

I'm very sorry about the long delay since the last story. I've been having a lot of health issues over the past few months. Hopefully the worst is behind me and I can start working again. That being said, I am in school, so story-writing will be taking a back seat to my school work for now.

This story is a commission for Leon_Therma on FA. It contains adult material and graphic sexual encounters between two males. If gay furry things offend you, I'd like to ask how the hell you got to somewhere that this was uploaded, then advise you to read no further. For everybody else, enjoy!

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"So how much longer will we be walking?"

"Are we still in the woods?"

"Yes..."

"Until the answer to that question is 'no.'"

"Do you even know how far through we are?"

"...Roughly."

"Yeah right."

The speakers were a pair of quilava moving through a dense, dark forest. They were on their way to some volcanic hot springs nearly a week's travel from their home. At least, it was *supposed* to be a week. The slightly shorter quilava was the mastermind behind their current shortcut. It was supposed to cut straight through a forest that the road took a large loop around, shortening the trip by at least a day. Unfortunately, the "shortcut" was taking longer than expected, which had both of the fire-types in short temper.

"Can't we just set up camp here," the taller one, named Leon, asked. "I'm tired and the sun seems to be setting. What's your hurry anyways?"

The shorter, darker quilava, named Pherick snorted. "I prefer camping under the stars," he said grumpily. "Also, I have this thing with beedrills. They seem to love to try to sting me. Have you ever been stung by a beedrill Leon?"

Leon rolled his eyes and rubbed the vivid scars on his face, a souvenir from an ursaring attack. "Why no, I haven't. That must have been so horrible for you. Please, thrill me with your tale of the evil bug bites."

Pherick glanced over and saw Leon rubbing his scars and smirking at him. "Yeah, we all know you're braver than me. I just don't want to wake up to take a piss and get one of those things after me."

Leon sighed in exasperation. "You're a fire-type, just torch it."

"If we aren't out in an hour, we'll stop and make camp, okay?"

"Fine, but it's getting dark."

"You're a fire-type," Pherick mocked. "Just flare up and you'll be able to see just fine."

"Fine, how about you light up so we can see, and I'll protect you from the beedrills."

"I don't need 'protection,'" Pherick grouched.

The taller quilava just laughed. "Okay, I'll hold your dick while you pee and you can handle the beedrills, okay?" Pherick blushed at the thought, but didn't say anything. Forty-five minutes passed in relative silence before Leon piped up again. "It's been nearly an hour and still no end in sight. Are you ready to admit defeat?"

Pherick looked around, trying to see if the trees were thinning at all. While he was distracted, he planted his paw in a diglett burrow and fell, wrenching his ankle in the process. Leon rushed over to his friend, who was releasing a stream of foul language.

Pherick was clutching his ankle, clearly in pain. "If you say 'I told you so,' I'm going to clock you."

"Let me see it," Leon bent over to inspect Pherick's leg. "Yeah, that's probably a sprain. We'll be here all day tomorrow. You can't walk on that right away. I'll get camp set up, you keep that elevated so it doesn't swell too much." The uninjured quilava set about putting the camp together. In short order, he had the tent pitched, a fire going, had gathered water, and had taken out their sleeping bags.

When he was finished, he went back to his friend. Kneeling in front of Pherick, Leon took his leg and gently rested it in the gap between his own legs and began rubbing the injured paw and ankle. Leon was secretly gaining great enjoyment from rubbing his travel-partner's sexy paw. He spent an excessive amount of time running his fingers over the smooth pads and in between the toes.

Eventually, Pherick's rear became sore from sitting in the same position for so long, so he shuffled around and tried to get more comfortable. This caused his paw to shift and press right into Leon's throbbing erection. The feeling of that tender paw pushing against his maleness caused Leon to let out an involuntary groan. He immediately froze and looked up at Pherick, who was also completely still. He was about to try to play it off as the type of random boner that all guys got when he moaned again. Pherick was rubbing his paw up and down his clothed shaft.

Leon locked eyes with his friend, who gave a coy smile. Seeing that he wasn't going to be getting any objections, Pherick lifted his other paw to the other quilava's lap and started rubbing the generous bulge with both feet.

