

The Island, Part II
by Havoc

“Rivalry is the life of trade, and the death of the trader.”
- Elbert Hubbard

“E-Easy...Easy...”

Chloe bit her lip as the Absol tugged, his paws scrabbling a little at the ground under his paws. His feral cock was still firmly lodged deep inside of her human pussy, his swollen knot keeping him tied with her. They'd been stuck together for nearly an hour, his member sporadically firing the odd spurt of his cum into her. But now the swelling was starting to subside, and the wild pokémon was apparently ready to be separated. Chloe looked over her shoulder, watching as the Absol struggled to pull out of her.

Finally, with a loud, wet slurping sound, his knot pulled free and he slid out of her tight passage. Chloe gasped in pleasure as his shaft teased her clit on the way out, causing her whole body to shiver. She sighed contently, relaxing back on the ground again, rolling onto her side as she felt a slow stream of his cum starting to leak back out of her.

“God...that was really good...,” Chloe breathed. She stretched out her arms and legs, which had grown cramped from being crouched on her elbows and knees for so long.

The Absol watched as the human stretched out on the ground. He sat down on his haunches, bending his head down to lick at his cock as it receded back into his sheath. His member was slippery and slick with a combination of her feminine moisture and his cum, and he cleaned it off carefully. She had an interesting flavor, very different but a little similar to what was left behind after he mated with his Arcanine companion.

“Hm, you know,” Chloe said, as she watched him cleaning himself, “if we ever do this again, I can do that for you.” As much as Chloe had never imagined fucking a pokémon before today, she found herself hoping a little that it would happen again. Sex with the Absol had been much more wild and interesting than sex with any human male she'd ever laid with.

He looked at her, lifting his head as he finished with himself, cocking his head to one side. Well, if she wanted to do it again sometime, he certainly wouldn't be opposed. As long as his Arcanine mate didn't find out, there wouldn't be any harm in...

His eyes widened as thoughts of his mate suddenly flooded into the front of his mind. He'd almost forgotten all about her! He'd promised her the evening before that he would be back to the cave before nightfall, and he'd wound up spending all night and most of the morning with this human

female! She must be worried sick about him, or worse yet, angry with him for having stayed out all night. Frantic now, he rushed past the prone female and to the edge of the trees, running quickly away towards the cave that he shared with the Arcanine.

"Hey, wait, where are you going?" Chloe called after him. But it was too late. He was already gone, lost to her view in the thick forests of the interior of the island. Chloe was going to stand up to go after him, but she realized that she didn't know the lay of this part of the island at all. If she tried to follow, she'd get lost in a heartbeat.

Well, crap..., Chloe thought. She had a much bigger problem on her hands now. The Absol had led her to this spot in the dead of night, during a fierce storm. Chloe had no idea how to get back to her rudimentary camp site. She did have a few meager supplies that she'd carried with her the night before, but those wouldn't last very long. Sighing, Chloe got up and went back into the cave to figure out what to do.

The Absol ran back to his home cave as fast as he could manage. As he ran he could feel his fur getting snagged by low-hanging branches and shrubs, and he was sure he was going to look like an absolute mess when he got back. He'd have to be extra careful grooming himself before going inside. Hopefully his mate wasn't too sore at him for having been out all night. He finally crashed through the edge of the trees, coming to the entrance to his cave.

-Oh, *there* you are.-

He came to an abrupt halt. Right at the mouth of the cave, sitting there with her long, fluffy tail curled about her legs, was his Arcanine mate. She was staring absolute death at him. He could tell that this was going to be bad.

The Absol walked slowly towards her, his own scythe-like tail drooping low. -Hey there...Um...I'm home.- He approached closer to her, but he stopped as she gave a warning growl.

-You were out all night,- she snarled at him. -I got worried. I came looking for you.-

-You...You did?- the Absol asked, feeling his heart sink. He didn't like where this was going. -I...I didn't...-

-I saw everything.- The Arcanine was angrier than he had ever seen her before, and he thought he could almost see smoke coming from her ears. She took several steps towards him, and he reflexively took a few steps back, shying away. -If you'd rather spend your nights with that human, you can just go and not come back!-

-But...I didn't...I was just...-

-I don't want to hear any of your lies,- she barked at him. -I can smell her all over you! If you

don't leave right now, I'll...I'll...- A few flames licked from her mouth, saying more than her words could by far.

Frightened now, the Absol backed off a few more paces. -But...- He extended a paw in her direction. She let out a roar and charged at him. Terrified, the Absol turned tail and ran as fast as he could back the way he had come, heat from a burst of her flames flicking at his backside as he went. He didn't stop running for a long time.

The Arcanine stopped when she reached the edge of the trees. She was breathing heavily, and she couldn't remember ever being so angry in her life. She stared off into the trees after her fleeing mate. Then she turned around and went back into her cave. Going all the way to the back, she laid down on the cool stone floor, putting her head down and covering her face with her front paws.

Chloe had spent the better part of the morning resting in the cave the Absol had led her to, taking it easy and allowing her body to recover from both the rigors of the previous night and her romp with the pokémon. She'd gathered up her clothes, finding them nicely dried though there were a few rips here and there. Chloe elected not to put them back on. There wasn't anyone around to see her, and she wasn't going outside for now so she didn't need to worry about sunburn. She made a midday meal from the rest of the emergency rations that she had managed to bring with her, since there wasn't enough left to make dividing them up worth it. The rations definitely were not as nice as the fish she'd had for breakfast. Maybe she could figure out a way to do her own fishing, now that the Absol had left her.

No sooner had she thought this than she started to hear the sound of soft padding footsteps coming towards her from the front entrance of the cave. Chloe got up, hurrying to meet the source of the steps. She was delighted to see the Absol walking towards her.

"Welcome back!" Chloe greeted him. She dropped to her knees in front of him and put her arms around his neck in a relieved hug. She was afraid that he had abandoned her completely, and was glad that he had come back to her. When she leaned back from him, though, she noticed that he seemed a little different from before. "What's the matter?"

The Absol was in a decidedly down mood. He was feeling thoroughly miserable, and his body language showed it. His bladed tail was drooped almost all the way down to the ground, and he had a baleful expression on his face. He hung his head, not wanting to look at much of anything, especially Chloe. He pulled himself out of her grasp, walking away and to the back of the cave. There he flumped down on the stone floor, resting his head on his paws.

