

Shaking his head, Oliver slowly came to, the hard metal surface making him confused for a moment. He wasn't at home, he was sure, nor was he outside camping. No, it had been the middle of the day when Oliver last recalled, a cloudy day, but the sun was still up. And he hadn't been alone...

Picking a fight with a Pokemon trafficking ring was not something Oliver did often, but after seeing them in the middle of a truly nefarious affair. Given their rings were often taken out by preteens, an adult like Oliver was sure he could manage to stop them all on his own. There were only two, after all, and they were notorious for not training the strongest Pokemon.

Unfortunately, that was not to be the case. Oliver was a rookie trainer himself, and his Pokemon were no match for the higher-level Pokemon the Rockets put out. It was embarrassing, and he did his best to run away, wanting to get his Pokemon to a center. Unfortunately, those two Rockets were not the only ones, and he was ambushed by several more, knocked over the head, and knocked out. Something he was quickly reminded of as soon as he woke, the pain in his head rather pounding.

Oliver took a few minutes to really think over his situation. Since when were the Rockets into human trafficking?! Pokemon were one thing, but what were they going to do with him? Surely, they had taken his Pokemon already, though Oliver soon found he was restrained and he had no way to check the balls on his belt. He had never heard of anyone going missing in the vicinity of suspected Rocket Hideouts. Or, more likely, it seemed that their activities were more underground to the point he had no idea where he was or what was to happen.

“Ah, there you are, sleeping beauty! We’ve been waiting for you to wake up! The process would be dangerous if you were to stay asleep, though even with the head injury I’m not really sure it’s safe to inject you! I tell the grunts to be careful with the subjects but naturally, they fuck up. Ah, well. You should be fine, and we can’t keep uninjected subjects in our stockades for very long, lest you find out what we are doing and get out. But that’s neither here nor there, and you won’t be leaving here before I’m done with you!” Came a boisterous voice, and Oliver looked up to see a man in a lab coat walking toward him, likely a scientist of some sort.

“First of all, I should thank you. After all, your donation of Pokemon is appreciated, and they will be put to good use, I assure you!” The scientist said, and Oliver struggled against his confines, wanting nothing more than to get out and free of the shackles. There was nothing to be done for it, the chains firm with no hope of his meager strength getting out.

“No, leave my team alone!” Oliver called out, but he knew his cries were to be in vain. He would have to get out to have a chance, and he knew full well what the Rockets did to their obtained Pokemon. He could only hope he would get out of there before that happened, or, at the

very least, that his Pokemon would be rehomed to good trainers, duped as they would be as to the origin of the Pokemon.

“It’s adorable you care so much for your Pokemon, but you don’t need to worry about such things any longer. Not in your position, at least. I’d be more worried about your own future, though soon you won’t have the ability to do even that,” the scientist said, a gleam of excitement in his eyes that had Oliver shivering in fear.

“Why? What’s going on?” Oliver said though any bravado was lost from his voice. Truth be told, he had no idea what to expect, sure that whatever it was would be to his determinant.

“Well, I could explain it to you, I do enjoy getting feedback on our test subjects. Lay people seldom understand what exactly it is we do here, after all. But I’ll try to use the smaller words, it’s really something I’m working on. Regardless, I can at least say that while our operation provides numerous Pokemon for battling purposes, many maintain loyalty to the trainer that caught them. Why this persists, I have no idea, especially with the way some of them are treated! But that’s beside the point, and it does make it so not all Pokemon are useful for resale.”

“So, we’ve had to come up with, shall we say, other methods to make for usable Pokemon for sale. Hypnosis only works so much, and breeding efforts are tedious, and time-consuming as you might imagine. However, with our scientist’s groundbreaking work, we’ve been able to come up with some other methods that are showing quite a bit of promise. This particular formula uses the DNA of a Ditto stabilized with a carrier virus that allows for the fusion of any Pokemon’s DNA to, well, there’s no point in explaining it. It’s no matter, and you’ll see the effects soon enough,” the man said, and with that, walked down to the prone man and produced a needle, full of clear fluid.

