

A Nido For Air

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This Story Contains TF, TG(?), Pokemon, Inflation, Balloons/Ballooning, Rubber, Anime Characters, and heavy mental rewriting. Don't look if don't like.

The package stood out from the otherwise empty mailbox on that afternoon in Pallet Town. Ash Ketchum, having returned home from his latest venture a mere few days prior, pulled the tiny box out to look it over. It was a rather light package, and according to the address, it was for him. There was no return address, but the curious and sometimes rather reckless boy paid little heed to that fact as he headed back into his mother's home.

Ash Ketchum, Pokemon Trainer and competitor of several Pokemon Leagues, lived a rather excited life nowadays. It was always strange coming back to Pallet Town and having nothing going on. It, perhaps, made him feel almost a bit restless in that regard. Not that he disliked coming back home, especially since it gave him a chance to see his old Pokemon at Professor Oak's lab, but it was still... odd. The relative peacefulness didn't feel right to him.

His mom had gone off on errands as well, leaving him entirely alone with Pikachu, so it had become even quieter in the lovely little home. The only thing that really shook things up was this mystery package that now lie on a table in Ash's room.

"This was in the mail. Doesn't say who sent it, though." Ash told his partner.

"Pi?" the Pokemon tilted his head, staring the box over before looking up at Ash.

"If it was from Misty she would have called asking if I got whatever she sent me yet." Ash mused. He didn't really know anyone who would send him something like this out of the blue, much less sending it without a return address or even a name to indicate who it was from.

He hadn't even really told many people that he was back home! Overall, a very strange occurrence. Although, it certainly made the package more interesting and alluring, a mystery box from *some secret person*.

Really, that sounded about right for the kind of things that happened around him.

Weird stuff tended to be attracted to him for some reason. He'd need a few extra hands to count the amount of Legendaries and evil plots he'd run into...

Regardless, Ash grinned. "Well, only one way to find out what's in it, huh?" the boy exclaimed proudly as he sat down and started ripping away the packing tape. It took some work, but he managed to get a solid enough grip to grasp some of the tape and the rest easily came off with some pulling.

Pikachu watched with some excitement of his own as Ash did away with the tape and opened up the tiny box. He set the box down and both looked inside. Most of the box seemed to be occupied by the bubble wrap surrounding a smaller object, something white. Upon further inspection, however, the white thing seemed to, in fact, be some kind of cloth wrap.

Ash was curious as to what would need this much protection, of course. He gingerly picked up the entire bundle of bubble wrap and cloth, Pikachu moving the now empty box aside as Ash unwrapped the bubble wrap and picked out the cloth bundle within. Giving the poppable plastic over to Pikachu to play with, he untied the small string holding the bundle shut and opened it. He saw a glimpse of something grey and silvery with some kind of rugged texture and an odd shine, and could only wonder what hid within the box.

He wasn't sure what to feel when he finally got his answer.

At first glance, it was some kind of stone. An odd, shiny rock about the size of his hand. It reminded him of one of those evolutionary stones, but it was much less brightly colored or marked than any other that he had ever seen. The grey color and lack of other features made him think it was a Moon Stone.

But it wasn't actually a Moon Stone. That much was obvious even to the sometimes oblivious Pokemon Trainer. Why so?

This thing was plastic. Or perhaps rubber or vinyl. It was soft and light in his grip, and the oddly mystical shine to its surface was in fact just the way the light bounced off of its sleek plastic.

Ash stood as he observed the object. As a test, he gripped it tighter. Sure enough, not only did the stone misshape from the strain, but it even gave off a little squeak. One that made Pikachu raise his head from the bubble wrap in surprise, before he blinked and tilted his head.

"Pika pi?" The electric rodent gave a questioning look as it observed the squeaky rock.

Ash gave it a few more squeaks for good measure. "Yeah, this was what came inside. Some kind of squeaky toy."

Honestly, why a squeaky toy of a moon stone? "Well, I guess it'd be a fun gift for a Pokemon that evolved from Moon Stones, but it's kind of a weird thing to make a toy of..." Ash mused out loud.

