

Aromatherapy was something not quite new to the world of Pokemon, yet not many people knew of it. It was a commodity at best, a silly little thing to buy once or get as a promotional event, and then maybe just maybe try it again. Its effects on people and Pokemon alike were unknown to all but those who regularly partook in the craft. As such, it'd be no surprise that shops specializing in selling items pertaining to aromatherapy mainly had a home in small, traditional towns, or perhaps as a smaller segment of a large mall/store.

Regardless, there was one such shop in a little corner of the Pokemon world. This shop specialized in incense and other such items, and it would, unbeknownst to most of its customers and the townspeople, be the center of many events surrounding it.

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One such event revolved around a girl. Rather, a young woman in her twenties, who went by the name of Samantha. Samantha was a hardy girl, not very interested in Pokemon or battling or anything of the sort. Rather, she'd much prefer to stay within her quiet hometown and advance her career. She lived alone, and considered herself a very independent woman.

She was reasonably attractive, her skin clear of blemishes or deformities, her eyes a wonderful green, her hair a soft brown that reached past her shoulders.

Some would tell her that she took things a bit too seriously, and really needed to relax and loosen up before the tension got to her. She worked at an office-- not very exciting, she had to admit, but it paid well, and she was looking to steadily rise in the ranks and really get herself out there.

But that was not the purpose of this story.

No, rather, Samantha had something else she was dealing with at the moment. A stalker-- well, maybe that was too strong and mean of a word. More of an admirer who just couldn't take the hint and go away. The guy was some kind of creep that came onto her one day, and after she turned him down he just kept on trying to woo and impress her instead of moving on and leaving her alone.

But there was the problem; she was afraid that those attempts were actually working. The young woman wasn't very romantic-- actually, she was very distinctly UNromantic, if anything.

Samantha was at a loss. She didn't really know how to deal with the guy. Unsure of her own feelings, unsure of what she really wanted out of him, unsure if he actually was some kind of genuinely deep person underneath the rough, somewhat cute exterior or if he really was just some

pervverted stalker.

And so, in this unsurity, she came to this shop. It was near her usual hangout spot, a relaxing cafe. Evidently they sold incense, and were having a sale for their grand opening. She thought it wouldn't hurt to check the place out.

So she wasn't entirely sure why she told the clerk running the store all of this, nor was she sure how to respond when the androgynous shopkeep fetched her a bottle of 'Scent of Bellossom', telling her that it was "just what she needed".

And so she was sent off to the forest with her latest purchase, with the promise that one big whiff of the bottle would give her the answer to all her problems.

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"The shopkeeper said that it doesn't last long..." Samantha muttered as she pulled the incense bottle out of the small brown bag. It was fairly light and small, its flowery design perhaps a bit too extravagant and tacky for her tastes. The woman gave the bottle a sniff, but of course couldn't smell anything as it hadn't been turned on yet. "Hmm... tell me again how this will help with my predicament?" she gave a weary sigh, looking around.

The forest was quiet around her save for the sound of leaves rustling in the wind. She was sure she was far enough in to do what the shopkeeper said. "Well, even if it doesn't help, I already wasted money on it, so there's no point in just sitting around." she lit the bottle and twisted the top open, leaning forward and holding her nose close to the lid so she could get the scent before it vanished, as the store had told her.

Samantha's eyes went wide, however, at just how strong the scent that hit her was. Without even realizing, she let out a relaxed sigh as the amazingly flower scent flowed into her nostrils. Her shoulders dipped downwards and the woman managed a dumb smile as she continued breathing the odorous smoke in. "O-oh... that's... amazing..." she gasped lightly, sniffing the air with vigor as that scent filled her mind. All her troubles and worries about that man and her own feelings took a secondary place in her mind as that fantastic, irresistible smell was all she could think of.

