

The Island, Part I
by Havoc

“Weather is a great bluffer. I guess the same is true of our human society - things can look dark, then a break shows in the clouds, and all is changed.”

- Unknown

Chloe coughed and choked, spluttering as sea water smacked her in the face and filled her mouth and nose. She was soaked to the skin and terrified, barely able to see a hundred yards in any direction around her. Her small sailboat was rocking this way and that, the sail rippling wildly in the strong storm winds. The young woman could barely even hear herself think, because the wind was crying as loud as a primordial sea monster. In fact, a sea monster was the only thing missing that would make this debacle complete.

This was a brilliant idea, Chloe, she thought to herself furiously, grabbing one of the lines and heaving on it as hard as she could. As she fought to bring the sail back in alignment, she remembered the sailors back at the port at Castelia City telling her how foolish it was to go out sailing today. But how could I have believed them? The weather looked perfect when I set out...

As a matter of fact, the weather early that morning had been absolutely ideal. Chloe had gotten up quite early, just before six o'clock, feeling in just the right mood for a short sailing excursion. She'd gotten together a few supplies and left her condo before the mail-Wingull had arrived, getting to the docks right around six-thirty. The sky had been completely cloudless, the air had been warm and slightly humid, and the water was calm. Chloe owned a small sailboat, having taken to sailing at an early age, and she'd been quick with her preparations. But while she'd still been getting her boat ready, a few sailors had come up to her, seeming surprised that she was thinking of going out on the ocean. They'd told her that a storm was coming, and that if she was smart she'd stay home and not venture out today. Chloe had laughed them off, dismissing their warnings. How could they think the weather was going to be bad, on such a perfect morning?

Well, now she was wishing she'd listened to them. Scarcely an hour after she'd untied her boat from the dock and got underway, clouds had begun to roll in and the wind picked up mightily. Chloe had started to get worried then, but shrugged it off. She wasn't afraid of a little rough sailing, and in fact found it kind of exhilarating for a time. But then the wind had just kept getting stronger, and it had begun to rain. The clouds got thicker and a thick fog developed, and she'd lost her way in short order. The waves were high, splashing into her boat and filling it with several inches of water, and now she had no idea which direction was the right way back to Castelia City.

Chloe hurriedly swiped her long, dark brown hair out of her pale green eyes. Her hair was

soaked, along with her shorts and t-shirt. The air was chilly now, and she had to fight the shivers in order to be able to move quickly around the boat. At this point she wasn't even concerned about finding her way back, she was more concerned about making sure that her boat didn't capsize.

“Damn it all!” she cried out, as one of the ropes lashed the side of her face, breaking free of its proper loop. The knot had come undone, and if she didn't secure it quickly she could lose her whole sail and then she'd *really* be in trouble. Abandoning her spot near the tiller, Chloe dashed forward and seized the rope with one hand. She jerked on it hard, trying to get it under control as a huge gust of wind tugged on the sail. Before she realized what was happening, the rope was torn out of her hands and the boom came around, cracking her in the back of the head. Everything went black as Chloe fell forward into the bottom of her boat, the sounds of the wind still roaring in her ears.

When Chloe finally became aware again, she had a splitting headache and her vision was fuzzy. As she slowly regained consciousness, she realized that she was lying down, it was bright, and she was on top of something damp and gritty. Chloe tried to sit up, and after a few minutes of struggling, she was able to force her sore muscles to move. She sat where she was, blinking her eyes furiously to try to clear her vision and make some sense of what was going on.

As her eyesight returned, she found herself shocked. She was sitting on a black sand beach in unfamiliar surroundings. Waves were lapping at her feet, and she drew them closer to her body, getting them out of the water. Her clothes were still soaked, obviously, but the weather was once again completely clear. Looking up, she saw the sun sitting high in the sky, beaming down on her with warmth. Then she looked down again, turning her head this way and that. She seemed to be on some sort of island. On either side of her the beach extended for perhaps half a mile before it started curving around. The beach to her right was littered with debris, all of it recognizable as pieces of her sailboat.

Twisting around, Chloe looked behind her. The beach kept on going for a hundred yards or so behind, and then the sand faded into tall, wavy grasses and eventually tall palm-like trees that thickened into a forest that she couldn't see very far into. She had no idea where she might be. When she looked back out to sea, there was no sign of the mainland at all.

Shakily, Chloe stood up. *Well...This is a pickle, and no mistake*, she thought. *What do I do now?* Luckily, she didn't seem to be injured other than a few scrapes and the headache, no doubt because of the blow to her head from when the boom on her boat had struck her.

The first thing she needed to do, she decided, was to search through the wreckage of her boat for anything she could use. She walked over to where the bulk of the wreckage was located. While the sailboat had been smashed to pieces, there was a large chunk that was recognizable as most of the main

hull. When she'd left home, Chloe had brought along a package of food, water, and spare clothes. Her boat had also contained some emergency supplies, namely a small life raft, some emergency water, some sealed food preserves, and a few other survival tools. If she could find any of those items, she'd be in much better shape than she would be otherwise.

Chloe began picking through the wreckage. Unfortunately, the package she'd brought from her home was nowhere to be found, but she did manage to dig out the emergency supplies. With some hope rising in her, Chloe unfurled the life raft, looking it over. Her hope was immediately squashed when she found a huge hole in the inflatable rubber boat. She wasn't going to be using it for sailing anytime soon. With a sigh of exasperation, she examined the preserved food and water. Thankfully, they were undamaged. She had enough food to last for a few days, and two liters of fresh drinking water. If someone came to rescue her in the next two days, she'd be alright. But that was a very big if.

"Great, this is just perfect," she grumbled. She was furious with herself for not heeding the warnings about sailing today, but she knew it wouldn't do any good to be angry. She couldn't change what had happened. Gathering her supplies into a small pile, well away from the water, she pondered what to do next. "Guess I should have a look around. Maybe walk around the beach, see if I can see land from anywhere else. Heck, there might even be other people on the island who can help me. And it will give the sun a chance to dry my clothes out."

With that decided, Chloe started walking along the beach, staying near the waterline.

