

Vivid dreams of home started to fade from his mind as Jake came to, eyes fluttering open to a light that could not have come from his room. It had been some months since he had been back in his hometown, of course. He had set out on his own journey of sorts, though not one to be a Pokemon trainer, having given that dream up in his youth. At 21, he had focused on his body much of his life, eventually even training with his hometown's gym leader as part of an apprenticeship program. It had been the experience of a lifetime and something he would always cherish. But his teacher agreed that it was time to see the world, and he went out, wanting to catch his first Pokemon with his own mettle rather than get a starter from some other means.

He was not in the familiar settings of his camp, or even in his house, that was obviously clear. It was a sterile white room, with a single heavy metal door, with nothing else in the room besides the bright fluorescent light that buzzed above him. He was tied to what appeared to be a wheelchair of some sort, attached to the wall, and effectively restrained. Even with his rather buff physique, his efforts to break free from his restraints proved fruitless. Perhaps if he was strong enough ...but no. Such was foolish for him to even contemplate. He was in an unknown circumstance, having no idea how he had gotten here. He had been walking a main route, making it toward the city, but there was no one around when he could last recall. So then, what had taken him?

With that, the door opened, and a man in a lab coat and horn-rimmed glasses blustered in, as though excited to see his captive. "Welcome, welcome Jake! So good to meet you! And beyond the usual behavioral examinations that I need to make, I assure you! But I wouldn't worry so much about those things! I'll get to know you over the next hour or so, and certainly over the course of the next few days and weeks! My name is Dr. Gerald. Again, I know the name doesn't mean much to you, but I would worry if you had heard of me, but that's neither here nor there, as they say!"

"My, my, I'm sorry I prattle on so much, but it's just so exciting I was able to obtain the 8th member for my particular experiment! You're a little late but the place is prepared for you, and you'll fit in with them in time. As best as I could tell, none of the participants know each other, something you have to keep in mind, of course. But you'll all get to know each other soon, I'm sure! All of my participants do in the end! I'm sure none of this makes any sense but it surely will soon!

Jake wasn't sure what to say to all of that. It was a little much to take in, and besides, this scientist seemed to be all over the place with his rant. He considered his next words carefully, not wanting to antagonize his captor but needing information all the same. And it seemed like the man liked to talk...

“I don't have any Pokemon for you to take...” Jake said, stating the obvious. He had no money, either, but trafficking Pokemon was becoming largely more profitable these days. Besides, he was broke either way, part of his training was to live as frugally as possible. And aside from his parent's Eevee, he'd never owned a Pokemon of his own.

“Oh, not to worry! You'll still be of much use to us without any. We don't steal Pokemon from trainers. We do liberate them, but that was not the reason you were targeted. Had you any Pokemon they would have been rehabilitated, but that's neither here nor there, as it were.”

“So, Team Plasma?” Jake asked, the obvious implication. They were largely thought to be disbanded and reformed under their leader N, but there were still rumors of the old ways in which trainers were accosted and Pokemon were stolen and released. It was a long shot, but given his circumstances, it seemed more and more to be the case.

“Team Plasma? Not quite. Though I must admit, our goals are aligned. We do think that Pokemon are natural creatures and should be freed from abusive trainers. And we do free them, from our targets, when applicable. Pokemon have a wide variety of uses, however, and the research we do here allows us to use their powers without taking advantage of those unique creatures. After all, humans are an invasive species, and...well, I do bluster too much. I've gotten ahead of myself,” the scientist said, as though he wanted to gloat over his achievements but was disappointed he had to restrain himself.

“Of course, not all humans are suitable. Not children, of course. Never children. They are not suited for our purposes and my particular proclivities. Besides, they are still largely uncorrupted and still able to learn. Perhaps that shall be a future endeavor but our current work is far far too important for such side tasks.”

“Adults, however? They will serve nicely. Each guilty of crimes against the planet and Pokemon alike. Especially those that keep Pokemon of their own, though it is a moot point. With the access to information out there on the harm they are doing, there is truly no excuse. Each one guilty of the same crimes and each applicable for retribution!”

“What do you mean?” Jake asked, not able to keep his composure. There was no taking what this kind of man might do to him, and Jake had no control over what was to happen. It mattered little if he pissed the man off, Jake soon rationalized.

“You'll soon see, I have no doubt. There's plenty of time to show you my facilities, something I was unable to do with your contemporaries, there being so many. It was fortunate that I was able to get so many at once, but it was only less than 24 hours ago, so you're fine to

join them. And the process varies in length depending on...well, again, I speak too much. You'll soon understand and it won't make a difference either way."

"The rest of?" Jake asked in reflex. He didn't want to know, afraid as he was starting to become. Rather, he needed to know, unsure what his fate would be and unable to likely escape it.

"Well, to put it bluntly, your new pack! I know it doesn't make much sense now, though it will with your experiences over the next few days and weeks. I simply can't wait to show you! It's best to do it soon, the serum will start to take effect over the next hour or so, and I don't want to leave you hanging!"

Jake felt his blood running cold at that. He hadn't noticed before, but there was a strange tingle in his shoulder, one that started up the moment his attention was drawn to it. It was as though he was stabbed with a needle, and injected with an unknown substance. Still, he remained stoic for now, not wanting to say anything and hoping the scientist's explanations would bring him understanding, for better or for worse.

Drawing on his training Jake took in his surroundings, looking for any weakness within the room that might allow him to escape. Though there was nothing in the room, in the chains that would allow him to escape. The restraints were secure, and any efforts to escape them would draw attention to his plan. So there was nothing to be done about it but to wait and hope he received his chance later on.

Though even his attempts to survey his situation were met with acknowledgment from the scientist. "Looking for a way out, are you? You shouldn't worry about such things, not with our security. Even if you were to escape, our purpose has already been set in motion, and you would be left out to the whims of the world without the assistance we will be providing. Still, you are an impressive specimen so it's for the best that we don't allow that to happen."

With that, two men entered the room, both of them needing to duck to get into the room, leaving them easily more than 8 feet tall. The first one was bald, with two lumps on his head that drew Jake's attention. There was something off about the shape of his face, but it was impossible to place no matter how much he stared. The man was wearing a massive trench coat, something that should have been too hot and heavy for him to wear indoors. Like his facial features, there was something off about the placement that left Jake confused but he wasn't in a place for him to ask about it given his imprisonment.

The other man was equally as large, wearing a pair of massive sunglasses and having red-shaped sideburns running down his cheeks and a beard. It was a little hard to place the shape of his head, making him look almost as though he had mottled his hair around a feline's.

Certainly not the weirdest character he had seen in the world, but Jake couldn't shake off that feeling of being unnerved. Both men were stanch and on guard, far larger than Jake and impossible for him to fight against even in far circumstances.

Without being given an order, the two men came behind him, unchanging the wheelchair and pushing it toward the door. Jake had the sensibility not to try to escape, figuring it was ill-advised for his current predicament. He didn't want to get hurt, even for a chance to get out, as slim as it was. With that, he was wheeled out into a pristine hall, various labeled doors looking to be labs of some sort. Though he didn't have much time to see inside of them, he did notice that they were all locked with a complex key card system, no escape in sight.

"I hate to be so boastful, but these labs are home to the most advanced genetics equipment and research in the region, and, dare I say, likely the world! We have the DNA of almost a thousand Pokemon species here, of all natural values and genetic variations. We've performed a number of genetic breakthroughs here, with research always ongoing. Much of it is all automated now, all of the original members will be experiment subjects in the end, willing or not. I've gotten it down to a simple formula. It allows me to take the time to appreciate my work without distractions, only needing the help of a few aids to care for the Pokemon we house here!" the doctor said, visibly shaking from the excitement of what he was doing, it seemed.

Moving in front of them, the doctor pulled out a card before unlocking the door at the end of the hall, a devilish grin on his face. "I'm a little disappointed I didn't get to show the last batch of subjects what I like to call the tour, but there are times I have to take what I can get. I don't have the most subjects in my stables at the moment, since I am focused on your group, but there are enough that I can display pride in what I do here. And it should answer any questions that you might have better than any detailed explanation that I can give," The scientist said before opening the door.

The scents of nature, of animals, and other things he did not understand hit Jake's nose, as though he was headed out into a zoo or some other area. He shouldn't have assumed otherwise, given the doctor had told them they had Pokemon here. Likely all the Pokemon they did take from their 'subjects'. But then what did he mean by subjects? It was baffling the more he tried to rationalize it without hurting his head. He needed more information.

"What do you use the subjects for?" He asked, bluntly.

"Oh, you'll see soon! I prefer to show rather than tell since believability is seeing, as the adage goes. Oh, I can't wait to see what your reaction will be! I gather numerous data about my subjects, and the behavioral trials are among the most interesting! But you don't need to worry about such things. Your life will be taking a much different direction, anyway!"

For the life of him, Jake couldn't fathom what the man was on about. He was scared; human trafficking wasn't something that was a problem in this part of the world, though Pokemon trafficking was something that occurred everywhere.

"Why me? I'm not a trainer. I wouldn't be of any use to your organization," Jake said simply. It was hard for him to come up with any use that a Pokemon, easily trained, would be able to do for them. Aside from being brainwashed into a member of their organization, but that was a far-fetched idea, to say the least. Were they going to kill him? It was looking more and more likely over anything else.

"That's not why we grabbed you. Well, we really would have taken anyone healthy enough to be part of the program, a male is preferred for this trial but we can always adjust our formulas. And there's the advantage of not having to rehome their Pokemon, many of them get Stockholm Syndrome from their captivity and that is hard to train from them before they are released into the wild. We do have such programs at another facility, though those are separate from other institutions and researchers. Here, we do...well, that would be telling!"

"Besides, there are several advantages to having someone such as you for our experiments. One of your build will be perfect, and your ID says you're from Icirrus City. It's cold up there, and if you like the cold, this experience will be perfect for you!"

Jake didn't bother to ask about that, not really sure what to think. He honestly couldn't fathom what his fate would be, and guessing made him feel both a sense of shame or fear. So, for now, he kept silent on the matter, waiting to see what would happen.

His silence spoke volumes to Dr. Gerald, who simply continued to explain. "It will all make sense to you soon, I'm sure. Once I show you what we have at our facilities, you'll come to understand. For now, let's show you what we do here. I absolutely adore this part, and I can't wait to see your reaction to everything we have here to offer!" He said, and at that, and the man in the trench coat moved his chair along what seemed to be a walkway, with massive chambers separated by partitions that likely contained the Pokemon the man was talking about.

"This is the largest such facility, but at some point, I hope to expand the operation. Most of the Pokemon we keep here are rehomed toward our team members. They make the perfect guards, so long as they are kept placid with their teammates, as they tend to be allowed to!" Dr. Gerald explained, though the information was a little contradictory for him to deal with.

"But you said you don't use the trainer's Pokemon, that you allow them to be home back into the wild. How do you decide which Pokemon go free and which ones you keep?" Jake

asked, trying to keep the man talking. There was every chance in his arrogance he might spill some useful information, after all.

“No, no, of course, we do not use natural-born Pokemon, that would be inhumane and make us no better than the trainers we relieve Pokemon from! No, all of our subjects are genetically created, here in this lab! The beauty of what we do here and the crux of my research!” Dr. Gerald exclaimed, his voice betraying his eventual excitement over what he was doing.

“Like Mewtwo?” Jake thought to ask, everyone familiar with the tragedy on Cinnabar Island in the Kanto region. Surely, this man wouldn’t be so foolish, and yet...

“You’ll soon see! It’s time for me to show you what we do here, and judge for yourself!” The doctor said and gave a nod toward the man pushing his wheelchair toward the edge of the walkway, able to look down at what was in the pen below.

Jake braced himself, that same smell of Pokemon in captivity wafting into his nose as he was drawn closer. It reminded him of visiting Fuschia City as a child and seeing the Pokemon on display there. Though it had been some time, the smells weren’t offensive, just strong, of there being so many different species in a single area. There were over a dozen such habitats from the looks of things, though the facility was rather vast and it was hard to fully perceive it from his position on the catwalk.

“Here are some of our older subjects, though they’ve really only been here a month or so. I’m studying some of the dynamics of herd relationships with these ones, hence why they haven’t yet been repurposed. Though they are always fun to watch, and I spend much of my time up here, observing all of my subjects and the process that I have them undergo. I never grow tired of it!”

Confused, Jake looked down into the chamber at what was a surprising site. Three, massive black bull Pokemon were down there, heads down and grazing. Their multiple tails swished back and forth, though there were likely few biting insects to annoy them in this mostly sterile facility. The grass appeared to be thick and lush, and piles of hay were stacked to one side should they wish to make a meal of that as well. The habitat was rather large, a barn in one corner for them to sleep in, most likely. Larger than some of the zoo habitats that Jake had seen in his lifetime, not at all a bad place to keep captive Pokemon, all things considered.

Each of the Pokemon had distinctive markings, ones that Jake was not immediately familiar with. One seemed to be the ‘standard’, if that made any sense, three tails lashing behind it, blunt, bovine shaped horns, and a shorter cropped mane when compared to the other two. One

seemed to have two thick horns with pulsating red lines coming from its lush mane. Its horns were thicker than the other's, and its tails were tied together into a single rope that unglated in unison. The final one had blue lines running through the bottom of its mane, lumpy horns, and curved tails, rounding out the trio.

“Are you familiar with the Tauros of Paldea? They have three distinct genetic patterns. Two even come with unique battle typings, something that researchers are still studying. Some of the work we do here is truly enlightening for a variety of purposes, making it a shame that we can't publish our research yet. Ah, soon the world will recognize my geneious, but that's neither here nor there as they say.” Dr. Gerald said, looking at them with a rather impressed expression.

“These three have been here about a month, and have finished changing some time ago., They have been marvelous to study, and, unlike regular Tauros, much easier to command, more docile. Easier for training, believe me! Though, they aren't naturally born besides, and they have each other to quell their needs. All we need to do is make sure they are all together on a team, and they should be the perfect companions for our efforts!” Dr. Gerald said, and Jake looked up at him, confused.

“I thought you said you didn't use Pokemon for battle?” Jake said, and Gerald looked at him as though there was something important missing.

“Ah, yes, I did! But that's something that you'll come to understand soon.enough. I can't blame you for your ignorance in the face of such a genius experiment!” Was the only rebuttal, and Jake left it at that, not wanting to piss the guy off by asking what the doctor perceived as foolish questions.

Jake simply looked down at them, not really sure what to make of the situation. One of them was grazing some distance from the other two, looking all the more like a normal Pokemon. But the other two... it almost seemed like a mating display, the two of them touching noses before one moved behind the other, a waving erection that was both disturbing and yet something that he could not look away from. His intent was obvious, even if Jake hadn't seen anything in the way of Pokemon breeding before. But yet...one thing came to his mind, something that did not necessarily disturb him but left him confused.

“I thought all Tauros were male?” Jake asked, the idea of homosexual behavior in Pokemon foreign to him.

“Indeed they are! Though that matters little in the process of pleasure, does it not?” The doctor stated, and Jake said nothing, not really sure what to make of it. The doctor didn't seem to

be moving them from the spot, as though wanting him to watch what was going on. There was little to be done for it, given his state of captivity.

Both beasts were erect now, long, tapered members deep red and alien looking to someone not familiar with Pokemon mating habits or their sex organs. But without the ability to look away, he was privy to the sight of the generic Tauros getting on top of the one with the red markings, wrapping his front hooves against the flank of the other and spearing for his dirty rump with a taut pointed red erection. It took little effort for the slightly larger male to push in, grunting as he found his place in the other male and started to grunt his lusts.

“I see you don’t approve? Did you never guess where Pokemon eggs come from? Besides, there are no females here, and our virile males need release, after all. We prefer it this way at our stables, to be honest. Same sex pairs are easier to control, and they, of course, don’t produce Pokemon eggs. We are trying to limit the amount of Pokemon released back into the wild, after all, while using sex and sexual release as a way to keep our specimens placid. It’s truly a genius move, to be sure!”

Jake was silent at that, not sure how to perceive the circumstances. Gay Pokemon? He hadn’t heard of such a thing being widespread. How did he influence sexuality like that? He’d seen plenty of Pokemon centers and frequent breeding, same sex or no, was not something that happened on the regular. So, then, what was going on here?

Once more, it seemed as though Dr. Gerald was reading his mind. “Ah, I can see your mind racing. But don’t worry, it will all make sense in a few moments. Oh, I simply cannot wait for your reaction! These three are here, and not in use by our field agents, as they are part of a broader study. But most of the specimens we have here are...well, shall we say in a transitory state. It will soon make sense to you, and I often make notes on the reaction of various people based on what I perceive to be their personality types. You, well, let’s see if my theory is correct, shall we?” The doctor said, and with that, Jake was pulled up and taken away from the display of Pokemon breeding and toward whatever fate was in store for him.

Mind racing, Jake tried desperately to conceive of any possible circumstance that might account for the bizarre situation he found himself. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, there was simply no way for him to connect the dots in any meaningful way. He truly was not prepared for whatever the doctor had to show him, if it even made any sense at all. And given the way he was prattling on, with the facility running as it was, then, surely it wasn’t all ceaseless bluster.

“What is it they always say? Seeing is believing? You’ll soon see what we are working on in full, and, perhaps, come to understand your place in it,” Gerald said, and Jake was wheeled toward the opposite end of the ramp, toward a chamber near the wall to the outside.

“Normally, I ask this of all my captors before they are inducted into the program here, but in your case, I was in need of a specimen in short order. Even if you don’t have a choice in the matter now, I’ll pose it to you. If you were able to be granted the fantastical powers of a Pokemon, which would you like? Surely, you’ve thought about it at one time or another. I can tell by your physique that you’ve spent much time working on your body. What advantages would it have for you to have the powers of a fighting type pokemon, for example?” The doctor posed, and one of the two men grinned at that, as though the notion was not foreign to him.

“What do you mean? Pokemon are Pokemon,” Jake said, matter of factly. In truth, he had modeled his training on Pokemon as did his mentor. Fighting and Ice pokemon were forces of nature, and by respecting their place in the world, he was able to draw both their training to new heights. But to have the powers of a Pokemon...no. It was not something he had ever honestly considered. And not something he would ever foolishly entertain, a child’s fantasy and nothing more. And this man of science, no, this man of crime and kidnapping was posing the question to him like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“No? Well, this makes things easier, if not a bit dull. But it’s no matter in the end, I suppose. Let’s just look at these next two, shall we? I’m sure that everything I’ve been saying will soon start to make more sense...” The doctor said, and once more, Jake was prompted to look down into the chamber and at the beings being kept below.

Expecting to see a pair of Pokemon, the white coloration glinting from their forms certainly drew that conclusion. Though it took Jake a few minutes of looking to determine what Pokemon the short white fur belonged to. He thought for a moment that it might be a species he had not yet seen, one from another region or something that was otherwise very rare. But the more he looked down at the beasts, the more confused he became. Their bipedal stance, the structure of their arms and legs...they looked more...like humans? There were certainly human shaped pokemon but the more Jake stared the less that made any sense to him. These two just didn’t seem to be human like Pokemon, and the fur that covered them almost looked like the fur of a...

The sight of flame erupting from their longer neck and above their spines had Jake jump for a moment, not sure what it was he was looking at. Certainly, many Pokemon erupted fire, but there was something about the sight of things in this circumstance that settled a clarity in his mind. With their white fur, massive asses, and prognathous jaws, the mental image of a Ponyta or Rapidash came to mind. The fiery manes and tails all but confirmed that. And yet...

Soon, the flames went out again, and the more human aspects of the Pokemon came to the forefront of Jake’s awareness. Their hands and feet had fingers and toes, and it was clear

from the sight of their bodies they were bipedal. Faces were largely human-shaped, though with protruding lips, pointed ears, and massive flared nostrils. And though they were large, they did not meet the statures of the Rapidash's that their features portrayed. And, of course, there was the fact their ever-burning fire went up and down, as though the fuel within their skin was not present.

Of course, there was one more thing that brought Jake's attention, not something he wanted to see in the same way he had been disgusted by the erections the Tauros had sported. Their cocks were massive, flared, and flattened at the tip, pink and mottled black in contrast with the white of their fur. A sheath like an animal might have was hitched to their balls and groins. It looked for all the world like they were getting ready to fuck, these two...half Pokemon, half people. Like they were in the midst of some horrific experiment, some sort of physical transformation...

As much as he couldn't fathom staring, Jake simply couldn't look away as one moved to bend over, exposing a puckered horse's ass as the other one started sniffing intently. Erections bobbing, the first gripped his penis and led it to the protruding pucker of his cage mate. What looked like it should not have fit was pushed in eagerly, and both beasts nickered as their rut was able to start in earnest. They were all beasts in their behavior, whickering and snorting and fucking as the one on bottom held the weight of the other and stroked himself off with one hand.

"What the hell!?" Jake eventually declared, not really sure how to react, and absolutely lost his composure about the whole affair. Not only was he seeing more same-sex coupling, but these beasts were also impossible to deb as having been human. More than simply some sort of hybrids, their anatomy made no sense to the point that they had to be in the throes of some sort of impossible transformation. Nothing like the Pokemon Ditto, this was a slow affair, something that had occurred over a broader period and was slowly encroaching over their bodies.

Ignoring Jake's reaction, the doctor carried on as though the monstrosities before them were the most natural things in the world. "Mid-changed as they are, the biological fuel for their flames is not quite present to keep their manes and tails lit. That will soon change, within the day or so, I would think. Though I made sure their skin was already altered so there will be no chance of the flames harming them. Lit as they will be for the rest of their lives, it wouldn't do for their skin to succumb to burns, now, would it?" The Doctor said, as though the forms of two mid-changed humans becoming Pokemon was the most natural thing in the world.

Jake ignored the words, however, stunned as he was. The two were in the throes of lust, grunting and snorting and rocking back and forth. But as Jake started with rapt attention, something seemed to be poking from the tops of their foreheads, bubbling under the surface to the point where it soon burst through. Pointed and gleaming, it looked like the two of them were

in the midst of growing horns of sorts, like the Pokemon they resembled possessed. And unlike the rest of the changes, it was happening in real-time, to the point that confirmed Jake's horror and suspicion about the whole affair.

"The two of them have been here for a few days now, having lost a battle with some of our grunts," Dr. Gerald said, as though it was the most normal thing in the world occurring just below them. "Their forms were their choice, though their willingness to join the program was...dubious, at best. As with most of our specimens, as I'm sure you might assume! But, they were best friends, and it made sense to keep them together. And, once the changes are done they will love the new forms I've granted them, as do all my specimens. To be sure, some memories of their humanity remain but overall they are happy with the simpler needs and drives of the Pokemon they've become!"

