

Slowly Richard woke up, coming to as though he had been in a deep sleep. The first thing he was aware of was a blinding light above him, forcing him to close his eyes to avert his gaze. Thinking it to be the sun, Richard blinked a few times, trying to get his bearings. No immediate cause for his placement came to mind, though it had to be a short-term memory loss from a jarring event. Perhaps he'd been hit by a stray Pokemon attack? That made as much sense as anything else!

The last thing Richard did remember was that he was in the middle of an underground Pokemon league fight, and his Lucario was on a ten-win streak against the opponent. Not one to take the official Pokemon League test into his 20s, Richard had become somewhat of a name on the underground fighting circuit, finding better trainers and more challenging conditions than anything the official Pokemon League could throw at him. And he and his Pokemon fought tooth and nail to gain their status on the circuit. Perhaps to the point where it might make sense for him to be the target of an assault...

The first thing Richard noticed was that he was on a table of sorts, hard against his bare back. He wanted to get up, but his arms did not move at his prompting, the metal around them a clear sign he was tied to his prison. His legs, too, could hardly move, and Richard called out, struggling with the inability to lift himself. Panic settled over his mind as he tried in vain to get away, realizing there was no way to do so. He was trapped, at the whims of whatever being saw fit to keep him so. What the hell was going on?

It was then he recalled the exact circumstances that led up to this moment, that he'd won a major battle and had gone up to get his prize. Yet, with a maniacal expression on his face, the man before him had pressed a button on his phone, donning a mask as gas filled the room, making Richard dizzy and rendering him unconscious. Why was unclear, but there was no denying the vivid memories. Surely, someone wanted either him or his Lucario, but to what end in taking him by force?

The second thing, much to his shame, was that Richard realized he was naked, that the cool metal behind him was touching his back. It was more than a little alarming to be exposed, even his genitals on display with no ability to cover himself. He wanted to call out, to ask for help. But he kept silent for now, figuring he would draw the attention of someone who had ill intentions for him, likely the one who had trapped him in the first place. And Richard was not eager to meet them.

Of greater concern, perhaps, was his Pokemon. It was far easier to traffic them and more profitable besides. Surely that was the reason for his abduction, to take his prized best friends and sell them off for a tidy profit. Then again, why was Richard being kept in such a room himself? It made little sense, given that it would be easy enough for his Pokemon to be long

removed from him by the time Richard had reported the incident to the authorities. Then what was the reason for his incarnation?

“Ah, finally, you’re awake! I’ve been excited to start working with you, the perfect specimen that you are! You’ll do nicely, I’m certain! My only regret was not seeing you awake for the process! I do prefer to see the results first hand, as I’m sure you will come to understand,” came a voice, and Richard looked up to see a man far above him, starting on a platform and looking down as might a trainer in a Pokemon arena. Richard couldn’t see much beyond the table around him, but the man’s echoing voice was a sign that the room was perhaps larger than Richard had been expecting. What kind of chamber was this?

“What the hell are you on about? Give me my Pokemon back and let me the hell out of here!” Richard called out, struggling against his restraints. It was for naught, and he quickly found that he was impossibly trapped and at the whims of the man, whoever he was.

“That’s the least of your worries, I should think. Not that you’ll have much in the way of worries, soon, but that’s getting ahead of myself. I want to witness the process with as little information going into it, though there’s something to be gained from explaining myself. I have a tendency to ramble on, you should know, but I wonder how much you’ll actually be able to pay attention to what I’m saying, much less understand it, but again, I digress. The process was introduced to your cells some time ago and should be taking root at any-oh, there, I was just in time, it seems. It’s starting!”

Richard hardly had time to contemplate the man’s words with the heat that was slowly coming over him, rising from his chest and slowly spreading over his form. It came with it a prickling sensation, as though the hairs over his skin were being charged with static electricity. Rising upward like weeds, Richard had to resist the urge to scratch at them, thankful for the first time that he was naked. It was embarrassing enough to be watched by this man while nude but it was a small comfort nonetheless.

As the energy about his person started to crackle, an eerie blue light started to envelop him, as though it was coming from within. Rather than a heat assailing him, Richard was privy only to a cracking of energy, a cool sensation that settled into his mind. Though there was some effort on his body to generate such a phenomenon, it was a peaceful sensation, pleasant to experience through the soreness over his muscles. He felt light, almost giddy, the energy washing over him in waves and creating a blue aura of sorts, one that almost seemed familiar though not something he could place in this context.

