Lugia Zone

Lugia had only ever heard tales of the Legendary restaurant, and never truly believed them. The stories were that it was a dangerous place, where Unique Pokemon were taken from the comfort of the forests and converted into the restaurant's amusement and cuisine. He had no fear of the place, despite all the tales, and so when high tier'd apron wearing hunters rowed up to Shamouti Island, he had no reason to run like the rest of his brethren. It was, however, exactly him that they were looking for.

The hunters quickly subdued Lugia with their nets, and before he knew it, he was caged and carted off of the island. Lugia had never been away from the chain of islands, had never been on a boat. The smell of the place he was taken to was itchy and uncomfortable, the trees alien and soft and fluffy. Lugia had known of places outside of his domain,but never visited them himself. Now he was being taken into a weird, strangely decorated building, with glowing neon signs. LEGENDARY CUISINE, was what the people queued outside were saying to themselves, and there were quite a lot of them. They gasped and chattered when they saw Lugia bound in the nets, and the poor captured beast could hear them appraising him.

"Big ass, but is he packing shmeat?"

 "Thicc and juicy, I wanna sink my bone in one end and my teeth in the other!"

 "I wonder if his DICK is uber scaled!"

Luiga was confused as he was brought up to a building, the kind that Lugia realized was used for training pokemon. The outside of it had been crudely painted over it in bright gold letters, it said... **レジェンダリー・レストロント**. Lugia had no idea what the characters meant, but he didn't need to read them to understand what he smelled. Fear, pain, and meat.

 The whole area was set up like a circus tent, with terraced seats with tables with numbers on them. Patrons of all types sat at them - the entire restaurant was full, with maybe a hundred different customers staring hungrily at Luiga as the hood was removed from him. Lugia towered over them all, but they stared at him with open, predatorial hunger on their faces.

They wanted to eat him. The legends... were true! Lugia was in danger! He immediately turned towards the workers who were dragging the bound, restrained pokemon across the concrete floor of the converted gym, and used Aeroblast.

Only nothing happened. There was a silver collar around his neck, and it vibrated as he tried to Aeroblast, but the attack didn't land. It didn't even appear. Lugia thrashed his head, back and forth, screeching at the people sitting at their tables, at the workers, at the roof of the building - but nothing he did worked. Nobody was interested in saving him, and his voice was powerless.

For the first time in his life, Lugia felt fear.

"We have here a brand new Legendary!" A voice boomed from speakers all over the building, and people cheered. "That's right, we have a delicious bird, uh, what's it's name? Sorry folks, he's JUST off the boat and as you can see, he's quite feisty! Look at this big boy!" The announcer was standing in front of Lugia, gesturing back to the seventeen foot tall male, as the flying type was bound to a solid concrete block in the center of the room. The pillar stank of other pokemon.

"Uh, Luigi!" The announcer continued, and Lugia screeched at him, as heavy manacles strapped his wings around the back of the pillar. Big legs were pinned to the floor. The collar around his neck latched to a metal hoop in the concrete pillar, and Lugia was completely trapped.

"Sorry, LU-GEE-AH!" The announcer corrected. "He's.. well, you can see what he is. He's massive. Definitely the biggest pokemon we've captured to date. Definitely a lot more meat on him than Virizion, huh? We've had it up to HERE with SALADS, right?!"

The people laughed, but it was clear that they were not here for the commentary. They were here for dinner. The announcer picked up on that, and swung an arm towards Lugia again.

"Well, friends, tonight we feast on meat! The bidding begins, for the FIRST EVER meal made of Lugia Cock!"

Lugia blanched. Cock? HIS cock? A meal?!

He looked down, watching as two workers dipped their arms into a large wooden cask, filled with some light yellow liquid. It dripped from their elbows and fingers as they pulled their hands out, and quickly moved to the bound pokemon. Four hands pressed up into Lugia's genital slit, pressing against and along the heated, dormant member inside. They gripped, claws digging lightly into the flesh, and Lugia bucked and wiggled, trying to pull free of his restraints again, trying to AeroBlast again, but nothing worked. His massive pink maleness was tugged out into the open, a generous size of nearly two feet's worth of succulent, fresh, untouched Lugia cock. Whatever testicles Lugia had were internalized, so, for now anyways, this huge hunk of bird dick was all that was available for the workers to mess with.

Bids began to go up all around the restaurant, as tables vied for the chance to be the first to devour a Lugia penis. Someone actually believed a bid of 10 poke would be enough, which was laughable. The bidding was up to 75 poke in twenty seconds or so, as Lugia's dick was being stroked, squeezed, and pulled.

