

*Today is the day the Anthrocalypse begins. One household shall face the future head-on.*

~

Quinn and Parker were a pair of roommates fresh out of college and ready to face the world head-on. They were friends in high school, but though the pair admitted to having some feelings for each other, something never seemed to click between the two. They were just too... dissimilar. Quinn was a slacker whose fast food job gave her a distaste for other people, while Parker was a workaholic who was constantly trying his best to please those around him. Quinn was an artist who spent her free time in her room, while Parker was more comfortable at an office space filing paperwork. Quinn said tomato, Parker said tomato, the list went on. There was something blocking them from being any more than friends, and they could never get past it.

Today seemed to be no different. Parker had just returned home from work and was at the living room coffee table looking over his papers from work. It was a tedious job, but he could handle tedium, not to mention the fact that it paid well enough that he could afford this apartment in the first place. Quinn would likely be returning home soon, so he figured he'd get his work done before she got around to making fun of him for it. Yes, this was the routine he used for most days, and it worked out just fine.

"...I need some ambience... the silence is really bugging me today."

Parker flipped the television on and started scrolling through the channel listing. With his basic-as-Hell cable package, he only had a few channels to choose from, but it wasn't too bad. News, weather, digital subchannels with nothing but reruns of old 50s-through-90s detective shows, this was the life he had agreed to. At least he had the internet if that didn't work out. With that in mind, Parker went ahead and chose the detective shows, hoping it wasn't one of the ones that appealed squarely to grandparents. It appeared he had missed the grandparent show, thank Arceus, and now was moved squarely on to a classic that even his 20-something self could get behind. Parker sat, and he worked on finalizing his papers.

Just as the shows changed, he heard a knock at the door. It had to have been Quinn, Parker thought, he recognized the pattern of those knocks anywhere. Home right on time too, she really wasn't unpredictable in the slightest. Parker got up off the couch and walked over to the door, peeking out through the peephole to make sure he was correct. As it turned out, he was entirely right; there she was, one arm carrying pizza and the other carrying a few bags of groceries. He opened the door for her, backing away to let her inside.

"Hey, Parker. See you didn't burn the apartment down."

"Good evening, Quinn, go ahead and come on in."

Quinn stepped inside and set the food down on a table, Parker shutting the door behind her. She instantly grabbed a plate and slapped a couple of pizza slices on one, before reaching into the refrigerator for some soda. She wasn't exactly the healthiest eater, mind you, but with the fact

that she rode to and from work on a bicycle in mind, she at least seemed aware of it. Once that was accomplished, she dug through one of her bags to retrieve something; it looked like a pair of standard-issue Pokéballs, red on top and white on bottom. Instead of letting whatever was in them out, she set them down on the coffee table next to Parker's papers and let herself get comfortable.

"Whose Pokéballs are those, Quinn? Did you get a trainer's license while I was at work?"

"No, I didn't," Quinn replied between bites of her pizza, "it's my sister's Pokémon, she wants me to take care of them for the next week or so since she'll be on a business trip."

"Do we... do we even have the space to take care of one, let alone two?"

"I mean, they're urban." Quinn shrugged, glancing occasionally at the ever-nervous Parker.

"They're Normal-types, they can handle apartment living. Trust me, it'll be fine."

"...ah, you're right." Parker sighed, getting himself some iced tea from the fridge. "Sorry, I shouldn't have doubted you."

Quinn simply shrugged and continued to watch TV, Parker soon joining her to finish his paperwork. This was a peculiar episode taking place entirely in a power plant with the smarmy manager dying of a single stab wound. The detectives were no closer to solving the mystery when Parker suddenly stopped what he was doing, pen still in hand but not writing anything. How peculiar, Quinn thought, Parker wasn't the type to simply freeze up when looking at a paper. Then again, it didn't seem like he was looking at the papers at all, and more so looking at the cable box. She tilted her head, glancing in that direction as well.

"Parker, you're as stiff as a board, what gives?"

"...something's wrong. TV, cable box, I'm not sure, but I don't know, something's making me anxious."

