

Truth be told, they couldn't remember a thing about themselves past a certain point. All they knew was what they were told, what they were allowed to know. They had a name at one point... Morgan, that was right; they couldn't remember their gender, though, if they even had one. They also knew what they were doing before everything changed. Beyond that, though, they were left completely in the dark. In a way, though, they were perfectly fine with that arrangement; everything was fine, and everything would always be fine.

Morgan was a young traveler, did a lot of exploring. They never stayed in one place at any time, and that day was no different. The first thing they remembered was that they were leaving a log cabin to trek off into the woods. They had nothing but a flashlight, some matches, and the clothes on their backs to keep them company, just how they'd liked it. What they were doing in those woods, not even they knew, but if they had to guess, Morgan simply wanted to explore and see what they could see.

"Alright, lemme see here..."

This world of theirs was an odd one, hadn't quite been the same since the Anthrocalypse, and here they were trying to figure out if anything changed besides the obvious. See, the Anthrocalypse was a bizarre event where human and Pokémon DNA found itself being fused, creating some sort of hybrid creatures. They were Pokémon in appearance, but human in build, truly anthropomorphic. There were only a few of these "anthros" running about, but individuals were cautioned to avoid them as their condition was contagious and could convert others into anthros themselves.

As much as Morgan knew those dangers, they really didn't care. If they were turned, so be it, they just wanted to enjoy the world around them. They saw some rather interesting mushrooms near a tree trunk that looked delicious, but they knew better than to eat random mushrooms they found on the ground. Same thing for those berries they found in that bush; as much as they resembled perfectly healthy Orans, who knew what was going on with them? Sure, it was odd that so much delicious-looking plant life was living in this forest, but at least the Pokémon that lived here were probably happy.

"Hypnosis..."

Huh? Who was that? Morgan looked around to find the source of that sound, and all they could see was a vague... pink outline. It looked tall-ish, but Morgan couldn't figure out if it was a Pokémon, an anthro, or something else entirely. It said Hypnosis, too... that was a move, wasn't

it? Yeah, that was right, Hypnosis could be used to put an opponent to sleep for anywhere from one to five turns. Now why would someone out there be saying...

Morgan suddenly felt incredibly tired, like they could pass out at any moment. That was inconvenient, they had more looking to get to. Oh well, a simple nap couldn't hurt them, right? There was a nice, cozy tree they could lean up against and fall asleep on, it wasn't dirty or anything. They went ahead and sat down, closing their eyes, slowly drifting off to sleep. It was the most restful sleep they had ever experienced... a sign of things to come.

No one knows how long Morgan was out for, not even the one who put Morgan asleep to begin with. All they knew was that when Morgan woke up, it was already nighttime. They couldn't feel a thing from where they were lying, not even a tree trunk against their backside. In fact, looking around, they weren't even leaning on a tree trunk. They seemed to be levitating about six feet in the air, completely suspended from the ground!

"A-ah! I'm floating...!"

To no avail, Morgan tried to get down. They were firmly stuck, no matter how hard they flailed about. What was causing them to do this, to float suspended in the air? Whatever it was, it was freaking them out, leaving them with only one desire; they needed to get down, and they needed to get down soon.

"S-someone, get me down!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming."

Morgan finally got an answer when an odd figure slowly walked toward them. It was pink, just like the figure they saw before falling asleep. Now that they thought about it, that voice was identical to the one they heard say Hypnosis earlier. The figure was around 5'11", lightly furry and very blatantly feminine in appearance. It was vaguely cat-like, with small pointed ears and a thin tail about as long as its own pawed legs. A pair of breasts adorned its chest, roughly C or D-cup in size. Most interesting of all was that unmistakably feline cock between its legs, when combined with a pair of ample balls made for something of a complete package. Yes, this was an anthro, but Morgan wasn't sure exactly what Pokémon this was supposed to resemble.

“What... what are you?”

“Oh, you’ve never heard of me? Let me introduce myself.” The figure began to levitate off the ground ever-so-slightly, slowly approaching Morgan. “I’m Mew. My species serves as ancestors to all non-legendary Pokémon; the origin, if you will. The Anthrocalypse, as you can see, has affected my body in a number of ways. I’d argue it has been nothing short of a blessing. I’m a hermaphrodite now, and I feel perfect.”

“...what’s a hermaphrodite?”

“Well, think of this.” Mew spread their legs open to reveal their full package; penis, vagina, all were accounted for. “I possess fully functioning male and female reproductive organs. Any form, any method of intercourse is available to me at any time. This is great for me, because if you did not know already, us anthros are... incredibly active, sexually.” They snickered, leaving Morgan silent. “It’s actually quite a burden finding someone who is willing to satisfy your desires daily, so possessing all of the necessary bits gives me an edge, in a way.”