Jake, for his part, couldn't believe what he was seeing or hearing. The whole notion of turning people into Pokemon was beyond his ability to fathom. And yet it was unlikely the whole thing was a setup, given the absurdity of such a thing and the sheer amount of planning that would need to occur for such to be legitimate. With the possibility of a hoax or a trap ruled out, that left only the truth of the matter, that the beings below him had been human, and were now in the process of becoming Pokemon. And, unwilling or no, they were seeming to enjoy the process, physically at least, in the passions of the other.

The doctor seemed prudent to prattle on, as though a proud student sharing his work. "I told you we've been working on genetics here, did I not? Well, this is the ultimate culmination of all my life's work, built on the backs of the former team but still unlocked by yours truly nonetheless! Well, in analyzing Pokemon DNA we've determined that not only can their abilities be replicated, but the very way their DNA is altered within a host organism. After all, most Pokemon retain the genetic blueprints for evolution, and with that in mind, it was only a matter of finding the proper genetic markers. The original goal, as you might have assumed, was to give human Pokemon powers. Imagine our surprise when the evolutionary DNA could not be separated and the introduction not only changed the subject's DNA but forced total subjugation of it! The sexual urges, well, I think that humans innately need such stimulation, and we were able to work certain hormones within the genetics to allow for the desired results."

"Ah, but I digress! It is a lot of information to take in, I understand! It would be a waste to go over all the possibilities with you, not when you'll come to slowly understand in the next few days and weeks. But that will come later, and I have several more specimens I want to show you for now!" The doctor said, taking them from the mating soon-to-be fire horse Pokemon.

“Why are you doing this? They’re people!” Jake called out, fear palpable in his voice. After all, if his assumptions were true, then...there was no reason for him to be shown any of this if he was not to be the next intended victim, right?

“Why? You mean besides from allowing humans to gain the fantastic powers of Pokemon like so many before me have dreamed? It should make sense even to the unenlightened. Besides, I consider it humane. To rid the world of Pokmeon oppressors by making them the very Pokemon they sought to enslave? It’s only logical! This way, their naturally born brethren can be returned to their natural existence, and we can still harness the usefulness of Pokemon by transforming an overpopulated group into those to suit our needs. It’s truly genius!”

It was then Jake became aware of a mark on his arm, one reminiscent of when he had to give blood once, though in a different location. It was a small thing, barely noticed, especially over the panic he felt from the sight before him. But now that his attention was on it...there was no denying that he’d been injected with something against his will, likely the same thing that had been given to those below. Such should have been impossible, but then, what was it he was looking at down below if not the real thing? And, there was the real implication of why else would he be shown all of this, if not...?

His thoughts seemingly betraying him, the doctor simply smirked. “Well, now, the mating act is simply fascinating to watch, in my opinion. Sexual urges drive the changes, much to my delight in witnessing that first time, I can assure you! Why, it would be something I would have encouraged myself if it did not occur naturally! It keeps the subjects placid, easy to train, and best of all seemed to accelerate the changes to the point where the more painful alterations to musculature and bone structure occur in the middle of rut, the climax masking the otherwise uncomfortable process. Even same-sex pairs often partake, though, if I must confess, that is my personal preference and not simply because of the obvious facts I already relayed to you! But, I digress! The need for sex is certainly useful for my purposes!”

“Shall we move on? I don’t grow tired of watching my patrons mating, but there are several in the process of change that I wish to show you before...well, that would be telling. I want to gauge your reaction to my more, shall we say, ambitious projects,” he continued, and with that, Jake was wheeled toward what he assumed would be the next enclosure.

Jake could scarcely fathom what was in store for him, given the scope of Pokemon in the wide world. Turning into something bestial like a Rapidash, or, presumably, the Tauros, was beyond his understanding. But there were Pokemon that defied the natural order, made of minerals, plant matter, and metal. Surely it would kill people to be turned into something like that, if not from the relatively mundane changes he had witnessed thus far. Just what sort of experiments were being run here? He was about to find out.

His thoughts betrayed him, the doctor prattling on before they reached the other end of the massive room. It was nearly a 15-minute walk from end to end over the catwalk, giving scope to the vastness of the enclosures. Everything was deep and concrete, making it impossible for beings even with fantastical powers to escape from. He was starting to understand the implications of what was being done here and the futility of the situation.

“We have the ability to turn subjects into a wide variety of Pokemon, which might fascinate you. Even ones without what we recognize would be functional DNA. We are trying some new experiments, all for the safety of the subject, of course, that's of utmost importance! But it's amazing how similar various Pokemon species really are on a cellular level, even those so far removed from what we perceive as organic life!”

“Ah, but I'm getting ahead of myself, my my. These next two are a little more...mundane, in comparison. No less important, I can assure you! In fact, you're...well, that would be telling! No spoilers, now!” The doctor said, and Jake felt a cold shiver running through him at that. It confirmed what concerned him. And yet, there was nothing to be done about it.

“These next few would have been valuable breeding specimens some years ago. Though with their numbers returning to a more substantial level, there is no obligation on my part to use them for breeding purposes. Other than the mating they will normally partake in, I can assure you!” The doctor said with a laugh.

“To that end, I have a massive saltwater tank that I love to fill with varying specimens. It's fascinating, really, to have subjects of various species interact sexually with each other before their changes are complete. Such sometimes even engage in trios and...but, I get ahead of myself again, I must confess! There are only two in there now, of the same species. But they were collected in the same batch as several other specimens, and are in the early stages of transition, something that should prove fascinating in displaying my processes, I should think!”

The briny scent of the saltwater hit Jake's nose as they grew closer to what he assumed was the tank. Honestly, he didn't know what to think about what was to come. He was clearly not bound for aquatic life, given the way the doctor was carrying on. Not something he would have wanted, for sure. Not that he wanted to be any Pokemon, still not believing such was possible. But if he had to choose...could he even imagine ever making such a choice? Especially if it was to be something that would occur forever, no return to his humanity?

For once, the doctor was quiet, as though waiting for his reaction to the display below. The tank was large, more so than anything he had seen in an indoor stadium before. Perhaps at a water Pokemon Gym, though he had no frame of reference having never visited one before.

There was obviously plenty of room for the two beings on a flotation square in the center, likely finding much more manageable in their obvious hybrid state.

The pair had the form of naked swimmers, that much was obvious, and likely the reason they were in this particular habitat. But it was obvious their meticulously sculpted bodies were no longer such, bulbous and bloated in odd places. They were larger, too, not fat perhaps, though it did not sit on their forms in a way that was instantly perceivable. Their bodies had put on something that could only be considered bloat, though the blue skin spreading over their forms made it obvious their physiques were not human.

The two of them were in the middle of making out, which was not a surprise given the activities of the other inhabitants of the cages. Fingers and toes were thick with webbing in between them, that same light bluish shade covering them and seeming to spread up their arms as they kissed. Their necks were inhumanly long as well, soft pops making it likely they still had some ways to grow.

But it was the sight of their inhuman cocks that really made Jake shudder. Writhing like snakes, they were almost wrapped against each other, leaking and sliding from slits that had replaced the external testicles on their groins. Their flexibility was nearly inhuman and Jake was unsure what sort of Pokemon they belonged to. He wouldn't have wanted to know before today, forced to watch as he was. He certainly couldn't imagine it happening to him. And, yet...

“Oh? Giving it some more thought, are we? Have you realized the truth yet? Surely you have. But it will still be a surprise, I'm sure, in the end. You could not have any idea, not with over 1000...well, I don't want to give too much away, too soon. I tend to run my mouth a fair bit when I'm excited, haha!”

“But let's direct our attention to these subjects for now, shall we? As I said, the Lapras species was on the verge of extinction for the longest time, but are thankfully now on the rise! The perfect Pokemon for transportation and certainly some use for us. The pair of them will be kept together, of course, used to ferry us back and forth as needed but never separated. We make sure that, save for the Pokeball, we keep our specimens together. Makes them easier to train, you see. And a better quality of life, I'm sure. The sexual urges last into the final changes, you see,” the doctor said, and suddenly the state the pair of them were in made more sense. Even the weird bumps on their back he could now make out had purpose, what would eventually be their shells, he was sure. Not that he could imagine the changes ever looking natural and part of the Pokemon they were to become.

“But yes, as much as I'm sure we all want to keep watching our subjects change, they are gradual, and as such, we would be here for several days. Of course, I keep recordings of all the

subjects here for...research purposes. I suppose there's no point in hiding the fact that I truly get off by watching my subjects changing and indulging in their new sexualities. But it's no matter. No one who sees what we have occurring here ever leaves human, after all. Most of the agents are...aware, to a degree. Not the transformation process per se, but they know enough. We make sure our humans-turned-Pokemon are treated humanely, after all. Not like some of the former trainers treated their own, let me tell you!" The doctor said, a seemingly angry look in his eyes. It was obvious that he resented humanity. He would have to, after all. To the point of madness, Jake reasoned for this to be his passion in life.

With that, another thought occurred to him, and Jake regarded the two men behind him with a look of confusion. The man had explicitly said no one knew of the changes, that no one left human. Did that mean...?

"It's time we show you some more of our facilities here. Just a few more for now, but I have time to show you, I should think. Not if we lollygag around here too much longer, mind!" The doctor said and motioned for the two guards to push his chair along. Jake couldn't help but notice the man had an erection in his pants and was disgusted at the notion of all the lives he was ruining. Clearly, he was a sociopath, but one that had all the cards, so to speak, and there was little to be done for it, at the man's whims as he was.

Jake had little time to reflect on things further as he was wheeled toward their next destination. Part of him wanted to see what was in the chambers, but they would have to make it to the viewing platforms above each to see what was inside. So, he was left to guess the horrors that awaited within and were at the whims of the doctor's tour and what he wished to show him. To his dismay, he found it was a little chilly up here, likely a result of the machinery needed to keep each individual habitat the proper temperature. Still, it sent a shiver through his body, making his skin change shade slightly and coating him in gooseflesh.

Still, he could not have anticipated what was waiting for him in the large structure with massive rocks and a sand pit, looking fit for a ground-type Pokemon. The beings within were far too small for that possibility, it seemed, but that was likely soon to change if the sight of them could be believed. They were about ten feet long, much of that in the tails they possessed sticking from the backs of them. Arms and legs, while present, were stubby, void of their digits, and barely able to move, as though they would soon be robbed from their forms. And their trunks were massive, thicker than humanly possible, and merging perfectly with the tails they now possessed. And their mouths were larger, stretched out somewhat, and looking inhuman.

But that was not the most disturbing thing about the serpentine-like visages they seemed to possess, far larger than any snake Pokemon he was familiar with. Their skin was hard, bumpy, and protruding in several places. The texture looked rough and gray like the surface of a stone,

and it seemed unevenly segmented in some places. If Jake didn't know any better, he would be sure he was looking like the surface of the stone, but such should have been impossible. They were clearly in a later stage of change, likely having been there some time, though Jake had no reference for the timetable of the changes. In their surreal state, he had no idea what they could possibly be turning into, despite the lack of humanity they already possessed.

Though the two of them did not have obvious genitalia at first, one rolled over, surprisingly flexible and skilled at moving their bodies. A slit within one of the rocks released a pair of squirming penises, surprisingly organic when compared to the rather stony shape of their skin. They were as flexible as the ones possessed by the Lapras men he had seen earlier, both erect and leaking and large even in comparison with their massive bodies. Either from the sight or smell of it, the other creature's cocks came out as well, and the creatures rolled toward each other, eager to take their sexual pleasure in each other. Each member sought a slit underneath the others, pushing inside as powerful inhuman bellows echoed from the cavernous maws the two possessed. For the life of him, Jake couldn't figure out what Pokemon they were changing into, though was prompted to stare, mesmerized at their mating act.

Seeing the look of confusion on his captive's face, the doctor leaned down and said, "It might be a little difficult to determine what they are becoming at first, which is understandable. I'll just come out with it, rather than keep you in suspense. Are you familiar with the Pokemon Onix? Ah, but of course, you would be! It's no matter, but it's that Pokemon's DNA transforming the two men below. As I implied earlier, it is possible to affect a human's cellular structure into a more mineral composition without any harm to the individual! In this case, the calcification process was a complete success, though there is still a way to go before the process is finished. Interestingly enough, though, there are enough biological components with an Onix's DNA comparable to other Pokemon that it works to make a total conversion possible. Pokemon anatomy is truly amazing, and these two are undergoing something the likes of which will accelerate our studies by many years in a matter of weeks!"

"You're insane!" Jake sputtered out, not wanting to make the outburst to his captors but unable to resist the urge. Though the changing humans seemed no worse for wear, they were normal men before the process and were being damned to a life unfathomable before the process began.

"Perhaps I am, but that's neither here nor there, as it is. I see you're not as interested in the implications of my processes as I might have hoped. That's OK, I don't suspect anyone, save some willing volunteers, would have the same sort of fascination as I do. I do, however, feel I have a duty to tell you as much as I can about what I do here before I add you to my menagerie!"

Jake felt another chill running through him, and not just from the doctor's words. It was very cold in the room, though it didn't seem to be affecting the other three men. His body wasn't heating up to compensate as it normally would, Jake was used to the cold from his years of training. But no matter how much he focused on himself, Jake simply couldn't get warm again. The realization sent another shiver through him, one of fear this time, though he didn't say anything else, not wanting to know what the doctor might say if he brought awareness to what was happening.

The doctor continued to lecture him, ignoring the outburst and getting back to the program at hand. "Rock and steel types are the hardest to change, to be sure. But we've made great strides in such a short amount of time, and I want to take you to see another example of it," the doctor said before he was wheeled away from the sight of the two of them. In part, Jake was thankful, not wanting to see the poor men in their hybrid state. Though, to the doctor's benefit, it did seem as though the two of them could get around in their half-snake-like bodies, able to eat and fuck, at the very least. And if they changed all the way, they would surely be as mobile as the Pokemon they had become.

The next enclosure was present beside the first, leaving little time for him to reflect on what he had just seen. This enclosure was a lot smaller, Jake's first impression showed him. And, the moment he was in range to look down. Jake was able to spot only a single being within. The shape of them was hard to make out, though the more he looked, the more he saw the man in what appeared to be a rounded form, skin stretched around him in grotesque ways. His eyes had merged together, a single, horrific view as he stared into the void of his chamber. His shoulders, warped and rounded, made what looked like the start of other eyes, though they were currently closed and leaking, as though not fully formed. Their legs were all but absent, and Jake was shocked to see their body was hovering there, held up by some force that Jake could scarcely understand. Hands, too, were in a precarious shape, fingers fused in two perfect squares that reminded him almost of...magnets? Yet, he couldn't for the life of him understand what he was looking at.

"The electrochemical nature of this Pokemon allows him to persist in this state without needing to be held up," the doctor said, oblivious to the Eldritch horror that his machinations had crafted. Jake simply couldn't fathom what the person was going through. He looked, head and body merged as they were, like a skin-colored coating that was all over him. Part of Jake wondered if his skin would change to rock or steel, like the Onix men he had seen in the pen before. That was perhaps why the alterations to his form looked so strange, though it was impossible for Jake to know without asking. And, in truth, he didn't want to know, fearful that fate would end up as his own sooner than later.

The one thing he noticed about the poor man was how sad he seemed, even though there was little in the way of a visible mouth or nose any longer. He was alone, unlike the doctor's other specimens, with no one to pleasure his sexual outlets. Wait...there was nothing down there, as much as he could see. So, then, what was...?

A spark lit up the room suddenly, and the being below started blinking rapidly from the single eye, as though being overwhelmed with sensation. Jake was shocked when the other two eyes on the being's 'shoulders' blinked to life for a moment, and nearly screamed. They, too, seemed to possess the same glazed-over expression, one that might have been interpreted as pleasure or ecstasy if such could be experienced in his current state of being. It was as though the change being forced through them was pulsating their being with pleasure, to the point that they were experiencing the same sorts of lust.

The doctor was soon to confirm his worries, eager to explain his process. "This subject doesn't get to experience sex in their current form, sadly, one of the few subjects we have here that does not reproduce in such a manner. Though the pleasure from the electrical stimulation is similar to that of orgasm, if not more intense. It did result in orgasm while they still possessed a penis, and in monitoring their brain chemistry, it seemed the mental aspect was even more intense. Such seemed to ease the transitions to come, and now they crave the stimulation, something we are happy to give to them several times a day!" The doctor said, his sociopathy clear as though he didn't just turn a human being into a half-mechanical freak.

Rage building the entire time, Jake could hardly restrain himself from calling out at the man doing this to people. He couldn't imagine a fate worse than this one, and if he was already to change, it didn't matter if he got mad at them. It was a moral outrage, one he couldn't hold back no matter how detrimental it would be to his own health and future.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?! Why are you OK with doing this to people? Why the hell are you two helping him?!" Jake called out, glaring at the two men pushing him around. What the hell had they been thinking to enable such a thing?

No matter what he figured the response would be, Jake was not ready for Dr. Gerald to simply laugh at that, as though it was the most absurd thing in the world. "Why do you think they are working for me?" He said, as though the answer should have been right in front of his face.

Without a word, the man in the trench coat took it off from underneath, as though his arms were under the jacket and making the effort. Jake gasped, not expecting the sight underneath. It was obvious his arms were massive, even under the jacket. But the sight of their bulk was something truly magnificent to behold. Twice the size of any human he had seen, it

seemed almost impossible for arms to be so thick, bulging biceps, thick lower arms, and sausage-sized fingers the envy of even his master Brycen.

But it was under those arms that really made Jake do a double take. Underneath there was a perfectly matched skin-colored set of arms, apparently from the skin of his back and looking like they were supposed to be part of his anatomy. There was no denying the power they seemed to possess, knowing full well a Machamp could easily crush a mountain with a single blow. He flexed them both in a display to show them off, and Jake was vaguely aware that the hat he was wearing had been removed as well, showing a bald visage and crests the likes of which were the envy of any full blooded Machamp.

The other man grinned as well, showing off a set of feline fangs that made Jake shiver in reflexive fear. He then took off his glasses, showing yellowed eyes that, with the reddish sideburns he possessed, looked more suited to belong to an Incineroar than a human. The man didn't take off any of his clothes, though Jake could only imagine the places on the man's physiology that he might have altered to a more feline form. Especially given the proclivities of the other subjects in the doctor's stables.

“As you can imagine, my assistants are more than eager to show off their alterations. They came to me willingly after knowing my abilities to alter them, and they wished to become the partial Pokemon that you see before you. It is possible to slow or even halt the progress of the changes to allow the partial forms you see before you. Though, if they ever decide a totally Pokemon fate more befitting for the rest of their lives, that is an option as well!” The doctor said, proud of his creations as much as the two of them were in showing themselves.

“But don't worry about such changes. I can assure you that what I've shown you thus far is on the more extreme end of what I do here. I do try to offer my subjects a life that is not only beneficial for us but beneficial for themselves as well. And, in other cases, some of the subjects come to me willingly! I try to keep our operations on the lower end of the public's awareness, of course, but there are those that find out about what we do from the various feelers I put out. And with that, I draw in subjects that wish to, for whatever reason, become particular Pokemon. There is a market for it, believe me, and I am just as happy guiding others to their new lives as I am in enhancing our own work!” The doctor declared, and Jake was left stunned, no help coming if everyone here was either helpless or in on the depraved experience.

It was soon to become much worse than that, however, Jake shivering visibly now from the cold that was seeping into his very bones. It was as though his internal temperature was decreasing, his mammalian ability to maintain it robbed of him. Worse than that, he could almost see his breath in the air, his own temperature not meeting the temperature in the room. It was

clear at the point that it could not be played off as the temperature being too cold. It sent another kind of shiver through his spine, one that betrayed his fear over what was to happen.

Still, the doctor seemed not to care what was happening to him, more interested in what he was about to show him than his own state of being. That was likely to change after he was done with the tour and revealed whatever he had planned for Jake's ultimate fate. "Sometimes we try Pokemon together of different species, generally ones that come here of their own violation. Naturally, these are at the request of the particular subject's request, but it is still fascinating to watch in their own way. Studying Pokemon interspecies relationships has a variety of uses on team dynamics, battle strategies, and various other projects! We currently have a pair of males, ones that did not mind their same-sex inclinations, or were perhaps already a couple. It doesn't matter now, and they will be kept together on a team and allowed to couple as often as it takes to keep them happy and placid, as promised," Dr. Gerald said, having Jake brought over to the viewing platform before being forced to watch the horrific changes.

Yet, the process here was hardly as terrifying as he might have suspected. Rather, the two of them looked to be the most normal so far, half changed as they were. One of them was standing up, a little shorter than an average adult. His head stuck up on his head, and his face pushed out into a blunt muzzle of sorts. Though his skin was largely bare, patches of blue had risen around them, something that after a few moments of looking Jake was able to discern was fur. A short, crooked tail wagged from his backside, and the backs of his hands had erupted with thick pointed spikes. The hybrid form was a little hard for Jake to make out, though eventually, he determined the man was on his way of transformation towards a Lucario.

He was naked, though there was no sight of his cock, given that it was currently being deep-throated by another man, this one covered in rock-gray fur. He had a long, fluffy tail wagging behind him, fully formed and showing his eagerness in pleasing his mate. One hand reached up to cup his mate's blue-furred balls, though the other was unable to achieve such a task ever again, having shrank into a rather canine paw. His back feet were stretched, as though in some sort of hybrid state. Unsurprisingly, the wolf man had a rather impressive erection, red and leaking and likely fully canine, as the man's visage implied. It looked, to Jake, like the man was becoming a midday Lycanroc, though he had never seen one up close.

The sex, as he had come to understand, was accelerating the changes to the point that Jake could see them happen in real-time. The Lycanroc, even though he was not being directly sexually stimulated, was still growing rocks from his neck, pointed and spiked to the point it was obvious they were becoming the pointed crown of his chosen species. The Lucario man, eyes rolled back in sexual bliss, was standing up on stretched heels, toes clenching on the ground to the point that he was gaining paws where his toes once were.

Jake continued to stare with some interest as the Lucario put his paws onto the Lycanroc's head, encouraging his oral ministrations. He seemed to grip it tighter as his end drew near, and the cry of "CCCAAARRRRIO!" came from his lips, all Pokemon in the inflections as he came, filling his wolverine mate with semen. The Lycanroc drank down everything his lover had to offer, eventually pulling off and panting with a cum soaked muzzle. He reached out with his tongue, cleaning the Lucario's shaft of semen and saliva as the Lucario patted his head, glad that his mate was doing a good job.

Watching as the Lucario got down on all fours and raised his ass and tail for his mate's inspection, Jake could feel a stirring in his crotch that left him powerfully confused. He couldn't look away from the sight, eyes fixated on what the two of them were doing. It was turning him on like nothing had a right to, and Jake couldn't help but notice that his cock was on fire, pushing at the seat of his pants, making him moan and wish he could cover himself. But to his dismay, he was left to be exposed to the three of them, pants stained from his arousal as his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"I see you're finally starting to enjoy yourself! It certainly took long enough, but it always happens to my subjects sooner or later. I'm sure it was obvious that you are to be one of my subjects, and that you know I could never show you all of this without changing you in some way. But do you have any guesses as to your eventual fate? How do you feel, praytell?" Dr. Gerald asked, waiting with bated breath to see what Jake would say.