“Chu...” Pikachu questioned some more.

“I don’t know why it was signed to my name! Maybe Mom ordered it?” Ash hummed in thought, a hand to his chin. He tossed the stone up in his free hand, catching it before tossing it up once more. “Or maybe it’s some kind of promotion or gift for some toy company? They forgot to add anything else, though... didn’t see anything else in the mail, either...”

He tossed the stone up one more time, before it flew down and landed in his hand. He gave it a hard squeeze as he did so.

And then Ash suddenly felt it. The problem was, he wasn’t sure what *it* was. All he knew was the sharp pinch in his gut, or rather, on his gut, as if someone grabbed at the skin and started tugging. It hurt for half a second before leaving a numb and uncomfortable feeling, one that nevertheless was enough to give him pause. The young trainer gasped, the toy rock falling from his grip as he instead decided his arms would have better use wrapping over his stomach.

His knees buckled underneath as he bent over, crouched into a slight ball as he groaned. Pikachu, who had been watching in confusion before, had suddenly realized that something bad was happening to his trainer. He rushed to Ash’s side, just in time for the boy to shake his head and straighten himself out. On wobbling feet he looked down to his belly, underneath his arms. He could feel something poking out from under his shirt, something that hadn’t been there before.

He lifted his shirt upwards, but neither he nor Pikachu could really properly respond to what they were looking at.

Upon Ash’s belly, where his belly button should have been, there was instead a grey cap-like object. A rubber valve, one that you would find on an inflatable toy to cap off the air.

“Wh-what the...!?” Ash paled slightly, completely unsure as to how he was even supposed to process this sight. He fingered the valve slightly and shuddered as he felt... something alien from the touch. His curiosity and need to investigate this intrusion on his body was halted as he noted something else about his stomach.

It seemed rounder.

Ash Ketchum was a rather physically fit boy for his age. A gift from all his travels and antics, surely. His stomach was toned and flat, normally. But not now. It was a slight change, but there was definitely some notable pudge. It wouldn’t have stood out too much if Ash hadn’t noticed that said pudge was *growing*. His belly was pushing outwards, that grey valve extending out as the skin surrounding it seemed to pop out slightly, gaining an unnatural shine.

“P-Pikachu! Something’s happening!” Ash cried out. Perhaps he was stating the obvious, but he was in a bit of a panic, after all. It wasn’t just his belly that was gaining some roundness to it, after all. His waist also seemed to swell out, giving Ash a rather oddly mismatched torso as everything below his chest and abs had started to, for lack of a better word, balloon outwards.

(Un)luckily for the Pokemon Trainer, he soon found something else to worry about. With a very odd squeak, he felt something begin to pinch at his back, and then an odd pushing sensation that messed with his balance.

“Agh...! Pikachu, what’s going on!?” Ash cried out, arms shielding his expanding tummy as he tried to peer down at his back. The electric rodent circled around the boy to look for himself but stopped when he saw the bulging mass pushing from the boy’s tailbone. It was a large lump that suck out invasively, pushing the boy’s pants down slightly to make room for its thickening base. The tip of the mass was caught under Ash’s pants, but Pikachu could clearly see the bit of blue that was spreading over the top portion of the offending appendage.

“Pika!?” the electric type questioned in shock. His trainer and best friend was growing a tail. That much, the Pokemon realized. But there was something even more wrong with the tail than just that; there was something off about its appearance, its sheen, its texture. It looked... rubbery. Fake. And the way it seemed to bunch up, bend, and squish trapped underneath his trainer’s pants made it seem oddly hollow.

Another groan from Ash caught Pikachu’s attention. The boy wasn’t fairing much better than he had been several seconds ago. In fact, the rodent was actually quite astonished as he saw that Ash’s lower torso only seemed to balloon even more. The boy had to spread his legs slightly now as his gut pushed everything out of its way in its quest to become as round as it could be. And it seemed like everything was growing out to join it, as Ash’s pelvis seemed to be rounding slightly, getting rid of the slight muffin top and hanging belly the boy was developing.