“So, that’s how it’s starting with you? How interesting! The process works differently depending on the DNA of the host and the virus, but it seems as though the energy you’ll soon be

generating shall be the catalyst! Remarkably, the process can take on so many different avenues with different inputs! It will at least take a lifetime to study, several, perhaps, though I hope to see the fruits of my labors in full swing soon!”

Though the man’s excitement was almost palpable in the air, there was something else within his knowledge that Richard found himself struggling to access. Almost like an aura existed around the man himself, a slight shimmer in the air that had been absent from Richard’s sight before. Nothing as extravagant as the aura enveloping himself, of course, that brilliant blue light seemed to steadily increase in intensity. There was something about the way it shimmered that seemed to match the man’s excitement, as though indicative of that emotional state.

With that, a flush of something akin to fear passed through his mind, and the blue light around him seemed to shimmer in a spectrum that made little sense to him, various shades of blue beyond what the human eye should have been able to perceive. It spoke of his fear, to be certain, though there were flashes of other emotions, ones Richard wasn’t even aware of until the changes in spectrum made him inwardly reflect. He was angry, to be sure, at being kidnapped and nude and the subject of some sinister experiment. But under that was a steadily rising vortex of sensation, something new was emerging, a sensation unlike anything in recent memory. As bizarre as it was, it was akin to Richard becoming...horny?

Looking down as best he could in his captive state, Richard was almost shocked to see his cock starting to rise to life, waving there as more blood fueled his member than at any time in his life. Richard felt he should be powerfully embarrassed to see his member in such a state, and indeed, he was, at least to a degree. But what bothered him more was the lack of an ability to touch himself, Richard moaning as he pulled against the restraints in desperation. He needed to get free, but more than that, he needed to get off, regardless of who was watching. The need to masturbate was almost maddening!

The tingling that had been settling over his body seemed to grow in intensity, though it was beginning to center on his hands now, as the aura of blue light wrapped itself around them. That almost comforting cooling sensation seemed to seep within them to the point that Richard was taken from his arousal, even as his cock continued to throb with its need. He was leaking like a facet now onto his groin, though for the moment it was a drop in the bucket compared to the pleasant sensations assailing his hands. How he wished he could touch himself, spreading the warmth over him and accenting the pleasant sensations enough to bring him away from the horrific truth.

The tingling in his hands continued to intensify, bringing his attention even though his member was still begging for attention. It was as though the tingling was beginning to draw up the hairs from the back of them, even some of their neighbors poked from the skin and stood at

attention. Soon, dozens of hairs were spreading over the skin, each follicle joined by their neighbors on all sides as the glow continued to settle into the back of his hands. Some patches continued to remain bare, but for now, most of the skin was covered with black fur, stopping at his wrists but likely to continue if the changes persisted.

The warm feeling in his hands was hardly to stop there, his fingers aching just slightly as though they were starting to retract into his palms. The bones, joints, and tendons within were all beginning to compress, pulling inward with a series of pops as their contours were warped. Though the individual bones remained present, they were far more compressed than humanly possible, and Richard found he could barely move them, as though they had gone numb. Soon, his fingers were so short and stubby that he could hardly imagine they were functional once, leaving him powerfully confused about what was happening.

The change was worse for his thumbs and pinkies, which continued to retract beyond even the shrinking digits in between them. Trying reflexively to move them, Richard was stunned by the phantom sensations, as though he had never had them at all. They were soon to retreat within his hands, the bones of them merging with the bones in his palms as something else started to form from the back of his hands, causing some itching. Soon, not even a numb was present on his hands to denote he'd ever possessed them. It was bizarre feeling only three fingers on each hand, the remaining ones difficult to move as he groaned and struggled with the changes.

Soon, the bottoms of his palms and the tips of his thickening fingers started to swell just slightly, the skin turning coarse in rings around the fur that had formed there. Even though it was difficult to perceive them from the black-on-black shade, though he figured them to be spade-shaped, almost like paw pads of some sort. It was bizarre feeling them on the ends of his arms, two paws with three fingers each, like nothing that should have existed on his body. Stranger still was how his nails seemed to thicken as well, forming blunt ridges that rose up from the nail bed, almost like claws of some sort. Barely passing the width of his digits, it seemed impossible for them to be used for much, save for some sort of energy-charged attack. He had seen them somewhere, very recently in fact, but the more he stared at them, the more confused he became as to their origin. More to the point, what was happening to him in the first place?

