

Rekindling the Flames
by Havoc

“For every beauty there is an eye somewhere to see it. For every truth there is an ear somewhere to hear it. For every love there is a heart somewhere to receive it.”

- Ivan Panin

“Hey, Safara, hurry up. If we don't keep up the pace, we won't make Lilycove before nightfall.”

Safara looked ahead, where her trainer, Zane, was walking about ten or so yards up the path.

The sun was starting to set, and the blue sky was becoming tinged with hints of pink and orange.

Safara, a tall, strong-looking Blaziken, was carrying a pack as she followed Zane. He was a good foot shorter than her, just turned twenty-two, with close-cropped blonde hair and brown eyes. He had a pack of his own, though it was a little smaller than hers, since she could carry a good deal more weight than he could. The pair of them were currently traversing Route 121 in Hoenn, heading from Fortree City to Lilycove City on the eastern coast. They had been walking all day, and had been walking all of the day before as well.

Safara gave a long, whistling sigh through her beak, looking at the ground as she tried to speed up her walking. Zane turned and crossed his arms, staring at her.

“I know you're tired, but we need to get to the city tonight,” Zane reminded her. “We've got tickets for the S.S. *Tidal* to Mossdeep City at ten in the morning, and it'll be a lot nicer to be able to sleep in a bed tonight. The hotel shuts its doors to new guests at eight o'clock, and that's just an hour from now.”

Sighing again, Safara hitched up the pack on her back and forced herself to keep going. She thought it wasn't quite fair that they had to walk the whole way, but then again there weren't many options. She and Zane couldn't share a bicycle, they didn't have any flying pokémon with them to ride, and Route 121 was too rugged to drive. So hiking was the only remaining option. Well, at least a long walk meant lots of time spent together.

Zane and Safara were close with each other, a lot closer than most people would have suspected. Zane had raised the Blaziken from a little Torchic since he was twelve years old, and they had been battling their way through Hoenn the entire time. For nine years they had kept to the traditional trainer/pokémon relationship, but all of that had changed just before Zane's twenty-first birthday, nearly a year prior. While traveling home for his birthday, they'd been caught in a blizzard and forced to take refuge in a cliffside cave. During the course of that night, some latent feelings had erupted to the surface, and they had ended up making love for the first time. The first of many times, in fact.

In a way, Zane was surprised that it hadn't happened before then. Safara had been a fully-evolved Blaziken for nearly four years at the time, and she was an exceptional specimen of the species. Tall, well-muscled, and boasting a rather impressive bust for a pokémon, she had never made any secret of her attraction to Zane, and in fact had gone out of her way a lot of the time to flaunt her physical appearance to him. She still loved to do that, actually, much to his chagrin, especially when they were out in public. But she knew when it was absolutely necessary to be discreet, though oftentimes she flirted at extreme closeness with where the line stood.

Their past month, minus travel time, had been spent back at Zane's parents' home, in Mauville City, where his father worked as an electrician in the employ of the local pokémon gym. They'd been there, once again, to celebrate Zane's birthday. His parents knew nothing about his relationship with his Blaziken, and to keep it that way they'd had to keep their hands off of each other, a task which had been extremely difficult for Zane and nearly impossible for Safara. She had an extremely high sex drive, and it had driven her crazy to not be able to have him whenever she wanted, as she usually could when they were on the road. Luckily for her, Zane's parents had left them alone at home a few times during their stay, which had given them a few precious hours at a time when they could get it all out of their systems. Unfortunately, that last occasion had been almost two weeks ago, and as circumstances would have it they hadn't had a good opportunity since, even on the road. Every trainer in Hoenn seemed to be heading to Lilycove this time of the year, so the traveling paths were crowded. If they'd gotten too enthusiastic during sex, which was not an uncommon thing with Safara, someone's attention might have been roused and then the Skitty would be out of the bag.

Safara was looking forward to their arrival in Lilycove City. Already she had visions of the hotel. She didn't mind camping out, but it would be very nice indeed to have blankets and a soft Swanna-feather pillow instead of a sleeping bag and Zane's jacket for a pillow. And that's not all she was thinking of. She was also thinking about what she and her trainer could do with a nice, private hotel room. Thinking about it made her body temperature rise a few degrees.

As they came over the next rise in the road, the tall buildings and lights of Lilycove City came into view. Safara found herself amazed by the size of the port city. Lilycove was the largest city in Hoenn, and the Blaziken had never been there before. Before now, the largest city she'd ever been to was Slateport, the other port city of Hoenn, and that place couldn't compare to where they were about to arrive. The buildings were all so tall, with the tallest being the famous Lilycove Department Store, a towering skyscraper packed with shops and boutiques offering anything that anybody could want.

Zane, who had been to Lilycove City when he was a child, was less enthralled than Safara, but he still felt a boyish thrill at seeing the city skyline. No matter who you were, visiting the big city was

exciting. Tightening the straps of his backpack, he looked over at Safara, who had caught up with him and was standing right beside him.

“Come on, Safara,” he said. “Less than a mile, and then all we have to do is get to the hotel. And then we can just take it easy until the morning.” Seeing that nobody other travelers were nearby, he reached behind the Blaziken and gave her a firm swat on her rear.

Safara straightened up, whistling through her beak in surprise. Then she looked over at Zane, her yellow-and-blue eyes narrowing as she began to smile. It didn't happen often, but every now and then her trainer was bold enough to make gestures like that in public. If he was bold enough for that tonight, maybe he would be bold enough for more...

By the time Zane and Safara made it to the hotel in Lilycove City, it was almost eight o'clock, and the streetlights were on. Zane went to the hotel's front desk to check in while Safara waited in the lobby. The hotel was an inexpensive but well-run establishment, one that catered to pokémon trainers and therefore allowed for pokémon to be out of their balls. Good for Safara, since she hated being cooped up in that thing and only tolerated it when absolutely necessary. Even at the late hour, the place seemed to be busy, with people and pokémon walking here and there.

Zane came back and got her after he had gotten a room key from the concierge, and the two of them left the lobby to head for the elevators. Their room was on the twentieth floor, so they had a bit of a ride to go. As they walked down the hall, Safara walked closer to Zane, almost bumping him with her hip with each step she took. He took notice of her attitude, recognizing it for what it was. She was horny, plain and simple, and he knew that he needed to get her out of a public setting before she did something they would both later regret.

Arriving at the elevators, Zane pushed the “up” button, and when the elevator doors slid open they both stepped in. Zane pressed the button marked “20” and leaned back against the rear wall of the elevator, closing his eyes and feeling relief that they were finally at their destination. He couldn't wait to get his backpack off, and to have a shower and get to bed.

He opened his eyes again a moment later as he felt something warm and feathery press against his body. Looking up, he saw that Safara was cuddling up right next to him, gazing down at him with soft desire in her expression. Zane realized, belatedly, that they were completely alone in the elevator. As he opened his mouth to voice a warning, Safara had slid her backpack off and pressed up against him firmly.

“Safara, don't...,” he warned her, knowing what she was intending. He put his hands up. “What if someone gets on at another floor?”

Safara caught his arms in her clawed hands, bringing them around her body and placing his hands on her rump. She obviously didn't care what other people may or may not be doing on other floors of the hotel. It had been too long, for her, since the last time they'd been intimate, and she wanted him right now. She trilled lustily, her breasts flattening against his chest as she hugged him to her. Lowering her beak to his face, she kissed him in that special way of hers, brushing her beak against his mouth and flicking the tip of her tongue along his lips.

He couldn't help moaning just a little. Zane wanted her just as much as she wanted him, but he also desperately wanted to avoid doing anything in public. The hum of the elevator reminded him that they were in a very public place right now, and even if nobody else was currently present that could soon change. But the feeling of his lover's body right up against his, so soft and promising further delights to come, was slowly eroding any intentions he'd had of showing restraint.

