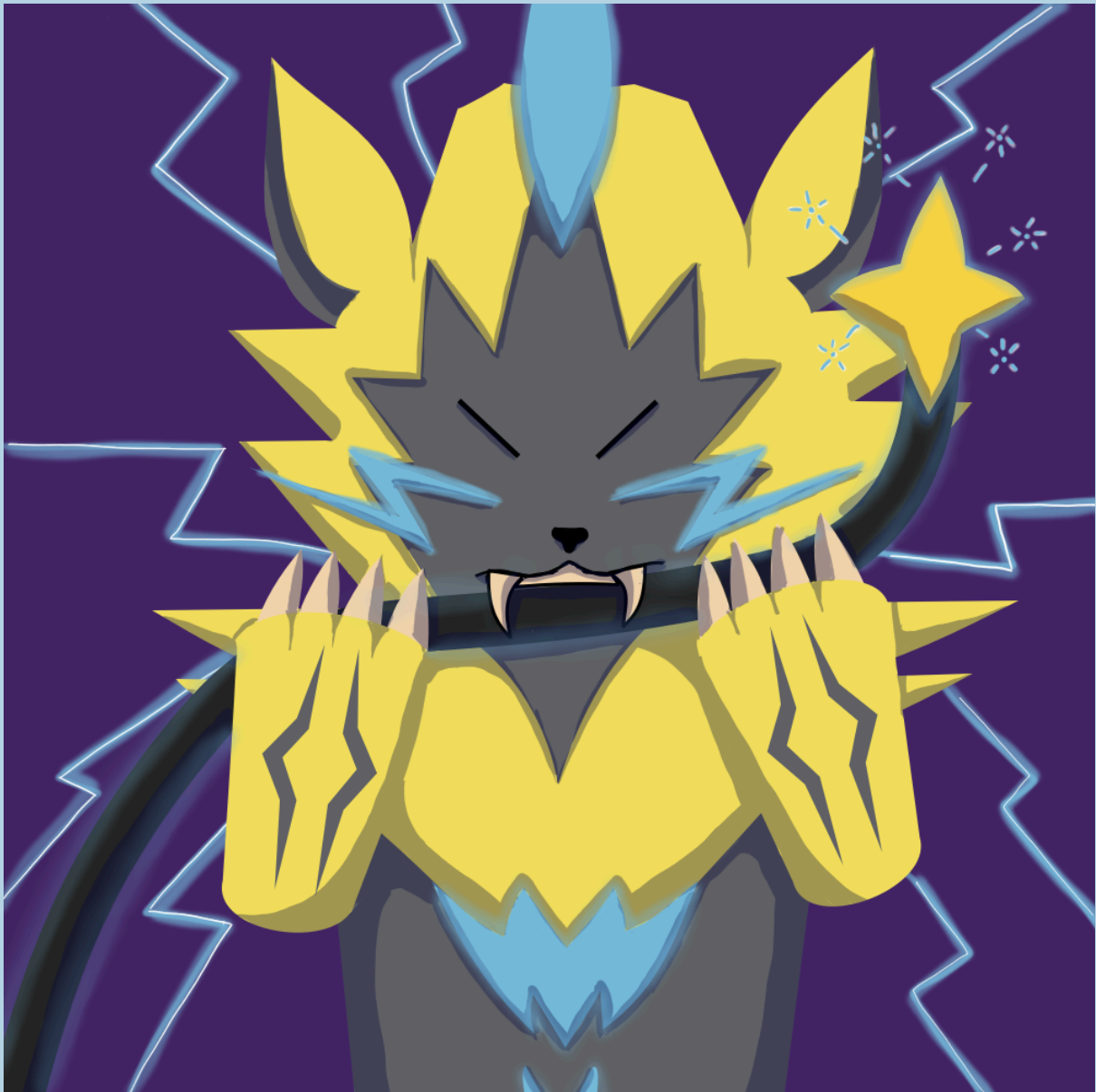


# Hunger of the werezeraora

15th of Macrovenber - Midnight



The woods were dark at this hour, without any lights or assistance from any pokemon, it was hard to navigate the dark. At any moment you could be jumped by a territorial pokemon, and there would be nothing you could do. But you were there with a plan. Well, more like a crazy idea...

The past few days, you heard rumors of a special pokemon that was spotted in th area: a zeraora. No one was ever able to catch a glimpse of one. It was a phantom which seemed to only come out at dark and avoided any noise or sight that was suspicious. Most people dismissed it as rumors, but you were foolhardy. The tracks and fur you could find during the day were too much of a coincidence.