The persistent ache at the backs of his hands grew to ahead as visible lumps formed from under the skin, filling up with angry red welts as though irritated. Richard wanted desperately to scratch them, as though something foreign was trying to break free. It didn't hurt, not exactly, but it irritated him to no end, almost to the point that he was tempted to cry out. But even as the lumps erupted and pointed spikes seemed to protrude from them, Richard resisted the urge, remaining stoic in the face of something that should have pained him. The spikes, thickening around the base and pushing further the skin, were not painful, and even the redness from their

initial growth was gone, as though they were being integrated into a natural part of his anatomy. Again, the shape of them was familiar, but not something Richard could quite place from this angle. By the time they were finished, they were half the diameter of his palms and sat firmly like he had been born with them, despite the disparity in their composition.

Itching over his wrists was starting to spread up his arms, and Richard's gaze was drawn upward in time to see the skin peppering with blue fur this time, a contrast to the black that covered his former hands-turned paws. His arms, too, were tingling more intently now and seemed to be shrinking as well, as though the muscle and fat were being robbed from him. He did not seem to lose power, however, in fact, he felt a little stronger than his humanity. It was not enough for him to break free from his bonds, however, as much as Richard struggled, wanting to get away and stem the changes before they took more of his humanity from him.

In contrast to his thinning arms, his shoulders started to bulk up in a circular pattern around his upper arms, almost like a collar of sorts. It was a raised, hardened bit of skin as much as he could tell with the persistent itching of fur that had come over his arms. The sight of the arms, looking strange on his own frame, was still familiar, though in his panic over the changes in general, Richard couldn't imagine what was happening to him, let alone with the end game of the alterations would be.

A series of sharp cracks echoed in his chest, and Richard groaned a little from the discomfort as though his bones were shifting within him, readjusting for a different form. The result was to sink his belly slightly, flattening and thinning and giving him a rather lithe appearance. It seemed his internal structures were shrinking somewhat, the binds pulling against his arms and legs as he steadily lost a few centimeters of height. Richard had no idea what was happening to his insides, though it was likely compressing to a new physiology, the end result still unknown to him. It was powerfully uncomfortable, though he felt no pain from the transition, either the process itself or the present energy of aura was keeping him from harm.

The itching of fur growth, now familiar, started playing over his chest, off-white fur peppering the skin around his treasure trail thickening, spreading slowly across his chest as the muscles underneath started to expand against the skin, outlining a physique nothing like what he could naturally obtain. A six-pack abs, firm pecks, and a lean belly were soon covered over by a spreading of yellowish-white fur. Though he was accustomed to the sensation, the short fur over his arms could not compare to the full ruff that was coating his chest, thickening into a fluffy coat the likes of which he had touched many times in the past. As the fur grew to spread over his back and against the confines of the table, Richard's fate was starting to become more and more clear, even though such should have been impossible in the real world.

The sensation of something irritating the skin in the center of his chest was sign enough of what was to occur, having felt the same happening to his hands prior though not on the scale. The steel spear that was to erupt from the spot was not painful, rather irritating as the rest of the process, as though it was meant to be there. Curving upward, there was no pain, no blood, the skin around it no longer tingling as more and more of it poked through, as much a part of his anatomy as anything else. It was bizarre the contrast in composition could work with his body, though such a fusion existed in nature as well, and in a form he was intimately familiar with. Like his Pokemon companion...

A spike in the energy around him jarred Richard from his stupor, the brilliant blue glow seeming to settle in his hands now. It was as though the spikes at the back were a focus, and the more he changed, the more energy he was able to exude as if it was gathering there. A part of him wondered if he could use the energy to break free from his bonds, and that was likely the case as his power continued to grow. But he had very little control over the energy of a Pokemon, and in his hybrid state, it was harder to maintain focus on such with the persistent changes playing over his form.

The changes moved downward, seeming to settle into his hips now as a bare patch of skin started to erupt with short black fur, forming what almost appeared like a belt of sorts, though was simply the coloration of the Pokemon he was becoming. It seemed to accent his groin rather well as the formerly pubic hairs started to alter in composition, shortening and spreading out over his groin, across his hips, and even his ass cheeks, which made him squirm uncomfortably on the table. Soon, his thighs were coated as well, the human skin underneath adapting to allow the follicles to blossom forth into a full coat.