Chloe was taken aback. "Hey, now, what's wrong with you?" she asked him. She went over to

him, sitting down on the ground next to him. She laid a hand on his back, rubbing up and down along his spine, ruffling the fur there. The Absol reacted a little to her petting, but nothing much besides lifting his head and glancing at her before returning to his previous posture. Chloe was worried, considering that the Absol had seemed quite a bit more lively the last time she'd been with him.

He didn't seem very incline to interaction right now, though, so Chloe let him be and went about her own business. She still did have to attend to the matter of surviving on this island, after all. Figuring that right now she couldn't count on the Absol for certain, Chloe left him alone in the cave, dressed herself, and ventured out into the woods. If she was going to try to hunt for her own food, she'd need some tools. Bringing with her the utility knife from the supplies she'd salvaged, the human started foraging, utilizing the same method of marking her path as she had when she'd first arrived on the island. Each time she went a certain distance, she carved an arrow into a tree pointing the way back to her makeshift home.

After a few hours of searching around, Chloe had some prizes to show for her intrepid spirit. She had rediscovered the fresh water spring she'd found the previous day, and with her well-marked path she wouldn't have much trouble getting back to it from now on. She'd also located an uncommonly long, strong, and supple fallen branch. After working the end of it with her utility knife for a while, she sharpened it into a rather handy spear. Some practice would be required of her, but Chloe was confident that she would be able to use the spear to hunt for her own fish. Most exciting of all, Chloe had found a small grove of trees containing fruits that she recognized: pecha berries, leppa berries, and some succulent looking citrus berries. Taking off her shirt and tying off the bottom to create a makeshift bag, she picked some of the ripe fruits, but she saved most of the room for unripe ones that would ripen after being picked. Now if she turned out to be as miserable at fishing as she feared she would be at least she would have an alternate source of food, and with the unripe fruits it would be one that wouldn't go bad right away.

With her exploration complete, Chloe began walking back to the cave, laden down with her spear and her fruit. She was in high spirits again. With a source of food established, now she could focus her efforts on figuring out a way to get off of the island.

About halfway back to the cave, Chloe heard sounds as she walked through the trees. It sounded as though someone or something was walking through the trees towards her. For a moment Chloe thought the Absol was coming to look for her, but as the sounds came closer she realized it was something much larger than an Absol. Suddenly afraid, Chloe got off of her path, ditching her fruit bag behind a tree and hunkering down in a thick clump of bushes. Peering through the thick undergrowth, her heart pounding in her chest, Chloe watched as whatever it was came into view.

To her shock, a massive Arcanine appeared, pushing branches aside as it came through the tropical forest. Chloe stifled a gasp. She hadn't suspected that anyone except the Absol inhabited this island. She had seen Arcanines before, of course, but this one seemed to be a bit different from what she'd experienced. Tall, strong, and covered in luxurious orange-and-black-striped fur, this Arcanine looked hardened by life in the wild, but still retained the regal air that all such powerful pokémon possessed. Arcanines had been prized for their beauty since ancient times, and this one did nothing to fail that reputation. Chloe almost didn't feel frightened, until she realized that the Arcanine was a good foot taller than her and at least two hundred pounds heavier. A far cry from the Absol, who was shorter and lighter than herself. Like Absols, Arcanines were generally friendly towards humans, but there were no guarantees with a pokémon that lived in a place so separated from human civilization.

The Arcanine was sniffing the air, looking around as it surveyed the surrounding trees. Chloe held her breath, doing her best to keep herself from shaking and giving herself away. As she watched through the small gap in the bushes, the Arcanine continued walking, getting closer and closer to her position. Terrified now, Chloe started praying with all her might. She wasn't sure what might happen if the Arcanine discovered her, but she had a feeling that she didn't want to find out.

However, luck or the wind was with her this time, and the Arcanine abruptly turned its head and started off in another direction. Heading towards the fresh water spring and the fruit grove, it soon vanished out of sight.

Chloe let out the breath she had been holding, feeling her entire body start to tremble with the releasing tension. Cautiously she stood up and retrieved her sack of fruit, then hurried back along her path. Suddenly she wanted to get back into cover as quickly as possible.

The Absol still hadn't move from his position of self-pity when Chloe finally returned to him. He watched her as she greeted him with a pat on the head, then watched with increasing curiosity as she unloaded her cargo of fruit and the makeshift fishing spear. He was intrigued by the sharpened branch, wondering what in the world she thought she was going to do with that. While Chloe was emptying out the fruit from her shirt and making it suitable for her to wear again, he got up and walked over, examining the spear. He sniffed at it, finding it little different in scent from the other, normal branches anyone could find scattered about the ground on the island. Next, he touched his paw to the sharpened end. As his forepaw pressed against the pointy end, he recoiled in pain as it jabbed the pad on his paw.

"Careful with that," Chloe warned him, as she pulled her shirt back on. "That thing is sharp. You don't watch out, you're liable to get hurt."

The Absol looked up at her, then back down at the spear. He sniffed at it carefully again, then backed away, staring at it warily. He had no idea what the human wanted with it, but after that jab to his paw he wanted to keep away from it. The human laughed at his fear of the spear.

“Well, it's not going to jump up and attack you,” Chloe said. She sat down on the floor of the cave, selecting a few of the ripe berries from the pile. The other great thing about eating fruit was that it cut down on the need for as much fresh water. Taking one of the larger leppa berries, she bit into it and was rewarded with the nice juicy, tart sweetness typical of the fruit. “Mmm, perfect...”

The Absol came over to her. He peered at the pile of berries she had gathered from the forest. He recognized most of the fruits. His Arcanine mate ate a lot of that kind of thing, in addition to the fish that they caught from the ocean surrounding the island.

“You want some?” the human female asked him. She pushed a few of the berries toward him, offering some of the riper ones. “I bet you haven't eaten anything yet today. You've been inside the cave all day, right?”

That's true..., the Absol thought to himself. He hadn't had anything to eat at all since the morning's breakfast. His stomach was growling, but he wasn't the fruit-eating type. Sniffing at the berries for a second, he then turned his nose up at them.

“Oh, come on, they're not that bad,” Chloe said. She held up one of the citrus berries, a particular favorite of hers. But the Absol steadfastly refused to even consider it, staring right past the fruit at her. “Hm...Well...If you don't want fruit, how about we go hunt up some fish? It'd be a lot quicker if you'd show me the way back to the ocean from here.”