Mew floated back down onto the ground, not bothering to unsuspend Morgan. They analyzed the human, inspecting everything they could. There wasn’t much to reveal, with all that clothing.

“What... what does this have to do with me?”

“You know all about how anthros like to convert humans and Pokémon into other anthros. Don’t be so surprised, that’s exactly what I’m doing to you.” Morgan was surprised by how unsurprised they were, they felt absolutely crazy. “Now before I do that, I need to set some things straight. One, I will be adjusting your sexual organs accordingly to fit my specific needs. Two... you will be designed with my specific needs in mind.”

“...your needs?”

“In short, you will be my pet, my toy, my plaything. You will be everything I want you to be and more, for as long as I remain alive, which considering my status as a mythical could very well be the end of days.”

Well, that didn't sound too good from Morgan's perspective. They'd just been kidnapped, and now they were being enlisted to a life of servitude? Morgan had to think about it for a moment... what did they really have to lose? They'd be anthroified regardless probably, reintegration into society was impossible after the fact.

"What's in it for me?"

"Oh, plenty. Thanks to the process I'll be using, you'll find that your life will be far more meaningful than it ever was before. Plus, it's not like you'll have no freedom whatsoever. You may do as you please so long as I don't need anything from you. However, if I need anything from you, you must do as I say."

"What if I don't?"

"Oh," Mew laughed, "you won't have a say in the matter. Trust me, it's a simpler life, it's better that way. Now! First thing's first..." Mew snapped their fingers. "Will-o-Wisp."

Morgan watched as a small flame approached them. Will-o-Wisp, as far as they remembered, didn't do any damage directly but did burn the opponent over time. With that flame slowly approaching, Morgan could only expect the worst. They never liked fire, so this was enough to inspire some panic in the young adult.

"W-what are you doing? Are you trying to set me on fire?"

"Relax, relax." Mew shrugged their arms. "You're not supposed to be burnt... at least, I hope not. Trust me, I'll stop it before it makes contact with the skin."

The small flame made contact with Morgan's shirt, before spreading to their pants as well. Soon enough, their entire wardrobe had burst into flames! Morgan felt no pain themselves, but the heat was nevertheless incredibly distressing. The fire never spread beyond the clothing area, leaving Morgan's exposed skin completely untouched and unharmed. How was Mew able to hold so much control over what was burnt and what wasn't?

“Water Gun.”

Mew thrust their palm forward, and a torrent of water manifested. This water, though not strong, was enough to put out the fire on Morgan’s clothes. Well, what was left of them at least, as once the fire was put out they were reduced to charred rags. With a snap, Mew made Morgan perform a flip in the air, knocking all of the burnt clothing off of them. To say Morgan was embarrassed would be an understatement, covering up their naughty bits the best they could with their arms and legs. Curse Mew, that pervert.

“I’ll get you a Rawst Berry when we’re done here if it still hurts... now, why did I get rid of your clothes? Simply put, you won’t need them. You’ll never need them; no anthro, and especially no pet would dare cover themselves.” Mew chuckled to themselves. “Oho, and now that your clothing is gone, I can get to the fun part.”

Mew pressed one of their pawed hands against Morgan’s back and began to recite something. Whatever it was, Morgan couldn’t make it out; this was definitely in some other language, maybe even an ancient one like Latin. The area that was being touched began to glow with a faint, pinkish light, which soon spread. As Mew continued reciting, Morgan could only watch in confusion, maybe some curiosity. This was how anthros converted other living beings? Morgan was certainly expecting something a bit less... modest, but it was painless, and they were stuck with their fate, so why complain?

“Now you’ve seen how we anthros do it. It’s a technique granted to us by Arceus themselves, who shaped themselves into an anthro in the hopes a new, perfect species would develop to replace both humans and Pokémon.” Mew smiled. “To be perfectly honest with you, this is the first time I’ve ever successfully caught and converted someone, so today is a lucky day for the both of us.”

“Lucky, right... so... what kind of anthro am I going to be?”

“Hmm...” Mew looked off in the distance. “Now, as for what subspecies you will become? Well, you certainly won’t be another Mew, that wouldn’t be fair.” They suddenly chuckled, leaving Morgan confused as to what exactly was so funny about that. “No, I have a personal... favorite line of Pokémon that I quite enjoy. You’ll see what I mean in a moment. Now... let the change commence.”