Jake had no idea what to tell him. He wanted to spit in the man's face for what he was doing, but such would not matter in the long run. And, besides, the cold was really settling in over his skin, making him shiver and wish to rub himself, though there was nothing to be done for it, restrained as he was.

"Ccc-cold..." Jake managed to mutter, though with the chills running through him and the raging erection flowing through his loins, there was nothing else he could manage to say.

"Ah, that makes sense. I do have a few more specimens I could show you, but the serum in your veins is coming to fruition and I want to get you into your eventual habitat soon. I doubt you'll be able to fully appreciate my processes in your current state, anyway. I hope that you've enjoyed what I've done here, and even if you haven't, well, your fate is to be part of them regardless. You'll come to love the life I provide, and you are going to be part of the largest group I've ever assembled. It's really magnificent, and I've been fortunate to get enough participants all at once!"

Jake couldn't suppress his fear at this point, years of training all gone by the wayside with the horror of what was to come. He didn't know what he was to turn into, save for the fact

that it was cold and that his body temperature was lower than a human's. And there was no denying that he would change soon, that he would be one of those in the cages against their will, sexuality and humanity to be robbed of him. The fact the man had a specific plan for him was not enough to allay his fears as he was wheeled to what would likely be his final destination.

“As I’ve said, you’ll be part of our biggest experiment yet. I know I’ve said this likely several times by now, but I simply can’t contain my excitement. You’ll be joining seven of my latest recruits, all of whom were settled into their habitat just yesterday. I wish I’d been able to get you all to change together, but with how short it’s been since I brought the others, and with the urges the changes provide, I’m sure you’ll catch up to the rest in no time!”

Jake was a little stunned at that, having no real idea what was waiting for him at the end of the hallway. But it was soon to find out, and focusing on the present was at least taking a little of the chill out of his body. It was of little comfort, however, with what was to come and what his future would hold.

Assuming the habitat would need to be rather large to house eight changing people, Jake was a little surprised to find that it was smaller than the Onyx habitat, though only just. It was a wide open space with what looked like small cages or pens at each corner, two in between and two more in the center. There were indeed seven men in the habitat, though it was harder to see some of them from the angle he was at. To his dismay, the tops of the cages were translucent so that anyone looking down at them could see inside, allowing no privacy. Though it was likely in the doctor’s interest to see and experience every aspect of his subjects’ lives as they changed, or even after. All of the men were naked, of course, something that Jake had expected. But at first glance, there weren’t any obvious changes to their physiologies, the most human of all the men in cages that Jake had been shown.

The first pen looked to have a heater within, heat lines rising in the air and making Jake wish he could be the one under it to alleviate the cold plaguing him. The man was chubby, though, like everyone else he had seen in the pens, he was sporting a modest erection, one that he was trying desperately not to touch. His hair was short-cropped, and his chest hair seemed thick, far thicker than it should have been at first glance. Looking at it more closely, the hair seemed puffy, yellow, and in clear contrast to the hair on his head or on the rest of his body. And were those pointed ears? Jake couldn’t quite say.

Next was another man in a mediation position, trying to refrain from touching the rather prominent erection that was sitting on his groins. His habitat was more mundane, with several pillows and rather sensual lighting in the chamber. In contrast to the first man, this one was small and skinny, almost looking ill. His hair was short as well, though sideburns were a rather surprising shade of purple, as though they had been unnaturally dyed. But it was the rather

prominent tail waving behind him that could not exist in the human form. Jake wanted to feel sorry for him, but there was little to be done for it, given that he was to be next.

The next pen had a machine within, akin to the ones in the previous habitat with the man changing into a Magnezone. He was pacing, his chamber a little larger than some of the others he had seen before now. He had long hair, a leaner stature, almost athletic. He was rubbing his body, and what sounded like static electricity popped and cracked as he did so. What was most damning, however, was the series of yellowed spines peppering his back, as though long fused hairs had erupted from the skin. Whatever was happening, it was evident he was extremely anxious, pacing back and forth and trying not to rub at skin that would so obviously pain him to do so.

Next to draw his attention was the sound of someone yelling, looking up at them, and clearly pissed off at the sight of the doctor. Jake couldn't quite make out the words from up here, though they were clearly expressive of his hatred for the doctor and his situation. He was rugged with messy hair, and the visage drew Jake to the stereotype of a biker. He had a bit of a gut but was relatively muscled as well, and he possessed a noticeable scar on his face. Yet, in contrast to his blond hair, his sideburns were pitch black and thick on his features, changing the lower part of his human hair. What really had Jake's attention, however, was the glowing rings on his body, around his arms and legs, like tattoos, though likely not to be the case given the state of change everyone was in.

A splash brought Jake's attention to the center of the habitat, one with a decently sized pool. A lean, muscled swimmer was moving back and forth over the water and had evidently been there the entire time. Jake had not seen him the entire time, as though he had been under the water. The reason for it was soon apparently with the massive fins that had replaced his ears. From the way they were opening and closing, it was obvious to even Jake that they were the start of gills, bluish skin running down his neck and cheeks as well.

The sight of him brought Jake's attention around to what looked like a habitat containing a garden within. Two chambers were present in the same garden-like area, though both remaining men were sitting together inside, touching each other's chests and both sporting obvious erections. They seemed much more amicable to each other than any of the other people he'd seen changing. In fact, they reminded him more of the Lucario and Lycanroc, like they were enjoying the changes and the lust that came with them. They both had cum on their bellies, glistening in the sight as though they had orgasmed recently with no shame. And, surely that was one way the case might work out to bear.

Of all of them, those two were the most changed of anyone else in the habitat. One man was not only rubbing the other with his hands but with massive, pink skin ribbons, running over

his shoulders and down toward his back, which had extended into a blunt tail of sorts. He also wore a bow on his chest, heart-shaped, and looked more like part of his anatomy than anything else. His ears, too, were long, short pink hairs covering them and making him look more like a fairy type than anything.

The other man was in a similar state, though possessed a longer tail and large pointed ears. But it was the sight of the green protrusions adorning them that really drew Jake's attention. If he squinted, he could make out the leaf like patterns that marked him as a grass type. There were what looked like leaves growing from his wrists and ankles, making Jake sure of what he was watching. There was something about the shape of the ears that seemed to match, even though they were obviously turning into two different species of two different types. The images seemed somewhat familiar though Jake could not quite place them with the changes in their earlier state.

Finally, drawing his attention all the way around, there was one pen that did not have any occupants. For a moment it seemed to Jake like it might belong to one of the two men currently enjoying each other's changes. Yet, with their own pens clearly set up, it seemed possible that the place was waiting for the 8th man, who he understood was to be him. It looked to be a refrigeration unit of some sort, cool air visible rushing for it and being the furthest away from the heated area. The habitat for a Pokemon that enjoyed the cold, it seemed like.

The cold, however, was not something that usually bothered him, being used to it from his training. It was not the cold in the room that had been affecting him, rather his own lower temperature, realizing that his own body was no longer shivering. It was as though his body was getting used to the cold, like he might expect of an ice-type Pokemon. Like his body was already in the process of changing...

"Well, have you figured it out yet? If it's not too obvious, don't worry! You wouldn't be the first one not to understand their fate before eventually getting you into your own habitat. Let me give you a hint. All of the participants of this experiment are changing into something different. It might not be entirely obvious, but they are all of different types. Yet, they all share something in common. And there is one missing, on whose place you will soon be taking over. Any guesses?" Dr. Gerald asked, his anticipation high with whatever Jake might say to him.

Jake wanted to yell out, to try to get away and escape such an accursed fate. But there was nothing he could do in the face of such a circumstance, feeling trapped and restrained and weak from the changes to his body. He felt he should feel ill from the lower temperature, though whatever fluid was flowing through his body seemed not to be allowing him to feel ill from it. All the more likely he was becoming an ice-type Pokemon. One he knew shared something in common with seven other species, all of different types. Then, what did that mean...?

The realization hit him like a ton of bricks. There was indeed one Pokemon that evolved into multiple forms, eight in all, a pokemon that he knew well and even grew up with. The evolution Pokemon, Eevee. A rare Pokemon but one that was known the world over for its unique ability to adapt to their surroundings. Different habitats for different types, exposure to rare stones, and companionship with their trainers. And there were already seven men as part of this experiment. If he was to become the eighth...

It did not take him long to come to understand his fate. The man with the yellowed fur chest in a fire pit, a Flaeron. The man with gills, a Vaporeon. The man with the tail and purple hair would be an Espeon. The man with the back spines would be a Jolteon. The glowing rings were a trait shown by an Umbreon. The pink ribbons were possessed by a Sylveon, and the leaf-like protrusions might be turning into a Leafeon. And that left the ice-type Glaceon top to inhabit the last pen. And in all probability, that was to be Jake's fate...

“Ah, I see the light going off in your eyes. You've trained in Icirrus City, yes? Used to the cold? That's good. You'll be much more used to it in the coming hours, I'm sure. That's how I've designed the process, to allow the body to change in order to adapt to the particular Pokemon's physiology. And in the time that you've been shown my facilities, your body has already changed so that you'll be more comfortable in the pen I've prepared for you. Not that you can't leave the pen, of course, you'll be comfortable in any environment. Well, perhaps not the heat or the Desert Resort across the region, you'd want to go back into a Pokeball then, I'm sure! But that's neither here nor there, and you'll have quite some time with your new mates before we take you out for training and study!”

The words mostly fell on deaf ears at this point, Jake not able to believe what was about to happen to him. He didn't want to be a Pokemon, forced to slowly change against his will and be left to the whims of the doctor. He didn't want to be brainwashed and put into a training program, forced to battle on behalf of these madmen for whatever nefarious purpose they had for him. But most of all, he didn't want to be put in a position where he would be forced to mate with them, change his inclinations and sexuality only to be changed faster, and lose what little he had left of his human life.

The cold and chills that had plagued him for the past twenty minutes or so seemed to have abated, as though his body was used to being at a lower core temperature now. Looking down at the injection site, he could tell that his skin was a bluish shade, far more than what he would expect if he was simply chilled or ill. He was likely growing the beginnings of a blue-furred coat, with skin changes preceding the hair growth until it finally filled in. He would change just like the rest of them, forced to become a Pokemon over the next several days. Worse, the erection in his pants would simply not go down to the point where he was sure he would have

to alleviate it soon. And, given the proclivities that the other changed victims, he was sure he would be tempted to the point of being unable to resist the sexual desires that were sure to follow. It was all too much for him to bear!

“Ah, I do apologize for this next part, but to ensure no harm comes to you or my assistants, I will have to sedate you. The others are all in the middle of trying to resist their changes and will likely not need sedation. But it's for the best that we put you under before getting you ready to enter your new habitat. Don't want to hurt yourself or us, yes?”

“Don't you...stop!” Jake called out, though there was little he could do as the Doctor expertly pulled out his syringe and jabbed Jake's other arm with it. Jake tried to struggle, knowing that at any moment he would be pulled down into the darkness. But there was nothing to be done for it, and the fatigue from his fear and the fluids coursing through him brought him down and down into blackness and the end of his life as he knew it...

Head ablaze, Jake woke up and looked around the room to see his four walls were tight around him, though the space was large enough for him to stand up and walk around, if only just. He was naked, his clothing having been removed beforehand, something that did not surprise him given the state of the other captives. It was freezing in here, his breaths coming out in icy gasps, though the temperature did not seem to bother him as it might. It was clearly cold, skin blue in some places but especially along his arms, where he had likely been injected. A part of him was certain that the discoloration was not part of the cold and a sign of changes to come.

Standing up, though feeling dizzy, Jake took stock of the room he was in. there was a side room, one that if he entered contained a large container of sand-like material. It was closed off from the rest of the pen, and it took Jake a few moments to realize what he was looking at. Of course, without a noticeable toilet, and nowhere else to relieve himself...Jake shivered, disgusted by the implication. There were worse Pokemon to be in terms of relieving themselves, he figured, though was not inclined to use a litter box as might a pet. It was only a further sign he was being stripped of his humanity, and sent shivers of despair through him, in contrast to the cold which no longer bothered his altering skin.

The main area, kept at a rather low temperature, had some padded cushions that seemed like bedding, rather comfortable for Jake to wake up on in his opinion. It was likely a sleeping area of sorts, one kept separate from the others for his own comfort. After all, if they were all turning into different species of various types, it made sense to Jake that they would need different sleeping arrangements. He couldn't imagine sleeping comfortably next to the Flareon man, for example, thinking he would melt. Like the ice type Pokemon he was becoming...

A tear rolled down his cold cheek, though was soon frozen in the low temperature of the room. It had to be set to below -10 degrees, though Jake had no way to immediately tell. It took him a moment to notice the thermostat, seeing it set at -15 degrees, colder than he expected. He was cold, but not bothered by it as he thought he might be. Rather, the first of the changes to his form was that his body was made to handle lower temperatures, that his base temperature was not only lower but designed to maintain it and be comfortable in it. He had no idea what that was, and would likely never be able to ask the man that had changed him in the first place.

“Hey, you’re awake!” A shy voice came from outside, and the curtain to the outside opened up, one of the men he recognized from his tour. It was the man with the tail, one that was a little longer than he was sure he’d seen before. The purple sideburns were more pronounced, running almost down to the point of his beard, and the man’s ears looked a little more pointed, but otherwise, he was largely in the same shape as Jake had seen him before. Jake had no idea how long he had been out, but it couldn’t have been too long. But then he had no idea how long the changes took, how rapid they were, or how much sex altered the rate of them. Fuck, there was so much he didn’t know about that it was aggravating!

It wasn’t until the man turned away, looking a little abashed as Jake gazed on. Jake suddenly found himself aware he had been staring at the man, looking for more changes. He was deeply ashamed, figuring the man was likely as abashed of the changes as anything. He likely hadn’t wanted to be here as much as anyone else would, right?

“Sorry, sorry,” Jake said, looking away and trying not to berate himself too much for the shame he felt in making things worse for someone he didn’t even know.

“It’s OK. I’m just a little embarrassed about the ears. I was pretty attached to my piercings too, and the damn doctor took them out before he injected me. I kept feeling for the holes for as long as they were there, but you can’t even tell they’re there anymore. See?” The man said a little sadly.

Jake let himself turn around to get a better look at the man, though tried not to stare this time, knowing the man was ashamed of his changes. Not that he could blame him, of course. He tried to only give the man’s body a brief glance before focusing in on his ears as was the man’s request. He was lean, did not have much tone, and had some body hair. The smaller man would be someone Jake would want to look out for, though he was sure the man was capable in his own right.

There was no denying the changes that had started over him as well, his modest body hair already turning purple like his hair. His hair was long, silvery blond, and would likely be kept in

a ponytail had the doctor allowed him anything of the sort. It was starting to turn purple from the roots, but if the man was turning into an Espeon, he was likely to lose the hair either way eventually. The look was rather fetching, for as long as he would carry it, it seemed.

“What’s your name?” Jake finally thought to ask, wanting to humanize the man before his humanity was taken from in. They deserved that much, didn’t they?

“Liam. I’m a psychic. Well, I was. Well, OK, I will be again...” Liam replied, reaching up to touch the sideburns on his head. “I was an actual psychic. I know, most people don’t believe it. I can’t really show you, I don’t even have my tarot cards or anything. And, I guess any powers I did have are going to be amplified quite a bit. Quite a boost, even if I hadn’t wanted it...” Liam said, obviously sounding a little sad.

“You had psychic powers already?” Jake said, not really sure what to believe. There was no denying his claim either way, right? If they were to change, he would certainly have them soon enough!

“Yeah Jake, I had some, at least. I couldn’t read minds or the like, but I think I can now, at least if I focus on someone I’m right beside. It’s...it gives me headaches and such. It’s hard. But I can read surface-level thoughts, like-”

“Wait, how did you know my name?!” Jake said, stunned. He was sure he hadn’t introduced himself, though perhaps the doctor had at one point or another. Still, there was no way to know the answer he gave would be true.

“Sorry, sorry, I didn’t mean...” Came the response, and Liam put his head down, obviously ashamed of whatever he had done.

“It’s OK, don’t worry about it,” Jake said, not wanting the other man to feel bad, given the circumstances.

“I’m sorry, I haven’t been able to control it so far. It’s ironic, isn’t it? I kind of...well, I don’t want to be a Pokemon or anything, but...Pokemon have amazing psychic energy, right? I would be kind of neat to...well, a marble in a sea of sand, so they say,” Liam said, and, at the moment, Jake couldn’t blame him. After all, he had no idea how long the man had been here, and how much time and self-reflection he had before coming to this conclusion. How would Jake himself feel about the changes after being in here a day? A week? The rest of his life?

“Well, I mean I love the cold, but I don’t want to be cold forever. Maybe it won’t be so bad once I get used to it, right?” Jake said, trying to lighten the mood.

“Yeah...mind if we move out of here for a little bit? It’s a little too cold in here,” Liam said, and Jake felt a twinge of regret at that. He didn’t want to make someone else uncomfortable, even if he was becoming cold-tolerant to the point he would inevitably like it.

“Sorry, I didn’t notice, it’s not too cold for me...well, I mean I’m used to it already, and I’ve probably changed a little to get used to it...well, I don’t want to get used to it, but you know what I mean...” Jake said, feeling abased once more.

“Yeah, it’s not an easy thing...” Liam replied, the two of them obviously awkward in their interactions with each other. He did turn around slightly, and for the first time, Jake got a good look at this tail. What seemed to only be a single long rope-like appendage started to bud from the tip, something that was likely to form the forked tail of an Espeon before the changes were done with him.

“We haven’t really been talking to each other since we were put in here. Everyone is scared of the arousal from being close to each other, and even masturbating makes it worse...” Liam said, as though coming out from a self-reflective tangent.

“How long have you all been in here?” Jake asked, trying to keep conversation, not wanting to be alone with his thoughts. He didn’t want to risk arousal from being in the presence of the changing man, but he certainly didn’t want to be alone with his thoughts and self-reflection either. Not until he had to, at least.

“OH! I’m not really sure. We all came here at once, part of a trip I suppose. I think the man duped us into getting on, not really sure. I was promised a tour of places of psychic power and was supposed to give my opinion in a survey. I don’t think he promised the same thing to everyone, though. Haven’t read everyone’s minds yet. Sorry, I haven’t been trying to or anything, it just happens...” Liam said, and it was obvious he was ashamed of the abilities, and something he didn’t have control of.

“How about you? I mean I know how long you’ve been here, and I always could...but I don’t want to read your mind or anything. At least I don’t mean to...it’s still more comfortable to talk, you know what I mean?” Liam said, and it was obvious he was struggling, even talking normally making him nervous. Jake felt sorry for him. He certainly couldn’t blame the other man, not knowing what he had been going through, or rather, just starting to understand it himself.

“Me? No, it was nothing like that, I was in the woods, and no one was around, I don’t think. I’m not really sure how I was grabbed. Maybe I was tranquilized, but that’s my best guess.

Wrong place, wrong time, I suppose...” Jake said, wanting to reflect on it more but unable to really come up with anything better.

“Fuck, yeah...” Liam said, looking uncomfortable. At first, Jake figured it was just the cold, and as much as he wanted to keep talking to the man, figured it would be best if he left for the time being. But his eyes couldn’t help but move lower to the point he could see an obvious erection sticking from the man’s groin. And that just made his own rise, despite the cold in the room with them.

“I shouldn’t stay...It’s really hard to resist. I can usually only chat with the others for a few minutes before I need to...It’s no better when I’m alone either, but I don’t want to bring anyone else down with me, you know what I mean? It’s hard to resist,” Liam said, and Jake nodded, understanding. If Liam stayed much longer...he didn’t want to think about it too much.

“I can understand...” Jake said, though had nothing else to articulate at the moment. In truth, it was taking everything he had not to look down at the man’s erection. He wasn’t gay and had only a handful of experiences with women. He didn’t want his sexuality robbed from him forcibly, despite how cute the smaller man looked, and how much the sight of his cock was making him think...

Feeling shame, Jake looked up, only to be met by an understanding gaze. “I’m bi, don’t worry. I don’t feel bad about...sorry, I’m doing it again. The mind thing again. Thank you. I’m flattered. I would, but I don’t want us to change more. It gets worse the more you do it...” Liam said, sadly.

“Fuck, what do we do...” Jake said, sadly as well. There likely wasn’t any escape, the way the doctor ran things. And they had no way to know how many had come before them, or how many might come after their humanity was forfeited.

Sounds and grunts from outside the small pen brought both of their attention to the main area of the habitat, and without a word, they left, wanting to see what was going on. It was loud enough to attract their attention, after all, in a pen that was relatively small. But they weren’t prepared for the sight that greeted them. Two of the men, the ones turning into the Sylveon and the Leafeon, were fucking, the Sylveon on top. His ribbons were rubbing the Leafeon’s shoulders, as though working in some fur to grow. And, with the darkened color Jake could see from even here, it was obvious he was developing a coat down his shoulders and over his back as he was fucked by his relatively human lover.

As the two of them mated, it was obvious they were changing further. Already having pointed ears, they were starting to extend even further, pinkish fur growing from them, though he

did not make a motion to feel them. Lost in the apparent blissful sex, he seemed ignorant of the changes, thrusting faster and faster inside the other man. He didn't even seem to have regard for the onlookers, as much in rut as any of the people-turned Pokemon he had seen in the other pens. Though Jake felt his own inklings for sex, he couldn't imagine giving in so soon after being injected, wanting nothing more than to fuck themselves into Pokemon!

The two of them were going at it doggy style, the Leafreon's ass up in the air as he stroked his cock off. Fur was still growing up his back, and his own hair had leaves in it, as though they were part of his physiology, the grass-type Pokemon he was becoming. But it was the sight of the man jerking off that really had Jake's attention. He was stroking a member that looked a much darker red than a normal man's penis. In fact, the more he stroked, the more it started to redden, as though every thrust was bringing it more to an unknown shape. Jake couldn't see much of it, given the speed the changing man was stroking off. But it was catching on something thickened at the base, as though it was swelling right before his groin, creating a knot of some sort. Jake had seen something similar, the few times the Eevee he grew up with got a little too excited. Though he laughed it off then, it was a terrifying reality for him and the rest of the captured men to be growing their own Pokemon members!

The worst part of the whole affair was the sight didn't disgust Jake like he wished he should have. It turned him on like nothing had the right to, and it took Jake everything he had not to start jerking off to the sight. Though he couldn't draw his sight away from the display, he was at least about to keep his hands down at his sides to prevent himself from doing the unthinkable. Still, it was everything he had not to give into temptation, as much as he wanted to see the display through to its end.