A couple of hours later, Chloe came back full circle to where her wrecked boat was. She was much more discouraged now than she had been when she'd begun walking. She was, in fact, on an island, and no matter where she'd stood on the beach she hadn't been able to see land. As far as she could tell, she was smack dab in the middle of the ocean as far away from the mainland as she could be. She hadn't found any indication that there were other people living on the island, and she hadn't even seen signs of pokémon inhabiting the island. It looked like she was completely alone. To top it off, the sun had dried her clothes off, but she was starting to develop a sunburn.

I need to get under the trees, Chloe thought. *This is unpleasant enough without me being boiled like a Krabby...* She gathered up her supplies in her arms and carried them up the beach to the palm trees. The grass was slick, and several times she almost slipped on it. Finally she made it into the shade of the trees, where it was cool and pleasant. She walked in deep enough so that the sun was completely blocked out, and then she put down her supplies at the foot of a thick tree. Tired from her ordeal and her walk, Chloe sat down and took a few swallows of water. She was going to drink more, but she realized she had no idea if there was any source of fresh water on the island. She needed to save what

she had until she knew she could find more.

"I have plenty of daylight left, now that I think about it," Chloe said to herself. She dug around in her survival gear, pulling out a folding knife, which she opened up. The blade was sharp, practically unused. "Guess I could use the time to have a look around."

Looking back over her shoulder towards the ocean, Chloe got a rough idea of the direction she needed to go to in order to travel inland. She started walking deeper into the trees. Every few yards, she'd use the knife to cut a large arrow into the nearest tree trunk, marking her path so that she wouldn't get lost. She listened to her surroundings, hearing absolutely nothing in the way of wildlife other than the chirping of small insects. But finally, after thirty minutes of walking and carving, she started to hear what sounded like the trickle of water. Feeling like something was finally going right, she started following the noise.

If she'd been a little more attentive to what was around her, and not gotten distracted by the prospect of a supply of fresh water, she might have heard a rustle in the grass nearby. And if she'd looked around, she might have seen two shiny, red eyes peering at her from between the thickly standing trees.

Hiding amongst the trees, the Absol watched the human carefully. It had been a very long time since he'd encountered one of her kind, and none had ever set foot on his island as long as he'd been alive. In fact, the only time he'd ever seen humans was when one of their strange water craft would sail near the island. The Absol's eyes were very keen, and he could see a long way, so he was sometimes able to see the humans walking about on top of their boats. But he'd never seen one up close like this female.

He was curious as to why she was here, and what she was doing. He thought that she looked lost. Maybe her presence had something to do with all of the broken bits of wood that he'd found down on the beach earlier in the day?

Regardless, the Absol kept himself hidden. He was mistrustful of anything he didn't have experience with, and he didn't know if a human would hurt him or not. But somehow he didn't think he had anything to fear from her. Besides the fact that she seemed more concerned about exploring his island, he was more than capable of defending himself. But he stayed hidden anyway, watching her and following her from a distance. He was intrigued by how she seemed to be carving lines into the trees with a shiny bit of metal in her hand. Then he realized that she was marking her path! She was smarter than she looked...

Maybe I'll keep an eye on her for a little longer, the Absol thought to himself. *Maybe she's*

friendly... He wasn't exactly what one would call lonely, since he had a mate on the island with him, but it had been just the two of them for a very long time. The Absol liked the idea of maybe making another friend, especially if the human was going to be staying for a while.

Chloe pushed her way through a clump of bushes and came into a clearing. Her heart leapt as she found herself looking a small pool of clear water bubbling up from underground. The water flowed out of the pool over some rocks, streaming away towards the sea. She went to the edge of the pool and knelt down, cupping her hands in the water and bringing some up to her face. The water had no discernible smell. She brought it to her lips. The water tasted cold and clean, completely fresh. Chloe felt relieved. At least she didn't have to worry about running out of drinking water.

In fact...the pool was fairly deep, and it was flowing very quickly. Experimentally, Chloe pulled a blade of grass from the ground and dropped it into the pool. The grass was carried away instantly, down the stream over the rocks, almost too quickly for her eyes to follow. So the water was being pretty constantly replaced from whatever spring was pushing it up from below. And if that was the case...

I'm pretty dirty..., Chloe thought. It was true. Apart from having been lying about in the sand for however long she had been unconscious, she'd been walking around all day in the sun and was very sweaty. She could have washed off in the ocean earlier, but she'd known that then she'd have to contend with the very uncomfortable situation of sea salt on her skin. A fresh water bath would be very nice indeed.

"Well, why not?"

Satisfied that she wouldn't be fouling her source of drinking water, Chloe sat down on the ground and slipped her shoes off. Her socks were still soaked through, and she peeled them off of her feet. Then she pulled off her shirt, feeling the warm island air on her bare skin; she rarely bothered with a bra. All that was left to do was to remove her shorts, and this she did, taking her panties with them. Naked as the day she was born, she next knelt at the edge of the pool and started washing her clothes in the clear water. She didn't have any soap, but it felt useful just to rinse the sand and sweat out of her garments.

The Absol watched the human female from the cover of the trees, shocked to see her apparently peeling her own skin off. He'd never seen anything like that before in all of his years! And it didn't look like she was experiencing any pain from it at all...In fact she seemed to be enjoying it. He felt the white fur around his neck stand on end in fear. Maybe humans were more scary than he'd thought, if they

took pleasure from tearing off their own skin!

Then he saw her as she started washing the bits of her skin in the water, and he grew puzzled. If that was dead skin, why was she worried about if it was dirty or not? And why wasn't there any blood?

Oh..., the Absol slowly realized. *That must not be skin...* He was starting to understand. From what he'd seen of humans, from far away, they didn't have fur, except for on the tops of their heads. Maybe to keep from getting cold or sunburned, they needed to cover themselves with that...stuff...whatever it was. Feeling his fear go away again, he continued watching her. *So, that's what a human really looks like, without that false skin.* He thought she was kind of interesting-looking. So pale, though not as pale as the white that most of his fur was colored.