A heat filled Samantha, her cheeks feeling a little flush as the heat seemed to travel across her body, making her rather plain curves feel incredibly sensitive, begging to be touched. Her arms wrapped around her form, a moan escaping her lips as the smell hit her again. A feminine little giggle escaped her as the pleasant heat surged again.

She stroked and fondled her own body, her surroundings leaving her. She had yet to notice that the incense had run out as her clothes were carelessly tossed aside, the smell still heavily lingering around her.

Samantha let out another moan, another giggle, as her bare skin was touched and caressed by her own delicate fingers. Her actions were paused momentarily when she heard a sudden, unexpected squeak. A squeak that came from her own body. She looked down to see a peculiar sight, what appeared to be a light green... goo, of some kind, seemed to be forming on her slim belly. The goop was spreading over her torso, covering her bare, light skin with itself, a rubbery thick texture with a distinct shine to it.

Her fingers danced over the texture, slight concern painted on her face as she lifted her fingers to see the green goop spread over the tiny digits. Then she sniffed the goo.

She gave a gasp, a pleased coo as that wonderful smell she found herself addicted to filled her nostrils. She couldn't help it, she spread the goo on her fingers across her face, painting her cheeks, her lips, her nose, with that flower-scented goop that seemed to only be growing and spreading. Her other hand rubbed and caressed her encased body parts. Concern flew right out of the woman's ears as she actively began to help the latexy goo spread.

Her belly, her chest, her crotch. Her hand danced over everything, spreading goop. She moaned in lust and pleasure her modest, average chest seemed to disappear under the green latex, and shivered in need as her thin waist seemed to expand, giving her torso a more round, barrel like shape. Her hands at this point were entirely alien, and much less useful in the spread of the goop as the appendages seemed to merge, fingers disappearing completely and leaving only a round stub on each rapidly green-ing arm.

Her shoulders shrank along with her arms, the appendages growing tinier and tinier, rounder, meeting closer to her torso. Her new shiny green neck grew fatter and more bloated, less distinguished from her equally cylindrical and full torso. The latex equally swallowed any of the fairly light skin it came across. She was shrinking, her body, 5'8" last time she measured, losing full feet in height, a tiny torso on fully sized women's legs.

But perhaps an even more incredible concern was her face. Features were disappearing as the goop washed over, her nose flattening into the rest of her now completely sphere like head, ears suffering a similar encasing fate, two lumps on the side of her head vanishing under smooth latex layers. Lips replaced by a tiny shiny green slit of a mouth resting in a perverted smile as her once striking jade green eyes were replaced by tiny black dots. As the latex crawled over her head, it swallowed her hair, completely crushing and absorbing the brown, well-worked-on locks until all that was left atop her distinctly inhuman head was a shiny green bald top.

But said top wasn't entirely featureless, as two growths seemed to push outwards from her head, a mixed red-yellow coloration that grew in detail and size until two large latexy flowers seemed to rest atop Samantha's head.

But to Samantha, this detail didn't seem to matter. No, she was instead focused on how that scent was getting stronger, driving her mind and instincts absolutely wild. Her stubby hands rubbed and fondled at her body, begging for more as her entire lower body seemed to go numb in pleasure. Rather, several growths began to expand from her waist, covering her lower body in an almost skirt-like thing made of her own body. Samantha wasn't even concerned that she couldn't feel her legs anymore, more concerned that she couldn't reach 'down there' as the growths covered up her squeaky lower half-- rather, the appendages simply disappeared under the green latex, absorbed into her body, leaving the changing girl even smaller than before-- no more than 2 feet, and that was being generous.

Luckily for her eager hands, the shiny growths felt incredibly sensitive, squeaking so wonderfully, she couldn't take her stubs off of her waist, rubbing and fondling everything her tiny, waiting arms could wrap around. The squeaks were music to her ears, her moans and cries becoming squeakier, tinier, more... Pokemon-like.

The skirt took on a pattern, each individual piece alternating in color, from a deeper, darker green than the rest of Samantha's body to a light yellow, as the skirt finished growing, each piece ending in a slightly curvy point. If it weren't for the fat, balloon like appearance and the unnatural shine, one might think each piece was a leaf, extending from the flower that was Samantha.