A moan escaped the Leafreon's lips as the Sylveon's thrusts shallowed, rapidly enough that it was obvious he was still fucking him. Jake couldn't help but think that the Sylveon had grown his own knot on his penis, and had stuck it inside his Leafreon lover. Such a thing would have pained any man, he was sure, pucker not able to take it no matter how much it was experienced. But the Leafreon was taking it like a champ to the point where he was begging for more, beyond anything he would have expected.

"Fuck me my love, knot me...can't hold it...make me a Leafreon! Please...fuck!" The Leafreon called out, and with his frantic strokes, it was obvious he would not last either. And he didn't want to, the salty scent of cum hit Jake's nose as his cock shot a respectful distance, onto the grassy ground below. The Sylveon didn't call out, but it was likely with his frantic thrusts that he had reached his end as well. He was stuck there for a few moments, having likely knotted his lover, which was evidently something difficult to remove. Though, if Jake stared, he could tell there was cum leaking out around the edges of his pucker, the Sylveon's balls having emptied into his lover's ass.

With that, the two onlookers moved away, not wanting to continue witnessing lest they were invited in on the action and not bothering to talk to each other. It was for the best Jake knew, and neither one of them felt the compulsion to say anything, not wanting to draw any attention to themselves. Neither of them wanted to be tempted into the festivities and there was little to be done for it save to go back to their respective pens.

Jake, for his part, had no idea what to think about the whole thing. He had been presented with a ton of information today, to the point where he was overwhelmed and exhausted. It was impossible to fully acclimate to what he'd been told, and what was likely to be his fate. The sexuality aspect was at the forefront of his thoughts, especially after what he had witnessed. He wasn't homophobic by any means, but nor did he have any inclination of doing anything with any men, despite what the fluids in his veins were telling him. And he didn't want his inclinations to change against his will, either!

Sitting in the room by himself for as long as he was, Jake became slowly aware of how cold it really was in there. It was hardly a deterrent to him, however, given his tolerance to the cold while completely human and the adaptations to his DNA that made him more tolerable to the lower temperatures now. It was almost comfortable being in here when he should have felt off, at least sniffing from the cold. He was sure it would become more habitable the more his DNA changed, but it was not something he wanted to think about too much.

The itching of hair growth drew his attention to what he perceived to be a mirror, and looking into it, he was met with a startling sight. The image of his skin changing, lightening toward a pale blue was not surprising, given the state of his arm. But the fact it was playing into his hair, forcing it to get longer at the sides made him do a double take. Always kept his hair cut short, it was a little jarring to see it in such a state. The hair was blue as well, and as it touched it, the follicles felt as though they were stuck together somehow, unable to part like frozen. With the lower temperature in his body, there was little chance of that happening, especially if he remained in this pen. And, he really didn't want to leave for fear of temptation, unable to get the mental images of breeding half-Pokemon out of his head.

With the sight of his altered hair in the mirror, it was hard not to imagine himself as a Pokemon. A four-legged canine-like beast, one that was clad in blue fur and able to control temperature. He couldn't imagine being down on all fours, unable to talk, and able to use ice powers to attack enemy Pokemon at his new master's whims. What kind of life would that be? No matter how he tried. Jake couldn't quite fathom such an existence. Yet, the worst part of it was that he was soon to find out, regardless of whether he wanted to or not.

Eventually, the sound of a bell hit his ears, and against his better judgment, Jake looked out to see what was going on. Thinking it was to be another sexual display, he was rather shocked to see several trays rising from the ground in the center, away from the pool. He couldn't quite make it out from here, but with the way the trays were arranged, he got the notion it was dinner time. Having been used to going some time without eating, Jake figured it was in his best interest to wait it out and not interact with any of the other men, not wanting to risk a confrontation. But, to his dismay, the hunger pains in his gullet were such that he could not hold out for long, and he decided there was no choice but to head out and eat his fill, and with that, meet his cellmates.

Though he had seen them all from above before in their early stages of transformation, he was not expecting them to have changed at all in so short of a time. Then again, he had no idea how long it took the changes to take place, or how many had given into their sexual urges and accelerated the process. In addition to the sights he had seen from the viewing platforms, they all seemed to be altered to a degree, in particular their ears, each pointed and ridged in the way their various species might indicate. The men to become a Leafeon and Sylveon respectively were the most changed of the bunch, their ears fully altered and more fur having spread down their backs and necks. It was a little jarring to see the pinpricks of leaves on the Leafeon's ears, the veins stretching across them like the veins on a leaf. They were green, as well, and from the sight of him eating vigorously, it seemed he didn't care at all that he possessed them. How someone could be eager about being a Pokemon, Jake wasn't sure but it seemed to be the case, be it something they wanted or making the best of a bad situation.

The soon-to-be Sylevon seemed nonchalant over his change as well, even though his cock dangled on his groin, not erect by any stretch but not hidden in a sheath like a Pokemon's might be. His ears, pink fur on the ends and white in the center looked comically out of place on his head, though with the pink and white highlights in his human hair, that would unlikely be the case for very long. He, too, seemed very casual about the changes taking over his body to the point the others occasionally gave him looks of disgust.

The other soon-to-be Pokemon were further altered than Jake's state as well, though Jake found he didn't want to stare too much lest he bring their ire as well. He'd just seen Liam, and there was something about the fact he could read minds that made Jake more than a little concerned. So he left things there to try to focus on the others, as a prelude to his own fate. The Umbreon's ears were midnight black, and it was a little unnerving to see a yellowish glow depending on how the light hit him. The Jolteon's ears were a little sharper, the yellow fur forming what seemed to spike as they covered half his ears, fur having spread a little further down his back. The Flareon man's ruff had run around his neck as well, and being the closest of all of them, Jake felt a little uncomfortable, only realizing after a few moments it was his body heat as much as Jake's temperature needed to be lower to match his altering physiology.

The food provided to them was a little odd at first, not what he might have expected. With no meat or veggies present, it seemed like Pokemon food was on the menu, or at least what he might expect a trainer to give their Pokemon a treat. Things like brightly colored poffins, Oran and Citrus berries, and even Pokemon kibble were set out for them like their digestive systems had already altered to handle such food. It was a moot point; if they hadn't changed already, he was sure they would soon enough, and it was not something he was looking forward to. Though with the hunger pains assailing him, there was little choice but to head in and eat with the rest of the unfortunate souls.

Though Jake wasn't expecting it, as soon as they were done eating, the group of them took turns introducing themselves to Jake, the newbie. It was the Flareon that broke the silence amongst the group. "Well, welcome to our hell," he said, sighing. "Might as well get to know your cellmates. I'll start," he said, looking over to the Umbreon with some sense of annoyance. The Umbreon, for his part, was standoffish, seeming to hate the idea, and went back to eating without another word. So, the Flareon was up, seeming to smile even though it couldn't be fun for him to be in their circumstance.

"Name's Ray," the chubby man said, rubbing his fur as he did so, as though the heat from it was discomforting. "Was a performer back in Castelia, a world-class firebreather and pyrotechnician to be exact. Not to brag, but every single show I was a part of sold out, hehe," Jake nearly cringed from the arrogance in his voice, but decided that was the least of his worries in his predicament. "From Violet City, before, but that doesn't really matter, I guess. The ladies certainly seemed to get hot and bothered after my shows..." he said, a little shyly in his nudity as much as the rest of them were. His blushing face seemed to betray his emotions, and he sat down cross-legged, hiding his erection as he went back to eating. It was obvious the man was chubby, but Jake found himself wondering if he was losing weight already, even though the changes had just started.

"I guess I'll go next," the man with the Jolteon ears and fur said, not as ashamed of his nudity as the rest of them were. "I was an ace trainer...well, that's what people called me..." he said, as much as it seemed to embarrass him to be using that moniker. "Oh, my name's Ivan," he added, Jake, sensing a little embarrassment about forgetting. "I'm from Nimbasa City, and this trip was supposed to help me get closer to Pokemon...but not like this..." He said, voice trailing off.

"I wanted to be a champion, I guess, but look at me now, ha," he said, eyes starting to water at the lost dreams. "I just hope my Pokemon are OK, that they end up in good homes...I won't be able to train them anymore like this..." his voice trailed off, and Jake found himself

feeling sorry for him. For all of them, of course, but it was a moot point, given the likelihood of their eventual fates.

“Sup, the name’s Matt,” came the Vaporeon-looking man, seeming like he was waiting for his chance to introduce himself. “I was a gnarly surfer and a pro swimmer on top of my game, and I guess I still will be after this, huh, haha...,” the man said, face turning pale as though it was just occurring to him in the here and now. “Worked with Marlon-you know him, gym leader from Humlau city- a total bro, knew how to have a good time. Got a little scared of the ocean though, bad wipeout, don’t really want to talk about it much more, dudes. So like, these science brodies promised a rad new drug to improve oxygen intake while swimming. I couldn’t say no to that, you know? I guess those dudes weren’t lyin’...” He said as he rubbed his forming gills, and Jake felt for him, wanting to get his career back. He, of all of them, seemed more OK with the changes than any of the others thus far.

“We’ve already met, sorry,” Liam said, his ears twitching in a bit of embarrassment. He didn’t say much more than that, seemingly wanting to make sure his voice was heard but not wanting to get into things too much, a little shy.

“Fuck it, I guess I’ll go,” the gruff Umberon said, coming back to the group as he chewed whatever berries he was eating. “Name’s Ryan. not that it matters, I don’t think we’ll be talking for much longer. Used to bike around Accumula Town, joined a crew in Driftveil, and got separated, I guess. Not the best backstory, but it is what it is,” the man said, and Jake found himself happy that at least the man attempted to speak.

All that was left were the Sylveon and Leafeon, though they seemed a little reluctant to go at all. “My name’s Marcus,” the Leafeon said, as though his name wasn’t important at all. “Not that I want to be a Pokemon or anything, but, what else do I really need?” He offered, moving toward the Sylveon. Jake knew for a fact that the changes had with them a high proclivity for homosexuality, but it seemed the two of them were more than that. “I was a Pokemon breeder before now, but I guess I’m a different kind of breeder now, heh,” he said, obviously making the rest of the group uncomfortable as he moved to kiss the Sylveon man, as though the two of them were a pair already.

And that seemed to be the case, as the Sylveon spoke next. “Name’s Keenan, though I guess it doesn’t matter too much now, does it?” He said, before kissing the Leafeon man once more. “I was also a Pokemon breeder before this, well, an apprentice one, which is how I met my love Marcus. Going to miss it, I guess, but working with Pokemon is still my dream, right?” He said, and Jake definitely got the sense that he wasn’t too concerned about being here as much as the rest of them were. How was he so calm when they were all turning into Pokemon, likely for the rest of their lives?

“My boyfriend and I were taken together, from Mistralton City. Then again, does that really matter?” He said, moving toward Marcus and taking him in another kiss. It seemed the two of them were a couple, though Jake hardly had a base for such things. At least they were together now, though male/male pairings seemed to be the norm, be it part of the change or part of Dr. inclinations.

“Fags,” came the muttered tone from Ray, and Jake felt his blood run cold at that. It was a horrible slur and not something he expected to hear in regard to a same-sex couple. But then again all of this was so unprecedented.

The Sylveon, obviously used to hearing such insults, ignored him, going to talk about his own experience. “Well, I came here with my love, of course. I also come from a great deal of wealth, but that’s neither here, nor there, now is it? Not much a Pokemon can do with money after all,” he said, though the tone of his voice didn’t seem to carry any remorse in it. Jake couldn’t imagine anyone wanting this or being happy with his fate. But, he figured, if he was here with his own love, then maybe it wouldn’t be so bad, right?

Jake was a little shocked as their lips entwined once more, the sylveon’s ropes wrapping around his lover’s leafy shoulders and pulling them in for a kiss. Their cocks were erect, though as much as what all of them had seen of the process thus far, it was hardly the most bizarre and private thing for them to be privy to. Rather, it was the fact they seemed to welcome the changes to the point they were just letting them happen to themselves and each other. There was something to be said for accepting their fate, he supposed. Still, he couldn’t imagine just giving in and fucking his way to being a Pokemon. He didn’t even like men, hell, he’d never been physically intimate with anyone, devoted to his training. And now...

As much as he wanted to look away, Jake found himself fixated on the sight of the two of their erections, surprised at how inhuman they looked. The color was all wrong, but that was not the only off thing, as they seemed to be sheathed in fleshy sheaths of some sort, to likely keep them hidden. And there was something else swelling within the base of them, something that swelled like a form of bulb or knot. Not something he wanted on himself but something that he had control over anymore.

“Care to join us?” Keenan said, and Jake felt himself shaking his head to try to get out of his stupor. It took him a few moments to realize that he was talking to all of them, and it didn’t take more than a cursory glance for Jake to realize that all of the gathered men were erect from the sight, though their members were still human, having not changed much already. It was something he didn’t want to think about, though it was all he could do not to give in to his new inclinations and give them at least another once over.

“N-no,” Ryan said, though Jake could tell the words were surface-level only. If the man felt even an iota of lust that Jake was feeling...it was maddening, knowing he shouldn’t want it but unable to deny the lust that was slowly building in his being. It was like being given access to something entirely new and exciting, a new facet of himself that carried with it so much promise, only to have it denied from him. And he would deny himself of it as best he could. Jake had years of training under his belt honing his physical skills and suppressing his desires. It might have been his only advantage, he realized, but he planned to use it to the fullest.

Ryan, it seemed, was not to be so lucky. “How about now...?” Keenan cooed, reaching out with his ribbons, playing them close to Ryan’s face, just inches away and swaying in the air, as though waiting for him to make a move.

“Hell no!” Ryan called out, as though finally out of his stupor. He backed away, landing on his ass though unable to deny the fact that his cock was at full arousal, bobbing there and leaking with needed attention.

Seizing the opportunity, Keenan moved his ribbons down to tease the leaking cock tip, floating over it as though wondering what to do. The effect sent an obvious shiver through Ryan’s body, even though his voice did not seem to share the sentiment. “Back the fuck off me!” Ryan called out, trying to push the ribbons away from him. Yet, it seemed to be either a cause of their type differences or Keenan’s further changed body that Ryan couldn’t manage to move them an inch, Keenan giggling at the effort as though making fun of him.

Keenan had no intention of backing off as the ribbons extended all the way and caressed the sides of the man’s face. The contact had the unfortunate side effect of prompting black fur to pepper the skin like a beard. Keenan traced it all over his face, before pulling him close, making Ryan get up. It was almost as though he was about to attack the other man, the glowing rings lighting up even though he surely had no Pokemon powers at this point. But this soon stemmed as the soon-to-be Sylveon moved him close, taking him in a kiss and reaching down with the other ribbon toward his cock.

With that, Liam got up, and Jake went with him, followed by the others. Surely, Keenan had no power over him, but Ryan seemed not to be able to resist. Was it because their forms had a difference in type matchups? Was Ryan secretly gay perhaps? Or had the changes affected his mind so much that there was nothing he could do but give in? Jake didn’t want to know, hoping he wouldn’t have been coerced into the same action should the Sylveon choose him next.

“C-can I suck you...?” Ryan asked, as though enthralled by the action. Jake didn’t want to turn around, but he simply had to know, hoping to all hope Ryan could resist. What the point

was, he wasn't sure, but maybe there was a part of him, a naive part, he supposed, that if they didn't change fast enough then the doctor would have no use for him and let him go. It was a fleeting hope, but all the more motivation to try and hold onto his humanity as long as possible.

Still, even as he backed up, Jake couldn't help but watch as the Sylveon moved to rub Ryan's hair, changing it to the shorter fur of his eventual Umbreon form. Ryan was prompted to get down on his knees, eyeing a cock that was rather thicker than his own. Without hesitation, he reached out and started to lick the tip, making the Sylveon shiver. "Yes...good boy..." Keenan muttered, rubbing more of that Umbreon fur over his face and the back of his neck as the rest of them stared on, though at a distance, lest they be prompted to join in and start an orgy.

Eventually, Ryan managed to work his mouth over Keenan's member, a little strained, though he managed, if not a little slowly. He seemed eager to do so, a pleased expression on his face as he teased the other man, something he might have had more experience with than his indifferent self let-on. Still, he was obviously not expecting the sensation of the Leafreon's rod rimming the edge of his pucker and prepping to push in. A look of horror crossed his face as the cock started to work its way in, though with how relaxed he was from the sensation of the Sylveon's ribbons there was little in the way of resisting. The Leafreon held there, having put his increasingly animalistic cock to the hilt before starting to thrust.

Any anxiety the man might have held was whited away as he was taken from both ends by the two changing Pokemon, grinning all the while. To his disgust and confusion, Jake noticed that Ryan stayed painfully erect throughout the whole ordeal to the point that it looked raw with pain. The tip was leaking, almost like it was stretching forth, begging for stimulation. But the longer Jake stared, the more it seemed to be...shrinking?

Jake could only watch, fascinated as the man's member continued to shift as his face and prostate were pounded in tandem. A Pokemon's member was smaller than a human's, though he hadn't noticed the comparison until now. But the bobbing, throbbing length was shrinking, losing about an inch and becoming closer to half its circumference. It seemed a little larger than a Pokemon's member should be, perhaps, though Jake had no real comparison for it, save the one that was being sucked off. A bit of the foreskin started to peel back from it, slowly unfusing from the skin and leaving an exposed red shaft that looked almost alarming against the backdrop of human skin. Stranger still was watching the skin start to stick to his groin and belly, moving his cock straight forward, almost painfully so before it shifted in its configuration to accommodate it.

Perhaps the most bizarre change was the swelling at the base of his erection, one that pulled what had to be his new sheath to his groin. It looked almost painful as the expanded erectile tissue swelled with blood, growing larger than the rod and looking almost painful to have

sat on his cock. Jake found himself thinking how much it would hurt to try to get it into someone's ass, much like Marcus was trying to do to Ryan. Or what someone would try to do to him, something that made his asshole twitch with the eagerness to take it in himself...

It was then that Liam was able to break away, followed by the others, and Jake, too, turned around, not watching the changes solidify and for their mating to come to a conclusion. It would be all too tempting to take him next or to say yes if asked. And what was it about Keenan's ribbons that made him give in with Ryan was so clearly disgusted by the sexual acts? It was very unnerving, not only that they were so openly sexual around others but the fact that Jake wanted to see more, to the point that...no. He couldn't. He shouldn't. And yet...

Moving toward his habitat, Jake did his best to meditate, a stance and form he was used to. His erection was burning at his loins, and he was worried that any bit of contact would cause it to change. And he had much experience in restraining his urges. If anyone from their group had a chance of resisting those sexual desires, it was him. That knowledge was enough to relax him, to stem the ache from his loins. It helped that his habitat was so cold, comfortably so for his new anatomy but something he was familiar with besides. And all he had to do was sit here for the minutes, hours, or even days it took for him to stem the sexual urges and get back to himself...

Yet, be it the serum in his veins, the smell tingle in his nostrils, or the mental images of the Eevee evolutions fucking, there was no getting his cock down to the point he could do naught but start to touch it, a shiver running through his body the moment he did so. It was so amazing, so fulfilling, that he couldn't help but touch himself over and over, feeling the tension build. It was nice, at least, though still a little unnerving for him to think that at any moment, he would nut and change more. And then what? Would he grow a cock to match that of the other soon-to-be Pokemon? Would it hurt? Surely not, but he still couldn't manage to imagine his penis starting to alter, or having it slide from a sheath whenever he needed to use it. It was something Pokemon had, not humans! And yet, something he would have at any moment if he continued to touch himself as he was...

"Hey, Jake?" Came a now-familiar voice, and Jake looked up to see Liam had entered, still sporting an erection of his own. Jake was a little embarrassed that his mind focused on it first, but it was also the truth of the matter. His member was still human, at least for the moment. Though the skin around it seemed to have sagged a little, as though he had the beginnings of a sheath. And that, in tandem with the purple fur that had sprung up from between his groin hair, seemed to lend credence to the fact it would be the next thing to change. Or, had a little already, Liam unlikely not to have given in as much as the rest of them.

“So, ummm...”, Liam said, as though unsure how to word what he wanted. It almost made Jake wish to be turning into the Espeon, so that he could read the man’s mind, or perhaps the rest of them. It would be the only way to resist the changes, though, then again, there was every chance it would backfire and he would see all the lust in their minds to the point he wouldn’t be able to resist. How was Liam handling it?

Looking over the man and his changes, Jake couldn’t help but feel his lust growing to the point he didn’t think he could hold back. And that had to be the point, right? Why else would the man come here, despite the fact it would arouse both of their temptations? He was here to ask, and Jake, as much as he wanted to say no, figured he would have no choice but to say yes.

“Yeah, that’s what-sorry, I didn’t mean to read your thoughts. It’s kinda hard to control sometimes and your thoughts are very-well...” Liam said, voice trailing off as though he didn’t want to admit his true thoughts, they were plastered over his face as much as he could read Jake’s own.

“So, everyone else has finished and is sleeping, I think. I can’t read Ryan or Keenan at all, but, well, we saw them already. So us two are the only ones still awake and haven’t cum yet...I know you don’t want to, and I don’t either. But it’s going to happen regardless, and I thought maybe it’s a good idea to do it...together? Maybe it will be more worthwhile, and if you don’t want to, I’ll understand, but maybe it’s best that we don’t go it alone...” Liam said, leaving the thought to hang there.

Jake felt conflicted at the realization. Liam had been so adamant about not touching themselves together not but a few hours ago. He wanted nothing more than to tell him to go away, that he might be able to mediate it away. But after several hours of attempted meditation, he was no closer to willing his erection down. And with every passing moment, the need to touch it grew ever more persistent...

It took only a few moments of staring at the man's bobbing erection to stand up, feeling his own lancing toward it. He wanted to rub them together, to have another hand touching his own. Going all the way as the others had...he did want that, though, right now, he would not have time to prepare himself. He needed to get off, having tried to resist for so long with barely any ability to manage. And the man's simple touch against his own would surely be enough...

Without a word, the two of them moved in, taking their cocks and rubbing them together. Jake was hardly able to suppress a moan the moment his cock tip pressed against Liam's own. Fluids leaked in tandem as the two of them rubbed their rods together, the pressure on both sides more sensual than either man knew. It was technically Jake's first time, and though he hadn't wanted it to be with a man, there was no denying how sexy this specimen was, hormones and

serums beside. And if he was to play with any of the men present, Jake was sure he wanted it to be Liam first...

The sensation of tingling change started playing over him just then, centered in his cock. It went almost unnoticed over the building waves of pleasure, though he was almost certain it was his cock changing, much in the same fashion as he'd seen everyone's altering already. Why their members were the first things to go, he wasn't sure, though the sadistic man likely saw it fit for their further debasement. Still, it mattered little as the skin of his foreskin seemed to pull down from his hand, or his shaft started to shrink. Jake almost didn't want to look, just letting it happen and allowing him to fall into the pleasure.

