

Among the Girls

Wigglytuff "TF," by Mewscaper

Developed for and commissioned by [Anonymous]

Something was wrong. *Still* wrong. Young Valence Schrodinger could feel it right away, shuffling restlessly in his bed after a night of uncomfortably pleasant dreams. Just like yesterday, and the day before.

His eyes fluttered open. Sunlight peered from behind the curtains, illuminating his eyes, sparkling light-gray, large, and round.

Quite nonhuman.

He exhaled, apprehensive, wide-eyed. He paused. Quite unusual breath, too. Still sweet, with a curiously pleasant hint of rubber. And his breath support... It was as if his lungs had quadrupled in capacity, making him almost able to inflate and deflate his body at will.

He sat up, looking himself over. He blushed.

Round and plump all around. Pink and furry, creamy white adorning his chest and stomach. He felt up his face, pensively. Cheeky and soft; bunny-like ears; a tuft of fluff on the forehead. *Oh, no. No, no, no.* His mouth thinned, eyes wide and shining their curious glow.

He brought his hands before his face, examining them. Still short, pudgy, and lacking digits. He glanced down. Legs and feet miniscule, a little lapin.

But... But impossible. It was just a dream, right?

He checked towards his groin, and groaned, albeit girlishly.

No mistaking it.

She was still a Wigglytuff. A balloon bunny. Or, rather, *bunny balloon*, given her roundness.

And still a *girl*.

She glanced fretfully over to the other bed. Her roommate was still there, curled up and sleeping.

"Nigel?"

The Wigglytuff paused, drawing her paws over her mouth, still taken aback from her high, feminine voice. The Buneary, meanwhile, didn't stir, caught in a deep sleep.

The Wigglytuff hopped from her bed, getting closer. She observed the Buneary's curled-up position, and couldn't help but feel a little leap of affection. Cute and innocent. One fluffy, chocolate-brown ear draped over the eyes, a little smile at the corners of the mouth... So cute. Why, she could just... could just...

The Wigglytuff shook her head. *Focus*. She inhaled, deeply, and called again, softly.

"Nigel?"

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"Yeah, what?" He replied. He sat up from his apparent daydream, turning his attention to his classmate. "What do you want, *valley girl*?"

The young student addressing Nigel frowned, ignoring his cheeky reply, instead fixing his glasses. His light-gray eyes glinted disapprovingly.

"I *want* you to actually focus. This is the third incident during this study period that you've gone and completely ignored my presence."

Nigel sighed and shook his head. "Yeah, fine, fine... whatever. So needy..." He mumbled under his breath.

His classmate's mouth thinned, practically disappearing altogether from his pale, scrawny face. "It's not for my benefit that we're here, Nigel; it's for *yours*. If I'm going to be a tutor of any use to you, you're going to have to *at the very least* focus more on your studies, and less on... whatever it is that goes on in your head."

Nigel chuckled. "Nice sentiment, but I think it's a little too late, for me. You saw my marks, I'm guessing?"

Valence fell silent for a moment, complete with a sinking feeling. He had. In fact, he had checked the term's posting before Nigel even bothered to look. "Indeed. Shocking. Bottom of the list. Did you even open the textbooks at all before the exams?"

"Wellll... erm... no?" Nigel glanced up, looking only a little sheepish.

Valence's complexion went even more white. "I mean, did you see the listings? Sue beat you. Toroko beat you. Even Chaco scored higher than you! I mean, fine, granted, I can see Toroko scraping by, but *Chaco*? She's a disgrace to the honors program! Nymphomaniac, airhead, and *a cheerleader*."

Valence sniffed, haughtily, peevishly. "As if this school needs more of *those*, more stupid people cluttering up the system... Worthless, *worthless*..."

"You really *hate* those people, huh?" Nigel shrugged, passively. "Well, like you said: even Chaco scored higher than me -- hell, she at least *passed*. Meanwhile, I'm on my way out of the honors program. So, I guess that makes me worthless, too, hmm?"

Valence blinked, twice, looking flustered. "That's not what I meant. You're intelligent, Nigel, you just lack the right sort of motivation. A little focus can go a long ways, and, well... Well, okay, fine, maybe the sciences aren't your strong suit!"

Nigel stared at a diagram of Juniper's Third Law, uninterested, lazily doodling a lop-eared bunny in one corner. "Guess not. Well, I'll have plenty of time to find 'the right sort of motivation' in the regular program, then." Nigel grimaced, suddenly. "Kind of wish they kept the regular dorms as nice as the honors ones, though..."

"You *don't* have to give up the honors program, Nigel!" Valence found himself getting *very* annoyed indeed, even more than before. "You just have to maintain the right mindset! You don't have to be like *them*. Oh, you know what I mean!" He added quickly, when Nigel's eyes flitted upwards for a moment. "Look, I'll help you with your work--spare-time, too--even if I have to drag you here every single day and night for the term..."

"Whatever." Nigel sketched in a pudgy, rotund-looking bunny in a skirt, carrying pom-poms, on the other corner of the diagram. "It's not my thing. Just saying. Some people just aren't meant for science-and-math stuff, like you said."

Nigel stretched, and looked up. "Still, you could be a little less condescending, valley girl."

"All right, all right, again -- please, *don't* call me that." Valence curtly replied, though an odd hue of pink had crept into his right cheek. He cleared his throat, trying not to look too flustered. "Besides, it's pronounced 'Vale,' *not* 'Val,' so your oh-so-*clever* pun doesn't really work, now does it? Now, we've been through this several times, and yet you always persist on antagonizing me when I'm trying to help you. I mean it, Nigel, if I didn't know any better..." Valence rambled on and on, muttering, until eventually his voice trailed off, awkwardly.

Nigel smirked, looking rather pleased with himself. "What? You done?"

Valence turned away, pointedly, fixing his glasses once more. He didn't reply.

Nigel's smirk broadened. "Well?" He waited a few moments; Valence continued to stare determinedly in the other direction.

When he saw Valence wasn't going to answer properly, Nigel just clapped him playfully on the back. "You don't have to say anything, friend."

Valence scoffed. He glared at Nigel. "Like, *whatever*." He said, in a sarcastically ditzy tone. He huffed. "Fine. Anyways. What is it that you *do* like, Nigel? Besides teasing me relentlessly?"

Quietly, Nigel proceeded to draw a large-footed kitten with a long tail, right across the top margins of the chart. "Well, I dunno. I can draw a little. Writing's a lot of fun, too, definitely something I could do. Games are pretty good, also. Pokémon and role-playing games and such."

"*Pokémon*?" Valence repeated, somewhat taken aback. "My God, Nigel, grow up."

Nigel shot Valence a withering look, to which Valence immediately recoiled. He looked apologetic. "W-well, whatever. If that's what you like. Regardless." He straightened up. "You're not going to get anywhere pursuing childish things. I should mention that art and writing, like sports, have very little purchase in today's job market. You're going to be sorry five years from now, I warn you! And your self-insertion fan-fiction won't save you, either; I've read that stuff, and--urk! Disgusting!"

Nigel, in response, silently gathered his things, stacking his papers together. "All right. Fine. You've made your point." His voice had gone borderline emotionless, vaguely dark. "I'm going to grab something to eat, and crash up in the dorm. We can study later, there, if that's what we have to do." He looked up. "I guess you're going to stay and read some more?"

Valence fixed his glasses. "Of course."

Nigel huffed, got up, and slung his bag over his shoulder. "Well, don't stay all weekend, friend."

Valence stalked off to the nearest bookshelf. "Can't promise that, Nigel."

Nigel rolled his eyes and left, leaving his thoroughly-sketched Juniper chart behind...

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Some time later, teetering from a biblically thick copy of *Ery-Electrical Theory, Fifth Edition* (for light reading) and a few lightweight stacks of *Self-Motivated Millionaires Monthly* (for heavy study), Valence staggered his way from the library, last one to leave for the day. He was thankful to have had the insight to bring *two* duffel bags in order to carry all his books; one to counterbalance the other on his way back to the dorms. After all, there was *plenty* to read up on, and he was eager to share with his roommate his findings, particularly about self-motivation.

