

Getting the rest of his gear in the tent, Ryan took another moment to glance around the woods, still somewhat convinced something might be out there. Not that reason or logic had anything to do with it. As best as they'd seen on the trek out here, it was only Rookidee and Skwovit in the area, hardly anything to worry about. The sounds of a few distant Hoothoot provided a decent backdrop, but other than that, the woods remained peaceful and calm.

It was Ryan who had convinced his friend Logan to try camping in the slumbering Weald, one of the most mysterious locations in all of Galar, matched only by its apparent beauty. Loving the idea of exploring what was likely only seen by the locals, Ryan and Logan had made their way to Postwick, expecting some of the locals would have advice for their journey. As it turned out, they were nearly turned away, shop owners not wanting to part with their wares should that be their destination. Ryan felt rather incredulous, not having read about the site being off-limits. But the town's folk had been insistent, speaking of ancient entities who prowled the woods, wishing to return to the world they once protected by any means necessary. Ryan had no idea what that meant, and further questions only led them to be turned away in frustration. It was all they could do to convince the town's folk they would heed the warnings and were safe to buy their supplies from.

Yet, the moment they were past the town limits, Ryan insisted they head to the weald regardless. Logan had reluctantly agreed, knowing there was little he could do to appease his friend once he had made his mind up about something. Ryan figured such vague superstitions were pointless, a deterrent for anyone who might harm the natural ecosystem of such a preserve. Ryan had no intention of leaving more than a few footprints as they explored for the next few days, taking in sights that few people had, from what little information that existed. There was a sign carrying a warning from entering the weald, making vague reference to the same long-deceased spirits who patrolled the lands for vessels in which to mark their return to the world. It had to be an old legend, and despite Logan's trepidation, the two of them passed the sign and into the weald. Though there was no logical source of it, the two felt a chill upon stepping past the barrier, as though haunting eyes had fallen upon them the moment they encroached upon their territory. But the two played it off as foolishness as they made their way through the bush, wanting to head in deep enough to set up camp for the night.

By this time, Logan was passed out in his sleeping bag, Ryan not quite tired yet and doing some research on the local Pokemon fauna. Given his focus on the screen, it escaped his notice that a glowing orb had appeared in their campground, floating toward Logan's sleeping form and slipping inside of him. At first, its presence went unnoticed, though the intensity of his dreams seemed to ramp up, vague images turning to forests and running and wolves. Yet, soon, the dreams become far too intense, and Logan awoke rapidly shaking as though seizing violently within his sleeping bag.

“Hey, Logan! You OK?” Ryan called out, hesitating in a moment of wondering what could have possibly happened. That moment was enough for him not to notice the penetration of a similar light within his own body, one that caused him to move forward against his own volition. Ryan tried to call out his panic, though a heat burning through him left him overwhelmed, and he quickly passed out, though not before seeing that Logan had done the same.

While neither man had any awareness of their bodies, the beings that possessed them were in full control, moving toward each other on unsteady legs. “So inconvenient... it's a wonder they don't always just fall over!” Logan's body said, putting his hands on the side of the tent so as not to fall over. “And this voice, so strange...very weak, and strange...” he muttered, playing with his jaw a little not used to hearing his voice aloud, less so in such a weak body.

“Yes, it is inconvenient that they can't be adjusted for our use just yet. But with how long we've waited, my love, what's one more passing of the sun?” Said Ryan's body, as he, too, moved toward the other man. It was as though puppets working without strings for the first time, though the two were determined. And after so many years as mere spirits, even this brief prelude was welcome!

“It is rather...odd, to hear your voice aloud. And from such a weak vessel, no less,” Logan's body remarked, finally able to stand and stare the other human in the eye. The fact that his body was so far removed from his lover's true form was not lost. But it mattered little when he knew who was in that body, and was so eager for any physical touch, even within such a basic vessel. It would not remain that way for long, once they had their artifacts returned to them. But their control was only temporary, and he was more than willing to take whatever he could get with his lover in the here and now!

“It is no less sweet a voice, my love,” Ryan's body replied, as they, too, struggled with some success to remain standing. Able to walk forward, and embrace her love for the first time in what felt like a millennium...

The moment the two were able, they quickly embraced, strangely shaped primate lips pressing against each other in a moment of passion. The sensation was far removed from what they were accustomed to, though the foreign touch was not enough to deter their efforts. Wrapping their weak human arms against each other, the two lovers enjoyed the sensation of real touch. It had been so long since even this fiction was granted them, and with their host bodies unaware of their actions for some time, there was no reason not to act on the desires of their hearts, knowing their bodies would soon match their beings, so long as they were patient.

Making out like two impassioned lovers, the pair felt their host body's responding, albeit not in a way either were used to. "A male member...so strange...is this what it feels for you?" Ryan's body asked, figuring it was surely inferior but interested nonetheless.

"It is...small...and fragile...like this body..." Logan's mouth replied, though reached down to rub at it nonetheless. "After so long, however, anything is better than the empty void. To be able to touch you again in any form, my love..." He whispered before Ryan's body moved to kiss him once more, that centuries-long love rekindled even though their bodies were not their own.

Lust at its apex, the two beings did away with their clothes, not strong enough to tear them away as they might have wished, but enough that their meak human genitalia were at their apex. It would hardly hold a candle to what they were once accustomed to, but such was a lifetime away, and having anything to work with went well beyond what their ethereal forms could grant them. "It's OK, my love. Not at all what I'm used to, but fun all the same. Humans hardly take proper pleasure in their bodies, so why shouldn't we?" Ryan's body suggested, and with that, he got down, exposing his pucker, the only obvious object for penetration. Shivering, the being within Ryan found himself curious about what it would be like to experience from this perspective.

The being in Logan's body needed no further prompting as he reached down to part the human's ass cheeks, exposing a rather small pucker, likely unused to this type of penetration. Still, after so many years, the being was desperately, pushing in against his lover's resistance. The being in Ryan's body wasn't sure how best to aid in the effort, though did not complain about the penetration, rather welcoming it. It hurt, to be sure, but with their end goal likely to be brought to its fruition, the being could hardly be brought to care, bracing herself and allowing her lover to push all the way within.

Something within their host body seemed to react pleasurably to the fucking, and while it barely held a candle to what pleasure their former bodies would reach, it was welcome all the same. The chance to reinvigorate their bond was welcome, Ryan's body yelling out to be taken and bred, and Logan's body eager to provide it to the point of climax for them both. Their lust for each other and their control over their host's hormones made their release come rather quickly, but given the untold decades they had been forced to wait, neither had any inclination to hold back. Ryan's body cried out first, Logan's thinking it prudent to reach out and make him cum with his hand. The clenching of his ass was enough to make the being in Logan's body cum as well, and the two of them panted there for a moment, a little disappointed with the lack of energy their bodies seemed to possess. Something that would be rectified in the next few hours as the two beings sat within their hosts. They had to let their energy build so they could properly

control the hosts with enough time to reach their goal. And return to the bodies that rightfully belonged to them...

