

Being a Lopunny had its advantages and disadvantages. The advantages were the typical ones for a Pokémon: None of the stressors of human life, an immense amount of freedom and power, and even if you belonged to a trainer, they'd likely be taking good care of you. As for Lopunny itself, its bipedal nature allows the species to engage in more human-oriented activities. Pokémon Contests, pageants... even some more regular jobs, Lopunny could do them all. Plus, their slender, feminine figures made them popular among some of the more depraved trainers of the world.

Their main downside, however, was one that was rarely discussed. The phrase "breeding like rabbits" held weight even in a world without literal rabbits, as Lopunny were infamous for their high libido. Though the capturing process eliminated this for the most part, wild Lopunny regularly struggled to keep their sex drives in check. They were lucky enough to have each other, at least; two Lopunny could go at it for hours. However, not all were this fortunate; some lived in low-population areas and had to make do with what they had.

One of these less-fortunate Lopunnies was an individual whom is known in the forest as "Pom." Pom was, at least from the waist up, a completely average member of his species. He had flat chest, a pretty face, and those long ears and wide hips that made his species special. Below the waist, however, it was clear that Pom was packing heat: His cock was huge, and with his short stature, it could reach his knee even flaccid. His balls, too, were as big as apples, sizeable things that would get anyone's attention. With a big dick came that signature libido of his kind, increased twofold. This meant it was difficult finding any non-Lopunny partners willing to help satisfy him, leaving him to practice his autofellatio technique to avoid spillage.

To cut to the chase, Pom longed for more. He was sick of being the only Lopunny for acres around, unable to find someone who could truly satisfy his sexual urges and, possibly, have some eggs with. There was Ditto, of course, and as a blob it was a great fuck, but it just wasn't the same. A Ditto's Lopunny impression was accurate at first glance, but when having sex, something always felt just... off. Pom needed something more real than that, something more permanent. If he wasn't going to find any Pokémon to help him, then he had to get creative. His only other option was to either attack a human, or perhaps... make his own Lopunny? How was he going to do that, though?

Fortunately, Pom was quite the clever fellow. Though he couldn't speak the language of humans, he was still just as intelligent as them. When you had no trainer to guide you, you had to be clever, after all. He knew he'd have to act smart if he was going to get to mate with a member of his species, and so he was quick to get to thinking. As for an idea... hmm, perhaps some sort of concoction would do the trick, some potion or herbal mix. He could probably find some berries closeby to make whatever it was more palatable, that was no issue. But berries alone

weren't going to get him what he wanted... not even remotely. And he knew exactly what he was going to need.

Pom scurried off into the woods, his strong hind legs letting him run and jump even with those cumbersome bits of his. He soon grabbed a large leaf from some trees, along with some berries that he could possibly use for later. Using that leaf as a pouch, he proceeded further until he thought he saw what he was looking for: A Ditto. It was there, lounging on a pile of leaves not unlike the one Pom carried. This was a big one too, perfect for what the Lopunny was looking for. He carefully approached the resting, yet mostly awake blob, holding his hands in a docile pose to reduce his threat level. It was then that they began their conversation, which shall be translated below.

“<Hiya, Ditto! Do you mind me asking you a favor?>”

“<Uhhh... sure? What is it?>”

“<It's simple!>” Pom nodded, before pointing to Ditto's blobby mass. “<I need to transform something. Can I have some of that goo of yours?>”

“<Well, okay, but I need something in exchange. I can't just get my mass back from nothing, after all. Do you have any food, or...?>” Ditto then noticed Pom's member, drooling over its length and girth. It was clear to Pom what the blob wanted. “<Oh, that works, that works! I want that thing inside me! Is that alright?>”

“<Well...>” Pom pondered it over. He'd wanted to save himself for this new mate, but he could tell he was already starting to get a little aroused. Plus, with his libido, he'd probably be able to get it back up in no time at all. Ultimately, he relented. “<Alright. I'll finish inside you, I guess.>”

Kneeling in front of Ditto, Pom held it in his hand, squishing it gently. With careful precision, he grabbed a small part of its mass and carefully pulled it away from the rest. It was an incredibly small portion, but it was enough for what he needed. Pom thanked the Ditto, before remembering his own end of the bargain. With that in mind, he shifted over and sat down, legs spread. Pom held his cock in his hand and began stroking it, giving Ditto a knowing look.

