

Direct and to the Birb

By: Firingwall

“I hope you will look forward to your new Pokémon adventure in the Galar region. Thank you for watching.”

With that, the Direct came to a close, and a young man named Alex sat there in his computer chair, staring directly at the screen. So many new Pokémon, many new features, the box legends, and new characters were all introduced to the slender, blond man. So much to think about and focus on.

Damn... Corviknight looks... looks so good!

And yet, all Alex could think about was the shots of one particular Pokémon that appeared in the Direct: the mighty, armored raven, Corviknight. It was an impressive, strong-looking specimen for sure. Its fierce look, air of superiority, and size were incredible. He knew he wanted the bird on his team come release date.

But he also wanted something else.

Alex rolled the chair away from the laptop and over to another part of the desk where he placed his cellphone. He snatched it up and dialed a number he had for special situations like this. He held the phone up to his ear and heard it ring softly.

“Hello, you’ve called Witches Craftin’! I am your special guide, spellcaster, and brew master for this fine day, Jezebel. How may I be of service?”

“I want to be transformed!” There was no hesitation or worry in his voice as he said those words. Just pure confidence and assurance of what he really wanted.

“Oh my! Well, haven’t heard someone that sure on what they wanted before! What would you like to be?”

“I want to be transformed into an anthro Corviknight!”

“A what now?”

“A Corviknight! It’s... from the new Pokémon Direct.” The phone line went silent for a moment, followed by the sound of clicking keyboard keys. A moment later, a familiar announcer’s voice was heard.

There were some mumbles after, but soon, she answered back, “Oh! I see him! My my, what a big birb he... or she is! Any specifics with becoming an anthro version of this Pokémon?”

“Ummm, stay male, maybe with some added buffness and stuff. Ummm, how much do you need? I just kind of thought of this right now.”

“Oh that will be fine! I am preparing the spell right now. Once it is delivered, the proper amount of funds will be subtracted from your bank account!”

“Wait... how do you-”

“Time to be bird-ified!” The phone line went dead, silence filling the room. Alex stared blankly at the phone, confused about what had just happened.

But the confusion did not last long. Suddenly, his phone gave off this silverish, black aura around it before heating up. The phone got so hot that it felt like his hand accidentally touched a heated piece of metal for a second, causing him to drop it to the ground.

He shook his hand, groaning, “Dammit, why do I feel like I should’ve seen that coming?”

Once he stopped shaking his hand, he noticed something off about it. It was black as ink, its skin texture rough and scaly-like. His hand in general looked wider and thicker. On each finger, a small, short, but sharp claw-like nail jutted out. They were almost like bird talons.

Alex’s eyes were wide as he brought his hand up for a closer look. “Oh,” he mumbled, “Well... guess the transformation is kicking off now.”

His hand quivered gently as the rough skin rolled up his wrist and onto his arm. It flowed gently up his forearm until it reached his elbow. Instead of just stopping, silver-ish black feathers sprouted now. They grew over his biceps and straight up to his shoulders, disappearing beneath his short sleeves.

His brow furrowed as he felt his bird arm, taking in its rough skin and feathers’ texture. They almost looked like they were made of steel with how solid and dense they looked. Though, they still felt like normal feathers.

He nodded his head, satisfied with the changes thus far. He then felt his arm quiver, quickly pulling his unchanged hand back. He held out his bird arm, watching it quake. This time, it expanded and grew, muscles and tendons strengthening within for a more dense look.

His muscles throbbed as they inflated, adding extra width and strength to his scrawny limb. The growth rocketed to his shoulder, his short sleeve rapidly expanding before bursting open. It wasn’t just because of his beefier bicep, but more because of his dense tuft of feathers. The way they were condensed together and shaped made it look similar to a shoulder plate from a piece of medieval armor.

Alex’s jaw dropped a little, before he started smiling. He lifted his arm up and clenched his fist softly, careful not to jab himself with his new talon. With as much strength as he could muster, he flexed his arm and watched his biceps bulge.

He chuckled softly, “yeah, definitely an improvement over before.”

His shirt tightened again as he felt his muscles groan. His shoulders began stretching, widening considerably by several inches. His musculature boosted right after, his shirt tearing open. Beneath it laid more dense, sharp, dark metal-colored feathers that slowly wrapped around his neck.

Eventually, Alex shivered, feeling his other arm tingle. Raising it, he watched as similar feathers and dark, coarse skin rolled over his scrawny limb. As talons rose from his fingers, his arm gained a beefy boost, giving him two, incredibly dense arms he could be proud of.