He walked the best he could, not terribly strong, given his thin and sickly frame, through two empty hallways, past the deserted dining hall, and across the sports ward, where the announcement bulletins were posted.

Valence paused at the bulletin, where the results for the current term still hung. He glanced at the top of the honors roster.

Schrodiner, Valence. 102.8

Perfect marks, as usual. Though, really, he didn't care so much about that. Engineer, rocket technician, theoretical physicist... he could do whatever he damn-

well pleased, with marks and a mind like his. No, it wasn't his own results that concerned him...

Morbidly, he glanced down the list, hoping, fleetingly, for an error, that the professors had made a big mistake, that the results were, somehow, somehow, not as bad as he had seen that morning.

Arthur, Susan. 75.2

Santa, Jack. 75.0

Mimi, Chaco. 70.2

King, Nigel. 43.6

Valence grimaced. He didn't pass. And not even a *close* margin. How exactly the leader of the cheerleading squad beat Nigel by almost thirty points for the term was beyond him.

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A shadow fell upon Valence, cast across the bulletin board. He felt a sudden chill run through him. He perked, and glanced over his shoulder.

No one. *Weird*. He could have sworn there was someone there. As for that chill...

His eyes narrowed. School's heating system acting up again? Typical. Budget cuts. Valence himself had examined the board's balance sheet. Low on utilities; more spending, in fact, on the sports department and cheerleading squad.

A twinkle.

Valence turned full-bodily, peering closely now. Yes, a twinkle, near the back lockers, next to the entrance to the girls changing rooms, barely visible in the day's last light.

And, now, gone. Disappeared behind the wall, into the changing rooms.

"Is someone there?" Valence called, voice tinny and weak-sounding in the empty hallway.

No reply, though he thought he could hear some rustling and a set of footfalls from around the corner -- too light for a human's, and sounding rather soft, padded.

Did someone lose their cat? Valence wondered, shuffling his double-bag of heavy textbooks to balance himself. Made sense, the twinkling in all likelihood night-eyes. *Probably should look into that. Animal control might need a call.*

He set his bags down, and went for a look. He glanced at the sign hanging above the entrance. He hesitated. Girl's changing room. But it was late, not even a practice day (he hoped), so surely he could check safely with his dignity still intact, right?

He listened for a moment, just to be sure, before stepping around the corner.

The lights shone dimly inside the changing room. Having never really been inside a changing room, or at least, not for very long, Valence noted on how clean and well-kept it was. Not at all what he was expecting.

Well, clean and well-kept save for one thing. Just a stray cheerleading uniform, lying carelessly discarded, on the concrete floor. Valence eyes lingered upon it for a moment, out of place in the tidy environment, before looking up and down the rows of lockers. No sign of the cat, or whatever it was.

How odd. Just him, and the uniform.

Valence ventured a small smile, stooping down to pick it up, wondering if there was a hamper of some sort he could throw it in.

He unfolded it, holding it out in front of him. His nose immediately wrinkled in disgust. It had a very... *girly*... scent to it. Strong and athletic, almost perfume-like, causing him to gag slightly. Moreover, it smelled of... something else... something he had only encountered *once*, when he had, months ago, wandered into the backroom of the library by accident, at the wrong time.

But even so, *this* was something well beyond *that*. Valence sniffled, making a face, examining the garments. And really, now? Was *this* the uniform the cheerleaders were wearing nowadays? Even from the one-or-two times Nigel dragged him to a sporting event (it could have been football, or, for all Valence knew, foosball), the girls didn't wear skirts *this* skimpy. Not to mention the top. Very revealing. And the stockings? Rather soft. Nice fabric. Pink-and-purple, horizontally-striped.

Valence stroked the stockings, mind wandering a bit. Very nice, indeed. He sniffed again. In fact, the scent wasn't even that unpleasant, nor that overpowering.

His thumb met with his forefinger through the fabric, rubbing, and a strange thought passed through his head.

Nigel liked cheerleaders. He was always drawing them, though they were always vaguely anthropomorphic-animal like, with distinct proportions. Maybe... maybe if...

Valence giggled at the idea. *Giggling*? He caught himself. He looked to-and-fro the changing room, to make sure he was, indeed, alone. Really, no one here. And, it didn't *mean* anything, right? Just youthful curiosity.

Valence sat down, slowly sliding off his loafers, and his socks. How perverse. He couldn't help but titter. He didn't know what compelled him to *do* such a thing, but here he was, confident and safe in his solitude. Slowly rolling the pink-and-purple stocks up his legs, he marveled at how smooth and soft they felt on his skin.

Off with the crisp, button-up school shirt and tie. On with the top, rather tight and snug, a little chilly in the coolness of the room. *Hmm*. Maybe there was a blazer of some sort he could wear...?

Now, even he had to blush when he unfolded the skirt, and something else toppled out. He stared at it in his right hand. Apparently, uniforms came with panties, now. Silk, pink panties.

Valence pursed his lips. Was this going too far? He considered it for a second.
...*Why not?*

He unbuckled, and slipped off his dark pants, then his briefs. Why not, indeed. Might as well. Definitely the skirt, too; don't want to forget that.

He hummed a little at how remarkably pleasant they felt, the panties snug against his groin, just out of sight from the short skirt.

Now, then, a mirror. Fortunately, there was one set up just nearby.

Valence strode over to his approaching reflection, a bit bashful, at first.

He looked, closely, pressed up to the mirror. He adjusted his glasses. Hey, not too bad, really. Though, truthfully, not nearly feminine enough to pass. Still, given his attributes, he made for a fairly convincing *boi*...

He tilted his hip to one side. And certainly, very revealing, as the panties peeked from beneath the skirt just from the simple pose.

Though, honestly, he would probably want to do something about his hair; it was rather curly now, a noticeable tuft towards the center. He frowned, touching his ears; were his ears always this long and pointed? Oh, and what pudgy cheeks! Lose some weight, girl!

Girl?

Valence blinked, taken aback. What was *wrong* with him? An idle curiosity, yes, but he hadn't realized how deep his disturbances went...

Thwump.

A sudden burst of something small and furry shot past, bumping and brushing through his legs, startling him and sending him on his side.

Snap.

...A sudden heave, as if the entire universe just shifted... flashes and particles whizzing by in mere fractions of a nanosecond...

Valence's eyes cleared, just in time to behold the *thing* that had caused him to trip.

It was a cat. *The* cat. It was fluffy--and it was pink.

And it was *laughing*.

"*Mehehehew...*" It tittered, standing on its large hind legs, tiny forepaws drawn to its mouth, like a mock apology. Mischievous, almost musical, laughter strummed through its kittenish voice.

"Wh-what...?" Valence uttered, heaving from surprise and shock. "Wh-what *are* you?"

The cat replied by sticking its tongue out, cutely, eyes large, impish, and twinkling, before leaping back, turning, and bounding away, out of sight, propelled by its large hind paws.

"W-wait!" Valence tried to call out, but...

"Ahh...!"

He groaned and curled up, beginning to shiver. He felt... bloated. Almost inflated. He could feel, all about his body, a fine layer of hairs sprouting, tickling from every pore, developing to a full, plush pelt of fur, vibrantly pink everywhere except on his stomach, where it grew creamy white.

He drew his hands up, feebly, and he gazed, horrified, as they began to meld and plump into chubby pink paws... if one could *call* them paws, lacking noticeable digits. They seemed to run seamlessly with the arms, soft and oval in shape, yet, somehow, still dexterous.

His legs and feet, too. Perspiring lightly and gazing over a growing, rounded gut, he could see his feet undergoing a similar process. Bunny-like, large, and plush, without digits, from beneath the fabric of the stockings he still wore.

And speaking of which... Those panties he wore felt much more comfortable than before. More form-fitting.

