

Kissed by Flames
by Havoc

My name is Zane. Just Zane. I won't tell you my last name, you'll find out why soon enough. I'm twenty-two years old, I'm short with blond hair and brown eyes, and I used to think I was a pretty normal guy. Ever since I was a little kid, all I could ever think about was being a Pokémon Trainer. When I was in school, and they did that career day thing that every elementary school seems to have every year, a lot of the kids would go to be police officers, firemen, doctors, or something like that. Not me. I knew that the only thing I wanted to do was train pokémon and battle. My parents didn't like the idea. They always said that there was no future in it. I'd always bring up the classic cases of famous trainers like Cynthia, Gary Oak, and Jasmine. They'd tell me that it was one in a million trainers that achieved that kind of fame and fortune, but I didn't want to hear any of it. I was going to be better than all of them. I'd make it.

Well, I was just a little kid full of talk for most of my childhood. Then, when I was ten years old, my dad got transferred to Mauville City to work on the new power plant the Gym Leader was building. Hoenn was a big change from where we came from. Pokémon training was a lot bigger here than back home. Trainers where I used to live had to go to another region if they wanted to compete in a league.

Even so, it still took another two years before I was able to convince them to let me give it a try. I had to promise that if I wasn't able to make a go of it within the first two years, I'd have to go back to school and never bring the subject up again. My parents were, of course, never expecting that I would succeed at training. On my twelfth birthday, they took me to Littleroot Town to visit Professor Birch, the Hoenn region's most famous researcher of pokémon. After spending a lot of time (actually it was only a few hours, but it seemed longer to a twelve-year-old) talking to the professor, the moment I had been looking forward to for my whole life arrived. The professor smiled at me, told me to close my eyes and hold out my hands, and a few seconds later I felt a small, soft ball of warmth being placed into my hands. When I opened my eyes, a little mass of feathers was staring up at me, my very own Torchic. Even my parents had to agree that she was cute, although they still weren't keen on the idea of me being a trainer. I didn't care what they thought at that point. I was a Pokémon Trainer now, and she was my pokémon.

The first few weeks of our time together were spent getting used to one another. I figured out that she liked to sleep on my chest at night, and she figured out pretty quick that hopping up and down on the floor, peeping like a little baby chick, would get her attention and a pokémon treat. They weren't good for her, but I cut them into fourths without her knowing and only gave her a quarter of each treat at a time. And besides, it was just too damn adorable. After the first day or so, I decided she would have to have a name. I thought about it for a while and finally chose the name Safara. My mom told me it was an ancient name that meant "fire". Yeah, I know what you're thinking. I know it's corny, but she, Safara I mean, liked it and now she won't answer to anything else, even if I wanted to change it.

Safara and I began our journey to become world-famous just four months after I got her. We'd trained enough that I thought we were ready for the world out there. It turned out that training pokémon was a little harder than I'd thought. Our first battle started just a mile or so outside of Mauville, when a Gulpin came upon us as we were taking a break to check out the sunrise over the water near the Seaside Cycling Road. Safara did her best, and truth be told we did manage to win, but it was still really tough and she got kind of beat up in the process. We were both tempted to head back to Mauville City and rest up, but I didn't want to make some sort of admission to my parents that I wasn't ready for something as ambitious as what I'd had in mind for my life. So we continued on. I don't know how we managed to get to Slateport City without running into more trouble, but we did, so I guess we weren't too bad.

That first week of life on the road was definitely the hardest. We had enough money to buy food, but that was about it. Sleeping accommodations were much too expensive for my budget, so we ended up camping out most nights, unless we ran across someone who was willing to let us spend the night at their place. Later, after we got much stronger and were winning more battles, we had money to spare, but we still camped out most of the time. Safara and I had just gotten used to it. On cold nights, she would keep me nice and warm, so that little two-person tent would feel very cozy.

Life generally was tough for that two-year trial period. Now, I don't like to admit it, but we're not so skilled in a place where most pokémon and their trainers excel: capturing new pokémon. To this day, the only pokémon I have, the only one I've ever

had, is Safara. Yeah, yeah, I know. It seems so simple to most people. Step one: find a pokémon. Step two: fight the pokémon. Step three: toss a poké ball. Step four: profit. Simple in theory, but for me, tough in practice. It seemed like we'd always screw something up. Either Safara would go too hard on the wild pokémon and it would faint, or I'd miss it with the poké ball and give it a chance to run off, or something like that.