Yet, soon, the curiosity grew too much and he had to see what was becoming of his foreskin. It was bizarre seeing it pulled back toward his groin, thickening to the point he wasn't sure where it ended and his groin began. The skin of it was starting to turn blue as well, not only the skin but the formation of hairs as well. It was continuing to peel back even as he watched, revealing the skin of his penis becoming more and more red-shaded. Too much like the members he'd seen the others possess...

The sensation of a hand on his rod shocked Jake for a moment, seeing that Liam was more focused on Jake's pleasure rather than just his own. Rubbing the rest of his foreskin back, Jake moaned as he felt his cock becoming more sensitive, even as it started to shrink just slightly. It had never been something he'd considered before, but it was still a little unnerving to see his member losing some of its mass. But with the pleasure of having it stroked, especially by someone who seemed to care about his pleasure...

Now, Liam was rubbing his own cock against Jake's, frothing the two of them as Jake reflexively moved his hand to play with the man's treasure trail. It was already peppered with purple fur, and Jake couldn't help but delight in it as more hairs seemed to grow in real time. But the real change was in the man's cock, fuzzy foreskin already pulled back as his cock started to shrink slightly, Jake's diminishing in tandem as he rubbed them together. Though Jake's cock wasn't as changed as Liam's, it was quickly moving to catch up, lengthening slightly and thinning to match their cage mates from earlier. But it was the swelling at the base that seemed to pull at their sheaths in tandem, growing larger than the shafts should have been able to support. It was almost dizzying with the amount of blood they needed, to the point Jake's thoughts about holding back or even his worry about changing were lost. He was happy such a hot man was jerking him off...wait, where did those thoughts come from?!

"Ohhh...fuck!" Jake called out, knot spasming as his balls unloaded through a decidedly thinner shaft and sent waves of pleasure through his form. He was a little surprised how far he shot, and how far his friend had in tandem. Still stroking the pair of them off with what little

energy he had, eventually, Liam nearly collapsed, Jake's stronger body holding him up, grinning like a fool after what they had done together. It was a nice moment of comradery between the two of them, something he had not expected to feel when this whole affair had started but not something he was going to turn away.

With that, Liam lowered himself onto Jake's pillows, and Jake got down with him, holding him gently as the fatigue started to get to him. The pillows were comfortable, the chilly air was soothing, and with everything that had happened today, he was quick to pass out, not thinking it to be possible but it happening besides. And it was nice to have someone here with him, bizarre for the man who was mostly alone before this but still enough he was likely to want to reflect on it further. After he slept...

Dreams were vivid that night, almost as though he was awake, though the images made very little sense. He was on all fours, frozen but not cold, likely in the form he would eventually take on as a Glaceon. The world around him was a snowy landscape, crisp and cold and perfectly suited for his new body. And, to his delight, he was not alone, there being other Pokemon around him, other Glaceon, though it was hard to say, as much as it was likely they were other eeveelutions. It didn't matter. They were the same stature as him, all erect, and best of all, all were *male*. How he wanted to sniff them, to mount one, and to be mounted in turn. It was an amazing prospect, one that he could hardly resist as he felt his cock going into orgasm over and over.

The dreams carried well into the night, and when Jake finally awoke, it took him some time to come to his senses, forgetting where he was and the consequences of what was to happen to him. The cold air was perfectly comfortable against his skin, and even the warmth of...looking down, he noticed quickly he was alone, recalling his friend had passed out there last night. It was cold in here, he realized, and even if he were to feel a little sting of rejection at being left alone, it was probably for the best that Liam wasn't here with him, the temptation of the flesh too strong besides.

The first thing he noticed, hand tracing over the slight dusting of blue fur over his belly, was the sensation of sticky cum, as though he'd orgasmed in his sleep. He was momentarily thankful he'd played with Liam if finishing in his sleep was inevitable and he would change besides. That would be a lonely way to change, and even all his training and mental prowess would not be enough to stop it from happening. Even though some of the people changing with them were less than amicable, the changes would likely take at least several days, leaving him some time to think about how he wanted to spend what could be the last stretch of his humanity.

Standing up and looking in the mirror reflexively, Jake stopped for a moment, shocked that some of his hair had changed color, the same light blue as the rest of his fur, if not a little

darker. But it was more than that, the hair having lengthened to the point it formed two braids on the sides. It had some more to grow to meet the Pokemon he was to become, Jake was sure. Still, it was a little jarring to notice as he got up, the hunger in his belly finally being noticed. As much as he didn't want to join the others, there was no denying he couldn't stay in here naked and waiting to change. Even if it was what the doctor wanted.

The sound of the bell ringing in tandem with his belly rumbling made him sure it was time for breakfast. Still, Jake found himself scared to see what the others were up to as he moved out into the warm air of the rest of the pen, walking over to the dishes of Pokemon chow, poffins, berries, and the like. To his relief, it seemed as though everyone's cocks were within their sheaths today, having been relieved from the events of the other day. Though, with Marcus's back to him, Jake was privy to the sight of cum sticking to the back of the fur and leaves, a sign they had some morning delights. Whatever. If they wanted to change more, then it was their prerogative, then so be it.

It was as he stared that the scent of cum came to his nose, as though he could smell it from all the way over there. He hadn't noticed his nose was altered when he looked in the mirror, but Jake could not deny the now-familiar scent of cum stinking in the air, something that he found more attractive than anything had a right to be. And had he not come several times last night, he might have been brought to a rather unwanted and unwelcome erection...

As much as he didn't want to be here, there was no point in starving himself, even as Keenan was fixated on making things as awkward as possible. It was bad enough he was teasing Marcus and making lovey eyes, or that their bodies were further covered with hair or fur, and their four-legged statue looked more in place for the Pokemon they were becoming. But it seemed he wasn't interested enough in just changing the two of them, but to tease the rest of them into their new lives far faster than simply leaving them alone.

It was Ivan who was the target of their teasing this time, each moving behind him and teasing his backside. His cock, like the rest of them by this point, was hidden in a sheath, and it was clearly sliding its way out at the contact, as much as he tried to move away from them. He didn't yell, to Jake's surprise, as though he wanted it, and Jake was tempted to yell out at them, to try and stop them. But if Ivan wanted it... and then there was Keenan's influence to contend with, something he did not understand any more than the process of change itself. And if he was being honest with himself, there was a part of him that was afraid, not wanting to be the next target of the two of them.

The contact was having an obvious effect on Ivan's body, one that Jake could see happening in real time. As much as his red cock was sliding from his new home, the spines on his back where he would possess a tail were getting longer as well, standing up straight as some

of the fat in his ass started to recede and expose his anus more. As though he was gaining a stance better to be fucked in, something that made it impossible for Jake to look away, as though he wanted a closer look at what Ivan had to offer...

With his own cock sliding in his sheath, Jake figured it was time to leave, getting out of there when the possibility of resisting this round still existed. Ray, Liam, Matt, and Ryan were eager to leave as well, and Jake felt glad he had space to get away from the others, even though the doctor had visual access to all of them from above. It was little matter, lab rats as they were. Best not to think about it too much, Jake found himself realizing.

Back to his lair, trying to drown out the moans and yips of sex, Jake went back to look in the mirror, bringing his focus to the changes in his hair. It might have already been longer than before he had his breakfast, but it was hard to say. Jake's short-cropped hair was not used to having bangs. Part of him found it a little fetching, though loathed the fact he did so, not wanting to change and thinking it was a cosmetic feature his humanity could not match.

There was something else he couldn't deny as he stood there, looking down at the temperature and seeing it even lower than he was used to from his training. Used to -10C, now he was more inclined toward finding comfort in -15C, something that seemed to suit him well. His master would certainly be proud of him if only it wasn't his altering anatomy that was doing it for him!

Thoughts of training brought his mind somewhere else, something he had not experimented with as of yet. It was the fear of Keenan and his abilities that made Jake inclined to try it himself. He was turning into a Pokemon, albeit slowly, behind the rest of them having started later. But Pokemon had a variety of powers and abilities to the point he was sure to develop them at some point. And if his body was already accustomed to this cold, then was he able to manifest those abilities?

Wishing he had a Pokedex or some sort of data connection, Jake was left trying to reflect on his training and how ice Pokemon used their abilities. Cold was the absorption of heat, and with very little heat in the room already, he didn't think he could manage. He had no idea it would even be a catalyst for such things, and Jake was left to wonder what would trigger such, if younger Pokemon just did it without self-awareness. Wait, was Jake already doing the same? Absorbing heat in the room already without even realizing what he was doing? How was he doing it? Was it something passive in his DNA? Jake had so many questions!

Preparing himself mentally with his years of meditative prowess, Jake drew his thoughts toward the notion of draining more heat in the room. There wasn't much, though his body was rather comfortable, making his perception of the room seem colder around him. At first, nothing

seemed to happen, making him a little disappointed, as much as he didn't want to be changing in the first place. But the more he focused, the more his body felt...tingly? If that was the right word? It was akin to expending energy through meditation to the point it was noticeable, if only briefly.

It wasn't until he moved to look at the thermometer that Jake's face lit up, seeing it lowered by a full 5 degrees. Without knowing the settings, it was impossible for him to be sure he was the one doing it, but it did seem to indicate he was the cause of such a sudden change. And it made him almost giddy to be the one doing it, like a hidden gift or ability he'd been able to tap into after years of unawareness. Almost, nice, in a way, despite the fact he knew well where the powers were coming from.

Tingling in his hair seemed to intensify to the point when he looked in the mirror, Jake let out a gasp. His hair was longer, and he was even able to see it out of the corner of his eyes. Not sure how long a Glaceon's hair was supposed to be, there was no denying it had grown longer in the short time upon his mediation, feeling it playing annoyingly over the sides of his cheeks. How had it happened so quickly? Was it maybe a consequence of using his powers? Was anything he did to act more like a Pokemon a prelude to his eventual fate? The notion of resisting all temptations was almost maddening, indeed.

At least Jake had his training and years of working with Brycen to draw upon. And surely his mental fortitude surpassed most normal people, perhaps all of those gathered here with him. They were giving in so easily, surely, he could resist the urges, all that it meant to be a Pokemon. Even though his cock was slightly at attention, or the temptation to lower the temperature was ever present, he would resist, he could find balance in his mind and focus on all that built his human life up to this point. The cold being a catalyst for change was fitting for him, in some fashion. He had fought his whole life against it, or rather to be one with it if such made any sense. The conflict between being one with the cold in a meditative sense while literally as a Pokemon made little sense to him, but it was one he could surely discover the difference of, if only to swing to the other edge of the pendulum.

And, first, it made sense to focus on being back in his master's dojo, taking on the cold with nothing but his body and his mind. The cold seeped in, weakening him, but he burned with an inner fire to make himself warm, able to tolerate it to the point he could raise his own temperature and push toward his ideal self. And his ideal self was the powered, muscled Pokemon trainer, one of the ice type, like the Glaceon...No, his master, Brycen, would never approve of...but what if he sucked Brycen off, to allow him to join him in icy bliss...

The moment the mental image of what the doctor would have him become entered his mind was the moment his cock came to fruition. The sights of asses and vulpine cocks burned

into his mind. It was as though his inner challenge was instantly blurred, the pendulum swaying between the other side and the center, but never reaching the human side, his past self with all its hopes and dreams. Nothing could fully separate him from the Pokemon life he was heading toward. One that held so much promise, in terms of sex, something he had no equivalent before in his human life. It was the opposite in a way, a life of struggle and fasting shifting to a life of decadence and frivolity. And no matter how much he did to separate himself from his budding instincts, it seemed they were part of him now to the point there was no avoiding his inevitable fate...

“Arceus DAMMIT!” He called out, bringing him from his trance to the point he started panting. Jake was still screaming as the temperature began to increase again, his powers back to their passive state. He was sure he would be sweating if he still had the ability, even though the cold in the room was not enough to stem his heat. Worse, his cock was at its apex, harder even than yesterday as though his previous attempts or touch himself had no effect on his overall ability.

“What's wrong?” Came an unfamiliar voice, one that belonged to Ivan as the changing Jolteon came into the room, shivering a little from the cold.

Jake would have blushed if he could, not wanting to be caught in such a spot but figuring there was little avoiding it with how loudly he'd yelled. He wasn't expecting Ivan of all people to come in, but then again, he barely knew his pen mates to the point there was no guessing how they would act in any given situation. Still, he let his guard down, thinking Ivan had played with Keenan and Marcus, and surely wasn't a danger to his heterosexuality or his humanity.

That was not to be the case. Ivan walked in, his cock not deterred by the cold, powerfully horny as though he had not just cum. Jake had only a moment to wonder if perhaps the duo had worked him up and let him loose, so to speak, before he found his way here. And Jake's outcry had been a beacon, a sign that he had just cum or, more likely, was trying to fight the urge. The perfect target for someone wanting to quell their own urges...

“Sorry, sorry, I'm really...really needy...I wanted to....fuck...I can't fight it...” Ivan stuttered, trying to keep his hand away from his decidedly Pokemon-shaped rod, the sight of which was making Jake confused as hell. He couldn't get the image of the man's cock out of his mind, how sexy and exposed it was.

Yet, with his own anus clenching, thoughts of not only fucking one but being the one to fuck were at the forefront, wondering what it would be like. Surely, it wouldn't hurt, the cock smaller than his own ass tight around it. It was a weird, bizarre notion, thinking he could simply stroke himself off yet seeing the look on Keenan's and Ryan's faces when they'd been fucked in

the ass. And all he had to do was to bend over and give the Jolteon access to the thing he wanted more than anything he had ever before...

“Fuck, please go...” Jake whimpered, though the words were hollow, speaking more of his need than his desire to resist.

Even in the cold air of the room, a scent of musk and male entered his nose. It was one he'd noticed on Liam the other night, as well as the others in the feeding area, to the point he couldn't manage to resist the urge. There was part of him that wanted to hold on, that needed it more than he could bear, but the more he tried to focus, the more his mind turned back to lust and desire, and his cock and prostate burned with the desire to be stimulated.

It seemed Ivan had the same inclinations. “Can't help it, sorry...” he moaned, rubbing his cock and spreading his sticky fluids all over his hands, as though a prelude to what he was to do. The sight, rather than make Jake fear for his fate, was rather arousing to the point he could only moan, spreading his cheeks and clenching his pucker, wondering what it would be like to take it inside of him. His lack of experience was hardly a deterrent for his needs as he looked back, a desperate look on his face before whispering, “Please, I need it...”

Without any hesitation, Ivan moved forward, rubbing the pointed head of his Pokemon dick against the exposed pucker, sending shivers through Jake's being as he felt his ass cheeks spread further apart, as though the changes themselves were enough to respond to his lusts. With that, there was nothing stopping Ivan from penetrating his hole, making Jake squirm from the ache of it. Nothing was supposed to enter him from this angle to the point that he almost cried from the pain, his body trying to reject it a little. But with the promise of pleasure and the ache from his prostate shifting ebbs of pleasure toward his cock, Jake couldn't imagine wanting anything more than what Ivan had to offer him.

Ivan waited only a few moments of holding his cock to the hilt, up to his new knot, before starting a series of shallow thrusts, each push against his throbbing prostate building the tension in his balls to the point he couldn't imagine anything feeling better. The pressure was a little much, not being used to taking it, but the more he was fucked, the more his lust took over and he was able to focus on the tension in his cock rather than the discomfort of being penetrated. There was hardly enough time for the shame of such acts when it simply felt so good, spurring on his lusts and bringing untold facets of pleasure.

Reaching down to stroke his member, Jake was privy to the sensation of it changing further in his grip. Yet, rather than being fearful of its alterations, Jake was inclined to try rubbing it into shape, feeling it thin and stretch and knowing it was likely turning red to match

his Pokemon cohorts. It mattered little given the increase in sensitivity his shaft seemed to be possessed and the sexiness he saw as the shape of it.

Far from being concerned about its finished stature, Jake was simply elated that it was changing. His foreskin was pulled down to the base, and a swelling from it seemed to increase the pressure against it to the point he wanted to feel it popping out. The tension was almost orgasmic on its own to the point he was tempted to squeeze it out himself, but he was sure it would happen given time, with how large his new knot was becoming and how much it was turning him on.

Briefly, Jake found himself wondering how Ivan was changing, not able to look back and see what was happening to him as a result of their mating. It was at that moment the sensation of pointed, blunt, and hard started to dig into his sides, as though something was growing from above his fingers, allowing him to grip his shoulders harder as Ivan bent over his back, taking his ass more like the Pokemon they were becoming. He could barely see it, though it did appear like yellow fur was dusting the backs of his hands. And he couldn't tell from his periphery, but the grip of his mate on his sides seemed to be pulling back, as though his fingers were shrinking. Was Ivan getting a pair of front paws?

Jake hardly had time to think about the consequences of his friend's changes as something seemed to crackle in the air, a surge of energy or static that snapped against Jake's bare skin in some places. It took him a few moments to realize it was coming from Ivan's spikes, as though his powers were coming to fruition around them. Jake wondered how much control the changing man had over his abilities, as much as Jake had to admit he didn't have over his own. But it mattered little in the end, the pain of the minor shocks to his body was hardly a deterrent to his sexual pleasure.

Before he could reflect on it too much, something thick and round started to press into his bowels to the point Jake was prompted to yell out, its penetration too much for his inexperienced pucker. Yet, the bulge was insistent to the point Jake felt his sphincter relent and Ivan's new knot pushing inside him, almost painful as it did so. He yelped out, though the penetration was enough for his own knot to push out from its home, leaving him to cry out as the presence within became too much.

"Fuck...fuckkkeeooonn!" Jake called out, unaware of the strange cadence in his voice as he reached orgasm. His stroking fingers caught on the knot to the point he could not help but grip the base of it tightly, feeling his testicle spasm and a thick creamy load burst from his rod. The pleasure was exquisite, made better only by the pressure in his bowels, the sensitive inner skin able to feel the throbbing of the member as it quickened its pace against his prostate, the pressure evidently too much.

With a sharp “Jolllt!” from the man atop him, Ivan’s cock let loose in Jake’s bowels, so much so that the backflow washed against the knot within him. Being stuck to the Jolteon man was more embarrassing than anything Jake could imagine. It was one thing being left alone with his shame, but the fact he could not pull away and was left to feel the warm, sticky fluid sitting inside of him, with no way to relieve the sensations. It felt dirty to the point he couldn’t say anything, using meditation techniques to try to take him out of the situation. It didn’t make things better that Ivan would occasionally pull out, sending post-orgasmic shivers for a few moments before realizing he was stuck once more. It was more than a little annoying to be stuck in such a manner, but nothing he could do until their biologies allowed for their separation.

Ivan didn’t say anything, and Jake was thankful for it, not wanting anything further embarrassment after what he felt was a demeaning ordeal. Jake was glad for the cold, at least, figuring it would be rather sweaty to have them together in any other space of the habitat. He was a little discomforted from the feeling of the sticky fluid clinging to his bowels to the point it was a little dirty, but sure how he would clean himself. Surely Pokemon didn’t, unless of course, they went down on themselves...that was too much to think about!

Though it seemed to take forever, Ivan did eventually pull out of Jake’s ass, and muttered something before he left, something about the cold, Jake was sure. He didn’t say anything in response, rather wanting to reach back and rub his sore asshole, the penetration more than he was ready for. He couldn’t avoid the urge to look back at Ivan’s junk, the size of the knot even larger than his own. *That* thing was still inside of him?! It was unnerving, though the sensation of his asshole as open as it was, as the Jolteon’s warm cum still leaked from it. No matter what he tried, he couldn’t ignore the smell of it.

Though he had all the time to think while tied to the Jolteon's cock, Jake didn’t bother to look in the mirror until the Pokemon left. The sight terrified him, not realizing his hair had fully changed, a dark blue as the curls of the front had grown out into triangle points, with the rest of it pooling down his face in braids. It was bizarre on his face, though perhaps not as much as the darkened patch of skin on his nose, or that his nostrils had curled somewhat from the base, as though forming small slits. It took him some effort to notice, and the nature of its shape made him wonder if that was the cause of him to hone in on smells as he was. And it would only get worse the more he changed, craving the scent of cum and sex and being able to smell like a Pokemon...

There wasn’t much left to do that day, and be it from the changes, a facet of Pokemon life, or simple fatigue from all the sex, Jake found himself wanting to curl up and go to sleep. His body was truly used to the cold to the point he easily passed out, the pillow comfortable and with no desire to have a blanket over him. Sparse hairs were growing all over his body, and he figured

it would be itchy besides. Even his thoughts of doom and despair over his lot in life were not enough to keep him from sleeping, passing out for an unknown amount of time as the world slowly passed by around him.

Those same dreams plagued his thoughts, of being in an icy habitat, fully a Glaceon in body, and seven other mates of different elements to quell his needs. It was their cocks he honed in on this time, and raising his tail, he was quick to invite them to mate him over and over again. Even though any one of them took time for their knots to remove from his rectum, the rest were on their hind legs, humping his icy skin and spilling their warm cum all over his fur. He was sticky and covered with semen, much of it leaking from his bowels, but Jake held no concern over it, needing as much as anything to be lusted after and fucked into oblivion. A prospect that was becoming more and more appealing to the real world him the more he considered it...

Waking up, Jake was quick to discover the temperature in the room was far lower than what he was expecting. Not too cold for him, of course, given it would be almost impossible for the temperature to lower to the point a Glaceon like him could not manage. But there were ice crystals in the room that weren't present before, something that made him a little nervous. After all, if he was using his powers in his sleep, how much more had he changed...?

A cursory glance in the mirror didn't reveal much, something Jake was thankful for. But the fact that his groin was sticky and the hairs had turned a light blue shade was a sign that his balls had emptied themselves over and over in the night to the point that he was a wonder he hadn't changed all the way! It was annoying feeling the hairs stuck together as they were, but without a way to have a shower, and to clean his once meticulously shaven body, there was nothing Jake could do to remove the discomfort. Maybe lick himself like a Pokemon, but the idea of doing so was dredged up more than a bit of disgust.

Even with his night-time escapades, Jake could tell his cock was sliding slightly from this sheath, and Jake took a moment to really look at it, the red, pointed tip foreign despite having seen it on the groins of all the changed men thus far. It was bizarre, especially situated upward facing with a blue fur-covered sheath and heavy testicles. Even the knot within could not be fully hidden, teasing the fringes of his sheath as though eager to burst out at any time. His hair, too, was fully changed from its human equivalent, as much as he could tell. It was disturbing to see in the mirror, though hardly the final change to overcome him within the next few days.

With all the changes that had come over him thus far, Jake was almost tempted not to head out to eat when he heard the bell. The smells of food and the sounds of the other Pokemon moving to eat caught even his human ears. But he knew well there was no point in starving himself, as much as he didn't want to eat Pokemon food. Though of greater risk was

participating in sexual acts with his cohorts, even coming in his sleep was not enough to deter his arousal.