Surrendering a little to Safara's desires, Zane tightened his fingers on her rear, and Safara tilted her head back and pushed her rump out. She lifted one knee, rubbing it along the human's side as she cuddled to him, forcing him back against the rear wall of the elevator. Zane could feel the heat already radiating from between her legs. Swallowing, he let one hand drift around her body, lightly cupping it between her thighs. Zane could feel moisture on his skin, and knew that Safara was terribly aroused right now. She gave a little chirp of pleasure, looking down at him with half-lidded eyes.

Touch it..., her expression was clearly saying to him. *Touch me. It's been too long.* At the same time, her own hand came down, and she palmed his groin through his pants. The Blaziken rubbed at him, feeling his body respond to her. He stiffened in his pants, his manhood rising to the occasion nicely, and then...

A sharp ding sounded as the elevator doors opened onto the twentieth floor. Looking around Safara, Zane saw a woman standing there, a massive dog-like Houndoom standing next to her. Quickly, he pushed Safara away, clearing his throat. Safara gave a small whistle of disappointment, then a squawk of surprise as she looked over her shoulder and saw the other trainer.

The other trainer, looked between them, then smiled at Zane. "Good evening." She entered the elevator with her Houndoom, seeming not to have realized what had transpired before the doors had opened. Zane quickly walked out with barely a nod to her, Safara close behind.

That was close..., Zane thought, his heart pounding with the terror of almost having been caught in the act. He shook his head, berating himself for his carelessness. *All my fault. I shouldn't have let her get carried away like that. I got her started by smacking her ass outside of town. I knew that was going to get her all fired up...Idiot...*

Disappointed and frustrated, Safara followed Zane, looking back over her shoulder at the female

trainer and her pokémon. The Houndoom was sniffing the air, probably sensing the pheromones that the Blaziken had been producing. The canine pokémon growled a little, and to Safara's surprise he jumped at his trainer, hooking his front paws over her shoulders. The young woman gave a little shout of surprise, and Safara expected her to scold her pokémon and push him down.

Instead, the trainer giggled, looking back at him. "Brant, stoooooop...", she said to the Houndoom, her face turning red as an impish grin dimpled her cheeks. "Not now! We just-" Then the elevator doors slid closed, cutting off the sound just as the trainer gave a little moan.

Blinking in bewilderment, Safara looked at Zane with a questioning churl, wondering if he had seen what she'd just seen. But the human's eyes were studiously on the hall ahead as he walked away from the elevator, looking for their room. Safara thought about what must surely be going on in the elevator now, and it got her even more excited as she knew that they were about to have some privacy. Eagerly, she trotted after Zane, humming a little bit to herself, her spirits rising again.

Finally Zane stopped in front of a door. "Alright, here we are." He unlocked the door, pushing it open and quickly stepping inside with Safara. The room inside was rather simple but spacious for the price. A small sitting room greeted them immediately, and to their left and right were doors which led to a bedroom and bathroom, respectively. The sitting room contained a small couch, a straight-backed chair, and a coffee table, and through the open bedroom door Zane could see a modestly-sized bed and an armchair.

As soon as Zane closed and locked the door, he felt Safara press up against him again. She churled at him, putting an arm around his shoulders and teasing her beak in his hair. Clearly she wanted to pick up where they left off in the elevator, but Zane wasn't in the mood anymore. He was embarrassed from having nearly been caught in the act, and he had come to his senses somewhat. He knew that even though they had a private hotel room, the walls in such places were notoriously thin. The neighbors would probably be able to hear what was going on clearly through the walls, and that wouldn't do at all.

"No, Safara," Zane said, pushing himself away from her. She made a disappointed whistle through her beak, and tried to put a hand out to him, but he held it and forced it down. Zane's voice took on a scolding tone. "You really shouldn't have done that back there. We can't afford for anyone to find out, you know that! I don't know how many times I've told you, and yet you just keep on doing things like this!"

As he scolded her, Safara shrank back more and more, looking increasingly upset and ashamed. She knew that she wasn't supposed to show affection like that in public, but...she just couldn't help it. Keeping her hands to herself was really hard, especially when she just wanted to show him she loved

him. Couldn't he understand that? She didn't want him to be mad at her...

Seeing that Safara felt bad, Zane turned away from her. He took a few calming breaths, and then turned back around. "Go wait in the bedroom for me, Safara. I'm going to take a shower and get ready for bed. I'll be there in a few minutes." He pointed to the bedroom. "Go on, now." Her head turned down towards the floor, the Blaziken sighed quietly and obeyed him, crossing over to the bedroom door and going inside.

Feeling a little guilty, Zane shuffled his bag off of his shoulders, tossing it onto the couch in the living area of the hotel room. He went to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. The bathroom was simple but adequate, containing the usual accoutrements one might find there, most importantly for him a bathtub and shower. Zane turned on the water and stripped out of his traveling clothes, relieved to have the dirty garments off of his body. When the steam was rolling thick in the air, he stepped into the shower. The hot water cascaded over his body, rinsing away the dried sweat and grime accumulated from a few days of travel.

While he showered, Zane thought about how he'd scolded Safara. He felt really bad about doing it, but she really had done something very risky. He'd explained to her time and time again how bad it would be if someone caught them acting like more than trainer and pokémon, but she still did things like what she'd done in the elevator. As much as he loved it that she wanted to show affection for him, he wished that she would learn what the right time and place for it was. And in the elevator in a crowded hotel was not the right place, even if the time had felt pretty right.

I should have been a little nicer about it..., he said to himself, reaching for the usual bottle of hotel shampoo. *I should try to make it up to her.*

Safara sat on the hotel bed, her clawed hands folded in her lap. She was staring at the floor, feeling a little bit miserable. All of the excitement that she had been feeling earlier had vanished, leaving behind a sense of embarrassment and wrongdoing. The Blaziken knew she shouldn't have gotten so bold in the elevator, but she wished Zane hadn't gotten mad at her like that. All she'd been trying to do was have a little fun with him, and she could tell that he had been enjoying it. If only that stupid girl hadn't shown up when she did...

The bedroom door opened, and she glanced over as Zane walked in. He was wearing what he usually did when he went to bed: a pair of brief shorts and a tshirt. He seemed to have his hands clasped behind his back, and he was looking at Safara with a sheepish expression on his face. Safara gave him an annoyed expression, then she crossed her arms and turned her head away from him, huffing out a testy sigh.

“Don't be like that, Safara,” Zane said, walking over to the bed. He sat down next to her, and she slid further down the bed. “I didn't like having to be angry with you. It doesn't mean I don't care about you, we just can't be doing those kinds of things out where people can see.”

Safara kept her eyes stubbornly turned away from him, giving a sharp whistle of rebuke and shrugging her shoulders. Zane put a hand on her leg, and she twisted herself away so that his hand fell off again. He'd made her upset now, and she was going to punish him properly for it.

“I brought something into the bedroom with me,” her trainer said, a little bit of a singsong tone to his voice. “Something you really like.”

The Blaziken chanced a glance back at him. He had one hand up, and clasped in his fingers was an ornate Wailord-bone brush, a gift that had been given to Zane by his parents when he'd first become a trainer. It was the brush that he used to give her a really thorough grooming, usually saved for special occasions like contests and tournaments when she needed to look her very best. Safara felt her stubbornness starting to melt away. She really, really loved it when he brushed her.

“I thought I'd make it up to you,” Zane said. “You can just lay down on the bed, and I'll give you a nice, long-...Whoa!”

Zane's words were cut off as Safara nearly tackled him with a hug, wrapping her strong arms around his body with a long trill of delight. She hugged him so tight that he felt joints starting to pop, the air being forced out of his lungs as the pokémon squeezed him. She teased his hair with her beak, the heat from her body nearly searing his skin as her temperature increased with her lifting mood.

“Okay, okay!” Zane gasped. He pushed against her, gradually forcing himself out of her tight grip. “I get it, I get it. You forgive me. But if you squeeze me any harder, my eyes are going to pop out of my head!” Safara gave a little peep of alarm, quickly letting him go so that he could catch his breath. “Alright...Phew...So like I said, just lay down. I'll do your back first, then turn over and we'll take care of the front.”