You trawled through the forest for days, and almost got attacked by a cranky luxio, who you almost mistook for the bright yellow cat. Luckily, your pokemon were there to protect you when things went south. But that was also the thing that held you back the most... At day, most people were active, scaring away all of the pokemon, possibly including the electrical feline. And with your pokemon out, you were much easier to hear, to smell, to see. And that's why you chose to skulk around all alone in the woods at night.

The first few moments in those dark woods were scary. Your eyes still had to adjust from the city lights to the gloom of the forest, with barely any light, apart from the moon looming over you. Most mons were asleep, and you had to be very careful not to step on them as you stuck to the underbrush instead of the well-traveled path. With time, you started to make out what the shadows actually were, what was fluttering in the darkness. The odd snap of a branch and the ominous hoohtooting in the distance.

Alert at all times, and very conscious of your own vulnerability, you carefully navigated the woods. Roaming into deeper and denser treelines as civilization seemed to make way for nature and the untamed wilds. For minutes on end you wander around in the dense forest, until you finally spot something, your hand brushes your pokeballs as you tense up. Contrasting sharply against the nightly blues and browns, you caught a glimpse of stark yellow.

You give chase as covertly as you can, but the thing sharply turns to the undergrowth. The thick brambles and branches would cut you up if you were to give chase, but that would be the least of your worries. As something is scurrying around in the woods. It circles you as you try to turn and face it. But when you manage to get a track on it, it changes course and tries a different angle. Slowly you back away, turning to run, but that was your worst choice, as you lose your footing and fall. Your pokeballs scatter around, out of sight.

Just when you try to get up, and reach for your pokemon, you're face to face with the zeraora. Alight with lightning, and claws ready to tear you up. It happens so fast that you immediately get knocked down again, the wind knocked out of your lungs. It goes straight for your shoulder, its fangs dig deep as you let out a loud yell. The feline almost seems to smile as its jaws tighten around you. It shakes its head like a wild tiger trying to tear off meat, but just as suddenly as you got jumped, it releases you and dashes back into the woods.

There's barely any time to comprehend what exactly happened. The wound throbs with a vengeance, and you're bleeding out. The pain in your arm is excruciating, but you can still move it somewhat. You search the forest ground for your pokeballs, but you come to the horrible realization that they have been smashed on the rocks. Whether it was your clumsiness, or the Zeraora taking it out on those balls, you were now truly alone.

With every passing minute, the throbbing in your shoulder got worse, and it seemed to flow farther into your arm. This was it, you were going to bleed out from the bite, and the Zeraora, or whatever other predator pokemon was going to pick you off in your feeble state. Your head began to swim, as your arm grew hotter.

But the worst never came to pass. Instead your afflicted arm grew tighter in your sleeve, and in your irritation, you tore it off. And what you revealed was shocking. Bright yellow and black fur was growing rapidly over your arm, and anywhere it touched, it doubled your muscle in size. You squeezed your hand, and felt the fur *rush* to your palm, rapidly growing your hand into a bulky paw, complete with squishy pads and sharp claws.

It felt hot. Hot to the touch, but also arousing. The arm felt incredible. You feel through the dense fur, and brush through it. A tingle propagates through your human skin and it too grows in fur and size. Tearing through your shirt with no effort at all. You rumble, which turns into a purr as your chest pushes out with massive pectorals which are quickly joined by your core tightening up and pushing out into abs that you could only ever dream of.

In your peripheral vision, you notice stark blue whiskers as your face pushes out. You feel much more dangerous as dull human teeth sharpen into fangs. Your purr turns into a roar as your legs soon join your buff zeraora shape, and your cock arms itself with barbs. As it lengthens to match your physique, your white cum quickly turns electric blue as it shoots out without warning, making you reel from the sudden and violent release.

You huff and investigate your new form in the moonlight, feeling every single muscle, enraptured by your new form. Slowly, you milk the last bits of cum out of your cock, as it slowly chubs into an erection again.

You feel incredible, so much raw power, contained within you. An intimidating form that would put even the most well-trained pokemon to shame. But then the feeling came in. It took a lot out of you to transform, but now... Now it made way for hunger.

Eyes shift to dangerous slits, as you instinctually navigate the forest, using the path you took into the forest with ruthless efficiency, making your way to the city in no time. But instead of returning to civilization, you come to a silent road. Only lit by a single lantern post. With your incredible power, your claws rend a gash in the side of the apparatus and you tear out the wiring. The broken cables shock your senses, and every single muscle contracts, your dick enjoys it all, spewing more seed.

