

South wasn't a bad guy. He never stole... heck he would get depressed when he simply *imagined* he had hurt someone's feelings. But right now, he didn't have much of a choice. He picked the wrong time to go on a long walk away from the city. The once-clear sky was now covered with rumbling thunderclouds, simply pouring down water onto the little painter beagles body. He didn't hear anything in the weather report about this sudden downpour, and now was far too far away from the city to get back to shelter.

He had found a rather large house in the middle of the field he had been walking through, conveniently right as the storm had rolled in. It was the only building around as far as the beagle could see, two stories, modern styled, and it certainly didn't look abandoned. The lights were off though, and weather the people inside couldn't hear his knocks due to the raging gale winds, or they just were not home, he definitely wasn't getting in through the front door.

He didn't want to, but the storm didn't seem like letting up, and he certainly didn't want to spend the duration of it outside, being pelted by the rain. Sighing, he walked around the side of the house, ears blowing in the wind as he checked the windows, eventually finding one that was open, and cringing as he pushed it open, waiting for some burglar alarm to go off, though was relieved when he found the house seemed unarmed.

He was able to slip through the window easily, shutting it behind him and sighing happily. He was dripping all over the hardwood floor, but he would deal with that later. He looked around the room. There were a few couches around a coffee table, facing a large television, which rested above a fire place. A staircase led up to a second floor, and a door led into what the beagle pokemon had to assume was the kitchen.

“...Hello?” the smeargle asked, glancing around, noticing a convenient towel placed on the coffee table and picking it up, not thinking much of why it had been there.

“...Is anyone here? I got stuck in the rain and... uh... your door was open...”

Yah, he wasn't gonna mention that he broke in through the window, but he didn't exactly want whoever it was that lived here to wake up and just randomly find him inside his home with no explanation. He called out for a few more minutes, to get no response.

He shrugged to himself. Maybe the owners of the house were just... gone. On vacation or something. Still, he was wary, wrapping that towel around himself and moving towards the kitchen. He was a bit hungry... maybe he would nab a snack? He hoped these people didn't mind... if they ever emerged. He couldn't shake this odd feeling like he was being watched... it sorta creeped him out. It really didn't help that the outside lit up and roared with thunder every few seconds.

He entered the kitchen, and made a beeline for the fridge, opening it up slowly and glancing through its contents. He didn't wanna nab anything huge which the owners of the house would realize as gone the next day, so he took a small cup of yogurt, finding the spoons in the drawer right next to him, picking one up and moving to close the fridge door. As he stepped back to make room for the door, he was met with a wall that hadn't been there before. A wall that was... fuzzy. He blinked, slowly looking upwards to see the head of a Lucario looking back down at him.

“Hello there~” He rang out, his voice sounding devious as he smirked down at the much smaller 'mon “Whatya doin here, little buddy?”

“I-I...” The smeargle stuttered, immediately trying to explain his situation “Its raining... needed shelter... slipped in...”

Something wasn't right about this guy. He wasn't wet, so he had to have been here when he was calling out to find the house's owner. How did he not realize he was here sooner?

"Oh? Well then, come here little, buddy," He giggled some, wrapping an arm round the smeagle as he guided him back into the living room, where a fire had been lit in the fireplace, making the whole place a lot warmer. The Lucario sat down upon the couch, leaning back some as the beagle just stood in front of him. "Let's see... I'm willing to forgive you breaking into my home if you do a little somethin' for me."

The smeagle perked his ears up as he heard the jackal pokemon's words, and eeped as he saw him shifting those puffy blue 'shorts' which his type wore, sliding them down around his legs, slowly revealing his sheath.

"O-oooh my..." He stammered, looking at the lucario's hips, already able to smell his musk from this far away "You... you cant be serious..."

"Mmm... very much so." He chuckled out, letting his clothes fall to the floor as he spread his legs apart. "My house, my rules. Unless of course you wanna go back outside..."

The beagle shuddered some. It seemed like a lose-lose situation for him. But in all honesty... having sex seemed like a much more enjoyable experience than freezing to death. Rain was still pelting the windows and thunder still rumbled through the air.

He sighed, and crossed over to the sitting aura pokemon, and slowly got down on his knees, the lucario spreading his legs apart as South leaned in, and gave those musky balls a slurp. The lucario groaned happily and relaxed as that tongue worked its

way up his sheath, the smeargle murphing as his nostrils filled with pubic fur with each sniff he took of that bare lucario groin.

The fighting type murred some, placing a paw against the back of the smeargle's head to ensure he did his work properly. His red shaft was slowly raising out of his sheath as the beagle pokemon slurped higher and higher, his tongue soon tasting that salty flesh, murphing as he licked this strangers cock, closing his eyes and shuddering at what he was doing.