As he watched, she seemed to finish with the false skins. The human stood up and carried the wet items to a sunny patch in the clearing, where she spread them out on the grass to dry. Then she turned back to the pool, giving the Absol a good look at her for the first time. She was very slender, and completely furless except for long, dark brown hair growing from the top of her head. He was puzzled by two coconut-sized lumps on her chest, placed side-by-side. Then he noticed that they had small, pink spots right in the center, and he realized that they must be nipples. His mate had them, too, though she had four pairs instead of just one, and they didn't stick out from her body on lumps like that. So human females weren't all *that* different from pokémon, after all.

Now the human was sitting down on the edge of the pool with her legs in the water, and then she pushed off, sinking herself into the pool up to her shoulders. The Absol heard her give a long, quiet sigh as she seemed to enjoy the cold water. He tilted his head to the side as she started scrubbing her skin. That was strange. Was she trying to take a bath? Why wasn't she using her tongue like a normal person?

Suddenly the human looked towards where he was hiding, and he froze as still as he could. She must have sensed the movement from his head moving. He held his breath, not even blinking. He knew he was hidden well, but she was still looking right in his direction. Then, after a few moments, she shrugged her shoulders and returned to her washing, apparently deciding that whatever she had sensed had been nothing. The Absol let out a small sigh of relief. He didn't think the human female was any threat to him, but he still wasn't ready to reveal himself.

He watched for a little while longer, and then the human got out of the water. He realized that she would be coming his way when she left, so he waited for her to turn her back to him and then he whipped around, vanishing back through the trees without a sound.

Chloe gathered up her clothes from the ground, finding that they were still pretty damp. But

they were clean, and that was really the important thing. She bundled them up carefully in her arms, not wanting to put them back on until they were dry. She reasoned that it didn't really matter if she went naked for a little while. After all, there weren't any other people around to see her.

"It's kind of liberating, actually!" she said to herself, humming a little as she started walking back, following the path that she'd marked. She was feeling in much higher spirits after her cold bath, though the breeze did make her shiver a little. "I'd better get back to someplace where I can get in the sun and warm up."

As she started walking back, she thought she heard a sound again. Chloe turned her head to the right, peering into the trees as far as she could see. In the shadows, she thought she saw some of the bushes moving a little. She stood still, watching carefully, but the movement stopped.

Must have been the breeze, she decided. Chloe put it out of her mind. She'd already been around the island, after all, and there was nothing else here. It was deserted.

The Absol made his way to the center of the island, where the trees and underbrush were at their thickest. Here, where the terrain was more rocky than sandy, was where he made his home along with his mate. He climbed up a slender, rocky path past a few caves, until he reached the one where he lived. Walking inside, he shook himself, getting rid of the few small twigs and leaves that had gathered in his fur during his trek through the forest. His mate did like to keep a clean cave, after all.

When he was neat and tidy, he continued deeper into the cave, towards the back where a flickering glow could be seen. The rear of the cave was cooler, much cooler than the rest of the island, though it was very dry and comfortable for one with fur. Especially when one's mate was skilled with flames.

His mate was waiting for him in the back part of the cave. She was a beautiful, regal fire-type Arcanine, with immaculately kept orange, black, and cream-colored fur and shining black eyes. She greeted him with a low growl, keeping her eyes on the small fire that she was tending to. His mate had a knack for conjuring flames without needing any fuel for them, and right now she had her fire burning merrily on the bare stone floor, warming their harm nicely. He could do the same thing when necessary, knowing a few fire tricks himself, but she was much better at it than he was. The Absol walked around to her side, settling himself next to her and cuddling up to her warm, fluffy body. She was nearly twice his size, but she didn't intimidate him. He knew she wouldn't hurt a fly. They'd both been the only pokémon on the island for as long as he could remember, and they didn't have any cubs, though it certainly wasn't for lack of trying. It just hadn't happened yet, for whatever reason.

-You've been out for a while,- the Arcanine said to him. She put her head down and nuzzled the

top of his head, carefully avoiding his sharp, sickle-shaped horn. She flopped her fluffy, cream-colored tail over his body, effectively creating a blanket for him. -What have you been up to today?-

-Oh...nothing special,- the Absol answered, evasively. He put his head down on his forepaws, staring into the fire, watching the orange-and-yellow flames flicker and dance. -I just wandered around some...Caught some fish for lunch...The usual.-

-That's nice.- His mate breathed a little extra into the fire, kicking it up a few notches and increasing the heat in the cave. It became quite cozy, indeed, especially with the two of them cuddled up as they were. They both sighed pleasantly.

-I...ah...might go out again a little later,- he continued. He tried not to arouse his mate's suspicions, but he wanted to go have another look at the human. She was intriguing to him, for some reason. -I think it might storm again soon, and I want to make sure we don't need to move to a higher cave or anything.-

The Arcanine looked at him for a moment, then gave an unconcerned flick of her ears. -Well, alright. Just make sure you're back before bedtime, if you do go out later.- She licked the back of his neck, lifting her forepaw and laying it over his shoulders. -I do feel like I could use your company later.-

A small burst of arousal surged through the Absol's body, and he felt it in his loins. He knew very well what she meant when she said she wanted his company later. -Of course. I wouldn't want you to feel lonely.-

After Chloe got back to her “campsite” near the edge of the trees, she hung her clothes up on a low-hanging branch to dry a little bit longer. Then, still shivering a little from the water still clinging to her skin, she walked a bit further out into the sun, on the grassy terrain that sloped back down to the beach. The sun was starting to sink towards the horizon, but it was still high enough to be nice and warm. Chloe sat down on the grass and then laid back, stretching herself out on the comfortable ground. She closed her eyes and folded her arms behind her head, relaxing and letting the waning sunlight warm her bare skin. She felt sleepy from everything she'd been through today, almost like she could take a nap right here. The quiet sounds of the waves crashing on the shore were certainly soothing.

It's been a long day, Chloe thought as she yawned. I need to get some rest for now. I can think about finding a way off of this island tomorrow.