He glanced fretfully between his legs. He shivered. No trace of maleness anywhere; just a thin pair of pale pink lips from beneath the panties, feminine, and curiously moist.

He had become a *girl*. A she.

She hardly noticed how pudgy her cheeks had become, or the large bunny-ears on her head, or how much better she could *see*, given the size of her eyes.

Valence hummed a fearful note, trembling. Her voice. So much higher now.

The bloated feeling passed, she uncurled and sat up, her breath and heartbeat rapid. She glanced fearfully in the mirror, saw her new form, then blushingly turned away.

A Pokémon, she had noticed. And *definitely* a girl.

Valence crawled behind a nearby bench, feeling rather bouncy in body if not a bit sore, without a clue on what to do next.

Perhaps she should just stay here, and hide for a while? *I mean, oh-my-gosh*, she thought. Nigel--or anyone, for that matter--couldn't possibly see her--him--like this! She was a freak! Some copyrighted fantasy creature from some corporate franchise! What was she going to do? What was she even *called*...? Wiggles? Jiggly-poof?

"*Wigglytuff*? Is there, like, someone there?" A drawling, ditzzy voice floated from over the lockers.

Oh, no. No, no, no. Not her!

She inhaled and held her breath, hoping the new arrival would just pass through and leave. No such luck. Her nerves caused her vocalize a little feminine squeak.

She heard first a pause, then a bag being set down. She could practically *feel* a set of eyes glinting from across the room. She trembled, the soft footfalls drawing nearer.

The new arrival peered over the bench, slowly, smiling, wearing a uniform identical to the one Valence wore.

Another Wigglytuff.

"Hm? Oh, hey, hun. Whatcha doing just sitting here all by yourself?"

"I - I -" Valence temporarily scrambled for words, staggering to her feet. "I'm sooo sorry, Miss Mimi, to have wandered in here! I know I shouldn't have, but I thought I heard something, wasn't thinking straight--I'm not a pervert, I swear--and I just came in here to check and now I'm a bunny... a bunny..."

Chaco Mimi blinked, and then giggled. "You're funny, girl! But that's okay, I like it when new Wiggly girls get curious about the team."

"Well, I'm..." Valence swallowed. "I'm not *really* a girl, or a Wigglytuff! I was in here, trying on these clo--" She paused, and then blushed, before embarrassedly continuing. "A-anyways, there was this pink cat running around; it tripped me and made me look like this, and you, too! Oh, gosh..." Her forehead fluff bounced nervously. "I'm actually male, and human! My name..." She swallowed. On second thought, perhaps revealing her name would be a *bad* idea. She... he... would never live it down. "Well, i-it doesn't matter. I'm sorry."

"Oh, hun, don't worry about it!" Chaco laughed a little, coquettishly, ears twitching slightly. "I, like, totally know how you feel. So, you say you were a boy and a hee-oo-man, right? Well, I dunno about all that stuff, though I must say..." She examined Valence, speculatively. "You look, like, totally pretty in that uniform! And you're a 'Tuff, too... hmm, hmm..."

"Y-yeah. Well, I'm n-not exactly--like I was just explaining to you..." Valence ventured, not liking the way Chaco now eyed her up.

"Oh, c'mon, hun, let's see you strut your stuff! Walk this way, girl."

Valence's new bunny ears swiveled back a little. "What?" She flushed, pulling the short skirt down a bit, hoping her panties still didn't show. "No, no, you don't get it! I'm not supposed to be a Pokémon!"

"Don't be ridiculous, girl," laughed Chaco. "Everyone's a Pokémon here. No need to be embarrassed. C'mon," She bounded backwards, in a few leaps. "Walk over here."

Valence drew her paws up her chin, looking about ready to die any moment from embarrassment. "I-I... n-no..."

Chaco smiled, and stared directly into Valence's eyes. "Do it."

Maybe it was the way Chaco's emerald eyes gleamed, but Valence felt a sudden compulsion to obey, to walk as she suggested. To "strut her stuff," as Chaco phrased it.

One foot-paw over another, she approached Chaco steadily, frowning. *Indeed. I'll never live this down.*

"Hold on, girl." Chaco called. Valence paused. "More hips. Gotta show off that plump, sexy body you got there!"

Valence looked flustered. "Really? M-me?"

"Yes, you, silly-tuff!" Chaco laughed. "You're a hot Wiggly bun-bun, hun! You need to show the world what you've got!"

Valence gulped and inhaled, squeamishly, and began saunter, making sure she showed her plump thighs. Surely she was revealing her underwear. Her fur gleamed with a light layer of sweat, tense. *When is this going to end?*

"Hmm... Not bad, not bad," Chaco mused. "Here!" She leapt forward. Valence squeaked in surprise as Chaco stepped behind her and grabbed (or rather, *groped*) her hips and hindquarters. Valence turned even redder than before.

"You can't be so nervous, hun!" Chaco whispered into Valence's large ears. "You gotta move like you're one of the sexiest Wigglytuff girls around - which we *are*." She giggled, the warm sweet air of her breath brushing past Valence ears and, strangely, slightly comforting her senses, easing her nerves.

"C'mon, I'll walk with you."

One step forward, and then another; it was like learning how to walk anew. Chaco walked together with Valence, hips swaying and accented, the skirt doing indeed very little to hide their femininity underneath. It didn't take very long for it to become natural for the new Wigglytuff girl; in the course of just a few steps she already sauntered with the air of a senior cheerleader, perky and pudgy and attractive.

Chaco grinded into Valence a little before coming around to her front. "Don't forget to pose, dear." She smiled. "That's important for all new recruits, and a big part in all our routines. C'mon. Follow my lead."

One arm up, a leg out, and a hip tilt. Then another. And another. Valence obediently imitated Chaco's choreography, following her gestures and obeying the occasional suggestion given. The more she performed, the more she followed attentively and without doubt, the humiliation easing away from her expression... Well, only a little bit.

It nagged in the back of her head: what disturbed her was that she was beginning to feel rather... good. Good to be walking the way she was. Good to saunter and to pose. To look sexy.

Eventually, Chaco set her paws down, both of them breathing airily from the light exercise.

"Very good." Murmured Chaco, quite enamored with Valence's performance. "Very, very... good..."

Valence shuffled a bit, thoroughly uncomfortable at the way Chaco stared at her, looking her up and down. Chaco's luminous green eyes seemed to glint hazily, rather lustily, and her cheeks tinted pinker than usual as she surveyed Valence.

"So, um..." Valence stuttered, timidly, trying to break the awkward silence. Her voice became quite small, and she quivered a little in the cheerleader outfit. "Miss Mimi... C-can you help me? I'm stuck here, like this, and I really don't know how to change back or what to do..."

"Oh, hun." Chaco placed a pink, fingerless paw over her mouth, trying vaguely to convey concern, but barely concealing a smile. "Y'know? I think I can, like, *totally* help you! Don't worry, hun, *we'll* tell you *exactly* what to do!" She grinned happily, and embraced Valence, rubbing a furry cheek, softly, up against hers. "We'll change you."

Valence blushed and shied away from the other Wigglytuff's embrace, not used to such contact. "Um, thank you, miss. B-but didn't you say you didn't know anything about humans and--?"

She petered off, staring into Chaco's eyes, twinkling, wide and eager.

"Me and the girls know a lot of, you know, stuff. And we'll take *such* good care of you, sweetie. We can help you with all your problems, get things back to normal for you. You can trust us--we girls gotta stick together, after all!"

"I'm... not..." Valence sighed, flustered, giving up. "Can I just go?"

"Of course, hun." Chaco giggled, curling her fur tuft, absently. "But you come on right back for practice, okay? We have, like, severe disciplines for girls who skip or show up late!" She stared steadily and smiled broadly while saying this, rubbing one cheek.

Valence grimaced. It could have been her imagination, but Chaco Mimi seemed to Valence, somehow, *denser* than before. Albeit, more threatening. Commanding.