Yet, his hesitation was to be his downfall as the smell of two other people turning Pokemon came to his nose. The sounds of familiar laughter entered his ears as Keenan and Marcus came in, comfortable on all fours as well as any other Pokemon. It was obvious they had been fucking, reeking of sex and semen. Jake felt his eyes go wide, recalling what Keenan had done to Ryan, and wondering if that power would affect him in the same way. It was a daunting prospect, but there was little room to run with only one opening, which was currently being blocked.

“What’s wrong, Jakeon?” Marcus said, taunting him. “Where are you looking to go?”

“We just want to talk, Jakeon, is that too much to ask, hmm?” Keenan said, as though the two of them had planned out the whole affair. The name did strike a nerve to the point he wanted to growl, but there was no point in falling to their taunts.

Jake simply held firm and scanned the two of them as they sat there, as though waiting for him to make a move. He couldn’t help but wonder about the two of them and why they were so mean and interested in turning the rest of them faster. Were they simply sadistic? Or was the notion of becoming Pokemon so powerfully arousing they held some warped notion about enjoying it with everyone?

Jake hardly had time to think about it further as Keenan made his move, reaching out with his ribbons and moving to tease Jake. Growling, Jake backed away, only just now realizing the sounds coming out of his mouth were more Pokemon than human. But it was of little consequence given that he was under their whims and literally backed into a corner.

“Oh, my my. Aren't Jakeon's muscles so much sexier up close, darling?” Keenan asked his lover, licking his chops as his cock began to slide from its fleshy home. “Mmm, I'll say honeeon. Such a strong, handsome man... I'm sure he'll make quite a fetching Glaceon when he's all done...” Marcus replied, giggling with his lover, the Pokemon inflection in his voice clouding Jake's mind with dread and disgust. The potent scent of Pokemon arousal swirling around him made his head spin, toes digging into the icy ground beneath him, huffing out a single, frozen breath.

With that, Marcus moved behind Jake, reaching out with strong hands to rub his back and arms, making Jake’s skin prickle. He didn’t want to be touched in such a way, though nor did he wish to growl and push the man away like a Pokemon might. He was forced to sit through the humiliation, cock leaking onto his groin like a faucet. It was all he could do to let them have their

fun with him before getting bored and leaving, or coaxing him into something he desperately wanted to avoid.

All the while, Keenan's ribbons were still playing over Jake's pecs and abs, reaching behind eventually to tease the man's ass. His hands rubbed the furry treasure trail on Jake's chest, making even an ice-type like himself shiver from the contact. Jake had never been physically teased by anyone, let alone a pair of men, and it was more than a little disconcerting to have it happen now. Especially as the ribbons danced around his form, as though seeking his head and influencing his thoughts to the point he would have no chance but to give in to whatever the pair of them wanted.

Yet, the ribbons did not come, swaying around him as though taunting him. Looking on with some concern, Jake was ready for them to come at any moment. With his focus on what would come, Jake was barely aware of what their presence was doing for him before his Glaceon cock brushed against his hand, making him moan out with his lust. Even the presence of the horny men were doing it for him, the sexual tension palpable in the air to the point that Keenan didn't even need to use his ability to achieve the desired effect. And with his lust at his apex, there was no denying how much he needed to get off, preferably with the two changing Pokemon in the room with him...

"Get out. Now." Jake said, coming out of his stupor, to the point of being enraged. There was no chance of him fighting off the two of them if they were to come at him, but still, he didn't want to let himself fuck them, of all the Pokemon men present in the chamber. Hell, he would ask anyone else to quell the aches in his cock with them, not wanting to give literal bullies the chance to...was corrupt the right word?

It didn't matter at the moment. "Awww, you don't want to play? Well, we'll check back with you later, *Jakeon*," Keenan said, Marcus muttering something about it being too cold in here anyway. Jake was sure his grass Pokemon physiology was ill-suited for the temperatures that Jake liked, but it was a moot point, given they could easily fuck elsewhere. Still, it was a motivation for Jake to stay here, not wanting to go out and eat anyone, used to fasting as part of his training,

Instead, Jake felt it best to try and resist, deciding to sleep it off if he could. It seemed that he didn't change as fast in his sleep, even with the erotic dreams that plagued his mind. That, or perhaps the cold was somehow making it harder for the serum in his veins to change his DNA. Jake didn't have an understanding of things beyond basic biology, and couldn't even begin to imagine the processes that were changing him from the inside. But there was no denying the truth before his eyes, and it mattered little in the end without the doctor's presence to confirm or deny his assumptions.

In the end, sleep did come, though it was spotty at best, given he wasn't truly tired, and the ache in his rod was persistent, even some hours later. Eventually, when he woke up, it was due to the throbbing in his pecker, undeterred by the cold and his meditation as always. There was hardly any ability left in his mind to resist the urges, and his hand was already on his member, stroking and moaning as he did so. He didn't want to touch himself, but it was certainly better than being teased by Marcus and Keenan!

"Hey, are you- o-ohhh," Came a familiar voice, and the sight of Liam at the door was enough to make him pull his hand off his cock, though only just. Liam was obviously shivering a little, and Jake wondered if he'd been using his powers in his sleep once more. But the would-be Espeon decided to ignore it as much as he could.

Jake, despite his embarrassment, said, "Not a fan of Keenan, to say the least," muttering his annoyance.

"Yeah, there's something about it I can't put my finger on. Same with Marcus, but at least I can read some of his thoughts. Sometimes if he's away from Keenan but...there's like a veil over his mind. Maybe it has something to do with his powers. I don't know..." Liam said, as though mind reading was the most normal thing in the world. It seemed Liam had a much better handle on his powers than Jake did, and was not afraid to use them, despite the consequence of doing such to his physiology.

"Can you read minds any better?" Jake asked, not really sure how to pose the subject but curious all the same.

"Still only surface-level thoughts, mostly, how people are doing, that sort of thing," Liam admitted.

"Oh..." Jake said, suddenly embarrassed. His thoughts, lusty as they were, focused on the lean, almost twink-like body of the man. How hot he found it, especially with the purple accents in his fur and the cock that was coming out of his sheath...

"Sorry, sorry, I didn't mean..." Liam said, the implication hanging in the air between them.

"It's alright, I don't mind, I suppose. It's kinda obvious, isn't it?" Jake managed, unable to look away from his Pokemon cock that was aching with the need to be touched, recalling their last night of fun together. And despite his desire not to change further, if he was going to have sex with any of them, he would want it to be Liam-

“Can I suck you off?” Liam asked the question, seeming to come out of nowhere. Jake wasn’t sure how to take the offer, wanting it more than anything but teetering on the edge of lust and doubt.

“We shouldn’t...” Jake managed to utter, though the words had no meaning to the man who could read his surface thoughts.

“I know you need to. I can read your thoughts, and you’re nicer than the rest...please?” Liam asked, and Jake knew he could not say no to those words.

“Y-yes...” Jake said, and with that, Liam moved toward him, his two-pronged tail moving all the while. Jake had never really paid attention to it before, wanting to ignore it as much as he could, pretending it wasn't there. But now the sight of it was rather attractive, fitting his lean body well. And if it was any indication of Liam's state of excitement, he was more than happy to be going down on his new friend, as though experienced with the act.

The moment the changing man's lips circled Jake's cock head, he let out a moan, the warm wet of his new friend's mouth the perfect thing to slide over his member. With its smaller size, Liam was able to move all the way toward the base, teasing Jake's knot to swell to full girth as he tried to deep throat it, something he struggled with a little, given its size. But with some effort, Liam was able to manage it, the entirety of Jake’s maleness inside of him to the point Jake’s hands reflexively reached down and placed themselves on Liam’s silvery hair, as though encouraging him to go down on him. With such a skilled oral lover, Jake was sure he wouldn’t last much longer!

Yet, a tingling in his spine was enough to cause him to keep his orgasm at bay to the point he was prompted to reach back and rub it, feeling a small nub forming there as more bits of light blue fur peppered its surface. Irritated, Jake started to rub it, feeling it even beginning to twitch as he did so. In his lust-fueled stupor and his confusion over possessing such a thing, Jake couldn’t fathom what he was touching. It wasn’t until Liam pulled off his cock with a string of spittle, looked up at him with a concerned expression.

“Fuck, a tail...” Jake managed, feeling its contours continuing to grow at his touch. It was bizarre to feel such pushing from his spine and moving around of its own accord. And yet it was something they would all possess soon enough, save for Ivan, of course. A truly dehumanizing appendage, and one that was growing longer the more he was being played with. Jake didn’t know how to feel, the pleasure exquisite but the tradeoff was not worth it, perhaps.

“It’s not so bad,” Liam said, getting up for a moment and reaching up to touch his own Espeon tail. “It’s weird, but you get used to it, I guess. We’re all going to have one eventually,” Liam said and reached back with careful hands to tease Jake’s new one. Surely, he was cold, but Jake let him rub the appendage, feeling it grow longer. The base was rather sensitive, the touch against it pleasant to the point his cock continued to leak and Jake was almost to the point of begging to be sucked off again.

Liam was on him again, licking and sucking and bringing his rod all the way down to the base, where his lips wrapped around Jake’s thick bulge. With the persistent pressure against his cock and the sensual delight of having the base of his new tail rubbed, Jake was not able to hold back for much longer as his balls started to churn and he prepared to blow his load.

“Oh fuck, Liam, I’m going to...if you have to...oh fuckkkkeeon!” Jake called out with that Pokemon inflection in his voice as his cock unloaded into Liam’s muzzle. It seemed likely Liam was prepared to take his cum, feeling it sputtering against his gullet and drinking it down as though he enjoyed it. Maybe he did, but Jake wasn’t in a situation to really judge the man’s preferences, His might even be the same soon with the changes to his sexuality slowly developing.

Eventually, Liam pulled off his cock, a sort of grin crossing his features as he did so. There was something in the act that left him curious, tail growth aside. He wanted to reciprocate, wanted to explore that aspect of his new life and new sexuality. Despite the fact it had been thrust upon him, there was still some desire to explore something that his new friend was so eager to do that Jake couldn’t help but want to return the favor.

Liam was already touching himself at this point, evidently not thinking that Jake would be up for something as intimate as that. Jake’s hand was on Liam’s for a brief moment before he eventually got down on his knees, taking Liam’s cock and staring at its leaking tip with some trepidation. It didn’t take him long before he opened his mouth, reaching out with a curious tongue to lick the salty fluids, finding the flavor strong, though not as offensive as he might have suspected. Giving himself only a moment to get used to it, Jake took Liam’s cue to move over the Pokemon rod, finding it wasn’t nearly as offensive as he might have expected. In fact, it was rather pleasant, especially given the shivers of pleasure the action was giving Liam.

“Fuck Jake, don’t stoppeon!” Liam moaned, an Espeon inflection in his voice that both scared Jake and turned him on in equal measure. Liam’s tail was thrashing insistently, a sign of his pleasure if there ever was one. It was a little disconcerting, but not enough to deter Jake from his advances, feeling the warm sticky fluids running down his gullet and wondering what it would be like to drink down Liam’s load as he had done with Jake.

“Getting close...if you need to...oh fuck. I can’t...Es...ESPEON!” Liam called out, the Pokemon inflection unavoidable as his balls shot their cream into Jake’s mouth. It was a little too much for the changing man, and he didn’t think he could swallow it, but the notion of the pleasure it gave his new friend was more than enough a reward for doing it. Forcing himself to swallow, Jake looked up, mouth still full of cum. At least he wasn’t inclined to gag, which was a saving grace, though he was sure his friend wouldn’t have minded so much. He could likely tell through his surface thoughts, though Liam had the courtesy not to say anything in that regard.

“Your knot is so big...” Jake commented, the one thing he couldn’t manage to take inside his mouth. It was a wonder Liam was able to do it when he did, but Jake was sure he would be able to do the same with practice. If this was to be the rest of his life...

Feeling his new tail continuing to wag with his happiness, Jake looked up to see the fruits of his labor on Liam's changes. “Your sideburns grew out a little more,” he commented, matter of fact. The thick purple fur had grown from where his beard had been, closer to the Pokemon he was becoming.

“Worth it this time,” Liam replied, a bit of a sly smile on his face.

“Is it too cold for you?” Jake thought to ask, noticing Liam was shivering a little after having stood there for the span of their sexual acts.

“Nah, it's honestly got me all hot and bothered,” Liam said, with a little bit of a chuckle.

“Want to get out and grab something to eat before things snowball?” Jake said, the bad pun not lost on Liam as he started to giggle, playfully batting his arm with his paw. Jake couldn't help but laugh at it himself, to the point the two of them were laughing loud enough to be heard outside

It seemed they were the last ones to go out to eat, four of the other six subjects gathered around and ate from their bowls. Most were able to use their hands, though Ivan, with his fully formed front paws, was forced to eat with his mouth more like the Pokemon he was becoming. Jake couldn’t help but feel a little bad for him, despite the fact his presence had changed the both of them and awakened something in his sexuality that he wasn’t really comfortable with yet. Not having hands to interact with the world was something Jake feared, but there was likely no avoiding it with the changes soon to come.

Ryan and Ray, to the surprise of Jake and Liam, seemed to be eating side by side, as though the two of them had become friends. More than friends it would seem, Jake being able to smell the now all-too familiar scent of semen on them. Ray, for his part, was walking a little

bowlegged as he moved from bowl to bowl, a sure sign that he had been on the receiving end of some fucking. Jake couldn't help but remember how super homophobic Ray had been, and even the lust burning into their minds from the changes seemed not enough to bring him into the fold so soon. Evidently, he was wrong. As he turned around to look at the newcomers, Ryan had a gleam in his eye, something Jake barely noticed but something that made him shiver a little to realize. Almost as though he was scheming something...

Jake couldn't help but remember what Liam had told him, about how Ryan's was one of the minds he could not read no matter how much he tried. Surely, a part of that had to do with the difference in their eventual Pokemon typing. But what if the dark-type Pokemon had some other mental ability they didn't know about? Jake wanted to ask Liam about it eventually, but could not do so with the other's presence. Jake found himself glad Liam wasn't an asshole with his abilities, something he could easily have used to manipulate without telling anyone.

Speaking of, it seemed as though Matt and Keenan were absent, nowhere around the habitat as far as Jake could feel. Most likely, the pair were in Keenan's room, likely up to some sexual acts that would have made Jake horny were to look into. It was weird to see Marcus without him, but the Leafeon didn't bother to look up from his dinner, hungry from the changes and whatever else they had been up to. Was Keenan helping set everyone up to be fucked? How did Marcus feel about that? It was not something he wanted to ask, figuring he wouldn't get a straight answer anyway.

Going back to eat, Jake couldn't help but notice the changes to everyone else's forms in the interim. Ivan, he'd seen recently, though more quills had clearly erupted from his back, and his paws and arms were covered with yellow fur. His ears were fully changed as well, and with the amount of quills he possessed, Jake figured he was likely in control of electricity as much as Jake was with the cold. Ray, too, had a full, fluffy chest and a long fluffy tail hitched above his ass. His nose was a little pointed, and the skin off his ears and around his head was changed toward bright orange fur, as much as he'd seen on the average Flareon. Ryan seemed to be a little further changed, black fur covering much of his body and his own tail swaying over his puckered anus. His ears were fully changed, and like the rest, his nose seemed a little pointed, able to breathe in the musk and arousal of their horny bodies.

Of all of them, Marcus was the most changed, likely due to the sheer amount of sex he seemed to have with Keenan and everyone else. While he didn't seem to be down on all fours, not yet, at least, though it was unlikely for him to get on two legs, with the size of his feet. Or rather, hind paws as much as Jake could see. The man's leafy tail swung lazily behind him, and his ears and hair were fully changed, leaves growing from them as much as the grass Pokemon he was. With as content with his body as he seemed to be, Jake wondered if he would be happier

knowing he would change and accept it. Did that make him... jealous of the man? Was that right?

Eventually, Marcus looked up, a gleam in his eyes as he sniffed the air, clearly able to tell what had been happening behind the scenes. "I see someone's getting into it. I can't wait till we have our way with you..." Marcus said, and Jake felt himself shudder. He didn't want to do anything with the grass Pokemon or his psychotic boyfriend, but if Keenan had the abilities that Jake suspected, he might have little choice in the matter.

"Nice to see you got a little...*taste* of the new life," Ryan replied with a sneer, and Jake felt his face flush. Jake wanted to say something or to leave, but there was no point, and with his more stoic personality he was able to let it slide.

Liam, it seemed, had other words in mind. "I see Keenan's off bringing another to the fold. How many more boyfriends does he need to make up for staying with you?" Liam said, more than a little spitefully. With that, Marcus turned back, huffing as he did so and muttering something about Liam being so narrow-minded. But if Liam was using his abilities, maybe there was something to the comment that was a little dirtier than Jake was expecting from the man.

With that, the group of them ate in silence, Jake and Liam not staying too close together but still eyeing each other as they did so. Jake did his best to ignore the rest of the gathered, but there was no denying a peculiar dynamic between Ryan and Ray that left Jake a little perplexed. Though there were adequate food bowls with Pokemon preferable food, any time Ray went to eat, Ryan pushed him aside, grabbing food from that bowl before moving away, allowing Ray the chance to eat afterward. It was a little bizarre, no purpose to it other than to put Ray in his place, so to speak. It made Jake wonder what was up between the two of them but there was no point in asking, such beyond his current worries.

Surprised as he was, it seemed the six of them were content to go back to their respective rooms without wanting to fuck, for once. Jake gave Liam a cursory glance but did little more than that, allowing him to get back to his changes. Not that he didn't want to stay with his new friend but he didn't want to encourage his further changes, nor the changes of any of the others. It was nice to get back to the cold, though he was able to regulate a lower temperature for his new physiology. It didn't take much energy, mind, but the colder temperatures were more suited to his new form.

After using his unfortunately Pokemon-designed litter box, Jake found he had little else to do with his time, waiting to change and lose more of his humanity. His meditation experience certainly passed enough time, and focusing on human pursuits was easy with a full belly and empty balls. But the more he focused on them, the more it seemed like they held little weight to

the new life he'd been thrust into. Aspersions of the future were futile, for sure, the best he had was to be treated well by his owners as the Pokemon he was. And his hope of getting out without a clear path of doing so was fleeting at best. Dr. Gerald had never even made an appearance since he'd been captured and placed in the pen to the point Jake was sure he might never do so until they were Pokemon and subject to those laws, being captured and used for the servitude of others. Fine for non-sentient beings, but if he was able to keep a semblance of his sapience...Jake shuddered at the implications.

Opening his eyes to his small room, Jake was shocked for a moment, as though the colors of the room were washed out. The pastel blues were the same, but it was the lights from the equipment, glowing red that seemed absent from his vision. Jake blinked a few times, trying to bring the color back to his eyes. Nothing. It took him some moments to realize the clarity of the room was improved, another facet of his vision that had changed. But it was that loss of color that made him regret it, not expecting it would be the case but something that added just the hint of despair over his fate.

“What's wrong, *Jakeon*?” Came a familiar, though annoying voice, and Jake looked up with some dread to see Keenan and Marcus sauntering in, grinning and moving in on him from both sides. There was nowhere to go, and he was subject to their whims as much as any of their group were.

“Don't like your changes, *Jakeon*? Well, you'll like them soon,” Marcus said, in that same taunting tone that was equal parts infuriating and lustful. As much as Jake didn't want to admit it, his cock was coming out of his sheath, just a little but enough it surely did not go unnoticed.

“Want us to help you out with that, *Jakeon*?” Keenan teased, and Jake felt himself sweat despite the cold in the room. If they made a move, he wasn't sure he could yell at them to stop this time...

“We can make it quick, or as long as you want...” Marcus teased, his own cock coming out of its home. While it still wasn't confined to all fours, Jake was sure his motion was more comfortable than perhaps it should have been, as though he had fucked and been changed in the last few hours. If the scent in his nose was any indication, that was likely to be the case...

“You'll like it, we promise...” Keenan said, reaching out with his ribbons to rub against the braids of hair Jake now possessed. If they got an inch closer, then surely, Jake's mind would melt like butter.

Yet, at the last possible second, the ribbons pulled back, retracting into Keenan's bowtie and waving there, as though fake ribbons and not parts of his anatomy. He, too, looked able on all fours, and his tail swung behind him, as though a cat toying with a mouse.

"Well, maybe not yet, Jakeon. You don't look relaxed enough. But we'll get you out there eventually..." Keenan said, and with a motion of his head, the two of them turned around and left, waving their tails over their asses to be sure that Jake got the message. And as much as Jake disliked the two of them and the shit they were stirring, he couldn't deny the arousal in his cock at the sight and scent of them.

Beyond the changes to his vision that left him in a bit of depression, the ache in his cock was getting to the point he could not resist with all the meditation he could muster. A part of him considered asking Liam for help, but he didn't want to push the issue in case. It took him a few moments to formulate a plan, the adjective of cold water not something he could really muster with his current physiology.

Eyeing the habitat beyond, the lack of anyone, particularly Matt, in the pool gave him an idea. He hadn't gone for a swim in some time, but with his colder anatomy and the water around him, there was every chance it might give him the reprieve he wished. He had no idea where Matt was or how long he would be gone, but surely there was no harm in trying, right? Surely he wouldn't need long, a few laps around the pool just perfect. And with no one else around to distract him, Jake made the decision to dash for the pool, his swaying cock almost enough to deter him from his goal. But he managed, the water feeling comfortable on his skin and fur as he started to gently swim, already feeling his erection ebbing.

Though at first, he found the water was a little warm, the temperature of his own body was enough to cool it down, bits of crystals forming around him as he did laps. The pool was an impressive size, with a small bed above it for Matt to sleep. He wasn't in there, as much as Jake could see, and Jake let himself relax, his member starting to retreat into his slit and peace flowing over his mind. He didn't want to stay here too long, not wanting to encounter or bother Matt, but there was likely little wrong with it, not thinking about any repercussions.

Yet, what he was not expecting was for the water to shimmer and start to take form, making Jake nearly leap out of the water. The form quickly took hold, showing a man with more Vaporeon features that he was comfortable with. Fuck, if that was Matt, he was the most changed of them all thus far, apparently taking his abilities to their limit if he could already change his molecules into water.

“What’s up, brodie?” Matt said, that laid-back attitude of a surfer. Jake was still getting over his shock at the sight of him, and even the way he’d popped in, able to use his Pokemon abilities to their fullest before he’d even fully changed.

His skin, unlike the rest of them, was mostly rubbery blue, fur not conducive for underwater life. Little human skin persisted at this point, enough it was hardly the only thing that had changed. His frill, white and finned, seemed to have grown to its full length around his neck, and his ears were fully changed, gills present within that likely made it so he could swim underwater as much as he could breathe on land. Perhaps the most jarring addition was the massive, piscine tail moving up and down behind him, finned at the tip with a line of webbing all the way down to the tip.