Mew stepped back and began to float once more, leaving Morgan to wait and ponder their fate. What species could it be, Morgan wondered? Maybe it'd be something lame, like a Magikarp, perfect for keeping them down. It could be something badass like Salamence, big badass Pokémon could certainly lend themselves to quite a bit of sex appeal if made anthropomorphic. Or maybe, just maybe, it was something cute. They hoped it was something cute, they loved cute things above all else.

Morgan was ready to get their first hint at their new future when they noticed patches of brown fur growing along their stomach. They took a moment to feel it; it was incredibly soft, perfect for snuggling. This snuggle fodder would spread itself up Morgan's body toward their chest, then to their neck, and so on. Brown fur, that was their first hint... that wasn't a very good hint, to be completely honest. Lots of Pokémon have brown fur: Bidoof, Swinub, Eevee... those were the three cutest brown-furred Pokémon

"C-can I get a hint...?"

"I'll give you one hint."

"...is it cute? Is the Pokémon I'm based on cute, I mean."

"...hmm." Mew seemed to take a moment to think about it. "Well, I would certainly say they're cute. Cute is my favorite type of anthro, after all."

"A-alright, thanks, Mew..."

This brown fur continued to spread across their body, equally soft and fuzzy no matter where it went. It eventually made its way to Morgan's arms, where they saw their hands reshaping slightly. They were still clearly hands, but something about them was more paw-like. It was those pads, it had to be, it was the addition of some small, pink pawpads on the hands that made them less human, especially once the fur spread to there.

As Morgan was watching and getting used to their new hands, they felt a strange, warm sensation coming from a different part of their body altogether. Something was changing down... there, but they were too scared to look at it. They instead focused their attention on their

head, which itself was being consumed by the fur. The hair that was there wound up becoming fur as well, leaving their entire head covered. Their eyes widened and their nose darkened. Above all else, their ears reshaped into something longer, something pointier. With those ears, Morgan thought they had a better idea of what Pokémon this was supposed to be now.

“I think I... get it...” Morgan’s speech got slower and calmer with each word. “It’s... I know what this is... it’s Eevee...!”

“Nicely done, you’ve passed the quiz... and I see your mind is already being affected. I’ll wait until you’ve finished, and... well, you might want to take a look at what you have growing down there.”

Gulping, Morgan couldn’t help but obey Mew’s request when they stopped blocking their crotch. There, Morgan saw something they’d never seen before, something inhuman. There was a genital sheath, and hiding within was a reddish-pink penis with a canine’s knot at the base. There were balls right below them, providing a full-ish male package. Though they couldn’t see it themselves, they could also detect something less bulky hidden between their legs: A pussy. There were the male, and the female organs... perfect hermaphroditism.

“Eep!”

“I see you’re not quite used to it. Don’t worry, you’ll be used to it soon enough.”

The very sight of those genitals gave Morgan an identity crisis. What were they now; were they still Morgan, or were they now just Eevee? As the changes further manifested, with fur spreading down to their legs, they debated it over and over in their heads. The war waged on, and as time passed, one side seemed to be winning the war. They saw those legs, with the feet shifting to soft paws. Those weren’t a human’s legs, those were Eevee’s legs. This fur was all Eevee fur, no matter how Morgan sliced it, and Morgan wasn’t sure how to take it.

There were certainly more changes remaining. The fur around Morgan’s neck began to thicken and lighten in color. This fur was even softer than the rest of the fur on their body, which Morgan could easily tell by running one of their hands through it. Their chest, too, became more developed, with what was once flat or at the very least small becoming quite respectable C-cups, smaller than Mew’s by a bit. The base of Morgan’s spine grew out, and a tail was formed with the darker brown at the base and the lighter brown on the end. This tail was not long, but not

quite short either. Above all else it was fluffy, just like the rest of this new body, maybe even on par with the collar of fur around their neck. Those were the basic physical changes all done.

Morgan floated, dazed and confused. Their mind wasn't quite working right, it was fuzzier than it should have been. They found themselves fixated on those new genitals; new as they were, they had a sudden desire to find out how they worked, how to make them work well... hold on a second. This was weird, this was wrong, this was all very wrong. This sudden fixation on sex was unlike Morgan, why was it a part of them now-

“Remember, I’m shaping you to my preferences.”

Curses, that Mew. That... incredibly attractive Mew. How boldly they strode, how calmly they exposed themselves to Morgan. They were an ideal... wait, this wasn't right, this was, this was wrong, this was... wrong, in all the right ways. How they admired them... h-hold on, what was wrong with them, what was wrong with Morgan?