Safara gladly did as he asked, stretching out on her belly with her head on the soft pillows. Retrieving a trash can from near the bed, Zane got to work, brushing down her ruffled, fiery-red feathers with the hard-bristled brush. The brush loosened dirt and stray feathers from her body, leaving her coat sleek, smooth, and shiny. From her shoulders all the way down over her muscled back, to her tight, firm rear, and on down to her clawed feet, her trainer pampered and preened her feathery body. He pulled away handfuls of loose feathers, tossing them into the trash can until it was nearly half full. The grooming felt wonderful to Safara, like spending an evening in a hot tub would feel to a human. Grooming her back took nearly an hour, and then Zane instructed her to roll over so that he could do her front.

While Zane groomed her front, he found himself sorely tempted. The back had been appealing enough, but now he had to contend with the sight of Safara's toned, flat stomach, that soft downy tuft right between her thighs, and most of all the swell of her breasts, so prominently displayed on her chest. He had to force himself to focus just on the grooming, making sure that her feathery coat was cleaned of all loose fluff. Safara didn't make it any easier for him. The Blaziken made little trills of satisfaction all through the process, looking up at him and grinning slightly as she saw the effect it had on him. She had implicitly promised not to get frisky with him again that night, but that didn't stop her from being her usual teasing self. She put one arm behind her head, arching her back to lift her breasts into even greater prominence, and reached her other hand behind Zane to trace a claw lightly along his back.

"I know what you're trying to do, Safara," Zane said to her, his tone warning although he couldn't keep the corners of his mouth from twitching in a slight grin. "We're just grooming right now, remember?"

With an innocent whistle, Safara shrugged her shoulders, nodding a little. But she kept on teasing him, spreading her thighs just a little bit, enough to give a view while still being able to plausibly claim that she wasn't trying anything naughty. Another hour of this went by, and finally Zane put the brush down, plucking away the last bit of loose feathers from Safara's left leg.

"Alright, you little mischief-maker," he said. "Done with that. Feel better?" He chuckled at her enthusiastically affirmative trill of reply. "Good. Glad to be of service." He looked at the clock, surprised to see that it was almost eleven o'clock. He'd been planning to get them up at seven the next morning so that they'd have plenty of time to catch the boat, which was leaving at ten. Meaning they'd need to get to sleep right now if they were going to be worth anything in the morning.

Setting her brush down on the bedside table, Zane got up from the bed and carried the now-overflowing trash can back to where he'd got it from. He went to the clock and set the alarm for precisely seven o'clock. When he looked back at the bed, he found that Safara had already snuggled under the covers. As she looked over at him, she extended her arms towards him, a soft whistle of invitation coming from her beak.

"You just don't give up, do you?" Zane asked her, crossing his arms and looking at her pointedly. Safara retracted her arms slightly, a worried and uncertain expression coming across her face. Then Zane sighed resignedly and stepped over to the bed, getting under the covers next to her. "Fine, fine. But we're just sleeping tonight, understand?"

With a pleased churl, Safara pulled him into a warm embrace, snuggling up to him. Chuckling again, Zane laid his head on the pillows, accepting her offer of a warm resting place for the night. She

gave him one of her special kisses on the forehead, and before long the two of them were snoozing peacefully in each others' arms.

Bzzt! Bzzt! Bzzt! Bzzt! Bzzt!

Coming slowly awake, Zane blinked as a harsh electronic buzzing assaulted his ears. Light was streaming into the room through the slats in the window blinds, and he squinted as the brightness hurt his eyes. Yawning, he realized that he also seemed to have a face full of Blaziken tits. He grinned slightly and raised his head. Safara was still sleeping peacefully, curled around him and hugging him to her. With a tired sigh, Zane reached a hand blindly back and slapped for the alarm clock, shutting off the irritating sound.

As he stroked his hand idly down the soft, manicured feathers along Safara's side, he looked over his shoulder at the clock. *Nine o'clock*, he thought to himself. *We sure slept in a while. Oh well... We were pretty tired after the long trip. Needed the rest...*

"Holy shit, *nine o'clock!*?" Zane shouted, sitting up in bed quickly. "We've only got an hour to get across town to the ship before it leaves!" Starting to panic, Zane jumped out of bed and started dashing about, gathering up their things and shoving stuff into bags.

He was struggling to pull his pants on when he heard a sleepy-sounding squawk from the bed. Safara was awake now, propping herself up on one arm and rubbing sleep from her eyes as she watched him tripping over his pant legs. She whistled at him, asking him what was wrong.

"Safara, you gotta get up!" he told her, his voice cracking with stress. He waved an arm at her, losing his balance for a moment and nearly tumbling to the floor before catching himself, one leg in his pants and the other out. "It's nine already! The ship leaves at ten and we gotta be on it! You need to help me get our things packed up!"

It took a moment for her trainer's words to pierce the haze of sleep still clouding her brain, but once she realized what he was saying Safara gave a little squeak of alarm and jumped out of bed as well. She took over the packing while Zane concentrated on getting dressed without killing himself. By the time they were fully ready to leave, it was already nine-thirty. They took another ten minutes getting downstairs and checking out, with the front desk clerk giving them strange looks at how disheveled and hurried they both appeared.

Dashing out the front door into the street, Zane looked around wildly as he got his bearings. Luckily for him, Lilycove was laid out in fairly straightforward fashion, and the street that the hotel was situated on would take them straight to the docks. He and Safara both started off at a quick pace, pushing past people on the sidewalks as they hurried along.

Tooooooooooooooooooooooot!

A long, loud, low-pitched whistle rang through the air. His heart leaping up, Zane checked his watch. Twenty minutes until ten. That whistle must be the S.S. *Tidal* announcing that they were getting ready to depart. Zane gave up all pretense and started running flat-out for the waterfront, Safara hot on his heels. He was praying with all his might that they would make it in time, and he had horrible images of the boat already being over the horizon when they got there, even though the dock wasn't all that far away. They should have just enough time...

With seconds to spare, they rounded the final corner, coming to the dock that would take them up to the ship. Zane froze as the ocean came into full view. He was greeted by the sight of the S.S. *Tidal*, that huge, luxurious ocean liner, starting to pull away from the waterfront. The ship was leaving just a hair early! The ramps had been pulled away and the gates were down, blocking their access, and they were too late!

"Dammit!" Zane said, sinking to the ground in despair. If only he'd woken up when the alarm had gone off to start with! If he'd been just a few seconds faster when he was packing up, or if he'd taken a shortcut on the way to the harbor...But it was too late. "I can't believe this...I can't afford another pair of tickets! And the ship won't be back for two weeks anyway!"

Trilling in dismay, Safara raised a hand to her mouth, nibbling a claw. She felt like this was at least *partly* her fault. After all, she hadn't woken up when the alarm went off either. And she was supposed to be the disciplined, trained pokémon. If she had been more focused and less concerned with trying to get her trainer to sleep with her, this might not have happened. She bent down, patting him on the shoulder, trying to console.

"This is just great, Safara," he muttered, looking back up as the ship continued to slowly move off. The front half of the ship was clear of the dock now, well on its way. "Guess it's back home for us. Not like we can do much else. Mossdeep is the next place we need to go, and I guess we'll have to put it on hold until I can afford to buy tickets again."

Feeling her heart sink, Safara looked back up at the ship. The Blaziken had been looking forward to the trip as much as Zane had, and it was breaking her heart to see him this disappointed. She thought hard for a few moments, and then she had an idea. Without giving him any warning at all, she reached down and snatched him up off the ground in her strong arms. Zane gave a little shout of surprise.

"W-Wait, Safara!? What are you doing?" The trainer wrapped his arms around her neck as she started to run, taking long strides with her powerful Blaziken legs. His eyes went wide as he saw she was running at top speed, right towards the end of the dock. "You're not...No way, Safara! I don't

wanna die!”

But Safara wasn't listening to him. With a loud squawk of determination, she powered her way to the end of the dock and gave a mighty leap. Zane fairly screamed in terror as she launched herself at the ship. She grinned, amused by his fright. If her legs were powerful enough to leap over buildings, she could certainly handle a measly jump up to the deck of a cruise ship. As they soared towards the ship, they could both see people looking out of portholes and from the upper decks, openmouthed at the mighty fire-type pokémon.