Leon decided that he should take some initiative in this. Keeping his groin firmly planted on Pherick's roaming paws, he leaned forward and pulled down his friend's pants, exposing the twitching pink member inside. Inhaling a deep breath of the heady scent of arousal, Leon bent forward and licked the bead of pre that was forming at the tip of Pherick's cock. The darker quilava gasped and shuddered, inciting Leon to continue. He took the dripping arousal into his mouth and began slowly bobbing his head.

Pherick let out a loud moan as he felt his penis engulfed in a warm, wet tunnel. In response, he redoubled his efforts on his friend's erection. After a bit of fumbling, he managed to hook a couple of his toes through the waistband of Leon's flame-patterned shorts and pull them down, exposing his shaft to Pherick's roaming toes. Pherick did his best to wrap his feet around Leon's slightly larger dick in spite of his sore ankle. The response was an immediate increase in the enthusiasm of the blowjob he was currently getting.

Leon was starting to become overwhelmed by the sensations slamming into his body. He had the scent and flavor of Pherick's maleness coming in from one end and the feeling of the amazing paws on his shaft from the other. As his excitement increased, his movements on the cock in his mouth became more frantic. He wanted this to last much longer, but he could already tell that he was getting close.

Pherick was beginning to huff and pant. His ankle was on fire, but he refused to slow his movements on his friend's member. After a few more seconds, he felt Leon begin to thrust into his paws, followed shortly by several spurts of a searing hot liquid tracing lines from his paws up his calves. Leon was grunting and moaning through his orgasm, but he wasn't missing a beat in the masterful blowjob he was giving.

It didn't take long before Pherick felt his own climax approaching. "I'm about to cum Leon," Pherick warned.

Leon showed no desire to stop what he was doing and kept sucking. He was rewarded with a flood of hot, salty liquid into his maw. The taller quilava swallowed his mouth full of cream before finally releasing the deflating cock. "How long have you wanted to do that," Leon asked somewhat breathlessly.

"A long time actually," Pherick responded.

Leon looked down at the mess he'd made all over Pherick's paws. "One more thing I need to do." He bent down and cleaned his seed off his friend's soft toes and furry legs with his tongue.

The feeling of Leon lapping at his toes started Pherick's dick sliding back out of its sheath again. He pulled up his pants, feeling a bit too spent to go again. If Leon noticed the move, he didn't react to it. Instead, he finished his task and pulled his shorts up.

Leon stood up and walked into the tent briefly before coming back outside and offering a hand to Pherick. "We should get inside. It's getting late and I don't know about you, but I'm tired."

Pherick was a bit nervous at how Leon seemed to be ignoring what had just happened, but he didn't want to make his friend feel any more awkward, so he just let it go. Taking the proffered hand, he allowed himself to be hoisted up. Leaning on the larger quilava, they made their way towards the tent. When they got there, Pherick was surprised to see that Leon had zipped the two sleeping bags together. He felt a swell of happiness that Leon wasn't uncomfortable or upset over what they had just done. Looking over, he saw a smile on his friend's face.

Leon gently helped Pherick to his sleeping bag, then went to his own. He zipped them both up into the bags and rolled over so he was spooning the other quilava.

Leon cleared his throat. "So, about what just happened..."

"Yeah?"

"Is everything okay?"

"Why wouldn't it be?" Pherick sounded genuinely confused.

"I just know people who did that sort of thing and...well, things got weird between them. You're my best friend. I don't want anything to mess that up."

"Do things feel messed up?" Pherick immediately regretted how defensive he sounded. He wanted to put Leon at ease, not make him nervous. "What I mean to say is that everything we just did happened because I wanted it to, and I assume you did too."

"Well yeah," Leon giggled. "I've actually been wanting to do that for a while."

"Me too, that's why I took the opportunity. I'm glad you went along with it and didn't shoot me down."

"Now why would I ever do something like that?" Leon nuzzled Pherick's neck and wrapped his arms around him. They wished each other a good night and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Pherrick was the first to stir, awakened by a burning ache in his ankle. He kept his eyes closed as he thought about the events of the previous day. After he hurt himself, he'd given his best friend a paw-job and had gotten oral in return. Now, he could feel Leon's body pressed against his back and one of his hands resting on his hip. Pherick had had a crush on Leon for a long time, and it seemed that Leon shared

his feelings. Speaking of which, Leon had just awakened and begun nuzzling into Pherick's neck.

