**The Rarest Pokémon Volume 1, Chapter 1 – It’s a whole new world.**

Kicking off the ground, he dodged left to evaded the bolt of lightning that shot past his side. Upon braking, he immediately channelled the power he had stored up to launch a vicious attack. Naturally, his attack struck and a large chunk of lifeforce was shaved from the colossal beast that screeched in agony.

The battle may have been tough but the feeling of satisfaction that came from victory as a result was all the sweeter.

Or at least, that was how Matthew envisioned the scenario in his head.

In reality, a young high school graduate was standing on a desolate bridge, tapping away furiously at his phone screen, swiping left or right with practiced rhythm and timing.

"Man, it sure is cold tonight."

White mist left his mouth as the light of the screen illuminated his lonely figure.

Having made quick work of the large bird of thunder, he was collecting his mediocre loot and preparing to catch the boss when the group chat lit up with notifications.

-Look at this absolute shit CP T-T \*photo attached\*.

-Lol, dog water.

-Are you sure you're not shadow banned? O\_O

-Probably banned for spoofing lol.

-3200cp biatch, take it all :)

Matthew looked at the screen with a bitter smile. When the game had first been released, he and his friends would get into all kinds of trouble, ending up in places where they weren't allowed, just to seek out the rarest Pokémon that hadn't even been added to the game yet. These days, now that all the hype had died down, most of them would just sit at home and spoof to the various locations around the map. Even tonight, when they had made plans to meet up and take down the Zapdos that appeared at the gym near the bridge, he was the only one that actually showed up, an occurrence that was becoming more and more common.

He couldn't hold it against his friends though, losing some of your passion after the hype had died down was natural, there weren't that many like him who would still find themselves standing out in the cold night, multiple blocks away from home, to catch a legendary that had lost most of its relevancy at this point.

-Anyway, catch you guys tomorrow, gonna go do the devil's work and then go to bed.

-Make sure to wash your hands afterward -\_-

-Anybody up for some Destiny?

-I’ve been spamming Crucible all day T-T

Matthew wrapped things up after successfully adding another CP 3100 Zapdos to his collection, beginning his walk home amidst the whistling of the group chat within which topic had already changed.

Along the way he stumbled upon a sight that was rare to see these days. Standing outside of a mosque that was a known landmark and gym in the game, was a girl of about high school age. She was in casual wear with a hoodie and a skirt. Her raven black hair would probably blend perfectly into the night if not for the light of the streetlamps and the streaks of vibrant violet that highlighted her hair. What really caught Matthew's attention though was what he saw on the girl's phone screen when he took a peek.

Evidently, she was trying to solo raid the Arcanine atop the gym and was failing...miserably.

"Dammit, isn't water supposed to counter fire? Why is the damage so low?"

The frustration was clearly written on her beautiful face as she tapped away to no avail.

*“A new player huh.”*

Normally Matthew was an advocate of minding one's own business but seeing the girl already down half a squad and reminiscing about the days of new players flooding into the game every day, he made the bold decision to help her out discreetly. He only hoped she didn't find him creepy for lingering around her so blatantly at this hour into the night.

The girl had just lost another Pokémon and was getting more annoyed when the boss's health began to decline rapidly all of a sudden. Looking closely, a Samurott had appeared on the other side of the gym at some point. It didn't take long before the Arcanine was melted, and she was finally greeted with the capture screen after trying for so long.

"Hey, you helped me out just now, right?"

The look of joy on the girl's face as she bagged a pitiful CP 1700 Arcanine gave Matthew a warm feeling, as if he'd returned to the good ol’ days.

"Yeah, well I saw you struggling so I just thought I'd help you out a bit."

"Thanks! I've been trying forever to catch one of these!"

“No problem, you have a good night now.” Matthew switched of his phone and shoved it into his pocket, getting ready to leave, but was stopped by the girl.

“Hey, leme at least buy you a coffee or something to repay you!”

“Uhm, I don’t think that’s a good idea, you should probably head home.” Matthew tried to turn the girl down, thinking about what the implications would be for the two of them to be loitering around together at night.

“Oh, come on, the vending machine is right there. We can just sit here and spin the Stop for a bit, I really wanna see what a high-level account is like.”