And then, as lightly and nimbly as a falling feather, Safara landed in a crouch on the deck of the ship, almost exactly where they would have ended up if they had boarded the ship normally and on time. Trilling triumphantly at Zane, she straightened up, letting him drop to the deck as she grinned widely, tossing a hand back to brush her long ivory hair from her shoulders.

Zane let out a breath that he hadn't realized he'd been holding. His legs were shaking, and he fought to get his heart rate back under control. “Safara don't...don't ever...do anything like that again...” He held a hand over his chest. “Not without warning me...”

Safara touched a hand to her chin, looking worried. She hadn't meant to frighten him, she just wanted to get him onto the ship so that their trip wouldn't be a waste. The Blaziken warbled at him in an apologetic tone, fumbling with her hands as she tried to convey her desire to atone.

“I'm not mad at you,” Zane assured her, relenting somewhat. “Just...Give me some kind of heads up next time.” Hearing footsteps approaching them, the pokémon trainer turned his head and saw a man in the uniform of an S.S. *Tidal* crewman coming their way. The man was eying the pair with suspicion, as though they were intruders of some sort. Zane remembered suddenly that criminals had invaded the ship before, and so he held his hands up in front of him. “Uh...We have tickets, I swear!”

The man gave him a stern look, and held his hand out. Zane quickly dug into his pocket, pulling out the pair of tickets and passing them over. As he and Safara watched nervously, the crewman looked the two slips of stiff paper over, glancing up at them periodically. Then, finally, he handed them back, nodding.

“Seems in order.” He looked at Safara, then at Zane. “Next time, just be here on time, okay? It makes us nervous when some guy and a pokémon just jump onto the ship like that.” Turning away from them, he pointed to a set of stairs that led down to the lower decks. “Your cabin is that way. Just follow the signs, and you'll get there. Enjoy your voyage.” Then the man walked off, leaving the two of them alone together.

Zane heaved a sigh of relief. “Well, no matter how we got there, we're on the ship.” He felt his spirits rising again. “Just look at this, Safara!” He waved a hand, taking in the sight of the ship. The

S.S. *Tidal* was massive, indeed, stretching for almost four hundred meters in length. And with twenty stories, ten above and ten below deck, there were miles of space to traverse if one wanted to see the whole thing. And then there was the view. They both went to the railing, looking out to the sea. Behind them, Lilycove City was shrinking away, while ahead of them was nothing but the open sea. The horizon was dotted here and there with small islands, though Mossdeep City itself was nearly a week away.

Safara whistled in amazement as she felt the motion of the ship, the calm water of the outer harbor making it seem like they were floating on nothing at all. She'd never been on a boat before, so this was all very exciting to her. As a fire-type, Safara didn't care much for large bodies of water. About the most water that she could stand at one time was a long bath or shower, in a proper bathroom, of course. But being on a big ship like this, one could hardly even tell that one was in the ocean unless looking directly at the sea itself.

Zane and Safara watched the movement of the ship until Lilycove City was just a cluster on the horizon, and then Zane pushed himself back from the railing. "Well, come on, Safara. Let's go to our cabin. I'm ready to unpack and then have a look around the ship!" Safara agreed, and so they both walked in the direction that the crewman had directed them, entering a doorway and heading down a staircase to the third lower deck. Along the way they encountered a lot of trainers walking about, and no small amount of pokémon walking free from their balls. Zane saw all kinds of pokémon that were rare to see in Hoenn. The S.S. *Tidal* catered specifically to trainers, after all, and trainers from all regions patronized the ship, all of them with pokémon that were specific to their homelands.

When they arrived at their cabin door, Zane paused before opening it. "Hey, Safara? Listen, uh..." He scratched his cheek. "I just...Thanks for what you did back there. I was just panicking, and you knew exactly what to do. That's what I love about you. You have a good head on your shoulders."

Pleasantly surprised, Safara churled happily. Looking about to make sure no one was looking, she bent down and pecked him quickly on the cheek, putting a hand on top of his head and mussing up his hair. Zane laughed, then opened the cabin door.

The cabin inside was luxurious and spacious, more than Zane had expected it to be. When purchasing their tickets for the journey, he'd sprung the extra cash for a deluxe suite. He figured that since they were going to be on the ship for a week, they might as well be comfortable while they traveled. The room immediately inside the door was a living room, containing a large-screen television in an entertainment center, two large semi-circle couches, a writing desk, and a full kitchen off to one side. Looking about the room in awe, they both stepped inside and closed the door. A small table right next to the door had a bowl containing two keys. The pair walked together through the living room to a

door on the far wall. Opening it, they came into a bedroom that was about half as large as the living room. A large, circular plush bed covered in black silken sheets took up most of the floor space, though the room also contained a dresser and a cushioned armchair. As Zane placed their bags on the armchair and started unpacking their things, Safara checked out the bathroom that was attached to the bedroom. She whistled, impressed. The bathroom was finished in black tile and contained a large shower area enclosed by perfectly clear glass with chrome fixtures.

“You know, when I paid that extra money for these tickets, I didn't think it would be quite *this* much extra space,” Zane called over to Safara. He was packing his clothes into the dresser, a pile of their traveling supplies surrounding his feet. He always liked unpacking after traveling for a while. Something about reorganizing everything back into a pristine, orderly fashion made him feel accomplished. “Not that I'm complaining. I was expecting we'd be in a cramped cabin, which wouldn't have been all that fun for seven days straight.” The Blaziken gave a trilling cluck of agreement, coming back into the bedroom to give him some help. “Let's take a few minutes to settle in, then we can have a look around. I could use something to eat after the morning we've had...”

After they finished up unpacking, Zane and Safara left their cabin and walked towards the front section of the ship, where all of the dining and entertainment areas were. Before leaving, Zane grabbed both of the room keys and locked up, taking his wallet with him as well. The pair passed by lots of trainers as they went, people from Kanto, Johto, Sinnoh, Unova...There were even a few people from far-off Kalos. Most of them had one or two pokémon walking with them, usually of the humanoid variety. Zane saw a few Lopunnies, a Lucario or two, a Gallade, and even a mystical-looking Delphox. He lost count of all the different pokémon he saw, and more than a few of them were female. Safara caught Zane with his eyes wandering. She wasn't surprised, given the particular leanings of her trainer, but she still snickered a bit and elbowed him in the ribs playfully, generating a sheepish grin from the human.

To get to the dining areas, they first had to go through a retail section. There were several shops, including one large (for a cruise ship) department store. Large windows formed the storefront, and through the windows one could see all manner of items for purchase. The store had clothing, travel supplies, electronics, anything anyone could want, really. Zane glanced idly into the windows for a few minutes, but his stomach was rumbling mightily and he moved along. He had gone a few paces past the storefront when he realized that Safara wasn't walking with him anymore. Alarmed, afraid that he'd lost her, he stopped and looked around wildly for a moment before looking behind. Safara was there, still standing in front of the store windows and gazing intently at the wares within.

“Hey, Safara, come on,” Zane said, walking back over to her and tapping her shoulder. “The restaurants are this way. Aren't you hungry?”

Safara jumped a little as he touched her, looking down at him. Then she looked back into the store window. She seemed to be quite intrigued by what was contained within. Truth be told, Safara wasn't hungry at all. She was far too excited to eat right now, and she wanted to see everything that the ship had to offer.

Zane could see her interest. “So...You're not hungry right now.” The Blaziken nodded, still peering into the store. Zane thought about it for a minute, then he reached into his pocket and brought out his wallet. “Well, how about this. You can look around the stores while I get something to eat. We'll meet back at the cabin in an hour or so, alright?” Zane pulled out some money from his wallet and gave it to her, along with one of the cabin keys. “And...get yourself something, if you want, okay? Have some fun! My way of saying thanks for getting us onto the ship.”

