

Travis woke with a groan, his head throbbing fiercely like he'd been clocked by a hard metal object. Which, to the best of his recollection, had been the case. His mind was so fuzzy from the pain that he couldn't be certain. The edges of the room seemed blurry as well, and he squinted, trying to focus through the pain in his skull. Skull...that's what he had been doing! Where were they? Where were...fuck. Travis groaned once more, slow to gather his thoughts through the pain in his head.

He tried to get up, careful to not exacerbate his headache, but quickly realized he was restrained. He swore under his breath, trying to raise his arms, his legs, but it was no use. He could feel something hard and cool, like metal around his limbs. He yelled out, struggling in vain against the tight bonds. He couldn't reach down to his belt or grab his Pokeballs like this!

He'd been a fool, he realized, to land himself in this predicament. He figured on his own, he'd scare away the Team Skull goons attacking Konikoni city. They'd been harassing passing trainers, trying to steal Pokemon, and breaking into the professor's lab on more than one occasion. They were more annoying than anything, given how unsuccessful their efforts had been. Yet they were enough to limit tourism and be a hassle to local law enforcement.

Travis was confident in his skills and figured he could bully them away without too much effort. They were pretty pathetic, all things considered. Nothing like what he'd heard about the Rockets a few years back. A few choice attacks from his Torracat and the lot of them went running. He should have left it at that. But no, he had to chase them back to their lair, to "convince" them to disband. He was so cocky, coming off his victory, he didn't see the one grunt with the baseball bat until it had smacked him in the side of the head.

Travis hardly had time to act before the thump to his head left him seeing stars. He felt lucky that a massive headache was all he had. Travis supposed he should be thankful they didn't kill him, but why would they imprison him like this? Surely they wouldn't let him go; he could easily bring back the authorities, or a group of highly skilled trainers to shut them down. What were they going to do with him? His mind raced to horrific possibilities, like mind control or hypnosis. He would look terrible in one of those gaudy Team Skull outfits!

Travis tried to bring the room into focus, his head still swimming. It was brightly lit, a white pastel shade illuminating the large, open space. There was a series of monitors and equipment against the far wall, near what seemed to be a large, closed-door. Other than that, the room was relatively empty. He yelled again, hearing his voice echo in the chamber. He tried to ponder what this place could be used for, but nothing obvious came to mind.

“Ah, I see you are awake,” a voice said, as a strangely dressed figure walked into view. He was clad in all white, a thick lab coat buttoned all the way to the top, the collar popped and pointy. His eyes looked like massive insectoid bulges, but as Travis stared, he realized they were some sort of oversized goggles, the man’s wide eyes visible just behind the obscure yellowed frames. His hair was pointed, wiry, unkempt. He wore thick white gloves and carried a remote control-like device that he regarded every so often as he approached.

“Who are you? Where am I?!” Travis yelled, trying in vain once more to get out of the restraints. He had to get out of here before Team Skull carried out whatever nefarious scheme they had planned! He had to get to his Pokemon; surely, with them secured, he could fight his way out of here.

“Ah, a lively subject! Those useless grunts actually managed to do something useful! I prefer this, my boy, someone with spunk, who will give me the results I’m truly hoping for!” The man said, with an exuberance that made Travis shudder. Was this some kind of madman?

“Results? What the hell are you going to do to me?” Travis yelled, trying to keep the fear out of his voice. As he was, he had little hope of escape. He was completely at the mercy of this scientist.

“I might as well answer your questions, for as long as you have them. In short, you are a guest of the Aether Foundation. You may have heard of us, although, as you might have guessed, any preconceived notions you had are irrelevant to your situation. We try not to take high-profile targets, but given your circumstances, there is little chance of anyone tracking your location to us. Regardless, it won’t matter much longer. You will soon be acclimated to the experiment I have selected for you. You might not even mind it, provided there is enough of you left at the end to be aware of what has happened to you!”

“What are you going to do to me?” Travis whimpered. All his preconceived notions of bravado flew out the window as he tried to process the man’s words. What would become of him? What about his Pokemon?