“W-what’s going on with my head? What...”

Morgan’s eyes went wide. They felt their heart pounding, and their breathing went heavy. It felt like Morgan was on the verge of an orgasm, but that couldn't be right. There was nothing around to even stimulate an erection, let alone an orgasm... or so they thought. As it turned out, once they looked down at their crotch, an erection did indeed begin to form, not to mention their pussy felt wetter. The humiliation was too much to bear, it drove Morgan up the wall.

That embarrassment would soon fade, however, in favor of something else entirely. They looked back at Mew, then at their member, and then back at Mew. Mew, as it turned out, was enjoying this quite a bit, as their hand slowly neared their crotch to finger their pussy. That cock of theirs was awfully tempting... they couldn't figure out why, but they felt like they needed it. They needed to be used, they needed to be dominated in every single way... but would Mew be willing? Did Mew want to dominate them? They wouldn't dare demand, lest Mew say no and have their mood ruined. That was the last thing Morgan wanted, to ruin either of their moods. If they were going to get Mew... no, Master, to fuck them, they had to ask.

“Please, M... Master! Would you please... use me, Master!?”



Mew looked at the now-willing Eevee anthro and smiled. They crossed their arms and slowly approached.

“I see you’re finally willing. Well, since you asked so kindly... I’d be happy to~.”

“Thank you, Master...”

Mew’s cock found its way slowly sneaking its way inside Morgan’s tight pussy. Something in their mind instantly broke, like a cog falling out of the machine. That cog was Morgan’s identity, their sense of self. Morgan was dead, and in that place was a new individual entirely, one who found happiness in being used like a toy, a pet. They were now Eevee, Master Mew’s personal slut, and they’d never been happier in all their life. They now had an objective, a purpose in life; to make Master happy whenever they needed it.

Mew thrust in and out, cock growing wet with Eevee’s pussy juices. Eevee’s cock was dripping pre onto their fur while their mouth hung open. While they couldn’t see it, Eevee’s eyes began to change color as they were fucked silly by their master, from brown to pink. That pink was the exact same color as Mew’s fur, as if it were a sign of their ownership. Mew saw this and smirked with a hint of excitedness. Their new pet was exactly what they’d hoped for and more.

“You are almost ready. Once I fill you up, you... will... be... mine...!”

Mew thrust faster and faster, grabbing Eevee’s leg as they fucked them harder and harder. There was no pain on Eevee’s part, only pleasure at being used for their very purpose. How long Mew would fuck them for, they did not know. What they did know is that they were on the verge of an intense orgasm. Their pulsing rod, their heartbeat, it was like having two orgasms at once, stacked on top of each other. Very little was going on in Eevee’s head besides the sex, and how much they needed to release. They were on the verge, they just needed Master’s cum to make it complete.

“M-Master, I don’t know how much more I can...”

“It’s okay, Eevee... cum for me!”

Mew and Eevee came simultaneously. The master filled up the toy's pussy with their cum, permanently marking them as their property. Eevee's cock shot strings of cum onto their fur and left them a complete mess, perfect for the slut they were. That smile on Eevee's face was indicative of what was going on in their mind: Pure joy and bliss. To be loved, to be wanted, to be used... to be perfect. That was all Eevee wanted in the world, and their master was able to provide it all. Once they were done cumming, their torso was entirely soaked. Once Mew pulled out, more cum was dripping out of their pussy, leaving them feeling fuller.

"Oh, my. You're so cute after you orgasm. Here here, let me clean you up. Water Gun."

Water manifested and sprayed Eevee's fur, washing the cum off of their body. Even if it was just water, it was surprisingly effective at cleaning, and after a few minutes, Eevee was completely spotless, like they'd never even been used. Mew floated back down to the ground, standing straight and stretching for a minute before looking back up at Eevee.

"Let's get you down, shall we?"

Mew raised their hand, and Eevee floated back down to the ground. They felt the forest floor beneath their feet for the first time; in a way, it helped Eevee feel more attuned to the natural world. Eevee found that, when all was said and done, Mew was a head taller than them, which made perfect sense to them. After all, they were a pet, a toy, and they were to always look up to their master. They held their hands behind their back and looked at Mew, as if awaiting commands.

"Good, good... you're perfect."

"A-anything to please you, Master..."

Mew paced around Eevee, getting a grasp at the control they had over their new property. Oh, there was so much they could do with an Eevee who would always do what they wanted them to do. They wondered if they could extend this control to more than one individual. They had Eevee, sure, but there were so many Eeveelutions out there. Anthros couldn't evolve, they simply existed in whatever stage of evolution they were in, so if Mew wanted to own a Vaporeon or an Espeon, they needed to capture another individual. A whole harem of anthros at Mew's command... oh, the very thought inspired Mew's imagination to go wild.