The energy shocks you to your senses. You try to let go, but your hands tense through the sustained shock. With time, you feel fuller and fuller and when you almost feel like you are about to burst, you're finally able to let go. With slow and heavy huffs, you begin to understand what happened. The hunger from the transformation, the hunt for food, until finally finding a source of electricity that could satisfy your incredible form.

When the sun came up, you became your normal self again. Covered in scratches and bruises, not a single piece of clothing on you, and only some broken pokeballs to your name, you were able to get some care at the hospital. Luckily you were able to identify yourself at the bank to get some cash to buy new clothes.

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During the day you were subject to tests, and given a clean bill of health afterwards. You were told to get plenty of rest, but you had a feeling that that wouldn't be needed, as the bite you had sustained couldn't be found anywhere on your body. You were eyeing the sockets on the walls, somehow feeling that there was energy to be gotten from them. These were urges that you couldn't have in the city. So come night, you had made preparations, you had your phone, a fully charged power bank, and a slew of AA batteries to drain in case the *urge* came back.

When night fell and you returned to the woods, you could feel the change coming in. This time, you knew exactly what to do, you threw off your clothes, but cursed yourself when your sharp paws burst through your second pair of shoes. Somehow they looked bigger, and when you took stock of your arms, they weren't doubled. No, they tripled in comparison to your normal size.

The change settled in much more quickly, your muscles and fur booming into existence, making you roar so loud that the surrounding bird pokemon woke up in a panic and scattered about. Your dick sprang to life and with a throbbing pulse, you could feel your power building. The larger and wider your form rose, the more violently your cock bobbed. Pressure built and built, until release suddenly came, and you painted the vicinity in your striking blue cum. You wanted it to last, so you basked in the afterglow. But then the hunger settled in.

You grabbed your phone, and felt the paltry charge flow into your palms. The power bank wasn't satiating much for your even larger size either, holding it out even shorter than your phone. And the batteries? They popped their power before your gluttony, barely even noticeable under the monolith of hunger that was slowly taking its toll on you.

Once more, any rational thought disappeared as feral nature took over. Knowing that there was food to be found, your instincts led you to the road again, but the lantern post couldn't give you any electricity, it was shut off from the grid. Roaring in frustration, you run into the road, coming face to face with a car. It was a standoff between an unstoppable force, and a very movable car.

With one single punch, the hood crumpled into a heap of steel, as the driver ran to safety. Tearing through the wreck, a battery was found, and with a hunger that could barely be stilled, all of its energy was drained.

That should've been enough... On the previous night. But instead the ravenous hunger ate at your mind. It drove you even more wild, now roaring in defiance you ran into a random direction, tearing through the forest, desperately looking for sustenance, but also away from the city and any electricity that could feed you. Running further, running harder, expending more and more energy on your massive muscles. And that's when your body couldn't take it anymore. Eventually you were crawling on the ground. Too drained to even stand on two legs. The world blackened and blackened as you passed out.

Come morning, you had the most massive headache ever. Your stomach was growling, and you were in bumfuck nowhere. But by some miracle, you weren't alone. A random driver was ranting how an enormous Zeraora had wrecked his vehicle, and that he was going to hunt that beast for what it did. Making the most of the situation, you told him that you were a victim as well, managing to go through another day on someone else's hospitality.

That day you prepared for everything, a full belly, the retrieval of your stuff in the forest. The biggest power banks you could muster, and a compass. You knew that this would become a problem, especially with a crazy hunter now dead-set on killing your furry self. You had to leave and fast.

That was easier said than done. You had nothing on your name except for your belongings. And most of those you lost as well. No pokemon, no comfortable clothes, and no transportation. Instead, you used what you had: your legs. Come midday you trekked deep into the forest, never to be seen in the city again.

If there was one thing you didn't prepare for, it would be a map. Because you always depended on your phone, you never needed to have one. And because you spent most of your money on power banks, you didn't even have anything left for a phone with very little battery capacity.

Instead, you were dependent on your horrible sense of direction, trying to walk the way you thought you needed to go and hopefully able to navigate the woods when you were once again transformed.