Sun streaming through the trees, Ryan woke up slowly, feeling a little bit of a chill over his body. It took him a moment to realize he was naked, something that had not been the case when he passed out. Yet, how had he gone to sleep, anyway? He had been researching Pokemon native to the weald, and then he had...what? Any attempts to rationalize further caused his head to hurt, though it was not enough for him to realize his asshole ached as well. Reaching down, his fingers brushed over something dry and crusty over his bottom, something that faintly smelled like...semen? What the hell had happened last night?!

The same fluid seemed to have dried over his groin as well, and he was a little gasp as he stood up, seeing the sleeping form of Logan beside him. While they weren't touching, his naked body and the position he was in led credence to the fact they had gotten up to something unthinkable in the night, as much as he couldn't remember it. The thought of such was enough for him to don his clothing as fast as possible wishing to pretend it didn't happen. Thankfully, he was able to get dressed before the sound of his zipper being pulled up roused Logan. He, too, seemed shamed by his nudity, and Ryan looked away while Logan got dressed as well. He wanted to say something about the night before, but every thought about those events caused his head to hurt. It was as though the information had been erased by force, and every attempt to retrieve it was for naught.

It seemed like Logan was just as unable to recall what they had gotten up to, rubbing his head a few times in vain. Ryan wanted to ask, but the shame of the events left him to hold his tongue. Logan, too, seemed it best to keep quiet, likely due to his own disgust over what he had likely done to Ryan, permission or not. Starving as he was, Ryan turned to getting their breakfast ready, and soon, the pair were talking about the weald once more, the events of the night before slowly fading, at least for now. It was at least enough to leave them feeling calmer, albeit it disturbed deep down over the lost memories and the implication of what that meant.

Not wanting to stay there and puzzle over what they had lost, the two decided unanimously it was time to get on with their planned hike. Many places were largely unmapped, locations that hadn't been visited by man for many decades. The weald had been deemed off-limits after some sort of calamity over the region, though not one that was well documented. At least the parts that were on the map were enough of a start, and Ryan relayed his plans to add to it with pen and paper. He was not sure his Pokedex would map the places, and he was unsure about wanting to record the data electronically, given the questionable legality of their trespassing.

The was only one site of significance on the map, and its location was only a few hours' hike from their campsite. To their surprise, it seemed there was a path, albeit one that had not been used in some time. Still, it was enough to make sure they knew they were on the right track, and Ryan was eager to get there faster, nearly running and causing Logan to have to race to catch up. Soon, they passed some overgrown bushes and reached a clearing, one with a shrine in the center that had been indicated on the map. "It's here!" Ryan declared, racing forward to take in the sight of it. It had to have been built by man, and Ryan was instantly stunned by the two large statues of what had to be Pokemon, though not ones he had been before. They were massive, canines, one branding a blade in its mouth while the other's mane extended into a massive shield. Ryan didn't need to confirm with his Pokedex that they were not native to Galar, or any other region he was familiar with. The sight of them was fascinating, and Ryan did his best to take photos while Logan walked around the site, taking it in.

"Hey, there's something over here! Like, weapons? A sword and a...oh," Logan started, and Ryan rushed over, wanting to see what his friend had found. He was not expecting the sight of a rusty sword and shield, both far cries from what the Pokemon were brandishing. Yet, the coincidence was uncanny, and Ryan walked up to the sword, wondering if it was the inspiration for the Pokemon.

Initially, he didn't want to pick it up, figuring it was old and rusty and not wanting to damage it. In his hesitation, the words from the villagers flitted through his mind, that the forest contained a curse by wandering spirits. A part of him wondered if the display had something to do with the spirits and if they were made in reverence to their forms. Had they died as part of a forgotten war? Realizing the sword looked rather frail and attributing it to the soul of a fallen Pokemon, Ryan moved away from it. Not believe in the curse, per se, but he still felt some respect for a somewhat sacred site. After all, he was here to explore, and pictures would be enough to-

Yet, there was no denying a sudden compulsion to walk over and lift it up, as though doing so was the most important action for him to achieve. His body was already moving on autopilot before he realized he was right in front of it, arm outstretched. It took all he had to pull it back, not sure what he was doing or why he needed to so badly. Part of his mind traced back to the night before, that same sensation of *something* compelling him forward before he lost all recollections. Yet, the more he moved toward the sword, the more the fog over his thoughts seemed to part. Maybe, just maybe, if he reached for the sword, then the events of the night before would be made known to him, for better or for worse...

Seeing Logan was moving toward the shield, Ryan reached forward to grab the sword, laughing as he did so. Not only did it feel right to brandish such a thing, but that twinge of worry in the back of his mind about a curse was free as well. Logan, too, let out a laugh of relief, scared

not only of the curse but the gap in his memories as well. Despite what they had forgotten, it was obvious no harm would come to them, and they could go back to town with a funny story to tell-

The sound of a pair of haunting howls shook both to the core, leaving them to drop the artifacts they held. Such was futile, given the doorway had been opened for the being's total control. A fact the pair were largely ignorant of as they shivered, the howl seeming to grow closer and closer. Ryan's gaze turned to the trail, thinking that it was time to get out of here. Logan nodded his agreement, though the moment they tried to move, their bodies seemed frozen in place. There was no escape as the howls grew closer, seeming to almost come from within than from the world around. With a powerful glow, two massive spirits erupted from the weapons, having rested for a moment to save their energy after last night's romp. The connection was already made, and there was no escape as their massive spectral bodies pounced on their hosts, entering them just as easily as the night before. Only this time, with the energy in their artifacts restoring their power, the gateway into these human's souls could be opened...permanently...

A brief panic crossed Ryan's mind as the events of the last night hit him all over again. They had been possessed in the same way, their minds whited out by the spirits of those long-forgotten Pokemon. Their bodies had been vessels to the being's whims, likely sexual in nature given the state they had awoken in. And while the last time their minds had been whited out, this time they retained their awareness of the invasion. It seemed to be by design, as a pair of voices erupted in their heads, as though their bond connected them in body now as well.

<Yes, these shall do perfectly. They are young and energetic enough to survive the transition,> A feminine voice seemed to say, and Ryan jumped, feeling it was coming from within his mind.

<Nothing of your bodies and little of your beings will remain intact. We thank you for your sacrifice. Galar requires our return, and your bodies will host our rebirth and repopulation as we prepare for the coming threat,> a more masculine voice replied, this time evidently coming out of Logan's body.