Thighs covered down to his knees now, the skin seemed to bulge slightly, Richard had not expected them to grow so massive in such short a time, the muscle within bulking up beyond what he figured would be natural for his body size. Richard had it under good authority why such massive thighs were needed, the power and agility of his form made known to him over observations of countless battles. They were thick, though not heavy on his person, much of their mass made up of the longer blue hairs that covered the skin. Still, there was no denying how powerful they were to the point he was sure to be as agile as his Pokemon companion, a process that excited and scared him in equal measure.

Yet, none of the changes were as bizarre as the sensation of his tailbone starting to unfuse, the bones within breaking apart and forming a noticeable nub at the back above his ass cheeks. Richard groaned, the skin starting to stretch around the growth to keep up as the bones within seemed to settle, drawing upon the energy in his aura to push at the growth, confined against the table. Richard did his best to lean forward, though the growth soon surpassed the length he could comfortably stand, and was forced to bend at an odd angle as it continued to

swell from the formation of further bones within. It seemed impossible that he could stand the pressure much longer, though as forming tendons wrapped around each individual expanding bone, the thing started to twitch of its own accord, and Richard found immediate relief as it reflexively lowered itself under his thickened thighs.

It took Richard some moments to dawn on him what the growth was, even as the bones within broke apart and continued to draw energy to expand and extend further into the appendage. It was several inches long now, prompting Richard to raise his leg to allow it to extend down past his knees. Though new muscle swelled around the bones within, the growth seemed mostly able to articulate through the joint at the base of his spine. Even that, however, was jarring enough, making him wish to be free and away to try and explore the thing. Still, it wasn't until the persistent itching of fur spread over it that Richard was made aware he possessed a very real tail, something that no human should have, marking him a Pokemon as much as the rest of the changes taking over his form.

The gradual changes seemed to seep into his calves now, their length compressing and tugging his legs more within the constraints. Mercifully, the clamps holding his ankles suddenly opened, allowing his legs to shrink and take on the stature of the Pokemon he was obviously becoming. The pressure over his legs was reduced, and like a catalyst, his calves continued to compress, about half the length of his thighs as they thinned further as well. Questioning what his stance would be, the stretching of his heels indicated a digitigrade posture, leaving him to walk on the balls of his feet as they thinned as well, preparing to change in their own right. An itching of black fur soon started over them, running down from the blue fur over these tights as though they were pants. The backs of his feet itching, and Richard groaned a little, desperately wanting to scratch as he had prior, though it was likely he wouldn't be able to relieve the itching until the changes were done with him.

Having had the same thing happen to his hands, the alterations to his feet were not as drastic as much he Richard might have expected. His toes started to compress, pulling it toward what remained of his feet with his heel at its new angle. The bones cracked, points popping and dissolving within as the stubby digits started to swell just slightly, the bones compressing and removing the tendons required for the former range of mobility they enjoyed. An itching crossed the backs of them as a light peppering of black fur overtook them, spreading up the back of his foot, and leaving only the bottoms of three of the toes as well as the sole of his feet bare. Knowing what would happen was not enough to stifle the sensation of his large toes being pulled back within his foot, hitching itself up along with his heel and leaving a lump to denote its presence on his anatomy. His little toes were removed from his foot altogether, the bones within breaking apart and dissolving as the remaining toes contracted to a paw-like configuration.

Like the nails on his fingers, what remained on his toes started to rise from their bed, blunted, rounded protrusions barely visible against the backdrop of black fur. They were still dull and short, not thick enough to reach the floor but still present on his frame. What he could feel, however, was a swelling of the skin under the digits that remained and the base of his foot, all that would touch the ground. Black pads, the same as those that adorned his hands, formed from calloused skin and made it likely he wouldn't feel the ground underneath as he walked on his new quick stance.

A voice from above reminded Richard that he was not alone, and he craned his neck up, still unable to see the man's face under the glare. "Has it dawned on you what's happening, yet? Well, it should soon, if it hasn't. This isn't a dream, or a hallucination, as much as you might think it impossible. But, truth be told, we've performed this procedure dozens of times on a variety of subjects. And, given your partner Pokemon, the choice of what to do with you was obvious! A popular Pokemon, and one that we haven't experimented with before now. And, I'm sure you won't deny the results, or, at least, you won't once they have concluded!"