On the plus side, all the practice gave Safara much needed experience, even if we never actually caught new pokémon. Not long after we set off, she evolved from Torchic into Combusken. I still remember that day well. We'd just finished battling another trainer near Dewford Town and were getting ready to pack up and head out for Rustboro City and our first attempt at a Gym Leader's badge. All of sudden, Safara just began to glow. She made all kinds of horrible screeching cries, and for a minute I was terrified that something was wrong with her. I calmed down a little once the other trainer explained to me what was going on, but it was still a little disconcerting to watch. But once the evolution was complete...oh man. She was so cool-looking. Before she'd just been a little red fuzzball, but now she looked a true fighter. Powerful legs, a fiery determination in her eyes, and her body...wait, I'm getting ahead of myself here. That's later in the story.

Anyways, we were a lot stronger together from that point on. When I look back on it, we probably wouldn't have been able to take that first gym without the boost from the addition of Safara's fighting-type. Rock pokémon plus fire pokémon is not a good mix. The win column in my little mental scoreboard (okay, I kept a notebook, too) began to fill up and the lose column kept growing less and less. Eventually, I decided Safara and I were just fine as a team. Why add to such a good thing, right? We hit a few more gyms after Rustboro, following the traditional progression of gyms, and I was on my fifth gym challenge when she evolved into her final form, Blaziken. This was right about the five-year mark after we left Mauville City to start our adventures, and my parents had long before admitted, albeit grudgingly, that I was good at being a Pokémon Trainer.

For those of you that have seen a Blaziken, or even just seen a picture of a Blaziken, even if you're not a guy like me...yeah, you know the sheer beauty. Safara is no different. She's one power-packed, pure fighting machine. I mentioned before that I'm short, and Safara towers above me now. She's at least a foot taller than I am. If she

wanted to, I'm willing to bet she could kick a good-sized building to the ground. Safara has this beautiful sort of creamy-white hair that goes down to the small of her back, and she's got these piercing yellow eyes that complement it perfectly. If she were a human, she'd definitely be among those who are of an athletic body type, and I'd put her up against the best human martial artists any day and expect her to win hands down.

Not to say Safara is all muscle. She definitely has her feminine side. Like the way she sits down whenever we're having dinner, out in the woods or wherever we happen to settle down for the night. She has this habit of kind of sitting half on her side, you know, with her legs out to one side. It makes her seem more...delicate than usual, or at least that's what I think. I've also noticed that she likes to show off, well, her chest. Sometimes I'll notice her giving me the eye when she does it. Safara will kind of thrust out her breasts, turn her head to one side, and the corners of her mouth will turn up slightly. If she catches me looking at her, she smiles even more. Not that I blame her. If I was a girl, I'd be proud of a chest like that, too. But when you're a guy, and you've got breasts like those as a constant presence in your everyday life...

Well, her minor fancy with exhibition is kind of how this whole "other" relationship between me and Safara started. I guess you pretty much know how we kicked off our traveling life, so I suppose it's time to let you in on the reason why I don't want you knowing my last name. It all began about a year ago, just before my twenty-first birthday.

Safara and I were travelling between Fortree City and Mauville City, heading home to celebrate my birthday with my folks. Winter had come scarcely a month before that, so there was a dusting of snow on the ground and it was pretty cold out. We had stopped in at the Weather Institute to inquire about the forecast for the next couple of days, and they'd told us that light snow was expected through the week with temperatures around about freezing. Nothing too daunting for a trip that should have only taken three days, at the most. We'd restocked our supplies in Fortree City before moving on, so we thought we were reasonably prepared for the weather ahead.

The meteorologists at the Institute turned out to be correct. For the first day. The second morning on the road, we woke up and the sky looked really threatening. Safara didn't seem too worried about the clouds, though, so I decided it wouldn't be a bad idea

to break camp and start walking again. That turned out to be a bad call on my part. We set out along the cliffs that line Route 119. The good weather held up for most of the afternoon and evening, but once the sun started to go down the snow started falling, hard. It became extremely difficult to see, and I was afraid that we might take a bad step and find ourselves in the river down below.

