

Captured

*tags: transformation, swampert, human, pokemon, pokeball, sfw, unwilling, second-person perspective, betrayal, bet, gay, male*

by @donedonedone

written with @AcridSmoke in mind

*I was really inspired by :linkSqueakyOrca:'s second-person writing and couldn't resist making some of my own. If you end up liking this story, let me know through favs or comments so I'll know to revisit the format!*

It is mid-afternoon. A recent storm has left the world damp, but the weather has turned clear and cool. Green-leafed, freshly fallen twigs snap under your feet as you walk back to your camp from the nearby town, careful to step around the mud puddles in the dirt forest trail.

As you walk along, you can't resist taking out your most recent purchase. You hold it in your hand. The special pokeball looks a lot like a great ball: the top half is blue with two fins set at ten and two, the only difference is that the fins are gray rather than a great ball's usual red. You turn the light aluminum-and-apricorn ball over in your palm to look at the side without the button. On that side, just above the black band that runs around the ball's circumference, is a tiny, stylized icon of a Swampert.

You're so glad you won that bet with your travelling buddy. Now he has to be your pokemon for a week, starting as soon as you get back to camp. All it'll take is a toss of the special ball in your hand and he'll be yours. You two travelling trainers make a lot of bets with embarrassing consequences for the loser—all in good fun, of course—but this one really takes the cake. Your soon-to-be-Swampert is waiting for you, unaware that you are looking at the ball he'll be going inside.

The savory smell of cooking stew reaches you first, wafting over the cool, humid air. *Mmm*. If there is one thing you are going to miss about your friend when he's your Swampert, it'll be his cooking. Maybe he'll still be able to manage somehow? You could always try and coax him into it, being his trainer and all.

You push through some bushes and into the campsite. Your friend is sitting on a small sideways log by the crackling campfire, tending to the gleaming iron stew pot hanging over it.

He starts at your sudden reappearance. “That was fast!” he comments, restarting his stirring of the stew. You can’t help but notice him glance down at the pokeball in your hand. He stares fixedly at it, face flushing and ladle-hand unsteady.

You pull off your backpack and set it on a mostly-dry stump before walking over. You grab a seat by the fire, taking a deep, confident breath to fill your lungs with the stew’s hearty aroma. The ball is held in your hand against your knee, you’re deliberately keeping it visible to mess with your friend. He can’t pull his eyes away from it for more than a few seconds at a time.

“So t-that’s it, huh?” he asks, poorly feigning nonchalance. “What... What kind did you get?”

“Swampert,” you say.

Your friend blinks hard, trying to hide that he’s already imagining his coming week as a Swampert. Then he looks back at the pokeball. “Can— can I see it?” he asks, holding out his hand.

It’s so satisfying to see your ordinarily cocksure friend looking so timid, you don’t think twice before handing the ball off to him. It’s only fair that he gets to examine the pokeball before it becomes his home for the week. He marvels at the reality of it in his palm, turning it over in his hand much like you did on your walk. Victory has never tasted so sweet to you.

*Click.*

Before you realize what’s happening, your friend has pressed the white button on the front of the pokeball, arming it. Then it’s tossed at you.

At the last second you try and dodge the projectile but, instead, you feel it bounce off your upper right arm and fall towards the ground. You stand up urgently, but as soon as the blue-and-gray ball hits the dirt it pops open!

A beam of red light zips out of the open pokeball, connecting you to the ball and engulfing you in an glowing red aura. Instantly you’re frozen in place. The electronic whine of a retracting pokeball fills your ears.

“Sorry, dude, I *really* didn’t want to be your pokemon for the week,” your friend says to you. You’re much more focused on yourself and your horror, but he stops stirring the pot of food to watch. All the tension in his shoulders relaxes at the sight of your furious expression and frozen limbs. He grins, now confident he’s safe. “Seriously, if you’re stupid enough to hand me that ball, don’t you sort of deserve this on some level?” he asks.

This is unbelievable, impossible. Neither of you had *ever* gone back on a bet in the whole time you’ve known each other, no matter how embarrassing. And yet the reality is staring you in the face, holding your legs still.

The immobilizing red glow that surrounds you doesn't feel like much, but you already know you only have about sixty seconds to find some way to escape. Slower than an ordinary pokeball, but still not much time to come up with a plan. You panickedly replay in your mind your memory of handing the ball off to your friend and him tossing it at you, hoping that the specifics of the event holds some secret key that would allow you to avoid the effects of the pokeball. You come up with nothing, no way out from what's about to happen.

