

BECOMING ALPHA

COMMISSION STORY

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“Everything has calmed down since the incident with Prism Tower came to a close, but I’m still getting cases like this, huh?”

Emma, the detective that worked at and maintained Lumiose City’s Looker Bureau had assumed that after *that* case had ended, and the Z-A tournament had been made a permanent feature, that her workload would finally ease up a bit. She had been *swamped* ever since Quasartico Inc. had begun to set up the Wild Zones throughout the city. Introducing wild Pokémon to such a developed area had caused a *number* of problems, from missing people to random attacks.

That meant that there were *always* new missions coming in for her to solve, and honestly? Even *with* the help of Harmony from Team MZ, she wasn’t really sure if she could keep up at this pace. She took some comfort in knowing that rogue Mega Pokémon appearing *shouldn’t* have contributed to her woes any longer, but... **“I think the worst part is that I can’t even give myself a raise! ...I guess I could hire more helpers though? I wonder if Lida would be interested?”**

She was basically just musing to herself as she navigated the nighttime streets of Lumiose, following a lead for yet *another* missing Pokémon. A *Buneary* this time. In all likelihood it had just gotten lost, or a Ghost-type had abducted it... She hoped it wasn’t in any danger earnestly, but couldn’t Quasartico create some sort of division to do that kind of thing instead of leaving every similar case to *her*? Emma simply sighed and shook her head.

It was putting food on the table for Mimi and the rest of her team, so it was probably best not to complain. There were people that would probably be happy to have the job security *she* did. **“This area is close to Ivan and Gwynn’s place, right? Maybe I should drop in...?”** Would they have any information about a Buneary? Well, if anything she could ask Gwynn’s Chandelure to sense if any Ghost-types were up to anything.



The detective had been avoiding the Wild Zones for the time being. The Buneary had apparently disappeared outside of one, and the gates into them were set up so that registered Pokémon couldn’t enter without their trainer. Plus, it would have just been a hassle if she was jumped by a bunch of wild Pokémon when she was supposed to be searching! This reminded her to look around. A green barrier off to the left, and another off to the right. She wasn’t *within* them, but...

“At this rate the whole city is going to be one, big Wild Zone... I hope they’re careful about it.”

Emma didn’t dislike the idea or anything. Having more Pokémon in the city *had* been pretty cool to see. If Quasartico had put some more measures in place for *obvious* issues ahead of time, then a lot of the pain points of the city’s people would have been avoided. But you couldn’t change the past now and all they could do was work towards bettering the future.

A flash of green in front of her brought Emma’s brought her attention forward again. **“Huh?”** The was one of the green barriers that signaled the border of a Wild Zone in front of her with a gate that said ‘21’. That shouldn’t have been possible, right? Lumiose City only had *twenty* Wild Zones, or at least that was the number that Quasartico had filed permits for. She was one of the people in the city that got to see those redevelopment plans ahead of time so that she could help network with the civilians and move out anyone that might be affected.

She looked to the sides again. There were two *new* walls of green, this time *much* closer to her – and clearly connected to the gate in front of her. **“Wait... Are they creating a new Wild Zone now!?”** This was a problem for *multiple* reasons. The lack of a permit aside, they had always been very clear that no humans should be within a Wild Zone when it was being created, though they had never clarified as to *why* that was. The detective had always assumed that it’d had something to do with the gate security, like that they needed to be properly activated, and anyone trapped inside wouldn’t be able to get out until it was done.

“Ugh. This is going to cause problems for the investigation, much less the rest of my night. I didn’t see any staff around the area…” Which was kind of *odd*, right? For such a big project, you’d think Quasartico staff would at least have been in the area to make sure no people were inside first. It was *very* unprofessional. Or was it a matter of getting caught inside being so dangerous that they wouldn’t even take the chance of someone from the staff ending up a victim? **“Wait, what if its because there are dangerous Pokémon in here?”** Like an Alpha? The rogue Megas had stopped, but it still felt like more and more of the oversized, powerful Alpha Pokémon had been turning up. Their aggression levels were part of the reason so many Wild Zones had popped up recently.

At least *one* of those theories was correct. *Two* of them technically were. The first being the danger level of being caught in a newly erected Wild Zone as it was created. The second? Her concerns about Alphas.

They just didn’t mesh the way that *she* had been thinking.

In fact, her expectations regarding what might happen next were defied *very* quickly. Emma had been prepared for a potentially *very* long wait before someone came by to activate the gate so that she could leave. She didn’t expect anything *too* eventful would happen in the interim, but that was where she had been *completely* wrong. **“Is it a little stuffy out here or is it just me?”** ...It wasn’t like there was anyone around that could answer that question.

