

Well, this is my first story in...over 3 years I believe. I'll be posting a journal concurrently with uploading this story explaining exactly why that is. For those who can't be bothered to read it (can't blame you) the basic gist is that I now have quite a bit more time on my hands, so I'll be spending that time writing. That also means that I'm going to need ideas of things to write about. I'm creative, but I'm not creative enough to dream up enough content for several stories a week over the course of months. If you're interested in a free story, feel free to message me and give me an outline. Anyways, on with the show!

**P.S. The obligatory disclaimer: If you are under the legal age to view adult material in your area, please turn back now. All individual characters depicted are copyrighted to the author, and the Pokemon franchise is copyrighted to Nintendo. Despite the use of some adjectives as "little" and "young," the characters depicted are not meant to be portrayed as underage, and these terms are meant to imply small size and inexperience respectively. Alright, disclaimers over.*

Virginity Gone in a Flash

It was a hot, sunny day and the meadow was swelteringly hot. It was just the sort of day Vigo loved...sadly, he wouldn't be able to enjoy it for very long. The young quilava had very special plans today. He had recently managed to figure out how to learn the move Flash, and after practicing at night a few times, pissing off several sleeping pokemon in the process, he thought he was ready to put it to use. Close to where he lived in the meadow, there was a dormant volcano with a cave that led deep underground to a network of lava tubes. Several fire-types lived in those lava tubes, some of whom were Vigo's friends. Previously, they'd always had to come visit him, or escort him through the caves down to where they lived. Now the little fire weasel could make it on his own. He couldn't wait to see the looks on their faces when he popped up unexpectedly. He was also bringing a bunch of berries with him for his buddies, since obviously no trees grew in the caves.

Vigo made sure his rucksack was securely tied to his back before heading off. He walked deliberately slowly in order to soak up as much sunlight as possible. His friends had insinuated several times that he should go live in the lava tubes with them, but the quilava couldn't leave the sun, nor the nearby forest with all its delicious berries. All too soon, he arrived at the cave entrance. The gaping black hole seemed to leer out at him. Vigo pushed aside his uneasiness and went in. As the inky darkness engulfed him, he gave off a bright flash and moved deeper into the cave, leaving the sunny meadow behind.

Karnis was sleeping, hanging from the ceiling of the cave amongst the stalactites. The noivern was in the middle of one of his usual salacious dreams when a strange light bright enough to shine through his eyelids disturbed him. Cracking his eyes open, he blearily looked around for the source of the illumination, only to be walloped in the face by a disoriented zubat. Now fully awake and quite irritated, he spied the perpetrator behind the shining radiance far below him. It was a little quilava, standing down on the cave floor. Karnis had clearly told all of the fire-types that lived deeper in the caves to stay away from his cavern with their bright lights, or there would be consequences. As the angry noivern contemplated how to best punish his trespasser, he paused and wracked his memory. He

didn't recall ever seeing a quilava down below. This wasn't some slugma made of pure lava or a rock-covered torkoal, this was a soft, warm mammalian pokemon. The big dragon bat now knew *exactly* how he would handle the intruder. Smiling to himself, he dropped down from the ceiling towards the confused-looking quilava.

Vigo was lost. When he entered the cave, he was so sure he'd remember the way down to the lava tubes. Now it seemed that he had taken a wrong turn somewhere. He was in a large, open cavern with at least three exits, not including where he'd just come in from. He was looking around, trying to figure out whether he should move on or double back when he was interrupted by something crashing to the ground right next to him. The poor quilava nearly jumped out of his skin and yelped. Looking at the source of the crash, he saw a large noivern looming over him.

"Well now," the noivern said icily, "what seems to have made its way into my cave? You're trespassing my little friend."

Vigo trembled as he assessed his predicament. He could try to fight the noivern off, but dragon-types were resistant to fire. Besides, this *was* the noivern's home. It wouldn't be right to first disturb him, then attack him. He could run, but he was lost, and he was sure that the big bat could fly faster than he could run. The only option left was to apologize profusely. If necessary, he could part with a few of his berries as a peace offering.

"I-I'm sorry," the quilava stammered. "I was just g-going to visit my friends and I got lost. I didn't mean to bother you."

"And you think that's an excuse for bumbling around, shining like a lighthouse, and disturbing everything in here? We live in a dark cave for a reason." The big noivern took a step closer and looked, if possible, more menacing.

"I'm really, really sorry," Vigo repeated. Clearly just an apology wasn't working. Reaching into his rucksack, he felt around for a nice big berry. Pulling out what turned out to be an oran berry, he held it out to the noivern. "I have some berries you can have if you want."

The dragon bat licked his lips and smirked down at the little mammal. "Actually, I'm more interested in taking a cherry."

"Oh, okay," the quilava said, feeling relieved. He replaced the oran berry and felt around for a cherri berry, offering it to the noivern once he found it.

"Not *that* kind of cherry," the larger pokemon said before lunging at the weasel.

Vigo's relief turned to confusion at the noivern's response, then panic when he appeared to attack. Thankfully for the quilava, his terror caused his Flash to ramp up to painful levels, causing the charging noivern to pause and shield his eyes. Vigo didn't pause to thank his good fortune, he just dropped his berry and bolted for the nearest exit.

After sprinting through the cave for a few minutes and making several random turns, he thought he was safe. He slowed his pace and tried to catch his breath and get his bearings. As he looked around, his eyes fell on something a few feet from where he stood. It was a cherri berry. Before the full

implications of what he saw could register, Vigo felt himself be hoisted up into the air by his rear legs. Looking down, he could only see a pair of black feet with red claws leading up to muscular calves.