The young man couldn't help but chuckle, flexing both of his arms at once. The surge of power and tension sent chills up his spine, delighting him to no end. The hairs on his chest rose as goosebumps rolled over.

And the hairs kept on raising, growing, rapidly changing. Eventually, the hairs formed into this fluffy, puffy crest of metal black feathers. They swelled upon his chest and rose up his collarbone and neck, its sides and back already coated in smoother, flatter feathers.

The feather growth stopped just at the top of his neck, not a single part rolling onto the bottom of his head. He casually touched the soft crest, liking the texture and feel of it. He smiled... but the smile was short lived.

Within his mouth, his teeth began merging with one another and blackening. The top of his teeth had the same metal-black as his feathers while the bottom was pitch black like his hands. His newly reformed chompers pushed against the insides of his lips before merging with them as well.

Alex's face felt numb all over as his nose twitched and shrunk. His nostrils slipped lower down his face, just as his new teeth breached his mouth. They were rounding out into a more dome-ish, pointed shape with the top jaw longer than the bottom. His nose completely vanished as the small slits that were his nostrils merged with the top half as well.

The young man had grown his own beak, the top slipping further over its bottom portion and gaining a sharper edge. However, the changes didn't stop there as the skin around the top beak began rapidly producing hardened, tough keratin. It developed all around the upper parts of his cheeks and around his eyes, any trace of hair merging with it.

His head rapidly reshaped itself, becoming dome-like in some parts and thinning up in others. The dark, metal-ish skin spread around his eyes, and the back of his head before extending away from his skin. Parts pushed out into jagged points or rounded, curvish shapes. His brow protruded and angled downwards, giving his expression a fiercer look as his glasses were knocked off his face.

As his ears vanished into his head, his sense of hearing remaining, Alex picked his phone back up and turned on the camera feature. He looked at himself, studying his new beak and its visor-like portion that covered a decent part of his face.

“I look incredible,” he spoke, his voice gravely and thick as he picked his glasses up and put them away.

His short blond hair began to grow wavy before darkening. Its texture changed as it turned into a thick crest of feathers, rising out of the visor-like beak. The crest grew longer and wavy, spiky as it flowed up only a few inches towards the back.

Alex stroke his chin pleasantly, smiling deeply on the inside. His head had completely transformed, only showing that of a striking Corvicknight instead of his boring mug.

His heart started to race as his body warmed. His shirt tightened once more, followed by his pants. He panted slowly, feeling his heart race as his thighs rubbed against one another.

He winced slightly, his breathing deepening. With each breath, his chest rose, and waist widened. Soon, the shirt was stretching to contain his massive bulk and shape. Soon, the sound of tears started echoing out from him.

“Oooo...” he groaned in annoyance. He grabbed his shirt with one of his talons, yanking as hard as he could. The effort didn’t even need that much, the fabric tearing like tissue paper.

Beneath the shirt, metal-black feathers were revealed. They had spread below his chest now, completely coating every inch of his skin. Only his nipples were visible, now charcoal black. Though, the feather coating, while impressive, isn’t what really drew his eye.

It was his physique, having immensely improved from before. His torso was befitting of his impressive bird guns now, his shoulders having stretched and thickened a bit more. His chest peered through the fluffy crest, showcasing bulging pecs that would draw envy from any body builder. His waist was much wider and stomach far more toned. In the center, a thick set of abs bulged temptingly out, somehow visible despite the feather layering.

He happily ran a meaty, clawed hand over his core, feeling the incredible dense form beneath his striking coating. He let out a pleasant chirp instinctively, warmth rushing through him again. This time though, the feeling came to rest within his warming crotch.

The crotch of his jeans bulged out, far more than it usually would given past situations he found himself in. His eyes clenched shut, his beak grinding a tad. The feeling below was growing more sensitive and enticing, not to mention the bump getting larger.

He brought his hands down to his jeans and opened them straight away. Not the second after he undid his bottom, his meat popped right out, fully erect. He felt it rub against his dry skin, a burst of lust striking him.

His head leaned back, and his eyes opened, revealing piercing red pupils as he screeched. He panted harder, managing to turn his head back to his pants after taking a second to breathe. He saw the situation right away.

His cock was bright red, extending out from a feathered, black sack. It was at least a few inches longer than it once was and a touch thicker to boot. Its head was pointed, pre already dripping out from it temptingly. At its base, along the bottom of its shaft, were small barbs, adding to its exotic, animal shape.