“Looooooun...”

Without even a moment of hesitation, the Ditto hurried over to Pom with a look of excitement on its face. Reaching up, it soon enveloped the tip of his shaft like a short fleshlight. It only began to spread further along his dick, its mass stretching to cover his entire length. The feeling of having a Ditto on his penis was a familiar one, not to mention quite enjoyable. It didn't really feel slimy, more... warm, well-lubricated. Just the feeling of it touching his skin made him shiver.

Before long, Pom could sense the sensation of being jerked off, the goo shifting along his length. He lied down, lips trembling and hips thrusting slightly, and let Ditto take control. Not only could he feel himself being jerked off, but he could start to see it as well through the translucent pink. Pom moaned, and a sliver of precum ran down his tip and into the goo. Even Ditto's face, which moved up and down in rhythm with those strokes, conveyed pure erotic bliss. Those strokes grew faster, more vigorous, before Pom realized he couldn't hold it much longer without making that effort. But Pom knew what Ditto wanted, and he knew to give it to him.

“Puuuuun!”

Pom came hard inside Ditto, his semen visible for anyone to see through the blobby mass. With such huge genitalia, it was only fitting that his loads be just as oversized. Ditto took it all in, acting like some sort of condom to protect the delicate ground beneath them from the Lopunny's potent seed. It seemed to be expanding in mass with each spurt of cum loaded into it, until with one last girly moan, Pom was out of breath. He lied on the ground and panted, cock twitching one last time before giving in. Until he found his mate, at least, he was spent.

Ditto crawled down the shaft and onto the ground below. It shook a little once it hit the ground, joyously crawling back over to its spot on the leaf pile. Pom sat up and watched his seed float around its mass like some sort of lava lamp, only to do something he'd seen before: It started to vanish into the pink. The semen slowly faded away, before vanishing entirely to add itself to the Ditto's mass. It might have actually wound up larger now than it was before, and Ditto was all the happier for it.

“<I hope that was a fair trade! Good luck with whatever you need that for!>”

“<Of course... take care!>”

Pom staggered to his feet, finding his energy slowly returning back to him. He shook his hips and winked at Ditto, thanking him for all he'd done. Pom had his sample, and Ditto had some more mass to cover for it. Maybe Pom would come back to see him later, Pokémon weren't exactly known to care for exclusive relationships. For now, though, Pom had to get to work. He sprung off, waving behind him as he hurried closer to civilization.

Anticipation. Excitement. It was all that drove Pom in this moment. He knew what to look for, a human, it was just a matter of finding one. There was one spot he knew of where human trainers occasionally wound up to get some training in for a nearby gym. Pom soon found a bush to hide in, jumping inside and lying in wait. He had his supplies, some berries and the Ditto sample, and if he knew what he was doing, he'd be able to use that Ditto to turn today's lucky sap into a prime breeding partner.

Pom looked outside the bush, keeping himself busy with his thoughts. He imagined himself and this new mate within minutes of the process completing, what they would do together. Plowing her tight pussy, watching and feeling her stomach bulge as his thick cock ran through... oh, it excited him. It was if he hadn't just had a round of sex, he was already getting up again. That was Lopunny for you, ready to mate at a moment's notice even when it was inconvenient. He had to stop himself from touching himself and just keep waiting, and waiting... how much longer could he stand to wait? His patience was wearing thin, so if some schmuck could pass through, that would be...

"Laa, la la laa..."

Aha! There it was, a human! A male, granted, but Pom could make this work! The Lopunny looked at the man to see if he could pick anything out about him. No Pokéballs at his waist and only a small bag on his back indicated that this was probably no trainer, or if he was then his collection was small. He seemed so peaceful, so submissive, yet there was a spark of something. Perhaps he was longing for a new calling in life? A simpler life, maybe? Ah, that'd be something that Pom could provide easily... under certain circumstances.

"Ah, there's nothing quite like nature. The smell of the grass, the sun shimmering down to the ground from above..." The nameless trainer finally pulled out something, a... well, a Pokéball. "And it's where I met my dear Beautifly. I'll always cherish these woods for as long as I live."