Parker suddenly got up and walked over to the cable box, inspecting each side of it. Everything seemed perfectly fine from a visual perspective, but that didn't seem to put his mind at ease in the slightest. He checked the back of the TV set to see if anything was wrong, but again, everything was apparently fine. Everything appeared to be in working order, but he was still fairly uneasy. Now the thing that seemed to be worrying Parker was less "something's wrong with the electronics" and more "something's wrong with *me*."

"...it's fine, it's... fine, everything is fine."

"...Parker, you don't look even slightly fine. You need to lie down?"

"...n-no, sitting is fine."

Parker sat himself back down on the couch, a concerned look on his face. Quinn soon joined him, offering up some pizza. He took some, figuring maybe some food would get his mind off of

that... nagging feeling. It was... a very basic pizza, all things considered, but hopefully it would be enough to get him through the day without any nervous fits. This was how the remainder of the hour would go, eating pizza and watching an elderly author solve mysteries in a quaint, small town... truly, this was the kind of monotony that Parker could get behind. Simple, comfortable monotony...

The show ultimately ended as most episodes of this series did, with a killer in custody and a silly joke to summon the credits. It was as standard as anything else, but if it isn't broken, don't fix it. After this, normally another episode would start up immediately, but something different happened this time... nothing. There was nothing but black after the episode ended, no sound at all. The television was still clearly on, but nothing was playing.

"The hell? Lemme look at this..."

Quinn snatched the remote and flipped through the channels. Despite pressing buttons, nothing seemed to be happening. There weren't even any menus popping up, it was all just... black and more black. The two looked at each other, saying nothing, but both clearly thinking the same thing. Parker was onto something earlier, they just had to figure out what on Earth that something was.

The pair got off the couch to go inspect the television once more. They pulled the display out from the wall so they could get a better look at the back, the sheer heaviness of it requiring a team effort. Quinn checked the back, seeing the exact same thing as Parker: Nothing was wrong at all. She moved to the front and began pressing buttons, hoping that something would happen, and still, nothing.

"Huh, weird... nothing's happ--"

*BZZZZZT!*

A sudden burst of electricity thrust the pair back and onto the floor. Quinn fell right on top of Parker, forcing him to gasp for air until she rolled off onto the floor. The pair remained there, attempting to cope with the pain they were feeling, as they stared back at the television, whose screen now seemed to glow faintly.

"...Quinn, do you see that?"

"Yeah, I... I don't know what that is, but..."

Quinn used the coffee table to help herself up to her feet, using the support to help Parker up as well. She slowly staggered to the television and adjusted the angle so they could see more clearly, and immediately they noticed an unfamiliar figure, displayed in silhouette. The head seemed familiar, like something Parker had seen in church at some point. It had to be, it just had to...

"...is that Arceus?"

This was the best bet Parker had, but even then, some things felt off. He distinctly remembered Arceus being a quadruped, and yet this figure was clearly a biped... anthropomorphic, even. It stood on long, hooved legs, and the wheel which typically looped around its torso was instead worn on its back, massive as it was. The silhouette was distinctly androgynous, nothing clearly feminine or masculine about it. This would soon, however, change.

The wheel on its back glowed, allowing a better look at the Arceus on the screen. Then, the issue became apparent that it was very distinctly *not* androgynous, but something else entirely: Hermaphroditic. It's slender frame was adorned by two plain, B-cup breasts, making it appear unmistakably feminine at first until one looked below the waist. There laid a humanoid phallus, along with a set of testicles and, if one were to look carefully, a pussy hidden behind. This was the complete sexual package, and it was all being showcased by some... bizarre corruption of their world's creator. It was uncanny, confusing, yet somehow... alluring?

"Remain where you are." A voice rang through the speakers, returning to the androgynous tone of the silhouette. "You will notice a change. A change which may not be prevented. Speak to me, and I shall answer all questions."

Quinn and Parker stared at each other in bewildered silence. The TV was going to answer their questions, and it was being spoken through... the mouth of an Arceus? Why the television, though? Was it meant to be symbolic of something? And the burst of electricity... did Arceus cause that, too? They could only assume so considering what was happening right now, so... perhaps they should stick to questions they couldn't answer on their own.