“Uggh... tight...” Ash groaned. His hands gripped at his soft, swelling underbelly as his legs wobbled. They both watched as his legs started to fatten. Thin appendages were now swelling and thickening, causing a strain as they began to fight with his pants to continue their growth. Neither were sure what would give out first, his pants or his legs.

Ash found himself favoring one foot over the other as said leg seemed to be swelling out far more than its counterpart, threatening to burst his pant-leg if it didn’t find its freedom.

While Ash was occupied with this occurrence, Pikachu noted something else strange that was happening to his friend’s body. Specifically, on the boy’s soft looking belly. The oddly shiny skin that had surrounded the valve had begun to spread over more of the round surface, but something else was happening to that altered skin beyond that. He could see the tan skin color fading around the valve, turning blue on the upper half and yellow on the lower, a thin black line

separating the two colors as the alternate coloration inked its way across the surface of his friend's sleeker, *rubbery* looking skin.

"P-Pikachu... do something...! Help... I-it's too tight!" Ash complained, his hands moving to the belt of his pants and tugging slightly, an uncomfortable look on the boy's face. His left leg looked incredibly bloated. It was a miracle his pants hadn't ripped apart yet. But Ash was struggling. It was like his leg was stuck in a vice, and it just kept getting worse. Neither were sure what to do. All Pikachu could attempt was to tug at the leg of the boy's pants to try and help get it off.

But for some reason, neither the Pokemon or the altering boy could get a firm enough grip. It was like trying to peel off a sticker that had been stuck to a surface for ages. In fact, Pikachu couldn't even feel any sort of seam or separation where the pant leg ended and Ash's calf began. It was as if his pants had become painted on there.

That's when Pikachu noticed the odd sheen that covered both Ash's skin and the pant leg. They were both that same rubbery material. He could even feel it, the creaking vinyl under his claws. The material had... merged to his friend's body.

And it wasn't just there. Pikachu watched in astonishment as the same changes seemed to be spreading upwards from the pant leg to the boy's waistline. As if his leg were being freed from a tube, the trainer's leg ballooned outward in its free, fully round and thick glory as the constricting material seemed to just vanish in a wave.

Ash couldn't help but give a sigh of relief as his lower body was no longer trapped in a tight grip. As the belt of his pants melted into his skin, the sheer roundness of his waist puffed outwards freely. His tail also freed itself, a stubby, short, yet fat appendage that bounced slightly over his rear.

Speaking of which, something else had clearly happened after his pants merged to his body. His rear was now squeaky and round, a shine to the painted on pattern that was his clothing. There was no seam or indentation to the round rump, as smooth and flat as his belly was. His groin, also, was completely flattened down, leaving no trace of what was actually *below* his pants before they had sunk into his body. The yellow coloration of his skin that was dripping down on the lower half of his belly was even starting to fade over the color of his pants on his featureless, crotch that only seemed to just be sinking into the roundness of his tummy.

Ash felt a twinge in his right hand, one that caused his fingers to twitch slightly. A part of him realized that this was the signs that something else was going to happen to his already alien body, yet he bravely decided to examine his appendage anyway. He didn't like what he saw.

The palm of his hand was flat, an odd blue spot on its center, as the entire hand swelled and rounded. He winced and gripped his wrist as it started to fatten and bloat to the point where he

couldn't even bend it, and as he tightened his grip the appendage actually gave way slightly, bloating on either side of where he applied pressure. Much like a balloon did when squeezed.

He had other concerns at the moment. His fingers were starting to lose feeling on his increasingly soft and squeaky hand. He saw his pointer finger begin to turn grey as the blue coloration pooled around the base of it. Much to his shock, his finger seemed to 'separate' slightly from the rest of his hand, while at the same time it swelled outwards and continued turning a grey color. There was a clear stretching and folding and a seam between his new stubby claw and the rest of his 'hand'.