Overjoyed, Safara grabbed Zane and gave him one of the tightest hugs he'd ever experienced. She'd never had a chance to go shopping by herself before, and it was something that she'd always wanted to do. Her head was full of thoughts about what she might want to buy; it looked like this store had everything that she could possibly want.

After Zane managed to extract himself from her arms, he left her and continued on to the ship's restaurants. Full of excitement, Safara went into the large store, her head turning this way and that. Her feathers kept on ruffling up with anticipation as she surveyed what was for sale. The shipboard department store was divided into sections, depending on what one was looking for. The store was mostly filled with humans, though there were a few pokémon walking around by themselves, and some of the checkout counters were staffed by pokémon as well. Presumably they were there to help pokémon such as Safara, who had been allowed by their trainers to shop on their own.

I don't even know where to start..., Safara thought to herself. She realized, through her excitement, that there really wasn't anything she really *needed*. Zane provided her with food, shelter, comforts, and companionship. She already had everything she desired. Then she remembered something. Zane's birthday had only been a week ago, and at the party that his parents had thrown for him, everyone had brought him gifts to commemorate the occasion. Everyone, of course, except for Safara. *Maybe I can get Zane something for his birthday...Even though it's a little late...But what would I get him?*

As she was thinking over the problem in her head, Safara happened to walk by one of the clothing sections. On display were lingerie, bathing suits, and other rather skimpy things that women might wear. A flash of inspiration suddenly struck Safara.

Safara wasn't oblivious to human matters. She knew all about clothing, of course, and whenever she and Zane had time to relax, she liked to watch television along with him. As a result, she was exposed to all kinds of advertisements and different kinds of shows. Sometimes, on late-night television, romantic types of movies and shows would come on, and those kinds of shows were a particular favorite of hers. And one of the staples of those programs was that whenever a female got dressed up in a skimpy outfit, the male would positively drool over her. What if she was to buy something like that and wear it for Zane? Surely that would be a good surprise! Safara had seen pokémon wear clothing before, after all. Safara herself wasn't much of a swimmer, but she and Zane had been to coastal areas before, and it wasn't uncommon for humanoid pokémon to wear bathing suits while swimming. So it wouldn't be all *that* unusual for a pokémon like her to be buying clothes in a store like this one, would it? So she didn't need to be worried about being thought out-of-place or strange. As long as she did her best to be discreet, anyway.

With her line of logic sufficiently justified, in her mind, she walked into the clothing section and started browsing. There were several human females in the store, and they all occasionally glanced at Safara as she looked among the shelves and displays. The Blaziken thought that she could detect a few looks of jealousy on their faces. She tried not to look smug. Safara knew that she had a figure that would make even a human male turn his head, and would make the prettiest of human girls green with envy.

As she made her way to the back of the store, where the checkout counter was located, the lingerie and swimsuits kept getting smaller and smaller. Safara couldn't believe that anyone would wear stuff like this, even though most of it was very, very pretty. Then again, the whole point of this kind of thing was that only one person was supposed to be allowed to see it...

Then she saw it. The thing that she had been looking for. When she laid her eyes on it, it set her heart racing and she knew she had to have it. Displayed on a shelf, with a mannequin nearby modeling it, was a lacy, violet bikini swimsuit that was just to *die* for. Safara went over to the display, picking up one of the sets. Looking in a nearby mirror, she held it up before her, laying the top over her breasts. The vivid purple of the fabric went perfectly with her crimson feathers. She was in love with the garment instantly. And the bottom was teeny tiny, little more than two triangles of fabric that were held together by inch-thick bands of violet, meant to rise high up over the hips to form a V-shape in front and back.

Oh, if I wear this, Safara thought to herself, tracing her claws over the smooth, sheer fabric of the bikini, *Zane won't be able to keep his hands off of me. And we have that huge, soft bed in our cabin...It would be perfect...*

Then, sadly, reality came crashing down onto Safara like a ton of bricks. Only the day before, she had promised Zane that she was going to be more discreet. What would it look like if she was to walk out of here with a skimpy bikini like this? The whole thing was barely a scrap of cloth. Only an idiot would think that she was actually going to use it to *swim* in. And lots of people had seen her with Zane, thanks to their flamboyant method of boarding the ship. If anyone saw her purchasing this bikini, then they might put two and two together, and then there could be a whole heap of trouble coming both her and Zane's way.

So, reluctantly, Safara put the perfect, wonderful violet bikini back and got a different swimsuit. This one was a conservatively cut, sensible, sky-blue one-piece. It was a bitter compromise to make, but Safara knew it was the right thing to do. And, anyway, Zane would still have fun seeing her in it and taking it off of her, even if it wouldn't set his blood boiling like the first one would have. With a low, sad-sounding churl of disappointment, she walked up to the checkout counter. A female Gardevoir was there to help pokémon, and she looked at the swimsuit as Safara deposited it on the counter top. Then she looked up at Safara, raising an eyebrow.

-You know,- the psychic-type pokémon said, speaking with telepathy as her kind usually did, -I think if you wear that bikini you had before, it will arouse your trainer a *whole* lot more.-

With a startled squawk, Safara's eyes widened. She wasn't quite sure that she had heard the Gardevoir correctly, but then she remembered that she was speaking using her mind. It wasn't as though she would be stumbling with her words.

"*What...um...What do you mean?*" Safara replied in the pokémon language, trying to sound innocent. "*I'm just here buying a swimsuit, that's all.*" She clasped her clawed hands in front of her, fiddling with her thumbs nervously.

-Oh, please,- the cashier replied, rolling her ruby-red eyes. -I had you made as soon as you walked into our shop.- She leaned forward over the counter, laying a hand on the one-piece Safara had selected. -And this boring old thing just so isn't *you*.-

"*I...I don't know what you're talking about...*," Safara protested, looking around anxiously. Even though she knew nobody else could hear what the Gardevoir was saying to her, she was still a little worried.

The Gardevoir tapped her head, smiling just a little. -Psychic, don't you know? I know exactly why you're shopping here, what you're shopping for, and...- Her smile widened. -*Who* you're shopping for. I read it all right in your mind.- The Gardevoir came around the counter, standing before Safara. -You have some positively *lascivious* thoughts about your trainer floating about in that brain of yours! What a naughty girl you are!- She giggled aloud, her face showing great mirth.

Safara felt a small twitch of anger inside of her. “*You read my mind?*” She took a step towards the smaller Psychic-type pokémon, her expression showing her irritation quite clearly.

-Ooh, an admission?- the Gardevoir cashier inquired, seemingly immune to being intimidated. She waved a slender arm unconcernedly at the Blaziken. -Don't worry, don't worry. I'm just doing my job as a good store clerk. We do need to know our customers, after all. All the better to serve you, my dear!-

Realizing that the other pokémon meant no harm, Safara calmed down. “*Well...Well...Well, what of it?*” she said grudgingly. “*So I...So I care about my trainer. What's wrong with that?*”

-Oh, nothing at all, nothing at all,- the cashier replied. She winked at her. -After all, it's *much* more common than you might think.- Without waiting to see the astonished expression on Safara's face, the other female turned and went over to the shelves that Safara had been looking at. -Now, just you come over here.-

Confused, Safara followed the Gardevoir, tilting her head curiously. The Gardevoir stood near one of the large mirrors, looking back expectantly at Safara. She stepped over, looking at herself in the mirror, curious as to what the cashier was getting at. Then the Gardevoir put her hands on Safara's hips, making the taller Blaziken give another little squawk.