Chloe stayed on the grass, drifting in and out of sleep, for an hour or so. The only thing that made her get up was the demands of her stomach, which was more than empty after a long day with

nothing to eat since breakfast. Reluctantly, she got up from her nice spot and walked back to where she'd placed her supplies. Her clothes were dry by now, but she held off on putting them back on. She was feeling quite pleasant with them off for now.

“Let's see what I can make of this stuff...,” Chloe muttered. She opened up some of the packages of emergency food, seeing what all she had. None of it seemed very appetizing, being composed mostly of dried fruit, crackers, protein bars, and a few cans of food that was as bland as it was indestructible. But it was all she had, so she made do.

Deciding that she'd save the cans for later, since they'd be the last thing to go bad if she was here for a really long time, Chloe selected a packet of dried berries and one of the protein bars. Before eating she opened up the survival gear and found a waterproof container of matches. After poking around her campsite for a few minutes, she managed to gather enough material to build a small fire with. The day was growing dark, so she started the fire and then ate her meager meal. It wasn't nearly enough to satisfy her, but she couldn't just pig out and eat it all or she might regret it later.

When she was finished, Chloe burned the debris from her meal in the fire. She started shivering again. As might be expected on an island in the middle of the ocean, when the sun went down things got a little chilly. Chloe got her clothes down from where she'd hung them and put them back on, finding them completely dry. She sat back down near the fire, watching it burn away. Thankfully, the wood on the island seemed to be rather slow-burning, so the fire should last a while.

“Well, here's to the first night on my new home...,” she grumbled to herself. The novelty of this life was quickly wearing off. “I better think of a way to try to fix my boat tomorrow.” With that, the young woman stretched out on the ground next to her fire, closing her eyes to try to get some sleep.

Some hours later, Chloe wasn't exactly certain how long, she was woken from her sleep by an odd noise. She blinked her eyes, rubbing them with both hands as she tried to shake herself out of her groggy state. For a minute she was confused about what might have woken her up. The fire had died down significantly, leaving her small clearing with an eerie dull red glow as far as light went. Chloe looked around, not seeing much of anything. Then she heard the sound again, a quiet rustling noise that was coming from right behind her. Alarmed, Chloe whipped her head about.

Right behind her, pawing about at her pile of supplies, was a white-and-black furred creature. Chloe didn't immediately recognize what it was. The animal didn't seem to have noticed that she'd woken up. It seemed very curious, engrossed in rooting around amongst the sealed cases and plastic bags of her store of emergency equipment. Sitting up, Chloe placed a hand on the ground. She inadvertently put it down right on top of a small twig, which snapped in two. The noise made the

creature look up, and it froze in its activities, staring straight at Chloe.

Now that she could see its face, she recognized what it was. It was an Absol, a rather rare kind of pokémon and one that she wouldn't have expected to see on this island. Chloe held her breath as the pokémon looked at her, its red eyes reflecting the light of her dying fire. The Absol was the size of a large dog, with sharp black claws, a blade-like tail, and a scythe-shaped horn on its head. She thought it was a male, but she wasn't exactly sure. She was quite intimidated by its appearance, though she remembered that Absols were generally friendly towards people. Chloe tried not to make any sudden movements, keeping still and hoping the pokémon wouldn't see her as a threat.

To her surprise, the Absol started moving slowly towards her. He was tilting his head from side to side, looking very tentative in his movements. Chloe sat up straight, scooting back a little as he got nearer to her but not daring to move too quickly. He came right up to her until his nose was almost touching hers, sniffing at her cautiously.

“Um...Hello?” Chloe said, her voice shaking a little. She raised a trembling hand, meaning to push the Absol away. He took a step back, cocking his head to one side and looking at her hand. Then he leaned forward and sniffed it. Chloe started to think that maybe the Absol wasn't quite so scary, after all. He was acting like a big dog meeting a new person. Hesitantly, Chloe laid her hand lightly on top of his head. His fur was sleek and soft, but with a slightly rough texture. He tilted his head up as she touched him, his eyes turning up as well, but didn't make any movements of aggression or dislike. Feeling a little reassured, Chloe started scratching the top of his head.

The Absol's eyes closed halfway, and he tilted his head to one side, into her hand in apparent enjoyment at what she was doing. He seemed decidedly friendly, and sat down on his haunches in front of her. Smiling a little, Chloe kept petting him, moving her hand further back on his head and stroking down the back of his neck. His tail was wagging back and forth behind him slowly.

The Absol hadn't meant for the human female to see him, thinking that she was sleeping too soundly for that, but now that he'd approached her he was surprised that she wasn't reacting poorly to his presence. Maybe humans weren't quite as scary as he'd always assumed they would be. She seemed to actually be welcoming of his presence, at least so far. Her fingers did feel rather nice as they scratched at the top of his head. He always did have trouble dealing with itches up there.

Then the human started speaking, and he was very shocked to find that he could understand what she was saying. “Well, you seem like a nice pokémon,” she said to him. “My name is Chloe. Nice to meet you.”

Blinking, the Absol wasn't sure how to respond. -Um...Hello?- he responded, not sure how the

words would sound to her ears. -Nice to...meet you...Chloe?- He watched for her reaction, but the human just smiled at him. Odd that he would be able to understand her, but she wouldn't be able to understand him in return. He guessed what he was saying just sounded like growls to her. Was it like that for all humans and pokémon, or just this one?

“Do you live around here?” Chloe asked him. The Absol just nodded his head once, realizing quickly that responding any other way would be pointless. The human stopped rubbing his head, drawing her legs up underneath herself and sitting on the ground in front of him. “I walked all around the island today, and I never saw you. I didn't think anyone else lived here.”

The Absol just looked back at her as a cool breeze ruffled her hair and his fur. He saw her shiver and wrap her arms around herself, and she glanced over her shoulder at the dwindling fire that she'd built. He was comfortable, but he remembered that she didn't have any covering on her skin except for those thin false skins and the hair on her head. He peered around her at the fire. Maybe he could help with that.

He got up and shook himself briefly, then walked around her and up to the fire. Just a few embers were glowing now, smoking weakly. Well, he wasn't as good at fire work as his Arcanine mate was, but he knew a few things. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, they were glowing with a red light. His muzzle parted and he exhaled, a gentle flame coming from his mouth and bathing the embers. The fire immediately sprang up again, much more lively than when Chloe had built it.

