera to witness them, any thoughts they had were long since chased away, consumed with overwhelmed begging and pleading for it to stop in their head and through muffled gagged cries.

The only saving grace was that the toys were wireless, they would have to run out eventually. Nub just hoped that would give them at least some time before their captors next decided to open that door.