-Now, look, my dear,- the Gardevoir said, skimming her hands up along Safara's sides. -That one-piece is all wrong for you, if you're looking to catch your trainer's eye. He sees you without clothes every day. You cover up too much, and it'll just confuse him.- She reached over and grabbed one of the one-pieces that Safara had brought to the counter, holding it up in front of her. -Look at this. You see what I mean?-

Whistling softly, Safara looked at her reflection in the mirror. The sky-blue fabric looked rather nice against her vivid red feathers, and it looked like it would fit her just about perfectly. “*I...I guess I don't understand.*”

Sighing, the Gardevoir set the swimsuit aside. -Look, dear...- The Gardevoir put her hand on Safara's stomach. -You've got a gorgeous body. I mean, this flat, muscular stomach is just to *die* for. But why cover it up with a swimsuit like that? You need to show it off!- Then the Gardevoir moved her hand up to the Blaziken's breasts, cupping her hands underneath them and lifting them slightly, making Safara's eyes widen. Her cheeks deepened to maroon as she blushed. -And you have a *great* rack, love. A one-piece will just flatten it down and make your breasts look smaller. What you really want is something to lift and accentuate them!-

“*W-Well, um...,*” Safara stammered. She felt rather awkward with the other female's hands on her chest. “*Th-Then...Um...You think he'll like that other swimsuit more?*”

-Oh, yes, very much!- the cashier said enthusiastically. She retrieved one of the violet bikinis, a slightly smaller size than the one Safara had selected before. -But get it in this size. If it's just a little bit too small for you, it'll make you stand out even more.- She pressed the garment into Safara's hands. -Trust me. You'll be in bed with him before you can say the word 'go'.-

Feeling a slight thrill at the words, Safara clutched the bikini in her hands. “*Well, ah...I'll...I'll take it, then,*” she said sheepishly.

-I thought you might,- the Gardevoir said pleasantly. -I promise you won't be disappointed.- She walked back over to her counter, taking the swimsuit that Safara had left there and dropping it into a nearby restocking basket. She rang up the bikini instead, and Safara paid her with the money she had received from Zane.

“*Thank you for your help,*” Safara said politely. She noticed a human male, middle-aged, coming from a back room. He was wearing a ship's uniform, and seemed to be the manager of the store. He came towards the counter, a large stack of swimsuits in his arms. The man was heading for the shelves as though he was going to restock them.

-Not at all, dear,- the Gardevoir said, giving Safara back her change. -Just doing my job.- As the human male passed behind the Gardevoir, she jumped a little, her cheeks flushing a bit pink. Safara saw the man giving a slight grin, and she realized with astonishment that he had been patting the other pokémon's rear! The Gardevoir saw the surprised look on Safara's face, and she giggled again, placing the bikini into a bag and handing it to her. -As I said, it's more common than you might think. Satisfaction guaranteed, hon, or your money back.- She finished off with another one of her cheeky winks. -He's a lovely male, from what I've seen in your mind. Give him a good ride for me, hm?-

With a deep crimson blush on her face, Safara nodded to the cashier, then she turned and walked off, leaving the store to head back to the cabin.

An hour and a half after he'd left, Zane unlocked and walked back into his cabin feeling much better than he had when he'd left. The food in the ship's restaurants was first-rate, with a wide variety available. Considering how late in the day it had been when he'd got there, he'd just combined breakfast with lunch, having eggs, bacon, a good hearty soup, and some berry pie to top it all off. He hadn't had a meal like that since he and Safara had left home, and it had been just the thing. He'd even taken a little time afterward to do some shopping, but now he felt ready for a nice long nap.

As he came into the cabin's living room, he didn't see any signs of Safara. He hadn't seen her in the ship's retail areas, but she might have decided to look around the rest of the *Tidal* after she'd had her fill of the stores. Zane dropped the shopping bag he'd collected against the wall beside the door, closing

and locking it behind him, and then he flopped down on one of the couches. The soft cushions felt great, and it felt like the first time he'd sat down all day. Leaning back against the back of the couch, he closed his eyes, ready to catch a few winks.

He opened his eyes again as he heard a soft clucking noise. Confused, he blinked rapidly. He might have been asleep for a few minutes, he wasn't sure. The clucking sound repeated, louder this time, and Zane realized it was coming from the doorway that led to the bedroom. He turned his head, and felt his heart leap up into his throat.

Safara was standing in the doorway, leaning up against the door frame. She had a playful look on her face, and was staring right at him. As Zane's eyes traveled up her body, he realized with a shock that she was wearing quite possibly the tiniest bikini that he had ever seen on *anyone*. His heart started racing as he saw the way that the brilliantly violet swimsuit hugged her curves. The bottom half of the bikini was tight and small, just barely covering the area between her legs, and the straps on it rose up high on her hips. As for the top, her breasts filled it out perfectly, the material digging into her feathery bust slightly. He would have been afraid that the taut bikini top would tear, if he hadn't been thinking at the same time that it would be *really* hot if it did.

"Safara...What...You...How...," Zane stammered. He slowly leaned forward on the couch, his eyes wide and his mouth agape. His eyes kept roaming up and down her body, taking it all in. Her appearance right now had aroused him more than he could ever remember being, except for perhaps the very first night they had ever been together. There was no reason for it. He saw her naked every day. But with even the little bit of her covered up that was covered now...Somehow that made her a thousand times more alluring, more beautiful. "Where did...Did you buy that...?"

Raising one hand, the Blaziken put a finger to her beak, shushing him silently. Then she extended the same finger towards him, crooking it back, beckoning him to come to her. Zane rose from his seat, walking towards her in a daze. When he was standing before her, he opened his mouth like he was going to speak again. Safara touched her finger to his lips.

"*Happy birthday*," she clucked softly to him, though she knew he couldn't understand a word of her language. Safara leaned forward, lowering her head and teasing her beak lovingly through his hair. At the same time, she slipped a hand down his body, cupping him over his groin. She churled happily, feeling his arousal through his pants. He wanted her, she wanted him, and she wasn't planning on taking "not now" for an answer this time.

Taking his hand in hers, Safara pulled Zane into the bedroom. As he was drawn in, he saw that the lights were turned off. Somehow, Safara had found some candles, probably purchased from one of the shipboard stores, and had lit them with her own flame. The candles cast a flickering, seductive light

around the bedroom.

“You planned this out pretty nice...,” Zane said, his voice shaky with anticipation. As they crossed the room to the bed, Safara leading him along, he got a look at her rear. His knees almost gave way. The bikini bottom was a thong in back, the violet cloth disappearing between her firm, toned asscheeks. He couldn't resist reaching his free hand out to cup her rear lightly. The avian fire-type looked over her shoulder at him, trilling softly in an admonishing tone, as though she were telling him “not yet, naughty boy...”

When they reached the bedside, Safara turned him so that he had his back to the bed. Tracing a finger lightly down his chest, she hooked her claws into the fastenings of his pants. With deft movements of her fingers, she unbuttoned them and lowered the zipper slowly. Bending her head down to kiss him, she slipped both hands into his waistband, shuffling his pants and underwear over his hips. As they fell to the floor around his feet, his cock sprang out, throbbing with need.

Clucking huskily, Safara sank to her knees in front of him, pushing him down so that he was sitting on the bed. She had been thinking about what she wanted to do ever since she left the clothing store. She wanted him in every way, but she also wanted to make this the most memorable afternoon of her trainer's life. Looking up at his face, she touched a claw gently to the underside of his cock, standing proudly up from his lap. She smiled as she heard him breath in sharply, his member jumping at the same time. With a wink to him, Safara leaned in, placing her hands on her breasts. Pulling them apart, she eased her bust down over his rigid cock, sandwiching it snugly between her tits. When she let go with her hands, the bikini top kept her cleavage tight.

Zane tilted his head back, groaning deeply in pleasure. Her soft, feathery breasts created a warm, silky sheath for his cock. Safara had never done this for him before. She was being very inventive today, and he was loving every second of it. He would have been content to spend the rest of the afternoon just like this, but Safara had other plans. She brought her hands around him, cupping his rear, and then she lowered her head.

“Oh, god...,” Zane breathed, bringing a hand to the back of Safara's head, tangling his fingers in her long ivory hair. She had engulfed his cock in her beak, her thin, flexible tongue flicking along his bare flesh. Anyone else might have been very nervous about having such a sharp beak anywhere near such a sensitive area, but Zane knew from experience that Safara was very careful. He had nothing to fear.

Churling around him, Safara took a long moment to revel in finally having her trainer's cock in her mouth again. She never felt as close to him as she did at times like this. Closing her eyes, she started moving her head up and down, working her beak over him as she teased him with her tongue.

