

Slowly, Milo felt himself awaken, arm sore and body stiff as he tried to make sense of his surroundings. There was a powerful light in his face, and it was hard to focus on the room he was in. Wherever he was, it was inside and not the last place he remembered himself being. That alone was alarming, but more so with the fact that he realized his arms and legs were rendered largely immobile, as though he was chained to the surface of whatever he was lying on. Damn, if only someone would turn down that light!

At 21, Milo had been out in the field around his town, looking for unusual Pokemon to study in his free time. Having the summer off from his studies, the day was perfect for such an endeavor, and in the familiar hills of his childhood, he figured he would be safe enough. Yet, stumbling on a pair of uniformed guards with a familiar R on their shirts walking through, he was not able to escape their gaze, and without Pokemon of his own, he was soon rendered powerless. And on knocked out, apparently, given his current circumstances.

No matter how much he racked his brains, Milo could not come up with a reason why he would be placed in such a circumstance. Surely, Rocket members wouldn't be interested in him on a walk. Maybe they figured he had Pokemon of his own? But then, why didn't they leave him there once they found he had nothing on him, barely even any Poke dollars and only his packed lunch? Surely the Rockets hadn't gotten into human trafficking. That would be too much! Then again, what other explanation for his current circumstances was there?

“Good, good, you're awake! That took longer than most of our subjects, and I was a little worried about long-term injuries, but it seems like you're fine, or at least fine enough. Your vitals are all stable, at any rate. I really do need to have a talk with those grunts about bringing us new subjects. Threaten them with becoming subjects themselves!” A man's voice said, though, with the bright light on him, Milo couldn't tell exactly where the source of the voice was.

“What's going on?” Milo said, more scared than angry at what was going on.

“You'd be surprised how often I get asked that question,” the man said, as though the notion of kidnapping a man and chaining them to a table was commonplace. “I have to admit, it does get a little tedious at times. But I can't expect anything better from the common man, after all.”

“But it matters very little in the end, I suppose. I always enjoy the results regardless, and it's worth a little mundane banter before we get to the main event,” he continued an excitement in his voice at the notion of what was to happen.

“What...let me go!” Milo called out, having no idea what the man's chatter was about but hoping that once it was over, his fate would not be something worse than what he was imagining.

“No, I don't think I will be, not yet, at least. If you're wondering why you're here-and you, let's cut to the chase- the Rockets usually deal in Pokemon trafficking, you're correct in that assumption. We make a tidy profit on that front, it's true, but it's becoming more of a tedious affair, I have to admit. Some of them go on to better trainers but more often than not, they were issues with weaning Pokemon from their previous owners,” the man said, as though what he was saying made the most sense in the world.

“What are you going to do to me?” Milo whimpered, unsure what was going and and more fearful of his fate with the mounting uncertainty.

“Honestly, I should just make a tier list of the most common subject questions, I could turn it into a game! You wouldn't fare well on such, what with all the tropes you land on. Oh well, it's neither here nor there, and soon you won't be human enough to care whatever I'm saying,” the man stated, finally moving into the light and allowing Milo to get a better look at him. Still, in a white lab coat and massive glasses, there wasn't much to identify him with, especially as the light reflected off them, obscuring his eyes from view.

“Stop this! Stop mocking me!” Milo called out, no idea what the hell was happening but needing it to stop.

“There, that's a new one! I knew you could do better!” Chuckled the man, before lifting something pointed in front of him. “Well, it doesn't matter much, to be honest. You won't be able to make quips like that after today, even if you retain the intellect to do so,” the scientist said, sticking the needle's point into Milo's arm without further fanfare.

“I love this next part. You'll be happy with this form, I think. Well, everyone is happy enough with these new forms, eventually. It matters little in the grand scheme of things, I should think. However, I do have to say I enjoy the reactions from those changing. Now, *that* is always a unique experience. I could get thousands of hours of research data from studying that reaction alone! But, and I do mean this sincerely, your form should be particularly fun,” the scientist mused, making Milo scared to the core at what was about to happen to him.

Milo was about to yell at the man again but an intense itching started coming over him to the point that he groaned, wanting to scratch but of course, being unable to do so. It was as though the skin was prickling, spreading from his chest and down his belly, making. A burning heat crawled over his skin, spreading under his shirt and making him start to sweat. What he wouldn't give for the ability to scratch!