This sounded like a much better idea to the Absol, and he turned agreeably, heading for the cave entrance. Chloe shed her clothing, not wanting to risk getting it soaked again if they were going to be near the ocean, and followed after him after grabbing her spear. He led her through the forest. Chloe was nervous, wondering if that Arcanine might be nearby, but the Absol was unconcerned. He knew that it was getting to the time that his mate liked to return to her bed, so there was small likelihood that their paths would cross, which was just fine with him right now. He took Chloe to a rugged section of the beach, where the sand gave way to smooth rocks and the water was fairly deep right up to the shoreline.

“Ooooh...,” Chloe said, feeling a pleasurable sensation of the setting sun warming her skin and the cool breeze from the ocean ruffling through her dark brown hair. She looked at the water as she approached it, seeing numerous fish swimming about among the rocks beneath the ocean's surface. The sea was calm here, making it easy for her to see through the clear water. Chloe took a position on one of the rocks, standing there with her spear. Whenever she saw a fish start to come close, she jabbed her

spear into the water.

Twenty minutes later, though, Chloe still had nothing to show for her efforts. The fish were just too quick for her. The more frustrated she got, the more frantically she jabbed her spear into the water, but she wasn't having any luck with catching a fish. The sun was getting lower in the sky as well, making it more difficult for her to see the quickly swimming fish.

Almost at the end of her rope, Chloe looked over at the Absol to see how he was making out. To her surprise she saw him just sitting on his own rock, perhaps twenty or thirty feet away from her, without any fish out of the water nearby. He was hunkered down very low, his eyes locked on the water, and he was nearly motionless. Curious, Chloe watched him, wondering what he was doing. Whatever he was up to, there seemed to be a lot more fish congregating around his rock than around hers.

In a flash, almost enough to startle Chloe off of her rock, the Absol darted a front paw into the water. A fat, flopping fish was slung out of the water and onto the ground a short distance behind him. Before the school of fish in the water could react to him, another fish joined the first. Then the Absol grew still again, locking his eyes back on the surface of the water and waiting for the fish to gather once more.

Huh..., Chloe thought to herself. Looking back at the water, she decided to try the Absol's approach to fishing. The human waited, staring into the ocean, as the fish started to gather back around her rock. When the school of fish was thick around her, Chloe jabbed her spear into the thickest knot of them. As she withdrew her spear, she was gratified to see a nice plump fish wriggling on the end of it, run through by the sharpened stick. *Well, it's not nearly as hard as I was making it!*

The pair of them continued fishing until it was dark, and they'd gathered up a nice pile of fish between them. By then, Chloe was tired and hungry again. The Absol gathered up his own catch by their tails in his mouth and brought them over to Chloe. He laid them on the ground near her fish, and then he called upon his meager skills with fire to create a crackling little campfire on the rocks nearby. With that done, he sat down and looked at Chloe, wagging his scythe tail expectantly.

"Alright, I guess the cooking is my job," Chloe conceded. "But wait right here. I have an idea." She got up and hurried back up the beach, heading back towards the cave they'd come from.

The Absol looked after her curiously, not sure what she was up to. He was starving and he wanted to eat right now, and he started seriously considering just going ahead and eating his fish raw as he normally would have. But he remembered how much better the fish had tasted after Chloe had cooked it the last time, so he decided he would just have to wait for the human female to return. She didn't take too long, and when she returned he saw that she was carrying an armful of the berries that

she had gathered earlier in the day.

“Now, you just be patient and I'll see if I can come up with something to surprise you,” Chloe promised. As the Absol watched her, intrigued, she used her utility knife to slice up several leppa and citrus berries into thin slivers. When she was finished with that, she took the fish one by one and cut them open, butterfly-style, cleaning out the insides of their guts and bones and leaving only the meat behind. Taking the sliced up berries, she stuffed each fish full of fruit and then carefully laid them out in the fire. Before long the air around them was filled with the fragrance of fruit and the smoky char of cooking fish. When Chloe finally removed the fish from the fire, the Absol was wagging his tail wildly, eager to get to the meal.

The fish turned out to be excellent. As soon as they were cool enough to pick up they both began to eat. Chloe ate the fish rather like one would eat a taco, taking bites of fish and the tender, cooked fruit within. The leppa and citrus berries had imparted a sweet flavor to the cooked flesh, and even the Absol had to admit that a good use for fruit had finally been found. They both had plenty to eat. Chloe was surprised to find, at the end of the meal, that they had eaten absolutely everything they had caught.

That night, Chloe and the Absol slept together in their cave. He lit a small fire to keep them warm, and they curled up together. Neither of them had the energy to do anything more vigorous than go to sleep, even if the Absol had been in the mood for it. He felt a little better than he had earlier in the day, but he still was depressed over what had transpired between him and his Arcanine mate. He knew that he had messed up bad by mating with the human, but he refused to accept that things were over between him and the Arcanine. Chloe had proven her worth to him. Maybe, somehow, if he could show his Arcanine mate the same thing, things could work out. Maybe in the morning something would come to him...

When the Arcanine woke up that morning, she rolled over by habit to drape a foreleg over the side of her mate next to her. When her paw came in contact with bare rock, however, she remembered what had happened the day before. It was a depressing way to wake up. The Arcanine was already past the point of anger by now. She rather regretted the way she had handled things the previous day, and wished she hadn't acted so rashly. Now she just felt overwhelming sadness that she was alone, something she had never experienced before. On the island it had always been her and the Absol, helping each other and keeping one another company. Now she didn't have anybody.

With a heavy sigh, the Arcanine got up from the stone floor and shook herself off. Mate or no mate, it was time to start the day, and she did so with a quick but thorough grooming. All manner of

bugs made their way into the caves of the island during the night, and she was not one to allow them free reign of her domain. After fifteen minutes, she was her customary pristine self. Now it was time to think about breakfast. She padded out of the cave, outside to the clearing between her home and the island's forest. The sky overhead was clear, pale orange with the rising sun.

What to have for breakfast this morning..., she considered. Fish was always an excellent option. The ocean around the island was home to many different species, most of them delicious. But the Arcanine was not much of a fisher. Like most fire-type pokémon, she had a healthy fear of being near the water, despite her life as an island-dweller. Her Absol mate was much the better of the two of them when it came to that. No, she decided, this morning would be a vegetarian one, and so she began trotting into the forest. There were many scattered groves of fruit trees around the island, but the best ones were high in the rocky hills. It was these groves which she was going to visit today.