Richard wanted to call out to the man, to protest his treatment, though the tingling of change was relentless, and there was little time to focus on anything else the ever-increasing aura around him, ebbing the aches of change as his body took on a new form. It seemed, at least, that his power was growing, the energy his new body was putting out was almost enough that he could break through his bonds. Yet, he was not quite able to focus to do so with the ache in his cock quickly bringing him to full erection and painfully pulling at his loins. It was almost maddening with the need to touch himself that he called out with a voice that wasn't quite his own.

"FFUUUCAARIO!" He uttered, stopping himself the moment the words were out of his mouth. It seemed his neck had altered, and although he had not yet grown a muzzle, it seemed his vocal cords had warped to a point where speech was no longer possible, leaving him powerfully embarrassed.

It seemed such did not go unnoticed with the man above taking glee in his fate. "There, the changes are almost over! Don't worry though, while you won't lose your mind, I have it under good authority you won't care much about your human life once the changes take hold. And you'll be free to enjoy all that being a Pokemon can offer you!"

Richard wanted to get out of the restraints and away from there, hoping to be spared from such a fate. But the pressure in his cock took precedence to the point he could barely resist, and he groaned, his erection seeming at its apex. In fact, he could swear it was getting even longer, though such was likely not the case given his decrease in stature. Still, from the size of it, the amount of blood filling the erectile tissue was enough to leave him strained, having difficulty



thinking about anything else as he struggled. Even the changes slowly encroaching over his penis were barely perceived, the blood and energy required to maintain such a thing leaving little space for anything else.

Still, the changes to his penis could not be ignored as his foreskin started to pull back, the surface itching with blue fur and making him more uncomfortable than any fur growth thus far. It seemed to pull all the way down to his groin, parting the skin and forcing it upward, the base seeming to adjust to that its new position was no longer painful. It seemed the size of his foreskin could completely engulf his penis with not in use, something he hadn't really seen on his own Pokemon companion or given any thought to. Still, with the force of his erection, there was no putting it back in its home before his lusts were alleviated.

What remained of his erection was soon to change color, turning a deep red all the way to the base as veins patterned to the surface. It seemed a little thicker in the center, head being remolded towards a point as the skin around the head grew slightly more bulbous, its tip leaking viscous fluids. A slight swelling in his testicles was followed by even more intense itching, the hairs turning blue and shortening as the rest of the veiny skin was coated with its own soft pelt. Though the most significant change was the swelling just within the base of the sheath, the tissues within becoming so engorged that it opened his sheath beyond what he could contain. Soon, the thickened knot had expanded beyond the circumference of the rest of his cock, and the persistent pressure was nearly enough to blow his load right there.

Yet, the need to get off an cum was not enough for the dizzying sensations of shrinking to overtake him, his body still a little taller than the average Lucario. His arms were pulled a little tightly against his arms, but those restraints remained intact, leaving him rather uncomfortable. Though, at least, the tingling soon died down enough that the diminished bones and shifting internal organs were likely in their final configuration, able to keep him alive as a Lucario, though the transformation itself seemed not to risk his health in any way.

Tingling in his ears made him wish to reach up and touch them, the outer folds stretching out as though made of putty. They seemed impossibly large for the size of his head, to the point he was sure they would fall over on themselves. Richard wished he had a mirror to see the rest of the changes, though had to settle for the sensations of change working their way over him. Soon, his ears had stretched past the point of the top of his head, and the peppering of blue fur covered the back of them, coating them down to the base. Never being able to wriggle his ears before, new muscles pulled over his skull and allowed a triggering of their moment, something that delighted Richard to experiment with. It was a little interesting to move them back and forth a little, able to rotate and even lower them a little if he was so inclined.

More than that, however, was the range of hearing the ears granted him, something that made him aware he was not the only Pokemon in the general area. It was hard to discern individual cries, but occasional calls from Pokemon made him aware of them. It was likely they, like he, were victims of the same process, though he couldn't say for certain. As more black hairs peppered the insides of his ears, to the point they seemed entirely black against a blue outline, Richard worked them as best he could, trying to see what he could learn in a fleeting effort to gauge his situation and possibly a way to escape.