<Do not struggle. It will be easier for you to let it happen, and you shall always receive in our pleasure as well,> the feminine voice said, in way of explanation. <We need to remold your bodies to suit our needs and fit us properly. While we have never done so before, we do believe it will be pleasurable for you as well, from what you are able to feel from the process.>

Ryan went to call out his protest, though a heat started playing over his body, making him want to take off his clothes. He was sweating profusely now, much as Logan seemed to be doing, moaning and squirming in confinement. It was all he could do not to rip them off, but whatever

force was affecting him seemed to want that, and Ryan felt such was an act of defiance. Yet, the itching seemed to play over his body in unison, and it was all he could do to keep from tearing off his skin in order to make it stop.

Yet, the tingling of change would not relent and soon started to focus its way into his spine, making him reach back to touch it. The moment he did so, his spine sprung to life, as though it was shoving its way into a rapidly-growing protrusion above his ass. Growing as it was, its presence soon put pressure on his pants, and Ryan tried with some desperation to pull them down. His hesitation was the downfall of his pants, the growth working through the stitching of his pants and pushing its way through. As much as he tried to put his hands over his ass, there was no hiding the growth working its way out above his ass. The warm air seemed to force it to grow faster, and Ryan's hand traced over the warm flesh, calling out in his panic. A shiver from his spine left him aware the growth was part of him now. Although it was bare of hair for now, there was no denying what was growing from his backside was a legitimate tail, much like only a Pokemon would have. And as it started to twitch of its own accord, Ryan could only moan, the reality of such hitting him like a ton of bricks.

"Not again!" Ryan called out, feeling the tail move of its own accord. The memories of being possessed from the night before all came rushing back, and the fact his tail was moving was a sign he was to lose his body. Even dropping the sword had no effect, the being having already possessed him and Ryan soon realized there was no stopping it.

It seemed Logan was in similar straits, though his own ability to hold his shield seemed to be in jeopardy. Logan could only look down in horror as his fingers started to twitch of their own accord. They were shrinking rather steadily, the joints and tendons popping apart and preventing him from moving them. The digits started to stiffen as their mobility was robbed from him, and the look on Logan's face slowly widened to realize what was happening. Both of them looked on in horror as Logan's fingers continued to retreat toward his palms, no amount of struggle able to cease the change. It was obvious they were getting fatter as well, Logan turning them around several times to try to stem the process. Doing so only revealed the skin over his fingertips was swelling, a deep crimson color overtaking them as new pads developed. As much as Ryan could see from his friend's frantic flailing, the same skin was forming over his palms as well, forming what almost looked like a canine paw pattern. The implication hit him like a ton of bricks as Logan moaned, the remnant nails starting to press out of their own accord. He was helpless as the keratin thickened from his nail beds, pushing outward into blunt points, more akin to bestial claws than anything he could imagine.

Ryans's attention was drawn toward his ears as a strange burning assaulted them. Reaching up to touch them, Ryan panicked as a rather bizarre softness greeted his touch, as though a short velvety carpet had spread over them. Longing for a mirror, his gaze soon returned

to Logan, their eyes meeting and widening in horror. It seemed their ears were shifting in tandem, each peppered with soft hairs as their edges heated up and expanded rapidly. Logan's were noticeably crimson, and Logan was privy to the light pink shade that dusted Ryan's own. Tips pointed, the rims seemed to converge on each other as their canals widened and longer wisps of hair spread between them. Panicked, the sounds of the weald seemed to blast his ears, which seemed to reflexively turn inward to avoid the sensory overload. Yet, no amount of twitching could drown out the voices in their minds as the two beings took their pleasure from their influence.

<Do not despair. Under my influence, you shall be remade into the sword that will bring peace and order to the world,> the female voice said, as though in an attempt to be reassuring.

<And when I'm finished remaking you, you'll be the world's guardian and protector,> the male reinforced, though the words were hardly affirming as both men quivered in fear for what they could not control.

Staring at his hand as he was, Ryan was terrified to watch his own fingers begin to contact, pulling toward his palm without any ability to control them. Violently twitching, Ryan could feel the cracks and joints popping out of place as they dissolved entirely. He could only stare helplessly as soft white fur started peppering the skin, making it impossible to see his humanity as it spread to cover it entirely. Stopping at his wrists, Ryan found himself scared to scratch with his other hand, not wanting to bring it to the attention of the being possessing him. Still, there was no stopping the itching of fur as it covered the back of his hand, moving over the underside as the skin of his palm began to swell. Ryan couldn't bear to turn his arm around to see the formation of pads on his palms and fingertips, for as much as them that remained.

Even efforts to pull back his fingers were in vain as they soon diminished to the size of nubs, albeit thicker and fatter than anything they should have been able to support on his wrists. He could tell the nails were thickening, pushing out into blunted claws to match Logan's own. He seemed ignorant of the fact his were slightly smaller or had changed in coloration toward a light blue tone, though it mattered little in the scope of things. His fingers continued to diminish, leaving four of them functionally immobile as the skin between each swelled up to keep them in place. The change to his thumb was perhaps the most alarming as it seemed to pull up the length of his palm, settling somewhere above his wrist. Nothing remained but the slight protrusion, as well as a smaller nail, and Ryan was left with a phantom sensation as he started down in horror. The fact another small swelling of coarse skin had formed above his wrist was lost to him, the change cementing his hand into a paw and a prelude to the fate of his other.

Ryan went to protest the changes when a flash of something entered his mind. Trying to speak left no ability to move his lips, and he found himself compelled forward against his will.



Ryan was stunned by the force at which the being was able to move him, all his willpower for naught against a being existing as a spirit for however many decades. He moved in front of Logan, who was struggling with the itching of fur spreading down his sideburns at this point. <Shall I properly try out this vessel, my love?> The feminine voice cooed, and Rayn's mind flashed back to the night before, making him wish to shudder if he could.

Yet, before he was able to stop himself, Ryan moved to take Logan in a passionate kiss, one sending a stirring through both their loins. For a moment, Logan tried to pull his body away, but it was obvious as soon as he did that the being within him had taken control as well. Both men were forced into a passionate embrace, tingles of heat running through their forms. It seemed the beings within their bodies had control of their nervous systems as well, making the act rather erotic even though such should not have been the case.

The kiss lasted for several moments, passing painfully slow as the two men tried to wrench control of their bodies. There was no denying the contact was pleasant, though how much that was influenced by the Pokemon within them was impossible to say. Still, with both deities distracted with their personal pleasure, the men were able to break the kiss, unable to believe they did that and conflicted about how much they might have liked it. They hardly had any time to further contemplate things over the struggle to maintain their bodies and their humanity!