The climb up to the high hills was a difficult one, as usual. The Arcanine had not eaten well the previous evening, and she was lacking for energy, and tired quickly. She consoled herself with the knowledge that she would be well rewarded for her efforts. Her mouth began to water as she thought of the many succulent berries that routinely weighed down the branches of the trees at high altitudes.

Finally, she got to the top of one of the higher hills. The sun was fully risen now, bathing the island in its warm yellow light. The day was going to be a hot one, she could already tell. The Arcanine took a while to rest, laying down in a breezy spot. The sun beat down upon her long orange coat, but the wind was strong today, and she didn't overheat. Before long she had her strength back. She proceeded along the relatively flat top of the high ground.

The first grove that she arrived at was a promising one. She was delighted to see that many fruits had grown since the last time she had visited this spot. The recent heavy rains had been kind to the island's fruit crop. Hondew and pomeg berries filled the trees, just waiting for her to chow down. The Arcanine strode up to a particularly heavily-laden tree and pressed her body up against the trunk. With a barking grunt, she heaved herself against the tree, jumping back to protect herself from the sudden rain of ripe hondew berries. Some of them splattered against the ground, but many more landed whole. Pleased, she set to the fallen fruit, gobbling them up by the mouthful. They were an acquired taste for many, a delicate mixture of sour and bitter, but they were juicy and quenched the thirst that she had developed during her climb. They made a nice appetizer for her.

When she'd had enough of the hondew berries, the Arcanine went over to one of the pomeg trees. She loved this berry, which was an agreeable mixture of sweet and spicy. She gathered berries from this tree in the same manner as the first, thumping it with her body and causing the fruit to fall down. Pomeg berries required a little bit more effort than the hondew berries. The Arcanine picked up

each individual fruit and placed it on top of a rock, then smashed down on the hard outer skin with a heavy paw. The skin would split open, and tiny, jewel-like, juicy seeds would spill from within. She spent a while devouring berry after berry, until she grew weary of bothering with the complicated fruit. Still not completely satisfied, she continued hunting around the hilltop for her vegetable prey.

Chloe and the Absol woke up together that morning, still curled around each other. He had to admit that it was nice to wake up next to her, even if she wasn't quite the same as his furred mate. There was just something comforting about waking up with another being.

“Ah, good morning,” Chloe greeted him, as she sat up and stretched her back and arms. The human female put a hand on the top of his head, scratching between his very short ears. “Feel like some breakfast?” She gestured towards her supply of berries.

The Absol looked at the berries. They had been very nice when cooked and stuffed inside fish, and he thought about it for a few minutes. But eventually he shook his head. When it came right down to it, he didn't care much for berries by themselves. Fish would be a much nicer breakfast for him. He wagged his tail to show Chloe that he was grateful for the offer, but that he would prefer something else to eat. The human shrugged.

“Alright, I guess you'd rather go fish for your breakfast,” Chloe said. “Fine, but I'm going to stick with fruit. I had enough fish yesterday.” She picked up a leppa berry and bit into it, then looked back to the Absol. “You'll be back, won't you?”

He looked at her unblinkingly for a few minutes, as though considering her question carefully. Then he inclined his head in a nod, and then turned away to walk out of the cave. Yes, he would definitely be back. If his Arcanine mate no longer wanted him, then maybe it wouldn't be so bad to stay with the human for a time. She was a companionable sort and...well...she was also quite pretty, or so he had decided. Not gorgeous in the way that only one with luxurious fur could be, but she had an exotic flair about her.

While the Absol was away seeing to his breakfast, Chloe quickly ate her own and then left the cave. She found that her carved path on the forest trees was still quite visible, and she followed it from the cave to the fresh water spring pool. There she gave herself a quick wash, cleaning her body of the accumulated grime that had built up over the past two days. She returned to the cave just as the Absol was getting back from his breakfast. Still slightly damp from her bath, she stretched out on the bare ground outside the cave, letting the mid-morning sun dry her off. The Absol stretched out next to her, and they relaxed for a little while.

Eventually, though, Chloe spoke up about something that she had been wondering. “So...What

made you come back to me?” she asked the Absol. “I mean, you hurried away yesterday so quickly, I figured there was something important you needed to do. I didn't really expect you to come back so soon. Why did you?”

The Absol raised his head, looking at Chloe. His mind was now drawn back to the awkward matter of what had driven him from his home. How could he make the human female understand what was going on? She certainly couldn't understand his speech, even if he could understand what she was saying. And he'd already succeeded in offending one of the females he shared this island with. If he offended the only other one, then he'd really be in a jam. He didn't fancy spending the rest of his life hiding from the other occupants of the island, or being alone with no companionship.

Chloe rolled onto her side, facing him, her ample breasts sagging slightly to one side as she rested her head on one hand. “I dunno why I'm asking you, really,” she said. “It's not as if you can talk. But you seemed really sad when you came back to me. I was just curious why.”

Tilting his head, the Absol stared at Chloe for a little while. *I can't talk to her, but...maybe I can show her.* Nodding half to himself and half to her, the Absol got up and walked to the edge of the trees. He sat down there, looking back at Chloe, wagging his tail.

“What are you doing?” Chloe asked. “You want me to follow you?” She received a wag of the tail and a nod of the head in return. “Alright, give me a minute. If we're going to be walking a while, I want to get my clothes back on.”

The Absol waited patiently as Chloe went back into the cave. When she came back out, she was wearing her false skins again. He was vaguely disappointed by this; he thought she was much prettier with them off. When it looked as though she was ready, he started walking again, leading her off through the trees.

A long trek through the trees later, Chloe and the Absol came to the edge of a clearing in the woods. They'd been steadily going uphill the entire time, until they were getting to a point where hills were forming, coming up from the rocks towards the center of the island. A large hill was straight ahead of them, but the Absol kept them both well inside the tree line, hidden from the clearing. Chloe was on her hands and knees, peering through the bushes, curious as to what the Absol was trying to show her.

“I don't get it,” she whispered, feeling strangely as though she needed to be extra quiet. “It's just a tall hill. What are you trying to tell me?”