The tables had voting machines built right into them. The customers could bid, and they could select one of the ten picture buttons on the table as they did so. When they did, a cartoonified picture of one form of cooking or another would blink in front of the table. A deep fryer, a camp fire, dancing sushi; pictures flashed up around the room before the bewildered Lugia's eyes. A frying pan; a soup pot, tacos. So many different menu options.

"Two hundred poke! Do we have more? This is a FINE piece of meat, after all, do you really want sloppy seconds?" The announcer said, and the workers leaned back, stretching every inch of Lugia's huge dick out of his vent. A third worker slid in, clamping a metal collar around the root of his shaft, the thick collar with curving metal 'fangs', pointing inwards, which kept the pokemon from being able to retract it. It served as a cockring as well, forcing his cock to full thickness and hardness.

Many of the 'cheaper' food options were no longer being displayed in the bids, which were still going up. The campfire and deep fryer were showing up a distressingly large amount, but another option, one that hadn't been used at first, was showing up more and more frequently. A picture of an oven.

"Five hundred poke! Are you really going to let someone get the FIRST MEAL of this pokemon for a paltry five hundred dollars?!"

The workers handled Lugia's flesh professionally and firmly. Their hands gripped and stroked, tugging nad kneading along Lugia's shaft until the pokemon was shuddering in unfelt pleasure, his body flexing as he tried to push his shaft into something, anything, to breed. That was not to be, though, for just as he was getting close - just as his dick had throbbed and flared out into full meaty thickness -

"SOLD!" The announcer pointed to a table to the right. The couple who sat there cheered. "For seven HUNDRED Poke! And the method of choice is.... ROASTING!" The sign, depicting a chibi toaster oven, blinked a few more times and then went dark. "So let's get this started! After all..."

The announcer turned to face Lugia, pointing up at him. "We have to see how many times he can regenerate in one night!"

Double doors on the far side of the arena opened up, and a large oven on a table was rolled out. The table had assorted spices, tools and a cutting board on it as well. Behind it came the head chef, a tiger with a mean grin and a white poofy house.

"Chef LaReaux will be presiding over tonight's sumptuous meals. Well practiced in the art of genital preparation, from decades of-" The announcer prattled off, but Lugia was watching the chef. The tiger was smirking, always smirking, as he opened the door to the oven that sat on the table. It was slightly larger than a microwave, and the inside was stained with burnt drips and charred smoke from previous meals prepared in it. The tiger spun a wheel, and the metal burners on the top and bottom began to glow. He took a paper bag from next to the oven and tore off the top, before carefully laying the contents inside. Wooden Rillaboom chips were layed onto the heating element, emitting a sharp, musky, sweet scent similar to hickory.

The chef lifted up a long, slender fileting knife, and approached Lugia. The tiger stroked a finger up along the cleft of the pokemon's cock, collecting a dab of precum and the lubricating olive oil that had been basted onto Lugia's maleness, and licked his finger. Speculatively, he smacked his lips, then nodded. Silently, still smirking, he lifted the knife and laid it on the top of the legendary maleness before him. With short, soft tugs, he cut a series of parallel, diagonal lines across the top of the flying type's maleness, each one sinking in just past the skin, to the spongey tissue underneath.

Lugia gasped at the sudden pain, the realization that he was being prepared, in front of everyone, as a meal, suddenly striking home. The pokemon didn't have time to react before a handful of salt, dried pepper and garlic was sprinkled over the top of his gleaming shaft. The salt stung where it touched the shallow cuts, and that was before the chef grasped the shaft in one hand. He squeezed, slowly stroking and grinding the seasonings into the flesh, and especially into the cuts. The sharp crystals and dry powders stuck to the flesh, stinging painfully with each slow, intentional stroke of the chef's paw.

Lugia tried to use Reflect, but it was ineffective.

Another handful of spices was applied, the tiger squeezing more firmly, stroking the oil-slush of salt and spice against the hard flesh. Any pleasure that may have been felt before was gone, now, not just from the cuts, but from the gritty pain of being so firmly handled. Despite the pain, Lugia's cock could not soften - the cock ring kept him quite erect and firm.

The chef went back to the table, and unlocked the wheels. He rolled it towards Lugia, until the tip of the flying type's pokemon pushed up against the side of the oven. The steel surface of the oven was hot, and smooth, the precum oozing from the tip of the male's cocktip steaming off of the surface as soon as soon as it touched it. The chef pressed on a pedal, stomping on it a few times, and the table lifted up. Each stomp lifting it, an inch at a time, scalding the underside of Lugia's cockhead as it was dragged slowly down the hot surface of the oven. There was a ridge, a metal cap of some sort, and the chef adjusted the oven until Lugia's dick pressed firmly against the center of that cap.

