

The background is a solid purple color. On the left side, there are several white, curved, wavy lines that sweep from the top left towards the bottom right, creating a sense of motion or a stylized landscape.

Joshiah
Warbaum

For Pokemon
Fans

Legendary Encounters

Legendary Encounters

(For Pokémon Fans)

Joshiah Warbaum

Foreword

Well, this is something a little bit different, isn't it?

Normally, I don't write works of "fanfiction," although I got my start writing erotic material in that vein **years** ago (we're talking 2005, maybe even longer.) However, with the recent resurgence of the brand, and the number of people that are taking a renewed interest in Pokémon, it seemed like a good time to try dipping our toes in the water, even if just for a little bit.

With that in mind, let's get to Legendary Encounters, a series of three short, but delicious stories that will hopefully whet your appetite for Pokémon themed erotica, at least, until I can churn out some more!

Mewtwo, Articuno and Zapdos are all present in the stories ahead, and each one in their own special way. I tried to present the Pokémon with unique and accurate personalities, and of course, there are some liberties taken with humans and Pokémon being able to understand each other, but I don't think that anyone will mind, when they're getting to the heat of the action.

Whether your preferred pairing is Pokémon and humans, Pokémon with each other, or something a little bit different, you'll find something that you can enjoy in this collection, and I hope you love what you see! There's always more to come, so find a nice, quiet place to cozy up with this text, and imagine yourself in a world where anything is possible.

Story 1: Human Compassion, Feline Lust

“How...how did it all come to this?”

Aiko, despite all of the grand parties and fancy galas that she threw in the depths of her club, spent most of her evenings alone, when she wasn't bedding one of the many Pokémon that she kept locked up in cages in the basement.

Her complaint to herself wasn't necessarily one of loneliness or regret, but merely at the disbelief of what her life had become. She was always told that trainers and breeders who had the fortune of meeting with a rare, legendary Pokémon were destined to go on to achieve great things in life, and that luck would **always** be on their side.

There was no doubting Aiko's success; her club, despite the black market appeal that it carried, was perhaps the most popular in all of the sprawling city of Celadon, and there was always a line out the front door of the building, made up of a mingled crowd of humans that shared only one common desire.

Making money off of exploiting that desire didn't fill her with any guilt, and she found it easy to ignore the cries of animal abuse that came from the protestors who caught wind of what her business was **really** all about.

On those quiet, solitary nights, as her lips sat delicately on the edge of a glass of brandy, she could still remember the experience that first inspired her to take her club in such a lecherous direction.

It's hard to believe that it's already been three years...

A longer, fuller swig of the sweet, heated fluid left Aiko to lean back in her tall, cozy office chair and brush the bangs from her eyes, tucking a few errant strands of blue behind her ear.

The taste of the brandy always reminded her of the lack of inhibitions she felt when Mewtwo took control of her mind, freeing her from the shackles of societal concerns.

*And they say that we should feel bad for laying with them...they're every bit as horny and sexually devious as we are...the poor fools have **no** idea.*

Despite the reputation that now followed her like an aura of darkness, Aiko was actually trying to do the **right** thing when she first happened upon Mewtwo, abusing his unbelievable abilities in a local Pokémon Center.

“You...you *dare* to attack me with such a weak syringe, you fool?!”

The shock of seeing an upright creature that could walk and talk as humans did was a thrilling thing, to be sure, but Aiko was caught more off guard by the fact that it was floating, and merely by pointing an open, three-digit paw, it could control the unfortunate nurse in the room, who was just trying to give it a dose of medicine.

A lifetime of being experimented on in the laboratories at Cinnabar made the creature **extremely** volatile, and left it with nothing but resent and hatred for the human race; to trust a human was completely out of the question.

Aiko wasn't helping her own case when she reached into her purse and hurled an empty pokeball at the back of its head, a gesture that was little more than an annoyance to the legendary creature, but to the nurse, it ended up being a literal lifesaver.

“...Are all humans this stupid?” Mewtwo asked, though his mouth didn't appear to move, even when Aiko could hear the words as clear as a bell. “You really intend to capture me with this inferior trash?”