Without any fanfare, the scientist took the needle and jabbed it into the neck of the poor man, who winced from the ache of it. The entire contents were emptied into his neck, and Oliver felt his blood run cold, having no idea what was in the vial, but didn’t want to, though figured he would, for better or for worse, find out soon.

Pulling back, the man looked down at Oliver with some interest before beginning to lecture him again. “You see, Pokemon take their cue from skilled trainers. In essence, the better the trainer, the more a Pokemon’s potential is released. But, what if instead of the Pokemon, we trained the trainers themselves? I don’t mean indoctrination or the like, nothing of the sort. Nothing would hold, and it would take far too long besides. I, though I prefer not to boast, was the one to propose we combine the two facets, and, well, this is the result! But that’s enough talking for me, it’s time to see the results for yourself! Seeing is believing, after all!

“What the hell did you do to me?!” Oliver said, feeling unusually warm to the point of sweating in his clothes. He had no idea what was being done to him, though it was nothing good if the madman’s words could be believed.

“Normally, I would have asked you if you had a particular Pokemon preference, but we have so many requests to be filled from this new enterprise, you’re already in demand for your new spot. We have the ability to fulfill almost any request, including rare and shiny Pokemon with the DNA catalog we have on file. And with each trainer we obtain, our DNA database only grows!”

Yet, by this point, Oliver was no longer listening to the man’s words. He was sure something was wrong with him like the serum moving through his veins like a sort of poison. There was something almost *dark* about the feelings, though there was every chance he was simply imagining some terrible fate. Regardless, there was no denying something was wrong with him, and he was only moments away from something life-changing. It didn’t seem like they were planning to kill him but then...what?

“Don’t worry, the results are almost instantaneous, and you’ll see what fate we have in store for you. Not that it will matter within the next several moments,” the scientist said, staring in rapt attention at Oliver’s neck where he had been injected.

The sick, dark feeling did not abate as the moments passed, and Oliver wished he could look down to meet the doctor’s gaze. But captured as he was, there was little he could do to escape, and he was stuck feeling a tingling running over the skin, followed by itching that made him want to scratch. To his dismay, it was soon not to last in that single area but started to spread down his arms and towards his hands. Thinking it would be to his benefit to see what was happening to him, Oliver was instead stunned to see a patch of black skin itching all over his arms. Wanting to touch it, the more he looked, the more it seemed it was not his skin to change, but rather it was a coat of black fur covering it so thick he could no longer see the skin. Then, what the...?

It was more than just fur to cover the skin. The dermis itself darkened to black before the itching of fur covered it. It rapidly moved to cover the backs of his hands, fingers, and palms, painting him with a black coat. By this point, it was even spreading down his chest and stomach now, moving toward his other arm and leaving him to assume it was going to coat him from head to toe. It was frightening, the implication lost to him for the moment but slowly filling his head with many frightening images. Almost as though he was going to become a...

The click of the chains being released came to his awareness, and Oliver stumbled off the table, not expecting to be freed from them. Looking at the scientist, he was simply grinning, not

moving to recapture the man, as though it was part of his plan. If there was any chance for him to get out of here, it would be now while the man's guard was down. There was every chance he would not be able to get away, that the large room he was in was locked regardless. But it might be his last chance to try, and he couldn't let this chance go to waste!

Yet, the moment he started to move, Oliver was met with a feeling of illness, as though the sickly feeling was spreading through his entire form. He was forced down on his hands and knees, a pressure in his spine leaving him to question what the hell was happening. Even the itching playing over his body was a drop in the bucket to the ache in his spine. It was as though something was pushing outward and preparing to burst through the skin of his back. And that was exactly what was to happen...