Even under the water, Jake’s gaze couldn’t help but look down at the sight of a penis that was unlike the rest of them. It was longer, undulating almost with a prehensile ability, and there was no visible sheath to slide into it or any external testicles. He was obviously still male, though even in Pokemon, Jake had never seen a member like it before. And the inclinations that had burrowed their way into his mind as of late desired to know more about it...

“Like what you see, man? Wanna fuck?” Matt asked straight up, as though it was the most sane thing to ask someone you barely knew.

“No, I can’t...” Jake replied, though there was little conviction in the words.

“Why not, dude? We’re just a couple of horny Pokemon, why don’t we just fuck when we need to?” Matt asked, and to be honest, Jake didn’t have an adequate answer for him.

“Keenan showed me how tubular being a Pokemon could be. Watch,” Matt said, motioning to the water behind him. With a rather impressive wave, the water roiled up, splashing onto the sides of the pool before it was sucked back within, without so much as a ripple in the water. It was impressive, though perhaps more so than Jake’s newfound power to control temperatures.

“And that’s nothing! Watch this!” Matt said, his body shimmering in the same way it had when he’d appeared. It took but seconds for him to dissipate, dissolving into the water and moving within it, barely rippling the water as he did so. Jake couldn’t imagine what it felt like to literally *become* water if that was what was occurring. Jake found he didn’t really want to ask, too bizarre to think of the implications of what he’d been swimming in. But he had to admit, it was a cool ability, as much as none of them should have been able to do so as humans.

Within moments, Matt returned to his Hybrid Vaporeon form, grin wide on his face. “Yeah, radical, I know! Not gonna lie man, I always wondered what it would be like to be a water Pokemon. I always strived for the best swimming records, being the fastest, and holding my breath the longest, y’know what I’m sayin’?” Matt said and Jake had to admit, there was something about the words that made sense. What if his own physique was enhanced with the power of a Pokemon? If he had consented to it, at least...

Matt was quick to bring him from his thoughts, evidently more accustomed to living in the now. “Come on, dude, fuck me! I know you want to!” Matt said, getting out of the water and lifting his tail to expose a puckered anus underneath his throbbing, unusual cock. The sight of its entrance turned Jake on like nothing before, having never fucked anyone in the ass before. Yet, his sexual desire was at its apex, and that internal monologue telling him to try different things, especially while he still could with some humanity remained, eventually relented.

Without a word, Jake reached down and gripped his cock, still unused to its Pokemon contours as he rubbed the leaking cock tip against it. Though somehow, Matt was slick and ready to take him, and with a grunt of pleasure, Jake was able to push in, only for a moment to gain his purchase before he started to thrust. It was tighter than anything he had felt before and all Jake could do was grunt his pleasure as he took the man’s ass.

“Oh fuck...you’re a biggreon!” Matt called out, with that same Pokemon cadence that each one of them was developing as their changes overtook them.

Having never had sex before in such a way, Jake had no idea what to expect. But the tightness against his cock was sublime to the point he was sure he could cum with a moment’s notice. It was slippery and slick, and Jake started to reflexively thrust, all instinct in the mating, be it either Pokemon or his own human desires that were at the forefront. It mattered little with the pleasure building within his Pokemon prick as his balls slapped against Matt’s rubbery hide.

Looking down, Jake was pricey to the sight of a slit of skin opening up further, the bulb of Matt’s Vaporeon cock sliding in and out and making the changing man squeak out his lust. It seemed to widen, taking his cock within and not showing a single trace of his testicles. It was wide, likely streamlined to match his ability to swim. Jake hardly had thought to ponder it further, lost in the thrusting and barely able to watch Matt rub his Vaporeon cock against the deck, evidently not pained, as he moaned his own release in an increasingly higher-pitched voice.

Yet, far too soon for Jake’s preference, or release, Matt pulled back, his gaping pucker taunting Jake for a moment. The reason for it was soon obvious as he pulled himself further out of the water, the slit under his cock in full display as he used his hands to part it. “Fuck me here instead, bro! It’s going to be a lot tighter and I’ve been wanting to try it ever since I got one!” He

offered, and Jake found himself staring with a mixture of fascination and desire. It seemed too small for even his diminished cock, but it would be even tighter than what asshole fucking gave him...and who was he to deny his new friend pleasure?!

More carefully this time, Jake brought his Glaceon cock to bear as he teased the fringes of Matt's Vaporeon slit, not sure if he could fit but willing to give it a try all the same. As soon as he pushed his way toward his goal, Jake felt his cock being enveloped, as though Matt's undulating contours were enough to bring him inside. It was tighter, no doubt about it, but with the direct stimulation to his cock, Matt was able to stop grinding against it, allowing himself to be enveloped by the pleasure. It wasn't as deep as the man's Pokemon asshole, but it was far, far tighter, Jake struggled against the pressure to be expelled as he determined himself to stay inside of Matt's slit. The constant pressure on his prick was heavenly!

Breathing heavily, Jake was soon privy to the scent of something fishy, beyond the scents of the water he was able to drink in before. Underneath the piscine essence of Matt's Vaporeon body, there were other intricacies he was becoming aware of, such as the odors of other Pokemon on his being, one that he was sure belonged to Keenan, though it was something he was sure he would learn with time. Not that he particularly cared about Keenan's smell, but with the way Matt described his escapades, there was no denying which of the change men he was scenting.

"Oh yeah, that's too good bro! Do it! Cum in me!" Matt called out obviously loving the sex as much as Jake was, even if Jake was momentarily conflicted over the act.

"So tight...fuck..." Jake moaned, feeling the tension in his testicles building to the point of no return. He knew heightening his heart rate would accelerate the changes, but there was no holding back his desires. "I can't...I can't...fuck...Going to...Glace! Glaceon!"

With that, there was nothing stopping Jake from unloading his burden, spilling his semen inside Matt's hole without regard for his friend's comfort. Even his knot was forced inside, giving him an additional wave of pleasure beyond what he could have anticipated. Like the bulb itself was twice as sensitive as his member, the surge of pleasure early whiting him out as he pulled back, barely registering the fact he was now stuck inside the Vaporeon. It was uncomfortable being trapped there, and he had a momentary thought for Ivan, who had been stuck on his back all that time. In this instance, however, Jake allowed himself to relax into it, some altering facet of his brain allowing him to love the sensation and know that his seed had been firmly implanted in his mate's behind. At the time, it was hard to see anything wrong with it!

As the pleasant feeling of orgasm wore off and Jake started to come to his senses, he found himself unable to find concern with the changes that were affecting his body. In fact, he

was still horny, as much as his cock was already preparing to slide from Matt's slit with a rush of semen. And this time, rather than fucking him again, Jake felt his anus clench, wanting to be filled by a cock like Matt's inside of him. It was so different from anything else the rest of the Pokemon possessed, and Jake was eager for that unique experience.

It seemed Matt was of one mind, grinning as his cock wriggled in front of them, as though seeking a hole to fuck. "Want to get fucked this time?" Matt asked, as though it was the most normal thing to ask in the world. Jake didn't respond, just raised his short tail at the side of the pool and felt his asshole clenching. There was little need for words with the lust he felt to the point he barely moaned as the wriggling tip of Matt's cock brushed against the tip of Jake's Glaceon pucker, pushing inside without regard for Jake's comfort. And with his want to be topped, Jake certainly felt he needed it at the time!

The moment Matt's needy aquatic cock tip touched his ass, the itching that had been persistently playing over his body started to intensify, as though more of his fur coat was taking shape. Already having a blue treasure trail, the blue fur began to thicken in waves, peppering over his chest and back, some of it even more over his shoulders and down his thighs. Yet, Jake found it harder to mind the realization. He was simply too horny, simply too needy to the point that having his skin covered with light blue Glaceon fur was hardly a deterrent to his want of further changes trying to clench his pucker to take as much of the Vaporeon's member as he could.

Within the first few moments, even Jake's inexperienced pucker was able to discern the differences between Ivan's more standard cock with the aquatic one of the soon-to-be Vaporeon. It was strange, rather than a single stiff prick hitting his insides, there was a long, undulating one, able to move as though seeking the deepest recesses of Jake's insides. It was amazing against his rectal walls, making him squirm as it rubbed the rectal tissues in ways that defied his understanding of anatomy. Even as it continued to seek the contours of Jake's prostate Jake could sense it was growing inside of him, expanding as it prepared to expel its burden.

It took little time for Jake to reach his own end, the pressure against his prostate making him orgasm into the water, a creamy strong of Glaceon semen as he cried out incoherently in a more Pokemon tone. "Glaceon! Glace!" Was all he was able to interpret as his balls were emptied, followed by a satisfying warmth in his pucker as Matt's own load was spilled within him.

Jake, for his part, wasn't aware of the temperature of the water lowering until he could out, the stark contrast of all the heat he had absorbed being taking in the water and leaving chunks of ice within. Jake felt a little embarrassed, part of him recalled that water type Pokemon largely resisted ice. Matt, for his part, seemed hardly bothered by the cold, pulling out with a

rush of semen and swimming happily in a circle around the pool, elated to have had such exquisite orgasms. Jake couldn't be sure, but it seemed a little like Matt's body was...smaller, if that was correct. Their eventual bodies would need to lose mass to change, right? It was a bizarre realization but one he was just starting to come to terms with.

“Great fuck, bro! Come back anytime! I wouldn't mind taking your cock once we're fully changed! It's going to be sweet!” Matt called out before dissolving into the water once more, evidently loving the abilities of his body. There was a part of him that was jealous of Matt's love of his changes and form, having his life improved by being a Pokemon, in a sense. Didn't he have hopes and dreams and ambitions of his own for the human world? Or were they all so tied with results that taking on a form to grant them was enough for him to find some unique happiness in the world? Given it was to be their fates regardless, Jake found something almost enviable in that.

Ignoring the persistent itching over his skin as more of it was slowly covered with Glaceon fur, Jake made his way back to his room, a little stunned by the amazing sex. He wanted to be alone, a fuzziness in his head that left him confused and anxious in equal measure. He needed some time to think, to come to terms with what he had done, and why he had done it so easily and willingly.

It was sometime after meditating that Jake finally felt calm enough to assess his situation. The remnants of his lust and the post-orgasmic tingle were gone, leaving nothing to distract him from rational human thought. It was something he needed to do, feeling like the next few moments would come a long way in how he might spend the duration of his change. And perhaps the time beyond it, though he had no idea how that might turn out, how much of himself would remain in the Pokemon body he was to possess. Not that Pokemon weren't intelligent, but their capacity to work out problems with human capabilities left Jake to wonder. Ultimately, he decided that was something out of his control, and decided to shelve the notion.

Of more concern was his enjoyment of the sexual activity, something that was not only spurred on by the transformation process but rather something innate within him, something Jake was only just beginning to come to terms with. Having never been sexually active due to his rigorous training and self-discipline, there was nothing to compare to the raw sensations of sex, and how much his body seemed to crave it. It had awakened something in him, something his past self had never fathomed and would have been appalled by. But if he liked it so much...was it really fair for him to classify it as a bane to his life? Certainly, it was changing him faster, as evidenced by all the former men around him. And yet...

Then there were obvious implications of his life beyond the changes. If he were to be a Pokemon and contain even a modicum of his awareness of his former human self, how would he

rationalize such? Being in servitude as a sentient being was more than he could imagine, far removed from his human experience. It would be less than ideal, especially being controlled and used for some experimentation as he was. Though it seemed like the sex, at least, would be something used to keep them all placid, which wasn't a terrible fate, all things considered. But either way, he would much rather be free, Jake quickly decided. With some of his new Pokemon brethren, particularly...

Of course, there was one other advantage of being a Pokemon, one that Jake had hardly taken the proper time to experiment with. Changing the temperatures in a small space was one thing, a powerful ability in its own right, to be sure. But could he actually use attacks like a Pokemon? Dare he risk it? He would change faster, though by now, the fur coat had coveted his back, moving up his chest and over his shoulders. Not having really rubbed it, hardly feeling cold and not wanting to acknowledge it, Jake traced his fingers through it, finding the texture to be a little stiff, but pleasant. His own hair was already changed, and reaching back to touch it, Jake was rather surprised to feel how comforting it was to rub his head, almost like he was petting himself. It was a bit of an awkward realization, and at that, he stopped, not really ready to experience that conflict in his mind of being more pet than human. It was something to resolve for another time, he reasoned.

It was the first inclination that returned to him, and he figured even the risk of further fur growth was worth the experiment. He wasn't really sure how to trigger Pokemon attacks, knowing a few from watching master Brycen's gym battles, but without an understanding from the perspective of a Pokemon, such seemed almost impossible. And yet, Pokemon did so without much understanding of human speech, learning attacks in time to partake in vicious battles. So then, how hard would it be to tap into that obviously racial memory and perform one of the attacks that he should be able to know? Wait, was he even at a high enough level? With no training, how the hell was that even a thing?!

Recalling one of the simplest ice moves with a frost breath, Jake took a deep breath, exhaling as much as he could, in hopes of making the attack. At first, it was nearly impossible to tell what was happening, his breath already icy cold in the room he was in. But as ice crystals formed in front of his eyes, it was soon obvious that something had happened, that his breath was colder than the room, and perhaps a mildly damaging attack as far as he was able to perceive.

Feeling elated, and ignoring the increased tempo of itching over his body, Jake concentrated, forming a point in front of him that he tried to channel his cold. It seemed to be working, though a little jarring when a beam fired in the direction he was looking, blasting toward the door as he lost control over it. He had done it, fired an Ice Beam, a relatively higher-level ice attack!

What he had not expected was for Liam to be at the door, narrowly dodging the beam to some shock. Jake immediately felt some guilt at that, not thinking his attack would actually hit anyone. Still, Liam's features softened, and he giggled a little, mouth opening to reveal slightly more pointed teeth than Jake was sure he had before, as though the changes had affected his mouth. He, too, had a rather thick coat of purple fur, a sign he was either using his powers, fucking, or both. Jake was certainly in no position to judge either way!

"Not bad," Liam commented, looking at the frozen wall with a nod. Jake felt himself becoming a little nervous at that, not sure how to take it. He wanted to be special, of course, but at the same time, it was unnerving to be using Pokemon powers so callously when there was still a part of him that wanted to meditate on the last vestiges of his humanity and prevent the changes from ripping it away so quickly.

"Want to see what I can do?" Liam asked, and Jake was a little surprised at his willingness to go along with it. However, there was something exciting about being able to use Pokemon powers, something that few humans had ever experienced. And Jake was curious as to the psychic ability Liam had experimented with, eager to have him show off as much as he had been to try as well.

Almost immediately, one of the pillows in the center of the room started to lift, then began dancing in the air, as though being pulled by invisible strings. Jake looked impressed as Liam moved the pillow with ease, adding the other two to the ceiling as they danced around like a choreographed troop.

"Not bad!" Jake commented, happy that Liam was enjoying control over his powers as much as Jake seemed to be. It was amazing in its own way, impressed by such and happy for his friend's abilities and finding the expression rather fetching. Almost sexy, even...

Yet, the moment his Glaceon cock started to slide from his sheath, a blush of embarrassment crossed his features, remembering his latest changes and what further alterations would come from playing around with their powers. It was a dangerous activity, as much as it had been with their sexual acts to give in to their Pokemon sides. And yet, it was steadily becoming part of their being to the point it was impossible to deny. The mental conflict was staggering, indeed!

It was more than just his erection that Jake wanted to hide. Though there was a part of him that knew Liam could simply read his surface thoughts, certain things Jake felt he wanted to keep to himself. In particular, his recent sexual escapades with Matt, but he knew of course the moment he thought about them they would be surface thoughts accessible to Liam. And, besides, why should he be ashamed of them? They were all changing, all being encouraged to fuck and

rut. It wasn't like he had anything to be concerned about, right? Then why did it matter specifically what Liam thought of him...?

“Hey, I can read your mind, you know. I try not to, but it's hard. Anyway, don't worry about it. It's kinda flattering that you're worried about it in the first place...” Liam said, and with that, Jake felt a little better. There was still a flush of embarrassment there, something he really didn't want to admit to even himself, but it was impossible to bury from Liam's mind, even if he wasn't really trying.

“How are you coming along with control? I mean, not that you're obligated not to use your abilities or anything. I mean, I know you were saying there are some minds you can't read as well...sorry, I'm really bad at this...” Jake admitted, not really sure where he was going.

“I'm working on controlling it a little better. It's not so bad, thankfully, I can block out most of it. I've tried listening in to some of the other's thoughts-not intrusively, or anything-but I still can't hear Keenan or Ryan, I think it might be due to their typing, but I'm not sure,” Liam admitted, a little abased of what he was trying to do or explain.

“Can you at least read Markus?” Jake asked, though regretted it immediately. In all honesty, he didn't really want to know.

“Yeah, sometimes. Not when he's with Keenan, of course, he's put a mental block up. Markus loves him, as you would expect, but there's something under the surface, something I can't quite place. I'm sorry, I don't want to start trouble or anything...” Liam said, though there was a part of Jake that felt it was relevant info. Not that he wanted to go after the pair or anything. What was the point, really? They were all captives of Dr. Gerald's whims regardless of the hierarchy within the group of them. And yet...

“We better get some rest. Don't want to change too fast,” Jake said, though there was no denying he earned more, even if Liam couldn't read his mind. “But if we do, I'd prefer...want it to be with you,” Jake admitted, making the soon-to-be Espeon blush a little. It was a nice gesture, and instead of leaving, Liam moved toward the air conditioner, turning the dial and slowly allowing the room to heat up a little. “If it's not too cold in here, I could stay...” Liam said, and Jake felt his heart leap at that. It might cause them to indulge in their sexuality and change faster, but then again, if they were going to change in the end...

Jake woke sometime later, having passed out soon after their fun. They had cum together, rubbing and sucking and even kissing, though he wasn't sure if that was a real memory or one from the dream. His cock was erect upon awakening, but that was a given, with how aroused

he'd been as of late. Not something he wanted to deal with just yet, though, with the sensation of a warmer body beside his own, there was every chance that they just might...

Sensing that he was awake, the body behind him started to nuzzle his neck, a rather pleasant sensation all the same as Jake felt himself moving back into it. His eyes were still closed, enjoying a moment of closeness with another being that he had never felt in his life. It was a small solace, given their new lots in life and what that meant for them going forward. And the Espeon behind him was so warm, so nice as he reached down and started rubbing at Jake with his-

It was then the sensation of something against his front gave him pause to the point he was sure he was being cuddled from both ends. Panicked now, Jake opened his eyes in time to see he was not alone, and not with Liam as he had hoped, rather, the sight of something green and leafy pushing into his chest. And the things rubbing his back, almost silky to the touch, were reminiscent of something else he had felt before, almost like tendrils or ribbons of flesh. Making their owner obvious...

<Good moooooorrning, Jakeon!> Came a familiar sing-song voice, and Jake stood up, shooting daggers at his assailants. It took him a few moments to discern there was something off about the words, as though they were coming out as a different language, though one he was still able to identify, at least. But it mattered little with the tone as familiar as it was, that taunting presence that made his blood boil over in anger.

Before he could act, Keenan gave him a quick smooch on the lips, startling him as firm hands gripped his sheath from behind, making him elicit a startled moan. He didn't want this, couldn't want this! And yet, his body was reacting against his wishes, cock sliding from its new home as dribbles of precum froze as they dripped their way down to the icy floor. It was even more trying as those seeking hands made their way toward his sheath, teasing a reddening Pokemon erection all the way from its home and leaking. All the while, human hands were teasing just around the zones to make him powerfully aroused beyond anything he could hold back.

<What's the matter Jakeon? Can't understand us? Or can you? And are you scared you can understand language like a Pokemon, now?> Keenan taunted, confirming Jake's fears about his altered mind. He was sure he was hearing and understanding Pokemon speech, and the two of them were so changed they could only speak that way, or at least chose to.

Like his own, the two of them were erect and leaking to the point it was obvious that a few hostile stares and weak Pokemon powers would not be enough to get rid of them. He didn't want to have sex with them, especially after what he confessed to Liam the night before. But

such was a moot point with the ache in his cock coming to the forefront of his mind. He didn't want to change more, didn't want these two assholes to be the catalyst. And Liam would know...but then, he would sense Jake's feelings just as much, whatever happened.

With their twin Pokemon cocks at full attention, it was a wonder that they didn't fuck him right then and there. Jake knew he had to get away, that he didn't want to change further and especially not with these bastards. But there was so little he could do in the face of such confinement except cry out from the pleasure of being touched. A fleeting facet of his mind tried in vain to get away, though with the lust burning through his icy body, Jake felt his resolve waning. As though executing further resistance, a combination of vines and ribbons kept him in place to the point Jake was sure he couldn't escape no matter how much he tried. And a growing part of him didn't want to...

As disgusted as he was by Keenan's kiss, Jake kept up his lip lock to the man's Pokemon muzzle, the combination of having his penis stimulated as well as his nipples more than he could bear. The man's hands and ribbons continued to rub at Jake's icy fur, spreading it slightly as more and more of it covered his decreasing visible skin. Even with the texture of the touch waned against him, the fingers starting to audibly crack as their nails sharpened and their ability to tease him in the way Jake was coming to enjoy vanished. It felt like a victory, albeit a small one that Keenan was losing his hands, his human way of interacting with the world for the limited tactile abilities of a Pokemon. But with the thick ribbons teasing every inch of Jake's hot zones, it was impossible to hold back, Jake moaning in a higher pitched voice as his cock was pleased just slightly. Not enough for him to cum, though the teasing itself was almost maddening that he could hardly take it.

<Well, I supposed I don't need hands anymore,> Keenan said, matter of factly. There truly was no lament in his voice, rather only satisfaction that he was the Sylveon he obviously wanted to be. Would this have been the Pokemon form he would have chosen for himself, of all the hundreds of species? Jake found he didn't want to know, or even care, if he was being honest with himself.

It was only when the rubbing and teasing stopped that Jake called out, only realizing a little too late how much it embarrassed him to do so. His cock was so needy, and it was almost maddening being in the presence of two other horny males, regardless of what bastards they were. Part of Jake was happy they were likely leaving, though it was difficult for him to yell for them to get out this time. His body was literally quivering with need, to the point that the slightest touch was all that was needed for him to get off. And damn, he wanted it to be by their hand and not his own...

The two almost fully changed Pokemon looked at each other with sly expressions, kissing each other before changing positions. Keenan, it seemed, was interested in Jake's backside, while Marcus padded on all fours toward Jake's front. For a moment, Jake figured they were just changing places and would bring him the rest of the way from opposite perspectives, albeit rather rapidly. What he was not expecting was to be drawn down on his hands and knees from the force of the ribbons and roots, staring the grinning almost fully changed Leafeon in the face. <Mrrfff, you look better on all fours anyway,> Markus muttered, sniffing the man's face and taking him in for a brief kiss, much as his Pokemon lover had.