Chloe's eyes widened, and she slid closer to the fire, very appreciative of the renewed warmth. She put her hands out close to the flames, warming them and letting the heat bathe her body. It was very comfortable indeed. She looked at the Absol and grinned.

“Thanks. I was starting to feel kind of chilly.”

The Absol sat back on his haunches again, wagging his tail as he watched her warm herself. He was pleased that he could have been of help. He remembered when he'd been just a pup starting out on his own, learning how to survive without anyone else except the Arcanine who shared the island with him. He'd had to learn a lot of things by himself, so it was nice to be able to help someone out.

Chloe watched the fire, noticing that it didn't look like anything was actually burning in there. The Absol's flames seemed almost magical, but then she knew that pokémon flames were a little different from regular fires. She sighed happily, relieved not to feel the night's chill again. Then she felt a little tug on her shirt. Looking down, she saw that the Absol had moved closer to her and was pawing at her clothing, looking very curious. One of his claws hooked the fabric on her shirt, poking through the material.

“Hey, don't do that!” she admonished him. The Absol cringed a little, looking up at her face with an expression like he hadn't realized he was doing anything wrong. He withdrew his claw, his paw hovering in the air as he watched her. Then he laid it gently on her shorts, and then moved it to the skin on her lower leg, and back to her shorts again. Then he looked at her questioningly. Chloe realized that she might be the first human he'd ever met in person, and probably hadn't seen clothes before. “Those are my clothes. I don't have fur like you, so I have to cover up with these so I'm not walking around naked, and so I don't get too cold.”

Oh..., the Absol thought to himself. He was pleased with his own reasoning skills. *So it's just like I thought. Not skin at all, just an artificial covering.* He put his paw back on the ground, satisfied with what he'd just learned. But he found himself thinking that she'd looked much nicer without the...clothes...on her body. She looked more natural, and prettier.

The Absol laid himself down on the ground again, resting his head on his forepaws next to the fire. For a while he just watched Chloe, wagging his tail, keeping an eye on her. He was starting to feel protective, like she was a weaker creature that deserved help. She, in turn, was looking back at him in gratitude. Chloe was already starting to think of the Absol like a pet of some sort, since he was obviously a friendly and helpful pokémon. She knew that Absols had a bad reputation as bringers of disaster, but clearly that wasn't so. He seemed like a perfectly nice creature.

All of a sudden, the Absol stood up, his eyes going wide and his tail springing up. Chloe was alarmed for a moment, and she looked around quickly, trying to discover what it was that had alerted him. Then she saw that the pokémon was looking up at the sky, and she looked up as well, through the gaps in the tops of the palm trees. Where once she had been able to see the stars and the moon, now all she saw was blackness. A moment later, a loud rumble of thunder sounded, and Chloe realized that the weather might again be taking a turn for the worse.

Her fears were confirmed when all of sudden the skies opened up, and it began pouring down rain. The fire was extinguished within minutes and Chloe covered her head with her hands as she started getting soaked all over again.

“Oh, no!” Chloe exclaimed, realizing that she hadn't bothered to close up her packages of emergency supplies. She rushed over to them, but it was too late. Most of them were inundated with water now, and had been totally ruined. She felt her heart sink. Those had been all of the resources she'd had, and now except for a few cans and her water bottles she didn't have anything left. “Great, just great! What am I going to do now?” Not to mention that she now soaked to the skin and freezing cold, without a fire to warm her up. She started shivering uncontrollably.

The Absol watched her, seeing how helpless the human was in this weather. His fur acted as a

great shield against the water, oily enough that the rain just slid right off, but now her clothes were practically useless. If she stayed out here much longer, he figured she might get sick or worse. With a sudden burst of inspiration, the Absol walked over to her and prodded her in the back with one paw. She looked over her shoulder at him. He turned and walked away from her, to the edge of the small clearing. There he stopped, looking back at her.

For a minute Chloe didn't understand what he was doing, but then she realized that he was trying to get her to follow him. Maybe he knew where there might be some shelter? Deciding to trust her newfound friend, she picked up the few good supplies she had left and stood, walking to him. He wagged his tail once and then started off into the trees.

The darkness was intense, made all the worse by the deluge that was crashing down all around them, but the Absol never strayed far enough away from Chloe that she wasn't able to see him. He seemed to know where he was going, and the human followed as close as she could. Every now and then she sneezed and coughed, feeling the chill from the rain and wind all the way down to her bones. Walking was becoming more difficult. Lightning flashed and thunder crashed, making her jump in fright every now and then.

After walking for a time, the terrain underneath Chloe's feet became more rocky, and they were traveling further up in elevation. Finally, the Absol brought her to what looked like a collection of stone hills. He vanished into the side of one, and when Chloe followed him she realized that he had brought her to a cave. The sounds of the storm diminished significantly as soon as she went inside, and she was relieved not to have water pouring down on her anymore, though she still felt frigid.

The Absol led her towards the back of the cave, where the wind could no longer be felt and the rain couldn't be heard. This was not his home cave, but another cave very much like it. He had deliberately not taken her to his home because he wasn't sure how his mate would react to the human's presence. He didn't want any harm to come to her, though he was fairly certain the Arcanine wouldn't have attacked her. Better safe than sorry. He took her to the rear, where it was dry but cold.

He watched Chloe sit down on the stone floor as she set aside the few items she had been carrying. Water puddled on the rocks around her, dripping off of her hair and clothing. He could see her shivering very strongly, her teeth chattering together as she trembled. Quickly he conjured another fire, a larger one than before that lit up the interior of the cave and started warming the place up.

"Th-Th-Thanks," Chloe managed to say. She was wet, cold, and exhausted, though the warmth from the fire was helping. Again she stripped out of her clothes, laying them flat on the ground near the fire. Naked once again, she moved to a dry spot on the floor, wrapping her arms about herself as she shivered. The cave was an improvement over being outside, but it didn't seem like a very good one. She

laid down on the smooth rock, turning her front to the fire as she curled into the fetal position, hoping she would dry off and warm up quickly. She sneezed very loudly, sniffing a bit.