“Oh, yes, I forgot. Silly me. There you go!” The scientist said, and pushing a button on a watch, the click of the restraints opening caught Milo’s attention. Forgetting about the itching and the burning sensations spreading over him, Milo got up, taking off from the bench and the scientist. It took him some time to realize where he was and where he could find a door, settling over a stadium of sorts that looked to be used for Pokemon battles. but there seemed to be a door at the far end, likely locked but close enough that he could make it without being grabbed by the scientist. He could get free!

Yet, the itching was growing so fierce he couldn’t go on without tending to it. Something was rubbing against the shirt and making him pause. A reddish shade seemed to show under the shirt, something that hid his skin color and caused him to lift it for further inspection. Forgetting his captive state, Milo was in time to see the spreading of red and white fur over his form, as though covering a carpet. Almost like...but no, no, that couldn't be right. What had been done to him?!

Rubbing the hair seemed to have the opposite effect on him, spreading it over him rather than stemming its growth. He was soon covered, his chest, back, legs, and even the backs of his hands in a reddish brown hair, something that powerfully unnerved him. It was particularly itchy to still be wearing clothes as more of his skin was taking over with what could only be a fur coat. But he couldn't imagine stripping in front of the man, let alone doing anything else to debase himself for the man's amusement.

Wanting to start running again, Milo was instead given pause as a full ache started to play in his ears, which were starting to shift in their own right. Despite himself, Milo reached up to touch them, finding their edges pointed and their canals much wider than his human self. Likely covered in the same hairs themselves, Milo was scared when they actually twitched at his touch, as though moving back and forth away and closing on his head. The sounds echoing from the room were louder, though more than that, Milo could hear things outside the massive chamber, conversations, Pokemon sounds, and more. Things that should have escaped his notice before now.

The terror of what was happening to him became enough that Milo was stuck standing there, as though awaiting more changes. “Stop this! W-what are you doing to me!?” He called out, though his voice was barely a squeak as though any loud action would bring down more changes upon him.

“Ha! It's what I've already done to you! I'd have explained beforehand, but seeing his believing, as they say. Either way, the serum is in your system now, and there's no going back!”

“No! Please!” Milo called out, but there was no stopping the brownish-red fur from spreading over his beard and up his sideburns. His hair, too, was getting longer, beginning to curl naturally, though he could barely perceive it happening, let alone see it until his bangs were forced in front of his eyes.

“We've done this to many people now, and I'm sure many more in the future! It's quite the operation, I must say. You're just another cog in the machine, so to speak, for our oncoming operations. But don't worry too much. Most of our subjects have good lives, as much as we've been able to tell. Not that it matters to me. It's this part of the process I live for!”

Milo was barely aware of the words, however, with an ache that started in his fingers. They seemed to be popping within their joints, pulling toward his palms as though they were changing, as well. If it kept up, Milo figured he would be without them at all, forced with the hands of something inhuman. It hit Milo just then that he was being turned into some sort of Pokemon, a creature, and might complete the change if the scientist's words rang true. And there was nothing he knew of to reverse the process, much less save himself!

While his fingers continued to shorten, the nails started to thicken, pushing at the edges of the fingertips as they swelled up from their beds. It seemed like they had formed the beginnings of blunt claws, though barely moved beyond the tips, hardly useful for much. It was the thickening pads spreading from the skin, however, moving over his palms in an oblong pattern, that had him more concerned. He was changing bit by bit, and likely about to lose his hands!

“Any idea what's happening yet? Well, don't worry, you'll figure it out soon enough, and even if you don't, it won't change your fate. You're going to be just another Pokemon made to order, and the best you can hope for is that you end up with a decent trainer. It makes no difference to me in the end!” The man laughed, taking a perverse pleasure in what he was doing.

Milo could hardly respond as the itching made him desperate to get out of his clothes. He didn't want to do such a thing in front of the man, couldn't imagine it. But the irritation was growing to the point he couldn't stand it. Yet, with stunted fingers, there was no way to get them off, and he was left pawing at them with blunted nails. He was left there to panic, almost whining from his need to have it alleviated.

Though he had not noticed it at first, it seemed as though his clothes were starting to get looser over him, billowing around him as he continued to desperately paw at them. A note of panic struck him that if he was turning into a Pokemon, it was more likely one smaller than his human self and that he would be forced to shrink out of his clothes. They continued to billow around him, shirt down past his ass and belt unable to hold his jeans up. If this kept up, Milo was

going to end up naked, no matter how much he wished not to expose himself in front of his captor.