Matthew tried again to turn her down but, in the end, seeing how stubborn she was, he decided that it wouldn’t hurt just to chat with her a bit. When the game had just come out, it was quite common for groups of completely random strangers to gather around each other and interact as if they were long-time friends. That period really helped to bring him out of his introversion and now he was reminded of that time period. Matthew allowed the girl to buy him a coffee at the vending machine, she herself getting a soda, and the two sat at a nearby bench.

For a while the two conversed as Matthew showed the girl the best Pokémon he’d gathered over time while offering her a lot of helpful advice along with various tips and tricks. The conversation flowed so naturally that Matthew was losing track of time and he unknowingly began regaling matters about his personal life and experiences to the girl.

“So, I guess your friends just aren’t as into it anymore huh?”

“Yeah well, they’ve got their own personal stuff and responsibilities to see about, nobody really has the time anymore.”

A bitter smile reappeared on his face as he spoke. On and on he went about his time playing the game, about the friendships he’d made and lost and about his desire to live the life of adventure, the same as his character in the game.

“Hey, you know what, maybe it was fate that we met like this tonight. I’ve been told that people’s dreams tend to come true whenever they meet me. Why not give it a try and tell me what you really wish for deep down?”

“Come on, now you’re just being silly.”

Matthew stifled a yawn; it was getting pretty late.

“No really, why don’t you give it a try, it’s not like you have anything to lose.” She was really persistent about the weirdest things.

Feeling like he could fall asleep at any moment, Matthew decided to humour her one last time before he headed home, “Okay fine, I wish I were in the world of Pokémon. You think you can make that one come true, miss fairy godmother?”

It was an obvious provocation, but the girl didn’t seem bothered at all and only gazed back at Matthew with a bewitching smile bathed in the moonlight.

“I don’t know, seems pretty doable to me. Just make sure to thank me when your wish comes true.”

“Geez, what are you talking about, as if that’ll ever happen.” Matthew had been rubbing tears out of his eyes after letting out a huge yawn, only for his heart to skip a beat when he opened his eyes again.

The girl he’d just been talking to, whose voice was still vivid in his head, was gone without a trace as if she’d never existed in the first place.

Matthew stared blanky for a few second before jumping to his feet, not daring to look back, not daring to think about whether or not any of what just happened was an illusion or a bad ghost story in the making. All he could think about was getting into his bed as soon as possible, his feet carrying him with brisk steps that were midway between walking and running.

When he finally got to his room a while later, he plopped right unto his bed. Only then were his frazzled nerves finally able to calm down. Whether from the tiredness of being up all day or the adrenaline dissipating from his recent fright, it didn’t take long for his heavy eyelids to shut as he drifted off into a deep slumber.

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Matt woke up to a strange feeling. The familiar softness of his mattress was replaced with a hard and rough feeling against his back. The slight musty smell that usually accompanied a neet's room was now replaced with the refreshing scent of fresh air with a hint of greenery. The cold dry air from the ac was now humid.

Matt gingerly opened his eyes, hoping that all of this was just an illusion, but the sight that greeted him was indeed as he imagined.

"This has to be a dream, there's no way this is real."

Even when he pinched himself, the sight of the large trees of unknown species and the plentiful foliage adorned with colourful fruits of all variety didn't disappear. The lush forest scenery was unlike anything he'd seen before whether in real life or on TV. It was almost like he was in another world, and Matt discovered something that suggested that maybe he really was in another world.

"Are these, berries? This, this is a Razz berry, and those are Pinaps?!"

Matt's feeling of dissonance slowly transitioned into bewilderment and then excitement. The fruits that he was seeing hanging from the trees and bushes were recognised at a glance as those that were present in the game!

At first Matt was thinking that he'd been put into a large-scale event to celebrate the three year anniversary of the game’s release, but after thinking about it properly, he realised that such a things didn't make much sense at all.

The last think he remembered was falling asleep in his bed. For him to be here now would have to mean that he was kidnapped in the middle of the night by the game company and brought here. On top of that, everything around him seemed way too real, including the azure sky hanging above his head. No matter how wealthy the company had become through the success of the game, it was highly doubtful that they would be able to create an environment so vast and realistic.