His middle finger went through an entirely different process. In fact, it seemed to do the opposite, shrinking down as opposed to growing, sinking away into the squeaky creases of the round mass that his hand had become. Ash saw the seams of his rubbery material run over the center of his hand, across his shrinking middle finger while on the other side his ring finger was starting to twitch, starting to swell. His middle finger shrunk down until it was no more, and his pinky had also began to shrink. At this point, his altered hand was practically bigger than his head, a large blue balloon with cute little stubby fake digits. His thumb had followed the process of swelling out into a claw, leaving him with at least three fingers. Even if those fingers seemed a tad useless what with the lack of bones and a big fat base with little wiggle room.

He was changing, but that wasn't the worst of it, he realized. He was becoming some kind of... balloon thing. Of a Pokemon that he swore he recognized but couldn't quite place. Especially not with all this panic and an odd fuzzy feeling in his head.

Speaking of which, his head felt... light. Not literally, but there was an odd bubbiness to his thoughts. Ash felt dizzy. He wobbled on his feet, and that wasn't just because of how mismatched they were in size and thickness. Ash realized he was in trouble.

"Pikachu... we... we ni... nido... nid to do something...!" Ash dizzily mumbled out, his balloony hand going to his head in a daze. The rodent looked at the boy(?) in concern, particularly when his voice seemed to crack slightly.

"Chuu..." he contemplated. But Pikachu was at a loss as to what to do. How could he stop, or even reverse, this sort of thing? The rodent's eyes darted around as if something randomly in the room could give him in an idea.

And yet, something did. The fake "moon stone" lied still next to Ash's foot. He quickly darted over and started at it. It looked like a weird plastic rock, for all intents and purposes, yet it was definitely the cause of all this. What could he do with it?

The electric type decided to risk it and attempted to strike the rock, as if that would turn it 'off' somehow.

Unfortunately, it did not turn off.

Even more unfortunately for Pikachu, it seemed to have the opposite effect.

The yellow rodent wasn't sure how to describe it. There was a 'pulse' that seemed to brush over his entire form, sending all of his fur to stand on end and causing a slight blur in his vision and a wobble in his step.

The electric type had to rebalance and take a second to shake his head to rid the stars in his eyes. Once he reopened them, he was certainly stunned by the sight that laid before him.

The stone was gone, and in its place was an odd patch of green. It was grass, growing right there in the middle of the room. No, it wasn't just growing, it seemed as if it were fading into existence right there, completely replacing the carpeted blue floor that was once there.

Before he could think about it, he realized he had even bigger worries. Pikachu felt something odd on his tiny muzzle, something that didn't used to be there. His front teeth had grown. Not just slightly, either; they had become completely oversized, sticking out from his mouth obviously and impossible to really cover.

Pikachu realized that in his efforts he may have made the problem worse. He could feel a funny tingle on his face that was spreading across his body. He was distracted, however, by an oddly squeaky groan from the other victim of the stone.

Ash had not been faring better with his own changes. He was oblivious to Pikachu's struggles as he felt something off about his own face. That lightheaded feeling in his mind seemed to become oddly literal as Ash could feel an odd pulling sensation on his face. His boyish features were swelling outwards, his chin rounding out whilst his cheeks puffed up, yet the most dramatic growth was forward, as that pulling and swelling sensation increased until Ash's head quite literally began to extend in length. A moan that sounded oddly deeper and perhaps even a bit feminine escaped his mouth as it became a larger maw on his developing snout.

His nose was shrinking, no, flattening down, while his head seemed to be growing in size entirely, inflating much like, well, a balloon. His neck started to thicken out to support his growing head, while lower down his chest seemed to finally begin to change to match his shifting body.

His boy-sized, square chest began to push out in all directions, widening and swelling until his shirt, already forced to ride up over his enlarged belly, started feeling tight against his body. Thankfully, his upper torso didn't seem to be interested in becoming as round and spherical as his lower half. Even as it grew out to be more proportionate to his squishy belly, there was still a clear distinct shape to his torso instead of just being one round sphere.

Ash had become larger, not just in overall width but in size, it seemed. As his torso swelled out, it had become clear that it had also increased in overall length. It was a missable detail before what with how round he was shifting, but for some reason now in particular was when Pikachu realized just how large his friend had become.