"...what change?" Parker tilted his head in confusion.

"Hmm." Arceus crossed their arms and sighed. "You two are humans. Prudish, powerless, imperfect humans, and yet *you* are the ones who have built society from the ground up, shaping it in your image. Pokémon are... also quite imperfect, mighty yet unable to vouch for themselves. And so... I decree, the only way to perfect them, is to bring them together under one species."

"That's..." Quinn paused for a second. She worked to try and think of an answer that would not directly insult someone with the power to possess their television and... 'change' them. "...silly. I think I'm fine being a human, thank you very much."

"You say that now, but once you've finished... you'll never want to go back." Arceus chuckled to itself, turning its back to them and giving them a view of its shapely rump. "Even moreso, you'll want to *spread* this gift I've given you. I've even given you the means to do so, tucked in the back of your mind, ready to come out when the time is right."

None of this was making any sense to the two humans, who just stared at the television. They couldn't think of any more questions, nothing they could say would make any sense of this beyond... actual divine intervention. They were forced to accept that something was about to

change about them, and there was nothing they could do about it. Arceus seemed to get the memo and shook its head softly. Perhaps it had a bit more explaining to do.

“Before I leave you to it,” it said, “I will likely have to explain *what* you’ll be turning into. As I said earlier, you shall end up a combination of human and Pokémon... anthros. Visualize the form I have taken, with any Pokémon of your choosing, and you have the correct idea. There is no stopping it, so I do not wish to see you try.”

“And... what Pokémon will we end up as?”

“Hmm... I believe it will be more enjoyable if you find out for yourselves...”

With that, the visual faded, and the television turned itself off. Quinn and Parker were forced to wait in anticipation for something they never signed up for, and it worried them. Parker was especially worried, since he was fairly sure turning into whatever Arceus made itself would destroy his career prospects. Quinn, meanwhile, resigned herself to the comfort of the couch, only praying that the process was painless, and that she didn’t end up as a Grimer, or something of that sort. She never liked Grimer very much, too sludgy, not enough cute.

“U-uhm... Qu-Quinn?” Parker began to ask a question but was clearly stammering. “W-whadaya think we’re... g-gonna end up as?” Quinn looked up at him from the couch, shrugging.

“I dunno, Parker. I’m... gonna go back to my room real quick, look at myself in the mirror, I’ll let you know when it starts.”

“Alright... t-take care, Quinn...”

With that, Quinn left and made her way to her bedroom. She stared at herself in the mirror, hands to her hips, staring and waiting. She couldn’t see anything so far, so either it was starting below the surface, or under her clothes. Sighing, Quinn pulled off her shirt, thinking that she might figure out when this was starting sooner that way. She took the time to think about what she was going to end up as. She hoped it was something fuzzy, or at the very least cute... if she was going to be stuck as some weird amalgamation for the rest of her life, it might as well be a cute one.

“Come on, hurry up already, just make me suffer...”

As if prompted by her words, Quinn felt something itching along her skin. Turning on a light to get a closer look at it, she noticed something growing on her arm. It was incredibly short and peach-colored, almost like a thin layer of fur. In fact, that was exactly what it was from the looks of things, a short, soft layer of fur spreading its way across her arm. It was moving quickly, like spilled water running down a slanted surface. Shit, shit, shit, it was moving too fast, Quinn wasn’t at all ready, what was she gonna do with all this when it was done?

As the fur reached her elbow, it parted into a deep red, like fancy armwear. The elbow to the tips of her fingers soon turned red, while that creamy yellow met her shoulders and only moved

further and further, through to her shoulders and to her chest... wait, what was wrong with her chest? It seemed a little... bigger? Not by much, but... they were gradually swelling up to bigger sizes, and it was clear her bra wouldn't be able to support them for much longer. And indeed, Quinn felt tighter around that area, yet... something else was amiss. That felt tighter, but her shirt itself felt perfectly fine, neither tighter nor looser. Then she realized...

"...am I getting shorter?"