The Absol put a paw on her hand, hushing her. He'd been following the path that his mate usually took when she was gathering her own food. He wasn't exactly sure that she would be here, but

she didn't like to fish for herself, and her favorite foods were contained in the tree groves that grew on top of the tall hills on the island. This place was the most likely place for his Arcanine mate to be.

“Oh!” Chloe finally said, looking up to the top of the hill. She could see movement up there, though she had to squint to keep the bright sun from hurting her eyes. There were trees at the top of the hill, colorful ones filled with fruits and berries. Moving among those trees was a creature, a gorgeous pokémon that Chloe instantly recognized. It was the Arcanine that she had seen the day before!

The Arcanine was going from tree to tree, shaking the trunks and gathering the berries that fell from the branches. The Absol looked up at her mournfully, his scythe-like tail drooping as he remembered all the time that he had spent with her. He wanted to be up there right now, helping her gather her food. That was where he should be, but he was not. Instead he was watching her from afar, like some kind of spy or stalking beast.

Chloe looked at the Absol, and then back at the Arcanine. She was still a little confused, but she thought she might be beginning to understand what was going on. “You know that Arcanine, don't you?” She received a nod from the Absol. “Um...This might seem like a silly question, but is that your mate?”

Astonished, the Absol looked at the human with his eyes slightly wider than normal. He hadn't expected her to comprehend that fact so quickly. He nodded again, wagging his tail just a bit.

“So...She's female, then?” Another nod. “So if that's your mate, why did you come back to me instead of staying with her?” The Absol looked away from her at that question, staring off to one side and down at the ground. Chloe narrowed her eyes, confused, and she looked at the Arcanine. Then she had a sudden thought. “Oh...Uh...Hey, she didn't happen to...see what we did yesterday...did she?”

Chloe knew the answer before she saw the Absol's reluctant nod. This explained everything. The Absol had come back to her because his mate had chased him away, which was why he had seemed so sad upon his return. Chloe felt an immense wave of guilt wash over her. She'd thought that what she and the Absol had done had been innocent enough, but in reality she had wrecked a relationship for her own selfish desires. She definitely hadn't wanted to do that. She felt as low as low could be, no better than a shameless harlot.

“I didn't mean to...crap...,” Chloe mumbled. She covered her face with one hand, feeling ashamed of herself. The past week had just been one big mistake after another, first the decision to go out sailing, then the decision to not turn back when the weather started getting rough, and now this. She looked back up at the Arcanine, who was now walking to the other side of the hill. “Well...There must be something I can do to help...” Though she had no idea what she could do to make this right.

The Arcanine was starting to feel full, but she wasn't quite finished with her breakfast yet. She'd had a goodly amount of hondew, pomeg, nanab, and cheri berries, but she felt like she needed just a little bit more to make the meal complete. Hunting around the trees, she'd found ripe berries aplenty, but nothing that really caught her eye. Getting closer to the edge of the hill, where it dropped down on one side to a sheer cliff, she peered at the trees that were harder to get to. Most of them seemed bare. She was just about to turn around and look somewhere else when something piqued her interest, and she stopped to give it a closer look.

Passho berries. Fat, ripe, juicy-looking passho berries. The Arcanine was entranced. Passho berries were, paws-down, her absolute favorite food in the whole wide world, and they were exceedingly rare on the island. Slow to grow, quick to die, passho berries were very soft, juicy, and bitter. Even so, they had a complex flavor that she found absolutely wonderful. And there was a whole bunch of them growing on a nearby tree right by the cliff edge, just waiting for her to shake down onto the ground.

Eagerly, the Arcanine walked over to the tree and put her front paws up on it. She pushed forward, giving the tree a mighty shake. Several of the berries fell down, but the rest of them stayed stubbornly attached to their stems. Growling a little, the Arcanine pushed harder. The berries shook back and forth, but wouldn't budge. With another noise of frustration, she turned to one side and shoved against the tree with all of her might. Then again. Then once more. Finally, with a full-body motion, she threw herself against the tree.

With a creaking and cracking sound, the tree gave way completely. The Arcanine gave a yip of surprise as it uprooted and tipped over the edge. Her momentum carried her with it, and she twisted around as she started to fall, scrabbling at the cliff edge with her front claws. Just as she was about to plummet to the ground below, her claws snagged on the exposed root of another tree, and she was able to hold on, dangling there with her back paws searching for purchase on the cliff face. She cried out in pain. Her right foreleg was burning, having twisted the wrong way as she saved herself from the fall. She wasn't sure how long she'd be able to hold on.

Chloe gasped. "Hey, look! Oh, no..."

The Absol looked up, and felt the fur on the back of his neck raise as he saw what was happening. A tree fell from the top of the hill, down the cliff side, crashing into broken pieces as it hit the ground in front of them. The Absol didn't care about that, though. His gaze was focused still on the top of the hill, where the Arcanine was now dangling high above the ground.

"We've got to do something!" Chloe declared. She got up from where she had been hunkered

down, and she ran to the sloping side of the hill, starting the climb up to the top. After a moment of indecision, the Absol followed after her. His practiced feet helped him move at a much quicker pace than the human female, and he was soon at the top of the hill.

Ahead of him, the top of the Arcanine's head was barely visible above the edge of the cliff. She was struggling, trying to pull herself back up, but she was already too far over the edge. The Absol ran up to her, looking over the edge.

-Hey, just hold on! I'm here!- He latched his paws onto one of hers, digging his claws into her to hold on. She howled in pain, but he knew if he let go she'd fall for certain.

-You!- the Arcanine said, looking up at him in surprise. She bared her teeth, growling. -I thought I told you I never wanted to...Ah!- She yipped in fright as her other paw slipped, and she barely managed to regain her hold. She looked down, seeing the ground below her. The cliff really wasn't all that high, but it was high enough that she couldn't be assured of surviving if she fell from it. At that moment she felt the last of her anger at him slipping away. -Just...Just don't let me fall...-

Chloe, having finally gotten up the steep hill, finally caught up to them. She knelt at the edge of the cliff, reaching down and grabbing the Arcanine's other paw in both of her hands. "Gotcha..."

