

Bayli scanned the sheet, and she blinked before rolling her eyes at her next assignment. “So I gotta fuck a Lopunny,” she muttered to herself.

It would have come sooner or later, she knew. Ever since Team Rocket had revitalized and gone legit under the old boss’s son, Silver, the establishment of successful human-pokemon breeding had been at the forefront of their activities. The sheer number of people out there interested having children with pokemon paramours would ensure a weighty payday to anyone who showed them how to make families of their own, and that was ignoring the bountiful scientific funding Team Rocket would receive if they managed to pull it off.

Striding down the hallway, she continued leafing through the sheaf of papers, idly scanning them as she turned over ideas in her head. She didn’t need to pay that much attention to them; Bayli was one of the heads of the program as well as just a participant, and had been for a while. Most who knew her knew thought that she was simply driven to succeed at it to break down her innumerable failures. Bayli was content to let them think so, and had made more than a few comments indicating that the bountiful monetary compensation on a successful breeding was a factor as well.

Reality, of course, was more complex. Bayli had a reputation as a hardass—a *deserved* reputation. Giovanni had recruited her as the head of a delinquent gang, and though she’d gone straight(ish) once Silver had taken the organization in a legit direction, she wasn’t afraid to knock some heads around if she thought it would get her results. But she also knew that a lot of trainers were in real, genuine love with their pokemon, and wanted more than anything to make

families with them. Bayli had no inkling or desire to become a mother herself, whether to a pokemon or not—but she sympathized with their plight, and figured that helping fellow pokephiles achieve their dreams while simultaneously getting a fat cash reward and scientific prestige was nothing but a win-win situation.

Striding into the main research station, she waved the sheet of paper at Keyes, the head researcher. “So,” she said. “Lopunny this time, huh?” She didn’t bother to conceal her disdain. She was a hardened criminal, someone unafraid to get her hands dirty and to scar herself if need be. Those foppish rabbits were *not* to her taste.

Keyes blinked, adjusting their glasses under their frizzy blonde hair. “It’s what we’ve got,” they said. “Most of the viable species we’ve got in this lab you’ve dealt with already. We’ll be getting some new species in soon... ish, but until then...”

Bayli nodded in resignation. She’d already bred with Hitmonchan, Sawk, Machop, Gothitelle, and Pangoro as part of the new program to conceive pokemon via humans—none had taken, though. Every one of them was part of the ‘human-like’ egg group. Among those who thought pokemon-on-human fertilization possible, it was believed that the human-like pokemon would be the natural first step before moving onto other species. (Bayli privately had her doubts that humans would ever successfully breed with pokemon that weren’t human-like, but those were questions for another day, when their first successes had been achieved.)

“So what’s the plan?” she asked Keyes.

“Pretty standard procedure,” they replied. “You breed with him in five days. No sex between now and then and for five days after, just to be sure. We have a new hormone cocktail we’re hopeful about.”

“Injection or oral?”

Keyes just raised their eyebrows in sympathy, and Bayli swore. Dammit. She fucking *hated* injections.

---

That night after all of her work was done—reviewing other breeding cases, ensuring that the right pokemon were being sent from HQ, following up in a weekly meeting with Silver, and endless, endless, *endless* stacks of paperwork—Bayli flopped into her room with a loud groan. Peeling off clothes until she was down to her bra and panties, she sprawled face-down onto her bed. She was worn out—not tired, but *worn*.

It didn’t take long for Astar to arrive.

Her Tyranitar was the closest thing she had to a friend—and a boyfriend. The two of them had met back when she was an assistant for Giovanni’s pokemon breeding program, where her job was to calm down males between sessions so they didn’t hurt the valuable females. (The job

description didn't specify calming them down by fucking them, but more often than not Bayli had found taking pokemon cock to be the most effective solution.) Most males had simply used her to slake their urges, but she and the Tyranitar had genuinely hit it off, and after the team's initial disbandment, she'd claimed Astar as her own.

She felt his warm breath on her inner thighs as he nosed against her panties, and she laughed and shifted. "Astar," she purred, "what did I say about giving me time when I'm off work?"

Astar chuffed, but the admonition had no bite and they both knew it. He continued nosing against her panties and she squirmed in delight, a long sound of pleasure hissing out between her teeth. After a few minutes, Astar managed to nip her panties and—with impressive delicateness, considering his species—tugged them down, revealing her slit.