What should have been immensely painful was thankfully only a numbing sensation as his spine started to unfurl, the bones breaking apart and thickening and pushing against the skin until a noticeable bump formed, pushing against the skin as it filled up with fat and muscle. It soon started to grow beyond that, filling his spine as it lengthened from under his shirt and made its way out of his back. He could feel the weight of it, leaving him wondering what the hell was growing. He wanted to reach back to touch it, though was afraid to, not wanting to believe he had such a development. Still, nothing he could think of would hide its presence, and with a trembling hand, he reached back to touch the growth, itching from the fur it possessed. For all the world, it seemed like he had a...tail sticking out above his spine, and if he focused on it, the damn thing started to *move*!

Oliver didn't want to turn around and look, but there was little to be done for it, unable to deny what he so obviously possessed. It was short, rounded in the center, and tapered to a point at the end. Covered with black fur and oozing some sort of fluid from the skin in his nervousness, Oliver had a chilling thought the tail might be familiar somehow. But there was no way to be sure, looking out of place on his own anatomy as much as any other tail might be.

A clue was soon to be given as a tingling over his tail erupted into what appeared to be a blue ring of sorts. It was glowing even in the bright light of the chamber he found himself in. Taking up much of the circumference of the tail, he was shocked a moment before a similar light started to play over his upper arms and legs in tandem, shining through his clothes and making him nervous. They were obviously rings on either side of him, their eerie blue shade marking him as...what? The patterns were certainly recognizable as an Umbreon's, but Oliver was sure they should be golden as best he understood. Still, the realization sent shivers through him, believing that developing any features of a Pokemon was something disconcerting and possibly the meaning to the Rocket's words...

“Ah, I see some recognition in your expression! If you guessed Umrebion, you’re correct! That’s what you’ll soon be, and don’t mind your coloration! It’s a genetic trait for a rare phenotype, one that some trainers consider ‘shiny’. Only the best for the market, you know! Shiny Pokemon are easily worth 50 times the going rate of their contemporaries, and I’m sure you’ll eventually be sold to either a master trainer or a collector, either way, to live a life of luxury! How lucky for you!”

Rather than be frightened by the man’s words, Oliver was too busy focused on the sensation of his hips flattening, parting in the back to expose his privates. Shuddering, Oliver was privy to his puckered anus touching the fabric of his pants, something that would not happen normally but was part of the shifting anatomy of his backside. Perhaps worse was the feeling of his plumbing moving toward the underside of his tail, a nauseating sensation but not one he could avoid. Still, he was unable to get up and run as his mind was screaming at him to. He was at the mercy of the changes overcoming him and there was nothing to be done for it as whatever serum he had been injected with worked its will over him.

The ache was soon to grow worse as his spine grew longer, not just for the length of his tail but to shift the alteration of his pelvis. It was as though the bones were popping apart and stitching together in new shapes. Already down on his knees, Oliver was slowly becoming aware there was no chance of him to get up anymore, feeling pitched over as the bones pushed at his muscle and skin, rearranging in a way that should have been excruciating, Though it only created a dull ache that prevented him from screaming aloud his pain. Soon, his hips were left flattened, knees left to merge with the skin of his belly to the point he was sure he would not be getting up on two legs, perhaps ever again.

“No! Help! Help meeeoeon!” Oliver tried to call out, but the sounds coming from his lips were more high-pitched, and the inflections made the sounds of the Pokemon he was likely becoming. He was afraid to call out once more, given that it would likely be the same case if he tried it again. He really was turning into a Pokemon, and there was no stopping it!

“Looks like your voice is coming along nicely!” The scientist said, and Oliver was able to look up with some fear to notice there was another man with him, likely an assistant of some sort, though there was no way to tell. The idea he was being watched by more than one person, and likely being filmed to boot, left him to shiver with fear, disgusted his last moments as a human were to be so degrading!