“Quee... tight... Nee... nido... to get out of this...” Ash squirmed in place, his balloony lower body bouncing and squeaking slightly as he shuffled. His chest in particular felt oddly tight, although his shirt pinched most everywhere, even the collar was feeling rather uncomfortable on his thicker neck.

Suddenly that feeling seemed to die down. Much like what had happened to his pants, the edge of his shirt seemed to flatten against the skin, before it almost seemed to disappear until it looked as if it were painted on against the squeaky blue surface of Ash’s rubbery upper belly. As the boy’s shirt seemed to fade away into rubbery body paint, Ash couldn’t help but rub his chest in relief with his non-transformed hand, where unbeknownst to him two odd mounds had formed, sticking out quite obviously from the otherwise flat and rounded blue torso.

The trainer arched forward, another squeaky, deeper sounding grunt escaping his mouth as the pressure over his rear lurched outwards. With an audible creak, his tail, which had at this point become entirely blue much like the rest of his bottom and back up until where his shirt had been painted on, began to go through another surge of change. It, for lack of a better term, inflated outwards, increasing in length and girth yet if anything seemed to get lighter, curling upwards slightly as it continued lengthening until it seemed just as long as his torso. The tail thinned barely farther outwards, its entire length rather thick and round and even the tip ending in a soft, rounded ‘point’ that seemed thicker than his unchanged hand.

Lines formed horizontally along the length of the tail, giving it just a hint of segments. On the middle segment, a lump formed at the top, audible squeaks emanating from the disturbed rubber as the lump pushed outwards and reshaped into a triangular, softly rounded ‘spike’.

Ash looked lazily back at his new tail. His head was in a daze as he looked at the bouncy looking appendage that stuck slightly upwards. There was an odd pinch on the upper segment as a valve pushed its way out of the rubber, much like the one on his belly. Something within his chest felt oddly warm as the valve finished forming. A sense of... completeness, that stuck out from his worries and his ailing mind.

He shook off that strange warm fuzzy feeling, concern returning to his expression as he could feel something cold running over his nose and upper lip. Before he could turn his attention to that, something else was brought to his concern.

He seemed to be losing height, and he was greatly favoring one leg now. He had become aware that he now had to greatly bend on leg just so he could have both feet planted on the

ground, and the other leg had very little bend to match. His legs were two completely different sizes, as if the length of his shorter, left leg had gone to his now longer torso.

The coloration of his pants had all but faded entirely on that leg, giving way to the same creaky blue that covered his tail and back and upper belly. The yellows of his lower belly and underside wrapped slightly around where his leg terminated, almost giving the comical image that he was wearing yellow underwear over blue skin, although the yellow didn't actually reach around his back. As the blue coloration reached his ankles, however, there were greater issues.

His shoe, which had been feeling rather tight, suddenly didn't feel so tight anymore. Much like every other piece of clothing, they had faded into his rubbery skin like paint, and his new shoe-colored foot started to swell dramatically until a small human foot had suddenly become even wider than his round, short trunkly leg.

But that wasn't all. Before, his toes had disappeared entirely once his shoe merged with him, giving him the appearance of wearing exotic, very form fitting socks. Yet now, two lumps began to push outwards. Lumps that started taking on a grey color much like the 'claws' on his large pad-like hand whilst the color around the base of those lumps faded into blue. Large, creaky grey toe-claws finally grew into place on the very round and puffy foot.

His leg had shrunk rather dramatically in length. Enough so that Ash had to really crouch down with his other foot to stay even. His bouncy belly now hung rather close to the ground. Enough so that Pikachu could touch it rather easily.

The Pokemon in question still felt rather dwarfed by the bigger Poke-that is, his trainer. He felt so... small and weak. His electricity didn't even seem to be working anymore. The Pokemon brought its hands to feel its rather round face, and noticed that it suddenly felt harder to stand on two legs. His hand seemed wrong, too. His digits were altering, in particular, they were turning white, and quite a few of them were merging, while at the base the yellow was fading into a soft blue.