Yet, even with their bodies in their own control for the moment, the changes would not relent. A tickling started to play over their noses in tandem, and both raised their hands to touch them, forgetting their paws were useless for feeling. Still, the tingling intensified rapidly, as though the cartilage within was expanding, nostrils widening along the base and up the sides. With some discomfort, each felt the skin turning coarse, almost moist as their upper lips quivered from the contact with their expanding contours. Soon, the edges were visible in their line of sight, but that was hardly the most jarring realization. Breathing drew in a plethora of scents, the surrounding woods and the statures and dozens of things they had no immediate name for. Yet, it was the scents coming from their own bodies that came to the forefront, a pungent, spicy aroma combining their sweat and fear with the growing Pokemon odor that came with their fur. And, to their embarrassment, the arousal spurred on by invaders, one that pushed their cocks against their underwear to the point of leaking!

A tightening in their shoes was enough to draw them from their olfactory exploration, as though their feet were starting to outgrow their confines. They were soon powerfully uncomfortable, and both men reflexively reached down, as though they could pull them off. Yet, forgetting they both possessed paws, the two of them exchanged worried glances, knowing that as tied as they were, there was no way to remove them. Things were further cemented as the fingers of Ryan's other hand started to spasm wildly, shrining and thickening into the start of his other paw. There was little he could do to flex the digits as the joints and tendons within were

robbed from them. All he could do was watch on in despair, only this time able to turn it and watch the pads forming from his palms. Soon, his other hand had swollen to match his first paw, far too large for his body, though that was likely to change.

Still, the process did not stop there, and without any way to remove their shoes, the pair were forced to feel them swelling past the breaking point. With the drastic alterations to their hands as a guide, both could tell their toes were compressing, pulled inward as the joints and tendons were robbed from them. A weight at the end of each was sign of their developing claws, each poking through their socks and threatening to pierce the material from within. But it was their swelling bases that were putting the most pressure on their insides, tugging the laces taut and causing the leather to bulge out from the sides. Even efforts to keep them still would do little to stem the pressure against their footwear, and given the size of the paws on their arms, it was likely they would soon breach the material.

It started as a series of pops along the sides as the stitching started to part all the way to the front, exposing a puff of white fur from each. Ryan hadn't even felt the itching this time, lost in all the other sensations of growth. But even that initial tearing was enough to open the floodgates, and for the shoe to burst all the way to the front, exposing further patches of white, fluffy fur. His growing canine claws soon burst from the front as well, the same light blue shade as his front paws as they pierced the material with ease. The same rips and pops from his friend were signs the same was happening to him, neither able to move their toes or even struggle as their shoes were rendered forfeit.

While the balls of their feet were noticeably larger, it was their stretching heels that really put pressure on the shoes as a whole. They were soon double their former length, bursting out the back with a sharp tearing of leather. The length of them forced the pair to stumble forward, unused to the strange stance and barely able to stay erect. With the pressure alleviated in the back, there was little in the way for the remainder of the shoes to stay on as the laces properly popped, the tongue was pushed upward, and the sides burst all the way around. With some effort, each was able to kick away the torn fragments, feeling the ground under their newly formed pads. Socks remained present for a moment, though were rapidly torn by the force of growth, and the weak fabric soon parted fully to reveal their paws with a burst of white, fluffy fur.

Itching seemed to intensify the moment their paws were exposed to the air, though the skin was already largely obscured by this point. The fur over their sides was a little shorter, though their former ankles were thick and soft, as much as they had no way of ever feeling it again. While they lacked the ability to sweat any longer, they had been perspiring rather profusely the entire time and the scent wafting from their exposed sweat hit them all at once. It was thick, musky, and had a rather unwanted effect on both their libidos. Be it a residual influence of the beings within their bodies, or something neither wanted to admit to each other,

there was no denying how hard they had become in their pants. Panting and breathing in the heady stink, both men's confined rods were leaking now, and Ryan was almost thankful for his paws so that he could not be tempted to reach down and rub at his unwanted erection.

The sound of tearing drew his eyes up toward Logan's backside and the lump that was frantically pushing from within. It burst forth with a rather fluffy flurry of fur, a dark navy that was rather impressive. It must have itched like mad, but Logan had no way to rub at it, instead grunting his discomfort. The fat and muscle within continued to grow his tail, and as a frightened expression crossed his features, the growth started moving of its own accord. Against his will, Ryan felt his own tail start to move in tandem, almost wagging as Logan's reached its full length. Rather large on his features, such as a sign they likely had some room to grow before the changes were completed.

Itching over his bare tail prompted Ryan to look back, whining himself as a plume of fluffy pink fur started to burst through the skin of the tip. Working its way back outward the base, Ryan could only watch as his tail expanded even larger, a little smaller than Logan's but impressive all the same. The fact his fur was pink was not lost on him, as though the two were becoming different Pokemon species. It mattered little as their tails continued to wag, eager to be born as much as the beings in their bodies seemed to dictate. Worse was the itching as it spread over their backs, more thick patches of fluffy fur bursting from their pores. The itching was maddening, and it was made worse by the fact their clothes were tightened around them. With their hands turned into canine paws, there was little they could do to remove their garments, let alone scratch the itch. It continued to spread over their hips and up their backs like a relentless wave. It was all they had to stand there, balancing on their massive paws and struggling to maintain their humanity.

<It's best you don't struggle. You should be thankful for the honor of being our vessels. Humans in our time would die for the opportunity!> The male voice said, and Logan's body seized up, as though he was once more losing control.

<Now, now, my love. It's better to show, not tell. Why don't we give them a taste of what is to come?> The female retorted, and Ryan, in turn, felt his control being wrenched from him.

Unable to control himself, Ryan moved to sit down on his ass, and the male within Logan's body prompted him to do the same. With outstretched legs, Ryan found Logan's paw placed in front of him, just under his canine nose. The rank scent of sweat and dirt wafted into his nose once more, and Ryan would have thought he might gagged from the proximity. Yet, the pungent scent of sweaty paw burned into his new nose, sending a wave of arousal through his loins once more. The being within him was compelled to sniff with vigor, just as turned on by the offering. Without any ability to control himself, Ryan bent down, sniffing the stiff nubs and

sweaty stink around the pads along the bottom. All it took was for Logan's foot to lift, and Ryan reached out with a still-human tongue to taste what was offered.

An abhorrent taste flooded his senses, and Ryan did everything in his power to try and resist. Yet, in the moment of passion, it seemed his humanity was quickly cast to the side, as Ryan's own leg reached out to give Logan the same opportunity. It was repugnant, the flavor raw and earthy, and the swell pungent and heady. Yet, the more he did so, the more the being in his body seemed to grow aroused. Cock leaking furiously, Ryan couldn't deny how much pleasure the being was taking in the act. Both were engrossed in the act, almost slobbering from their actions. Worse was a tingling in their mouths, as though their tongues were expanding and flattening into a new shape. It was shameful to feel their more flexible tongues lapping at their massive, furry paws, getting between the pads on the bottom and the webbing between their thickened nubs. It was powerfully arousing, as much as a fetish from the beasts taking control of one's body could manage to be!