At this point, the trainer clearly had his guard down. Knowing this was his best chance, Pom quietly cried out, just enough to get his attention but not loud enough to get noticed by anyone else. There we go, there's his attention got. There's a bit of excitement in the trainer's eye, as if this were the start of some grand opportunity.

"Oho, what's that noise? Hmm... I think it might be a Pokémon. But which one?"

Seeing the trainer approach his bush, Pom dashed off behind some trees. The rustling of the leaves seemed to confuse the trainer further, and so he followed. All Pom was doing here was trying to keep this human away from civilization: He wanted to make sure they didn't run away from this, after all. He occasionally let out more cries to keep the trainer's interest piqued, to keep him wandering into that quiet forest. It was just a matter of finding that perfect spot, the one that would serve as a beginning to his new life.

Ultimately, Pom settled on yet another tree, the biggest he could find. It wasn't like there was much else in these woods, but this was the tree he often slept under during those restless nights alone. Pom grabbed his supplies once more: All he would really need was that Ditto sample, the rest was just for a potential meal. He squeezed it, almost to ensure that it would do exactly what he needed. He sat and he waited until, finally, that damn trainer was able to catch up.

"Hah... hah... hello? I assure you... I mean no harm..."

"<Are you sure?>"

Pom poked his head out from behind the tree to look at that human more closely. He seemed a bit ragged, wearing some jeans and an old hoodie. Shoulder-length, brown hair covered his head, and his eyes were an absolutely striking green color. He wasn't exactly Pom's type, admittedly, but that wasn't going to stop him. With that Ditto, he could at least make this a perfect partner. And judging from his face, the human appeared to be giving him just as much scrutiny.

"A Lopunny! I've never seen one in the wild before, they always seem to be in the possession of trainers. I'm blessed to get to meet such a rare Pokémon face-to-face. You don't mind if I take this moment to scan you, do you?"

Scan him? Pom didn't have a damn clue what he was talking about, but... hey, he wanted to keep this as consensual as possible, might as well get on good terms with this guy, nod along and let him have what he wants.

“<Yes, you can!>”

“Great, thank you...”

The man pulled a strange device from his pocket; it was a Pokédex, a hi-tech encyclopedia. Pom peaked out a bit further, hands gripping the side of the tree and lower half still hidden. He stared into the light the device gave off, a little dazed by it. Fortunately, it was done scanning before long, and Pom returned to normal. The man looked at his device, reading something.

“So you're a male... let's see... Lopunny are typically docile, though this mentions legs a lot... kicking with strong legs, running and jumping with strong legs... wow, someone really likes legs.” The man pocketed the Pokédex and chuckled. “I imagine your legs must be pretty strong if you were able to run this far.”

Pom blushed at the compliment, gently placing one hand against his face and smiling. He was quite proud of his lower half, which as far as he knew was among the strongest of any of his kind. They had to be, after all, if he was going to have to carry around his junk everywhere. Pom could already feel something blossoming that he would merely have to capitalize on. With some quick thinking, he used a move: Charm. With a simple wink, he got on the human's good side and lowered said human's guard... and attack stat, for what that was worth.

“Oh, you're a charmer,” the man said. He then leaned forward, before poking Pom's cheek. “Hmm, you're an odd one. Cute, yet I can sense some vigor. Pent-up energy, perhaps? Or maybe... hmm...” The trainer stood back up, pressing a hand against his own cheek. “You haven't been lonely, have you? You must not see a lot of your kind around these parts.”

“<That's right...>” Pom rubbed his ears sheepishly and nodded, keen on playing up this cute image. “<...ain't it sad?>”

“...oh, that’s a damn shame. No reason you have to be so lonely out here. Here, I’ll tell you what.” The trainer reached into his bag to pull something out. “Did you want to come with me? It’s just me and Beautifly living there, but we get by. And I can get you any kind of food you need, you just have to ask and I’ll at least consider it.”

Pom shook his head. As much as living among humans was tempting, he wasn’t about to give up everything he loved about the wild. He was as free as could be, no need to battle for supremacy. And sure, the libido was an issue sometimes, but those euphoric highs more than made up for those more subtle lows. He looked back at the Ditto sample in his other hand, figuring out a good chance to use it.