Arrogance was the first language of Mewtwo, and Aiko was riddled with fear as she watched the tall, lanky creature kick the ball away to the other side of the room, using physical force, as if to prove that its meager looking body was still a force to be reckoned with.

“Y...you can't just do that to people!” Aiko tried to protest, and before her hand could reach in to fetch another ball, she felt her entire arm go numb, as it lifted up over her head without her ordering it to do so. “That isn't right!”

“The moral compass of a human is **meaningless** to me, you fool...you create your laws without the consent of the creatures that they affect, and exact them without remorse or concern for the consequences...you treat the world as a chessboard, and we are all mere pawns in your pathetic game!”

The eerie, chilling numbness ran down the length of Aiko's arm and into her

shoulder, and it was quick to spread across her chest and down to her torso as she watched a thick, amethyst aura surround her trembling body. She was quaking with fear, and to such a powerful telepath, her mind was a completely open book, leaving Mewtwo with all of the mental ammunition that he would ever need.

“...Curious...you don’t seem to hate me or fear me in the way that other humans do,” he continued to speak, as he floated across the bland, symmetrical tiles of the Pokémon Center. He gazed to the front door, and the locks turned without so much as a breeze upon them, trapping Aiko even if she could overpower his unreal mental prowess. “In fact, you seem to experience arousal in my presence...you...so quick to speak of what is right and wrong, but your body doesn’t want to abide by the laws that your fellow humans have deemed as *right*. You dare to lecture to **me**, when your body is so overwhelmed with lust for an illegal partner?!”

Knowing that the nurse in the back of the room was still conscious by the faint, but hurried sound of panicked breathing, Aiko’s cheeks burned with bashful warmth as Mewtwo spoke the truth that her mind was so determined to keep hidden.

“Y-you...you don’t know **anything** about me, you...you f-fucking monster!”

If Aiko were able to contain her temper, she might have been left alone, that night, and Mewtwo would have allowed her to believe that his bark was worse than his bite.

“I’m no monster, little girl,” Mewtwo murmured to her, as his brilliant, violet eyes narrowed on her body. The slim, fitting dress upon her figure, the same shade of blue as her long, stylish hair, began sliding away from her flesh without her body willing it to do so, and underneath, she could feel his mind literally dissolving her brazier and panties from her flesh. “You humans want to keep treating this like a game of Chess, where the sides are merely right and wrong?”

For just that moment, Aiko’s lips were paralyzed, not by the psychic abilities of the Pokémon, but by her mingled terror and lust for him.

“Then I’m the king of being wrong, and you’re a mere pawn, born to do as I say.”

To have been born into the world as a slave, controlled by a series of mentally numbing harnesses, it was difficult for Mewtwo to make such a comparison,

even to the same human scum that enslaved him.

He could see right into the very depths of her mind, however, and as the only thing left around her body was his own aura, he could see the effect his taunting had on her, as her nipples began stiffening with the cool air of the night upon them. As he squinted, he could see the tiniest trails of glistening desire upon her exposed cunt, and for just a moment, he allowed her body the freedom to make a decision.

Aiko watched as the small, narrow slit upon the front of Mewtwo's crotch began to open, and from it, a thin, but lengthy cock began to emerge, leaving her with the fairly obvious option to run for the door and try to escape into the night, or the one that she'd resisted with multiple other Pokémon, so many other times.

By enslaving her body, Mewtwo had completely freed her mind, and she felt **no** remorse as she fell right to her knees, and waited for the creature to float within range of her.

"I know everything about you, Aiko. You've opened your mind to me," he started to caution, "So if you're holding back...I'll know. Do **not** disappoint me."

Once more, Aiko felt control of her body lost to Mewtwo's impressive mind control, but even as he stilled her, she could feel her entire form quaking and trembling with a terrible, nervous excitement. Because she couldn't fully control herself, she felt no guilt about the actions that would follow, and she was able to fully appreciate the exotic flavor of the Pokémon's cock as it slipped past her lips without her permission, and continued sliding further in, gliding over her tongue.

She could feel the tiny, cat-like barbs on the tip as they tickled and massaged against the roof of her mouth, and her throat relaxed without so much as a thought, as she felt his length daring to go that far.