Lost in their carnal acts, it seemed the Pokemon's focus was distracted enough the two humans could break their control, albeit for a moment. Both pulled back, trying to force their canine tongues back into human mouths. Panting from the heat, the flavor of their feet hung heavily on their breath, making them wish to throw up. Yet, even over their justified disgust, their meeting eyes figured their own chance was to get out of there. Perhaps the Pokemon's hold on them would be diminished if they fled the shine, and though it was a fleeting hope, it was all they had.

Yet, Ryan paused against his will as a sweet scent wafted into his nose, something pungent yet alluring all the same. His gaze moved toward Logan, the obvious source of the smell. Logan, too, had stopped working to adjust something in his tight pants. Of course, his massive paws made such useless and he was forced to feel his erection poking from the waistband, painfully confined. Ryan had hoped their arousal might be stemmed when they'd regained control of their bodies. But much to his chagrin, there was no denying how the rank scent of Logan's cock was doing it for him, almost tempted to act on a deep-seated desire to scent it, perhaps suck it...

Unbeknownst to Ryan, a similar lust was starting to play over his loins as well, leaving him aroused and needy. Desiring more of that stimulation, he had no chance to resist the compulsion to bend over in an attempt to sniff it. It hardly mattered if he was him or the Pokemon within that was in control. His senses burned alight at the scent of Logan's cock, and he needed to move in for more. Against his former inclinations, he was even prompted to push forth and shove his nose against Logan's shaft. Burying his face in Logan's groin, Ryan could feel his canine tongue reaching out to lick the tip. Even though the taste was repugnant, Ryan

couldn't help but feel he hadn't gotten enough, and there was little left of his mind able to fight for control as he breathed in the masculinity of his friend.

As though his presence was enough to spur Logan's cock to change, a surge of blood forced it to erupt from his pants. With the pressure against his waistband removed, Logan's penis was left to fully engorge itself, making him whine with the inability to touch himself. Ryan's thick tongue was there for him, however, and Logan could only moan, his voice decidedly more canine than he would have liked. The sensation against his cock was enough for his foreskin to be pulled downward, exposing reddening flesh the likes of which could never have existed on his human member. Logan couldn't help but feel some pride as it was getting larger, engorging as the erection tissue filled with more blood than his body was able to supply. It mattered little, his human mind swept away in the presence of such pleasure.

Ryan was hardly aware of the changes, however, more concerned with the pleasures such a treat could provide. He could detect his tongue had a larger surface area, and the taste leaking from Logan's rod was more delicious than he could imagine. As he worked it over the tip, Ryan could perceive his tongue was working into a more pointed shape, its cleft less pronounced but more sensitive. Ryan was eager to rub his tongue down the length of his friend's member, causing it to leak on his nose and fill him with more of that musky, arousing scent. As his tongue helped part the foreskin at the base, something seemed to swell at this prompting. The base of his shaft continued to engorge far beyond even its girth, a massively swollen knot to tie him to a mate. And there was no denying how much Ryan desired to have such inside him...

"Yes...good girl..." Logan said in his human voice, something that caused both of them to snap out of it. Even without feeling the beings taking direct control, there was no denying their influence working through them. With some urgency, Logan pushed Ryan back with his paws, and Ryan stumbled backward, ashamed of what he had done.

<Why fight when it can be so good?> The female voice cooed in his head, and even as Ryan shuddered, there was no denying how pleasantly the taste hung in his mouth and nose.

<Stop resisting and embrace your destiny...> The male added with a more commanding tone. It was obvious he intended to be more forceful with his takeover, and Ryan worried for Logan as much as himself, fighting the forces in their mind with little chance of success as more of their humanity was robbed from them.

Logan seemed to shake his head at that, trying to block out the intrusive words. Yet, the more they hung in his head, the more he seemed unable, the pleasure in his canine penis too great. Instead, he sniffed the air intently, as though breathing in a scent he had little ability to resist. He was compelled forward, an expression of lust plastered over his face as his eyes glazed

over. Ryan could only look on with curiosity as he approached, eagerly anticipating what Logan might do. Yet, he could not have expected Logan to move behind him, nuzzling his rear through his pants. Ryan, getting into it as well, moved to raise his tail, unsure why but unable to resist the siren voice in his head as she guided him to do so. Eagerly, Logan started sniffing, even pulling at the back of Ryan's pants with still-human teeth. It was almost as though he expected something to be there, something more erotic than even his asshole. And Ryan wanted nothing for than for him to play with him, perhaps be changed in the same fashion as he had changed Logan. Even if that meant for him to become-

With a shuddering gasp, Ryan pulled away, trying to kick at Logan's nose to deter his advances. The motion had him toppling over on unsteady legs, trying desperately to pull away until Logan returned to his senses. He seemed to struggle with the being in his body, almost growling in a bestial tone as though the Pokemon was the one in control. Still, he, too, fell forward, reaching out with his front paws to catch himself. The reason wasn't immediately evident until Ryan saw his hips spasming, the bones popping out of place as his spine grew longer. With the same ache in his backside, Ryan understood they were to be put on all fours, closer to the Pokemon invading their minds. And closer to losing it all!

With the size of their hips expanding, their pants were not fated to last long. A painful rip resounded through Ryan's twitching canine ears as the fabric was done away with. The actual changes were relatively painless, though they could not stem the pressure of their clothes tightening before they inevitably gave way. The shifting within their pelvises was uncomfortable, as much as he could perceive through Logan's growls. The beings within seemed to use their stature to further push the changes, and Ryan could feel his clavicles thinning, thighs muscled though absent of human fat. Logan seemed barely able to struggle against his assailant, and Ryan had to admit it was taking all he had to hold onto his consciousness. It did little to stem the changes, the female Pokemon within him delighting in her work. He was sure the ache within his pelvis was a sign he could not stand on two legs any longer, though it was hardly alarming given the scope of changes that were steadily robbing them of both of their humanity.

Trying to balance himself in his hybrid body, Ryan found his focus faltering as Logan's Pokemon cock bobbed up and down against his belly with its new position. It was leaking furiously now as his testicles swelled and white fur erupted from the skin. Once more, the smell and sight of it became his entire world, Ryan as erect as possible with such a stimulus before him. Rolling over, his own cock was embarrassing human, a far cry from the beast that Logan's body now sported. Still, the scent was enough to bring his arousal to its pinnacle, and Ryan whined, wishing he had hands to jerk off despite himself. There was no way for him to get off, and the lust burning through his being was maddening!