That was not the only thing to alter in his anatomy that made him better aware of the world as a tingling over his nose made itself known. He could feel it getting more pointed, slits tearing up the sides as he breathed in deeply, inhaling a myriad of odors that were blind to him before. It was impossible to determine their identity, but even the scents of sterilizing chemicals could not fully mask the odors of other beings like him, perhaps other people who had been turned into Pokemon before him on this very table. But, most of all, the scent of his cock burned into his nose, causing his prick to throb once more with desperation.

It was more than the soft tissues of his ears to alter as the bone started to shift within his skull, almost painful against the tendons and muscles within. Though he was still able to maintain a relatively rounded skull, the front bone still needed to shift down to meet his maxilla and mandible as they shifted forward, somewhat keeping the attachments intact so that Richard could still move them. Glancing down, he could see the protrusion starting to push out of his face, getting longer and preparing to give him a more vulpine visage. It was bizarre to see it there, something he might experience the rest of his life and would have to get used to as the changes robbed him of his humanity.

The expansion of his muzzle forced his nose along with it, giving him a longer rostrum and intensifying the quality of the scents he was breathing in. Still, as the pointed tip of his nostrils settled above his lips, the most pronounced scents were the ones wafting from his own body, sweat and musk burning into his being and leaving him horny as hell. It was insufficient to draw him from the changes, teeth starting to sharpen within his muzzle as extra ones took place in the open space. Puffy cheeks and a pointed nose made up the rest of his visage as the aura charging his body grew to almost unimaginable levels, to the point Richard doubted he could even control it.

Finally, the familiar itching of fur started over his neck, running over his cheeks and shifting the remnants of his beard, useless on his new anatomy. Figuring it to be the case but unable to see it regardless, some of the fur spreading over his face was black, running over the top of his snout, up toward his short cut hair, and across his cheeks, forming a cross or mask shape as blue fur filled in the gaps. Perhaps the strangest change, however, was the extension of his human hair, thicker and winding together as it continued to push out of his skull, closer to the

back of his head around the line of black fur that formed his mask-like visage. Wrapped tightly together, they took on the appearance of dreadlocks, Richard almost able to feel them as they swung back and forth, the final changes to remove his humanity.

“There, perfect! You look magnificent, I must say! One of our best results to date! Though I’m sure you don’t care about such things now, I’d wager. Don’t worry about that, the changes will cement themselves soon, and you’ll be able to fully revel in the abilities of your new body. Don’t take my word on it, however. I’ll release the restraints over your body, so feel free to have as much fun as you like!”

With that, the clamps let go, and Richard felt himself landing on the floor, a little heavier than his lean body might account for. There was power in his stance, however, the muscles within his body were poised and ready to move him even though his typing was partially steel and came with added weight. He was quick and agile, and even a few tentative steps were enough for him to get a feel for his body, and how quickly he could move even with the inexperience he had for his new form.

Yet, it was the steady glow of aura around him that took precedence, and without his hands locked, Richard was prompted to focus on it, feeling it center over him and filling him with a pleasant warmth, one that surpassed his expectations. Enveloping him in a blanket, Richard could feel it welling up from within almost to the point it was overwhelming. The intensity was growing such that he felt he needed to let it out before he exploded. How he was to do so, Richard had no idea, though he took the time to consider what it was his own Pokemon companion was capable of. First, focusing the energy in his palms, Richard was able to feel it building up to the point he was able to pull back, firing it in a perfect sphere like an aura sphere, something that felt elating as it slammed against the wall, leaving a sizable dent in the metal. Pleased at how it turned out, part of him focused the energy once more, this time into a rod with bone-shaped protrusions on either end, something he was able to swing around and wield almost like a staff of sorts. The energy was thick he was sure it could be used to block or reflect attacks, something his own Pokemon companion used to great effect in their previous battles.

Reveling in his power as he was, Richard was barely aware of the shifting subtleties within his mind, as though the change was working its way over his brain. He did not lose his sapience, not exactly. Richard knew how intelligent Lucario were as a species better than most. Rather, the power in his being reshaped his self-perception, thinking himself more to be a Pokemon than having ever been human. Subtle enough he didn’t notice it at first, it was too late for any human recognition to resurface as the aura burned into his mind and cemented the fact he was no longer Richard, but Lucario. And that made more sense to his shifted brain, exciting him rather than bringing forth any fear or regret.