“No? Are you sure? How come?”

“<Well, how about...>”

Pom tried his best to gesture something to the human. Communicating wasn’t exactly easy given the language barrier, and he knew for a fact that he wasn’t going to get his more intricate ideas out by screaming Lopunny at him. Perhaps, he suggested, instead of Pom living with him, why doesn’t he just live with Pom? Beautifly could join them too, he could handle having one of those around probably. He didn’t expect an immediate yes, and to his utter lack of surprise, he didn’t get one.

“Wait... you want me to stay here?” The man blinked, clearly unsure of the truthfulness of his interpretation. He tried to run through other ideas in his head, but none made more sense to him than that one. “I’m sorry, I don’t... I don’t see how that’s going to work, I mean I just met you, and I...” He pulled at the drawstrings on his hoodie. “I just want to know what you mean by this, this...”

Pom sighed. Looking at the trainer’s eyes, he figured he could probably use some sort of convincing. He hadn’t a damn idea how he was going to do this, but he was willing to try just about anything. In order to get the idea down smoothly, he just had to say it just as smoothly. This was performed, predictably, by lewd gestures which immediately sent the trainer into a fit of blushing.

“A-are you propositioning me? Are you sure about this? I mean, I... if I were to do it with any Pokémon it’d be something like you, but... I don’t know, do you even have anything down there? I’m not sure how eggs are made, so...”

And so, the opening act began. Pom slowly, steadily stepped out from behind the tree. The trainer could get a full view of the monster between his legs, which even flaccid was still quite the sight to behold when paired with someone less than four feet tall. The trainer was in awe at the size of that lad, an absolute unit. He pressed a hand to his mouth and restrained himself from gasping.

“O-oh heavens, you’re packing!” There was a clear blush on the man’s face. “I’m almost jealous, you get around so well with that thing!” He began breathing heavily, heart clutched to his chest. Pom could only guess what the man was thinking, but something told him he was liking what he saw.

“<I know, it’s great!>”

Pom gave the man a smug smile of satisfaction, before holding up that pink glob in his hand. He held it out for the man to see, hoping to confuse him just enough that he wouldn’t actively refuse to go along with his whims. Besides, the man’s behavior cued him in that he likely wasn’t going to refuse anyway.

“Is... is that part of a Ditto? Why on Earth do you have one of those?”

Pom winked, as if to imply to something to the man... You want what I have, don’t you? You find me attractive, don’t you? I could give it to you, but I’ll need something in return. Pom couldn’t say that all to him, but he could get the message across. The man shook a little as he stood, desperately trying to think of a solution to this quandary. What was he to do if he wanted to get a piece of what Pom was serving?

“...t-this was part of your plan, wasn’t it? You wanted to use that... pink stuff from the beginning, didn’t you? But why? Why would you...?”



Pom, not one to mince word, simulated numerous lewd gestures. The finger in the oval, a symbol so universal that even Pokémon understood it. It was enough to send the human into another blushing fit. Pom saw no problem with being so forward: He might as well be, he knew what he wanted and he knew how to get it.

“Y-you want that? You want... that... and... how does that...”

The Lopunny didn't feel the need to go into too much detail. He kept his explanation as simple as possible: Pom was horny. Pom needed a mate. Pom wanted eggs. There were no other Lopunny for miles. Ergo, he needed to make one. And the human just sort-of happened to be the first person he saw. Luckily for him, this human seemed to be smart enough to get all that even with the language barrier.

“...well, I guess. I can always let Beautifly out of his ball first, since I don't think... I'll be needing it.” There was a pause. “Oh Arceus, I can't believe I'm agreeing to this, but I don't know, I guess... it sounds like a nice change of pace, at least? I guess it's just always been a dream of mine to live among nature and, uh... well, I'll make any sacrifices that I need to if that dream's going to come true?”

Pom breathed a sigh of relief. God, this was so easy. Now, all he had to do was pull the Ditto sample out and wait for the trainer to ready himself. It wasn't long before the trainer pulled out that Pokéball, pressing the button and letting a beam of red energy zap into the air. Out from the ball, a Beautifly popped out. The Bug-type glanced around at his surroundings, its face filling with a nostalgic hue. The human looked up at him, smiling.