She turned to leave, eager to go... when she noticed Chaco's bag, sitting on a nearby bench, hot pink in color, distinguishable by the obscene number of rhinestones on the seams.

But it wasn't the rhinestones that caught her eye.

Chaco's bag was twitching.

At first Valence thought it was an illusion, a trick of the dull light, but indeed: something seemed to be moving, struggling even, from within, only faint noises rustling here and there.

"Uh... Miss Mimi?"

"Chaco, dear."

"Um, all right, Ch-Chaco... Your bag...?"

"Hmm?"

Valence pointed at the bench, where the bag continued to twitch.

"Oh, that?" Chaco closed her eyes and laughed, musically, seeming rather pleased for some reason. "*That*. Not yet, hun. That's not quite for you, yet. But come back tomorrow -- you, like, totally won't regret it, girl!"

Girl.

Valence first glanced at Chaco's and then between her own legs. The panties still fit perfectly. Still a girl. She flushed, her rosy cheeks becoming all the rosier. Without another word, she turned from the cheerleader, who continued to giggle airily (she had noticed Valence's glances), and crept from the changing rooms, her walk cycle rather awkward given her new posterity and training.

The instant she cleared the corner, she sprinted, bunny-like instincts driving into her pudgy legs. She neglected to pick up her bags from earlier, still sitting at the foot of the bulletin board, just wanting to get out of there, away from anything athletic. Or *girly*.

She bounded across the campus quickly, hoping not to be seen, pausing only to tear off pieces of the cheerleading outfit, panties included. She carried them, crumpled up in her arms, her light-gray eyes wide and shimmering.

No mistaking it -- surely, *surely*, this was all just a disturbing dream about pink cats and becoming a girly Wigglytuff.

The tears began to flow as she entered the eastern dormitories, where the honors students slept, practically leaping up the stairs to her room. *Yes. Just a dream. A nightmare, really.*

She reached the door of her room, which was unlocked, bursting inside. It was well-lit, and it was occupied.

A Buneary, chocolate-furred, lop-eared, with a creamy fringe of fluff resembling a skirt around its hips, sat up in its bed, propped up on a pillow. In its right paw was a pencil, ground down from use, bearing tooth marks up and down its length. In its skirted lap sat a stack of papers, heavily covered in sketches, and words... many words...

Valence glanced around the bed. No mistaking it. Those were his things, his school stuff. She cleared her throat, and spoke pensively.

"Nigel?"

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"Are you awake?"

"Hm?" Nigel shuffled awake, Buneary eyes blinking beadily in the morning light. "What's the matter, valley girl?"

"Seriously? Again with the 'valley girl'? How many times have I told you...?" The Wigglytuff huffed. "Well, *whatever*. Nigel, we're still Pokémon! We're still stuck! Have you even noticed that?"

Nigel tittered, giggling, stretching a little, ears flopping about. "Well, *yeah*. Of course, silly! We're Pokémon; what else would we be?"

"Oh, I don't know." Valence leaned over the Buneary, glinting. "Human, maybe? *Male*, even?"

The Buneary sat up, then stared, a little imprudently. "You know, you really don't *look* male."

The Wigglytuff flushed, grabbing her cheerleading garb, hastily covering up. "Oh, you! Seriously? How rude! Why, I'd double-slap manners into you if I knew how...!" She paused at her statement, still red-cheeked, then sat down on her bed. Her airy, feminine voice turned meek and mild. "Nothing's changed back. Nothing at all..." She frowned, disappointed. She sighed. "Well, then. Did you at least get any studying done last night? I don't think I asked. Too much else to say."

"Well, what do you think?"

Valence sighed, again. "No, then. I guess not." She stared, silently, into space, luminous eyes filling with morning sunlight. Nigel meanwhile, began to sort around his things, stacking filled-out papers here and there, shuffling sketches and odd concept work around.

"...You don't believe me, do you?" asked the Wigglytuff, despairingly.

The Buneary just shrugged. "It's not a dream, is it? I told you it wasn't. But that's that."

A quick glance. "You always tell me to make the best of things. Well... guess you get to try, yourself. See what turns out of this. Can't turn out too badly, really, unless you completely lose your mind, and what're the chance of that happening?" Nigel giggled, shading in a plump, rather clueless-looking rabbit.

"Seriously, though." Nigel chortled, incisors clicking. "We're *humans*? You know, you *can* study other things than outdated mythology, right? Just saying."

"Funny. I mean it, though."

"Whatever."

Valence slumped. So, it seemed she was indeed alone. Stuck. Not even Nigel believed... The minutes trickled on by in silence, as more sunlight filled the room.

What to do? Valence continued to stare a hole into the wall opposite her bed. Somehow, she had to, *had to*, find a way. Out of this form. And bring Nigel to his senses, also. The whole world.

"So, you joined the cheerleading squad, hmm? Dem Wigglys." The Buneary said eventually, propping back on the pillow, rather dreamily.

"Yeah? Obviously. I told you that last night."

Nigel checked the time aura, shimmering the current hour. A click of the tongue. "Well, shouldn't you be at practice now? They always start right around this time..."

Valence blinked. Of course! A glimmer of hope. Chaco had said she could help get things back to normal. Normal... and human... and male... If she showed up to practice...

She sprang from the bed. "I'll be back after practice, okay? And don't slack off on those books, either," She added, warningly, holding her uniform in her arms as she bounced off to the sports ward, albeit somewhat reluctantly.

The Buneary smiled. "Can't promise that, valley girl..." A fresh pencil, clenched eagerly in its right paw, descended over a piece of presently blank paper, as the Buneary began to write...

- - - - -

Clothes completely wrinkled, and completely out of breath, Valence bounded into the gym, empty save for the other girls. They looked up in unison, all Wigglytuff, and all green-eyed... and smiling.

One of them, perhaps a semi-shade more purple than the others, if that, stepped forward from the group.

"Oh, hun, you made it!" Chaco exclaimed. She looked Valence up and down, and made a tutting sound with her tongue, the girls behind her giggling and whispering among themselves. "You're late, though. And undressed! Well, we can't have that. Girls?"

As if on the cue, the entire squad bounded forward, swarming all around Valence, her ears perked up in alarm.

"What are - what are you doing?" She cried out.

"Good girls must always show up on time, dear," explained Chaco, serenely. "And in complete uniform!"

"But I - *meep!*" All at once, Valence found herself smothered by many furry pudgy paws as the girls began to dress her up. On with the shirt, then the stockings, even the skirt with panties, in a flurry of pink and white fur.

Valence squirmed. She couldn't help but notice the girls were *very* much touchy-feely, their chubby cheeks and warm bodies affectionately pressing up against hers, their paws softly stroking her chest fur, and the occasional fondle to her behind and stocking-covered legs. In fact, she was surprised that none of them--

"Oh!" She gasped, blushing deeply. She tried, unsuccessfully, closing her legs. "H-hey! Ch-Chaco!"

The Wigglytuff stood nearby, smiling at the spectacle. "Yes, hun?"

Another soft paw stroked between her legs, causing her to bite her lip. "I-is this usual cheerleader behavior? I m-mean..." She cut off, and couldn't help but utter a small moan at the girls' rubbing, fur beneath soft panties making her moisten, her entire body as warm as the other giggling cheerleaders'.

"Oh?" Chaco's ears twitched, and she giggled like the rest of them. "We're like, special, dear. We get to do things you won't find on any other team! Feels good, doesn't it?"

"*Mmph...*" Valence, against her better judgment, blushed and gestured a small nod. It *did* feel good, didn't it? Granted, she was *pretty* sure this was against the school policy -- she assumed the academy didn't usually allow this much intimacy in their clubs and sporting activities -- but the sensations presently seeping into her body and mind seemed to send any doubts trickling away.

Eventually, the caressing subsided, the soft paws and warm bodies drawing back. Valence looked up, Chaco smiling down upon her.