Pikachu stared with a troubled expression on his shiny, rubbery face as he realized that his changes were very alarmingly proceeding rather quickly. His body was rounder, yet unlike his friend he seemed to get smaller. "Ka...!"

"Nido... Pikado... a-are you okay?" Ash's voice squeaked and creaked, sounding entirely alien to his ears. Said ears felt oddly tingly at the moment, with one even seeming to grow as a blue rubber tint overtook its skin. But that didn't really concern Ash at the moment. No, what really concerned him was the sound of Pikachu's struggles. He... his friend was in trouble? Was that right? Pikachu? He had to take care of Nido-chu. His little sweet...!

Ash shook his head and shuddered, a hazy, far off look in his eyes for a moment before he finally returned to his senses. In that time, his snout seemed to bounce slightly as it finished

reshaping and altering, and a rubbery sheen moved to cover it, a blue spot forming over the upper maw where his nose had once been. He didn't notice the lack of nostrils as the blue began to spread over the upper half of his newly shaped face. His lips flattened down as his round lower jaw began to turn yellow much like his belly had.

"Ka-ran!" Pikachu(?) cried out in concern. He realized he was starting to lose Ash. The boy looked lost, as if he were in his own happy little world. Especially as the changing trainer's round, soft maw curled into a warm, content smile. Blue upper half and a yellow lower half that encompassed everything under his maw and ended just where the line of his mouth did.

Ash looked at Pikachu in surprise and concern, yet the smile didn't go away. It was because the boy's mouth had disappeared entirely. It was sealed into that adorably happy and soft smile that Pikachu for some reason felt an odd warmth from despite the knowledge that his friend literally couldn't even move his mouth anymore.

"Nidochu! You're change-queen... in-do a Nido...?" despite the Pokemon's mouth not moving, there was still a voice, one that didn't sound at all like Ash anymore, and one that continued breaking into poke-speak. Even as Ash stared at the Pikachu? Nidoran? One that seemed to feel double familiar, as both the Pikachu and Nidoran halves seemed to stir something soft within the being, something began to push outwards from the top portion of his snout, a blue lump that began to push out into a fully sized round-tipped horn. His ear had grown out entirely at this point the base extending in both directions until it seemed to be just as wide vertically as his entire head, while the length extended outwards. The ear was flat and rounded out, with a soft tip extending out from the upper portion. The inside of the ear stuck out, being a brown color instead of the blue edges and outer portion. It was entirely plastic, yet nevertheless Ash-oqueen could still hear out of it.

"Mmph... Nido..." Ash shuddered, his changed hand going to his squishy blue cheek while he felt a tingle pass through his other hand. It had begun changing as well, obviously. In fact, as he looked down at it, he could already see his thumb and index finger swelling and greying, while the skin around them bloated and blue'd. Blue began to spread up from his hand to his wrist, the band fading in color and solidity as the blue brushed over it along the rest of his arm.

The blue coloration on his cheeks inked downwards, passing over the color of his shirt as it, too, lost its consistency, melting into his form. His already blue shirt paled in color at certain spots to match the blue of most of his body. His right sleeve disappeared until it matched the rest of his completely transformed arm with nery a seam or line to indicate what had once been there.

There was one point, however, that stuck out. Those mounds on his chest seemed to get larger, forming two visible and clear bumps against his soft looking torso. And as they got larger, the painted on color started to fade into, not blue, but the yellows of his underbelly and lower jaw. The round formations on his chest were soon covered in yellow, with the yellow completely

encircling the undersides and the upper side moving up into a rounded point. It was a strange coloration that stuck out from the rest of his chest. It looked almost like he was wearing a bra.

A bra that covered 'his' breasts. That was the best way to describe the soft looking orbs that were now on his chest. Ash had developed an inflatable bosom. One that he couldn't help but poke at curiously and watch bounce slightly against his increasingly Nidoqueen-colored body.

"Nido? Nido-mph!" Ash blinked in surprise as something squeaked out from the balloon's false mouth. He? She? Had to cross his eyes slightly to look down at the valve that had formed right on the outer portion of his lips.