“We’re going to have to stop,” I said. “The snow is getting to be too bad. Mom and Dad might have to wait a day or so extra for us to arrive.” Safara agreed, and we were fortunate enough to find a cave in the cliffside that we could take refuge in. Once we were inside, we found that the cave went a ways back and opened up into a pretty sizable cavern. We made camp inside. I set up my trusty old tent while Safara pulled my travel stove out of my pack and fired it up. It didn’t really contribute to the warmth of the cave much, but we were just glad to be out of that blizzard.

After the tent was ready, I got to cooking dinner. We had our usual fare for when we were travelling. I heated up a can of specially formulated Blaziken food for Safara, with a treat or two tossed in for good measure, and made myself a little stir-fry with beef and vegetables. Of course, I ended up giving Safara half of it. I can’t resist spoiling her. During dinner, though, she started doing that thing again.

“Safara,” I said, after about the third time she pointedly made a display of her rather ample bust, “why do you insist on doing that?” Safara, of course not being able to speak, merely smiled and batted her eyes a bit. I rolled mine and went back to eating. I made a point of ignoring her for the rest of dinner; I had gotten used to her curious antics long ago. But tonight she decided to one-up herself. While I was cleaning up, she came and hugged me from behind. I wasn’t too surprised, at first. Safara had often done this before. This time, however, she shocked me by licking at my ear.

“Hey, whoa, what the hell?” I exclaimed. I twisted around in her arms and immediately got a face full of her breasts. This little development seemed to delight her. She uttered an amused clucking noise and pressed me into her body. I was a little embarrassed to admit it to myself at the time, but I actually started to get a bit excited at that. “Quit playing around! I mean it!” Safara didn’t listen to me. She actually took one of her hands and began plucking at the fastenings of my pants. I wasn’t going to have that. “Okay, I really mean it. Get off!” I shoved as hard as I could and managed to break away

from her. She whistled through her beak, sounding disappointed.

“What’s gotten into you?” I asked her. “Fun is fun, but you’re getting a little out of line. You want to go back into your poké ball?” She shook her head, eyes wide. She hated being inside her ball. “Alright, then go inside the tent and let me clean up before bed. We’ll get some sleep and try to get back on the road in the morning.” Grudgingly, with a sour look on her face, she crawled into the tent. I shook my head and shivered slightly. After being right up against her, it seemed a lot colder in the cave.

I wondered why Safara was acting the way she was. We were close, it was true, but it had never before crossed my mind to become intimate with a pokémon. To me, Safara was like a best friend or maybe even a sister. Technically, I owned her, but I don’t think either of us ever really thought about that. There was a deep affection present between us that went beyond the trainer/pokémon relationship.

I tried to sort out my thoughts while I finished clearing up our dinner things. In a normal situation, I would have dismissed her actions as joking, but she had tried to take off my pants for goodness sakes. And pressing me up against herself like that...she had felt really soft, and warm...

Startled, I found that I was growing aroused by thinking of the events of just a few minutes ago. It made no sense to me. Safara was my pokémon. Besides probably being illegal, it just wasn’t right. I couldn’t do those kinds of things with her. But still...nobody would know...and I was just a little curious about how serious she really was...

“Get a hold of yourself, man,” I muttered to myself. “She’s a pokémon. Your friend, but a pokémon no less.” I banished the thoughts from my head and put away the last of my cooking supplies. I extinguished the stove and entered the tent, zipping up the flap behind me. Safara seemed to already be asleep. She was on her sleeping pad, uncovered. It was the way we both usually slept. Sleeping bags would eliminate any sort of benefit I would get from her residual warmth, and she’d overheat herself if she slept in one, so we just had two foam mattress pads to sleep on. It really was quite comfortable in the tent, a far cry from the freezing cold out in the cave. I pulled off my clothes, which were a little damp from the snow, and changed into some dry shorts and an undershirt. I placed my pad right next to Safara’s and lay down to sleep, but I couldn’t. Even though she had made me feel very awkward, I still felt a little guilty at how I’d snapped at her. I

rolled over and put a hand on her, rubbing the red down on her shoulder. Safara awoke, and turned over so that we were facing each other.

“Sorry about the way I treated you tonight,” I apologized. “I know you weren’t trying to make me mad. I just felt uncomfortable is all.” Safara refused to meet my eyes. “Aw, don’t be like that. I’ll make it up to you when we get home. The Pokémon Center in Mauville has a spa, remember? I know a certain Blaziken who could use a nice grooming.” Safara’s eyes lit up. She wrapped her arms around me and nipped at my hair, affectionately. “Alright, alright, I get it. You forgive me. Let’s just get some sleep. Tomorrow will probably be a long day.” I rolled back over and closed my eyes. Safara cuddled up against me, protecting me from the cold outside.