"Now then, girl. We've got much to do! There's a game tomorrow, and we want to make sure we give Johto a show they'll never forget... until, like, next season of course!"

Valence shuffled herself up, complete in uniform and a little more than moist, blushing madly.

"Well, um." Valence stumbled over her words, her senses flustered. *A game? Like, performing in front of people? Tomorrow?! ...Well, she couldn't think of any other way to get this group to accept her and tell her their little secrets.*

So, she swallowed her pride.

"Um, okay." She said, finally. *Can't be too much different than presenting a budget proposal to the school board, can it?* "B-But just for this one time! You said you could help me get back to normal if I came here..."

Chaco laughed, and the rest of the girls followed suit. "Of course, girl! But you need to show us you're capable, first! ...Which we know you will be. C'mon!"

A flurry of paws once again, and Valence found herself standing in formation, just another among the Wigglytuff girls.

"Pay close attention, now!" Chaco called out. "Don't forget, Pokes will be watching how you perform, how you walk, and even how you talk -- ooh, that's an idea. We totally need to help you with that! You sound all boyish and nerdy!"

What's wrong with how I speak? Valence wondered.

"But one thing at a time! Now, then girls, the routine!"

Gestures and pom-poms, fur and flutters, Valence found herself among them, skipping to a rhythm which, strangely, she could only internalize. Like a heartbeat, almost; for not once during the routine did Chaco tap a beat. *Weird*. Valence moved in time with the other girls with little to no instruction, so natural and graceful, if not a little bit awkward, giving her amateur stance. So natural and graceful, almost as if she had been meant for this sort of performance her entire life, as one of them.

Perhaps Chaco's training from yesterday had helped? Oh, definitely. The basic choreography reflected that, and even basic sauntering helped her form, hip-to-hip with the other girls, pudgy, and pressed to each other.

It was still unbelievably embarrassing, being so close to girls like this. First lightly groped (they still were, even mid-routine, it seemed, as if it were part of the processes), then dancing and posing intimately a saucy display with them. Probably even more embarrassing that Valence rather secretly enjoyed it. Well, not so much a secret, given her reddened expression.

The chanting they uttered, also, seemed to have a musical, almost magical quality to it. The words did not seem as important as the sounds, airy and light and as pretty as the girls themselves.

"Hm, hm, hm..."

The hour seemed to float away, as airy as the girls were. Like a dream, really. Valence had hardly noticed, even when they had all sauntered into the changing rooms, practice having ended.

"You took to that fantastically, hun!" Chaco praised, drawing Valence from her daze. "You'll be sure to perform wonderfully with the rest of us come tomorrow. Most cheerleading teams take many practices to get things ready. We really only need one, maybe two. Tee-hee!"

Valence shuffled her foot-paws, nervously. "Um, um, okay."

"No need to be nervous," The girls whispered in her long ears. "Just trust and give yourself to the group, and we'll do the rest!"

Valence *really* didn't like how they were crowding in all around her. "Well, that's nice, and all. Um..." She looked over to Chaco for help. "I can go now, right?"

"Oh? Now? Silly me!" Chaco laughed. "I forgot to mention, hun." A couple of paws plodded at Valence's hips and rump, causing her to squeak in surprise. "We always perform some post-practice exercises to help our form and stamina and morale -- and rookies are not exempted!"

A gasp and a soft moan escaped Valence's mouth. A soft paw deliberately began to prod at her nethers. All around, the other girls' fur rubbed sublimely against hers, tickling a little, uniforms coming off left and right.

"...Exercises?"

"Mm-hm!" Hummed Chaco, sliding out of her outfit, as well. "*Especial*ly good for morale!"

Another gasp, and moans that were not Valence's own, beginning to rise and echo throughout the locker room. So soft and plushy, sensations buzzed through her feminine body. Rubs caressed her tummy and sensitive chest, playful prodding to her fur tuft, light breathing and groans in her ears.

And, of course -- she couldn't see *who* was doing it, inserting an impossibly velvety pudgy paw between her legs, teasing her -- but she flushed red, incredulous that this sort of thing was allowed, even more ashamed at how *nice* it felt. Not nearly filling enough, though. Could use a little tongue her. Or maybe just a nice big vibrator. Who knew?

Oh. What was she saying, or thinking? Not much, really. Just strained pleasure, at the paw worked in and out and, her netherlips dripping, her senses awash with rosy, girly scents.

They were virtually a blanket of furry, plushy bunny girls, a sea of Wigglytuff cheerleaders. And there Valence was, among them, stranded in the middle, as Chaco climbed up and pressed a cheek affectionately to hers, sinking her down, down, down, into their velvety domain, their intimate ritual...

- - - - -

"So, valley girl," asked Nigel, as she crawled back into the dorm, rather sore, uniform wrinkled, and still rosy-cheeked. "How was practice?"

"Um, um..." Valence stuttered, closing her eyes, ashamedly. "I - I don't want to talk about it... J-just give me that textbook. The big one. ...You didn't study at all today, did you?"

"Um... Not... really..." The Buneary handed Valence the textbook, glancing briefly at her skirt. It looked rather wet, a thin trail of... something... dribbling down her leg. The Buneary looked up, face expressing a need for explanation.

Valence scowled, holding *Ery-Electrical Theory, Fourth Edition* across her front. "*Rude*," she huffed, puffing up a little before turning and storming out of the room, and straight to the ladies' room. "Oh, and there's a game tomorrow, too," she added hastily before leaving.

The Buneary, meanwhile, looked at the sketch it had been working on, then at the door from which Valence came, wondering.

- - - - -

"One, two, three, four!"

Kanto will knock you to the floor!"

Five, six, seven, eight!

Johto should go and ma--"

"Hmm," pondered the Pikachu from the enrollments office. She counted. Her ears perked. "They have a twelfth member."

The fat Raichu next to her yawned, long tail draped over the bleachers. "Yeah?" He replied, uninterestedly.

"Yes," continued the Pikachu. She pointed. "Right there, see? The one just a little out of synch with the others. The one who keeps blushing."

The Raichu looked, then snorted. "So, what?"

"They didn't have a twelfth member last week. She wasn't here before... Another Wigglytuff..." She checked her documents. "Where did that girl *come* from? I don't recognize her."

The Raichu sighed, scratching his cheek, lazily. "So another girl here, another girl there--whatever, it's a big academy. Ain't none of my concern..."

He trailed off, sitting up, suddenly hoping to catch the eye of a buff Typhlosion from the rivaling school, just passing by.

He succeeded, and received a predatory, voracious look in return.

...Even better.

- - - - -

"Not too bad, girl."

"Hm?"

Valence looked up, a little achy and perspiring, thoroughly warm from the team's performance that evening.

"I said, not too bad." Chaco lopped over, perky, after the team had dispersed. "For your first time performing with us, you did really, really good!"

"Oh? Oh! Um..." Valence reddened a bit. She bit her lip a little perplexed on what to say. "...Thanks..."

"Like, *really*, you did!" Chaco chimed. "You've probably taken to us more quickly than most of our other recruits, sweetie. Most just back out from their first game, or try to skip practice--but, as you know, we deal with them good and proper!" She added, winking knowingly.

Valence nodded. "Well, then, um. Great, I guess. Anyways, I was wondering..."

"Still..." Continued Chaco, as if she had not heard Valence. "You could do with a little bit more coordination and poise. We're gonna have to up your training starting tomorrow!"

Valence flushed. *More training? More of this stuff?*

"B-but -- I have to get back. I'm a boy, I'm human..."

Chaco laughed, giving a soft, ditzzy shake of her head. "Sure, hun. Sure. We'll help you along. But you gotta help us, first! And if you're going to get perfectly in-synch with our routines and fit in among the girls, you're going to have to practice with us more, and spend more time with us overall!"

She looked at Valence, expectantly.

"Same time tomorrow, girl?"