"Tilt your head back," he ordered, and before he finished the last word, her head flung back, and the length of his member jammed down into her throat, jabbing at her tonsils and sliding along, as far as her body could physically accept it.

In that moment, even as the nurse watched from the corner in her own mix of horror and arousal, Aiko wasn't ashamed...she wasn't even *sorry*.

She just wished that she was in control of her body so she could stroke the shaft

of the unique, delicious cock as it fucked her open, willing throat.

“If you were more than a pawn...perhaps, if you were my queen, I’d free your body to fully enjoy this,” Mewtwo grunted quietly, keeping his moans to a minimum as he floated above Aiko and held her head by the tufts of her hair, pumping his hips with just enough effort that she could feel the tight, high-riding sack of his testes slapping against her chin. “I’d let you bounce back against me as I took you...but...this is what you want, isn’t it? To be subjected to a humiliating fuck by a creature that is actually your **superior**? Is that right, Aiko?”

There should have been something left to stop her. Shame, fear, or even survival instinct should have sent Aiko running from the start.

Undeniable lust, and a dream soon to be fulfilled left her with a distant stare, and a delicate flush under the pale skin that she worked so hard to maintain.

“I’ve already seen into your mind. I **know** that you want this,” Mewtwo confirmed, “But the human body does fascinate me...shall we see if it resists longer than your mind did?”

Aiko had to resist a giggle as she felt her body floating up from her kneeling position: it left a small flutter in her tummy as her body levitated in the middle of the room, in a perfect line for her new favorite Pokémon to drive his hips home.

Small wisps of his aura rose from the bulk and curled around her nipples as he floated forward, resting the very tip of his saliva-coated cock at the entrance to her womanhood. “Perhaps you are of an open enough mind, Aiko...you should heed the lesson I’m going to show you.”

Having so little to say until that moment, Aiko felt a tiny strand of drool trickle down from the corner of her lip as she tried to tilt her head up and gaze at her forbidden lover.

“W-what...what is that, exactly?”

“Right and wrong have no place in love,” he murmured, his voice a calm contrast to the sudden, jabbing thrust of his cock at her folds. The soft, delicate spine upon the tip of his tapered length sent Aiko’s sex into a quick spasm as they tickled at her inner walls, and against the powerful aura, her entire body trembled, teased from every conceivable angle by the skillful energy. “If I can mate with you, like this...then there must be others in this world that could do

the same...”

There was no mention of affection or romance from Mewtwo: only the notion of love, and that, between a human and their Pokémon, perhaps, it shouldn't have been forbidden.

As Aiko tried to reconcile with the overwhelming pleasure of a long, smooth rod gliding in and out of her sex, penetrating her with such perfection that it seemed to be **made** for her, she couldn't imagine living in a world where such an act was forbidden, even as her lips managed to curl into a lustful grin.

Even when the nurse gasped in shock and covered her face, trying to tear her gaze away, Aiko didn't feel a hint of shame for her inaction. She was *loving* the treatment, and though Mewtwo called her a pawn, she felt like she was the queen of her own empire already.

With each thrust inside of her body, she felt a new idea bubbling to life, as if his cock was literally injecting her with the ideas that she needed to bring such a place to life. Though their lewd, passionate act, she could feel their minds wrapping around each other, and the deeper he leaned into her, the more she could feel his body trembling...the more she could feel his member pulsing and throbbing inside of her as he neared his own orgasm.

Everything about the moment felt so natural that when she felt the twisted creature spilling his seed into her, she didn't think about their differences at all, but instead, what they had in common with each other...

...Their shared desire for someone that they couldn't have.

For that moment, short and blissful as it was, Aiko could look up to Mewtwo with no shame in her eyes, and gaze longingly into orbs of violet that had seen such terrible things...and yet, for just that moment, they softened to her, allowing her to see into his mind in the same way that he invaded her own.

The warmth of cum gushing across her womb and soaking the inner muscles of her sex snapped her out of the moment, and she wished desperately that she could cry out her praises for the magnificent beast, as he continued pumping his hips into her, even as excess ejaculate splashed down onto the floor in thick, juicy puddles.