It seemed the man could read the panic on his features, as much as Milo didn't want to admit it out loud. "I wouldn't worry about being naked too much. After all, you'll be on display for the rest of your life, and by then, I doubt you'll have the capacity to care about human modesty." he said, as though such was the most natural thing in the world.

At those words a chill ran down Milo's spine, not wanting that to be his fate. Looking around frantically for an exit, he was surprised to see a mirror close to him, the sight before him enough to shiver through his being. His ears, vulpine in nature, were twitching this way and that, still eager to detect any threats around. And the curls of his hair, though bizarre from this angle, were familiar if he considered the fact they naturally belonged on a Pokemon. A look of recognition crossed his features then, realizing what Pokemon they belonged to, and perhaps his eventual fate...

"Have you figured it out yet? We've been recently able, with the combination of Ditto DNA as a catalyst when bonded with a, well, that would be telling. I suppose it doesn't really matter, does it? You'll be a Pokemon soon, and it won't matter what you think of our process or even of the form we've picked for you."

"You can't do this to me-pix!" Milo tried to call out, but the sound that came from his mouth scared him to stop. Putting his hand over his mouth in shame, Milo hated the sound of his voice, more like the Pokemon he was becoming and far too embarrassing to try calling out again.

Noticing the shame crossing his features, the scientist simply laughed, evidently loving what was happening to his victim. "Why try to hide your new voice? It's so cute! And it will be yours forever. Can't have you talking about your old life, now, can we? Though I shouldn't think it would concern you in your new life with your new purpose and instincts to guide you."

Unable to say anything without risking hearing his voice, Milo was left to stand there, trying to hook his stubby nails into the waistband of his jeans to keep them on. But there was nothing he could do with the speed in which he was shrinking, waist far too thin for him to manage. Soon, his pants fell down, though the billow of his shirt covered his maleness, at least for now. Still, there was no denying an unwanted side effect. Blood pounded into his loins, and for a moment, Milo was confused, not understanding what was going on. Then it hit him like being smacked in the face with a Pokeball. He was somehow getting erect from the changes!

Embarrassed, Milo tried to put his hand against his erection, wanting to hide it from the man. But his arms didn't seem to reach as low, as though they were shortening even faster than

the rest of his body. With his shirt as loose as it was, it still wasn't enough to hide everything as a jolt of pleasure pounded his prostate, and he was left to moan out a weak "Vulp," as his cock creamed the inside of his shirt, a clear sign of what he had done.

Looking down his shirt, the sight and smell of his cock made him groan, not wanting to be put on display like this. But there was denying the sheer ecstasy pounding through him, whether or not it was of his own inclination. His cock still seemed to be hard, as much as he didn't want to be, and there was no hiding it from the observant scientist, who said nothing at the moment, as though letting him experience things for himself.

It seemed the tingling over his penis was hardly to stop there, as an unseen force seemed to tug at his foreskin, separating it from the skin of the shaft and pulling it down toward his crotch. It itched all the while, the bare skin becoming covered with the same brownish-red pelt that made up the rest of his still-spreading fur coat. It seemed to stick in some places to his groin, and to his shock, his penis was pulled up against his groin and belly, uncomfortable for the moment though it seemed it be shrinking into place, maintaining its erection despite himself.

The changes to his member were not to stop there, Milo watching it shrink before his eyes to the point it was embarrassingly short, shamefully so. The color of the shaft turned red, a deeper shade than even his fur as it seemed to pulsate, thinning and becoming more uniform in shape as it altered. Even the head was not exempt from such alterations, cleft melding with the shaft and urethra pointed into a tip. Finally, a swelling of skin pushed down the rest of his newly developed foreskin, crawling a bulb of sorts that kept him on the edge of orgasm, though unable without the ability to touch himself, he was left to moan out his frustrations.

"Vuloooooo! Pleeeeee nnoooooo!pix!"

"Awww, don't be shy now, be proud of your new maleness! Your new purpose will be breeding, after all, at least until we find you a trainer! Your individual stats will be passed on to any offspring, and my calculations should ensure that your stats are optimal on all fronts. In fact, you'll even have the ability to enhance the intensity of the sun for a short interval upon starting a battle, a rare skill even for your new species, as I'm told. I do hope you enjoy it! I'm sure your trainers and offspring will, at least!"