Speaking of Samantha, the girl breathed slowly in content, fondling her absolutely transformed body in glee. She was a Bellossom, a latex one at that, and she couldn't be happier.

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Samantha soon stood up, easily using her new leaf-skirt to prop herself up in place of her now gone legs. She felt good. She sniffed at the air. Scratch that, she felt amazing, fantastic, beautiful.

But she felt something else; longing, lust. The Bellossom couldn't help but blush, giving a giggle to herself as she wiggled her body longingly. She spent all her human years so... pent up, she needed something else, oh definitely. This was just the start to helping her 'loosen' up. "More..."

And then her mind flicked, wandering to that perverted man-- oh listen to her, who was she to judge, being so lustful and perverted herself-- who oh so wonderfully decided to become affectionate with her. Oh yes, she realized it now, she didn't have to be afraid anymore. She could return his feelings, for sure, now.

But it'd be hard for a cute little Bellossom to do such on her own. Yes, she may need a little bit of help.

Her flowers rubbed together, giving a cute little squeak. Her head turned to the side, a perverted, excited smile on her squeaky, shiny face.

"Time to make some friends...~" the Bellossom giggled giddily, heading towards the noise she had heard.

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Trent wasn't much of a people person. Rather, even if he wanted to be, not many people liked him very much. He was, what word did one woman use? Ah, right, a "creep".

This description hurt, and while Trent would of course deny and argue against it, many would agree that at first glance the word fit. He was a thin, lanky man, with wide beady eyes that seemed to always have bags under them. His black hair was oily and a mess, his face was rather off-putting, definitely not attractive, and neither was the rest of him. His usual clothes were messy and it wouldn't be far off to argue that he looked like a bum or thug, what with the old jeans and shirt combo.

But Trent wasn't either of those! In fact, he spent most of his days hanging around town doing whatever odd job he came across. He earned his upkeep, and nobody can deny that.

Unlike most (indeed, a better part of the youth), the twenty-something had no interest in Pokemon, let alone being a Pokemon trainer.

Of course, in the world of Pokemon, it'd be rather difficult to find any sort of long-lasting, interesting

profession that wasn't in some way related to the creatures. Not that anyone could convince the young man of that.

Trent didn't care about that at the moment, anyway. No, he had something else on his mind lately.

And that something was love!

Oh, yes, definitely. It was at first sight, a true beauty, a diamond amongst coal. He knew he had to have her, and that feeling only grew as he learned more about her.

Her name was Samantha. A businesswoman around his age, a little bit older, but he didn't care. She was beautiful, she was smart, she was passionate. She was perfect.

Unfortunately, the feeling wasn't mutual. In fact, the first time (several weeks after he had first seen her) he decided to approach, she made it very clear that she was LESS than not interested.

But Trent didn't give up. No, this only fueled his passion, his desire to have her.

...Okay, maybe it was a little creepy.

Regardless, he could tell that Samantha was warming up to him! He even saw her smile once! He just needed to open her up a little more, he was sure.

But that is where his new issue came into play; he hadn't seen the woman for a while. He didn't hear about her leaving town, but she didn't show up at any of her usual hangouts, or even at her job!

This, of course, was cause for concern. Sure, it had only been a day. Sure, maybe he was being far too clingy and overreacting. But Trent had a gut feeling, and his gut feelings were usually right. Except when they weren't.

Just to be safe, he checked a cafe she usually frequented on days like today. It was on the edge of town next to some perfume shop or something. Unfortunately, he once again turned up no results.

"Dammit, where is she..." he muttered to himself, before he heard a girlish call from behind him.

There, he turned to look at the noise, only to pause and stare.

Within a bush was an odd looking Pokemon. What were they called... Bellossom? It was rare to see one in the wild, he was pretty sure. He was also sure that they weren't usually so... shiny. Maybe that was an even rarer mutation or something, but it was still weird. Even the thing's leaves looked like they were plastic!