Yet, it was the bestial member Logan had grown that served to be his focus, more concerned with his pleasure than his own. The feral scent of it, much to Ryan's chagrin, was enough for the Pokemon to push into his mind. <Soon, my love, my Zamazenta> She said, and Ryan felt his control once more slipping away. The scent burned into his nose, and the Pokemon began sniffing as Logan lifted his leg, as though showing off. The size of it was intimidating, to be sure, but she was determined, and there was little Ryan could do in the face of such a stimulus. It was obvious she was becoming more and more powerful as their changes concluded, and Ryan was forced as a passenger in his own body as he was taken against his will.

<Yes, my Zacian. It has been far too long. I need you, my love...taste that human's flesh and change it for me...> Came the reply, though Ryan's mind was far too bombarded with sensation to regain control.

Yet, his struggle was for naught, given the determination the Pokemon in his mind had for her task. And such efforts made her changes come steadily, as though eager to regain her former body and purpose. Ryan was forced to feel his neck shifting down, curving further than he used to. It came with a series of soft pops in his spine as his neck was forced forward and the position became comfortable for him. Ryan was given a perfect view of the penis he so desperately craved. Zacian, the Pokemon he was being turned into, drank deep of the male's musk, sniffing his male essence with eagerness. And as much humiliation as Ryan had already been forced to undergo, he was drawn to the reality that it could get so much worse.

<Oh, my Zamazenta...how I've longed to taste you like this once more...> she cooed, and with that, Ryan could feel a pressure building up in his lower jaw. Inch by inch, the bones started to force their way forward, as though drawing his nose closer to the target of his lust. It was strange to see it in front of his face, especially as it grew further for his larger body. It was some reprieve to feel his longer tongue drawn within his muzzle, no longer stretched too large for his face. But as his gums expanded and his teeth ached within, Ryan was left to moan, his voice more of a moanful howl and a sign he was no longer human. It continued to grow, his darkened nose drawn forward toward black, gummy lips, and the overwhelming stench of canine cock burned into his being. Though it was Zacian who controlled their actions at the moment, Ryan couldn't deny the urges in his own mind, and he would be hard-pressed to resist even without the Pokemon's influence directing his action.

The moment the tingling within his muzzle ceased, Ryan felt Zacian open their muzzle and start to lick the tip, causing Logan's body to whine out in lust. She was quick to wrap her tongue around it, the heady musky flavor serving to turn Ryan on beyond his understanding. He wanted to stop, alarm bells ringing in his head as Zacian's focus turned to fellatio. Yet, she was so amazing with her tongue that Ryan could hardly muster the energy to do so. He couldn't deny in the heat of the moment that servicing his friend's body, even to the inevitable end...

With a sudden burst of clarity, Ryan managed to take control of the female, trying his best to pull his tongue away from his conquest. Yet, he did not have time to cease before his muzzle was coated in a thick blast of sperm, the rank male essence burning into his nose. The taste should have been repulsive, but Ryan was quick to lap it up like it was the finest wine. Eyes closed in ecstasy, Ryan could only sniff the air, drawing in the heady scent and basking in its essence.

Before he knew what he was doing, the sensation of a tongue on his cock made him shudder, as though the Pokemon in his mind was quick to return control. She had a taste of semen, and would not be denied as she went down on their body, taking Ryan's still human cock gently in their Pokemon muzzle. He wouldn't have thought he would possibly be flexible for such a task, but the long canine tongue on his cock was more than enough affirmation. And the heat of her cum stained breath on his maleness was enough that Ryan couldn't hold back. Once more, his muzzle was stained in cum, though only this time it was his own, the most prostate-milking orgasm he'd ever had.

Yet, even as he drank down his male essence, the intense throbbing did not relent, even as further burbles of cum leaked from the tip. It was more than he could bear, moaning and whining as he laid back feeling the throbbing intensify. Even as his cock continued to deflate, the intensity at the tip seemed to increase, and he was almost tempted to start licking it once more. It was of little reprieve that Zacian had retreated within his mind for the moment, but the pleasure within his penis was nearly tempting even for the human him. It was a testament to how far he'd fallen, and how far he had to go if he didn't want to lose all he was.

The sensation of a tongue on his cock made him bark out, looking down to see Logan's still human mouth and canine tongue start to lick the cum from his groin. Ryan wanted to push him away, but his unruly paws were incapable of the task. And the pleasure of his tongue was enough that Ryan's resolve began to wane, wanting more of what he was offering. The sensation of his testicles withdrawing should have been alarming, more so as his penis shrunk to the point that he was sure it was no longer functioning. But the pleasant warmth building up within was enough for him to allow Logan to lick his groin, the sensitivity within the center building to the point Ryan was sure he was...

A sudden burst of awareness forced Ryan back in control as he frantically kicked Logan away, who shook his head in an effort to regain control himself. Struggling to resist the sensations, Ryan tried to stand up, unable to with the alterations to his legs and lower body. Besides, the building heat left him to moan a canine cadence, his insides in turmoil as what remained of his dick was subsumed by feminine folds. The consequences of which were lost on Ryan, struggling as he was to maintain his hold on his body. It wasn't until the heavy weight of



Logan's barreling chest and massive paws on his back made he shuddered back to reality. It was almost as though Logan was determined to mount him, that he had lost all control to Zamazenta. And it was Zamazenta's intention to...

It was all Ryan had to try to shake him off, not wanting Zamazenta to have his way with him. But there was nothing he could do as Zacian tried to wrestle control back, and Ryan was left panting, feeling the oozing tip of a canine cock seeking his opening. Thinking that Zamazenta would try to plow his rear, Ryan braced himself, having never taken anything in the virgin hole and concerned for the ache it might cause. But he was not expecting the penis to go lower, teasing the inside of his sex, rubbing against it with his slick fluids. He wasn't able to penetrate the opening, not yet, but the pressure, while pleasant, sent a shockwave of terror through Ryan's being. The implication was not entirely lost on him, Ryan calling out his panic, "RRRROOOOPPPPP!" Terrified about how much of his voice had been lost. It was an immense effort to make even a semblance of human speech, and further attempts made him aware his muzzle had frozen, control wrenched away from him once more.

No sooner had his body stiffened than the force of Zamazenta's lupine penis forced itself forward, opening Ryan up in a way that sent sexual signals through his being. He didn't need to look down to see that what remained of his penis had retracted into a minute nub sat above his penetrated vagina. He was no longer a male anymore, and could only cry out internally as Zamazenta's cock throbbed with him. The sensitive walls of his new cunt seemed to wrap their way around the male's member, stimulated by the persistent trembling as Zamazenta pushed his way into the hilt, heavy knot slapping desperately against Ryan's virgin opening. Such pleasure was unknown to the human him, and Ryan could only feel his control slipping as Zacian's instincts rose to bask in her femininity.