I don’t know exactly how long I slept before I was woken up again. All I knew was that something had jarred me from my slumber. It took a few seconds after I awoke for me to realize that Safara had her arms about me once more and was rubbing my chest through my shirt. I wasn’t quite sure what to do at that point. Pulling away from her seemed like the right thing to do, but a growing part of me wanted to let her continue with what she was doing. Her clawed fingers were lightly scratching at me. The sensation actually made me want to laugh, but I stifled it. I pretended I was still asleep. After a few minutes of this, I felt her take one of my hands in hers and bring it behind my back. I felt something just a touch warmer than Safara, but it wasn’t until a hint of wetness brushed my fingers that I realized what she was doing.

Okay, this is definitely starting to feel weird again, I thought. Out loud, I said, “Safara...”

I heard a terrified squawk as Safara jolted about a foot and a half back. She very nearly brought the tent down in her haste to cease what she’d been doing. I turned over to see her, strong and brave Safara, cowering in the corner, shaking. I got up from my sleeping pad and crawled over to her. She flinched as I laid a hand on her. It was obvious to me that no matter how playful and seductive she had been trying to act before, this time I had caught her doing something that she did not want me to find out about.

“Okay, Safara,” I said, trying to make my voice as gentle as I possibly could. “Listen. I don’t know exactly what’s motivating you right now, but I need you to understand something. What you’re doing is wrong. If someone happened to find out

about what you were doing, they might take you away from me.” Safara moaned dismally. “I know you don’t want that, and I don’t want that either. So, please, for both of our sakes, stop.” Her eyes welled up, and for the first time in her life I saw tears rolling down her face. A lump rose in my throat as well. My head was filled with confused and jumbled thoughts.

Safara suddenly rose up and over me. She pressed her body against mine, much more strongly than she had so far that night. Her body heat seemed to have doubled, and it made the small tent feel much stuffier than it had before.

“No,” I protested, trying to push her away. “Safara, stop.” She didn’t listen. Insistently, she forced my head to turn up, and clamped her beak over my lips. I could feel the moisture of her tears plop onto my face as she kissed me. I groaned into her mouth, and felt her long tongue snake its way inside. Finally, I began to realize that she wasn’t playing around anymore. This was, for her, very real. I think, at that point, I just didn’t have the will to resist Safara any longer. At long last, I allowed my body to take over from my mind. I put my arms around her and kissed back, thrusting my tongue out to tangle with hers. Safara’s eyes opened wide with shock; she hadn’t really expected me to reciprocate her actions.

With my surrender came a surge of arousal. I felt my member begin to swell as I became newly aware of the female body rubbing against mine. Separated only by a thin layer of cotton as we were, Safara quickly took notice. She pulled at my shirt, receiving no resistance from me, and removed the garment in a second. Once more, she reached a hand down towards my groin, but this time she looked into my eyes, as though asking for permission. I nodded my assent. An eager look upon her face, she tugged at the waistband of my shorts, and they slid down my legs. A brief rush of cold air assaulted my male parts, but it quickly vanished in the face of the heat radiating from my Blaziken. Safara completely removed my shorts and tossed them aside. She gazed upon my erect penis, which pulsed slightly as it stood straight up. I gasped as she took it in her hand. Tentatively, she began to move her hand, stroking me.

Pleasure began to spread from my groin as my pokémon pumped her hand up and down on my cock. It felt right, even though my head was feverishly trying to tell me that it was wrong. I put a hand up and gently caressed one of her breasts. A lustful cluck came

from deep in her throat. She ceased her handiwork and slid down my body, positioning herself so that her head was at my waist. Her tongue flicked out of her mouth and licked at the head of my penis. My logic took over for a second as I figured out what she was about to do, and I was very apprehensive about how she would manage it with a beak.

