

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't have any Pokemon for you to take..." Jake said, stating the obvious. He has no money, either, but trafficking in Pokemon was largely more profitable these days. Besides, he

was broke either way, part of his training was to live as frugally as possible. And aside from his parent's Eevee, he'd never owned a Pokemon of his own.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You'll soon see, I have no doubt. There's plenty of time to show you my facilities, something I was unable to do with your contemporaries, there being so many. It was fortunate that I was able to get so many at once, but it was only less than 24 hours ago, so you're fine to join them. And the process varies in length depending on...well, again, I speak too much. You'll soon understand and it won't make a difference either way.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

The other man was equally as large, wearing a pair of massive sunglasses and having red-shaped sideburns running down his cheeks and a beard. It was a little hard to place the shape of his head, making him look almost as though he had mottled his hair around a feline's. Certainly not the weirdest character he had seen in the world, but Jake couldn't shake off that feeling of being unnerved. Both men were stanch and on guard, far larger than Jake and impossible for him to fight against even in far circumstances.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But yes, as much as I'm sure we all want to keep watching the changes, they are gradual and we would be here for several days. Of course, I keep recordings of all the subjects here for...research purposes. I suppose there's no point in hiding the fact that I truly get off by

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

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

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

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

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

But that was not the most disturbing thing about the serpentine-like visages they seemed to possess, far larger than any snake Pokemon he was familiar with. Their skin was hard, bumpy, and protruding in several places. The texture looked rough and gray like the surface of a stone, and it seemed unevenly segmented in some places. If Jake didn't know any better, he would be

sure he was looking like the surface of the stone, but such should have been impossible. They were clearly in a later stage of change, likely having been there some time, though Jake had no reference for the timetable of the changes. In their surreal state, he had no idea what they could possibly be turning into, despite the lack of humanity they already possessed.

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

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

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

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

Jake felt another chill running through him, and not just from the doctor's words. It was very cold in the room, though it didn't seem to be affecting the other three men. His body wasn't

heating up to compensate as it normally would, Jake was used to the cold from his years of training. But no matter how much he focused on himself, Jake simply couldn't get warm again. The realization sent another shiver through him, one of fear this time, though he didn't say anything else, not wanting to know what the doctor might say if he brought awareness to what was happening.

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

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

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

The one thing he noticed about the poor man was how sad he seemed, even though there was little in the way of a visible mouth or nose any longer. He was alone, unlike the doctor's

other specimens, with no one to pleasure his sexual outlets. Wait...there was nothing down there, as much as he could see. So, then, what was...?

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

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

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

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

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

Without a word, the man in the trench coat took it off from underneath, as though his arms were under the jacket and making the effort. Jake gasped, not expecting the sight underneath. It was obvious his arms were massive, even under the jacket. But the sight of their bulk was something truly magnificent to behold. Twice the size of any human he had seen, it seemed almost impossible for arms to be so thick, bulging biceps, thick lower arms, and sausage-sized fingers the envy of even his master Brycen.

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

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

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

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

It was soon to become much worse than that, however, Jake shivering visibly now from the cold that was seeping into his very bones. It was as though his internal temperature was decreasing, his mammalian ability to maintain it robbed of him. Worse than that, he could almost see his breath in the air, his own temperature not meeting the temperature in the room. It was clear at the point that could not be played off as the temperature being too cold. It sent another kind of shiver through his spine, one that betrayed his fear over what was to happen.

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

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

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

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

Jake continued to stare with some interest as the Lucario put his paws onto the Lycanroc's head, encouraging his oral ministrations. He seemed to grip it tighter as his end drew near, and the cry of "CCCAAARRRRIO!" came from his lips, all Pokemon in the inflections

as he came, filling his wolverine mate with semen. The Lycanroc drank down everything his lover had to offer, eventually pulling off and panting with a cum soaked muzzle. He reached out with his tongue, cleaning the Lucario's shaft of semen and saliva as the Lucario patted his head, glad that his mate was doing a good job.

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

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

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

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

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

Jake couldn't suppress his fear at this point, years of training all gone by the wayside with the horror of what was to come. He didn't know what he was to turn into, save for the fact that it was cold and that his body temperature was lower than a human's. And there was no denying that he would change soon, that he would be one of those in the cages against their will,

sexuality and humanity to be robbed of him. The fact the man had a specific plan for him was not enough to allay his fears as he was wheeled to what would likely be his final destination.

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

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

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

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

Next was another man in a mediation position, trying to refrain from touching the rather prominent erection that was sitting on his groins. His habitat was more mundane, with several pillows and rather sensual lighting in the chamber. In contrast to the first man, this one was small and skinny, almost looking ill. His hair was short as well, though sideburns were a rather surprising shade of purple, as though they had been unnaturally dyed. But it was the rather prominent tail waving behind him that could not exist in the human form. Jake wanted to feel sorry for him, but there was little to be done for it, given that he was to be next.

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

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

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

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

Of all of them, those two were the most changed of anyone else in the habitat. One man was not only rubbing the other with his hands but with massive, pink skin ribbons, running over his shoulders and down toward his back, which had extended into a blunt tail of sorts. He also wore a bow on his chest, heart-shaped, and looked more like part of his anatomy than anything

else. His ears, too, were long, short pink hairs covering them and making him look more like a fairy type than anything.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

would be tempted to the point of being unable to resist the sexual desires that were sure to follow. It was all too much for him to bear!

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

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