"Good morning Leon," Pherick said. He felt something that could only be his friend's morning wood prodding him in the rear.

Leon yawned widely before responding. "Morning Pherick," he said, wrapping his arm around the other quilava and hugging him close. This hug caused Leon's stiffy to push in between Pherick's cheeks while also causing his arm to bump into Pherick's own morning hard-on. Smirking to himself, Leon reached down and grasped his friend's erection. "How's your ankle feeling," he asked, lightly stroking the tapered end of the penis.

"Mmmff, it's sore but not too bad," Pherick replied, grunting a bit at the stimulation. Wanting to reciprocate in some way, Pherick ground his rear back against his friend, causing Leon's drippy cock to press right up against his tailhole.

Leon grunted a bit as he felt the pointed tip of his member start to press ever so slightly into Pherick's ass. He had an idea where this was going to go, but he didn't want the experience to be unpleasant for the shorter quilava, so he held back on his urge to thrust forward to allow more slick pre to leak out as lube.

Pherick was a bit confused. He had been expecting to feel the malehood currently quivering right against his tailhole to start being pushed in. Instead, Leon seemed to be waiting for something. After a few minutes, Pherick felt the tapered tip start to slowly spread his pucker apart with little resistance.

"Is this okay," Leon asked, wanting to be sure he wasn't hurting his already injured friend.

Pherick, who was feeling no discomfort at all, simply nodded his head and pushed back a bit, engulfing another inch of Leon's cock.

Leon nibbled on Pherick's neck a bit as he began slowly pushing forward again.

After a few more inches slid in, the intruder was beginning to thicken out considerably, causing a small amount of pain in the darker quilava's anal ring. "Hold on for a minute," Pherick said softly. "I just need to get used to this."

Leon stopped pushing in immediately. He waited patiently for his friend to adjust before grinding forward again once Pherick signaled he was okay. The feelings were incredible. Leon had never felt anything so hot and tight on his maleness. He was going slowly not only for Pherick, but to make sure that he didn't overstimulate himself and blow his load immediately. After several minutes of slow progress punctuated by a couple adjustment breaks, Leon was finally hilted in Pherick's ass. He left it there for a moment to allow himself to calm down before pulling out again. He set up a slow but steady rhythm that wouldn't cause him to nut too fast before beginning to stroke Pherick's leaking member with a matching rhythm.

Pherick was drooling, all pain in his ankle forgotten for the moment. Not only was Leon doing a very good job with his reach-around, but every time he thrust in, it was causing a huge *zing* of pleasure to shoot straight up Pherick's spine. Leon's slow pace was keeping him from shooting his load too quickly, but as soon as things sped up, all bets were off. Realizing that they were still zipped into the sleeping bags, Pherick fumbled with the zipper and threw the bag off to ensure he didn't make a huge mess in it. He didn't do this a moment too soon, because just then, Leon started pounding him much, much faster. The rapid tattoo beating on his prostate was enough to send Pherick over the edge, eliciting a series of grunts and moans as he sprayed his load all over the floor in front of him. The orgasm caused his tailhole to clench and spasm, which added enough stimulation to Leon's meaty spire that he unloaded deep into Pherick's ass.

The two pokemon spent the next several minutes enjoying their afterglows. Leon, his softening member still buried in his partner's rear, gently nibbled on one of Pherick's long ears. Pherick just enjoyed the warm, full sensation and the attention he was getting from his lover.

"So," Leon said, sounding a bit hesitant, "does this make us mates?"

Pherick chuckled. "You want to be mated to an ugly little shorty like me?"

In reply, Leon just flexed his cock, stretching his friend's tailhole a bit.

"You make a convincing argument." Pherick laughed and dislodged Leon's maleness from his backside so he could roll over. "So, you gonna kiss me big guy?"

Leon leaned in and planted his lips on his mate's, slipping his tongue into Pherick's mouth and running it around the inside of his mouth. The shorter quilava returned the kiss with vigor. They stayed locked like that for some time, lost in the moment. When they finally came up for air, each had a hard-on that was poking the other in the chest.