It truly starts with a tingling in your fingers. The red glow arcing over your skin allows just enough movement to hold up your hands and watch as the tips of your fingers turn blue. You splay your digits apart, keeping the color as far away from your palms as possible, but the blueness spreads anyway. When your fingers finish shifting in color, they slide together pairwise: your pinky and ring fingers stick together, as do your middle and pointer. You try to pull them apart, but you very quickly lose the sensation of your individual human fingers at all. You are left with three blue Swampert digits on each hand—now paw—and your digits shift until they are equal size, taking on a rubbery, amphibious texture.

A scream forms in your chest, but your throat is too tight with terror to let it out. This can't be happening! It isn't fair! It wasn't supposed to happen to you!

"Dude, I've never seen you look so scared before," your friend remarks. "Relax, it's not like you can do anything now. Just get ready to be my Swampert."

The blue amphibian skin spreads up your arms, and at the same time you feel your feet reforming in your shoes. Rather than tear apart due to your growing footpaws, your shoes dissolve away, vaporized by the everpresent red light. You lose your balance and are forced into a crouch, your front paws landing in the dirt right next to your hindpaws. All four look nearly the same—blue, wet-looking, three-digited—and they grow large compared to the still-human parts of your body.

You tear your eyes away from that unbelievable sight to look at the open pokeball on the ground. Red light arcs between it and you, bonding you to it. The Swampert pokeball is so small, so simple! It's within reach, you can just stick out your paw to close it and stop it... but the light holds you apart.

Your friend, on the other hand, is right there, unimpeded. He can shut the ball with hardly any effort if he wants to! *If* he wants to. He is the one who threw the ball at you in the first place, and it's almost physically painful to see how giddy he is. He looks at you with fascination, clearly feeling anything but remorse for what he's done.

"Wow," he says, adjusting his sitting position. "You're really incredible to watch. I can't believe it, you're actually going to be my Swampert! I've known you so long and now you'll just be... my pokemon..."

*No!* You fight your restrictions, but the light won't get off of you! You can't seem to get out of your crouch, either, and a moment later you discover why: your Swampert legs have shortened considerably, leaving you not quite fully bipedal anymore! With some effort you lift one leg, horrified that the stumpy blue limb responds to you.

Your shoes are already gone and your pant legs are mostly dissolved, but you feel something change under what's left of your pants. As much as you wish for something to stop it, your pants split clean in half and your rear fin suddenly grows. It's huge, gray, rayed, and worst of all it's *yours*. You "think" about moving your fin, the same, hardly-even-a-thought kind of way you think about moving an arm, and it moves side-to-side like a fan. You almost wish it didn't respond to your will, then maybe you could convince yourself it wasn't a real part of you!

"Nice fin, dude," your trainer says. Wait, your "trainer"? You scowl at him. He's your travelling companion, your sometimes-rival, and something of a friend (although he certainly didn't feel like a "friend" in that moment), but he's definitely *not* your trainer! The presence of that idea in your head frightens you, and even if you fight it, "trainer" is always the first word that pops into your head when you look at your not-trainer.

Turning into a Swampert is one thing, it's the obedience aspect of pokeballs that scares you most. You've seen it happen before, even with pokemon you've caught: a pokemon can fight being captured with all its strength, and it can act indignant before it gets sucked into the pokeball, but as soon as that ball clicks and falls still, there is a noticeable change in the pokemon's demeanor. They become... docile. Compliant to the whims of whoever threw the ball. And now... now you were becoming a pokemon, the ball you had to fight off was right there, and if you didn't escape, the trainer who threw the ball was...

"Dude, you hardly even look like yourself anymore!" he informs you excitedly. "Have you even noticed your head fins coming in?"

You wish to say you haven't noticed, but that's not entirely true. You can tell from sensation alone that *something* is happening to your head, although you can't see much. The most visible thing is your nose, which turns blue and flattens towards your face right between your eyes. Now your nose is gone from sight. Even though you can breathe out of your new nose, you resist doing so because it's strange and degrading to *need* to use something forced on you so unfairly.

You feel constricted around your chest. Was your shirt always so tight? The pressure releases all at once when your shirt evaporates, exposing your new gray, slick-skinned underbelly to the cool air. You try to cover up to preserve some modesty, but that only draws your attention back to your arms, which are fully Swampert-looking. Using your arms to cover your belly is like trying to cover up embarrassment with more embarrassment.

“It is so weird that you look normal without clothes on,” your not-trainer remarks. “Like you really are just a Swampert. I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. I just... thought it would be harder to think of you as a pokemon.”