Weirder still, it was looking right at him, peeking from around a bush with an odd smile. It waved a hand towards the young man. Did it... want him to come closer?

Trent frowned a little, cautiously looking around before heading towards the creature. Its smile widened, waiting for him to come closer, before leaving the bush and heading deeper into the woods.

Trent paused, watching the Bellossom go. Of course, he didn't follow. The Bellossom soon noticed such and approached a little, waving its hand again.

Trent made to follow, before stopping. "Oh, what am I doing? Sorry, I'm looking for someone." the human rolled his eyes before turning, making to leave.

"Bello, Bellossom~" the Pokemon cried out, as if trying to get his attention. It succeeded, and he turned towards it once again, looking more than a little impatient.

"What!?" he frowned.

"Ssom~" the Bellossom giggled, waving both of its hands and urging Trent to follow. It pointed at Trent, then motioned into the forest.

"...There's something you want me to see?" the Bellossom nodded. Trent put on a thoughtful expression as he regarded the weird Pokemon. He of course had no reason to trust the tiny thing, but it did seem to get excited when he mentioned he was looking for someone...

And so for some unexplainable reason he followed the grass type into the woods. It took occasional peeks behind it to make sure he was still following, and after it confirmed he was still there it gave a giggle and shook its flowery skirt a little.

Speaking of flowers, there was an odd smell around Trent, one which he only assumed was coming from the Bellossom. Now that he had a closer look, it was a little freaky. Pokemon weren't supposed to look like that, right? It looked more like some kind of freaky toy than an actual Pokemon...

Before he could think more on it, the Bellossom stopped, turning towards Trent with an eager smile.

Trent stared down at the Bellossom, confused for a moment before he took in his surroundings. Carelessly tossed on the ground was a strange bottle, and what appeared to be clothes. Women's clothes. Clothes that he definitely recognized.

"Samantha!?" he ran towards the pile of clothing, picking at it. There was no doubt about it, these were Sam's. "What the hell?! Why are these here? Forget that, she must be in trouble!"

Trent didn't notice that he was joined by several smaller heads, grouping up with their shiny, squeaky copy behind him.

"Bello~" he heard behind him. The man looked at the Pokemon he was following... only to see four more than he remembered there being. What was once one Bellossom were now five, all as shiny and oddly bloated as the last. He couldn't even tell which one was the one he followed here to begin with.

"What's going on? Where's Samantha?!" he held up her top, "the woman that this belonged to!"

The Bellossoms looked between each other, then shared giggles, approaching the man. They spread out, shaking their hips in unison as they circled around. Before Trent could question what the little things were doing, they suddenly latched onto his legs, nuzzling and rubbing their cheeks against his pants.

To say the man was confused would be an understatement, but he had more things to worry about than some Pokemon who wanted attention. Trent gently kicked his legs as the Bellossoms hugged him from all around. "Alright, alright, get off ya pests." he grumbled. He did not have the time to deal with these things-- where the hell was Samantha? Ugh, why'd he even decide to follow the plants anyway?

And what was that smell? It was overpowering. He growled as the Bellossoms rubbed against his pants, audibly squeaking, their giggles annoyingly ringing in his ears. "Urgh, that's it, move it!" he kicked at the Bellossoms to get them to scatter or let go of him.

But after the Bellossoms on his other leg grabbed and tugged, this was all it took for the man to fall over. He gave out a yelp, before his back met the hard grass floor, the air escaping his lungs. Still, the Bellossoms simply giggled at him, climbing over his body, their cold latexy stubs running over his lanky form, tugging at his clothes. "Wh-what the... hey, get off you freaks!" he yelled at the weird Pokemon, before one of the Bellossoms-- the apparent leader of the group, casually hopped onto his torso, giving an oddly... lustful smile, a blush on her cheeks.