With his hips in their current state, it was difficult for the man to keep his pants on, and pulling them up with hands in his quadrupedal stance was a fleeting endeavor. They were left to fall down, their thinning contours leaving him clad only in his underwear. He didn’t want to be naked in front of the men, but with the spreading of fur, it was unlikely. Yet, far worse than that

was the sensation of his underwear on his cock as it started to come to an erection. In fact, it was almost to the point of leaking into his pants when such should have been impossible. A moan escaped his lips, wanting to hide and cover himself, but in his current state it was impossible and he was forced to display his junk to the man.

“Well, well, looks like the newest facet of the experiment is kicking in right on schedule! Why don’t you stay and watch?” The scientist offered his assistant, and the two of them looked down at Oliver’s shame.

It was soon to be much worse than that as even his underwear split, exposing his rod to the men in all its glory. A blush crossed Oliver’s face as his cock stayed erect, evidently unable to control his arousal as part of the serum. All he could do was moan as the skin of his shaft started pulling toward his groin, which was as of yet devoid of Umbreon fur. It peeling his shaft like a zipper until the entirety of his foreskin was pulled into his groin, the skin merged seemingly and hitching his erection toward his belly like that of an animal. It felt powerfully shameful to have it exposed in that state, more so that it was at full erection, and yet to change.

A pulling sensation started from the base of the shaft, as though it was sliding forward, separating from the foreskin. It was shorter than its human equivalent, embarrassingly small on his still-human form, though no amount of shame could allow him to reduce its turgidness. He wanted nothing more than the tingling to cease, for the tip not to grow pointed, or for a bulb to swell at the base, pulling his sheath painfully from his foreskin as his beastly erect bobbing up and down, red and swollen and leaking its desire. But the changes did not cease until Oliver had what had to be an Umbreon’s penis, ready to mate at a moment’s notice.

Yet, what the scientist had in mind for him was far worse than anything he could have been prepared for. “Are you aware of the newest modification to the serums? It allows the changed Pokemon to accept simple commands before their training starts. Nothing too fancy, but the closer you bring them to their own desires, the easier it becomes. Given the state of our newest subject down there, this should be the perfect order for him to follow. Now, watch,” the man said, and Oliver felt himself shudder. He would resist any command given, not wanting to debase himself in any way. He would-

“Now, why don’t you get down and suck off that cock of yours?” The scientist said, and Oliver felt his blood run cold. The moment the words registered in his head was the moment he moved his head down, sniffing at the erection with a nose that was starting to blacken of its own accord. The smell was pungent, disgusting, and clearly coming from an animal. But as slits moved up the sides of his nose, and he breathed in more of his animalistic musk, Oliver felt himself unable to resist, moving as close as he dared for a taste.

Thinking for a moment that his body could not possibly contort itself toward his dick, Oliver was terrified to discover his stretched spine, longer, lean belly, and reshaped pelvis was in the right position to suck off the object of his desire. He struggled with every ounce of his strength but could do naught but sniff his grotesque cock, preparing to taste it as he had been commanded. “N-noeeen! I Umbean’t! I won’t Eneon! Umbreon!” Oliver called out, but the moment he did, his human lips were on his rod, starting to taste the precum leaking from the tip.

The moment his tongue tasted the fluids leaking from himself, he started to suck with gusto, feeling his mouth stretch outward to take on more of the cock. It was subtle at first, soft cracks and pops bringing him closer and closer down over his Umbreon rod. The flavor was disgusting, making him want to gag. But the words were firm in his mind, and there was nothing Oliver could do but drink down the offering, feeling his cock pulsating as it was pleased orally. No sex could compare with the sensation of his own lips around it, no one was able to know how good it truly was. The pleasure was enough to prompt him to suck with enthusiasm, shame still present in his mind though with no way around what he was doing.