Milo stayed silent, not wanting more of his voice to come through and embarrass him further. Yet, the changes could not be stopped there as much as he was to lament them. It was his nose to tingle next, the tip turning black and slits sliding up the sides, allowing him to breathe deeper than ever before. Though his face was not fully formed, Milo was still made aware of scents in the room that had gone unnoticed. The strongest were likely from previous Pokemon

inhabitants as well as the Rockets themselves, though he could hardly bring himself to identify them for sure. The myriad of smells was almost overwhelming, making him dizzy.

Yet, there was one scent that stood out over all the others, coming off his own form. Looking down through his ever-expanding shirt, Milo was able to see that his cock was leaking, his erection hardly going away. And the scent that had his attention was coming from his member, the rank odor of ejaculation and lust that seemed to spur him on. There was no way it should have been alluring, but there was no denying how fixated his nose seemed to be on the aroma of his sexual desire. And, to dismay, it was becoming maddening to the point he wanted nothing more than to jerk off, or rut into something, both of which he had no ability to do!

“Ah, you’ve scented it already? Pokemon senses are really wonderful, aren’t they? Now do you understand? You’re going to be a breeder here, and it’s time to get ready and introduce you to some of the other compatible specimens we have. Why don’t you go say hello,” the scientist said, pushing a button on his wrist as the sound of a door opening caught his attention.

Milo felt elated for a moment, thinking he had an out. Trying to run toward them, he stumbled over his shoes and pants, pulling out of both and noticing his feet were smaller as well. At least, for now, he was able to keep his shirt on, but only just as he continued to run, wanting to get away and out of there. There was no way to know if such would change him back, and it was unlikely, but surely better than standing there and taking the scientist’s taunting as he turned into a Pokemon!

Yet, a strange smell entered his nose just then, and Milo stopped, sniffing the air for a moment, a pungent, spicy scent making his tiny Vulpix prick leak. It was like nothing he had ever smelled before to the point he stopped, not caring about the persisting tingling of change or what it meant for his future. He had to have more of it!

With a bark of excitement that he could not understand, Milo was privy to the sight of two Umbreon walking in, tails wagging and sniffing the air, obviously aware of Milo’s own leaking erection. It was a little embarrassing to be in their presence, though a rational part of his mind was sure they were once humans as much as Milo still was, for however long that would last. Still, they seemed rather interested in him, sauntering over and barking excitedly in a Pokemon intonation that Milo couldn’t understand.

Yet, Milo started moving toward them, his shrinking body feeling off as an ache in his pelvis signaled it was starting to alter. The force of it, while not painful, was rather uncomfortable, and Milo was forced to pitch over, trying not to fall as his shirt grew larger around him, almost to his ankles now and itching against the fur pelt that had almost entirely covered him by this point.

The pair of Umbreon were upon him at that, sniffing the air around him and seeming to hone in on his loins. Milo could tell one was male and the other female, not only from the sight of their exposed genitals but from the scents in the air about them, distinct enough that even a mostly human mind could determine. They were mates as well, the scents of sex intermingled with them to the point it was obvious they had coupled even that morning. And it seemed they were just as interested in him, the male erect and the female wet as though in some kind of Pokemon heat. Milo was both enamored and disgusted in equal measure at that realization!

There was not much time left to focus on such, however, with how much he was continuing to change. Eyes watering, Milo blinked a few times, the scope of his vision changing as some colors started to fade, but the overall clarity of the world increased. Even though the light from the chamber, he could tell the two of them had glowing rings accenting their forms, the female with blueish lines while the male had yellow. Part of him recalled the nuances of shiny Pokemon, but it mattered little with the changes coming over him or the approach of the two, sniffing him and sizing him up.

Milo could not have expected the female to move toward him, getting under his shift and starting to lick at his tongue cock, tongue able to caress his entire length. “Stopp...pix...” Milo tried to call out, but his words were in vain. It seemed the female was fixated on her target, and the energy from her ministrations served to increase the intensity of the tingling changes, to the point Milo was sure he was starting to change faster. Milo had to stop it! But how...

“Hehe, it seems that she likes you! Her human name was Oliver, but she’s a happy female Umbreon who has provided us with many eggs to be sold to eager trainers. This is one of many of the avenues of financial gains we have here! Though, aside from being a welcoming party of sorts for you, we want to work on the female’s offspring, transferring your traits to your progeny. And given the male’s predisposition, it’s all the more likely they will be willing to share!”