“Hey, Beautifly,” he began, “I guess things are gonna be different. We're going to be living out here now, and... I don't know, I might not technically be your trainer anymore. I hope you don't mind, but... I'm sure you won't.”

“<...oh, it's home! How lovely!>” Even without a mouth to smile with, Beautifly was clearly overjoyed to be back in his old home. The trainer smiled up at him, glad to see his joy.

“Love you, Beautifly. You might wanna keep an eye on this, though, just so you, uhm... don't get confused. Because chances are, you won't recognize me when this is done. Trust me on this.” He gave Pom a nod. “Alright, I'm ready.”

With that, Pom held out the sample and placed it firmly into the human's hand. As Pom theorized would happen, the sample expanded and contorted, creeping up their sleeve. That was the trick with Ditto; in order to get a perfect replica, it needed something special: An anchor, something to root itself to. The issue with this was that it would often be permanent, a Ditto that merged with another Pokémon would render them fused for as long as they lived, two consciousnesses sharing one body. Pom spent a lot of time thinking about how to prevent that bit of horror, and he ultimately figured that if a small Ditto could shift into something several times its size, then surely a small, unconscious piece of it could do the same. Now that he was being proven right... oh, it was so exciting.

“Haha, it kind of tickles...”

The human felt the pink slime spread across his body, creeping past all the clothing and covering much of his skin. It was on in a thin layer, like some sort of bodysuit obscured by those layers of fabric. He felt a sudden compulsion to fix that, though he couldn't figure out why he had that compulsion. Maybe it was just to get it out of the way, maybe the extra layer made him feel too hot, but regardless, those clothes had to go. Without much effort, he grabbed his shirt and yanked it off over his head, tossing it next to Pom's tree. The rest of his clothes would soon follow, though the Ditto sample was kind enough to cover anything... personal as he did so. It was a strange sensation, and it only got stranger as the minutes passed. Eventually, it crept up his neck; he closed his eyes, and it covered that, too. He was covered from top to bottom now,

Finally, Pom started to see some results. Pink gave way to a new color on the human's hands: A rich, chocolate brown. Their hands seemed smaller too, a bit more... to-scale. Around the wrists, too, instead of brown one could see an expanding mass of fluffy, cream-colored fur. It formed a sort-of cuff around each wrist, about as wide around as his old arms. Speaking of his arms, they were considerably thinner, maybe even a bit shorter now. As more of his arms were revealed, it seemed his clothes had simply... disappeared, as if they were never there to begin with. These fur-colored limbs were impossible to mistake as human, something Pom was all too happy to notice.

“<It's looking good so far!>”

As pink faded into more brown, more physical changes began to reveal themselves. Most notably, the former human's head began to uncover itself. First came the eyes, so the changing party could actually see what was going on. They shone red, with black sclera surrounding him,

though their roundness helped to offset the darker colors. One could see his nose as well, cute as a button and breathing in deeply after the briefly low supply of air. The mouth was mostly unchanged, aside from a lack of visible lips, but that was soon uncovered to allow them to speak.

“Wow, I feel really different... it’s so lovely... so lo... lop...”

There was a pause, a bit of visible confusion on their end.

“...Lopunny? <What did I just say? Huh, this is really weird... you can understand me, right?>”

“<Loud and clear,>” Pom responded, “<loud and clear.>”

“<Oh wow, I can understand you now, too. That’s great...!>”

Pom could soon see the rest of the new Lopunny’s face, in all its fuzzy glory. Tufts of yellowish cream fur poked out from above his eyes, sort-of like eyebrows, but larger and more feather-shaped. Something was growing from atop his head, too: A pair of two ears, lengthening and bending at an odd angle. After they reached a certain level, they began to droop down and reach further down, from a combination of the ears lengthening and his overall size getting smaller. The brown eventually stopped and gave way for yet more cream, much fluffier and softer in texture. The longer those ears grew, the stranger they felt on his head. When they finally stopped lengthening, they easily reached his knees. He turned his head, and soon enough, he seemed to have a good grasp of carrying himself with them.