At the same time, she moved her upper body, stroking his length with her breasts. She could feel every twitch, and hear every pleased moan that Zane was making. It almost made her want to cry. They both needed this very much. She would show him just how much she loved him, just how much of her life he comprised.

Zane was in pure heaven. His hips were moving up and down in time with Safara's beak and breasts, the muscles in his backside clenching as he fought to hold himself back. He was pent up, no two ways about it, but he wanted this to last. The heat of her mouth was intense, nearly searing his skin, but he made no effort to withdraw from her mouth. Safara was an expert at using her beak in interesting ways, and he didn't want to miss any of it because of a minor thing like first-degree burns.

As he bucked up into Safara's mouth on a particularly nice twinge, she smiled around him. His precum was flowing freely now, coating her tongue. She loved the way that he tasted, and she was a greedy, greedy Blaziken. She wanted more. Moving her hands back to her breasts, she pushed them together tightly around his member, at the same time pushing her beak down, burying him in her throat. Safara clucked around him, massaging the head of his cock with the very back of her tongue.

"Oh, Safara...!" Zane groaned. He pressed his hand down forcefully on the back of his pokémon's head, forcing himself even deeper. His balls tightened up, and then an intense shock of pleasure rocked through him. The human hunched over, his cock jerking as he began to cum, pulsing his seed into her mouth. He shuddered as Safara swallowed around him, drinking down his seed as she remained motionless, letting him use her, savoring the naughty thrill.

When finally the last bit of his cum trickled down her throat, Safara raised her head, slurping with her tongue all the way as his cock slipped from her beak. A small drop drizzled from her mouth, and she flicked her tongue out to grab it as she met his gaze. His eyes were glazed over, his breath coming in gasps as he recovered from her oral lashing. His cock was slowly shrinking, returning to a relaxed state in the aftermath. Safara clucked softly, a smile still on her face, her tone questioning.

"Yes, Safara...," Zane said with some effort, guessing at the meaning behind her words. "That was...That was incredible."

Nodding once, Safara placed her hands on his knees, pushing herself up to her feet. Her breasts, still bound by the tight bikini top, pressed into his face for a moment. He nuzzled at them until they passed from his reach, as Safara drew herself to her full height. Zane could sense a familiar smell in the room now. The scent was one that brought many pleasant memories to the front of his mind. Spicy and sweet, it was the scent of his lover's arousal.

Safara stepped her legs slightly apart, bending over at the waist just a little. Even in the dim, candlelit bedroom, Zane could see where the violet cloth of her bikini bottom was darker, soaked

through with moisture. She churled seductively, crossing her arms underneath her breasts. Desire was written all over her face, her body heated with arousal. The temperature in the room was steadily rising, making sweat break out on Zane's forehead. As he watched, Safara put a hand out to his cock, giving him an admonishing cluck of her tongue. The message was clear: "We're not finished yet."

Taking a few steps back from him, Safara turned around, presenting her exquisitely formed ass to his eager gaze. She widened her stance even more, and he could see the thin strip of violet cloth between her buttocks, hiding her sex from his view. Almost slowly enough to be considered torture, she hooked her thumbs into the sides of her bikini bottom and pulled it down. The Blaziken waggled her short, feathery tail at him as her tight, puckered asshole came into view. She had never given that to him before, though he'd often fantasized about it, and he wondered if today might be the day. Then all thoughts of her ass disappeared from his mind as the thong revealed even more. Zane groaned aloud, his cock starting to rise again as he saw her pussy, swollen and glistening.

Safara looked back at him over her shoulder, seeing exactly where his eyes were directed. She trilled at him, letting her need for him make its way into her voice. She wanted...no...*needed* him to fuck her. They hadn't had sex in weeks, and she was just as desperate as he had been. Suddenly unwilling to wait any longer, she whirled around. Her hands came behind her back, reaching for the rear clasp of her top, and she freed her breasts from the restrictive confines. Taking the hint, Zane followed suit, pulling his shirt off, leaving him just as naked as she was.

Whistling sharply through her beak, Safara advanced on the bed. Before Zane could react, she had shoved him, knocking him over so that he was lying on his back on the bed. The muscular pokémon climbed over him, straddling his waist.

"Jeez, Safara," Zane said, excitement in his voice. He reached up, cupping one of her hefty breasts. "You're hot to trot, aren't you?"

She trilled in the affirmative, sinking back to her haunches. She moved her ass back, moaning as she felt his cock brushing between her cheeks. Her mini-striptease had had the desired effect, bringing him back to a full erection. Lucky for him, because Safara was at the point where she might have grown violent if he wasn't ready for her. She reached back, taking his cock in hand as she raised up on her knees. Her other hand came between her legs, and she spread her pussy lips with two fingers. Zane gasped as he felt hot drops of her juices sizzle on his bare skin. Safara placed his cock at the entrance to her sex, then she leaned forward, spreading her hands on his chest. Winking at him again, she pushed down against him.

They both groaned loudly as his hard, throbbing cock slipped deeply into her tight, wet pussy. Safara trembled as she was finally filled, as she finally got from her trainer what she had been desiring

ever since they left his parents' home. She leaned forward, sinking down atop him. Zane's arms came around her in a hug, and he kissed her deeply. She returned the gesture, breathing slowly as she reveled in the feeling of him inside of her. Safara hoped that her trainer could sense all of the care that she felt for him, that despite all of the disagreements they might have, she wouldn't change their relationship for the world.

“Ah...Safara...,” Zane breathed as he broke their kiss. He rubbed his hands down along her spine to her rump, stroking back up to her shoulders, teasing her soft red feathers with his fingers. “I love you so much...”

Safara straightened up, looking down at her trainer with eyes rimmed by tears. She smiled wide. More than anything, right now, she wished she could tell him she loved him back. The Blaziken wanted to be able to speak those words to him, but alas she could not.

But she could, at the very least, demonstrate her love to him.

Zane put his hands on her thighs, his finger squeezing tightly as she started to move on him. Her tight pussy gripped his cock as though they were made for each other. Safara lifted her rear up and down in a practiced rhythm, her arms coming behind her head as she rode him. She started off slow at first, twisting her hips back and forth as he slid in and out of her heated sex. Those wonderful, sensuous feelings of pleasure blossomed inside of her, her inner muscles clenching around him as his thick cock rubbed at her most sensitive places.

Before long she was moving faster, her breasts bouncing up and down as she ground herself down on him. His member was piercing her deeply, filling her so delightfully as she fucked him. Zane's hands were around her waist now, his lips drawn back in a passionate grimace as he thrust his hips up to meet her every time she came down. The sheets underneath him were a mess now as Safara's pussy leaked around his invading cock, her juices dripping down his sides and pooling under his rear. Zane hoped the walls of their cabin were thick, because from the way Safara was starting to gasp for breath, things were about to get loud.

Never one to disappoint, Safara's thighs clamped tight about his waist. She arched her back, a shrill shriek of ecstasy escaping from her beak as she came. Zane cried out as her pussy clenched almost painfully around his cock, his thrusts stopping as she rippled around him. He sat up, pressing his face between her breasts. Safara's clawed hands came to the back of his head, hugging him to her chest as she shuddered and bucked in pleasure. She pushed her rear down, grinding down on him, drawing her orgasm out as long as she could. Her cried faded in her own ears as she lost track of herself, her consciousness fading into a whirlwind haze of bliss.

Some time later, she wasn't sure how long it had been, Safara drifted awake. She was lying on her side, her head on a pillow as Zane hugged her from behind, cuddled up against her back. The Blaziken felt wonderful. The afternoon had been perfect, and the sticky mess between her legs was the evidence of that. She looked over her shoulder, gazing at her trainer from the corner of her eye. He seemed to be asleep, a goofy grin on his face as he held her.

Yawning, Safara gently extricated herself from his arms and sat up on the bed. She stretched her arms, feeling joints pop. She knew she was going to be sore for a day or so. But it had been worth it. They had both needed it, and now hopefully she would be able to behave herself for a while.