Milo could not call out even as his pelvis started to shift, and he put out his hands, which were well on their way to becoming small vulpine paws. Though he tried to stand up again, it was soon obvious that he was unable to, pelvis shifting and chest barreling to the point he was too top-heavy to manage it. It was powerful and annoying, putting his backside on display much to the male’s interest. Milo tried to call out with an “NNOOPIX! VUL!” but the words fell on deaf ears as the male reached up with an exploratory tongue, tasting his backside and making the changing man shiver with arousal.

The sexual contact seemed to send waves of change through his being, body shrinking faster as he reached the size of the two Umbreons that were playing with him. Milo knew he would eventually be smaller than either of them, which was a frightening prospect on its own. But as the female moved in to start licking at his cock, any errant human hairs were erased for

the wave of vulpix hair to cover him. The rest of his legs and feet were soon covered with fur as well until he was sure that no more human skin persisted.

The changes were soon to be worse than that with a tingling in his anus that prompted it to move slightly, his intestines and internal anatomy moving as well as shrinking. With his hips in their realigned state, the fat from his ass cheeks soon dissolved away, allowing his puckered vulpine anus to be on display for the male's interest. The Umbreon wasted no time, licking up from his furry, shrinking ballsack to the base of his rectum, making the changing man cry out with a sharp Vulpix yip. It was almost too intense, yet in the moment he loved it more than anything he could imagine!

“Vuul! Vulpix! Pix Pix!” he called out, though to his changing ears, the words were starting to sound more like <Yes, Yes, More, more!> as though he was begging for it. And that was accurate given how good the sensations were and how much he wanted to change despite himself. It was getting to the point of being maddening, Milo unable to imagine anything better and even starting to forget his fear over the changes.

Eventually, the female Umbreon, who had been a man named Oliver once, turned around and flagged her tail, showing off a leaking cunt for Milo's inspection. Unable to resist, Milo started sniffing, more curious than anything about the scents wafting from it. It was intriguing to the point he was even inclined to reach out with a curious shrinking tongue, sampling her nectar and all she had to offer. Even his mostly human brain could tell she was in season, and even a disparity in their sizes was no reason not to mate!

<Mate? Mate?> came the Umbreon's cry, something that Milo was able to understand now as the changes continued to play over them. It was obvious there was no way out, even if he could fight his way through the two Pokemon and the likely dozens of Rocket grunts he could hear beyond the walls. And then again, did he really want to go? With the promise of sex before him, a willing, eager mate, it was taking all he had to hold onto his humanity, to the notion that such would damn him. And wasn't he already damned enough?

The scientist's voice was there with him, as though giving him the final push he needed to do the deed. “Why don't you simply give in and mount? She's obviously willing. It doesn't matter now, not any foolish notions you might have of resisting. You're here to be a breeder for our operation, and there's no going back. Why not enjoy it while you still have some human sense left?”

Despite the truth in the man's words, Milo still tried to fight, not wanting to give in to the urges playing over and over in his mind. The human could not have wanted this and needed to get out of here and away and retain his humanity Yet, the truth of the matter was that such a fate

was fleeting, and there no chance of him getting away with his humanity intact. And the now-female Umbreon before him simply smelled so good...

Without realizing what he was doing, Milo had already reached out with his tongue and was starting to lap at the Umbreon's sex, eliciting a chirp of excitement from the Pokemon. The taste was sublime, sitting on his tongue to the point Milo couldn't deny he needed it more. With that, his tongue started lapping of its own accord, the flavor sending tingles through his body as he continued to shrink. his face, too, was starting to crack forward, nose taking in more of her scent as a blunt muzzle formed itself on his face. Again, there was a perception of the changes coming faster as he sampled what the female had to offer. But he simply needed to to desperately at the time to make any sense of it!

With the female hunched down as she was, Milo found himself backing up a little and jumping with his back legs. He hadn't realized it, though his thighs had sucked in with his belly, and his calves had diminished even faster than the rest of his legs. Still, he was able to get on her backside, humping with back legs that felt bizarrely out of proportion. Instinct won out in the end, and even with how reduced the size of his penis was, it was able to tease the outside of the Umbreon's lips, pushing on ever so slightly and coaxing her to push back on his rod as much as she could.