It would have been a familiar sight to him by now: flushed and slightly puffy with need, all slick from her arousal. She gasped as she felt Astar's warm mouth approach it, tender despite his large size. Astar's tongue lapped a long stripe down her slit. He paused, holding for a tantalizing, teasing moment, and then repeated. She squirmed, moaning through pursed lips.

"A-Astar..." Bayli managed to get out amidst his attentions. "I've got a-another job that... *oh...* that, *nnnn*, means I can't take your dick for a week or so."

His attentions suddenly stopped, and Bayli managed to half-raise herself off the bed, turning to glance at him. The Tyranitar wore an expression that could only be described as a mix of frustration and... well, she would never call it such to his face, but *poutiness*.

Cooing, she reached out a hand to cup his face. “C’mon,” she said, “you know it’s how I support both of us—and besides, I’m doing it to help others like us. Trainers who want kids with their pokemon.”

Astar growled without malice. Despite his ferocious appearance and demeanor, he was capable of lovely amounts of kindness and gentility around her, and she knew he wanted nothing more in life than to give her an egg and raise offspring with her.

*It’s never gonna happen, big guy*, she thought sadly, stroking his stony face. *You’re not a Machop or a Lucario. You’re not close enough to humans*. But knowing that her lover—and he *was* her lover, as close as she could ever have one, anyway—wanted something he could never have only made her more determined. Perhaps she and Astar could never bring babies of their own into this world, but between her research and breeding activities, she could help someone else do it.

...though if anyone ever found out she had such a sappy motivation, she’d pound their fucking teeth into splinters.

Mollified, Astar settled back, eying her pussy expectantly. Chuckling, Bayli traced a finger slowly down her slit, shuddering at every touch. “Of course, no sex would leave me really starved for attention,” she said, her voice low and sultry. “I was thinking about attending to myself but... *mmmnggh*... can you think of any way to help me out?” Now the smell of her arousal filled the room, and she could see Astar’s giant, barbed cock unsheathing, his own scent mixing with hers to overpower her senses. Gods, but she wanted it bad...

Shaking her head, she banished the thought. No, she wouldn’t jeopardize the project just for a quick lay. His tongue would have to suffice for a short while.

“Come on, big boy,” she teased, leaning back and spreading her pussy with her hand. “It’s all yours—but only your mouth.”

Obediently, Astar dived in, lapping and licking. Bayli leaned back, sighing in coital bliss.

Adjusting her hips, she wrapped her legs around Astar’s head, holding the big pokemon in place until she was ready for him to stop. She felt him angle deeper into her loins, felt his foremost teeth resting on her thighs—how easy it would be for him to snap down and assert his dominance. He never would, but the thrill of it all sent her heart racing even faster.

“That’s right,” she sighed. She could feel his coarse skin chafing at her—she’d have red marks for days after, but she didn’t particularly mind. “That’s right. Good boy, Astar.”

---

Days passed, and by the time her breeding session was scheduled, Bayli's loins felt on fire.

Part of it was her own fault. Allowing Astar to eat her out ended up just making her more and more aroused, and his own musk filled their living space, constantly needling her. Another part, she suspected, were the hormones that Keyes had injected her with. The breeding program had tried a number of things—different diets, special herbs, and even having Aura assistance from a Lucario. On occasion they employed a mixed cocktail of hormones. Bayli had been injected once or twice before and nothing had come of it, but *today* she barely constrained herself from writhing in unchecked need, the sheer desire racing through her like a fire through a dry meadow. Mere hours after the injection, she felt herself growing heated. By the next day, she had been unable to focus.

And today...

She paced in the room in her underwear, barely capable of holding it together. She knew how she must look to the observers—her sandy, shoulder-length hair, her lush juneberry lips, a beauty mark on her nose; her delinquent's body still toned and muscular, her hips boasting long, discolored claw scars. Their leader had been reduced to a worrywart of need.

"Keyes," she said angrily, knowing that the researchers could observe her, "I don't know what the fuck you put in my system, but it's freaking me out—so hurry up and get that fucking bunny in here before I push your nose in!"

The intercom beeped like someone had something to say, but then closed without any comment. Angrily, Bayli kicked against a wall. “*Dammit!* What’s a woman gotta do to get fucked around here?”

And, as if on cue, the door opened—and he emerged.

Male or not, Lopunny looked voluptuous. The creature sauntered in, his umber and soft cream coat looking pristine, the ruffles of fur around his wrists trimmed short. His hips were generous and his steps dainty, but his soft orange eyes swept up and down on Bayli’s body with a decidedly masculine hunger, and his cock—slender, but very long—instantly stood to attention, a tiny bead of pre nestling at the tip.