“The science is likely beyond you, though I think the results will speak for themselves. Regardless, you are to be part of a new initiative. Our operation is two-fold, and I’m happy to say that you will be able to aid with both parts! The first is providing our grunts better control in the field against skilled trainers. Rather than giving Pokemon to useless grunts, who always fall short of bringing out their true potential, we’ve found a way to “persuade” Pokemon to follow our orders without resistance. Using their own instincts to our advantage, as it were. They will be

taught to fight and fight well, regardless of who their trainer is. I believe that the Pokemon you bought with you will be well suited to that purpose!"

Travis wanted to yell out, to beg that his Pokemon be returned to him. Yet he kept silent for the moment. The insane scientist had said the experiment was to be two-fold. Did that mean they had the same mind control techniques in store for him as well?

"Our other goal is breeding superior specimens, ones that will far outperform those we could ever hope to catch in the wild. Of course, for that, we need to ensure that at least one of the parents possesses superior genetics. Not to mention heightened intelligence and a predisposition to help our cause. That's where you come in, dear boy! A Pokemon with human intelligence selectively injected with material from the perfect specimen would surely give us the offspring we need. And in a few moments, that will be you," he finished, a sadistic gleam in his eye.

"That's bullshit! You can't make me into a Pokemon! You're insane!" Travis yelled, his anger breaking through the fear. Travis had to be right, didn't he? Yet Travis could feel the prick on his skin where he'd been evidently stabbed with a needle. He winched, feeling a surprising heat flowing from his arm and spreading through his chest and head. His skin tingled, itching fiercely. It was clear the doctor did SOMETHING to him, and Travis shuddered in fear despite the increasing heat.

"Hehe, perhaps I am, boy, but that doesn't change your situation. If you don't believe me now, your changes in the next few moments will surely convince you. I'd love to stay and watch firsthand, but I need to monitor my equipment from outside the chamber. Do try to enjoy it, it will make the process so much easier on yourself," the doctor finished as he turned to walk towards the door.

Travis yelled out a slur of profanities that echoed off the walls. Yet he knew it was pointless. There was no way out of here unless the doctor or one of his minions set Travis free. Still, it made him feel better and distracted him from whatever the serum in his veins was doing him.

Yet the strange sensations only seemed to intensify to the point where Travis could no longer consider them a placebo. Travis felt his skin drying out, a bizarre sensation as he started sweating profusely. Travis struggled against his restraints, desperate to get himself free. He couldn't just let whatever it was happen to him! He didn't know what he could do without his Pokemon, but he had to try! Travis fought in vain, the metal too much for him to break free. He yelled, screaming at the scientist, who seemed to neither care nor pay attention to his pleas. He was a human being damnit!

The heat began rising, and Travis felt his skin peeling away, as though evaporating. He struggled to look down at his hand and arm, but through the corner of his eye, he could only see a darkening patch of skin that seemed to be expanding. His arms began to ache, as though his muscles were dwindling in size underneath the scorched flesh. His fingers too were inflamed, and with an audible snapping of bone, one of the digits began slowly withering. The rest grew thinner and more pointed as his metamorphosis raced onwards.

The changes spread all over him at once, and Travis squirmed in the restraints, trying to free himself. His face felt itchy as if his hairs were burning away, falling around his face. His scalp was now bare, the skin hot and dried out as a strange discoloration spread further and further over his flesh. His new skin was dark, greyish black along his back, and purplish around his stomach. Mercifully, the burning sensation seemed to fade wherever the skin had spread. Most bizarre of all was an ache in his spine, something above his ass that had stretched out and wiggled. What the hell was happening to him?

As if reading his mind, the voice on the loudspeaker replied. "I'll provide you a mirror to view your impending fate. Though, I don't suppose you'll care one way or the other in a few minutes," he chuckled as a mirror slowly began to descend from somewhere above him.

"What do you mean?" Travis yelled through the mechanical whine of the descending mirror. Travis wanted to look up, but the notion of what he would see terrified him. The burning in his body had intensified, his clothes tearing as the intense heat seemed to burn THROUGH the fabric. He could see more and more of his mutated skin through the burned holes, that damned oozing purple and black flesh crawling over him.

The strange nub above his ass poked roughly against the fabric of his pants. Further up, a pair of faint sensations erupted from his hips, not painful, but bizarre. His whole body felt strange, contracting in some places while expanding in others. In particular, his hips and his chest seemed to be ballooning, while his limbs became thinner, more unruly.