With his head complete, the rest of his body needed to change to fit it. The fur continued to creep up his arms, as he also continued to shrink ever so slowly. Soon, his arms were entirely covered in that soft, brown fur. He rubbed one, and the softness immediately brought him to smile. This was all a bit concerning for the Beautifly who was still watching this all from above, maybe a bit overwhelming, too. He couldn’t help but call out and check if his old trainer was okay.

“<Master! Are you okay!?>”

“<Wow, I can understand you too, this is great. Uh, yeah, Beautifully, I’m fine... no need to worry! It just feels really weird, is all!>”

“<...well, if you say so... but I’m still gonna keep an eye out! I don’t want to see you hurt at all, okay!?!>”

“<Still as loyal as ever. Love you, buddy.>”

The old human picked up one leg and could see changes there as well, starting from the foot and going up. The ends were on the thinner side, covered in the fluffier, cream fur that adorned his wrists and ears. This color crept up and up, ultimately reaching his knees before fading back into brown. Notably, the fur around the knee was particularly fluffy, almost puffing outward in spots. He felt very pretty, very cute, very... feminine. Huh, weird.

“<So, uh...>” Pom said in a slow voice. He seemed to be having trouble keeping his thoughts in check, considering his slowly rising member below. “<You never told me your name. Now’s as good a time as ever, right?>”

“<Ooh, sorry, haha! Everyone calls me Angel! Funny name, I know.>”

“<That... works for me... you can call me Pom, for the... record...>”

Pom kept staring at the former human, who he now knew as Angel, shivering with anticipation. He could see that body slimming down, coming closer to his height with each passing second, and he got to imagining. As Angel’s torso uncovered and revealed a flat, fur-covered chest, the differences in appearance between the two grew fewer and fewer. It felt like everything but the most important bits was uncovered at this point, teasing him. He just needed to see what was underneath the rest of that Ditto, and he would be good to go.

Angel looked down to see that there was only a bit of Ditto left, covering those more private parts like some loose bit of clothing. Some of it piled up above his rear end and formed something short and round, a cottony tail which he wiggled to get used to its presence. The rest of his torso was uncovered, and he could now compare it to the surprising wideness of his hips... it all felt really nice. Combine that with his uncovered rear, firm yet bouncy in its feel, and

something just clicked. That feminine feeling, it all felt so nice, so comfortable. They couldn't believe he'd never noticed before, but they just felt more comfortable this way. And perhaps, there was something a bit more than comfort beneath the surface.

“<Wow... uh, Pom? I, uh... I think I'm almost done...?”

Angel could feel something changing beneath the Ditto sample's surface, something... hardening. Hardening, then... shrinking, then something retreating. Their heartbeat raced, and they were very, very tempted to reach down and feel whatever was going on down there, but they had a feeling they'd have to wait for just a moment. Something opening up, the shrinking ceasing, and something forming inside them... it was a lot. Maybe it was a little arousing? No, not maybe, absolutely. They were excited, they were...

“<...I think I'm a girl. I think I like it...>”

Angel was proven right soon after, when the rest of that Ditto faded out to reveal the grand finale. There, where there used to be something very different, lay their... her new pussy. She rested against their tree and looked down, breathing deeply. Pom looked on in a combination of arousal and glee; even Beautifully above seemed flustered by the whole ordeal. She reached down to finally touch it, and immediately felt a shiver down her core. She was wet and needy, and needed help taking care of this, and... well, then she remembered why she was changed in the first place.

“<Need me to take care of that?>” Pom asked. “<We might even get an egg out of it. Or several!>”

“<S-sure... I'd love that.>”

Angel walked over to a clearing and dropped to her knees, before resting her elbows on the ground. She lifted her butt in the air and looked back at Pom with a breathy smile. The male, meanwhile, approached slowly, stroking his cock to get it fully erect. Once he arrived, he was quick to kneel down and rest his member on top of his mate's rear, getting some deep breaths in. He rubbed her ass gently, feeling it in his hands, watching as his cock throbbed on top of her. It wasn't much longer, then, before the fun could begin proper.