Given the lust the changes seemed to elicit over him, it took little time for him to reach the inevitable climax. He could feel his cock twitching, his testicles throbbing as they prepared to spill their burden down his throat. He couldn’t possibly take something like his own load down his throat, but the musky flavor was starting to grow on him, and it seemed there was little recourse other than to taste his own cum as was the command. And with the insistence he was prompted to use, it wouldn’t take much longer.

Yet, before he came, the sounds of the men talking caught his ears, which were just now starting to twitch. “Why are you making him do that? You know he’s registered to be a-”

“All the more reason to let him at himself one last time, no?” The scientist said, grinning the entire time like he was getting off on the whole thing. Maybe he was, Oliver wondering if the smells of arousal in the room were coming only from him.

There was hardly enough time for him to concern himself about such things, his orgasm impending and Oliver unable to stop it. The fluids in his proto-muzzle were getting thicker and with a final spasm of his member, Oliver unloaded his cock into his mouth, wanting to gag on the rank flavor and sheer quantity he was being forced to down. It was vulgar and depraved, and yet Oliver couldn’t imagine anything feeling any better than sucking himself off. His cock was on fire, waves of sexual flames lapping at his prostate and making him shiver. It felt as though more cum than anything he could manage was spraying from his rod, though it was likely a consequence of having to swallow it all. Part of him wanted to gag, but there was no ability to do so as his cock, finally spent, eventually slid from his mouth, covered in saliva as it moved back into his sheath.

“There, how was that, now? Enjoy that, did you?” The scientist said, though Oliver decided not to respond to it. He wasn’t sure how much his voice had altered already, especially with his mouth in the position it was in.

“There, shall we bring out his mate, now? I think he’s ready,” the scientist said, not bothering to wait for Oliver to reply. Without a word, the assistant moved to push a button on his pad, and the sound of a door opening caught Oiver’s slightly enhanced hearing. He wanted to run toward the door, to what had to be freedom. Even if it was fleeting, even if he could be stopped with a single word, Oliver still felt it prudent to try and escape if he could.

Yet, before he could move forward awkwardly on his hind legs, the smell of something heady wafted into his nose, making him pause for a moment. It smelled like his own erection, still pungent to his nose. Clearly, it was not him, though the nuances of male were there enough for him to pause. What was-?

The sight of an Umbreon padding toward him made him pause for a moment before surveying the situation. He was a male, as clear as the erection hanging from his groin. Unlike Oliver's own demeanor, this Umbreon seemed excited, tail raised and rushing over to him like they knew each other. Oliver felt his blood run cold at that, not sure what to make of this Pokemon, though had to wonder if he, too, was once human. It seemed likely, though there was nothing human in his demeanor, be it he had lost his human memories or simply preferred being a Pokemon.

The scientist was quick to answer, as though the question itself was obvious. “Here’s another subject just like you, or rather, he was. Ever since he brought him in, he’s been enjoying the same pleasures...well, you know,” the scientist said, that disgusting smirk on his face. “We’ve been meaning to get him a mate, and the genetics you’ve been infused with will make the perfect pairing with his own, giving us many of-whoops, that would be telling! You’ll figure it out, I’m sure!” He said, leaving Oliver scared of the implications. After all, to make eggs, they would need a female, and with both of them currently male, then that would mean...

The sensation of his cock tinging brought his attention downward to see the shaft start to wane, pulling into his groin and as the sheat itself completely melded with his groin, leaving only patches of midnight black fur. The shaft inside was shrinking, pointed head the only thing left as it melted into the skin, its nub the only sign of his presence. His testicles, too, started to deflate, their contents spilling on his fur and leaving him with functionless orbs that were subsumed by the skin of his groin.

Groin absent of any genitalia, that was soon to change with the formation of a slit from the skin of his urethra, pulling from either side and forming an opening that scared him to the core. He was being opened up from the outside in, folds, crevasses, and tissues he hardly had any awareness of. Though it should have been obvious from an outside perspective what was happening to him, Oliver could hardly fathom the depths his innards were changing to the point that the slit was being tugged under his tail, like the position a female Pokemon might have.