Travis finally gathered the courage to view his face in the reflection, and immediately it began whitening in terror. His hair had begun to fall out, pooling around the bench as his bald scalp became covered with the inky purple-black skin. His face was jutting out before his eyes, a corresponding ache in his jaw made him wince in pain. His eyes were wide, the skin above them almost looking with eyelashes, though his human body hair was long gone at this point. His overheated flesh was making short work of his clothes, the fabric melting off his sickly purple hide. His skin was dry, scaly, and had a sheen to it, almost like something was oozing up through

the pores, fluid, yet not water. A particular scent wafted into his stretching nostrils, reminding him of toxins he'd scented from Pokemon on his travels.

Travis struggled, yet the heat from his body was still insufficient to break through the metal chains. Obviously, the doctor had foreseen that possibility. Travis was slowly losing his human body, his human clothes, leaving behind only whatever beast the doctor wanted him to become. A few tears ran down his face, steaming over his burning flesh before he realized he could no longer cry. What had Travis done to deserve this? He had only been trying to help...

His chest heaved and swelled up in his view, big and rounded. Two distinctive lumps from his nipples ballooned ever further as they gained weight and fat. Travis viewed the sight in the mirror, but he could glimpse them just as well from his point of view, swelling up in front of his stretching muzzle. They looked almost like.....

“Releessssssse meee!” He hissed, frightened by the reptilian quality of his voice. It sounded so different, distorted somehow, as though his ears weren't as good as they had been. In horror, he realized that his ears were indeed much smaller on his head than he'd remembered, barely circular slits as his face stretched forward.

Travis continued to experience the horrific transformation, his visage warping before his eyes in the mirror as he became something clearly inhuman. His tail stretched out longer, making him raise up in annoyance to relieve the encumbered appendage. He gripped the sides of the metal bench, his fingers weakening, his nails expanding as he watched more of the terrifying change in the mirror. His clothes hung off him in sizzling rags. The only thing remaining was a metal chain with a golden medallion around his neck, made of sturdier stuff like the bench and restraints that tied him down.

He tried to recall where he'd seen the face in the mirror, what sort of creature he was becoming. He looked like a Pokemon, but which one? The reflection reminded him of a lizard he'd seen on the island, a Pokemon called Salandit. But his features were more feminine, the coloration different. His hips were wide, his chest expansive, looking more and more like they developed breasts! His neck and limbs were thin, lithe. His face was pointy, his eyes massive and blue, accented by those bizarre eyelashes. He could see the growths on his back now, thick ropes of skin hanging limply off the sides of his darkening flesh. Was he perhaps becoming the Saladit's evolved form? But why?? Salandits were relatively common near the volcano. Why would this madman need to transform him into one?

Even through the heat and pain, Travis could feel one sensation overriding the others. A distinct aching and burning in his crotch became more persistent. He raised his proto muzzle to

look in the mirror, watching as his shorts and underwear burned away, revealing a scaly purple black-skinned crotch. He felt it moisten, his sex aching with lust beyond anything he'd ever felt. But where was his cock? He hadn't seen or cared to see where this Pokemon's sexual organs were located, but this was strange. He was so horny, yet there were no visible signs of arousal, even beyond the differences he'd expect to see in another species. He hissed, his moist crotch throbbing with the need to be touched.

It slowly began to dawn on him what was happening. He was becoming a female! The insane scientist's words were starting to make sense. There was no way this could be possible. He didn't want to be a Pokemon, much less a female one! He tried to yell, to curse the man who had taken both his form and his gender, but his voice came out in a barely audible reptilian hiss.

"I see you've discovered my little secret. Is your purpose becoming more clear?" The doctor laughed. How could he be amused with Travis's predicament? The man was sick!

"I suppose you think your situation is a misfortunate one, changing both species and gender. But that won't matter in a few moments. I'm sure that you'll at least be able to appreciate my vision before you experience it first hand, for whatever time your human reasoning remains! It's much easier this way, I think. Having a Salazzle under our control, to direct an army of Salandits for our trainers. And ample male suitors, ready to breed with you and provide us with the highest quality offspring."

Travis heard a hiss, and the padding of several dozen feet as a strange scent wafted into his nostrils. He tried once more to escape but found himself suddenly feeling strangely calm, floating outside of himself. What was happening to him? He had to get away! He struggled once more as his extending muzzle caught sight of the source of the scent. He realized in horror that the room was slowly filling with dozens of Salandits. They crawled towards him, clearly drawn by the thick musk his changing sex was giving off.