“‘Bout fucking time,” Bayli growled, throwing off her undergarments. “You’re a rabbit, yeah? You live for this shit. So quit standing there and get over here and plow me alr—”

She needed say no more. The Lopunny rushed her, sweeping her off with a surprised yelp onto the cushioned bed provided for breeding sessions. One paw of his was on her shoulders, the other was gripping her thighs as if he wanted to pry them apart.

“Easy, easy,” Bayli said, grabbing his wrist tight. Filled with need or not, this would go at *her* pace. “I’ll spread ‘em for you.”



Opening her legs, she saw the Lopunny gaze happily at her already-aroused, slightly opening slit. She let his wrist go, making sure he knew who was in charge, and then he angled his hips and—

“Oooooohhhhhhh, nnnnnnngggghhhh—Ah! A-ah! *Ahn!*” Bayli’s vision haloed. The Lopunny’s first thrust was long and unceasing, pushing in and in and *in* until he found her deepest recesses, and then he...

Well, he fucked her like a rabbit.

She’d banged pokemon before, from demure human-shaped ones like Gothitelle to monstrous, semi-feral beasts, but none of them managed to go at her with the sheer unceasing *energy* of this Lopunny. His cock hammered into her again and again and again, and his energy never died, his pace never slackened. In fact, if anything he appeared to only *gain* steam as it went on.

Panting, trying to keep up, Bayli wrapped her legs around his hips to keep him in tighter, while savoring every thrust—in, out, in, *out*, a cascade of sensation as his cock spread inside of her, her walls tightening deliciously around it.

One paw kept its vigil on her shoulder, but the other began treading its way over her body, tracing thin scratches on her back and side before it settled in on her breast, cupping and kneading it.

“Like that, do you?” Bayli managed to get out amidst shallow breaths. “B-because you have an appreciation, or j-just—*ooooohhh*—because you heard h-humans like it?”

He didn’t care to give indication either way, so she let it slide, instead pulling his head gently but insistently by the ears down to her breasts. He dutifully began licking and teasing at her nipples.

It continued like that for some time, Bayli floating in and out of coherence as the sheer bliss of being fucked with breakneck speed threatened to engulf her. During moments of lucidity she sometimes tried to gyrate her hips against his, or bark out orders, but mostly she was content to lie there and let the rabbit do her.

*Fuck me, she thought errantly, but if he isn’t one of the better partners I’ve been paired with here...*

It happened quite suddenly—the Lopunny grunted, hilted, and there was a sudden rush of warmth flooding her loins. She shuddered, coming herself, as the rabbit pokemon’s seed flushed her tunnel and her womb. It slipped out of her, prompting a grunt, and as she laid back, still panting and trying to find some measure of self-control, the smug-looking Lopunny settled on the far side of the room, where an attendant quietly led him out.

“Not even a thank-you-ma’am,” Bayli muttered to herself, still shuddering from orgasmic bliss.

“Damn Lopunny.”

---

His attentions slaked the heat inside of her, and the next few days she dutifully went about her tasks, making sure not to lay with Astar or anyone else, human *or* pokemon, until five days after the breeding session. A week or so afterwards, it was time for routine bloodwork to see if it had worked.

She sat there, indolently thinking. The procedure had become second-nature to her; she knew what would happen. They would draw a small bit of blood, test it for pregnancy signs while she idled away a half-hour, then come into the room and tell her it was a failure. That's what she and all the other breeders had gotten used to. Negative, negative, negative. Try again.

This time, however, a half hour passed into an hour, and Bayli scowled, resolving to give whoever was taking so long a thorough tongue-lashing.

When the attendant—a new hire, a nurse with a complexion like coffee and a harried, mousy demeanor—entered the room, Bayli's chastisement died on her tongue. The young woman looked like she had just found a rare jewel in her coat pocket.

“B-Bayli, you're... the results...”

Bayli cocked an eyebrow. “Well?”

The nurse swallowed. “When I saw the results, I thought it was an error. So I double-checked, then *triple*-checked, then got my director just to be sure...”

She plodded over, looking at Bayli’s flat stomach with undisguised awe. “It worked, Bayli. You’re *pregnant*.”

She blinked. Blinked again. Rubbed her hand idly on her tummy. What?

“...holy fuck,” was all she could say.