As though breaking through the surface in his panic, Logan suddenly ripped his dick out, leaving Ryan's cunt opening and closing and oozing their fluids. Had he had control of his body, Ryan figured he might try to crawl away, separating the two from temptation. But Ryan's control had slipped under the surface, and Zacian could only whisper, <It will be all over soon. You will come to enjoy it as I do, I assure you>.

Logan teetered there, his mostly canine body wavering between control resistance as he fell over on his back from his attempt to escape. But it was Zamazenta in their minds that left Ryan to lose what ability he had to resist. <Come and accept me. Like the good girl you are...> Zamazenta whispered huskily, and even Ryan's human mind could not disobey when the words carried so much promise.

With some eagerness, Ryan moved to crawl over Logan's body, cunt lips quivering as they once more brushed against Logan's throbbing cock tip. It was some effort to work his hips

over the turgid penis, but with his hips having been altered already, Zacian was able to manage, opening herself to allow them to sit on the canine penis and ride their male to release.

“RRROOWWWW! Don’t RRRRROOOWWW it!” Logan tried to call out, but at this point, his own face was starting to crack forward into a muzzle to match Ryan’s own.

It didn’t take long for their pleasure to build and for both former humans to lose control, getting up to return to doggie style. Neither Pokemon needed words to express how such was their preferred position and how they wanted to properly return to the world. The force of it was enough to keep both men under the surface, Ryan’s cunt massaging Logan’s penis in preparation to milk it for all it was worth. He was sure Logan would cream his cunt already had he not already been sucked off earlier. It was a little reprieve, the building waves against his new sex soon to crash into orgasm. And the faster he was fucked, the more Ryan’s newly christened cunt relaxed, as though eager to take all Logan had to give. Which was a throbbing, red knot, one aching to make its way inside him...

It was the sound of a wet plop that drew the two of them back to their bodies, though the moment Logan tried to pull out, it was obvious he was stuck. Ryan’s tight vaginal walls had clamped down on Logan’s engorged knot, and no amount of pulling could dislodge him. The more he struggled, the more both whined from the pain. It was obvious there was no reprieve from their mating until Logan either lost his lust or painted the insides of his friend’s new cunt. And given the heat in their bodies, the eventual outcome was obvious.

To his credit, Logan did stop thrusting, though it did little to settle the final changes into their bodies. They were already larger than their humanity, though a sudden surge of growth cracked through their chests and torsos, a sign of how much larger they were to become. Any resistance from their shirts was wrought in the face of their new bodies, popping away in a flurry of Pokemon fur. Logan’s pelt was a rusty red, the underside of his belly white as his chest barreled and his belly flattened, stretching along with his spine. The fur was thicker along his thighs, long and shaggy as every inch of his human skin was subsumed by canine fur. The bones within shifted with a series of painful cracks, ribs expanding, spines lengthening, and shoulders rotating forward as his arms were forced under his body. He whined, trying to keep his body still with everything he had, not wanting to reach ejaculation and perhaps damning their fates to remain in their bodies.

Ryan, too, could feel his chest barreling, his own body a little smaller than Logan’s but no less powerful as lean muscle bulked over his frame. As light blue fluff erupted over his thighs and sides, while white enveloped his chest and belly, a bizarre tingling made Ryan whine, unsure of the cause. The nipples on his chest seemed to be engorging just slightly, tickled by the fur as more encroached over his belly. The same tingling played down in patterns over his chest and belly, and Ryan longed to touch them if only to alleviate the ache they seemed to play through

his chest. It took him a few moments to conclude in was in possession of canine nipples, the implication of which was lost on him in the present panic.

A warped whine escaped Logan's lips as they turned black and gummy, stretched out along his engorged jaw. His panting tongue hung more easily out of his muzzle as more red fur encroached over the bare skin. Rostrum drawn out as it was, Logan shook his head a few times, trying his best to avoid the myriad of sexual scents wafting from their bodies. He was desperate to will his penis down, but the further his face was forced forward, the harder it was to drown out the scents. He wanted to hump, wanted to thrust, wanted to...<Yes...finish yourself, finish us...I will join with you soon, my love, and then we shall be reborn once more...>

The itching over Ryan's fur left him a final distraction as twin braids entwined together from the ever-growing fluff, hanging almost heavily over his head. While the fur below his ears itched and turned pink, the thickened ruff over his neck retained the same light blue that coated his back and hips. It was odd feeling the lengthening braids hitting the ground, pointed at the tip in what he had to assume was their natural configuration. Logan's own mane, in contrast, was thick and pointed, its rusty red looking more like a shield. Spiky edges ran around the sides of his head, one on top, giving him an almost regal appearance. It was one Ryan might have found fetching in another circumstance, though knowing it was to be the last throes of their humanity, he could only lament their changes were nearly over.

<So handsome my love...take control of her host and your mate...bring us into the world once more...> Moaned Zacian in Ryan's mind, and Logan's body went stiff at that, as though Zamazenta's influence had burned into his being. Logan's attempt to keep his body still seemed to cease in his paws, moving up his legs and tail as it started to wag its eagerness. It didn't take Zamazenta to wait until his chest and paws were returned to him before he started to thrust, cock throbbing as his end drew near. Edging as it was, there was likely little time before he unloaded and likely sealed their fates into these new bodies, possibly forever.

<No, nonononono...I don't want to go...> Logan screamed in their minds, as though he realized he had the ability. It left Ryan to shudder with terror, thinking there was little left of Logan and the Pokemon would take total control.

<Let it go human...submit to me and experience my untold pleasures...> Zamazenta ordered, and the tension within Logan's penis rose to the breaking point as his will to fight faded.

<Don't do it, Logan, I don't want to be a female!> Ryan called out, but no response came, safe for Zamazenta to speak to his mate.

<He is gone, my love, now take me and all I have to gift you!> Zamazenta called out, thrusting faster as his end cascaded over him.

<Yes my love, I'm ready for your gift!> Was the reply, and before Ryan could protest, an earth-shattering orgasm pounded his loins, filling him to the brim and leaving his mind to white out. It was nearly impossible to maintain his sense of self as Zacian counted her mate's thrusts, loins aching from the attempt to take his seed. And with a howl of release, Logan unloaded his semen, the backwash of his release almost enough that his engorged knot couldn't prevent it from escaping.

Ryan was left a quivering mess as he lay there, Zacian settling comfortably under her mate and he panted, licking her cheek. There was almost something tender about the moment had all he had been not forcibly taken from them. And perhaps Logan as well, even more so without the final cry for release within their minds. He wanted to ask, but with the chance his own humanity might be robbed from him and left in the same void for the rest of his existence.