“Little Eevee. I have so many plans... but for now, we’re just going to focus on getting you used to your new life.” Mew pointed eastward toward a clearing. “Follow me, pet.”

Mew led Eevee to the clearing in the woods. There, Eevee saw some vaguely familiar structures, including something resembling a bed made of leaves. A small pond was in another corner of the clearing; Mew probably used it for bathing. It wasn’t much, but it was a cozy little place, hidden from the rest of the world. As long as Mew was around, Eevee would always be happy living here.

“This is where you’ll be staying. For the time being, we’ll be sharing the same bed; I’ll have to make more later.”

Mew walked over to the bed and lied down, staring back at Eevee seductively. Their pose could be described as nothing less than supermodel-like, inspiring arousal in their pet.

“Come here, lie next to me.”

“Yes, Master.”

Eevee walked over to the bed and lied down right next to Mew. That fur was so warm and cozy, so comfortable, perfect for getting cozy and cuddly. Eevee couldn’t help but snuggle up to their new master, in spite of not being told to do so. At the very least, Mew didn’t seem to mind at all; in fact, this seemed to make them even happier.

“Eevee, would you mind being the big spoon this time?”

“I would never mind, Master.”

Mew turned around, and Eevee wrapped their arms around them. Immediately, the master noticed something poking their backside, and wondered what exactly they should do about it. Eevee sure seemed aroused still, but Mew really wasn’t in the mood for sex right now. How to get rid of their pet’s erection... ah, they had an idea.

“Eevee. I have a request for you.”

“Hmm?”

“I see you’re still pent up. Go ahead and take care of that in any way you see fit, just don’t involve me.”

“Ah... okay...”

Eevee turned around, away from Mew. They moved to a patch of grass in the distance, not far enough so that Mew couldn’t watch but far enough that watching wasn’t a requirement. With cock in hand, Eevee proceeded to jerk themselves off. A moan escaped their lips as their hand serviced that rod the best it could. Despite not initially being in the mood, Mew found themselves watching, entranced by Eevee. That cock was quite big... it’d certainly be nice to have it inside of them at least once. There wasn’t much fun in watching Eevee jerk off right now, so why not engage in a bit of role reversal?

“On second thought... Eevee, come here.”

“R-really, you changed your mind?”

“Yes. I’d like you to finish inside me.”

Mew wanted Eevee to finish inside them? Oh, what an honor! Eevee ran back over and landed on the bed, cock still very much erect. Before it could drip any of its contents, it was inserted directly into Mew’s pussy. Mew moaned at the sensation of that fat canine cock filling them up. This encounter soon turned into a complete reversal of their previous encounter; on the ground instead of in the air, slave penetrating master instead of the other way around, and now Mew was the initially hesitant one turned by the intensity of an anthro’s sex drive. Mew wasn’t complaining, though; this was an amazing feeling.

“M-May I cum now, Master...!?”

“S-sure, go ahead...!”

The knot at the base of Eevee’s penis found itself stuck inside Mew’s pussy as Eevee came inside of it. Eevee’s moans grew louder as they came, while Mew lost their composure completely and came onto the grass by the bed. How good it felt, to both be used and to use at the same time. That was the power of being a master, to be able to do whatever Mew pleased in whatever manner they pleased. This was a power Mew was only now getting used to, but even now they knew they could do so much with it.

“Hah... hah... y-you did a great job, you slut...”

“I live to please, Master...” Eevee’s composure was regained near-instantly, and with it they kissed Mew’s neck. They tried to pull out, to no avail. “Uh, Master... I’m... I’m stuck...”

“That’s okay... it will make for great spooning.” Mew laughed subtly. “Eevee, you’ve done well. Rest well, for tomorrow, we’ll have to do more of this... maybe even get you another friend to play with. But now, I need to sleep...”

“Of course... Master...”

Mew passed out from exhaustion. Eevee stayed awake for a few more minutes before the excessive comfort got to them. They shared many of the same dreams, of Mew fucking Eevee in so many different manners, of different Eeveelutions to add to the group. There was little doubting it; they were permanently, psychically linked. It explained how Mew was able to hold so much control over Eevee, at the very least. As their dreams persisted, with some becoming wet dreams, the uncertainty of the future did not matter, for they would always be together, Eevee ready to serve Mew’s every command. It was a simple life, but at the same time, it was undeniably perfect.