Concerned, the Absol walked over to her. He'd meant to leave her and return home once he'd seen her safely to shelter, but he was worried about her. Now he didn't want to leave her alone, afraid that she might not survive the night by herself. Already she looked like she might be getting sick due to the cold and wetness. He couldn't leave her like this, even though he had promised his mate that he would be back home for bed. He told himself that he would make it up to her later, and he went to the human's side.

Chloe's eyes were closed, so she didn't realize what the Absol was doing until she felt him settling down around her. When she opened her eyes, she found that he was pressed up against her, cuddling her with his fur as he curled himself around her body. She felt her chills gradually subside as the combined warmth from the fire and his body heat drove the cold away. He was positioned so that his face was a few inches from hers, and he looked into her eyes to make sure she was okay. Chloe managed a smile, reaching up with one hand and patting him on the head.

"Thanks again," she said quietly, touched by how much the pokémon seemed to care about a human he'd only just met. The Absol didn't make any sounds in return, but he pulled himself tighter against her, blanketing her somewhat with himself. She eventually was able to fall asleep, the distant sounds of the storm and the feeling of the Absol breathing around her lulling her into a half-easy slumber.

Chloe woke up, shivering a little. She opened her eyes, looking around, and realized that the Absol wasn't there anymore, though the fire was still burning. She slid closer to it, curling up tightly and feeling the shivers go away. Then she noticed that hints of light from something other than the fire were dancing along the walls of the cave. She sat up and saw that it must have been daylight, filtering into the cave from outside. So, she'd made it through the night after all. All through the night, even as she'd slept, she'd been vaguely aware of the Absol sleeping next to her. That must have been why she'd woken up.

He stayed with me all night, until he knew I was going to be okay, she thought to herself, smiling a little.

Stretching her arms, Chloe stood up and started walking towards the cave entrance. She left her clothing behind, feeling quite warm enough without it. When she got to the mouth of the cave, she sat down on the ground, looking up at the sky through the trees overhead. The sky was quite clear again with a few traces of fluffy, wispy cloud drifting by on the breeze. Water was dripping down from the

leaves overhead, and the grass at her feet was slightly damp. Chloe leaned back, letting the breeze play through her hair and over her bare skin. It felt wonderful.

Almost makes it seem like getting shipwrecked was a good thing.

A familiar rustling sound made her turn her head, and she saw the Absol coming through the trees towards her. He seemed to be carrying something in his mouth. As he got closer to her, he saw that he had three fat, fresh fish hanging by the tails from his jaws.

“Hello, there, good morning,” Chloe greeted him, sitting up straight. She faintly wished now that she’d bothered to cover herself up, feeling a slight warmth in her cheeks at being naked in front of him even though there was no reason for her to feel that way. After all, he’d been curled up next to her nude body all night, and even then he was just a pokémon. It wasn’t like he cared if she was naked or not.

The Absol wagged his tail back and forth once, and then he dropped the fish in front of Chloe on the ground. He sat back, looking at her expectantly. As Chloe looked down at them, one of the fish flopped feebly, a little life left in it yet.

“Um...What’s this?” Chloe asked, grinning a little uncertainly. “Did you bring me food?” The Absol nodded once, wagging his tail again. “Oh...Thanks, but...I can’t eat this. It’s raw.”

The Absol cocked his head to one side, as if to say, *Well, of course it’s raw. How else would you eat it?* He stuck a paw out, pushing one of the fish closer to her, his expression so earnest that Chloe almost felt sorry for him.

“I...I really appreciate it, but I need to cook my food before I can eat it,” Chloe explained. She watched as he tilted his head the other way, appearing confused. “You know...Cook? Like, heat it up? Cook it?” She struggled with how to explain cooking to a pokémon that had probably been eating its meals raw for as long as it was alive. “Like in the fire.” She pointed back into the cave.

He craned his head around, looking back into the cave as though expecting to see something special in there, but all he could see was the flickering light of the flames from the fire. He was starting to think that maybe this human wasn’t so clever after all. She had perfectly nice fish in front of her, and she was probably hungry after sleeping all night, so why wouldn’t she just eat? With nothing else to do, he let his tail droop a bit, lowering his head and pawing at the ground in front of the fish, which were becoming less fresh with each passing moment.

“Here, I’ll show you,” Chloe finally said. She picked up the fish and stood, carrying them into the cave. Curious, the Absol followed her. When she arrived back at the fire, she shocked him completely by tossing the fish right into the flames.

-Hey!- he growled, forgetting for the moment that she couldn’t understand his speech. -I

understand if you don't like fish, but you don't have to burn perfectly good food!- He pawed at the edges of the fire, wanting to get the fish out before it was ruined but understandably hesitant to stick his paws into the flames.

Chloe laughed at his antics. "Just calm down. Give it a few minutes." Before long, the cave started to smell like cooking fish. There were no spices or herbs about to season the fish, but the sea salt from the water that still clung to the fish was more than enough. The scent became wonderful.

As his nose twitched, the Absol stopped his frantic movements. He sat back on his haunches, looking in turn from Chloe to the fire and then back to Chloe, his eyes wide with surprise. Whatever she'd done, the fish now smelled fantastic. He watched them sizzling on the stone floor as the flames danced around them, and the fish started turning a nice golden brown as their scaly skin began peeling away from the meat.

"You wait right here," Chloe said. "I'll be right back." She left the Absol watching the fire, leaving the cave. She came back a few minutes later, carrying a long, slender stick with a sharp end. Chloe used the stick to spear each of the fish, pulling them out of the flames and laying them on a bare patch of stone. The Absol reached out a paw to poke at one, but she slapped it away. "Ah, ah...You need to let it cool a little first. Then you can eat it."

Impatient, the Absol sat there and wagged his tail furiously, his tongue flicking out periodically to lick at his lips. The fish smelled really good, better than when he'd caught them, and even though he'd already eaten a few before bringing some back to her he was starting to feel hungry again. He kept looking at Chloe and whining slightly, pawing at the stone. Finally, she nodded.