It was not his growing muzzle that attracted Jake's interest, however. The former man's Pokemon erection was on display, and though it was smaller than Jake's own, it was the most tempting thing he had ever seen, to the point he had to suck it...

What he was not expecting was for the other changing man to nuzzle under Jake's partially formed tail, taking a big whiff from the changing man's asshole. <Mrrfff, you smell so much better as a Pokemon, you can't deny that,> Keenan muttered, before getting back and rising up on his hind legs, wrapping them around Jake's chest. Jake wanted to get away, knowing what Keenan was trying to do and realizing deep down it would damn him. But in his moment of lust, even the roots and ribbons were not necessary to keep him stationary, asshole clenching with the need to be fucked. His desire was enough to allow Keenan's penetration, the pointed tip pushing in and sitting there, letting Jake get used to the size of it before gently thrusting, stimulating that sensitive part of his prostate that Jake had come to love.

Yet, Jake was distracted by the other offering before him, a bobbing Pokemon erection leaking and throbbing with need. Though his nose was not entirely in its new configuration, the musky, sweet smells wafting from Markus's member were alluring enough that Jake couldn't help but reach out with a curious tongue, sampling the flavors and finding more enjoyment in the taste than he wanted to admit. He didn't want to sexually pleasure either of these men, couldn't want that deep down. But in the moment, with his lust at its apex and the pleasure so promising, there was no ability for him to resist as he dove on Markus's rod, feeling the rod in his bowels starting to thrust as he was taken from both ends.

Part of him wanted to moan his pleasure, though he had no ability to do so with his mouth in use. Still, his pleasure in the acts was not to go unnoticed, Keenan eager to taunt him into submission. <You like that, don't you Jakeon? Having you take my cock like this suits you!> Keenan said, grunting and moaning his own lusts as he thrust rapidly, knot pushing against Jake's rear and threatening to tie them together at any moment.

<Yeah, you wouldn't suck my cock so good if you didn't like being gay, Jakeon,> Markus said, panting his own lusts as his muzzle continued to form, erasing the last of his human

visage, though seemingly something he was eager to experience. He was already talking like a Pokemon, though the formerly human features that still persisted were steadily being removed, making him look more like the Pokemon he was soon to be.

Jake was unable to escape the consequences from his actions, feeling his toes start to compress, the bones within shrinking and retracting toward the bottom of his feet. It was getting harder for him to move them as the nails started to thicken, weighting on them just enough that he could detect their growth into blunt claws. Their lack of mobility was alarming as the base of his foot swelled slightly, shirking overall though taking on a more rounded shape. Jake wanted desperately to look back and see what was to happen to his humanity. But with the cock in his mouth taking up all his attention, it was all he could do not to lament the loss of his feet, every thrust from Keenan seeming to take a little more from them.

Several times, Jake tried to twitch his toes, wondering if sheer force of will would be enough to keep them in a relatively human condition. But each effort was met with failure, his focus soon brought back to the present and the fucking he was receiving from both ends. It was all he could do to feel his toes continuing to compress, stiffening and losing their joints all together. His large toes seemed absent entirely, but it was hard for him to tell it was even there at all. All he could perceive was his heels stretching, Jake finding he had to adjust his stance to make sure the Pokemon dong fucking his insides stayed present. As much as he didn't want to be in the situation, losing his feet forever for useless Pokemon paws, there was no denying the present pleasures penetrating his mind.

With the formation of thick pads on his toes and the remnants of his lower feet, all that was left was for his heels to stretch, leaving them precariously long when compared to his still human length lower legs. Yet, all Jake found himself concerned with was keeping his backside lifted to further take the knot that his rear craved.

<Look at his cute little paws, my love,> Keenan said, taunting Jake as he shoved his knot inside his fuck toy. Jake wanted to protest, though was caught in place, unable to get the taste of cock from his mouth or the pleasure from his prostate from his mind.

<We're fucking paws into him, my love,> Markus taunted, as with that, the two of them reached up to kiss, thrusting faster into their target as they prepared to cum.

It was the force of Keenan's knot that allowed him to cum first, the pressure of Jake's rectal muscles enough to bring him with a rush of warm semen. The sensation of his perpetrator's throbbing cock inside of him was almost enough to bring Jake as well, sending pulsating waves of pleasure through to his prostate. His own cock was leaking furiously, close to the edge but with no ability to get off without direct stimulation. He wanted desperately to get off, but with

both of his hands needed to hold him up while he sucked off Markus, there was no way for him to tend to his own needs. By this point, the roots and ribbons had let go of his body, though they were no longer needed to hold him down, Jake too eager to allow them to finish the deed.

The pressure in his mouth was almost enough to make him gag, but Jake found himself too excited by the act to even conceive of stopping, wanting to take the Leafeon's seed in his mouth regardless of the strain. Markus was nearly to the point of shoving his knot into Jake's mouth, something Jake was hardly prepared for. Even as it brushed against his lips, Jake wanted to at least tease it a little to bring the Pokemon the rest of the way. Such was not needed as Markus called out, something akin to <Good boy, Jakeon!> though Jake could hardly make out the mostly Pokemon language as Markus's throbbing member shot his muzzle full of cum. The force of it should have made him gag, though there was something about the flavor that really turned him on to the point he could not help but swallow.

Tired and leaking cum from his mouth, Jake could do very little but to sit there, the pleasant sensation of being opened with a Pokemon cock keeping his own lust at its peak. He wanted desperately to get off, and he could, his hands now free as Markus got off him. Though the moment he attempted it, the Sylveon's ribbons were on his arms, keeping them in place as though taunting him. Jake wanted to whine, to beg for release, but was able to hold himself back from such a debasing act, if only just. Still, the moans from his panting lips were enough to betray his emotions, and the two nearly fully changed Pokemon simply laughed at him, mocking his captive state.

Eventually, the knot within his bowels softened to the point that Keenan was able to pull it out, albeit a little more forcefully than Jake was expecting, causing him to yelp out with a "Oucheon!" which made the two of his captors laugh even harder at him. Jake was powerfully embarrassed, though not so much as with the erection still throbbing on his groin. He was still restrained, and couldn't touch it, though figured his two captors had something else in mind for him.

<Come on, Jakeon, why don't you let one of us help you out?> Keenan taunted, finally letting Jake's arms go and allowing him to touch himself, if he was so inclined. But Jake resisted for now, hoping that the two of them had something else in mind, perhaps something more pleasurable, as much as Jake had tried to resist. In the heat of the moment, how could he possibly be expected to?!

<Which one of our puckers would you like, Jakeon?> Markus asked, almost starting to turn around to entice the changing man with his own. But Keenan was quicker on the draw, and, raising his tail, used his ribbons to pull back his ass cheeks, leaving himself fully exposed and ready for penetration.

<Go ahead, Jakeon, you know you want to,> Keenan smeared, and as much as Jake hated the Pokemon in the moment, there was no denying the lust that would threaten to take Jake's sanity if he didn't fuck and get off right now.

With more force than he was expecting of himself, Jake moved forward, getting on the back of the fully formed Sylveon and humping for his rear. In his desperation, Jake was hardly able to seek the object of his desire. Keenan was there to help him out, as much as Jake was disgusted by the idea. The eager mobile ribbons worked his cock into Keenan's ass, Jake called out with an "Oh fuckeeeeeon!" at the contact. There was little left of his resistance as he fucked and humped, the urge to spill his seed and get some semblance of his revenge on the Sylveon, even if it was exactly what the Pokemon wanted.

<I knew you were a fag deep down Jake, now me how much of a fag you really are!> Keenan moaned out, no semblance he had lost himself even through the Pokemon inflections of his voice. There was something to be said for maintaining his sentience, but there was little mental energy for Jake to reflect on such things in his moment of need. Jake was humping and rutting at him like a needy beast in heat, and only the final release would truly do it for him. His knot was already so close to the open Pokemon's pucker, only a few thrusts needed to bring him the rest of the way to being enveloped by the tight furnace that had enveloped his member. Almost...just a little more...

Lost in his single-minded quest, Jake was hardly aware of Markus's attempt to mount him in turn, until the sensation of a tipped penis penetrating his already opened bowels made him yelp out slightly. Though from the size of the knot within, it was little distraction to his ongoing sexual escapades. In fact, the added force to his backside was enough to push Jake's cock all the way in, knot and all, and without any ability to hold off any long, Jake felt his cock pulsating and pumping a modest load of jism into the Sylveon's rear. Jake heard himself calling out in lust, though he could barely register what he was saying in his moment of release, not even caring he was losing his human voice.

Tied as he was by his knot, the Sylveon's ribbons were hardly needed to keep him in place, teasing over his fur and flesh rather than wrapped around his wrists. He was the center of a train of sorts once more, the Leafreon on his back easily able to get into a rhythm, threatening to enter his ass with a knot even larger than Jake's own. Yet, with his relaxed rectal muscles, there was little hope of resistance as the rest of Markus's member was pushed in, and the three of them were tied together as Markus still took the reins and pushed the three of them into further fucking.

Despite the fatigue and afterglow from such an amazing orgasm, Jake's knot would hardly relent from Keenan's bowels. Even stranger was that his cock was still forced to full erection, as though he could cum again at a moment's notice. It seemed his stamina was on a whole other level at this point, making Jake stunned at the levels of stimulation flowing from his genitals. It was hard to concentrate on why it was wrong, or how he needed to get away in his moment of lust. The scents of their cum and musk, as well as literally being tied from both ends made it so that the drive to leave was miniscule, if not possible at all. With that, his mind whited out, a being focused on only pleasures of the flesh as he was taken from both ends.

It wasn't until Keenan's words hit his ears that Jake was aware of the consequences of his actions. <Looks like you're getting your tail, Jakeon. There's not much of your humanity left now!> He chuffed, feeling Markus's vines jerking him off as he was fucked by Jake's second wind.

<But I bet you love it, don't you? You make a better faggot Pokemon, I think it really suits you!> Markus said, taking Jake's ass once more, the squelching of his cum within Jake's asshole audible in their ears. Jake wanted to fight against the words, wanted to call out and resist. But there was something in them that spoke to his desires, the ecstasy that his body was able to provide and the sincere enjoyment the act was giving him. And the growing part of his mind that was sure the words really had some merit...

<Cum in me again, Jakeon. Make me a Pokemon forever, and change even more yourself. I bet you want that tail to grow more, don't you?> Keenan teased and desired the tingling in his spine that told Jake just that, he was right on the edge of release to the point there was no resisting it.

With that, Jake felt himself let loose, his cock squirting another decent-sized load of frigid Glaceon seed into Keenan's bowels, making the fairy-type shiver in delight. The release had the desired effect on Keenan's form, his rectal muscles tightening around his cock as though Keenan was shrinking. It did take some time for Jake to realize that they, like he, were changing, and even the features like half-formed muzzles and paws were soon lost for their Pokemon equivalents. The pair of newly formed Pokemon seemed not to care about their fates, however, even kissing with their new Pokemon muzzles as though to cement their new forms and lives.

Still, even through the fucking, Jake was aware of the extension of his spine, painless though aching as the bones broke apart and knitted together in all-new segments, forming a noticeable lump that started to twitch as it brushed irritated against Markus's fur. It was bizarre, the electric shock of owning a new appendage enough that Jake let out a gasp as the thing steadily gained inch by inch. It was relatively thin, a feathery point of fur forming at the tip, though the bones and muscles to move it still persisted inside. Jake found it akin to moving a

fifth limb, something he was sure to explore under different circumstances. For now, he could only feel it moving of its own accord to get out of the way of the Pokemon on his back, finding irritation in its confinement.

Markus simply giggled through their kiss, knowing what was happening, and clearly delighted in taking more of the man's humanity with each thrust. Even if Jake wanted to get out of their grasp, he was unable to manage it, tied within Keenan and Markus within him besides. And that fleeting part of resistance was dwindling further as Jake let himself get into the sensations, trying to focus on what was happening with his tail but drawn back into the fucking with each eager thrust.

The sensation of his developing tail could only be stemmed with the pulsating of the cock within his bowels, the Pokemon's knot flaring within him as Markus prepared to blow another load. The quantity was starting to become more uncomfortable by this point, Jake feeling full as much as he was sure Keenan was starting to. But there was no denying the satisfaction of filling up the smaller Pokemon, one that had reached his proper size and a little smaller than Jake was ready for. Keenan seemed to make no complaint, crying out as his lover brought him his end as well, and the three of them keeled over, waiting for their knots to finally soften.

It seemed like the next hour passed like a blur for Jake, his body burning with sensation and change as he was mounted, spit-roasted, and cummed inside of over and over by the two fully changed Pokemon. Jake lost track of the number of times he came, to the point he was sure his trembling balls had nothing left to spit out. He was aware he was becoming smaller with each orgasm, that his body proportions were starting to match those of his benefactors. His tail, too, was fully grown, as best as he could tell. But with his hind paws in their current configuration, it was difficult to move away from them whenever he was presented with an ass or a cock, and Jake's stunned mind simply went with it each and every time, well beyond the point of exhaustion.

By the time the pair of them were done with him, Jake was left a quivering, dripping mess, his cum-caked backside all too much like the Glaceon he loathed to be. He felt like passing out at any given moment, the stench of warm cum hanging heavy in the air, swirling around with the thick musk of his tormentors. It was hard to hold onto his ire for them, given the pleasures they had partaken in together. Yet, a wave of severe depression soon fell over him, finally dawning on him what he had done and feeling only the burning shame of the consequences. He had been stripped of so much of his humanity already, but never so much at once, and never left in such a state. There was a part of him that was curious to try his new tail, but such was shameful in a way that Jake wished he couldn't feel it swaying behind him. And he was left having difficulties in walking, only able to crawl with his hybrid stature and almost wishing he had been fucked out of this awkward phase. Another part of him almost wondered if his inability

to walk was a consequence of the brutal fucking he'd received, but it was a moot point either way.

Though he was tired beyond belief, Jake could hardly bring himself to rest, ignoring the bell that signed it was dinner time. He was starving, but the taunting words of his tormentors were enough of a deterrent to keep away. He was sure he would never hear the end of it, and there was every chance their 'fun' with him wouldn't quite end and he'd be compelled to let them change him more. Such wasn't a bad thing, not overall, given that inevitably and the state he found himself in. Help was not coming, and there was nothing he could do but to accept his new life as a Pokemon.

"Hey, are you OK? You didn't come eat," Came a familiar voice, and Jake looked up to see Liam entering, the noticeable growth of his ears a sign of further change. He wasn't sure if it was a natural occurrence or if he'd had some fun with others, Jake's nose still stuffed full of the scents of Markus and Keenan, their lust hanging heavy in the air as a reminder of what they had done. There was no denying their source, and that shame burned into his mind, making Jake tear up despite himself. How he wanted to be anywhere but here, having the truth clinging to him like a chain of regret. If only he had fought just a little harder, then...

Yet, rather than chastise him, Liam simply sat down, reaching beside him and patting him on the shoulder. Jake was a little ashamed of the fur there, and it was obvious there was a difference in their stature, Jake having shrunk as a result of the two former men's advances. He was aware he still had some shrinking to do, and such was powerfully embarrassing, though Liam would join him in the end, Jake figured.

Close as he was, Jake was finally able to smell what he was starting to recognize as Liam's distinct odor, even over the musk of their combined activities. The scent was familiar, warm, even though it was altering with an underlying scent of Pokemon. Jake found it comforting, even though it couldn't be for Liam to be this close to him after... Jake realized too late that Liam could likely read his surface thoughts, intentional or not, and was likely aware of the whole situation, putting two and two together. Not something Jake was eager to share but there was no avoiding it.

Yet, even with the shame burning through his mind, there was another notion creeping into his thoughts, one more welcome than memories of a perceived assault. Liam's scent had a clear effect on his libido, one that even the sexual escapades of the previous day could not fully stem. He wanted to get off with this changing man, and needed it in the worst way. Able to quell the urges to some degree before this point, the more he changed, the more he seemed unable to find a reason to resist. Be it a facet of his new mind or an acceptance from his human side, Jake

couldn't find any reason not to bend down and raise his new tail, hoping that Liam would fill the void that was bothering him.

“Oh, I didn't mean...I know you've just changed a lot, and I...” Liam started, though the sight of his cock rising from its sheath betrayed his interest. Surely, he could resist, but there was little in Jake's mind that could justify his inaction. After all, Jake was an eager male, prime for breeding, an enticing offer for any male-inclined Pokemon such as Liam!

“Please, I want to...” Jake moaned, twitching his ass as though a way to entice his potential lover. Still, Liam resisted, as though conflicted by the offering. What the hell was he waiting for?!

“I wouldn't want you to change more...”, Liam muttered, but his words betrayed his need. There was no denying the sense of urgency that followed them, Liam's cock throbbing and leaking and seeming to pulsate with need. With Jake's smaller size, he knew a Pokemon's cock of that sort would feel even larger within him than either of the fully formed Pokemon that had taken him by force. How Jake wanted to feel it!

“Well, if you don't want to...” Jake said, taunting him by wagging his rump once more.

“No, I would love to. I can't hide it. I just...we shouldn't...right?” Liam tried to justify himself. Such-self convictions were soon to fall on deaf ears, however, Liam already sniffing at the offering that Jake's new anal glands were presenting. It must have been a Herculean effort to resist as long as he was, a testament to the man's strength of will.

But such was a futile endeavor, something Jake was starting to come to terms with. “Why not? We're going to change anyway? There's no going back. I think we should let things happen as they do. Even our urges...” Jake said, and with that, Liam moved forward, going to nuzzle the man's cheek. They didn't kiss, didn't do anything more intimate than that. But still, it was a welcome gesture, something Jake was happy to reciprocate.

Primal needs winning out in the end, Jake turned around and raised his tail once more for his mate's access. There was a part of his mind aware of the bizarre nature of possessing one, something he hadn't really allowed himself to partake in. It was especially jarring to feel it against Liam's furry chest as he moved into position, lining up his member with the dry, frozen fluids from his last fuck. Jake felt he should have been embarrassed by such, though had little energy to do so in the heat of the moment.

As Liam gently pushed his way in, a part of Jake's mind worried about what might change next. After all, his alterations had accelerated to the point of over half-way, of no return

now as Liam promised to take them even further. Still, that fear was not enough to dissuade Jake's desire, and he called out with a "Fuck me, Liamceon!" Not caring how much his voice had altered or when it might be taken from him forever. Another part of him, a growing part, was thankful it was with Liam next, and let himself enjoy things on a more emotional level as the changing Espeon found his place inside Jake.

Something caught his ears, Liam moaning out after hearing the thoughts and being OK with the sentiment. Jake was hardly in a position to hear the words, not did they matter with the desire within his bowels. Liam was proficient in finding his place within Jake's backside, gently but firmly and waiting enough for Jake to get used to it. With that, he was thrusting and thrusting rather rapidly, enough to hit Jake's sweet spot over and over, his own member slapping against his furry belly and leaking as much as he could tell Liam's was.

It took little time from the onset for the tingling of change to start in Jake's hips, all the way from his lower legs to his pelvis. They were sore, not painfully so but enough akin to growing pains that signaled their alterations. Jake might have been disturbed by the implications of this change, had his feet not already been rendered to Pokemon's paws. It was almost welcome to know that his calves would soon compress, his thighs widening as his pelvis prepared to shift forward, putting him on all fours. Where he would stay for the rest of his life.

The implication of such, rather than frighten him as he thought it might have, felt welcome this time. Jake wanted to be down on all fours, wanting to be able to walk on his paws and retain his autonomy. It seemed more akin to gaining something than losing his humanity, something that quickly settled into his mind. And there were many benefits to such a stance, being at level with other Pokemon's muzzles, not to mention their tail holes. A world of possibilities existed from these changes!

"Fuck...Esp need...can I...knot you? S-So cold..." Liam huffed out, thinking to ask the question before the enviable occurred. There was something prudent about the question this time, a rather painful effect on his cock the consequence of fucking Jake while he was in mid change. But Jake wanted such desperately to the point he couldn't comprehend the consequences, and cried out with a "Knot meeeooooonn!" his voice devolving into a Glaceon's chirp as his rectal muscles gave way for Liam's entrance.

Having been fucked and knotted only the day prior, Jake figured he was ready for what to expect. And he was, largely, Liam's cock having diminished to its proper Espeon size. But there was something exciting about being bred with something larger than himself, his smaller body a vessel for the other man's pleasure. And Jake was there for it, matching his thrusts and feeling his own member smack against his tummy and leaking into the light blue fur that adorned his flesh.

Jake wanted to rub it, but with Liam's larger body towering over him, he found it was a little difficult to manage. Surely, Liam would help him cum eventually anyways!

A groan from his lover caused Jake to raise himself from the pleasure, looking up towards Liam's forehead as it started to glow a bright red light. It was like the skin was parting for the formation of a stone within, a crystal if Jake's understanding was correct. It had to hurt, no doubt, though Jake was sure it was more than that, the source of Liam's powers and a sign they were growing, exponentially even. Surely, he could read his thoughts by now, and rather than fear that reality, Jake let his thoughts flow freely, mostly of lust and anticipation as he felt the pulsating cock within him start to reach his end.

The sound of something blasting the side of his door made Jake jump, almost aching the knot buried in his rump. It had to have come from Liam, something he had no control over as he paused his thrusts within Jake. A sheepish moan of "sorry," came out of Liam, before Jake tried to assure him it was OK. It seemed he had formed a new center from which to fuel his powers, and Pokemon powers seemed hard to control, at least while in mid-change.

Jake moaned out as the shifting in his pelvis, with the realignment of his anus, was almost enough to push Liam out of his bowels. But with the knot tying them together, Liam was stuck, grunting out as his cock was pulled painfully forward. He was determined, however, his orgasm only stemmed for a moment as Jake's changing anatomy stabilized and allowed him the final few thrusts to bring him release. Jake braced himself, wanting to feel the familiar sensation of warmth filling his rectum once more. And Liam was not to disappoint, calling out with an "Espeooooon!" Before his spasming cock unleashed its burden within Jake. It was so satisfying to feel the connection, the bond as his friend was brought to such pleasures to the point that Jake was inclined to cum as well, the final few thrusts against his prostate enough for him to reach the conclusion he desired so desperately. Hands weren't even required for him to finish, and there was a certain satisfaction in that, knowing his days of having them were numbered anyway.

With that, the two of them laid their hind paws together, enjoying a little post-orgasmic bliss. Jake found it far better being tied to Liam and enjoyed feeling him thrust a little, even though neither of them could quite finish again. It was comfortable, relaxing, feeling more of friendship rather than the hate fuck he'd had with Markus and Keenan. So wonderful were the thoughts of peace that Jake was soon able to pass out, no words exchanged between them. None were needed, a brief moment of peace between the rigors of the change that threatened to rob them of their lives...