Valence blinked and instinctively shook her head, ears twitching sluggishly. This was supposed to be a one-time thing. *Of course not!*

Chaco's grin widened, and she fluttered her eyelids.

"Now, we can't have that, now can we?"

She approached, sauntering. Valence tensed, but did nothing to pull away. Even after the game, Chaco still retained that same pleasant, girly, rubbery bunny scent. And so warm. Soft and inviting.

Their long rabbit ears and fur tufts touched. Chaco's green eyes peered deeply into Valence's gray.

Valence trembled a little. Chaco's eyes. So beautiful and enchanting, if not a little dense. Adorably bimbo.

Chaco blinked, slowly, reassuringly.

"No need to be nervous, hun. You just need to relax, let your girly instincts come..." She tittered. "Come naturally, that is." She continued, musically, leaning forward.

"B-But... Chac--"

Their lips met.

"*Mmph.*"

Pleasingly light and sweet, with subtle hint of soft tongue. If the color pink had a counterpart to taste, it could easily be encompassed within that kiss, as sugary and coquettishly girly as anyone could imagine.

Featureless hand-paws and stocking-clad foot-paws drew the girls together, the fabrics of their uniforms caressing between their soft, plush bodies. A tender rub here, and intimate stroke there...

After perhaps a moment stretching into the course of a few minutes, they eventually pulled apart, reluctantly, both breathing heavily, lustily.

Chaco stroked the Wigglytuff's cheek, seemingly marveling at the warmth.

"So, same time tomorrow, girl?"

Valley blinked, heavy-lidded, eyes hazy and even a little green themselves, before slowly nodding, mutely.

Chaco smiled in satisfaction and rubbed her cheek up hers, affectionately and squeakily.

"Much better, hun."

- - - - -

"So, how was the game?" The Buneary asked some time later, in the dorms. "I had to miss it. Dang remedial sessions..."

"Hm?" The Wigglytuff hummed, dreamily, absently.

"I said, how was the game?" The Buneary repeated, looking up, a little perturbed. "Valley girl?"

The Wigglytuff stirred, blinking. "It was... It was..." Valley shook her head, head clearing. "Oh! Nigel! It was so awkward and weird! There were so many people were staring at us, so embarrassing, and I'm all tired and achy... And Miss Mimi -- I mean, Chaco -- she didn't tell me anything at all!"

She inhaled, noisily, inflating a little. She pouted, frustrated. "She knows something, Nigel! That girl knows something about us being what we are right now! And I bet it has something to do with that cat, too! Well!"

She stood tall, determined. "Only one way to find out! I'm taking a shower, and I'm going to practice again tomorrow -- get some more information. She can't keep me distracted forever!" She turned, haughtily, and stormed out of the dorm.

Nigel blinked, pencil still mid-paw, thoroughly confused. "Um... What?"

- - - - -

"Um... what bag, sweetie?" Chaco asked, innocently, the next day.

"You know which bag, Miss Mimi." Valley stated, accusingly, one paw on her hip. "The pink one with the rhinestones! What was in it? For that matter, where is it now?"

Chaco smiled broadly. "That bag? Couldn't tell you, hun! That's still not, like, for you to know about yet!"

"Why not?"

Chaco leaned forward, as if telling a secret. "I know you're eager, hun, but you gotta be patient, okay? You'll be ready for it, soon enough."

"Ready for what? When?"

"Oh, I dunno," Chaco tittered. "Maybe after this practice, who knows? You still gotta show more confidence in your movements, girl! Though, I think I know a

better way to help you with that -- those post-practice exercises usually do the trick!"

Valley's ears perked up in alarm. "What? N-no! I'm not some sort of sl-sl-u-u-ahhh!" It suddenly became rather difficult to form coherent words. That usually was the case, being squished upon by the dozen or so plump, girlish bodies, Chaco included, eager to please and provide even more exercise, though normally reserved for post-practice.

"Maybe you are, hun, maybe you are." Chaco teased, knowingly. "That's okay. We'll love you anyways!"

Warmly pressed into one another, they rocked rhythmically into each other, bodies grinding and snuggling into one another, as if all were determined to become a single, self-pleasing entity. Dripping female cum slick and sticky upon the gym floor, cumming all things, all thoughts away.

The air grew hazy and thick with the scent of sex, moans rising together and interspersed with slick, lewd, squelching noises. Cumming all things, all thoughts away, except the unity and perfect synchronization of body and mind.

Was it just her imagination, or could Valley *almost* sense the thoughts and emotions of the girl to her left? Perhaps the one currently licking wetly and eagerly between her legs? Or the one who presently adored her with kisses and cheek-rubs? Or even the one that massaged and patted and played upon her plump, plush behind?

Oh, routine this, routine that. Choreography always had a time and a place, but this was the true practice, the true training, wasn't it? To become... just one with the girls. Sure made everything seem easier, and more fluid. Definitely gave her a lot more poise.

It was some time later, maybe an hour, maybe two, or more when Valley sauntered from the gym, skipping lightly, wondering if she wasn't forgetting something important. Something important to ask.

"Oh! That's right!"

She popped back into the gym.

"Hey, um, Chaco?"

"Yes, hun?"

"...When's the next game?"

- - - - -

"Ho(enn), submit, you're gonna pop!

Kanto rides you from up top!"

The young ears twitched. "Mommy, Daddy, what does that mean? That stuff the Wiggly girls are saying?" The Cleffa asked its parents.

"Hmm?" The father Clefable blinked, inattentively, thoroughly enraptured by the Wigglytuff squad's choreography and singsong chanting.

His wife normally would have slapped him... but... she was staring, too.

"...I think..." The mother's eyes shined, dreamily, body rather warm. "I think it means we're going to be enrolling you in that school someday, son."

- - - - -

"So much better, dear." Chaco said, pleased, hugging Valley close, practically smothering her. Not that she minded.

"Really?" Valley replied, giggling a little. "Did we really do that good?"

"But of course! You could feel it, couldn't you? All us, perfectly aligned with one another all throughout! You even sound more like us."

"Just make sure you keep practicing, sweetie," chanted a couple of the girls, airily. They winked in unison. "In your own time. You know what we mean."

- - - - -

"Exam?"

"Um... yeah." The Buneary's head tilted, speculatively, several games and practices later. "You're always reminding me about those? Well, we've got a big one tomorrow, remember?"

"Oh. Right." Valley shuffled about, trying to remember. Odd. She didn't recall any of the professors saying anything about an exam. Then again, as of late, she had been too busy daydreaming about... well, *stuff*... to really pay attention.

"Well, here's the study guide, I guess." Buneary dropped the thick packet in her lap. "Don't know where you were, today, but here it is. Anyways, I'm gonna grab something from the cafe--Meet up tonight at the usual spot in the library, yes?"

Valley blinked. *The library? The usual spot?* "Um, sure," She replied. *Since when?* "I'm just going to have a look at this stuff beforehand... We had a good practice today and all, and I just wanna lay back a bit."

She giggled, instinctively, before continuing. "But I'll definitely meet up with you later, okay, sweetie?" She blushed a little when Buneary raised an eyebrow. "Um, like, you know. Whatever."

Buneary shrugged, and exited the dorm, shaking its head.

Sighing and settling on the bed, Valley picked up the study guide and her books, opening one up to the appropriate chapter. Hopefully, she would catch up on

the concepts with some of the more stimulating problems. Perhaps she would be able to scrape an "A-" with some cramming, if that...

She blinked, staring blankly at the page. For some reason, the theory seemed a whole lot easier to grasp just a week or so earlier. She scrunched her face. The symbols and explanations just seemed to... escape her. Again and again, she read the page, or, rather, tried to, hoping to make some sense of it, but...

She huffed, airily, laying back on her bed. She gazed dreamily out the window, across the sunset-soaked campus, mind wandering aimlessly, one ear flopped over her face. Well, whatever. It *had* been a good practice today, hadn't it? And an even *better* post-practice.

She giggled softly, stroking her furry chest and tummy, idly, still stocking'd legs rubbing together, teasingly...