When the Arcanine saw Chloe, her eyes blazed up again. -What is *she* doing here?-

-Are you seriously worrying about that right now?- the Absol said to her frantically. -Listen, we need to work together to get you out of this in one piece, so don't give us a hard time! I can't lose you!-

The Arcanine was torn. On the one paw, she was upset that he would bring that human with him, but on the other paw she was very glad he still cared enough to come looking for her, and to try to save her. Especially considering how she had chased him away the day before. -A-Alright...Hurry, please, I'm about to fall!-

Nodding, the Absol dug his claws deeper into her forepaw, then hauled back, straining his muscles as hard as he could. His mate was nearly twice his weight, but he was strong, and he had the human female next to him for help. They both pulled up, dragging the Arcanine slowly but surely up over the edge of the cliff. She finally managed to dig her hind claws into the cliff as well, and she pushed up to help them. They were all losing strength quickly, but they were making good headway. Finally, after nearly ten minutes straight of pulling and straining, Chloe and the Absol were able to pull her all the way up. They all rolled back onto the hilltop, breathing heavily.

The Absol got up quickly, coming close to the Arcanine and nosing at her. -Are you okay? When I saw you slip off the cliff...-

-I'm fine,- the Arcanine replied. She was overwhelmed by relief to be back on firm ground, shaking slightly as she thought about how close she had come to falling to her death. -I should have

been more careful...I got too greedy. They were just berries, after all.-

-That's why I've always said you should stick to fish.- That statement managed to bring a growl of weary amusement from the Arcanine. The Absol nuzzled at the top of her head. -I...Well...I don't know how to apologize for what I've done, but...-

-Forget about it...,- the Arcanine said. She was far too relieved to be alive to be able to hold any more grudges against him. She turned her head towards him, nuzzling at his neck. Then she tried to stand, but she felt a sharp jolt of pain from her right foreleg, and she collapsed back on the ground. -My leg...-

Chloe saw the Arcanine try to stand, and she moved towards her. "Hey, are you hurt? Let me have a look at that." As she got closer to the large, regal fire pokémon, though, the feral female growled at her and raised up slightly, a few wisps of smoke coming from between her bared teeth. Chloe stopped, her breath catching in her throat.

-Don't do that,- the Absol admonished his mate lightly. -The human is just trying to help.-

The Arcanine, looked at him, then back at the human female. She was still growling, but she relaxed her posture once more, allowing Chloe to come near her. Chloe knelt next to the Arcanine, putting her hands around the canine pokémon's right foreleg. She felt it carefully, squeezing here and there with her fingers, checking the bone.

"It doesn't feel like your leg is broken to me," Chloe assured her. She felt around a little more. "I think you just twisted it pretty bad. It's sprained. You'll be sore for a while, but it should be alright." Looking around, Chloe found two long, thick sticks that were each about the same length as the Arcanine's foreleg. She placed each stick on either side of the pokémon's leg, and then she took off her shirt. Tearing a few long strips from the bottom of the garment, she used the cloth to tie the sticks tightly onto the sprained leg. "There. Try standing on it now."

Peering curiously at the odd wrapping that was around her leg now, the Arcanine sniffed at the sticks and the cloth strip. With a dubious look at Chloe, she placed her paws on the ground and pushed herself up. Her leg still hurt, but she found that now she was able to put more weight on it, allowing herself to stand. She was amazed. Normally, in the wild, a leg injury would have been an almost certain death sentence. A pokémon that couldn't move was a pokémon that wouldn't eat, after all. But now she would be able to walk.

-See? Humans aren't so bad,- the Absol said to his mate. He was wagging his tail, looking between Chloe and the Arcanine. The other pokémon looked like she didn't want to admit it, and she growled a little, but she didn't object to his statement. -Come on. Let's go home. You should have some rest after all that.-

With her leg injured at it was, the Arcanine had to rely on her mate and the human female to guide her home. The Absol led the way, helping them pick their way down the hill to where the ground was low and level. They made their way through the forest until they arrived at their home cave. The Arcanine walked to the back of the cave, limping a little on her injured leg. When she got to her bed area, she flopped down in relief, glad to get off of her paws.

Chloe and the Absol both joined her. The Absol got a fire going and then settled down next to his mate, licking the back of her head slowly. The Arcanine growled pleasantly, feeling more at ease now that she was in a safe place.

"I'm exhausted after all that," Chloe sighed. She looked herself over in the firelight. Her clothes were grimy and soaked with sweat, not to mention that the hem of her shirt was coming a bit unraveled where she'd torn off strips for the Arcanine's bandage. Shrugging, she just went ahead and took them all off. She noticed that the Arcanine was watching her as she did so. Chloe imagined that she was having much the same thoughts as the Absol had the first time he'd seen Chloe taking off her clothing.

-What is the human doing with her skin?- the Arcanine asked her mate quietly.

-Um...I'll explain later,- the Absol replied. He suddenly felt his stomach growl, and realized it was already afternoon. Breakfast had been quite a long time ago. -I'm hungry. What about you?-

-Me? Not really...I ate a lot before you arrived. But if you want to go eat, I'll be alright here.-

Nuzzling her head again, the Absol got up and started walking back towards the front of the cave. Chloe got up as well. The Arcanine would be alright in here on her own, and it looked as though she might be remaining here with them. She wanted to go and get her own supplies from the other cave and bring them here. They both left, and Chloe followed the Absol through the forest. He took her back to the other cave first, then left her to go to his fishing spot.

After Chloe retrieved her supplies, including the large stock of fruit that she'd gathered up, she retraced her steps back to the pokémons' cave. Walking in, she found the Arcanine right where she'd left her, curled up next to the fire.

"I brought back food," Chloe announced, a little nervously. She knew that the canine pokémon had a pretty good reason not to like her, and she was a little uneasy being around her with the Absol away. The Arcanine regarded her with a neutral expression. Chloe set the berries down on the floor and unpacked them from her makeshift bag. "I dunno if you want any, but feel free to have some." Chloe sat down next to the Arcanine and picked up a ripe citrus berry, biting into it.

The Arcanine raised her head and sniffed at the berries. They did smell pretty good, nice and ripe, even if she had eaten quite a bit already. She stretched her neck out and grabbed a pecha berry in

her jaws. The sweet berry seemed like a just compensation for what she'd been through today.

Chloe finished her fruit. "Let me see how that leg's doing." She reached for the Arcanine's right foreleg, taking it gingerly in her hands. She checked the bandages and the sticks that were forming a splint. They seemed to be secure enough. "Looks alright. You're going to need to keep off of it." She put a hand on top of the Arcanine's head, patting her a little between her ears.