“Oh! That’s... better...? HUH!?” The woman *had* felt warm, but she’d become cooler all of a sudden. It was just a little... *drafty*? She couldn’t have possibly predicted to see what she did when she looked down at herself. Not when she was greeted by the sight of her *bare breasts*? **“WHY AM I NAKED!?”** Her clothes, her bodysuit included, were just *gone*? That alone was embarrassing, and yet that was practically the least of her problems. Her Pokéballs had disappeared as well, meaning she was unarmed if a wild Pokémon attempting to attack her.

This is not good. Bad scenario A: she was attacked by a wild Pokémon. Bad scenario B: another person found her *naked*. Was there anything around she could wear? No, she was basically standing in the middle of a *park*. Her only reprieve would have been hiding within some nearby bushes, and she didn’t want branched and leaves touching her unmentionable regions. Now that she was naked, she was beginning to feel *cold* too. Another problem to add to the pile.

And why was she so *itchy*? In the grand scheme of things, this had been a minor issue that the detective hadn’t really thought too hard about at

first. But when she started scratching at one arm with the opposite hand, and her fingers began to dig into something *soft*, then... “**Wait...**”

Grey eyes fell downwards to look at her arms. Well, no. Eyes that were *supposed* to be grey had fallen downwards. The unusual truth was that the grey rings of her irises had lightened to a soft pink while her pupils expanded within them. This was *odd*, but not *bizarre*. *Bizarre* was a word that could have been better served describing how her white sclera darkened to *black* around the pink, until her eyes looked eerily *inhuman*.

Those eyes narrowed at an arm that was seemingly sprouting *something*. “**Is that hair? N-No... It’s fur?**” Emma had dealt with enough creatures in her line of work to tell the difference. The hairs were short, bunched up, soft, and chocolate brown in color. And they were spreading across not only her arms, but her bare legs, torso, and *face* in kind. “**B-But why am I growing fur!?**”

The park was dimly lit, but she still had enough natural light from the moon above to notice how that fur was spreading – as well as how its presence was *deforming* her body otherwise. Early on, she was privy to the sight of her own, B-cup breasts *flattening* away while the fur wrapped around the mounds she had developed over the years. Before long there wasn’t any curvature to her chest whatsoever, and even her nipples had melted away underneath the brown. A similar phenomenon erased her bellybutton too, and her torso overall? It narrowed *significantly*. Her shoulders slimmed until they were practically non-existent, while her torso held more of a rounded *tube* shape.

“**Am Lop becoming a Pokémon!? Is that why punny doesn’t want Lopunny in the new Wild Zones!?**” Emma *definitely* heard those noises she was making while trying to speak, and they more or less aligned with the suspicions she had been developing based on her changing fur and body shape. *Lopunny* was a common Pokémon in Lumiose, but was it a coincidence that she was becoming the evolved form of the creature she had been looking for?

But understanding *what* she was becoming didn’t make the pill any easier to swallow. She still didn’t know for certain *why* it was happening to her or what fate would await her. Pokémon could be intelligent, but they were still creatures of instinct. She’d retained her reason thus far, but if she was becoming a *feral* Pokémon then would that reason hold out? And she had plenty of reason to assume her form would be a feral one at this point.

Her appendages were visibly changing in different ways. When it came to her now fur-covered arms, for example, their lengths shortened until

her reach was roughly *two thirds* of what it had been before. But that wasn't even the uncanniest aspect of what became of her arms. Looking at her *hands*, her fur-covered index fingers *and* thumbs shortened until they merged *into* her palms. Or what was *left* of them, at least.

The three fingers that remained on each appendage tipped her arms off *without* palms between them and her wrists. Instead? Beneath those fingers, a *cream* colored fur that was *much* fluffier than the brown that had covered her body otherwise puffed out, with only the brown, clawless fingers poking free. "**Lop's hand are punny, Lopunny?**" The more her speech transitioned into the speech of a Lopunny, the higher the pitch of her voice rose.

Emma couldn't deny that while this was all very panic inducing, she did feel some manner of *curiosity* towards her own transformation. It didn't feel *unpleasant*, and how many people would ever be able to experience something like it in their lifetime? She was just *naturally* worried about what would come after. "**Lopunny?**" The woman ended up looking down *past* her new paws inquisitively when it struck her that she was *shrinking*. Well, more like she was *sagging*?

She didn't really shrink; it was more like the changing shapes of her *legs* altered her reach just like her shortened arms had. It had begun with a thickening of her thighs, seeing them expand not quite with fat even though there was a softness to them, but more-so with *muscle*. Each one was thicker than her now impossibly narrow waist, in a sight that might have been erotic if not for the fact that she was becoming something much more akin to an *animal*.