That left him with only one other possibility, and it had to do with that ghastly encounter he had last night.

He replayed the encounter in his head, him getting weirdly talkative about his personal life, the girl suddenly disappearing and giving him a fright, and... the "wish" that he made.

"You're kidding me...right?"

The only answer Matt got was the sound of an Aerodactyl screeching in the distance.

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Matt had been manoeuvring through the thick forest for about 20 minutes now. It didn't take long for him to eventually come across some actual Pokémon, the existences he had coveted for most of his life.

They obviously weren't the same as how they were in the anime. At the same time, they didn't exactly look like completely real animals either. For the most part, they looked like 3D renderings of their realistic concept artworks that was frequently posted online, though without all the creepy diversions from their original forms.

Even though the few he'd encountered so far didn't look as ferocious as one would imagine, Matt was still level-headed enough to not let his guard down.

The threateningly sharp lances of the Beedrills buzzing by, the iron hooves of a galloping Zebstrika, all of these posed a real threat to his fragile human form that was woefully susceptible even to the natural abilities of the animals back on earth. This was especially so in the case of those that were clearly predatory like the massive Arbok that he'd almost ran into along the way.

While he was scurrying about and hiding among the trees, Matt became overcome with melancholy that contrasted the feeling of wonder. Obviously if he was in a new world then that meant that he'd left behind many things, including all of his friends, and loved ones. Isekai protagonists were usually orphaned or lived alone, therefore they often had little to no regrets about being thrown into a new world. However, being in that situation for oneself, as someone who grew up in a regular home with a normal life and an average family, it was a truly bittersweet experience.

However, Matt decided to think about things as positively as he could. He obviously had no way to return to his former world, and the life of a Pokémon trainer was one he'd fantasised about all his life. He would make the most of it and aim for the top in this new world; to be the very best, that no-one ever was.

This was the resolve that drove Matt forward as he finally saw the light beyond the trees after walking a fair distance.

"First thing's first, get to a town, gather information and make preparations to start my journey."

His newfound enthusiasm carried him beyond the tree line where he gazed upon the first manmade road he'd seen since he got here.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Matt took off toward the start of his new life.

***Whack!***

It happened way too abruptly. All of a sudden, there was an impact of something solid striking him in the head. As Matt staggered in shock, a thud was heard and something seemed to fall to the ground before rolling and stopping at his feet.

Clutching his aching forehead, Matt looked down to see an object at his feet that practically anyone would recognise at a glance.

"The fuck, is that a Pokeba-"

***Flash!***

Before he could finish, his vision was overtaken by a blinding red light that suffused the immediate surroundings for about three seconds before it eventually died down. All that was left at the scene was the Pokeball laying in the grass; Matt had disappeared without a trace.

Mere moments later, the large shadow of an unknown creature was cast on the Pokeball that was shaking back and forth on the ground as if it were alive.

Matt opened his eyes to find himself floating in a dark, unknown space. Everywhere he looked was an empty, black void full of nothingness. The feeling of weightlessness made his stomach lurch as his limbs flailed restlessly, trying desperately to grab on to something, anything.

"What the fuck is it this time?!"

Scared stiff by some spirit or ghost or whatever, shuttled off to a new world with nothing but the clothes on his back, and now he was suddenly sucked into an empty void. Matthew was starting to think that he was a serial killer in a past life to have to be going through all these messy situations one after the other.

Little did he know that his problems were only just beginning.

The empty void was suddenly occupied by innumerable tendrils of silver light that curled and wrapped around every part of Matt's body before he could react. The moment the light came into contact with him, it was like his very existence became obscure, his entire body relaxed, and his mind became numb. No matter how he tried to lift his hands or kick his legs, there was a disconnect that denied his actions, as if he were a prisoner in his own body.

There was something slowly encroaching on Matt's mind, a desire toward absolute obedience was being implanted in his psyche little by little, he immediately became terrified of this powerful mental suggestion that was as if trying to rewrite his existence as a person. This terror seemed to wake him up from his daze and he suddenly stretched his limbs out, shattering the light that bound him. The void tremble from his actions, bringing Matthew a faint sense of joy. However, his joy didn't last long as more tendrils of light, even thicker than before descended upon him.