As this was happening, his other leg had started to shrink in length, whilst his foot started to swell. He could feel the bend starting to soften as everything became rounder and rounder, the two grey digits ballooning outwards with an audible 'floomph' of air as the limb began shifting to match its fully changed sister, the blue colors spreading over skin and painted on pants alike. The overwhelming majority of Ash's body was Nidoqueen, and Ash was becoming less and less sure of how much of his, her mind was Ash as well? Where was Nidoran? No, wait, wasn't she with another Pokemon? They were supposed to get help...

Pika-ran was doing about as well. The Pokemon could hardly do much at this state. He (It? She?) couldn't open any of the doors or windows. Or at least the ones that remained. Nidochu's body was so small and squeaky soft. And for some reason the rodent couldn't bring itself to leave its mother (trainer?), the forest was rather dangerous for such a young little Pokemon, after all.

No, something was wrong, here. "Ni-ka-ran..." the squeaky little baby Pokemon complained. Weren't they in a house? Was she(?) seeing things, or were those doors and walls in the middle of the forest? They seemed to be fading away, like an illusion of some kind. The electric-poison type balloon felt oddly nervous, twitching its mismatched blue and yellow ears and lowering itself to the ground, rubbery, soft-tipped spikes standing on edge.

Nidoran looked up at its mom for guidance, just in time to see her hair seem to flatten down and melt into her shiny skin, and her weird smaller ear start to grow outwards to more match her properly sized one. Nidoran couldn't help but wag her tail(odd, she wasn't supposed to have a tail yet, right?) as she watched her mom change. A part of her told her that the Nidoqueen was just finishing up and becoming a proper, full Nidoqueen balloon.

Ashoqueen's shirt had all but entirely faded away. The last splotches of blue, white, and black were all but gone as soft blue spikes grew from her back. Finally, the blue seemed to paint it's way over the flat black hair on her head, her hat slipping off from atop her round rubbery head and landing on soft grass below. The blue moved over her cheeks, and reached her eyes. They felt fuzzy, suddenly, enough that she had to rub at them with both of her large round hands to relieve some of the discomfort. When they finally seemed to settle, her eyes had altered. They

looked fake, painted on, yet there was an odd warmth about them. A happy, peaceful, patient, motherly aura emanating from her rubber eyes, that despite their fakeness she could still see out of. Large, wide, colorful eyes that were triangular in shape.

“Nidoqueen...~” the balloon squeaked out. The dizziness in her head was all but gone. She vaguely recalled something. Something important. Yet it seemed to get less and less important. A squeak at her feet drew her attention.

Nidoqueen looked down towards the tiny Nidoran balloon, its wide, cute little eyes looking at her expectantly. A squeaky giggle escaped her unmoving mouth as she lifted her little darling up from the ground. She caught sight of the bit of yellow on its back, yet when she looked again it disappeared, along with the lump on its bottom.

Nidoqueen let out a soft giggle as Nidoran wiggled its little paws in the air. The motherly balloon Pokemon’s smile, of course, never left her face, as she held the smaller balloon between her two arms. Using her seemingly useless appendages to hold things came naturally to her, of course. She hugged Nidoran to her bosom, and let the affectionate Pokemon rest there as she moved around to look at her surroundings. She couldn’t turn her head very far, so she had to bring her entire body around to look around.

They weren’t too far off from home. Or were they? Something told her... no, that something soon left. An errant thought of doubt that quickly disappeared. She knew that they were near their home.

This felt like such a strange day. She wasn’t even sure what they were doing out here. Then again, Nidoran always was such a curious little balloon, wandering about. Silly thing.

Her body squeaked and creaked as she lifted Nidoran up to press her snout against the smaller Pokemon’s own cute little nosey. Their materials squeaked as they rubbed noses together affectionately before she lowered the Pokemon back to cradle it against her bosom.

Regardless of whatever silly happenings occurred that day, it was time to go home.

Two happy, perfectly *normal* balloon Pokemon, together, a mother and daughter in a peaceful, secluded forest.