Through all the changes, a prevalent sensation of arousal persisted, though the changes were enough to hide his awareness of it. But the moment the tingling stopped, a sexual desire burned through his body, as though each inch of his skin was powerfully sensitive, needing the slightest bit of stimulation to quell the ache that had overtaken him. A moan escaped his lips, feeling fluids dripping from the orifice the more he stood there. Oliver could scarcely understand what was happening, be it a scent, a feeling, or a physical sensation. But for whatever reason, the lust in his loins was at its apex, and going even one more second without something to touch it!

It seemed like the other Umbreon was eager to oblige, moving back toward Oliver's backside and sniffing with insistence. Having him there made Oliver shiver even further to the point he could hardly resist shoving what had to be a cunt in his face. At the moment, he hardly cared that he was losing not only his species but his sex as well. He just needed... needed...to be mounted and bred? How could he?!

Panic ran through him at that, trying to resist the urges that were burning through his body and mind. "I...Umbreon! NOEOn! UMBREOP!" He tried to call out, but the words were a jumble of mixed noises, barely interpretable to his brain.

To his credit, the male stopped, pausing as he sniffed Oliver's cunt lips, though made no further move. But the changes over his body were not to stop, Oliver feeling his ears starting to burn, getting longer and thicker at the sides of his head. They weighed heavily on the sides, stretched out and became pointier, and their canals widened to the point where no sound was able to escape his awareness. He was sure the same glowing blue rings were covering them, as their light caught the sight from his periphery. The sounds of other Pokemon's cries, Rocket members moving through the halls, and other sounds that he had no name for. But it was the sound of the male's increased heartbeat, as well as his own, that came to the forefront of his awareness, increasing in tempo with their eagerness to mate...

If the sounds weren't enough for him to resist, it was the scents wafting into his changed nose that really did it for him to the point the leaking in his sex was maddening. It was pungent, spicy, and by far the most erotic thing he'd ever known. He wanted more, maybe to sample the musky odors wafting from this other Umbreon's cock, though the taste of his own semen was on

his breath. He wanted desperately to resist, though it was powerfully conflicting to be in this circumstance, wanting to get away but worse, wanting to be taken and fucked and bred!

As he stared at the offering before him, his eyes drifted toward the door the Umbreon had come in from, and without thinking it through, he ran towards it, awkwardly with his arms and legs disproportionate but still enough that the male did not chase him. Not only the sight of the door drew him, but a handle that he could reach up and turn even with his quadrupedal stance. Not that he knew where he would go or how he could get away. But this was the necessary first step, and he could think about the rest later.

Yet, the moment his hands reached up to the door was the moment a series of cracks and pops ran through his fingers. Even as he reached for salvation, his fingers seemed to retreat from it at an even faster rate. What had started off as functional human fingers soon turned into useless nubs, even his thumbs pulled into his wrists to prevent him from touching anything again? The same thing was soon to happen to his other hand, pads forming at the bottoms of them and his nails thickening into blunt claws. With that, Oliver was left to lament his fate, having no way to touch anything ever again, let alone retain the ability to escape of his own accord.

“NOOEEEEON! You can’t doEEEEON this to MMEEEEOONNN!” Oliver called out with little ability to articulate the words. He was losing his voice, his humanity, and even rearing up and trying to work the handle with his paws was for naught, the scientist laughing at his futile attempts.

The sensations of change relentlessly moved through his body, belly stretching, chest barreling, and fur coating every inch of his skin up to his neck. To his concern, Oliver could tell he was shrinking, that his shirt was larger. He was unable to keep his shoes on, one falling off and Oliver shaking his other one off in frustration. Without hands, he couldn’t get out of his shirt, so decided to hold on to the front of them with his paws and push it away, leaving him naked. Though with his cunt lips behind him, there was little to be done for it, no modesty left for him as the last of his humanity was taken from him.