The little quilava shook uncontrollably and waited for the pain. Instead of a blow to his exposed underbelly, he was surprised to feel a long, wet tongue drag over his fuzzy sheath and balls and up to his tailhole. He was so shocked, he almost didn't feel how pleasurable the sensation was. He certainly noticed it when his captor repeated the action a second, then a third time. Vigo was now shuddering and whimpering in pleasure as his bright red cock began to slip out of his sheath. Before long, he was fully erect, his shaft twitching in the cool cave air.

It didn't last long though, as that tongue returned, wrapping around the throbbing member and pulling it into a warm, wet maw. The quilava's whimpers turned into full-fledged moans as the noivern bobbed up and down on his throbbing member. He was brought back to reality by the feeling of something moist and musky slapping into his face, first on the left side, then on the right. Opening his eyes, he saw two uncut cocks, one on each side of his face, extending up from the noivern's groin. Vigo was always proud of his own length, being quite a bit above average for his size, but these were massive. The little weasel doubted he'd have one cock that big when he evolved to a typhlosion, much less two. Staring at the twin members, Vigo knew how he could repay the bat for all the good feelings he was getting.

Karnis slurped happily on the quilava's respectable penis. He wasn't expecting the little guy to be packing something so large and juicy. The noivern couldn't quite believe his luck. When the weasel had blinded him and run off, he thought he'd lost his chance for fun. Imagine his surprise when his quarry had come bumbling back into his cave less than ten minutes later.

The dragon-type's thoughts were interrupted by the feeling of something warm and wet clamping around the head of one of his members, while paws grasped and began rubbing the other. Karnis moaned into his mouthful as the quilava began suckling on his right cock, his tongue probing into the foreskin to tickle the sensitive glans underneath. The noivern didn't expect his captive to actually begin reciprocating, but he certainly wasn't going to complain.

Feeling no need to continue dangling his unexpected partner upside down, Karnis laid himself down on his back and released the quilava's legs. The little mammal used his newfound freedom to push himself forward, taking the cock deeper into his maw. This movement left the noivern in a difficult position to continue sucking his new friend's dick, so he instead employed his long tongue to penetrate the weasel's ass. As he worked his thick muscle into the clenching tailhole, he made sure to apply a lot of pressure to the little nub that was the quilava's g-spot. This made the fire-type begin to suck much more vigorously.

After several minutes of assaulting the furry mammal's prostate, he began twitching and grunting around the cock buried in his throat before releasing his load, painting searing lines of cum across the noivern's belly. Karnis slowly withdrew his tongue from the quilava's ass before pulling the little guy of his cock, which was now hilted in his throat. There was a noise of disappointment as the large head came out with a loud pop. The bat turned the panting quilava around so they were face-to-face and locked lips with him. There was a little resistance as the surprised weasel figured out what was

happening, but he quickly leaned into the kiss. Karnis slipped his tongue into the smaller pokemon's mouth, tasting his own pre mixed in with the other's saliva.

Vigo had never experienced feelings like this before. The noivern that had initially terrified him was now making love to him, invoking sensations more powerful than anything the young fire-type had ever felt. He'd started pawing off back when he was a cyndaquil. He'd even sucked his own member before. Somehow, having someone else do it was so much better, and he'd never guessed how much pleasure could come from his tailhole. Speaking of which, his rear was feeling empty now that the noivern's thick, slimy tongue had left it, though that same organ was now probing around his mouth.

The quilava felt a solution to his predicament almost immediately. In his new position, the cock he'd been sucking on was now pressing against his backside, still slick from the blowjob it had received. His tailhole was also still stretched out and lubed up from the noivern's treatment. Not breaking the kiss, Vigo rocked his hips back, pressing his tailhole against the slick member, and groaning into the big bat's mouth as he felt it press into his passage, filling him up far more than the tongue had previously.

The noivern grunted in surprise and pleasure as Vigo's ass wrapped around his dick with a hot, tight embrace. The larger pokemon began a gentle thrusting motion, slowly pushing more of his throbbing phallus in with each thrust. Vigo was now panting so hard that he had to break the kiss just to get enough air. He reached over and grabbed the noivern's free member, pulling it underneath him where it was frothing against his own still-erect penis. The combination of pre and the quilava's previous load made a nice, slick channel for the neglected cock.

The dragon-type redoubled his efforts, now thrusting hard enough to cause the quilava to bounce like he was riding an angry tauros. It didn't take long with the stimulation on both of his dicks for the noivern to release his own sizable load. Jet after jet of hot cum filled Vigo's ass and sprayed between their bellies. The feeling of being filled so thoroughly pushed the weasel over the edge, causing him to add a second helping to the already substantial mess sandwiched between them.

The two stayed in that position for a while, riding out their afterglows. Having recovered a bit, the quilava looked up at his still-panting friend. "My name is Vigo by the way."

The noivern smiled and said, "Nice to meet you Vigo. My name is Karnis."

After a few more minutes, Karnis pulled his softening member out of Vigo's ass, followed by a rush of spooze. The noivern peeled his cum-soaked partner off his belly and placed him on the ground.

"Wait here," Karnis said before flying off into the gloom. He came back a few moments later with a folded piece of paper. "This is a map of the cave so you can find your way around. There's a stream not too far from here that you can wash off in. I marked my part of the cave in red. Come back and see me any time."

"Any time," the quilava asked with a smirk.

"Yes, any time. You're well worth some missed sleep." The noivern bent down and pecked his friend on the top of the head. "Hope to see you again soon cutie." And with that, he flew away, probably to resume his nap.

Vigo smiled a bit and looked at the map. He would definitely go wash up before making his way down to his friends. He couldn't show up looking and smelling like this. He knew where he'd be stopping on his way back though. He could hardly wait. Vigo set off into the cave, humming a bit, leaving a trail of jizz dripping from his fur in his wake.

The End

If you'd like me to write more about these two, comment or note me.