She brought a paw down to her folds, touching a little, reddening a bit at the pleasure, even in her solitude, as the books slid off her lap, to the floor...

- - - - -

*"Kanto is the one with class!
Sinnoh takes it up the a--"*

"We can't beat them! *We can't!*" The coach, a tubby, ruddy-faced Miltank, huffed and threw his clipboard across the changing room. "Terrible! I've never seen such a lousy performance! What's *wrong* with you guys?"

"We're doing our best, coach." A Sandslash ventured bravely, paws wrapped meekly in part of a jersey. "It's just... uh... Well, I dunno... It's just..."

The coach turned away, pounding a nearby locker, his teats bobbling angrily. "Their lineup's not even that *good*, such a scrawny, undertrained bunch... I don't know how they're doing it! It's like magic. A curse."

He continued to ramble on and on. The team, meanwhile, didn't seem to be paying attention, instead watching the other school's squad of cheerleaders, just passing by, pressed together in a cheeky, hugging group. The Wigglytuff girls noticed their observers and giggled, puffing up their tufts. They uttered, in coquettish, almost *too* perfect, unison.

"Hey, boys."

A pause. The boys gazed upon them, completely enamored. The girls smiled, and, giving each other knowing looks, sauntered into the locker room...

- - - - -

The Bunear eyed her, sometime later, sniffing suspiciously. "Uh... Valley? Did something happen at the game? You smell kind of like... oh..." The Bunear trailed off, and quickly went back to the sketchbook, just barely hiding a tint of rosy cheeks.

The Wigglytuff shook her head, rather dreamily. "Nah, nothing really, cutie. We just, like, sort of... you know? After the performance, just me and the girls... Doing it as girls do! With the boys, too, of course, dun wanna forget them..."

She blinked, then gasped. Her ears perked straight up, and she grabbed the comforter from her bed, covering up, shamefully. "I-I mean! No. No! Nothing, *nothing* happened! Forget what I said!"

"...Kind of hard to forget *that*..." The Bunear mumbled.

Valley quivered a little. She was afraid. Very afraid of losing something... but, but what? She tried to think, to remember... only to find that her memories had melded together like soft putty. Everything seemed to settle upon her place with the Wigglytuff squad, the cheerleaders, the girls.

She pinched her ears and pulled them over her eyes. Soooo hard to think...

"Uh, Valley, are you all right, girl?"

"I - I'm fine, Bunear--Nigel!" She stuttered, frustrated. *Why* couldn't she remember? What had happened to her? Well, whatever it was, she decided, it was because of the cheerleading squad. Of course it was. Everything came to the cheerleading squad -- and, indeed, they were very much a bad influence!

She looked up, determined. "But I'll tell you this much: I'm through! I'm, like, never going back to practice! Or to any more games or mates! *Meets!*"

She flushed, but at least her mind was set. She would *never* go back to the girls.

- - - - -

But again, she came back. And she came. Again, and again. She would saunter back into the dorms, wet and sticky with fluids that were not her own, marked with scents *clearly* from other girls (and some boys), always slightly sore, but getting more and more flexible and athletic. And, of course, increasingly clueless. Even her eyes seemed a bit... emptier... and greener, a vapid shade of emerald.

Bunear, observing these behaviors day-by-day, made up its mind to record these... strange, but altogether not unpleasant, developments. That is, "record" as in to "write more," more ideas for stories and stuff.

And as Bunear wrote more and more, even more things happened in turn, and not necessarily the cheeriest of kind: Valley's books began to pile in a corner

for days on end, collecting dust, neglected; no study periods nor time together at all, really; and, how strange, poor performance in class, but not by Buneary. Poor, bimbo-brained Valley, idly uttering wrong answer after wrong answer, causing lab accidents, and spending increasing amounts of time in the changing rooms or the gym. What had happened to her?

At this rate... Buneary wouldn't be the only one out of the honors program. Well, actually, at this rate... *Valley* would be the only one out of the honors program.

But yes, in spite of all this, she kept coming, because, begrudgingly, Valley knew. Knew that Chaco, somehow, someway, knew *something*. She *knew* something, and Valley was going to find out. Whatever *something* was. Something important.

The cat had to come out of the bag, sooner or later.

That was why: the only reason why she continued to come back to the cheerleader squad.

Oh, and the good times, the hugs, the squeezes, and the post-practice exercises with the girls were, like, totally hot. Like, *really*, they were.

- - - - -

*"You know, Unova, you can't hide!
The trophy's ours, so step aside!
Then we're gonna take you in,
And make you bear our next of kin!"*

"Unbelievable!" A Gardevoir spectator watched the dancing girls, mid-game. "Such perfect sync, such provocative, unified movements! How do they do it?"

An old Gengar accompanying him grinned, rather lecherously. "I dunno. Magic? Kinda uncanny, really, deh way dey all move and act deh same. Tch. I guarantee it: come next season, dat squad's gonna need mo' uniforms."

"Oh?" The Gardevoir glanced over, curiosity piqued. "A high percentage of athletes in enrollments next year?"

"Heh." The Gengar continued to grin, staring at the show, unblinkingly. "Somethin' like that. You can bet on dis: Kanto's gonna stay on top, many seasons from now..."

- - - - -

"The last game of the season, girls! Great finish -- The other team didn't even know what was coming on them!"

They all smiled, broadly, as Chaco entered the changing rooms, happy and perky and carefree as can be.

"And this is, like, totally the best part: I just talked to the Dean and members of the council. They're really totally happy with our work!" She inhaled for effect. "Looks like our team has been renewed for another six terms! Which means, more meets and games and fun!"

The entire squad cheered gaily. Chaco spread her arms widely, and all the Wigglytuff girls came together for their ritual group snuggle, stripping off their uniforms, pressed tightly against one another, soft and squeaky, with a little fondle here and there.

Eventually drawing back, Chaco gazed over the girls happily, positively beaming and looking rather eager to share something more.

"Anyways," she continued. "I've brought a little something to celebrate our school winning the championship, again, for three years straight! Well." She giggled, coyly. "Maybe not so *little*. Here!"

She reached behind the bench, and sat something upon it, in everyone's view.

One of the Wigglytuff girls stirred, bunny feet and ears twitching with sudden recognition.

It was a bag. *The* bag. It was hot pink and heavily adorned with rhinestones.

And it was *twitching*.

Something joggled her memory. What was it? Didn't she ask about it, a long time ago? *Um...* Some pink-furred cat that had collided with... with... what was her name? Wasn't her name... *his* name...? Valley girl? No... that wasn't quite it... Dumb name for a boy, really...

The Wigglytuff's ears curled forward a little, a shred of light-gray tinting her eyes, as thoughts began to stir...

She should probably ask Nigel about it.

Nigel?

"It's for you in particular, hun. Since you'd been, like, soooo curious to know about it a ways back." Chaco winked, cheekily, staring directly at her. "It's something to show and share with all the girls, really. As a reward for having such a fantastically fabulous season!"

"Ahh..." All the Wigglytuff girls inhaled, inflating a little with bated breath, eager anticipation--except for Valley.

No.

Valence.

His name was Valence. *He* was quite sure about that.

She--no, *he*--looked at the bag, eyes narrowing.

"As much as we all want to get going and celebrate the way we girls, like, *do*," Chaco giggled. "I feel that our newest girl should go first, for this season's finale. She totally deserves this, for being such a team player and all."

"I'm..." The Wigglytuff began to smile, secretly, eyes alight with memory. "I'm Valence Schrodinger," he whispered, just under his breath, unheard.

"So, come on over here, hun. Open the bag; you've earned it!"

And he knew. He *knew*. Everything. But there was no use regretting things now, the bag was right there!

Valence smiled, but it was just a show. The girls cheered him on, expressions ditzy but supportive, so like-minded, so *same-y*, from one to another to the other.