"Alright, that's probably enough." She pushed one of the fish towards him.

Eagerly, the Absol fell to the fish, taking a bite of the cooked meat. The warm flesh was flaky and white now, and very juicy. He'd never tasted anything like it in his life, and it was delicious. They both ate together. Chloe was a lot hungrier than she'd realized, and the fish, while not exactly gourmet cuisine, was a lot better than dried fruit and protein bars. The canned food that she'd carried to the cave with her was forgotten.

When they were both finished, they each gave a little sigh of satisfaction. Chloe stood up and walked back to the entrance of the cave, followed closely by the Absol. They sat down together on the ground, letting the breeze blow around them and enjoying the pleasant morning. The coolness was being replaced by the warmth brought by the sun, and the sound of the ocean was all around them. Chloe laid back down, a sunbeam playing over her stomach. It felt very natural to be laying here, without any clothes on, on the ground on an island far away from any other people with only a pokémon for company. She closed her eyes, feeling almost as though she could take a nap.

The Absol watched Chloe relaxing, seeing that she appeared to be sleepy once again. He couldn't blame her. He was feeling very full and tired as well, but he didn't feel like napping. Now that he was up close to her again, with a good view of her, he found it hard to stop staring at her. She just looked so different from any female he'd seen before, and really the only female he had any experience with was his Arcanine mate. The human looked very different from her. Apart from the lack of fur, she had a much more slender, curvy body. And those things on her chest. Curious, he reached a paw out.

Chloe's eyes snapped open as she felt the pressure on her breast. She looked down, seeing the Absol with a paw on her. He had a very keen expression on his face, like he was concentrating very hard. He'd obviously never experienced anything like her before. As she watched, he pressed his paw against her breast, mushing it down a bit. Chloe felt a little tingle as his paw pad touched her nipple, rubbing around on it slightly. She bit her lip, stifling a noise. She didn't want to startle him, though it felt kind of awkward. And it was making her feel a little strange, almost like she was getting turned on.

But that's ridiculous, Chloe said to herself. *He's a pokémon. I mean, yes, he's a very nice pokémon, but still. I shouldn't be letting him touch my breasts.* But she didn't make any movements to stop him, and in fact she acted as though she hadn't noticed.

He didn't noticed at all that she'd opened her eyes and was watching him. The Absol was too engrossed in what he was doing. Underneath his paw pad, he felt something stiffening. Lifting his paw up, he saw that her pink nipple had hardened into a little nub, standing straight out from that lump on her chest. Curiouser and curiouser. His mate's nips didn't do that. He moved his paw over to her other breast, wondering if the other nipple would do the same thing. As he rubbed around on it, he found that it did indeed, stiffening just like its twin.

Chloe was finding it hard to keep still, now, and she was starting to have some very naughty thoughts about her pokémon companion. His rubbing on her breasts was making her squirm a little, and her thighs rubbed together as she felt a tingling sensation between her legs. Casually, she turned her head to one side, looking at the Absol, and in particular between his hind legs. Her cheeks warmed as she saw that what he was doing to her was seeming to have an effect on him as well. Between his legs she saw a furry sheath and balls, and the hint of a tip of red was poking out. Chloe had never before had any thoughts of doing anything sexual with a pokémon, but she was seriously considering it now. Carefully, slowly, she took a hand and reached out.

The Absol jumped a little as he felt Chloe's hand on his lower belly. His paw stopped rubbing on her nipples, and he looked at her with slightly wider eyes. Chloe smiled up at him. He made a small questioning noise, and tilted his head to one side. The human female put a finger to her lips.

“Shh,” she said. “Not a word. Just let me pay you back for breakfast.”

With that, Chloe touched her fingers to the tip of the Absol's cock. He gave a quiet yip of surprise, another inch coming out as he started to become aroused. He knew exactly what it meant when a female started paying attention to that area of his body. He was surprised, but a little intrigued. Did she want to mate with him? He'd never mated with anyone except the Arcanine he lived on the island with. Would it feel any different to do that with Chloe?

Seeing that he was interested, Chloe sat up, eager now. As she rose, her thighs rubbed together and she felt slickness. She'd gotten very wet indeed while he'd been toying with her breasts. The human female put her hands on the Absol's shoulders, pushing at him. He flopped over on the ground, looking up at her as he lay on his back, his legs splayed and his front paws up. His cock was fully out of his sheath now, red and shiny in the sunlight, thick at the base and tapering to a pointed tip. Chloe licked her lips. She suddenly had the urge to taste it.

Chloe laid herself down on the ground next to the Absol, resting on her belly with her head down near his hindquarters. He was wondering what she was doing, and then she put her lips to the tip of his cock. He yipped again, surprised at what she was doing. His mate had never done anything like this before. Just as he was wondering if this was something that all humans did when they mated, she parted her lips and took an inch of his cock into her warm mouth, and all of a sudden it didn't matter anymore. He whined, pawing at the air as she suckled on him like a pup suckling at its mother.

For her part, Chloe found the taste of him very interesting. He had a musky flavor that seemed to penetrate all of her senses. His stiff cock was slightly spongy, slick and slippery in her mouth. She noticed that he seemed to be continuously squirting precum into her mouth. It tasted salty and watery, but she liked it. She swallowed every time it filled up her mouth, letting the flavor play along her tongue. Gradually she took more and more of him into her, until his pointed tip was tickling the back of her throat. Chloe held him back there, burying her fingers in the thick fur on his belly as she felt his cock twitching between her lips.

The Absol bucked his hips slightly, instinctively wanting to thrust up into her mouth, but she held him down against the ground and did all of the work herself. Chloe started moving her mouth up and down on his length, cupping his furry balls with one hand. She squeezed them lightly, eliciting yet another little bark from the canine pokémon. His tail was wagging rapidly now, and the spurts of precum were growing thicker and warmer. Chloe closed her eyes, letting her tongue glide along his cock as she sucked him. She came up to her knees, lifting up slightly from the ground, and brought her free hand underneath herself to come between her legs. Chloe moaned around his cock as she felt how wet she was. Her pussy was extremely sensitive, and she gently slid a finger inside of herself, teasing her clit. It was very wrong for her to be doing this to a pokémon, but it was also very, very fun.