Aiko was still trying to cling to that moment as the aura suddenly faded from her body, and Mewtwo, in a flash, was gone from her sight. She fell gently to the

ground and landed on her backside right as security forces burst through the door, and happened upon a naked woman, dripping with cum and sweat, with no male around to have put it inside of her.

She could still remember how silly she felt in the days that followed; **no one** believed her story, and in fairness to them, she wasn't the first person to claim to have seen a Mewtwo.

As far as she knew, however, as she took the last sip from her glass of brandy, she was the only one to ever **fuck** Mewtwo, and that claim, she would defend to her grave.

Story 2: The Offer of a Bored Legend

To live life as a near deity level being could actually be kind of **boring**, when that life carried on for such a long time.

Articuno could hear the fawning of its fans on the edges of the Seafoam Islands, cheering anytime that she passed by on the horizon, leaving behind a trail of icy dust that could put the wonders of the Aurora Borealis to shame, but, then again, she could remember the very first time that mortal men cheered for her visual delights, and in truth, she was starting to get bored of the whole routine.

She was sure that someone worthy would have come along to catch her by then, and almost every morning, she woke up to put on the same display and entice strong trainers into coming to try and capture her.

Every evening, in the twinkling of the moonlight, she waited in the most obvious places she could think of, but still, there was no one around to offer her any kind of a legitimate challenge.

Just when she thought she'd seen every silly, ridiculous attempt at bargaining to catch her, however, she awoke to quite an impossible thing, on a Sunday night.

"...A Scyther? Kid...are you being serious right now? Do you want to get your companion killed?"

Articuno was well aware of the advantage that she held over the grass and bug types that roamed throughout the forests around her home, and she took it upon herself to be nice and avoid beating up on them whenever it was possible.

When a trainer came upon her with such a type, however, it felt like an act of pure cruelty to battle it, when she knew that she wouldn't just win, but she might even accidentally **kill** the poor thing.

"Y...you don't know what you're up against, Articuno! I'm gonna be the one to catch you; you'll see!"

The boast was *hardly* defiant, and the poor human couldn't even get through the first few words without stumbling over a few syllables, but Articuno was going to give her credit for her bravery, and making the trip all the way out to the

islands.

“Listen, kid...I didn’t really sleep well last night. Can we do this later, if that’s really all you’ve got to fight me with?”

Sandra was a desperate trainer, and she didn’t want to go home empty handed again. She’d poured every last coin that she earned into her trip out to the islands, and though it was fairly powerful, her Scyther was the only monster at her disposal to fight with.

To take out other, weaker trainers and their pathetic lineups, it was more than enough.

To take on one of the legendary birds in pitched combat, it would be little more than an appetizer for what would certainly be a dull and unfulfilling day.

“Quick, Scyther! Use slash while she isn’t looking!”

Articuno **was** looking, and a quick, defiant breath of ice nearly froze the poor bug-type in place, leaving a series of icicles to hang from the edges of its long, blade-like hands.

Without so much as a proper start, the battle looked to already be over, and despite all of her preparation, Sandra wasn’t going to have even the slightest chance at capturing the legendary bird.

“If I had hands, I’d sign an autograph for you,” she offered, “But...this is reality, kid. I’m sorry that it’s kinda harsh sometimes, but...if it makes you feel any better, I’m not really looking forward to my day at all, either.”

“Sandra.”

“...What?”

“My name is **Sandra**,” the trainer argued, as she stamped her sneaker into the ground. Her brunette ponytail jostled against the back of her neck as it poked out through the back of her hat, and the few badges that she’d earned jiggled in place upon her vest as she stood her ground. “And I’m not leaving this stupid, deserted island without you!”

“You don’t really have a say in the matter, and neither does your Scyther, unless you want me to freeze it completely solid.”

It was no idle threat, and Articuno was already readying an ice beam in the back of her throat, when Sandra felt her hopes completely dashed. The bright, radiant

aura of blue was like a death sentence for her poor creature, and if she sent it to attack one more time, she didn't know that she'd ever see it again.

She was willing to put a lot on the line to make her dreams come true, but she wasn't willing to put her trusty companion's life at risk for something so trivial.