"Vul! Vulpix vul!" Milo called out, no human inflection in his voice as he started to hump, not caring he sounded like a Pokemon in his lust. It was a little struggle for him to keep his much smaller rod inside of her, given his shrinking body and the difference in their eventual statures. But Milo was determined, and he continued to rut, pushing his vulpine cock back within her whenever he accidentally slipped out. He would have his way with her, and bring his swollen knot to bear as it allowed them to tie together so that he might implant his seed.

Even the laughter of the doctor was not enough to deter his advances, his devolving mind overwhelmed by a flood of Pokemon instincts. "There you go! Not letting size get in the way, that's the spirit, little guy! You give her what she wants, ha! Just a horny Pokemon now, and there's no going back! Not that you'd want to change back by the look of you!" He laughed, though Milo was hardly aware of it, lost in rut as he was.

Even though he kept slipping out of the female, it was amazing, and he fucked with a vigor that the human him had never known. Every inch of his prick was on fire to the point that he felt he might explode from the slight stimulation. And that was coming as more and more of his cock found its way into her sex, bringing his knot closer and closer to binding them together so that he might spill his seed.

What Milo was not expecting was for the male, playing with his backside all the while, to pull back, getting up on his paws to mount the much smaller, still-changing Vulpix. The weight of him was a little much to the point that Milo didn't think he could take it. It was almost enough for him to pull out of the female, though he remained within her, pushed even further inside by the male's insistence. Milo wasn't entirely sure what was going on, or why the male was interested in him to this degree, but he was along for the ride with the flood of instincts burning through him to the point he could hardly pull away from their threesome now!

It took the male some effort to get inside of Milo, his still-shrinking Vulpix pucker not designed to take something so hefty within. But the male was insistent, and Milo had to admit there was something pleasurable about the leaking rod teasing his backdoor, almost as though it was as sensitive as his prick was. The warm, moist tunnel he was rutting into was pleasant, there was no denying that. But having his anus stimulated as well was almost more than he could bear, to the point Milo nearly felt his mind whiting out from sheer elation.

With some effort, the male Umbreon was able to push his way inside, eliciting a yelp of "PIX!" as he was forcefully penetrated. His cock was far too large for what the Vulpix had to offer him, to the point it was almost painful. Milo had never taken anything within him, certainly nothing to this degree, and he whined, body trying to adjust to the discomfort.

It did not take him long, however, to grow accustomed to it, given the twin twinges of pleasure cascading through his form. His prostate was on fire, being pushed against to the point his rectal muscles reflexively opened up to the pleasure the penis was providing him. It only sourced the rise of the pressure against his prick to his pinnacle, pushing more and more of it inside the female and bringing him closer and closer to the blessed knotting he craved.

Though they were largely masked by the pleasure of being fucked from both ends, the changes were continuing to remove what humanity the changing Vulpix still possessed. His body was still shrinking, tightening the cock within him though no longer painfully so as his elastic insides welcomed the male as much as the female took his minute maleness within her. Milo was surely the size he would be as a Vulpix for his life going forward, though it mattered little as he was rutted between the two Umbreon, sandwiched and getting the best sex of his life, even though his human ability to enjoy it was being steadily robbed from him with each passing moment.

His chest was starting to barrel as well, shifting around his internal organs even as the Umbreon's cock filled him up impossibly full. It was amazing the change could keep him alive as he transitioned from one form to another, though with the DNA of a Ditto in the mix...Milo barely had the cognizance to focus on such things with the pounding he was receiving, twin pleasures making such thoughts irrelevant. The only internal change to grant his notice was a

sudden surge of gas, and Milo moved to belch with a small burst of flame escaped harmlessly from his throat, a testament to his new powers and typing as a Vulpix.

By this point, there was little left of his study fingers, having retracted all the way into minute stubs, sticking together with a thick webbing of skin and leaving the nubs functionally immobile. Pads had formed on their undersides, allowing him to stand comfortably on the floor as he was rocked back and forth from the intense fucking. His feet were soon to go the same way, toes twitching their death throes one final time before retracting into his feet, adorned with blunt nails and pads in their own right. Though they were much smaller than his human equivalents, his heels continued to stretch, making his precarious stance between the two Umbreon more obtainable. A pad formed on his heel as well, what remained of his larger toes, though he was hardly able to perceive anything beyond the fact it was more comfortable to be fucked in this current state.