The Arcanine looked at the human. This was the first time she'd had much contact with humans, but...even considering the way she'd been introduced to the female at first, she didn't seem all that bad. She had helped save her from falling off the cliff, after all, and she'd fixed up her leg for her. The Arcanine decided that for now she could make nice. She allowed the human female to scratch between her ears.

Well...It does feel kind of good..., the Arcanine reluctantly admitted. And the touch was comforting her, taking her mind away from the twinges of pain in her leg. Relaxing a little, she rolled over onto her side, exposing her belly to the warmth of the fire.

Wow, she's a really pretty pokémon..., Chloe thought to herself. The Arcanine's belly was covered in a fluffy coat of tan fur. She had an urge to touch it. Carefully, making sure that the Arcanine wasn't going to bite her hand off, Chloe reached over and put her hand on the canine pokémon's belly. When she didn't get an adverse reaction, she started rubbing the soft fur there.

Now that...that feels very good... The Arcanine stretched her back legs out, deciding that she'd let the human rub her belly if that was what she wanted to do. The long, even strokes of the human's hands felt nice on her stomach. She'd forgotten altogether by now that she was supposed to be upset with Chloe for messing around with her mate. She was very relaxed by now.

Chloe continued rubbing at the Arcanine's belly, her hands moving up and down the tan expanse of fur. She was looking at the other female pokémon, seeing how sedate she was. She was getting over her fear of her fairly quickly, now that it seemed as though she didn't harbor any ill feelings towards her any longer. Chloe leaned against the Arcanine, feeling the softness of her fur against her bare skin. The fire-type canine was very warm, like a heated blanket. With the new feelings of comfort came a reawakening of her curiosity. Just how close would the regal pokémon let her get?

Tentatively, Chloe rubbed her hand lower down the Arcanine's body. She could feel the heat increasing as her hand came down near her hind legs. Chloe had never thought of doing anything with another female before, let alone a female pokémon, but...maybe now was the time to give it a try.

The Arcanine gave a little growl of surprise as she felt Chloe's hand moving down between her legs. She lifted her head, looking at her with a confused expression on her face. The human female looked back at her, seeming a bit anxious. Clearly she was worried that the Arcanine was going to

object to what she was doing. But the Arcanine rather liked having her belly rubbed, and if this was going to be more of the same, that was alright with her. She wagged her tail a little to show that everything was still fine.

“Alright, I get it,” Chloe said. She smiled at the Arcanine, and continued moving her hand lower. To give herself more room, she slid away from the Arcanine so that she was kneeling on the stone near her feet. The pokémon rolled onto her back, looking down her body at Chloe. Chloe took a look down. “Well, there's certainly no question that you're a girl, is there?”

Chloe could see the Arcanine's pussy very clearly, a plump circle of blackish flesh nestled in the tan fur between her hind legs. The heat was more intense there than anywhere else on her body; she could feel it radiating up at her. She subconsciously licked her lips a little. Taking one hand, she touched a finger lightly to the pokémon's sex, tracing around it a bit. The Arcanine's legs jerked a little, and she gave a quiet yip of surprise.

What is she doing? the Arcanine thought to herself. She was bemused by what the female was doing. She was touching her almost like a male would...What in the world was she doing that for?

Receiving no protest from the pokémon, Chloe pressed harder, rubbing her fingers in a tight circle. The Arcanine rumbled a low growl, her body twisting a little under the human's rubbing. She was pawing at the air a bit now, and Chloe thought that she enjoying what she was doing. The human smiled to herself. Then she moved her finger to the center of the Arcanine's pussy, pressing in a little. There was moisture there, and her finger began sinking into her heated passage. Chloe felt the tight ring of her sex contract around her invading digit, and she watched the other female's face.

“You like that?” Chloe breathed. “Feel good?” She started moving her finger slowly in and out of the canine's pussy, her slick warmth letting it move with ease. Chloe's other hand continued rubbing in a slow, smooth circle on the Arcanine's lower belly.

-Yes...,- the Arcanine said quietly, though she was certain that the human couldn't understand what she was saying. -It...It does feel good...- She could feel Chloe's finger inside of her, teasing and stroking at her inner passage. She'd never had another female do anything like this to her before, since it had only been her and the Absol for the longest time.

Chloe licked her lips again. “Don't freak out on me, or anything, but...I need to have a taste.” She withdrew her finger from the Arcanine's pussy, a thin strand of her fluids clinging to her skin. The Arcanine whine in protest as she Chloe leave. The protest quickly turned to a whimper of pleasure as Chloe lowered her mouth to her pussy, putting her tongue out to lick at the pokémon's nether lips. The taste was unique, unlike anything Chloe had ever tasted before. Her sex was hot, almost scalding on her tongue, but she slipped it deeper inside of the pokémon.

The Arcanine's head lolled back, her jaws opening slightly as she began to pant with pleasure. Her Absol mate had never done anything like this to her before. She never would have thought of using her tongue to bring anyone pleasure, but the human seemed to treat it like it was completely normal. She wondered if she had done anything like this to her mate as well. The way that her tongue slipped inside her, lapping around her most sensitive areas...it was just as nice as when her mate mounted her. The pleasure was incredible, and she could feel it growing more and more intense the longer she went.

Chloe was having a marvelous time. She was growing just as aroused as the Arcanine beneath her was, and she got up on her knees, her rear raising up in the air. She reached behind herself, putting a hand to her own sex. As she touched herself, she moaned into the other female's pussy. Chloe was absolutely soaked, moisture dripping down the insides of her thighs as she continued licking at her Arcanine lover.

The Absol arrived back at the cave after having eaten his fill of fish from the sea, full and happy after a good catch. He paused at the cave entrance, taking a few minutes to groom himself as normal. His mate didn't approve of tracking debris into their home, after all. When he was presentable again, he strode inside.

At once, he realized that something was different than normal. He could hear sounds from the back of the cave, where the sleeping area was. Curious, he followed the sounds, which seemed to be getting louder. He thought he could hear the familiar growl of the Arcanine, but she sounded...different. Almost like she was in pain, but not quite. He walked a little faster, his paws slapping against the stone floor as he rounded a bend in the cave, coming to the sleeping area.

“W-Welcome back!”

The Absol stopped short as he saw the sight before him. His mate was on her back, her paws in the air and her mouth open in delight. Chloe was kneeling down between her hind legs, her face buried in her pussy. She had been licking his mate's sex with her tongue! The Absol was sufficiently surprised that he didn't know what to do. He just froze in place, his eyes wide. The air in the cave was filled with the scent of sex.