"What a naughty, naughty boy~" Samantha giggled down at Trent, shaking her hips in excitement. The man could only glare at the Pokemon as it apparently spoke in its own language.

"He doesn't really look too happy to see you." one of the others giggled, tossing the man's pants aside.

"Love is so fickle~" another covered her mouth, watching with excitement.

"Don't worry..." Samantha smiled, sliding up to Trent's chest. "He's just playing hard to get. I know what he REALLY wants~"

Trent's curses were cut short as the lead Bellossom slide right onto his head, covering his face in her leaves as she rested atop him. "Ooooh... such a pervert. I'd expect nothing less from you, looking up a lady's skirt...~" Samantha giggled teasingly, wiggling her bottom in her stalker's face.

Said man's protests and struggles soon ceased as he was hit by the flower scent of Samantha's bottom. It was like a trance as his face, no, his whole being was overtaken by his crush's scent. "Wh-wha... whoa... ughn..." he groaned, shuddering as she continued rubbing her lower body into him, giving him a face and nose full of her addicting aroma.

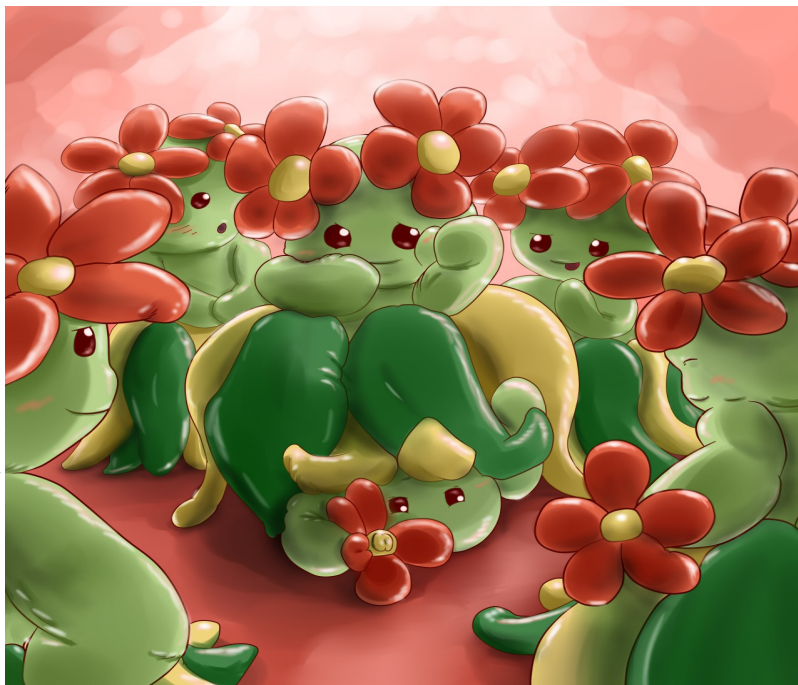
"Yesss... enjoy it, perv, this is what you wanted, right? To get in my pants? Teehee~" Samantha giggled as she watched the familiar green rubber travel down Trent's neck. "But it's alright, baby, I'm ready to give it to you, so just enjoy this~" the Bellossom cooed, giving a pleased squeak as she felt Trent's squirming under her.

Trent groaned, a heat welling in his body. His face felt off, sensitive, weird. But he couldn't bring himself to remove the Bellossom, to investigate further. There was an odd coolness over his chest and shoulders, aside from the breeze on his apparently naked body.

His lips felt soft, gentle, and his face felt so delicate and lovely. A blush made itself evident on his green cheeks, hair being swallowed up by waves of green latex. There was a squeezing sensation, yes, his entire head being smushed and compacted painlessly into a new shape. Rounder, softer, cuter. Brown eyes blinked, blinded by cold rubber. When he tried to open them again, all that were there were two artificial little black dots, no less functional, but natural no more.