“Uh...I-I’m not sure that’s...the best...,” I stammered. My objection was stifled by a moan of pleasure as Safara engulfed my cock with her beaked mouth. Her tongue wrapped around me as the heat from her mouth bombarded my flesh. It added an intensifying effect to the already wonderful sensations I was feeling. She bobbed her head up and down, being careful not to allow her beak to grate against my skin. I knew that I couldn’t last long at this rate. As Safara came up for air, I felt my member seize up as my orgasm hit. The first pulse of semen splashed against Safara’s breasts, and she quickly closed her beak back over me, catching the rest in her mouth. Through the haze of my climax, I watched her as she swallowed every drop.

When I was finished, Safara sat back on her knees. Slowly and deliberately she brought a hand up to her breasts and wiped away my seed. Locking eyes with me, she brought her fingers to her mouth and sensuously licked them clean. The sight was enough to make me instantly hard again. I was ready for what I thought should happen next, but Safara had other ideas. She shuffled over to our sleeping pads, pulling me along with her. Lying back, she guided my head down between her legs. A male with half a brain would have known what she wanted.

Placing one hand on each of Safara’s thighs, I spread her muscled legs wide. Her sex unfolded before me, slick and glistening with her arousal. I used my thumbs to pull apart her pussy lips, and her clit poked out from its hood. The heat was almost unbearable. I looked up at Safara’s face, across the sea of red down that stretched before me. She gazed back at me, her expression encouraging me to return her favor. Returning to her sex, I extended my tongue and took an experimental lick. Safara tossed her head back and uttered an animal cry. The flavor was indescribable, like nothing I had ever tasted before. It was delicious, and I eagerly lapped at her again and again. I could feel her pulse racing against my tongue, and I heard her breathing faster and faster, almost panting. I inserted my tongue into her vagina, twisting it around as I pinched her clitoris between thumb and forefinger. She squealed with delight and I felt her muscles squeezing

tightly. Knowing that her orgasm was close, I withdrew my tongue and replaced it with a finger, sliding it in and out as I furiously rubbed her clit with my palm. A small burst of flame erupted from Safara's mouth as she reached her peak, and she thrashed about, nearly clipping my head with the claws on her feet.

I quickly made my way up Safara's body as she came down from her orgasm. I imagine it might have looked comical to someone watching us. Even with my waist at the same level as hers, my head only came up to her breasts. She stretched her neck down and lovingly nipped at my ears.

"Well, what now?" I inquired, somewhat jokingly. Without hesitation, Safara gently pushed me off of her. I watched as she rolled over and got on all fours. She looked over her shoulder at me in a marvelous "come hither" fashion, and clicked her throat seductively. I found the invitation irresistible. Coming up behind Safara, I gripped my shaft in my hand and rubbed the head along her slit. She lowered her head to the ground, resting her chin on her arms as she moaned. I pressed my cock into her vagina and slid inside. The heat seared my penis, and I yelped in what was almost, but not quite, pain. She was pleasantly tight, and it was with some difficulty that I withdrew from her. The air outside seemed freezing in contrast, and I quickly slammed back into her.

Safara began to move back and forth in time with my thrusts. When I pulled out, she would rock forward, and when I thrust back in, she would rock back. After speeding up and slowing down several times, we finally found a rhythm. I thrust in and out of her, and I could feel her vagina twitching as she grew close to her second orgasm. When it came, it was titanic. Her sex rippled around my cock, squeezing it so hard that I felt like she would pull it off. While she was still in the throes of orgasm, I turned her over so that she was lying on her back and began to pound her harder than ever before. Her breasts jiggled and her tongue lolled. I felt my climax approaching rapidly, and I gave one final thrust as we came together. I collapsed on top of her as I emptied myself into her belly.

The morning after, Safara and I awoke in each other's arms. I was a little amazed at what I had allowed to happen the previous night. However, any second thoughts about our new relationship that I may have had vanished when I saw the way that she looked at me. Her expression was filled with nothing but affection and happiness. And as long as

Safara was happy, I figured that I might as well be happy, too.

The blizzard had lifted by midday, so we packed up camp and continued on our way home. We spent the two nights left on the road in much the same way as in the cave. Once we arrived home, we celebrated my birthday with my parents and a few friends I'd known while in Mauville City. It was hard for us to restrain ourselves while at home, but we both knew that what we shared together was best kept to ourselves.

I was in favor of calling off our quest to obtain all the gym badges in Hoenn, but Safara adamantly protested. We continued our journey to become world-famous while maintaining our lovers' relationship. So far, nobody has discovered our secret.

I hope it stays that way. I don't ever want to lose her.