Pom's cock found its way creeping past the lips of Angel's pussy; immediately, he was taken aback by how well it fit. There was no struggle to get it in, even though if one were to look down, one could see the bulging outline of his cock inside her. He took it slow and steady at first, grabbing Angel's rear and thrusting inch by inch. With each passing second, he worked to fit a bit more inside, taking care to mind the female's facial expressions. If it looked like she was hurting, he stopped pushing until she was used to what was already in her before pushing ahead.

"<G-golly,>" Angel said, "<I love your cock, Pom... so huge...!>"

"<Golly?>" Pom snorted. "<Arceus above, you're cute.>"

Pom took notice of Angel's fondness for his cock and promptly sped up. He continued his process of sneaking more and more inside, leading that bulge to creep further and further up her abdomen. She was so tight, it was a perfect fit, snug as a glove; he could even feel his cock throbbing inside her with each thrust. Needing some more room to thrust further, Pom prompted Angel to get lower to the ground, which she promptly did. Taking advantage of this, he moved his hands up to her torso, wrapping his arms around, and began to pound her more aggressively. Little by little he pressed on, still working toward fitting his full length inside.

"Loooo... <Yes, Pom, please make my pussy yours!>"

The thrusts grew harder and faster after not too long. Soon, even the entire length could fit inside; the very feeling reduced Angel to moaning bliss. Pom leaned forward and kept thrusting his fat cock inside her, biting his lip when he began to let out some moans himself. His face was as red as could be, there was no hope in keeping himself pent up any longer. It only took one more thrust before, finally, he let loose.

Cum filled Angel's womb, quickly impregnating her with Pom's fertile seed. Both moaned loudly, and Pom kept thrusting for a few moments. The amount of cum coming out was intense; some even dripped out from Angel's immensely wet pussy onto the ground below. They didn't care if anyone was around to see it, they were enjoying themselves too much to even notice. The flow eventually slowed down, but the key word was eventually: Clearly, despite Pom having already cum earlier in the day, the feeling of finally having a compatible mate was enough to get him more than ready. After a while, however, there wasn't much left, and Pom, satisfied that Angel was absolutely pregnant, pulled out.

“Ah... ah... <Wow, that was wonderful...>”

“<Definitely, Pom... you know how to make a ‘mon happy, haha...>”

Pom plopped down onto the ground next to Angel, getting comfortable as he let out his last bit of seed and started to once again grow flaccid. His mate was quick to drop down next to him and breathe a deep sigh of satisfied relief. They cuddled up to each other and smiled, enjoying the ambiance from their deserved rest. Angel noticed how it felt, fur against fur, two fuzzy bodies sharing warmth in the afterglow of a lovely romp. She’d never felt anything so wonderful in her life, she never wanted to give it up for as long as she lived... still, there was something on her mind.

“<Uh, Pom... where’s Beautifly?>”

Pom looked around, trying to find Angel’s old Bug-type companion from the ground. He thought he saw something up in the tree, actually... some sort of silhouette? Upon further inspection, it was absolutely Beautifly, who seemed absolutely exhausted. What happened, did the shock of seeing his former trainer get plowed from behind make him pass out? No, it seemed to be something else, judging from the conspicuous puddle underneath the branch. Pom pointed it out to Angel, and the pair chuckled.

“<Beautifly, I never took you for a voyeur.>” Angel was hardly upset, in fact being quite amused by getting to see a new side to her friend.

“<I-I...>” Beautifly began to stammer, caught off-guard by the pair suddenly noticing him. “<I, I... j-just wanted to make sure he didn’t try any funny business! That’s it, I just got, uh... e-excited? Nothing wrong with that, right?>”

“<Of course not. If you want to find a mate of your own,>” Pom suggested, “<there’s a flower patch up north. All sorts of Bug-types hang out there, I’m sure you’ll find someone to help you blow off steam.>”

“<I’ll look tomorrow,>” he responded, “<but first... I need a nap!>”

And a nap was what he had. The two Lopunnies were quick to join him in his napping conquests, their arms still wrapped around each other in a deep cuddle. Their minds raced with all sorts of dreams, of continued sexual escapades and, of course, the arrival of their first eggs. Neither Lopunny planned on slowing down after their young grew up and began to explore the world, but that was the joy of being a Pokémon. Life was always full of surprises, new potential experiences to enjoy. And the two of them, they were prepared to take it all on.