"...Fine. I'll...I'll leave, then, and tell everyone what a huge jerk you are! I'll tell them you aren't even worth catching!"

"No feathers off of my back there, kid. The privacy would be nice for a change."

Sandra was out of chips to bargain with, but her Scyther got an idea, as it stepped in closer to the sitting, lazy bird.

"You lack privacy, you said?"

"Of course I do," Articuno replied. "Everyone is always trying to catch me, and people won't stop talking about how gorgeous I am to look at, so they're always snapping pictures of me...I swear, some of them do it at gross times **on purpose**. It's terrible!"

The trio of females stood around for a moment and contemplated the situation, before Scyther broke the silence once more.

"Well...h-how about, in exchange for letting us capture you, we keep you out of the public eye?"

As it was mentioned before, Articuno thought that she'd heard every boneheaded attempt at a trade for her capture.

Impressively enough, this was a new one, but it didn't take her long to roll the bright, ruby red eyes around her skull and shake her head.

"Not a chance. You guys would never let me out of that stupid ball ever again, and I'm **not** spending eternity trapped in there."

"You could just hide in the ball when people were around! Sandra would let you out; honest!"

Articuno cast her superior gaze upon the human with all of the defiance that one might expect from a legendary bird, and Scyther looked back over her shoulder at her trainer, trying to give a subtle nod, recommending her to take the deal.

"...I'll consider it, on one other condition."

Scyther was speaking purely for Sandra at this point, as she nodded eagerly, her

green body fluttering up in the air with excitement. “You name it!”

“**You** have to become my pet, and tend to my every whim whenever I ask you to.”

Sandra tilted her head in shock at the request, and Scyther, if bugs could blush, would have been bright as a cherry. “You...y-you can’t be serious.”

“I told you I didn’t have any privacy,” Articuno reminded them, “And that means that I don’t get laid anymore...**ever**. You think I’d pass up on the opportunity to have my own personal sex toy to call upon whenever the urge struck?”

The request seemed every bit as insane as the bargain that Scyther initially made, but as she looked back at her trainer, she thought of their bond, and decided then and there to put that bond to the ultimate test.

She always thought that there was no request too great to fulfill for Sandra; she was about to put that to the test, as a sparkling, sapphire wing pointed in her direction.

“...Yes, Articuno?”

“You gonna get over here or not? I’ve been up for almost an hour now, and I still haven’t gotten off,” she pointed out, as she aimed her feathers down between the slim thighs of her legs. “You’ve got some serious work to do if you think I’m going **anywhere** with you two!”

Sandra was still completely bewildered, and found herself unable to do anything more than gulp and watch as Scyther fluttered over to Articuno with a bit of a hesitation in her approach.

For Sandra, she thought, as she came closer and closer to the legendary bird. She could feel the literal chill coming from the beautiful, flowing feathers of blue, as if each one was an icicle, wafting cool air toward the rigid, sharp features of her green face.

When the wing embraced the side of her cheek, and then forced her right down into the bird’s crotch, it was like pressing up against a drift of snow, but at the heart of it was a warmth that was impossible to ignore, and nearly as much so to resist.

“Go on...give it a taste, and you’ll come back for seconds,” Articuno assured

her. “Everyone always does...but when they don’t go a good job, I drop their sorry asses into the ocean...”

The extra incentive of fear was hardly necessary for Scyther, who was already pressing the end of her muzzle into the exotic, brilliantly pink folds of the legendary bird. Standing quite a bit taller than her opposition, she barely had to adjust for Scyther to be in just the right position to take a quick taste, and much to her shock, when her tongue brushed across the slick, smooth folds of the fabled creature, it wasn’t like sliding her tongue across a sheet of ice.

It was an exotic blend of sweet and liquid flavors, like the subtle taste of sea salt upon a bed of luscious caramel.

This...this is amazing... she thought, barely able to believe the taste buds on her tongue as she went back in for another pass, allowing the tip of her tongue to glide back up through parted labia, right to the cute, erect nub of the avian’s clit.