Chloe looked over her shoulder at him, a dreamy look on her face. “Nice to see you,” she said, her voice very husky with arousal. Her lips were smeared with the Arcanine's sexual fluids. Her rump was raised in the air, and the Absol could see very clearly that she was dripping wet. “Don't just stand there...Come join us. We've been getting along splendidly.” She wiggled her hips from side to side, presenting a very inviting sight.

As though he was in a dream, the Absol approached the pair of females slowly. He was very

confused, but arousal was starting to grow within him, leaving him not caring so much for the “why”. He looked at his mate, on her back, as Chloe returned to her oral ministrations. The Arcanine gazed back at him, a goofy look on her face. She was enjoying herself quite a bit.

-Um...You don't mind?- he asked her, unsure of himself. He didn't want to do anything that his mate wasn't okay with.

-Mmmnnooooooooo,- she managed to respond, though it was hard for her to speak. She was very close to cumming already, and her breathing was heavy. -Go right ahead...-

Delighted to have her approval, the Absol came around to Chloe's rear. Her pussy looked very appealing to him right now, and he remembered how wonderful it had felt to be inside of the human female. But watching her tend to his mate had given him some ideas. He wanted to give that a try, too. Leaning in towards Chloe, he put his tongue out and gently touched it to her pussy. He heard her sigh in pleasure, and with that he dove right in.

Chloe moaned, her legs starting to shake as the Absol went to work on her. *God...He's being really...vigorous...* She buried her face in the Arcanine, slipping her tongue deep inside of her. As she lapped at the other female, the Absol moved his own tongue all over her. He licked at her pussy, pushing her nether lips apart to get at the sweet honey within. Chloe rocked her hips back against him, whimpering in pleasure.

The Absol slipped his tongue into Chloe's tight sex, feeling it clench around her. She tasted wonderful, just like he might have expected her to. She smelled heavenly, as strong as his mate did when she was in heat, and it was driving him crazy. He pulled his tongue out of her and started licking all over her rump, flicking around her puckered hole as well. That *really* made Chloe moan, and she had to stop what she was doing to the Arcanine in order to catch her breath.

“Oh, god...God, that's really good,” she gasped. “Right there...Good boy.”

He leaned back from her. He knew that she was enjoying what he was doing, but he was at the end of his rope now. His cock was fully extended from his sheath, hard and throbbing. The Absol needed to be inside of her now, or he would lose his mind. Rearing up on his hind legs, he went forward, wrapping his forelegs around Chloe's waist.

“Yes...Good boy...Go ahead,” Chloe encouraged him. She looked over her shoulder, watching as the Absol rested on her back. His cock was stabbing forward, jabbing at her rump, slipping around as he searched for his target. “Oh! Um...”

The Absol felt something impossibly tight as his cock sank inside of Chloe. For a moment, he was confused as to what had happened. Even her pussy hadn't been this tight the last time, but whatever he was in, it was warm and felt wonderful around him.

“Oh, god,” Chloe gasped, her breath catching in her throat. “That’s my ass...You’re in my ass...” She moaned deeply, an intense shiver of pleasure overriding the stab of pain as the feral cock penetrated her rear. She’d never been fucked in the ass before, but now she wished she’d tried it a long time ago. His cock felt impossibly large in her virgin ass.

The Absol started thrusting inside of her, and Chloe bit down on a shriek of delight. He started pounding his cock in and out of her asshole, aided by the lubrication his tongue had provided as well as the juices from her pussy that had been spread around. Her tight ring clamped down around him every time he pushed in, and he almost wasn’t able to pull out to thrust back inside.

While the Absol fucked her, Chloe returned to licking the Arcanine’s pussy. She clamped her mouth down around her furry sex, pushing her tongue back inside. The Arcanine gave a pleased growl, relieved that the human was getting back to important business. Her tongue was hanging out of her mouth now, and she was whining in bliss. Little shudders of pleasure rocked through her body. The human was very skilled with her tongue, and she was very close to her peak now. She yipped loudly, her voice echoing around the interior of the cave.

“Oh...Oh, keep going...,” Chloe gasped. She could feel the waves of pleasure starting within her as she began to cum. The Absol was thrusting faster and deeper now, and his knot was swelling, pressing against her ass as he instinctively tried to push it into her. She winced as it pushing in further and further with each thrust. Then finally, she screamed aloud as he forced his knot deep inside of her ass. Chloe’s orgasm hit her like a freight train, and her whole body seized up. She pressed her face into the Arcanine’s pussy, sucking hard on it as the Absol began firing off long, thick spurts of his canine seed into her rump.

The Arcanine stretched her body out, her back arching up from the stone floor of the cave as she came. Her jaws opened wide and she howled, a loud, long, baying call that could have been heard for miles, if anyone else was around to hear it. Chloe’s face was drenched with a sudden flood of the female’s fluids, and she swallowed the sweet, spicy liquid like it was the finest ambrosia. The trio remained locked among each other, all of them shuddering in pleasure for long minutes as they reveled in the sheer joy of their shared bliss.

Late that night, Chloe finally woke up from a deep, peaceful slumber. She sat up, rubbing her eyes. The cave was still bathed in the warm light of the fire, but all was now quiet. It was a far cry from the wild frenzy of hours before. Chloe stretched her arms, groaning tiredly. She was sore all over, especially around her backside, and she had scratches on her waist from where the Absol’s paws had been hugging her. At some point during her sleep, the Absol’s knot had gone down enough for him to

pull out of her. He was curled up, asleep, against Chloe's right side, while the Arcanine was sleeping on her left.

Chloe smiled to herself. She put a hand out, rubbing it along the Absol's white fur. He stretched in his sleep, shifting closer to press up against her. She turned slightly and did the same to the Arcanine. She didn't move when Chloe stroked her fur, but she did make a quiet rumble of contentment deep in her chest.

Yawning, Chloe laid back down between them, the two pokémon warming her body nicely. She thought about being stranded on this island, and how she had been wanting to find a way off of it. She had wanted so badly to be able to return to her home in Castelia City. Now she wasn't so sure. She had food, water, shelter, and company. Wasn't that all that anyone really needed?

Who needs to go back home? she thought to herself as she drifted off back to sleep. *I've got a pretty good home right here...*