The alterations to his chest continued as his shoulders were pushed forward, arms thinning of their fate and leaving only their muscles left. Finally, they were left to match his lower legs, and Oliver was sure he could run away if he was so inclined to. But there was no place for him to go, no escape from the scientist or the Rockets, or perhaps worse, the male Umbreon coming toward him, cock bobbing up and down in eagerness, as though he was oblivious of Oliver’s desire to escape.

The male was chirping now, and Oliver in his altered state realized that the cries were starting to make a semblance of sense. Something along the lines of <Mate? Fuck?> came to his

awareness, nothing too intelligible but enough to be sure of the male's intentions. He wasn't sure how much intelligence remained in the former human-turned-Pokemon, but it didn't look to be much beyond primal instincts. He didn't want to be like that, couldn't let himself be a Pokemon and a female one, no less!

"UMMMBBRREEEOOPP! Don't WWWAAEEEEON! UMBREON!" he tried to call out once more, but even he wasn't sure what he was saying, wailing in his new voice in desperation.

"Ha! Looks like the changes are almost done with you! Looks like you're going to make a good mate for our male, here! All that's left to do is to give in! You might as well, there's no going back for you, and I'd recommend you try to enjoy it while you still can!" The scientist said, and Oliver felt his heart fill with despair. There truly was no way out, and it was obvious the rest of the changes would be done with him soon.

With that, Oliver could feel his heels stretching, shifting his stance as the balls of his feet shrank and his toes were reduced to the same nubs that adorned his hands. Small pads at the bottoms of them robbed his feeling of the floor, though it was a moot point, given his hands had already been taken from him. All that remained were mind paws of perfect elevation for his four-legged stance, matching the paws where hands once were as well as those of the Umbreon he would be forced to mate with if he didn't find a way to reverse the changes.

<Help! Help!> Oliver called out, and he was sure he could now understand his voice, thinking for a moment that he had his speech back. He could hardly know that his voice was completely altered now, and his brain was set to interpret things as the Umbreon he had become, not the human he had once been.

"Awww, he's making such cute little noises! He must love being a Pokemon!" The assistant said, seeming to get into torturing the poor man as his cohort was.

<Help! I need...I need...fuck! Fuck me!> Oliver called out, not realizing what he was saying until the words were out of his mouth. He needed to stop, to resist. Yet, the ache continued burning through him to the point that he was literally begging for it. He couldn't! Yet, how could he not...?

Regardless of what he thought of it, the changes were to overtake his body, removing the last vestiges of his humanity and his chances of escape. It started with his beard, itching and growing out into a black fur pelt that moved up his sideburns and toward the hair atop his head. The consistency of his human hair was to remain for a moment. It was the same midnight black as the rest of it, soft, though at the capacity to excuse a poison as was his species. It soon ran all

the way up to the bridge of his nose, which had moved to the apex of quivering lips, preparing to push out into the muzzle befitting the Pokemon across from him. It ached slightly, pushing outward and causing him to drool a little as his teeth sharpened, pointed like the predator he was. Had he been in the wild, he would be a nighttime hunter, sneaking up on prey and pouncing with deadly precision. But as a pampered Pokemon, he would likely be subject to whatever his trainer fed him, berries and poffins and the like!

As his skull started to compress and his nose pushed out to its full length, the odor of the male's cock burned into his nose to the point he could hardly resist. Struggling as much as he could, it was not enough as the male moved toward his backside, starting to lick his sex and savoring the feminine nectar. <Stop!> He managed to call out, but the male was hooked now and there was no going back. And, as his skull started to compress on his brain, it became harder to think to the point there was no coming up with a reason to make the male stop. And with the need in his sex, why should he?