While her upper legs *were* shorter than they had been before, her *lower* legs became even shorter beneath her rounded knees. That cream-colored fur returned, too, covering everything *below* those knees while her heels lifted and her toes merged into what became a rounded nub of a foot at the base of either leg. "**Lop...?**" What astounded Emma the most was that she knew how to keep her balance on these two legs, but she also found it hard to *walk*? It wasn't until she instinctually used her newfound leg strength to *hop* forward with both legs at the same time that she understood.

She probably *could* have walked if she'd wanted to, but her brain had been rewired so that she saw hopping *as* the most natural way to move around.

The sight of the woman in that moment was a little *uncanny*. From the base of her neck down, she looked like any other Lopunny out there including the tufts of cream fur that had sprouted from her ankles... albeit significantly larger even though her limbs had shortened. But

aside from her face being covered in brown fur and the colors of her eyes? Her head had remained relatively human... at least up until that point in time. Yet, her brown neck soon thinned and grew *slightly* longer, signaling that the changes would finally work their way through what remained of her humanity.

“L-L-Lopunny!?” Emma lamented the fact that she could now only speak in a Pokémon’s cries, because she wasn’t quite sure how to properly vocalize the discomfort that her face pushing forward caused. At points it felt as if her jaw popped and settled back into place several times. It was clear her mouth was being pulled into a rabbit’s snout, with most of her teeth shrinking and being pushed farther back, and the front for growing *significantly* longer until they were large and flat.

The shapes of her eyes grew and distorted into full ovals, but they also were slowly pushed to angle out to the sides with her face growing more and more akin to a beast’s. Her nose flattened into a cute, wet, pink triangle that sat upside down at her snout’s peak, with the now thin and leathery black lips of her mouth connecting to it. Her head, ultimately, had more of an *egg* shape than anything. A brown, furry egg with cream-colored fur sprouting above her eyes into a pair of *voluptuously* long ‘eyebrows’. They were almost two feet long!

The creature had become resigned to her fate. She looked around with more caution than any human might, now more worried about *predators* than of being seen naked. The black hair on top of her head simply *fell out*, but none of those loosened strands touched the path below her. They just disappeared like her clothes had, as if whatever was transforming her wanted no signs of her humanity to remain. She completely missed how a short puff of brown had emerged above her now crackless ass. A bunny tail was now there, hiding the single hole that served as her butt.

As the shape of Emma’s head had changed, the woman’s hearing had grown sharper and sharper – making her ability to survey her surroundings all the easier. Every step, every fluttering leaf; she could hear all of it. And it was all thanks to her *ears*, which slipped to the top of her head and rose a few inches before flopping down. They were *clearly* the ears of a bunny, their exteriors brown up until their tips, where cream colored fur *doubled* their length into long, wider tufts that reached down as far as her thighs.

And with that? There wasn’t a visual trace of humanity left in Detective Emma. Absolutely *no one* would be able to identify her unless *Mimi* came by the Wild Zone at some point.

I'm a—!? “**Lop? Lopunny!?**” The difference between the *Lopunny*'s thoughts and the noise that escaped her mouth were night and day different. Emma had retained some semblance of awareness regarding what had happened to her, but she didn't really have much control over herself otherwise. She couldn't force herself to speak in a human language, nor could she stop herself from *hopping* whenever she moved. Instincts dwarfed reason, and reasonably... this was pretty bad.



She felt *comfortable* in her new form, but she also felt *paranoid* that she might be in danger. Lopunny were a very cautious Pokémon by nature and that must have been affecting her personality. Not to mention this underlying *aggression* that she was doing her best to suppress. “**Lopunny!?**” That wasn't necessarily in the nature of her *species*, but it was in the nature of— *At this size I must be an Alpha!* Exactly. It was in the nature of Alpha Pokémon to be aggressive.

The big bunny could control that aggression now, but she wasn't sure if that control would hold if she saw a *human* – something that she knew she had been, but something she now instinctively perceived as a *threat*. The thought of *being* a human felt so incomprehensibly foreign, not helped by how her intellect has dulled somewhat upon being turned into a beast.

Unsure of *what* to do, she simply followed a tantalizing scent behind some bushes. Where she found some hoarded... *berries*? “**Lop...?**” Well, she *was* hungry! Flopping down on her fluffy butt, she began to paw at them with her little hands and stick them into her snout. But then? There was motion ruffling in the nearby bush, prompting her ears to stand on end and her guard to raise. Her eyes were about to glow red with the aggression of every *other* Alpha when they were on guard, but...

It didn't reach that point. Out from the bush a *Buneary*'s head popped free. “**Buneary?**” It gave its head a little shake and then smiled, hopping out, excited to see a big Pokémon from her own evolutionary line. “**Bun! Bun! Buneary!**” It danced around Emma, who couldn't help but assume this was the missing Buneary. But who was missing it again? A human? But it was out in the wild?

Were her human memories becoming even more distant?

...She needed to try and escape the Wild Zone ASAP. But was it even possible?