“And just l-like that, you’re already ad-libbing it,” Articuno teased her smaller, weaker companion, knowing that she was in full control of the situation, even if she offered to go along as a ‘captured’ Pokémon.

Having that kind of power was a trip that she was thoroughly enjoying, and small rivers of feminine arousal were already starting to drip down from the very base of her womanhood as Scyther slurped her tongue along, catching every single drop that she could get.

“Your companion is v-very, **very** dedicated,” Articuno praised her new partner to Sandra, who was watching the act nervously, and all the while, she kept a hand from drifting any lower than her stomach, but it trembled and clenched at the bottom of her vest, eager to join in the action, even if she would have just been playing on the sidelines. “To be so eager to please you, s-she...nnnyeah *that’s good...*she must be very well t-taken care of!”

“Uh...huh...” Sandra replied with dull, stupefied tones, still completely in disbelief that her eyes weren’t playing tricks on her. Just finding Articuno was difficult enough, but to see it literally grinding its hips against the face of her own Scyther seemed downright **impossible**.

The warmth building between her legs at least gave her the clarity to know that she should be enjoying the show, and she allowed a pair of digits to sneakily brush against the front of her skirt as she watched, shameless in the way that she admired Articuno’s spread, delicious sex, and further, the way that she lusted

after her own Pokémon for being so **dedicated**.

“This could be the start of something *wonderful*,” Articuno murmured through a low, pleased moan, “If...y-you two don’t fuck it all up for me...”

Sandra was the trainer of the lot, but she felt more like a student as Articuno pinned Scyther down with her wings and straddled over the face of the weaker Pokémon, forcing it to bury its tongue deeper still into the desperate folds of her cunt.

The warmth coming from such an otherwise frosty creature was shocking to say the least, and Scyther was caught completely off guard when a few small squirts of slick, heated cum sprayed upon the end of her muzzle, leaving her stained with the mark of their new relationship.

Like breathing in a cool, morning air from the ocean, she wasn’t sure that she’d ever be able to escape the delicious aroma, and Sandra, for her part, could only hope that she’d be the next one to experience the reason that Articuno was so legendary.

Story 3: Better Than The Real Thing?

A storm was rolling in rapidly, and thick, dark clouds were descending upon the edges of the affectionately dubbed city of Saffron like tidal waves upon the edge of an island; unavoidable and ominous in their destructive capabilities.

The sun was out and shining in full force only minutes before, it seemed, but there was one man at the top of a tall, spiraling tower, sitting in a cozy office and ignoring the entire outside world for something that could easily **replace** it, if the tests went well.

“For a human being to explore their desires is only natural, and with this technology, we can explore the interspecies relations between humans and Pokémon like we’ve never dreamed before,” a professor was explaining to the man, who was deprived of his sight by a large and cumbersome, but comfortably light headset. All the way down over the end of his nose, his head was covered up, and the incoming storm couldn’t have been further from his thoughts, even if it was only minutes from striking.

“If you lift your hands into your perceived field of vision, you’ll see that you can control all of the settings. We’ve got a variety of different Pokémon already loaded for you to choose from, and you can control the level of realism, as well...each different monster is equipped with sets of their natural genitals, and human ones for those who aren’t *quite* ready to take the full plunge.”

“So...I just...kinda do this?” Martin asked, clearly still a bit confused as he moved his hands up in front of helmet. In seconds, however, he was getting used to the display settings, and moving things around the screen in front of his eyes. He already knew what Pokémon he was going to pick, long before he volunteered for the program, and the professor assigned to him was polite enough not to stare at the obviously straining bulge in his shorts, pulsing every few seconds with nearly painful anticipation. “*Oh*, I get it! This is really easy to navigate! It’s pretty user-friendly.”

“If this model gets a high enough approval rating, we’ll apply for a patent, and these babies will be available on shelves nationwide...y’know, if the idea passes

through the lawmakers,” the professor admitted. “I assume you’d like a little privacy to test out the full capabilities of the gear?”

Not realizing that the tests were going to be so extensive, but delighted all the same, Martin nodded rapidly. “That would be great!”