NONONO! Travis screamed in his mind, but aloud he could only hiss as the small reptiles crawled over to him, the potent pheromones of a female of their species in season a powerful allure. Travis tried once more in desperation to get loose, to free himself from being fucked like an animal, a female! But no matter how he struggled, he could not get free.

He paused a moment, noting a strange scent in the air, something pungent in the otherwise sterile lab that he'd been smelling the entire time. He realized in horror that the musky scent was influencing his excitement. He could see in the mirror how much clear fluid was leaking from his feminine opening. The odors were making his thoughts fuzzy. He was so needy, so HORNY! The fear of his situation was slowly being overridden, human thoughts oozing from

his slit as the fluids of his arousal drew his new suitors closer. He could hear their claw marks, scent their musk in the air as the first brushed against his changed skin.

His mind was beginning to clear, a powerful, primal reptilian instinct replacing his human reasoning. The fear was foolish. Salazzle was powerful, an alpha female with an army of eager males to give her many offspring, to increase her hoard. Travis tried to shake his head, to remove those intrusive thoughts. But he could no more easily hold back the flood of reptilian instincts than he could fight off a raging waterfall. The beast he was becoming was powerful, a queen in her element, and her dominant will simply pushed the human Travis aside as if he were nothing.

Her changes were nearly complete. But rather than despair for what she'd lost, Travis looked into the mirror to admire the powerful form she'd acquired. An audible snap signaled the bonds tying her down were finally released. She felt so sexy, her coloration brilliant, her hips seductive, her moist crotch applying the pheromones that were drawing her thralls closer. Her chest had expanded, resembling a pair of feminine breasts, though they functioned only to seduce her would-be suitors.

She hissed, her command echoing through the room. The males stopped in their tracks. She eyed over her hoard with curiosity, picking the one male she'd take first. One stood out to her, his scent and size making him an acceptable mate for her first time. A simple hiss was all it took for the others to scatter and for the one chosen to step forward, crawling up onto her broad chest and lapping at her inviting folds. She hissed and moaned in ecstasy, letting the male play over her changed sex for what seemed like an eternity. It was his job to please her as long as she required, after all. He worked her over expertly, waves and waves of sensation flowing from her loins and making her squirm and writhe in bliss.

At last, she felt enough compassion to allow the male the same level of release, and have him relieve her own aching sexual frustrations as well. With a simple hiss, the male moved his muzzle out and crawled forward, his dragging cock leaking over her tail and rump before closing in on its intended target.

“SSSSAAAAAZZZZZZ!” She hissed, feeling the male's stiff prick enter her moist feminine lips. He was a bit small for her liking, but her skilled cunt lips took him in eagerly, milking his rod as he thrust as far as he could go. It wouldn't be long now; the male had done an adequate job of preparing her for eventual orgasm. She clenched tight, the male's stiff cock bringing her closer and closer to the edge.

“SSSSLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAZZZZZZ!” She hissed, feeling the ripples of pleasure that signaled the onset of her first female orgasm. Waves and waves of sexual stimulation

washed over her, making her writhe, momentarily forgetting her total control of her new brood. She thrashed wildly, the rush of female orgasm enough to bring her mate with her, spilling his meager seed into her throbbing womb, to eventually travel up and meet the new eggs that had developed inside her, waiting for that life-giving sperm.

Eventually, she felt the male slide to the floor, his seed leaking out of her needy cunt. But she was not nearly done. Her sex craved more contact, more male seed so that her body could ensure fertilization for the next generation. It was also her way to command them, to secure their loyalty by giving them even the slightest chance of an opportunity to mate with their new queen. She surveyed her army once more, selecting the next lucky male who would amuse her for a few moments.

The doctor regarded his new creation in admiration. Yes, she certainly would breed them excellent trainable stock. Her DNA was nearly perfect, her individual stats the highest possible, making it more likely that each new male suitor would impregnate her with the most viable of stock. He took one more long look at the new female, being mounted over and over by each eager male in turn. Her belly was already swelling with seed and the beginnings of her soon-to-be fertile eggs. He rubbed his own damp crotch a few moments, chastising himself for delaying his work over silly human sexuality. There would be time for that later. There was still much work to be done for the glory of the Aether Foundation!