

## ***The Ultra-Fusion Gun (Absorption, Pokémon)***

Lightning cracked over the lab as Lusamine snapped the last piece of her new device into place. “Ahahahahahaha! It’s finally complete!”

As her employer raised the device high, cackling like a witch, Wicke stumbled back a gulp of terror. “M-Miss Lusamine, are you sure this is safe...?”

Lusamine stopped laughing and turned to her with a scowl. “Of *course* it’s safe,” she said. “It couldn’t harm a fly.”

Wicke studied the device, which looked a lot like a gun, and gulped again. She wished she was as confident as her boss. “Wh-what exactly is it meant to do?” she asked, once she was satisfied Lusamine had calmed down enough not to shoot her.

Lusamine rolled her eyes dramatically. “Can’t you guess?” she asked, as if it were obvious.

“It’s... it’s a raygun?” said Wicke, after some thought. Frankly, she had no idea.

Lusamine managed to roll her eyes even more dramatically. “I suppose that’s not wrong,” she said. “Yes, Wicke, it’s a raygun. A raygun designed to fuse human beings with Ultra Beasts.” With every word that left her mouth, her smile grew a little wider, and by the time she got to ‘Ultra Beasts’, she was looking practically maniacal.

Wicke covered her mouth with a gasp. “Fuse humans with Ultra Beasts?! But that’s in—” She was going to say ‘insane’, but the look on Lusamine’s face suggested it might not be the best idea. “...*incredible*, ma’am.”

“It is, isn’t it?” said Lusamine, stroking the raygun affectionately. “Now, run along and fetch one of the Symbionts. I want to test it immediately.”

Wicke had the sense not to ask who she was planning to test it on. Swallowing, she turned and rushed for the door as fast as she could without breaking into a run.

She never made it. Halfway there, the door of the lab flew open, and into the room burst another woman with a gun. A *real* gun, this time. It looked like a Desert Eagle—sorry, a Desert Braviary.

“Drop the gun!” cried Anabel, her suit squeaking as she took aim at Lusamine.

With a squeak, Wicke threw up her arms. “Don’t shoot, please! This franchise is rated E for Everyone!”

“What do you think this is, *Palworld*?!” cried Lusamine. “Well, you’re not the only one who can shoot things!” She popped the safety of her raygun, and before Anabel could react, took aim and squeezed the trigger. “Have fun being fused with the wall!”

*Bzzzip...* A fat spark spurted from the raygun's tip, ambled through the air like an overweight bumblebee, and died with a flatulent *bzzt*. Lusamine stared at it, blinking in horror.

"Drop the gun!" repeated Anabel.

"Lusamine!" cried Wicke.

A bead of sweat sliding down her brow, Lusamine stumbled back, butt striking her worktable. For a moment, she looked over her shoulder as if searching for something to throw, and then, just like that, her eyes snapped back to the weapon in her hands. Her grin returned.

"Don't move!" cried Anabel. "Put the gun on the floor!"

With a wild laugh, Lusamine drew back her arm and did the opposite, launching the raygun high into the air, in an arc aimed to terminate with Anabel's head.

It never reached it. Halfway there, Anabel squeezed her trigger, and with a bang, the raygun exploded.

Searing pink light filled the laboratory. Wicke could only scream as it washed over her form and threatened to blind her. Anabel and Lusamine screamed as well, strangely erotically—

—and then, just like that, they cut off, as if the studio had run out of money to pay their voice actors.

When the light faded, Wicke found herself alone. Swallowing, she took a nervous step forward, looking around for any sign of her boss or the police officer, but by all accounts, they were gone: only their clothing remained, crumpled empty and steaming on the floor. Anabel's gun lay near the end of her sleeves, while Lusamine's was in a thousand smoking pieces across the room.

Her heart thudding, Wicke stumbled back. What had happened to them? Had they been disintegrated? Transported to another universe? Fused with the very air itself? And why did she feel so hot and sweaty all of a sudden? Fanning herself, she looked down and blushed to find grool pouring down her leg. When she lifted her skirt, she saw her panties were soaked. What was happening to her?

In her shock, she stumbled back and stuck the wall: buttfirst, and not by a small margin. As the erogenous mounds of her ginormous derriere were crushed between it and her pelvis, Wicke squealed in ecstasy.

*She wasn't the only one. Nnnnn~! What happened to me?! Where am I?! It's so cramped and sweaty and dark and—Nnn~! Why do I feel so...?!*

Wicke jerked upright. "L-Lusamine? Where are you?" It had sounded like her voice was in her head, but how was that even possible?

As she looked around, she happened to catch the wall with her butt again, and in her head Lusamine squealed in pleasure. *Wicke, you clumsy—! Stop slamming me into the wall!*

“S-slamming you into the wall...?” Wicke looked over her shoulder. And gaped to see her already enormous buttcheeks looking larger than ever. It looked like someone had stapled a pair of Voltorbs to her butt. All she could do was stare in shock.

“L-Lusamine, you’re my...” She couldn’t even say it. How was this *possible*?!

Even as she struggled to adjust, she heard a second, slightly less familiar voice in her head. *Nnn~! Nnnnnnn~! Oh...! Oh...! Oh...! I can’t take it anymore! Please, touch me! Touch me!*

“O-officer Anabel?” Wicke looked around, but the voice was in her head, so it could only be coming from one place: her body. The question was, which part of it?

*Nnnnn~! Please, stick something in me! Something long and hard and—Nnnnnn~! I don’t care what, just hurry...!*

With a splat, a little bead of grool dripped from Wicke’s panties and struck the floor. She processed the implications with a gulp. “O-oh dear.”