Well...Probably not, Safara admitted to herself. Careful not to wake up her sleeping trainer, she rose from the bed. *I could use a quick shower*. She walked to the bathroom, her hips swaying from side to side with a just-been-fucked swagger of satisfaction. Stepping into the shower, she turned on the hot water, stepping into the steamy spray. With her head tilted back under the water, she sighed, her eyes closed as the heat cascaded over her body.

When a pair of strong hands grabbed her by the rump, her eyes shot back open and she squawked loudly, her voice echoing around the tiles of the bathroom. Safara looked back, her eyes wide as she saw Zane standing behind her. He leaned close to whisper in her ear.

“My turn to take charge now, sexy,” he hissed at her. Zane pushed Safara roughly up against the shower wall. She gasped in surprise as he knelt behind her, one hand on each of her buttocks as he spread them apart. Without warning he buried his face in her pussy from behind.

Her head spinning, Safara spread her legs apart almost automatically. She cried out in pleasure as she felt Zane's tongue slither into her pussy. She couldn't believe he was doing this. He must have been pretending to be asleep, hoping that she would do something like this. Grinning, she pushed her rump back against his face. Zane groaned into her pussy, slipping his tongue deeper, lapping around inside of her. She humped back at him, her breasts flat against the tile wall.

“That's a good girl...,” Zane murmured, leaning back from her for a moment. “How about something new?” He leaned back in again, touching the tip of his tongue to her pucker.

Safara clucked sharply in surprise. Zane had never done *that* before! A flush of heat rose to her face as his tongue pressed harder, slipping into her tailhole. She felt a thrill in her chest as he did it. It just felt so...so wrong for him to be doing that to that part of her body, but at the same time she didn't want him to stop. He licked slowly at her tightest hole, letting her get used to it. As he licked, she cooed softly, her heart racing.

After several long, wonderful minutes of this treatment, Zane stood up, pressing up close to Safara. “I've wanted to try this for a while, love,” he said to her. Safara churled in a questioning tone,

and Zane slipped a hand between her legs. Dragging his fingers back along her pussy, he continued up to her pucker, pressed his fingertip in. "You know what I mean?"

Tilting her head to one side, Safara thought for a moment. Then her eyes went wide as she realized what Zane was asking her for. Uncertain, she nibbled on a claw, whistling to him anxiously. She felt uncharacteristically shy right now, faced with something that she hadn't ever considered doing before. Zane rubbed her shoulder reassuringly, tilting his head up to kiss the side of her neck.

"We'll go slow at first, Safara," he said. "And we can stop if you don't like it. I just want to give everything to you."

Taking a few deep breaths, Safara closed her eyes. It felt strange to have the roles reversed, with her being the reluctant one and Zane being the brash one. But, after all, wouldn't it be fair for him to have a chance to be wild? Opening her eyes again, the pokémon nodded slowly over her shoulder at him.

Smiling back at her, Zane took his cock in his hand. Leaning back from Safara, he slipped his cock between her spread cheeks, touching the tip to her puckered tailhole. He pushed forward, nudging the tip of his cock against her. Safara winced as she felt pressure against her ass, her eyes squeezing shut. Zane whispered soft words of encouragement to her, pushing steadily forward. Gradually, ever so slowly, his cock pressed its way inside of her tightest hole. The Blaziken relaxed as much as she could, her cheeks blushing crimson.

Then, with a swiftness that surprised both of them, the head of his cock popped past the tight ring of her ass and he buried himself balls deep inside of her. Safara screamed, her fists clenching tightly as his thick cock sank into her ass. She gasped for breath, struggling to adjust to the invasion of her virgin tailhole. Zane hugged his arms around her middle, groaning as he forced himself to be still. He wanted Safara to be absolutely ready before he continued.

When he felt like she had grown used to him, Zane drew his hips back, slowly pulling himself from her ass. Safara gave a shuddery moan, her tailhole clenching around his cock. She pushed back against him, whimpering as she looked back at him. Her eyes were half-lidded, a hazy expression on her face. Zane grinned, thrusting slowly back into her.

Safara had never imagined that anal could feel this good. If she had known, she would have initiated this herself a *long* time ago. His cock felt even bigger this way, and it was sending waves of pleasure through her body from nerves that she didn't even know she had. She trilled lustily in the back of her throat, shaking her hips from side to side. Zane responded to her enthusiasm, speeding up his thrusting. He gripped her ass in his hands, starting to pound himself in and out of her with reckless abandon.

Before long, Zane could feel the pleasure boiling up inside of him again. He clenched his jaw, his grip tightening on Safara as he fucked her ass harder and harder. She was crying out with each inward thrust, milking his cock with her tailhole. The insides of her thighs were drenched with much, much more than the water from the shower, and she knew she was going to cum again. Her knees were shaking, her strength starting to give out.

“Oh, fuck, Safara!” Zane yelled. He jerked his hips forward, driving his cock as deep as he could into his pokémon's ass. His cock exploded inside of her, hot ropes of his cum shooting into her rump. Safara came along with him, her juices splashing the floor of the shower as she felt him filling her up with his seed. Her tight ring squeezed down on him, forcing more and more of that fiery, glorious substance into her body.

With the strength completely drained from both of their bodies, they both sank to the floor of the shower. As the water washed away the evidence of their naughty tryst, his cock slipped from inside of her. Safara twisted around, wrapping her arms around her trainer. He hugged her back, nuzzled his face against her breasts. She churled happily, stroking the back of his head fondly.

The water had grown cold long before either of them felt like moving again.

The next morning, as the ship's whistle blew for the start of the day, Zane and Safara were both getting ready for breakfast. They kept looking at each other periodically, smiling goofily and glancing away again. They felt oddly like newlyweds, as though something had changed between the two of them. And to think that an itty-bitty violet bikini had been the spark for it all.

As Zane left the bedroom and walked out to the living room, he saw the shopping bag he'd got the day before. He had forgotten all about it in the frenzy of the previous afternoon. Zane remembered what he had purchased on the way back from the restaurant, and now seemed like the best time to bring it out.

“Hey, Safara,” he called out to her. She poked her head into the living room, and he waved a hand to her. “Come in here. I have something for you.”

Curious, Safara walked into the living room. She was walking with a slightly awkward gait, her rear understandably sore from the previous day's activities. Clucking at Zane, she came over to him, cocking her head to one side. Zane smiled, holding the shopping bag in one hand.

“Close your eyes and lean down a little,” he instructed her. “No peeking, okay?”

Thoroughly confused by now, Safara did as he told her. The tall pokémon leaned towards her human lover, closing her eyes tightly. She heard a rustling sound as Zane presumably removed something from the bag he had been holding. For a moment she didn't think he was doing anything,

and then she sensed his arms coming behind her head. He fumbled with something, and then she felt something light settle around her neck.

“Okay, you can look now.”

Safara opened her eyes. At first she didn't understand what he had done, but then she saw the grin on Zane's face and the small, empty box in his hand. Safara glanced down, and touched her hand to her neck. Her fingers felt the cool, thin strand of gold around her collar, and her heart skipped a beat. With a trill of amazement, she lifted the necklace from where it rested on her breast, examining the fire-red jewel that hung there.

“I saw it in the store yesterday,” Zane said. He looked nervous, watching her for her reaction. “It took a lot of what I'd saved up for this trip, so we'll have to be careful with our funds from now on, but...well...I thought it would look nice on you. Do you like it?”

By way of answer, Safara grabbed Zane, giving him a rib-cracking hug. She chirped happily, giddy as a playful Torchic. When she let him go, it was only for a moment so he could catch his breath, and then she was hugging him again.

“Well, ah...,” Zane said, gasping as he finally got away from her. “I'm...I'm glad you like it.” He stepped back, grinning widely at the Blaziken. “Come on. Let's get some breakfast, and then we'll go hit the battle simulators on deck five. We have a gym battle to get ready for, after all.”

Safara whistled through her beak in agreement, tracing her finger fondly along her new necklace. She felt more than ready for the rest of the trip ahead. So long as they could spend their off time as well as they had yesterday, she would be ready for anything.

“People love other not for who they are but for how they make them feel.”

- Irwin Federman