"There, see? He's giving in! Or, perhaps we should say, 'she'," the scientist said, and the fading part of Oliver's mind heard the words as a form of permission. With that, she studied her stance, moaning out a <Yes!> <More!> <Mate!> as the attention to her cunt lips made her cry out for more. If the male's eager tongue could do this much to her sex, then, surely...

Oliver would not have to wait long. Pulling back, the male reached up and started to grip the fur on Oliver's back, spearing for her cunt lips with his thick red rocket-sized penis. Part of her was worried in the moment that he seemed to be far too eager to mate, that it was happening so fast. But the moment his thick rod pushed its way in, Oliver felt her fear wane under the promise of sexual pleasure. It felt more stimulating than anything she had ever known, and Oliver even leaned back into it, wanting to take it as far back as it would go. Though it was relatively small, its size in comparison to her body made it feel like it was opening her up wider than she could imagine.

"There, there, just give in..." the scientist said, and had Oliver been aware of it, she might have noticed the man had his own erection in his pants from the sight. But such things mattered little with the sexual promise of her mate inside her and starting to thrust, rubbing against her insides all over. It felt more intense, more primal than anything she had experienced this far, and Oliver felt her mind white out from the pleasure. It was so different from her former maleness, overwhelming as increasing ripples of pleasure that grew faster and fewer in between. She was sure she would cum at any moment, and her cunt lips wrapped around the male's rod, doing their best to take it in and all he had to offer.

<Mate! Mate!> Came the call of the male Umbreon, a simplistic speech that Oliver was starting to understand as her own limited awareness. She knew she had been human, and had

been male. But with the constant pressure against her loins, it mattered little, and she was fine to let her humanity slide away as she was fucked into oblivion.

The moment the male's knot pressed inside of her was the moment she whited out, orgasm taking her away into a world of beastly bliss. Even the warmth of the male's semen or the pulsating of the rod within her was not enough to bring her out of the pleasure. It was better than any sex she had known, any experience...wait., what experiences...what else mattered but this mate...?

The realization only returned when the sensation of a collar being fashioned to her neck took out of the moment, and she looked up to see the smiling scientist. She did not care, however, viewing him as a trainer and hoping he might have treats. Besides, the male on her back was still knotted to her, and there was every chance he might cum a second time before his knot was removed. Even its presence within her prepared her for a second time, and she called out, proud of her body and voice as she prepared to revel in all her new form had to offer.

“Umbreon!”

“And here's our newest Umbreon! She'll be going out for sale in the next few weeks, once her breeding sessions are finished. We want to make sure those genetics are passed down, and, who knows, maybe some of the offspring will also have the genetics for the 'shiny' phenotype,” the scientist said, walking through the rows of cages and pens. To Oliver's surprise, they were rather sizable, almost comfortable enough for her to live in these past few days.

Not that she had much time to worry about such things. The care she received from the workers was surprisingly exemplary to the point she had no comparison for such attention to her former life. They were cleaned up after, fed, and even groomed to make sure they were fit for sale. Again, Oliver was not in a position to care about her future, hoping that if she was given even a modicum of attention like this, life would be worth it.

Though she had no way to choose it, Oliver at least hoped she would be able to stay with her mate. She understood her mate with enough care that they were able to get along. It was generally her periods of heat that spoke of her intention, however, and they were something her new mate was eager to quell, taking her and knotting her several times a day, likely as much as he could manage. She had no idea who he was in his human life, but it mattered not for the Pokemon they had become and the sexual needs of their new bodies.

There was something else she had come to understand in those first few days. It was not something she had not been expecting but something that made sense the more she reflected on it. The results of their mating, much to Oliver's shock, was that she laid a single Pokemon egg, one she felt no compulsion towards but something she had done with some physical pleasure all the same. The laying itself was pleasurable, and there was every chance that one of their mating sessions were prompt her to lay another. She did not care if she was to lay another one or what the results for her progeny would be. All that mattered was the heat she was in, and the male's phallus she had to fill her cunt lips and quell it!