This time he was unable to put up the slightest resistance as the law of obedience was engrained onto his psyche, branded unto his very soul. When this happened, his thoughts started to become very strange. Mixed within his will was a strong desire to be subservient to a specific being, a being he still had yet to even meet. However, he got the feeling that he was going to meet this being very soon, it was a thought that brought him an odd mixture of eagerness and unwillingness.

Near the area where Matthew had disappeared, a Pokeball with yellow and black markings was flashing with red light as it was clutched by a large furry hand. Though rather than a hand, it was more like a hand-shaped paw, adorned with large, meaty fingers with black pads on the underside segments and short yet sharp claws peeking through the tips. The whole hand was coated in glossy fur that was orange like fire, with streaks of obsidian black mixed in, similar to a tiger print.

Eventually, the flashing red light of the Pokeball halted and soon dissipated as sparkling specks of silver light. It was at this point that a feminine voice was heard expressing great satisfaction.

"That was easier than I thought it’d be, all it took was one Ultraball."

The owner of the voice playfully tossed the ball into the air a few times and then then spun it on their claw like a basketball, clearly in a good mood. After doing so for a little while, they became eager to take a good look at their catch and held the ball with its button facing the front.

"Come out!"

Instantly, the Pokeball split across the middle and opened up, spilling a deluge of silver light that began to take shape and formed a distinct silhouette. What was revealed when the light finally faded was the figure of a human male, standing there blankly and staring at his new "owner" in a daze.

Matthew was floating in the once again empty void in a state akin to suspended animation. He was vaguely aware of himself, but his perception of time seemed to operate as if he were asleep: it slowly passed by without him being able to properly grasp it. Suddenly, he experienced a feeling like he was being called for, and before he could do anything, he was enveloped in silver light and vanished from the void without a trace.

When he came to himself, he felt the grass under his bare feet, which was strange since he'd been wearing shoes. His hazy consciousness quickly cleared up from its dampened state and with it came the realisation of his current state. Well, that was just great, on top of everything he’d gone through already, now he was naked as the day he was born to boot. The light that was blinding him slowly died down and Matt tried to mentally prepare himself for whatever he was about to encounter. However, the sight that finally greeted him in the end wasn’t something he could’ve ever accounted for, and it left him totally stunned.

As was mentioned before, Matt had come across numerous Pokémon in his short journey so far and one thing they all had in common was that all of them looked like semi-realistic versions of themself from the TV series. However, that concept seemed to be broken by the unique existence that now stood before him.

Standing there was an Arcanine. Deep orange fur with black stripes and tan fur on its face and stomach. Large bushy tail, razor sharp claws and fangs and a domineering aura as if it could turn aggressive at any moment. These were all features that Matthew was accustomed to seeing in a regular Arcanine.

But this was definitely no regular Arcanine.

For one thing, it stood on hind legs that resembled a human’s, minus the clawed and padded footpaws. It's furry legs that made up half of its over two metre standing height were large in volume in a way that was well-toned and slightly muscular. It’s plump calves and thunder thighs made for a pair of stunning legs that degenerate netizens would dream to have their heads crushed between.

Moving on up, it had a plump waist that contoured perfectly with its wide hips and its tan stomach was slightly pudgy yet tight, showing of a clear abdominal outline. A bosom of large furry breasts with puffy, deep brown nipples were deformed by its large, thick, furry arms that were folded across it's chest as it leaned its large back against a tree and stared right at Matthew. It's face was mostly that of a regular Arcanine’s, but with slight human features mixed in to give it a seductively wild look.

All in all, it was the very image of a thicc anthropomorphic Arcanine woman that could be commonly seen on sites like Rule 34.

That was already surprising enough but there was something else about the Arcanine that caught Matthew by surprise. Judging by its features, this anthro Arcanine was clearly female, the juicy hips and massive tits made that obvious enough. Yet if one merely took a rude glance at her crotch out of the corner of their eye, they would notice a part of her that stood out like a sore thumb bathed in bright red spray paint! A virgin he may be, Matthew had a decent enough understanding of biology and knew for a fact that female’s weren’t supposed to have a full set of cock and balls hanging between their legs!