Even though the warmth of his aura and what seemed like an unlimited energy source through his being, Lucario was still powerful horny, still erect with his cock waving in front of him as he moved. Any of the hesitation he might have felt from doing such a thing in front of a human was quickly forgotten, seeing himself now as a superior being in every sense of the word. Humans were not beneath his new identity, per se, though one would certainly have to be worthy to be his master, Lucario was certain. And there was no shame, no reason to deny his lust and need as his inhuman cock bobbed there, leaking and throbbing with the need to be stimulated. And with his paws in their current state, it seemed obvious they would not do anything to get him off. But there was another way, one that he was more than excited to experience...

Clenching his fingers and focusing his aura energy, Lucario concentrated on his member, the energy swirling around him and gathering on his penis. It couldn't grip his member, not exactly, though it did seem to wrap around his member like a dildo of sorts, the pressure building on his prick and causing him sufficient stimulation, finally. He was left to groan, his deeper Lucario inflection as his arua stroked his cock, playing over the entire surface of his rod at once. It was akin to fucking the tightest orifice he had ever been in, and Lucario was there for it, body vibrating with sexual pleasure as he fully experienced his pleasure in full.

Given the pent-up lust that had been plaguing him since the changes started, it did not take him long to reach his end, and Lucario had no desire to hold back. Squeezing his testicles, rubbing his shaft, and clamping down his energy on his red, throbbing knot was enough to bring him more sexual pleasure than he had ever known. It was only a matter of time before the pressure reached the breaking point, and Lucario called out in his new Pokemon tone as his balls erupted and several rank shots of semen burst from his member, spraying over the table. It was a baptism of sorts, marking the space where he had been transformed and embracing his new form as his essence was drained from him, leaving him panting and shivering from the sexual release.

Yet, it took him little time to come down from his release, presenting an obvious problem. The release was substantial, but only a drop in the bucket to his vast reservoir of stamina. His cock hardly had time to retreat into his new home before coming to full arousal once more, begging for stimulation. Lucario knew he could use his arua and more to get off, and as many times as it took for the final release. Yet, there was a part of him that found such insufficient and wanted something more, to breed, to mate, to fuck. It was one thing to masturbate, but his new physiology demanded much more, and he was poised to find someone worthy of his seed so that his new form mentality might be complete.

"Wonderful, wonderful! I'm glad to see the effects of the serum are in full effect! It's a facet we are still experimenting with, something to leave you potentially aroused to the point of requiring constant release. It keeps our subjects placid, you see, though I doubt you currently care in your current state of lust! Either way, we've prepared for you to work off this level of

sexual energy. While not a preferred mate for your new species, we do have a potential mate for you to alleviate those urges with until your new form takes proper hold,” came the voice. Though Lucario cared little about the words themselves, rather concerned with the ache in his cock and the need to get off. Nothing the human he could fathom was more all-consuming than the sexual desire burning through his very being!

The sound of a door opening was enough for Lucario to look up, a heady, musky scent wafting into his nose and stirring his erection further. He couldn't identify the odor, though it seemed to do something to him, arousing him to the point that he was all ready to go again. It wasn't like him, not exactly, differing from the humans but not another Lucario like himself.

“She was once like you, a trainer in the underground circuit bonded with her Charizard. Well, his, once, but such doesn't matter in the grand scheme of things. We've been meaning to get her a mate, though your lot in life was to be a Lucario, not compatible for breeding, sadly. It's of little matter in the moment of passion, I think, and you'll be able to help each other out with those urges. She should be receptive to your advances, she's been in heat for some time!” The scientist said, evidently delighted in his goal.

Though Lucario could read the emotions of the man, how pleased he was with the circumstances, he cared little and focused on sniffing the Charizard and what she had to offer. The man himself was even aroused, though a human would not do for the stamina that Lucario possessed now. Even this Pokemon, not one that spoke to his desires, was enough to do it for him, the heat in her body powerful enough to send whiffs of scent and desire in Lucario's direction. No horny Pokemon could resist such an offering!