“O-o-oooh,” he grunted, his panting increasing, **“Guess... guess that witch threw in some bigger changes than I thought. Phew... man, I’m super big downstairs now.”**

His eyes dilated suddenly as a faint, but powerful aroma arose from his crotch. It was musk, pure, intense, animalistic musk that was piercing his mind. He quivered violently, letting out a low crow of delight.

Moving on pure instinct, his hand reached down and grabbed hold of his cock. He let out a soft caw that turned heavier the more he gripped and fondled his meat. It felt good. He stroked and pumped his new rod from top to bottom. It felt VERY good.

His body vibrated, his toes clenching as pleasure through him. His legs spread wide as he slouched in his chair, his chest heaving up and down more. Once comfortable, he got to work and started pumping.

Alex quivered and shook rapidly, his arm muscles pulsating while his legs shook. His jeans grew tighter and for good reason. His thighs were rapidly thickening, quickly tearing through the sides and revealing more black feathers beneath. His rear tore through the back as well, revealing a shapely, sculpted ass that did wonders for the bird man.

He huffed, his legs shaking more and more. The rest of his pants legs blew away, his dense calves revealed beneath them. There, the ink-black, rough skin appeared again. It now extended from the bottom of his knees and down, all the way down and beneath his socks.

“Cooooooooor~” he moaned, his eyes rolling back. His balls were expanding, rapidly filling with as much seed as they could muster for the large Pokémon.

His socks bulged in their front and back. The bulges extended out further for a second or two before pulling back, something sharp piercing through. It was talons once more, one in back and three in the front.

The talons easily broke through his socks, leaving his feet bare. Black, rough skin had covered them while his toe number had also changed. There was a new digit in the back and only three digits in the front, each sporting their own talon that were three inches long.

Nothing about Alex looked human anymore besides his human size and shape. He looked like nothing more than a buff, feathery anthro. Yet, he knew he wasn’t done.

He pumped his cock harder; his length having extended an extra two or three inches over the course of his jerking. His free hand came down to his balls and started groping them. The amount of pleasure coursing into them was unlike anything he ever felt up until now.

He slipped out of his chair and onto his knees, with spreading to the side until his grapefruit-sized balls hit the carpeting. **Need more**, he thought, cawing and moaning over and over, **need moooooorrrre!**

Above his hardened rear, a large nub extended out just above his crack. It grew just two inches in width and length, but from it, something longer extended. Many dense, metal-black feathers sprouted, growing over two feet long. They stretched out, brushing against the ground now as full tail feathers.

On his back, two large bulges pressed outwards. They looked huge, gigantic even, like something was hidden beneath them. Their size only increased the more his cock pulsed, which was happening almost every second now.

“Oh yeeeeees,” Alex cawed and panted, his body producing more and more musk, **“This is what I wanted! Everything I wanted! I.. I.. Cooorrrr~ COOOORRRRRV~”**

His cock was throbbing and leaking pre uncontrollably, his balls and wits at his limit. There was only one last thing to do. He leaned back and let go, his arms slumping to the sides. He bellowed out, **“COOOOOOORVVVVIIIIIIKNNNNNNIIIIIIIGHT!”**

His cock erupted, spraying gallons of his new bird seed into the air, almost striking the ceiling at one point. His balls shook as they emptied, the rod pulsating along with it.

From his back, two more eruptions took place. The bumps burst open as two large, metal-black wings came out. They stretched several feet wide, almost as long as his body, and were almost as tall as his torso and head together. Thick, dense feathers coated them from top to bottom, some stretching as long as three feet.

His new wings flapped, launching him off the ground and onto his bird feet. He was still weak and exhausted, his cock going limp and retracting back to its sheath as his legs wobbled. His panting was slowing, his feathers ruffled and sweaty.

After almost a minute, he finally sighed, brushing his head. **“Phew... what a rush... what a body too! Can't argue with results like these!”**

It was true. The transformation results were utterly impressive and a wonder to look at. Alex now stood six feet, 6 inches tall, all covered in tough feathers and girth. He was a fine-looking Corviknight anthro, possibly the first of his kind with the Direct having dropped only a few minutes ago.

“Heh, time to for a fly and-” DING! His head turned back to his chair, seeing that his cellphone had dropped onto it.

He picked it up and looked, seeing that he had an email. It was a notification from his bank. Opening it up, he read a bit of it before stopping abruptly.

“100 bucks?! Humph! Turning into a Garchomp only cost 50 last time! Dang it, they raised prices again!”

The Corviknight huffed, looking down at himself. Staring at his bulging muscles, impressive abs, large cock and balls, his mood began to raise. He chuckled, **“well... still worth every penny~ Let's go for a fly and see if there's any other Corviknights out looking for some fun right about now.”**

THE END~