“*Terrific...*” the professor tried to sound enthused about the experiment, though it was a little awkward for him to be in the room at all. “I’ll, uh...I’ll come check on you in half an hour. That should be more than enough time to test all of the features.”

Martin was already completely possessed by his fantasy, and it was coming to life right before his eyes as the professor silently backed out of the room.

Unaware of if he had privacy or not, Martin slid down his shorts just enough to give his cock a little breathing room, and in the simulation, a reflection of his member appeared, pointing right toward the crotch of the Pokémon that he most admired.

He’d never actually seen a Zapdos in person, and even the pictures he had of it weren’t erotic in the least, but in his dreams, he could just imagine the passionate thrill that would come along with mating the bringing of lightning, and precum was already dribbling down the side of his shaft as an accurate, albeit slightly over sexualized model of Zapdos appeared on the screen, right before his eyes, with her legs spread widely apart, and her head cocked back over her wings, casting a gaze that would appeal to human sensibilities.

The cry was completely accurate, as far as he knew, but there was a sultry tone to it, as if the creature was begging for Martin to come closer and tear down the forbidden boundary between humans and Pokémon that had existed for generations, and it only took a few seconds for him to figure out how to adjust the perception on the screen, so that his body appeared closer to the needy beast.

Impressively realistic technology brought Martin to the moment he’d been dreaming of for years, as his cock, simulated on the screen, actually pressed against the folds of a feral female, and began spreading them apart. He opted to go with the “blended” setting, and he marveled at the sight of the tip of his human manhood delicately passing between the perfect mesh of human labia, and what some lucky researchers discovered her cloaca would appear to be.

Technology is amazing, Martin thought, and he decided to make the fantasy a complete reality, as he worked some of the precum upon the tip of his rod into

his palm and used it as his own natural lubricant, hoping to add to the sensation of the virtual reality trip, even if he couldn't possibly produce a quantity to match the perceived wetness of his legendary lover.

Minutes began piling up, and Martin wasn't even remotely aware of the time passing with his guaranteed moment of privacy. He was sure he wasn't the first person to do exactly what he'd done with the headset, and he certainly wouldn't be the last, if they decided to offer more private testing sessions; within them, people could give in to the desires that they would otherwise keep inside, and Martin was bouncing his hips against his chair, bucking his thighs forward and gasping with delight as the helmet picked up his every move, translating it to his display and showing the unfairly erotic sight of a feral, female Zapdos being speared upon his length and trembling with a delight that was of human expression, but animal intensity.

If he wasn't so occupied with the fantasy, Martin would have seen his beloved, legendary mate flying right overhead as the rapidly moving storm passed through the city, and along with it, a series of lightning bolts cast down, launched from the very wings of Zapdos, herself.

KraaaaaKOW! The sound should have been more than enough to rattle Martin out of his fantasy, but he was so convinced by the passionate, happy moaning of his simulated Zapdos, he didn't even notice the flyby, or the signature electricity that was left behind, thinking that the thunderclap seemed rather distant, and beyond that, he imagined it might have just been a part of the experience.

The lights flickering, the simulation failing, and the power going out from the sudden bolt of lightning were **not** part of the experience, and as if Zapdos was vengeful about being replaced, she struck the building once again, this time rattling it with such force that Martin couldn't help forcing the headset off...but not before a small burst of electricity zapped his hair upright, shocked his forehead, and nearly left him unconscious.

The expensive, impressive virtual reality headset fell down to the floor as Martin's entire body went numb for a moment from the transferred shock: his body was paralyzed, as many others before him were from the electric blast of a Zapdos. The unit wasn't completely destroyed, however, and a backed-up music file that was often associated with an evolving Pokémon began to play as Martin stirred, and rubbed some of the confusion from his eyes.

The backs of his hands were already a little fuzzy from the electrical charge, but

he was sure that he could see long, brilliantly yellow strands of hair growing from them, and when he went to rub his eyes again, he grew further concerned: he could **feel** them.

“U...uh...hello? Can someone come help me? I think the simulation might have gone a little wrong!” Martin’s cries were ignored, as the other people in the building were left in a greater state of panic, worried about getting their other headsets back into working order before coming to one that was actively tested.