The chef's fingers squeezed the top and bottom of the cap, and it came free, and he pulled it to the side. Lugia's dick dragged along it, and then he felt the heat baking out of the oven, scorching against the side of his cock. The chef's firm fingers wrapped around his shaft, just behind the head, and slid the scalded tip along the surface, until it reached the edge of the opening. He pushed a little further, and the head of Lugia's dick pushed through the hole, the shaft straightening out and jutting just an inch or two into the hot oven.

Heat streamed past the fat cock head, and the precum that had just beaded at the tip sizzled, frying the soft, tender urethra that had brought it from the pokemon's groin. Lugia couldn't react in time, as the chef grasped the table, and YANKED it.

The edge of the table slammed into Lugia's thighs, as his cock was forced, stuffed through the hole. The hot edges of it scraped against the slices, pulling them freshly back, deepening the gash each shallow cut had made in the top of the pokemon's shaft. That was nothing compared to his meat being thrust into the middle of a roaring convection oven, though.

The heat surrounded Lugia's cock, scorching the flesh, and penetrating into it. Skin crackled almost immediately as the oil that had been massaged into it began to cook, sizzling against the tender, virgin flesh. It absorbed the heat from the oven readily, transferring it down into the flesh it covered. The oil had imbued some of the flavors of the spices, as well, the hot burning cayenne oil bubbling incessantly against the poor flesh.

Lugia's cock blistered. At the top, the shallow cuts allowed the skin to retreat, peeling back and away and revealing the thicker spongey erectile tissue that made up the bulk of Lugia's cock. That was baked into, the flesh puffing up as naked radiant heat cooked the blood and tissue with it's constant penetrative heat.

Lugia cried out, as the searing heat engulfed and consumed his sensitive, precious maleness. He had never felt anything like this before, and it was absolutely the most horrific thing that the poor pokemon could imagine happening to his prized maleness.

Around him, customers cheered. The smell of roasted garlic, sizzling fat, and cooked meat was filling the room, and they groaned in hunger and jealousy of the lucky couple who would get to feast on the sumptuous meal.

The cock was less of a reproductive organ, and more of a piece of meat, by the second. The succulent flesh cooked as the fat that surrounded the organ melted and boiled away, dripping from the underside into the fragrant Rillaboom chips beneath. Smoke flowed from the heat vents at the top, laden with the mouth watering scent of Lugia's roasted cock flesh.

The beautiful light pink color of Lugia's shaft had darkened, the bulk of the shaft turning a dull dark red, with the edges of the glans and some pieces of the cut skin crisping to a dark brown. Bubbles of steam hissed and popped from the flesh as the inner meat cooked as well, and Lugia cried out again, tears streaming down his face in agony as the precum in his urethra boiled, steam pouring out the tip of his cooked maleness.

"It is finished!" The chef said, finally, and opened the front of the oven. A platter bedecked with braised Flapples, fried Shiinotics, and pickled Oddish's was moved to the front, and the tiger reached in to the oven, grasping and twisting, rolling the heavy maleness over the grill and down the door, onto the platter.

The steaming cock came free without Lugia even noticing, but he watched, seeing with his own eyes as a part of his body, steaming and freshly roasted, was pulled away from his groin. His cock had been cooked, and now was laying on a bed of veggies, waiting to be served to others.

The oven was pulled away, and a worker took a small, yellow diamond crystal type thing. Lugia couldn't recognize it, his eyes blurry with tears, but he could feel it as the worker crushed the crystal between his fingers and rubbed the dust it collapsed into along the cooked flesh stump, all that remained of his cock.

The pain of his cock being regenerated by the magical crystals was nearly as painful as feeling it be cooked in the first place, as the crystal drew health and vitality from the rest of his body to rebuild his cock to it's prized fourteen inches. The cock ring remained in place, and so his dick came back immediately erect. The sapping of energy from his body weakened him, but not incredibly - Lugia knew that he would regenerate the lost mass automatically, easily.

As the workers began to slather on more oil, and the platter of steaming Lugia steak was presented to the high bidders, the announcer began to start the bidding anew.

"Who's hungry for seconds?" The announcer leered, and Lugia realized the full extent of what was going to be happening here tonight. And, perhaps, every night. Forever.