Indeed, it appeared she was. Beyond the fur creeping up her neck and down her chest, she appeared to be shrinking... at least, in the sense of height. Her weight, however, seemed to balance it out, making her appear slightly heavier-set despite the lack of actual change in weight. Soon the fur reached her head, and with it, came... little change, all things considered. Her already short hair began either flattening or retreating into her head, even blending in with the fur that had crept up. She heard something crack on the sides of her head, and indeed, her ears began to shift toward the top of her head, even... changing shape? Lengthening, certainly, and though the hole appeared to cover itself up, by some miracle she could still hear perfectly fine. Soon, they only barely resembled ears, just long, red... things sticking up and slightly bending back.

"...long red ears... yellow body... short... oh shit, I think I know what this is..."

There was the button nose and the dark eyes, for one. She could notice her cheeks growing red... literally red, in fact, as in the fur itself was changing color. There was, however, a bit in the middle that remained that creamy yellow, and the shape was distinctly familiar. It was a cross shape, in fact, maybe more accurately... a plus. Turning around, Quinn could spot a small bump above her considerably larger rear, which expanded into a T-shape, still red in color. There she was, standing at just over four feet tall, physically unrecognizable, and yet... something was missing. That last bit to set her new identity in stone.

"...I'm a Plusle? That's it?"

Something clicked inside her. Yes, Quinn was no longer Quinn, but rather simply a Plusle. They were a short, big-breasted Plusle with a lot of love to spread. They just needed one more thing to complete that package, leaving their jeans feeling exceedingly tight. That was going to be a problem, they needed to get those pants off, and fast. With a grunt, Plusle unfastened their belt and threw it onto the bed, forcing their pants, panties included, off.

Cock. An eight-inch, thick cock flopped out like an eager pet happy to be let outside. The sight was enough to leave Plusle panting, not to mention those heavy balls hanging beneath near their pussy. They sat down on the bed and spread their legs to get a view of their whole package. All that was left was to let those breasts out to breathe, and so Plusle reached and yanked their shirt off. Their bra, which no longer fit, had simply snapped and fallen without a shirt to keep it where it was. There was Plusle, in their beautifully perfect package... or at least, almost perfect.

Something was missing, clearly. Despite Plusle being Plusle, they felt incomplete. They needed someone to keep them company, a... yes, they knew exactly what they needed. Every Plusle needs a Minun, as they say, and currently, this one was Minun-less. There had to be some way to fix this, but they weren't sure how. Just the thought of a Minun companion, though, was enough to get Plusle excited... yeah, a Minun to fool around with, to fuck or get fucked by, a companion in this new, sex-crazed world they were about to become a part of.

“Should probably go check to see how Parker’s doing...”

Plusle got up, erection still raging, and walked over to the doorway, holding it open and looking around. Where in the world was that idiot now?

“Parker!? Get your ass over here, I think my life’s over now!”

“P-Parker? Please don’t call me that...”

Plusle could hear a voice, only faintly familiar. It definitely reminded them of what Parker might sound like as a girl, and yet... they didn’t want to be called Parker? It made sense, Plusle did have a sudden aversion to the name ‘Quinn’ the moment they uttered their new species’ name. Just what could that name be now, though?

“What is it, now? What am I calling you?”

“...i-is Minun, okay?”

Forth from the bathroom walked a figure incredibly similar to Plusle, with some minor differences. What was red on Plusle was now a light blue, and crosses and T-shapes became simple rectangles. They still, however, had a similar anatomy, thick cock between the legs with plush breasts adorning their chests, along with that short height. This had to be the one, Plusle’s perfect match, the yin to their yang. They knew this was meant to be.

“...you’re perfect, I love you.”

Plusle ran over to Minun and pulled them into a hug. Their nude forms pressing against each other could only excite them even further. That was going to be a problem they needed to take care of, but how? They eyed Plusle’s bedroom, then glanced over in the direction of Minun’s. That was going to take too long, they needed to take care of this right here, right now, and no one was going to stop them.

Plusle promptly dropped herself onto the couch, leaning against the back to support themselves. Minun rushed over and joined them, quickly embracing Plusle as they got on top of them. Legs spread open, they took the initiative and soon figured out the easiest angle to get that cock snugly fit inside their tight snatch.

“How’s that new pussy working out for ya...”