Though she would have liked nothing better than to keep sucking on the Absol's feral cock until he came in her mouth, Chloe knew that she wanted something much, much more from him. Very reluctantly, she pulled her lips off of him, gasping as a squirt of precum hit her on the cheek. She flicked her tongue out, catching it as it slid down her face and savoring the precious liquid.

"You've brought out something bad in me," Chloe said to the Absol. She was feeling hazy with arousal now. She wanted him inside of her so very desperately. She wanted to feel what it would be like to have that canine cock in her human pussy. Chloe leaned back from him, sitting on her haunches and looking down between her legs. Her thighs were sticky, glistening and dripping with moisture leaking from her sex. She needed it bad.

The Absol whined again, one of his hind legs kicking at the air. He was disappointed that Chloe had stopped what she'd been doing. Her mouth had felt exquisite on his cock, and he'd been so close to cumming that his balls ached. He looked at her, and then his nose twitched as he caught a whiff of something captivating. He realized that it was the scent of her arousal. The Absol had smelled something very near to that whenever his mate was in heat. It was the scent of a female who was so ready for him.

Chloe leaned down, bringing her hands to the sides of the Absol's face. She lowered her lips to meet his, and kissed him. The Absol could faintly taste the flavor of his own precum on her lips. The sensation made his cock throb painfully. He rolled onto his side as she continued to kiss him, her tongue coming out to push into his mouth. The Absol wasn't sure what she was doing, but he understood the feelings behind it. Tentatively, he let his broad, long canine tongue brush along hers. Chloe moaned into his mouth, moving close to him until her breasts were pressed against his body. She broke her kiss with him.

"I want you," she said huskily. The human female pushed herself back from the pokémon, and she turned around. Chloe got down on all fours, spreading her knees apart. As the Absol watched, she reached behind herself and placed a hand on her rump, patting her ass lightly. She brought her fingers to her pussy, spreading her nether lips apart. She was pink on the inside, dripping wet with arousal, completely ready for him. "Come on, boy. Hop up. I'll be your bitch this morning..."

The Absol rose immediately to his feet. He wasn't one to turn down an invitation from a willing female, and right now all thoughts of his mate were as far from his mind as they could be. He padded over to Chloe as she put her hand back down, lowering her head to the ground with her butt raised as high in the air as she could get it. He reared up, placing his forepaws around her waist and hunching close to her. He stabbed forward with his cock, pressing against her. For a few moments he poked at Chloe's hindquarters, unfamiliar with her and unable to find his mark.

“That's it...,” Chloe breathed, feeling his cock sliding around her pussy. “You're almost there. Keep trying.”

Frustrated, the Absol whined loudly. He really wanted to get it right, and his humping became more frantic. He was desperate to get inside her now, could feel her heat on his throbbing member. With one last effort, he drew his hips back and stabbed forward hard. Chloe cried out loud as she felt him sink inside her pussy. His cock felt huge, and it stung a little as it stretched her passage out. She clenched her jaws, moaning between her teeth as he started thrusting madly inside of her.

The Absol was in pure heaven. Chloe was a lot tighter than his Arcanine mate, and she felt like a tight, velvety glove around his cock. He gripped her waist hard with his forelegs, his blade-like tail wagging madly behind him as he fucked her hard and rough. Already he felt his knot starting to swell, bumping up against her pussy as his hips slapped against her ass. Chloe cried out loud in pleasure with each bump of his knot against her, as the swelling bulge rubbed against her clit.

“Ohhh, good boy!” she screamed, her hands grabbing fistfuls of dirt underneath her. Chloe rocked herself back against the Absol, wanting all of him inside of her. This was the best sex of her life, and she was having it with a *pokémon*. The pure, animalistic wrongness of it was the best part. They were all alone on this island, and she could be as slutty and perverted as she wanted to be. Nobody would ever find out! “Good boy! Come on...Do it, push that knot inside of me! I want it!”

He was in no mood to disappoint her. His hind paws scrabbled at the ground as he fought to force himself completely into her tight body. Finally, gloriously, he pushed forward with all of his might and his knot slid inside of her. Chloe moaned louder than ever as she came hard around his cock, her pussy clamping down on him and holding him inside of her. His thrusts changed to short, rapid movements of his hips.

The Absol couldn't hold on any longer. He squeezed his forelegs around Chloe, his claws scratching her belly as he forced himself as deep into her as he could. He arched up against her, tilting his head up to the sky and howling loudly as his canine seed started to spill inside of her. His human lover cried out in pleasure, moaning encouragement to him as he filled her up, squirting his cum deep into her womb.

At long last, unable to give her anything else, the Absol rested himself on her back, panting with exhaustion. He nuzzled at the back of her neck, and Chloe reached back wearily with one hand to scratch the top of his head.

“Oh...Wow...,” she breathed, a wondrous tone to her voice. She took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. “I can't believe I did that...That was amazing...” She gasped again as she felt him moving, one of his hind legs scraping at her side as he started to turn around. She tried to hold onto him, to keep him

from coming away from her, but then she realized that he wasn't trying to pull away. The Absol lifted his leg over her back, twisting around so that they were end to end, with his cock still lodged deep inside her. Chloe could still feel weak spurts of his cum splashing against her inner walls, and she cooed softly. "Good boy..."

They both lowered themselves gently to the ground, and Chloe prepared herself to be still for a while. From what little she knew of canines, she did know that she was going to be stuck here for quite some time. For the moment, that was just fine with the both of them.

A short distance away, peering through the trees, a pair of black, shiny eyes was watching the two lovebirds. A low growl sounded, unheard by them, as a female Arcanine surveyed the scene. She bared her teeth, two thin wisps of smoke trailing from her nostrils as the fur around her neck stood on end. Her tail was whipping back and forth in irritation.

-Why, you little *sneak!*- she growled to herself, watching as her mate lay there, his treacherous cock keeping him tied to the human female. -Mating with that...that human, after leaving me alone all night!? I'll show you...-