A vibration in Samantha's skirt caused the Bellossom to coo. "I hear you, my lovely pervert, I hear you. I'm so haaappy you're enjoying this~"

Of course, Trent wouldn't respond. They all knew this, the other four Bellossoms giggled at how silly the two lovebirds were. Regardless, they watched eagerly as the green latex covered Trent's chest, the skinny, flat torso of the man becoming rounder and softer, more squishable and huggable all around.



His arms were next, green travelling from his round, fat green neck to his shoulders and downwards to his elbows, and then further down to meet his hands. His fingers gave a few futile twitches within the thick latexy goop as his entire hands were smushed into round spherical stubs. The two long limbs shrank, becoming fatter and rounder, losing definition and edges.

The latex then travelled over his stomach, the bony man's gut softening and pushing outwards. It was as if layers of latex wrapped around his body to give him a more bloated appearance, especially in contrast to his skin, limp legs and flat rump below, still in heavy need of transforming.

"Oooh... you're so beautiful, honey, sweetie, my little stalker~ I wasn't sure at first, but now I definitely know I made the right choice." Samantha gave a gasp as she felt Trent's 'response' below her, the man's tiny green arms lazily grasping and patting at her leaves.

Trent gave a sudden girlish moan from below as... something, seemed to happen to his manhood. Oh, yes, for some unexplainable reason he had been 'excited' this whole time, but just this moment, it was as if something happened. And something indeed happened, the Bellossoms watching eagerly as the green latex entirely swallowed up his crotch, a hard lump below the shiny squeaky substance visible for several seconds before sinking in and away completely, leaving only the smooth, soft, gorgeous bottom of a Bellossom. A Female Bellossom.

Said bottom was only exposed for a little while, however, as several discolored lumps formed around Trent's fattened waist. The lumps grew and grew, in a pattern of forest green and yellow, nice and fat with a healthy shine to their rubber skin. Trent could only gasp and moan, shaking his bottom as his-- rather, her-- new skirt grew in.

Samantha smiled as she examined Trent's changing lower body. It all shrank, the silly human male reshaping and resizing into a beautiful new latex Bellossom. Legs disappeared underneath a pretty flowery skirt, vanishing into smooth hidden latex and femininity, her body equally sized like the rest. The other Bellossoms soon approached to look at and admire their new sister. As much as Samantha wanted to remain like this-- and as much as she knew Trent shared the same sentiment-- it was only fair and proper that they got a good look at the new girl... she supposed.

The senior Bellossom slid off of Trent's face, revealing the cute blushing face of a squeaky new Bellossom, a pleased, drunk smile on her face. Her flowers had just finished growing in, the once male giving a pleased coo, rubbing over her chest and cheeks with her stubby little arms.

"Hello, my lovely little pervert." Samantha giggled, the Bellossoms helping their newest member stand up. "You look beautiful."

'Trent' shook her head, blinking her dotted eyes at Samantha, before giving a shy little giggle. "Oh, stop it... you're making me blush." she cooed, leaning into the other Bellossom. "I should have realized it was you... no one else could make my heart pound."

Samantha nuzzled the other Bellossom in return, causing an audible skin as their rubbery bodies pressed and rubbed into each other. She pulled the Bellossom into a kiss. "Oooh... let's never be apart again from now on, my beautiful little pervert."

The new Bellossom returned that kiss as she gave a lustful smile, squeaking her body against Samantha's. "Never, my fantastic flower~"

The other four Bellossoms giggled at the two once-humans. "How cheesy~" one sang.

"Love is so beautiful. But not as beautiful as us, of course." she grinned, giving a coo as she wiggled her skirt bottom.

"Oooh... but I'm kind of jealous." another one frowned a little, puffing her cheeks as she looked on longingly. Another of the Bellossoms giggled at her fellow Pokemon, embracing the girl and looking

on.

“Don’t worry, you have all of us... and if that’s not enough...~”

The entire group, including the two changed humans, paused at that. They all shared the same thought, the same eager smiles.

“We could always find more sisters~”