As much as Ryan didn't want to look, he couldn't help but turn to his friend's features, alien in the golden eyes of a Pokemon. They were flickering a little, as though everything that was Logan was being pumped away with the cum from his canine testicles. He was fully in the passenger's seat now, and the glint of panic in his eyes was soon replaced, the light gone to become the Pokemon he now was. As much as Ryan had no control over his body, he was still there, still present. But as best as he could tell, Logan was not as Zamazenta pulled off his back, still stuck within his cunt with his massive canine knot. It ensured his virile semen could not escape his newly christened cunt, but such a consequence escaped him.

<It is done. I thank you for your service, and you shall still feel my pleasure, though little of you shall remain. You have relinquished your life for a noble cause, and I shall not forget your sacrifice,> Zamazenta promised, and Ryan felt himself weep internally for the loss of his friend. He had little control, either, though he was able to maintain some semblance of himself. Yet, with the presence of Zacian threatening to do the same, it was all he could do to hope to avoid such a dire fate.

With that, Zacian laid down, Zamazenta moving to lick her lips in a romantic gesture. Ryan tried once more in vain to regain control, but he was so tired now, and Zacian had so much more to give. Besides, in so many ways, she was right. Her sex was fully, open up and leaking cum in a way that left her satisfied. The scent of her love was on her, and little else mattered than their togetherness. There was nothing Ryan could do against a sea of sensation, fatigued from fighting all the while. It was his body, and yet with all Zacian had down for him, it was hard not to just give in and let go.

<See you soon, my love. I must patrol our territory. I shall not be here in your time, but I wish you well, and I shall return with food for our...> Zamazenta's voice echoed in their mind. But it was too late for Ryan to understand the words. As Logan had before him, the light in Zacian's eyes twinkled just slightly, and Ryan fell into a sea of tranquil bliss...

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As though struggling through a heavy fog, Ryan's mind was eventually able to awake, though it felt akin to swimming through a pool or tar. The presence in his mind and body, while not absent, seemed to be at rest from the changes and the carnal lust they had used their bodies to partake in. And without Zamazenta here to wake his love slumbering within, Ryan had a chance to get out of here, perhaps make his way back to town and get help! Surely, someone in the village would know what to do!

Yet, Ryan was hardly able to make it far as a series of heavy cramps started to pulsate through his loins. Pausing from the pressure, Ryan was steadily becoming aware of a bloating sensation in his guts, one that grew in discomfort the more he struggled. Some instinct told him he needed to wait here, that his body was to do something important. As rapidly as it was coming, bloating in his guts and that persistent pressure, Ryan didn't have a clue as to what was happening. A series of sensations beyond anything a human could be familiar with, let alone a male one...

It was the sensation of something pushing from deep within that confirmed Ryan's fears. It was worse than needing to relieve himself, the persistent bloating allowing room for the objects to properly form within him. But as it became too great, Ryan could only growl and whine as his body worked to expel its burden. His belly continued to bulge at a rapid pace, the objects within swelling and pressing against his insides, where he figured would be his ovaries. His belly continued to bloat beyond what he could imagine, heavy on his form as he whined. Of course, Ryan was aware Pokemon reproductive cycles were rather rapid, copulating couples able to make an egg within days or hours. But at the rate eggs were swelling inside of him...how fertile was this new body, anyway? And how many were being formed within him? Ryan had no way to stop it!

With his belly bulging beyond his limits, Ryan could only lie down in the face of his body's inclinations. There was no ability to fight with the force his body used to prepare for birth, and Ryan had no choice but to let it happen. One object was prompted to separate from the others, descending from within. It opened up his female insides in such a way that Ryan was left immobile, cunt lips quivering and tubes being stretched beyond what he could imagine. All he could do was whine, his inner folds pushing the egg through his tubes and moving from his womb through his uterus, and finally, poking through his vaginal walls.

A slick sucking sound resonated from his lips as they parted from the pressure within. His cunt continued to vibrate from the stimulation, and Ryan was almost wracked with a sensation of orgasm. It allowed the elastic walls of his cunt to open wider, and slick fluids caused a responding squelching to ring in his ears as the egg slid outward. It should have been painful, though a numbing pleasure allowed him to bear the act, and even enjoy it as the egg passed the halfway point. Within a wet plop, the egg slid from his dripping cunt, and Ryan was left panting, drool dripping from his lips as he did so. The effort was strenuous, but there was no denying the sense of satisfaction in the deepest recesses of his mind, as though Zacian was starting to awake. She took deep pride in birthing their offspring, the next generation that would protect the world.

And with the fertility her body possessed, Ryan's body soon started to push another one through his tubes, perhaps larger than the first. The fact his insides were stretched somewhat was a minor reprieve, hormones flooding his system and allowing him some comfort through the laying process. And with each egg he laid, Ryan was granted a brief tremor of orgasm, reminiscent of his first mating. He couldn't move, though even if he was able to struggle, the pleasure of laying was enough to keep him still and placid as one egg, and then the next was voided from his body.

By the time he could stand again, over a dozen eggs had been voided from his body, Ryan's cunt lips wide and slippery with fluids. It finally felt as though his guts were no longer bloated with eggs, though his body was weak and he trembled with the exertion. Still, there was time for him to get out of there, and find a way to change back before Zacian had time to -

Ryan's body was literally stopped in its tracks as the force of a powerful mind threatened to sweep him aside. Ryan tried with all he had to push back, but laying her brood had taken all he had, and it was almost impossible to make any headway. Every fiber of his being knew this was a last bastion of sorts, that he would not be able to regain even a modicum of control of his former body. Zacian, for her part, was sympathetic, though there was no denying the necessity of his body in order to achieve her agenda.

<It's best for you to let it happen. I truly thank you for your service to your region. It might seem undesirable now, but a part of you will always persist within me, and my pleasure shall be your pleasure forever more.>

Ryan did not answer, instead doing his best to wrench control from the more powerful Pokemon. Yet, as he tried to move, he was soon aware his back paws could no longer move, and his legs were soon to follow suit. Zacian was quick to take control over his front paws as well, and Ryan went to lament his lack of ability to move. Yet, even as his arms and tail were steadily robbed from him, Ryan was simply too tired and weak from laying her clutch to regain a

semblance of control. All he could do was lament his foolishness for not heeding the villager's warning and condemning himself to be controlled and used by a Pokemon for the rest of his life.

Yet, as Zacian had implied, not all was to be so bad. As his head and nose were taken from him, he was still aware of an odor in the air, one that triggered Zacian's senses. It was heady and musky, and even as their cunt lips felt swollen and spent, it still managed to trigger a semblance of arousal. Zacian wanted, more than anything, to sexually pleasure her mate as many times as possible. And even if it was no longer Ryan at the helm, he was there for every iota of pleasure she felt, able to at least feel purpose in her mating and all the promise that came with it...