A sob catches in your throat, and it’s so intense that it makes it difficult to breathe. Why are you on the verge of tears when you should be channeling your anger, or thinking of a way to escape?! You can’t give up! None of this is supposed to happen! You deserve to be the one watching *him* transform! He *agreed* to be your pokemon!

Your mouth reshapes. It’s very uncomfortable and invasive-feeling: your tongue, cheeks, and teeth all grow at different rates. You’re forced to breathe raggedly through your changed nose when your tongue swells too large for your mostly-human mouth, choking you. Invisible hands pull at the corners of your mouth, widening it further and further, beyond what should be possible for a human. All the bones in your jaw creak and groan, altering into something wider and flatter.

You look down to see that your perspective now rests atop the body of a Swampert. It makes you want to close your eyes and wish it away. There’s too many changed parts of you to take them all in individually, you simply register as a pokemon, even to yourself!

And then your Swampert body starts to fade. *You* start to fade! You’ve changed enough that the pokeball is preparing to suck you in! The red glow is no longer content to simply engulf you, it permeates your body, turning you into a translucent white silhouette of yourself. What can you even do to stop it?! The fading doesn’t feel like anything, but your eyes tell you you are transmuting into light, just like an ordinary pokemon hit with a pokeball!

“Looks like you’re going in the ball, buddy,” your not-trainer says. “Just relax. I’m sure you’ll see things my way by the time I let you out. I can’t wait to train you, you’ll be the best pokemon on my team!”

Your outline shimmers, and then the world shifts. It’s nauseating, but you can’t even move enough to shut your eyes anymore. You are pulled towards the ball. It doesn’t feel like you’re moving at all, but the world is growing larger and the ground moves up towards you. Soon the intricately machine-lined interior of the ball looks large enough to sit inside. Next thing you know you’re practically a speck of dust floating in the air inside the lower half. The top half of the ball looms above you menacingly, almost cathedral-like in size, ready to fall. At that thought it rushes down at you, the largest, fastest-moving thing you’ve ever seen in your life.

CLICK

Darkness, but not darkness. You spasm with fear, cover your eyes and try to block out the horrifying vision of a colossal, impossibly vast dome of circuitry hurtling towards you, but it’s already passed. By covering your face you can unfortunately feel that your head is still wrongly shaped, and you pull your hands—your *paws*—away.

All around you is perfect, undisturbed blackness. Your first assumption is that you're in a dark room, but you can still see yourself—your blue, amphibian self—clear as day, as if a light is shining on you from all directions. You can move again, but there's absolutely nothing to hold on to. You're floating weightlessly.

With no blemishes on the darkness around you, absolutely no reference points to gauge distance, it feels like the black is pressing against you, right up to your eyeballs. It's just you and your new body, alone.

*S h a k e .*

No... Not alone... You feel inexplicably comfortable all of a sudden. Snug. Cared for. After your ordeal, it's such a relief to feel something so nice. It would be so easy to close your eyes and fall asleep, and you desperately wish to. You can relax and let your problems sort themselves out. They always do eventually...

Relax... No! The word reminds you of your horrible not-trainer's voice, which in turn reminds you where you are. You're *inside a pokeball!* This is what it's like when a pokemon is getting captured! How do you fight back? There's nothing to fight back against!

*S h a k e .*

No! Is that already two shakes? You imagine the closed pokeball you're inside on the ground, drawing ever closer to locking closed. You thrash uselessly, reaching in all directions to try and find something to hold onto. What are you even supposed to do?! The void seems unbeatable!

There is *something* in there with you, you just can't touch it with your paws. It's pressing against your mind like a weight, and it's growing heavier. So heavy. You want to just drop the weight, just relax and let it inside where it can make changes, but you know that's a bad idea. The weight is what you have to fight against. But it's so heavy.

So heavy. If you relaxed for even an instant the weight would break through your defenses. You try to push back against it, but it is relentless, as if it has gravity on its side. Another few pounds are added to the mental load. Can't let it in. Don't let it in.

*S h a k e .*

The cloying coziness is back. It's part of the weight. *Just stop fighting*, the warm, fuzzy sensation seems to say. *It's easier*. You cannot deny it would be easier. You are so strained, and giving in is so tempting. Could it really be so bad to just relax? Just for a moment? What harm could possibly befall you? You have always been safe in your mind. The weight doesn't feel like something that will hurt. Quite the contrary, it'll be more like being buried in the world's softest

pillows. All you need to do is get out of its way. Take a back seat for a little bit, put off your hard mental work for another day. It'll feel good. You'll think of a way to escape later.

You close your eyes and let the weight drop.

*CLICK.*