It would spell doom for Martin, who watched as feathers began shooting out from his arms in thick, sharp plumes, accented with an undertone of black, and extending further and further from his flesh as they moved.

Panic was all that the poor human could do, but even **that** was turning into a struggle, as his teeth sunk higher and higher up into his gums, and his lips, once smooth and soft, began turning rigid, as if they were covered in scabs. “P...pweafs! Somune come help!” he tried to yell, but hearing his own voice made him shameful of the sound, and he tried to dial it back as he brought his hands up to cover his face.

Already, he regretted his actions, when he felt a gentle stabbing at his own palms, an area that was beginning to shrink, regardless.

It was obvious that a beak was forming out from his slowly elongating face, but he couldn’t complain about it, when a greater pain was coming from the drifting stretch of his ears, as they migrated across the top of his head and toward the back. They were already fading into something else in a rapid fashion, and even the bone structure under his flesh was turning jagged as Martin tried to put the pieces together.

Through the only window in the small, office-like room, a watchful eye kept a view of the entire process, as if it wanted to ensure that the transformation was taking, and a small field of electricity remained around the section of the building, spurring Martin on as he stripped out of his shorts in a panic, but his shirt didn’t have that kind of luxury. His shoulders burst forth from his back, but instead of a gruesome, twisted sight of torn flesh, plumes of feathers kept his bones covered as his arms rapidly began to shrink back into his body, and the sharp, terrible feathers tore their way through a plain, gray t-shirt, leaving tatters of the same on the floor.

Scattered pieces of a destroyed helmet, scraps of fabric and even some follicles

of hair painted a very unusual picture on the floor as Martin sprawled out over the desk he was seated at. He tried to stand, but his legs were turning spindly, and though he was concerned with their shrinking mass, at first, he became overwhelmed at the sight of his feet bursting through the weak confines of his tennis shoes, and finally, the panic came to a head as he tried slumping over to get a good look at his still-dripping manhood.

It kept throbbing, just as it should have from his lustful adventure in virtual reality, but in the real world, his cock was bending and kinking into an unnaturally curved shape, and his sack was shrinking tighter and tighter into his body, bringing his testes up further and further, as if they were melting away from him.

The presence of a copious, heavy flood of precum from the continually changing tip of his member made it clear that everything was still intact, but his arousal couldn't be maintained as his panic turned worse, and his body crashed into the floor. He was panting heavily, and he labored the breaths through his narrower neck and mouth, now fully turned into a bright, off-orange beak.

He tried pushing himself up from the floor, but all he was able to do was flap the slowly growing wings from the sides of his back, as his arms fully melted into his sides, and what was left of the flesh molded into the wings behind him, and sprouted healthy, thick plumes of feathers.

Slumped over on his wide, flat bust and struggling to move around, Martin clawed at the floor with his feet, but he had only talons to move with, and his sense of orientation was completely thrown. In the backs of his ears, no longer to be properly found in the human location, he could hear a distant scree, as if there was another bird taunting him for trying to replace it...and now, he was given a new curse, for insulting the female Zapdos in such a way.

"Martin? Martin?!" the professor was finally making his way back to the poor soul, and he slammed on the door, as if to demand the man to preserve his modesty so that he could be checked on.

The name of the company was nothing more than a front for Silph to run underground operations like the one that they currently were, and now, there was a sexually charged, physically frustrated Zapdos, crumpled down in a heap in their building, staring them all down with a glare that didn't make it clear what kind of targets the scientists were...but they were targets, no doubt.

That's all we've got for this one! Thank you so much for purchasing the first edition of "Legendary Encounters!" I hope that you found everything to your liking, and that you'll consider purchasing the second book in the series when it's ready for release!

In the meantime, if you aren't quite satisfied, we've got a few other things for you to check out!

For more e-books, check out our author page! amazon.com/author/joshiahwarbaum

If you want to support me more directly, we've got a Patreon for just such an occasion, and we'd love to see you there, where we post all kinds of extra naughtiness that doesn't end up public! <https://www.patreon.com/Joshiah>

And of course, we'd love to see you as a visitor at our main website! It's my hub for all things literary! <https://www.joshiahswrittenworks.com/>