"Want to take care of these," Leon asked coyly. In response, both their stomachs let out loud, obnoxious rumbles. "On second thought, they'll still be there when we finish eating."

"Yeah," Pherick said. "Food now, fuck later." Laughing at his own joke, he slowly and gingerly stood up, wincing as he put weight on his ankle.

Leon noticed Pherick's difficulty and helped him out of the tent to a stump he could sit on. With a quick blast from his mouth, Leon lit the fire in the center of camp and began preparing breakfast. He also made some hot compresses for Pherick's ankle.

Pherick took his food gratefully, but looked at the compresses curiously. "I thought it was cold for sprains."

"Cold helps the pain, heat helps the healing," Leon explained.

After the two finished eating, Leon brought up their plans to go to the hot springs. "I don't know if we should be walking for another day with your ankle like that," he said.

"What do you suggest we do then," Pherick asked.

"We could just hang out here...just the two of us," Leon mused. "By the time we had to leave, your leg would be better. I'm sure we could find *something* to do with ourselves."

Pherick laughed loudly at that. "Yeah, that 'something' would probably be each other." Secretly, Pherick was relieved. His ankle was really hurting, and he wasn't relishing the idea of walking miles and miles to the hot springs, then turning around and going all the way back. "Yeah, that sounds good to me. We can always do the springs next year as an anniversary thing." Pherick meant that as a joke, but it still caused both of them to blush and smile at each other.

The two spent the rest of the day hanging around the camp. They couldn't do too much else with Pherick's injury. Leon did wander around the area a bit and managed to find a small stream about ten minutes away. They packed the camp up and moved it over to where the stream was so they could swim and Pherick had somewhere to soak his leg when it was sore. All too soon, it was getting dark again.

"So," Leon said after finishing cleaning out the small pot he'd made dinner in, "you still afraid of being attacked by evil bug pokemon?"

"No," Pherick said, "but you're definitely going to be getting 'stung' tonight, if you know what I mean." He wagged his eyebrows in an overly exaggerated way.

Leon put his face in his hands and groaned. "That pun was sooo bad. Have you no taste?"

"Nope," Pherick laughed, "none at all."

"You ready for bed?"

"You ready for head?"

Leon rolled his eyes, "Will the puns ever stop?"

"Probably not." Pherick giggled to himself. "What can I say? When I'm happy, I get really dopey."

Leon got up and helped Pherick into the tent. "Well as long as you're happy, I guess I'm okay with your terrible jokes."

When they got into the tent, both pokemon stripped naked. After laying down, Leon scooted down so his face was even with Pherick's groin. He leaned in and began licking at his lover's fuzzy sheath and balls. It didn't take long for Pherick's member to respond to the attention and start sliding out of his sheath. Leon took the pink spire into his mouth and slurped on it, making sure to get it good and slimy with his saliva before pulling off. He shimmied back up to the same level as Pherick and rolled so that he was facing away from him.

Pherick reached down and spread Leon's cheeks open before positioning his wet, throbbing dick right at his friend's pucker. "You ready?"

"Go for it," Leon said, relaxing his muscles to make things easier.

Pherick eased himself forward, slowly sliding his tapered member into Leon's tight tailhole. He stopped about halfway when he heard Leon gasp.

"No, it's fine, keep going," Leon half spoke, half moaned. "It just feels really good."

Pherick just began pushing forward again, and before long, his balls were pressed up against Leon's. Once it was clear that Leon wasn't in any discomfort, Pherick began humping in earnest.

Leon had done some anal play before, but it was nothing compared to this. His cock twitched and spurted a bit of pre every time Pherick slammed into his prostate. He wondered if he'd be able to cum without even touching himself. "Faster and harder," he told his mate.

Pherick was only too happy to comply, ramping up to a fevered pace and causing a rhythmic wet slapping noise to reverberate throughout the clearing. Neither of them had the stamina to keep this up too long. Eventually, Pherick slammed into Leon one last time before unleashing a torrent of seed into the hot, tight confines of his ass. The feeling of being slowly filled with searing hot quilava jizz was too much for Leon, who let out a deep moan and painted the ground in front of him with lines of musky spooge.

Pherick pulled Leon close to him and said "I love you Leon."

"I love you too Pherick," Leon said, and with that, they both fell asleep.

The End