Though she was the larger of the two, the Charizard lowered herself in the presence of Lucario, sniffing his erection as though it was the most fascinating thing in the world. Lucario was stunned when a very lizard-like tongue started to poke out of her mouth, tenderly wrapping around the edges of his member and making him moan in that deeper voice he had come to see as his own. Any doubts of her presence or intention were removed the moment she started to lap at him, the stimulation almost better than getting off with his aura as he had prior.

Any human thoughts or regrets were soon erased from his mind, like the seed from his testicles as Lucario prepared to blow his load. Even thoughts of his past or what he had lost were hard to hold onto, the chance to mate and rut at the forefront of his being. He recalled his beloved Pokemon, of course, but the relationship between them was muddied with the confusion over what he had been and what he was now. It mattered little. His Lucario companion was not here, and there would be time again for that once his current needs were satisfied.

With lust at the forefront of his being, it took Lucario little time to cum, the stimulation from the Charizard's tongue enough to cause him to call out and spill his precious seed. More semen escaped his being as he was licked off, the Charizard seemingly not wasting a drop as she enjoyed her treat. Lucario had no way of knowing if he was the first she had been with since changing, and even that notion was fading, the idea she had been anything but this magnificent creature difficult to comprehend.

With that, she rose, grinning through a cum-soaked muzzle as she regarded the male with further curiosity. To his surprise, Lucario felt his cock was not quite spent as much as he figured it would be. Rather, he seemed ready to go again, to drain himself of his essence as his aura sustained him. And with how powerful, how virile he felt, there was little chance that a single breeding would do him. His aura powered his lust, his very being, and forced his throbbing cock to reach a stature that might even please a female beast such as this.

It seemed the Charizard was of one mind, getting down on her back and exposing a glistening cunt that sat in front of a puckered anus. The scent wafting from it sent shivers through Lucario's being to the point he could not resist entering her, wanting to feel his cock being enveloped by her slick folds. She seemed eager to give him what he wanted, allowing him to plunge into her depths and ease the ache of her own heat, one that Lucario was all the more aware of given her bright orange aura.

It took little time for Lucario to find entrance into the Charizard's waiting vaginal walls, his own cock insufficient to fully fill her as a male of her species might. Still, he was determined, the knot at the base of his cock opening her up enough that a growl of pleasure was all he needed to know he was successful. The force of his penetration, in tandem with his aura, was enough to fill the female with his member, stimulating her in a way he could perceive through the shift in her aura. Something he was happy to help her with as he began to rut with vigor, feeling what it was like to fuck in this form for the first time, whether Lucario recalled he had been anything other than human or not.

Somewhere above him, Lucario was aware of the shifting aura of the human, that he was lusty as well and touching himself to the spectacle. Yet, Lucario cared little about such things, wanting to get off himself and finding the human not worth his sexual prowess. The female's vaginal lips playing over his member were more than he could bear, burning into his mind and removing all awareness of the world around him.

With his testicles slapping against the female's entrance, it should have taken no time for Lucario to reach his end, as much as he had already spent from cumming so much already. But he was determined to please this magnificent beast as many times as he could before filling her with his essence. With his engorged penis and the power flowing from him in waves, it was little

effort for him to make the beast cry out as her insides were brought to release, crying out and rocking his form with her orgasm. It was all Lucario could do not to join her then and there, but he held his resolve, wishing to prolong her pleasure.

It was three orgasms in when Lucario finally allowed himself to be released, his testicles spilling the rest of their burden within her. Waves of satisfaction flowing through him triggered a fourth orgasm from the eager female. He could tell she was content as well, with little left in her to give as he filled her up with his own modest load of semen, far too small compared to what a mate of her own species might implore. Yet, the contentment from their mating was still felt, Lucario's knot within her continuing her pleasure as the two of them felt themselves drifting off.

“There, see? That wasn't so bad, was it? It's so easy to slip into carnal pleasures from my process. Better for the Pokemon and the trainers, I think. All they need is the chance to express their sexuality on a regular basis, and their training should go quickly and smoothly. I certainly expect promising results from my future endeavors! Though I'm sure you can't understand what I'm saying, or really care! Either way, take all the time you need to rest, you'll be easy to catch!”

Providing credence to the man's words, Lucario felt his knot slipping out of the Charizard and stumbled back in a puddle of his own spunk. He was remiss to care, however, being powerful and virile and having spent his load in an equally powerful mate. And with the enjoyment he felt for his new form, and no concerns about his former life, Lucario was left to rest there, excited for all the future had for him...