That’s right, a cock, a penis, whatever you wanted to call it, the Arcanine was in fact sporting a package the likes of which Matt had never seen even in the most bizarre porn videos! The clearly flaccid member that was the same dark shade of brown as the Arcanine’s nipples was already almost the length of Matt’s forearm! It’s girth was such that he had no confidence in wrapping its circumference even when using both hands.

The overly impressive cock rested against a set of nuts that were like two fully inflated water balloons crammed into a black plastic bag. Matt inadvertently began to have weird thoughts about just how much cum those balls that were larger than a horse’s could produce. However, he quickly dashed these strange thoughts from his mind and once again took in the full view of the Arcanine’s naked form. Of course, he wasn’t the only one closely observing the other party.

"I've heard a lot about humans, but you creatures really are pretty weird looking."

Matthew was brought back to reality by the mature feminine voice of the Arcanine. She actually spoke English! This revelation almost brought him as much shock as did the discovery of a full scale anthropomorphic Arcanine dickgirl. Matthew had no clue what the other party’s intention were, but he grew hopeful from finding another being that he could communicate with.

"Hey, you can understand me, right? Where is this place, how do I get to town from here?"

He did his best to supress the multitude of questions that he really wanted to ask and instead focussed on what was truly important. Although he was being mentally suppressed by the large Arcanine's domineering presence, he still worked up the courage to grasp this opportunity and gain some insight into his current circumstances. It seemed like things were destined not to go his way though.

"It also makes a bunch of weird noises, haha." The Arcanine moved away from the tree and started walking over to Matt in a relaxed motion, her large tail swaying from side to side to match the motions of her luscious hips. Her sudden approach made Matt nervous beyond measure, but it was her words that truly made his heart sink.

*“She can't understand me? But we're both speaking the same language. No wait...”*

"You guys are supposed to be extinct right? I wonder where you came from then. I'll have to bring you over to Professor Luc’s later and find out what’s up."

The Arcanine now stood right in front of Matthew, her fully naked form laid bare in front of him as she stood a couple heads taller than the puny human. Matt however had all of his attention directed toward the movements of her mouth and was able to notice the disparity in the way her lips moved and the actual words that he was hearing. It was as if he was watching a dub of a foreign film.

*“It's like her words are being translated and conveyed directly to my mind. I can understand her, but she can understand me...wait a minute...did she just say that humans are extinct?”*

It was only now that Matt noticed how close the Arcanine had gotten, and he became overwhelmed by her presence. The Arcanine on the other hand continued completely unconcerned.

"She's gonna be thrilled to see a new specimen after such a long time, but before that..."

As she said this, the Arcanine placed her large hands on Matt's shoulders and lightly pressed down.

Normally, not matter how much Matt was intimidated by her, he would’ve offered up some amount of resistance, if not out of pure reflex. However, his body reacted before his mind and he dropped to his knees in one fluid motion, as if it were something he himself wanted to do, however this clearly wasn’t the case. There was a terrifyingly familiar feeling of compulsion that overcame him in that moment, causing him to fulfil the Arcanine’s desire against his own will! This realisation sent a chill down Matt's spine, but unfortunately, he was given little time to cope.

The Arcanine used her free hand to grab onto the floppy shaft of her meaty member that had at some point began to swell and rapidly gain in size. The bulbous head of her cock was revealed beyond her tightening foreskin, it was oddly enough the same shade of dark brown as her shaft and pillowy nutsack.

The swollen phallus was plopped right onto Matthews face just like that with a wet smack. The Arcanine’s powerful heartbeat was transmitted directly to his facial features through the pulsations of the hot, engorged flesh that draped comfortably over his eyes, nose, and gaping mouth. A thick, musky stench wafted off of her slightly moist shaft and bloated orbs, completely dominating Matt’s senses as the Arcanine looked down upon him, flaring her long, sharp canines in a predatory grin.

"...let's see what you can do with that pretty little mouth of yours."

This was most definitely not the journey that Matt had in mind...

***To be continued…***