“G-great, Plusle... how’s your cock?”

“Loving it already... planning on finishing inside you, hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course, I wouldn’t mind!”

The pair worked in unison, bouncing and thrusting with glee, perhaps in the hopes of something greater. Their slowly increasing momentum was only compounded by that sort-of... magnetic attachment they had to each other, something that felt like it was always there. It just needed to be awakened, and now that Arceus had given it to them, they felt inseparable. No matter how hard they fucked, no matter how exhausted they felt, they’d always have each other’s backs, even just to cuddle. This was a gift they were happy to have, and it was a gift they were more ready than ever to share. Before they could share it, however, they needed to finish what they were doing, and so for only a few more minutes they kept at it. The air was filled with the sounds of moans and flesh coming together, few sounds could be more passionate.

“O-Oh Arceus, it’s going too fast...! Can’t hold it much longer, I’m sorry!”

“G-go ahead, Plusle, I’m about to...!”

With no hesitation, Plusle grabbed Minun and pulled them down hard, spurts of cum filling them up. Minun, as if perfectly in sync, shot their load right onto Plusle and left the furniture conveniently clean. Whatever cum wouldn’t fit inside Minun’s pussy ran down their cock onto the floor below, leaving a mess of fluids in a spot that was, at least, easier to clean up afterward. Sparks were flying, they could tell this orgasm was unnaturally long. Perhaps it was one of the perks of being a Plusle and Minun, a pair that worked better together than alone? They could only assume once they were done, a pair of panting messes on a sofa.

“G... G-Goodness, Plusle, you think that knocked me up?”

“I wouldn’t mind... if us anthros are really gonna take over, we might as well keep the species going strong...”

The pair slowly got to their feet and hugged each other one last time, before Plusle hurried off to grab some cleaning supplies, quickly returning to take care of that mess. The post-sex clarity hit them fairly hard, and now Minun was looking down at their belly, wondering just how long a normal Minun pregnancy lasted. They hoped the kids were cute; Plusle just hoped they wouldn’t be too much of a hassle. So that was that, the pair were no longer Quinn and Parker, but Plusle and Minun. No longer awkward roommates, but potential future mother and father to the first generations of born anthros. This was going to be a grave responsibility, and they could only hope they had what it took. There was just one thing left on their mind.

“...so, about those Pokémon of your sister’s...?”

“...I think I know just what to do with them.”

~

“...excuse me?”

A news anchor sat at his desk, staring at his notes in disbelief, perhaps a little bit of fear. He'd never read anything quite like this in his 20+ years of newscasting, and yet here it was, right in front of him. He shuffled his notes in his hands awkwardly and stared at the camera in complete silence, waiting for the cue to begin. The lights around his desk came on, flashing around him. If it weren't for the copious amounts of make-up, it would be apparent that he was extremely nervous. Well, there was no getting around it, and it was his duty as the region's premiere anchor to deliver the news, no matter how grim. It was time.

“We're good? Alright, I'm good to go, 3... 2... 1...”

The music began, an ironically cheery fanfare for what could be perceived by many to be less than cheery news. The news anchor took one last, deep breath, before signaling the dawn of a new age.

“Good evening, from Jubilife TV, I'm Brett Holton. Sightings of strange creatures have been made across the Sinnoh region, alarming everyone, and recent news has confirmed that these creatures are present in... every major region, after only 24 hours. They appear to be human-Pokémon hybrids, biologically hermaphroditic and incredibly affectionate, with a primary goal of converting others into similar sex-crazed hybrids. Not much is known about them as of late, but we will attempt to keep you updated, so long as we are not converted ourselves.”

The teleprompter froze for a minute, giving Brett Holton some brief moment respite. What he read next would bring his calm expression off of his face.

“I-it also appears, that... the Foreign Building in Hearthome, where it is said you may contact our creator, was witness to the words of Arceus themselves. ‘Your defense is futile,’ it said, ‘this is the natural evolution of life. Your youth shall be restored, your society will be perfection. Accept your fate, or it shall only be worse for you.’ This just in, Arceus has abandoned us... Brett Holton, Jubilife TV... may we persevere.”