With that final change, Milo knew he was getting close to the end, not only of the changes but of the tension in his balls as well. With human thoughts fading, it was becoming more and more troublesome to discern why that was a bad thing. It felt too right, too sensual to be in this body, fucking and being fucked in tandem. Even the sensations of his face continuing to push out, his teeth sharpening into vulpine points, and his skull shrinking further than his human brain could allow were not enough to scare him from his sexual acts. He needed to cum in this female, to claim her as his own! And being taken and claimed by the male was his right, Milo was excited to do so!

With his face fully changed and his chest and torso in their proper configuration, there was only one change left to rob him of his humanity. Milo was not prepared for it, but the sensation of his spine stretching made him yip out in his Vulpix intonation as the tail burst its way forth, skin instantly covered with more of his pelt as the bone started to curve in it itself. With the curled hair at the tip, it sat on his backside, looking a little out of place and rubbing against the male Umbreon's chest fur as it did so.

Yet, it was hardly to be the first as another such growth split from his spine, pushing out directly beside the first one, twitching as soon as it could do so. Soon, it reached back to match its proper, independent though still controlled at the same point of the base, so the two tails moved in tandem, brushing against the male as he prepared to spill his load. It was quickly joined by a third, the same sensation growing sensation as the joint at the base of his spine spilled apart, forming a fan of tails that marked his new species. And it was hardly to be the last....

At the very end, six new tails in all moved around the Umbreon's face as he continued to fuck the humanity out of the former human. Even over the lust he felt from both ends, Milo

could feel the pleasure of possessing six full tails, claimed by the most virile of Vulpix. Ones that were worthy to evolve, something that Milo was barely aware of as his small body was railed and he fucked the female in turn. Though he was smaller, he still managed it, her opening used to take knots and likely able to take what little he was packing in relation to her size. It was enough for Milo, needing to cum more than the fear of the change and what had been taken from him meant.

It almost seemed as though his orgasm was being denied to him until the changes were finished, though Milo could scarcely perceive that. Rather he was more concerned with fucking and rutting, and the moment the tingling dissipated, Milo was able to feel his knot connecting, swelling reflexively against the Umbreon's lips and tying him in. It was almost enough to pull the male from him, but the other Umbreon was determined, and with a forceful pop, his knot was inserted as well, sealing Milo's fate.

"Vul! Vulpix Vul!" Milo shouted, though to his ears it was more akin to <Cum! Knot! Cum!> as his tiny cock went into orgasm and shot a modest load into the Umbreon's waiting womb. Though it amounted to very little in terms of quality, to Milo, it felt like his entire load was being spent into the female, and with it, any errant humanity that was stubbornly clinging to his mind. He was all Pokemon now, caught in sex and mating to the point that nothing else mattered.

Milo's pleasure was only to continue from there as the male's knotted cock unloaded a significantly larger burden into Milo's rear. It almost felt as though he might explode, though it was all kept within his bowels from the male's larger member. Still, there was a sense of camaraderie he felt with the pair, mated though they were. He was one with them now, was welcomed into the fold, and was happy to be used as much as he was to take the female, or perhaps even the male again if it was offered. His smaller stature was hardly a hindrance with his knot tying them together and keeping him within, if not a little uncomfortably.

Unaware of the scientist watching him, Milo felt his eyes start to close, waiting for the knot to deflate so that he might be free from the female, to eat or to sleep, the only concerns in his mind now that the fear or the desire to return to his humanity were robbed from him like the seed from his balls. "Excellent, excellent! What a good showing! You're a little on the smaller side, but there's nothing wrong with that! I won't evolve you I shouldn't think. That will be up to your eventual trainer when you get sold off. But for now, enjoy your mating partners! We've got some more partners for you to try, but don't worry! We'll keep you with these two for a while! Not that you can likely understand me, ha!" The man finished, making a note to call in some of the Rocket grunts to take the Pokemon back to their enclosure.

It was true that Milo couldn't understand the words coming from the doctor's mouth, though even if he could, he would be remiss to care. All that mattered was the sensation of his knot deflating, pulling out of his mate as he lapped her cunt, tasting his own seed. It didn't bother him too much, wanting to clean her up and taste their fluids in tandem. The male took a little longer to pull up his own knot, Milo letting out a yip as he hoisted the smaller fox Pokemon up. Yet, too, he was able to pull out, knot deflating with a rush of cum. The three of them cleaned each other off, nuzzling and cuddling and waiting to be taken and fed, and perhaps having another round of sex before passing out for the day, not a care about their former lives and embracing the Pokemon they had become...