The night fell quickly, and it started with a scream. The pain was excruciating as your stomach pushed out tremendously, inhumanly far with hard rocks for abs. Slabs topped them off as they jutted out into view. Your cries in pain fell on deaf ears as your arms and legs all simultaneously exploded with power and pain, paralyzing you with their size, leaving you thriving on the forest floor. The fur poking out from under your skin was overstimulating as your fangs grew even larger. The pain throbbed with the muscles, and it took about an hour for you to actually move.

Since you turned there was never any intelligence behind your eyes. Blinded by hunger, you tore through your backpack and crushed the rectangular capacitors under your heft. You didn't even feel anything from draining them.

A roar of frustration then shook the forest, even in the city, folks could hear a beast roaring in desperation for more. Now standing as tall as trees, you bounded through the forest, on the hunt for more. Scanning and searching for any electricity to be found. In your wake, trees were uprooted and the forest became barren. But by barreling along like that, you drained yourself even more than expected.

On the verge of collapse, your body trudged forwards, instinctually following anything that moved, trying to find a source of power that could even give you the slightest drop to move you forwards. Your sight blurs and you collapse from exhaustion. A wave of dust and air stirs as your body hits the ground.

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Silence settled in and some pokemon went on to investigate the part of the forest that the beast had torn up. Many pokemon kept their wise distance, but one of them was brave enough to investigate. And it wasn't even that. He was proud, he was the ruler of this forest, and he would claim this as his victory, as a luxio.

The star-tailed feline approached the downed behemoth, it put a paw on its head and pressed down. It felt good to be on top, especially if a dumb big guy went down like that zera. It snickered to itself as it basked in victory.

But in a blur of motion, the whole forest panicked.

The luxio was held in a vice grip. It tried to struggle against the hold, but its power was slowly failing, and you finally had a drop of electricity to sustain on. The little cocky cat tried to slip through your fingers. Attempted to get away, but your enormous fanged mouth gaped open. In shock, it unleashed more energy, and struggled even harder, making you gape even wider, and chomp down on his shoulder.

The luxio fell silent... Until he let out a bloodcurling scream.

"RRRRAAYYYYYY"

Slowly your understanding returned to you, as you saw the luxio growing just like you once did. But he did not only do that. It was also *evolving*. The scream of a luxray rang through your ears as you could see with your own eyes that it was growing wider and stronger. Forepaws became hands, and plantigrade paws became digitrade as your fangs were pushed out by increasing bulk.

Electricity snaked all around the feline, with pained roars it screamed out. The lightning relentlessly snaked all over his hard body. Flinching from the high voltage he lashed out. But he stilled when you caught his arm. Suddenly, the lightning found an outlet, and you felt the delightful tingle of electricity flowing into you.

The luxray's eyes grow wide while you gleefully take in all of his energy. The pain ebbing away, taken by your ravenous hunger for more. Much more electricity that his body tried to tense up for, but was already taken away by your empty hunger before it could even begin to pose a problem.

He opens his mouth, and tried to speak, but you already dove in for his lips. locking together your two mouths, you can feel the electricity spark from his tongue, directly travelling to your hungry maw. You explore his mouth and find more places where residual energy is hiding and lap it all up.

In response to it all he moans and hugs you closer. You both roam around each other's bodies and feel the musculature that the night has brought to you. In between you both, there was a race unfolding, two dangerously, barbed and glistening cocks rising to the building tension between your bodies. The rubbing and grinding of your two forms made them rise higher and higher, and although you were fighting hard against release, your dick betrayed you, as the luxray was painted in even more blue than his underfur. Not wanting to be outdone, his yellowish cum painted your gray fur not too soon after.

"Fuck, I never thought that someone like you would make me feel this incredible."

Your eyes go wide as you just heard the cat talk. Well, you thought they never could talk... Wait, could you talk? You move your mouth to make the sounds and somehow you hear your voice coming from your throat, albeit much more gruff.

"And I never thought that a spunky little kitty like you could become such a stud of a man in so little time."

"Oh, I'm known to be a grower." He smiled back, making your cock jump in response. And you could feel his brush back at yours in reply.

His muscles swelled under your touch, and you could feel that your body also kept on expanding like his did. Both of you admired each other during the moonlit night. Enjoying each other's company, warmth, and some hot fucking when you had to blow off some steam.

Come morning, the forest was filled with craters. Two pairs of enormous pawprints had flattened the trees in the area. And one wouldn't need to look far to find the culprits. As the morning rose, your rising forms were locked in. An almighty zeraora hungering for electricity, and his luxray husband, always generating it for your hungry maw, plowing each other in the mountains, and being a general menace to nature and society.