He walked, not sauntering nor bouncing--nothing at all girlish about his gait--to the bag, the rhinestones on its seams glittering. Glittering like the cat's eyes he followed into this very changing room, so many months ago.

He placed his pink, fingerless paws on the snap, the twitching shuddering throughout the interior.

Time to end this... horrible nightmare, or whatever it was.

Time to open it.

Snap. He unclasped the bag. He reached in, and he pulled out the cat.

He held it in his paw, staring at it, struggling a little to hold on, given its constant movements. Well, not as furry as he remembered, actually; a different sort of texture altogether now. A soft, pliable rubber. Smooth, shiny, and a little slick from some... apparent use.

It had two ends: one end shaped curiously like a cat's head and face, with points like ears, obviously meant for stimulation, and a pair of little twinkles, like eyes; along the length, it sloped out-and-in, an oval-like center, to the other end, gradually plumping out, rather like a bulbous tail. He turned it about in his paw. There was no switch; it seemed to run on its own, continuously.

A large vibrator. Just a large, kitten-shaped sex toy.

Oh, so, not *really* a cat, after all. Not exactly. She frowned, cutely. How could she have been so stupid? Did she really think Chaco would keep a *live cat* inside her bag? That's, like, *really, totally stupid!* And really mean and cruel! Poor kitty.

A loss. Valence? Valley? No... Just a Wigglytuff cheerleader girl. Completely at a loss of what to do, next. Airheaded.

Perhaps Chaco sensed this; of course she did, they were practically identical, after all, and sensed each others' feelings. She placed her own paw over the ever-vibrating dildo, over the newest member's paw. "Remember what we taught you, hun." She said, reassuringly. "C'mon. You go first. I'll join you soon after. We all will."

The Wigglytuff looked into Chaco's luminous green eyes. So, that was that: she may or may not have been outwitted by a cheerleader, from the very beginning. But, really, what was wrong with that? What did it matter? She was, after all, a cheerleading Wigglytuff girl, just like Chaco.

She took the vibrator, brought her right paw down, turned it, and slowly, very slowly, inserted the device into her already wet, clenching depths.

"Wiggly..."

The dildo rippled as she buried it into herself, starting to stretch her, coursing a steady hum of pleasure through the Wigglytuff's body, its texture so smooth and stimulating, tingling and toying her simple, airy mind... It was almost magical. Legendary, even.

She gasped, and moaned, and, with a surge of hazy eagerness, sunk more and more of the wondrous dildo into her depths, forcing it in, as if determined, *determined* to show what a good Wigglytuff girl she had become, *determined* to break-in the new toy; *determined to break it*.

A soft giggle. "Like, save some for me, hun!" Chaco chimed in, squishing her right cheek plushily and airily into the newest Wigglytuff, pressing tightly, adorning her lips with kisses. She wrapped her legs around the rookie's, her dripping folds between sliding wonderfully up and down the rookie's creamy belly fur, making it sleek and wet.

She found the mark, and cried out, like the plush, bunny balloon slut she was, sliding down onto the other half of the dildo, forcing it even deeper into the rookie's depths. She wrapped her arms around her, and they shared a deep, passionate kiss, complete with tongue, sweet with a pleasant hint of light, pinkish rubber...

"Mmmph..."

The newest Wigglytuff's ears twitched in bliss, filling with a growing symphony of sex. She groaned, her voice just another among the sounds of slutty moans all about her. And all about her... the orgy had begun once again. Wigglytuff left and right paired and spread their legs, inhaled air, and ground into each other, pushing, pressing such delightful pleasure to their netherlips. Others licked and reversed, suckling sluttily in their consumption to one another, fem-cum dribbling and smearing their faces. Still other Wigglytuff topped Wigglytuff with toys of their own, mating deeply, riding vibrators in a steady hum.

None, of course, as big as the kitten-shape Chaco and the rookie rode.

And no shame, no shame at all. Just bright, riveting pleasure as the newest Wigglytuff rode out any last sense of rationality and individualism she may have had. Dribbling away, as sweet, female, Wigglytuff nectar.

Just a sex-driven, simple-minded Pokémon. A pudgy, cheeky, cheerleading Wigglytuff. Plump, yes, but athletic. The most attractive and cute, of course, of all the Poké-species. What else could she *possibly* be?

A dim, thoroughly-faded voice passed idly through her bimbo brain, trying desperately.

I dunno. Human, maybe? Male, even?

Almost instantly the noise and pleasure squeezed and clenched and drowned out the passing thought. Male? Human? Nah, not a clue. That's, like, dumb. '*Cause, you know, they don't exist, after all.*

"Ah - AH!"

She exhaled and gasped, squeakily and sluttily, her eyes rolling back a bit. Passionate, burning waves of hot pink tingled, nay, *seared* her senses, sending her and the other girls into frenzied spasms.

Snap.

Her pudgy cheek pressed up to Chaco's as she came, *they* came, clenching hard and sticky, feminine essence mixed and smeared all over the girls' furs, hers being the most thoroughly soaked of them all. Everything before this moment seemed to flutter away, airily, consumed in the folds of pink fluff and females.

Drip-drip from between her furry lapin legs, amidst a kitten-shape dildo, no longer vibrating, something white and pale dribbling, once brilliant and bright-minded, now sticky... down the drain of the locker room, gone for good.

What a mess. What a fur-pile. What... *exercise!* The newest of the Wigglytuff girls grinned, blankly, snuggling in the afterglow together with her fellow cheerleaders. She blinked, vacantly, her gaze turning hazily to meet Chaco's, her eyes now reflecting hers: the striking light-gray from a long time before to the same vapid green as the rest of the Wigglytuff girls.

The one named Chaco--well, *was she* Chaco? Dunno. They all looked the same, really, maybe a little more purple, or something. Well, no use thinking about it too much. Anyways, she giggled, teasingly.

"So, like, what do you think, hun?"

The Wigglytuff girl just continued to smile, dumbly. "Hmm?"

The other giggled, once more, grinning, just as airheaded. "I so, so glad you, like, decided to stay with us for good. 'Cause, you know, the school always needs good girls to keep up their winning streak, and you've gone and fit right on in, already!" She pulled back a bit.

Shlorp. The Wigglytuff gasped and moaned involuntarily, feeling a little bit empty inside. It looked like that large kitten-shape vibrator had been put to good use. But...

"Oh, dear, an eager one, aren't you, girlfriend?" Another Wigglytuff took the toy, holding it up, tutting, pleased. "Too bad, looks like it's broken. Oh, well. Just have to look around and catch another one, hmm?" She dropped it on the ground, carelessly, among the many puddles of Wigglytuff sex.

She grinned in response. "Well, duh! The more, the better!"

They all giggled and hugged cheekily in a group, squishing cheek-to-cheek, rubbing affectionately, ears and tufts touching, the entire team all perky and euphoric from their most recent bout. Huddling close, and not even bothering with clothes--which, after all, were silly things--they together lopped lightly from the changing rooms, perhaps off to study, at the library. Wait, study? Library? No. Not the library. How silly and dull! No fun there at all, with all those... books... like, with words, and things with paper inside them...

Now, the dorms. Yeah, there. More after-practice playtime would be, like, totally hot and sexy and stuff -- actually, one of the girls knew this cute little Bunearry up in those honors dorms. You know? Where all the smart ones slept, the ones that were good with numbers and stuff? Now, that'd be, like, a totally fun time! The little cutie wouldn't even be expecting it. Well, with such a sexy surprise, it probably would even make her want to take up cheerleading...

The girls exchanged looks, grinned broadly from cheek to cheek, and bounced off, full of athletic energy, towards the eastern dormitories, leaving the changing rooms slick, sticky, and positively reeking of femininity, unlikely to be vented for a long time...

Well, then, just another invite for another lucky girl... So, come on in. It's quite all right, it's not a problem; you can start male, if you want~ We don't mind.

'Cause, like, you know? There'll never be enough of us~

See you next season, hun. <3

Among the Girls.

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Class of 2013.