The lucario let out a moan as he felt the painter dog start taking in the tip of his shaft, growling out dominantly as he pressed the canines head further down it, that moist tongue slathering over his throbbing pokehood, dribbling pre into him. South shuddered more at the taste of that salty, sticky liquid, knowing his 'captor' must be enjoying himself. Speaking of which, the jackal released the back of Souths head, gripping his body and sliding him off the shaft, now dripping with saliva. He looked up at the lucario, who smirked deviously at him.

"Turn around and get that tail in the air if you'd be so kind~" He rang out happily, the beagle 'mon gulping as the other stood up, but nodding and turning obediently, bending over that coffee table, and as he was asked, raising his tail up high to show off his rump. His 'host' growled, placing his paws on the beagles shoulders and leaning down over him, South whining as he felt that plump rod which moments before had occupied his maw beginning to grind between his rumpcheeks.

"Mmmh~ That's a good little puppy bitch~" He growled out dominantly, grinding himself into the back of the dogs rear, causing him to whimper some, and nod. The head of that shaft was rubbing against his anal ring, and his ears drooped as he knew

what was next, the lucario bucking forwards and shoving his meat into him, South yelping out as he was stretched to allow that throbbing pokehood into his arse, cringing as the lucario grinded himself in there, bowels filling out with the other males cock.

“A-aaaaah... tight little guy~” He grunted, beginning to hump, slowly bucking himself further and further into that rear as South was spread out more and more. He hadn’t realized just how massive this guy was as he thrust harder, causing the poor painter dog to grip onto the table as his body was rocked from the much larger pokemon’s bucks. Maybe staying in the rain wouldn’t have been so bad after all...

“Ooooooh... Almost... there!” He moaned out, continuing to buck, harder and harder, causing the smeargle to whine as he felt the large lucario deep within his body, soon beginning to fill out his bowels with a warm flood of his cum. The larger jackal pokemon panted and rrrphed happily, feeling those warm walls clench down upon his meat, milking him for what he was worth.

“Oooh... ah... well, that was nice.” He murred pleasantly, rubbing over the smeargle’s back some as he slowly pulled himself off the little dog ‘mon, who grunted at the sensation of that thick, plump member being removed, his rear still spread rather wide for it. “I think you’ve earned the right to stay here~”

South let out a relieved sigh, laying out, exhausted, on the coffee table as the lucario scratched his belly lightly, which let out some idle grumbles.

“Mmm... yes... you’re gonna stay here...” He chuckled, the beagle’s ears perking up as he realized his words held a more sinister meaning, yelping as he was grabbed under his armpits and lifted up, whimpering as the big jackal pokemon lifted him up and his yawned his maw open wide, giving his prey a rather good look into the moist interior

of that mouth, dripping with saliva as his face was shoved into those tight, warm confines.

South immediately began to protest, pushing away from the lucario with his paws, though his captor was a bit too strong. His shoulders were shoved inside as he was grabbed around his arms, having them pinned to his sides as they were slipped on into the maw as well. The predator grunted, slathering over South's head with saliva before the poor, confused smeargle began his descent into that gullet, his face being sucked into it with a gulp.

When he said he needed somewhere to stay, he certainly didn't mean within the pokemon's stomach! But he couldn't effectively tell the lucario that from within his esophagus, his words turning out muffled, and he doubted that he would really care anyway. He kicked his legs about as his chest was guided into that maw, and his head was further pulled down into the dark abyss of that throat, hearing that belly grumble more clearly than he ever would have preferred to hear it.

The lucario was rather enjoying himself, savoring the beagle 'mon's flavor, causing him to drool more over his form, which only made the smeargle kick and wiggle even harder. By now though, his tummy was well on its way into the lucario's mouth, and those gullet muscles had a good, strong hold on him, pulling him further and further down.

South's world suddenly shifted as the jackal pokemon tilted his head up, giving a great big swallow to pull in his hips as the beagle's bulge moved down the lucario's chest and into his belly, his head beginning to emerge into that stomach, wiggling about more as he entered, though it was very obvious that escape wasn't possible at this

point. Another swallow slid his hips into that maw, groaning some himself as his rear and sheath were slurped over, though having received his sexual pleasure, he simply continued on with his meal. Another swallow pulled those hips down into his gullet, and yet another let him gulp down those legs, teasing the feet with his tongue, making South giggle a bit, kicking about some more. He groaned as he was fully pulled into the predator with a final swallow, his tail being slurped up like a chocolatey noodle.

The lucario murred happily, rubbing his stomach as the smeargle was forced to curl up in the fetal position, the stomach rather cramped, stretching out just enough to accomodate him, making the lucario's midsection rather round. He let out a happy belch, feeling the contents of his stomach begin to shift, partly from South's kicking, partly because it was starting to churn and gurgle, the beagle inside being doused with digestive enzymes as the predator relaxed, seating himself on his couch and pulling his shorts back up, letting his gut sag between his legs as he murred from the struggles of his digesting meal. He let out another belch as the stomach walls began to toss the smeargle around more, and he began to dissolve, becoming a part of the big predatory pokemon.

"Hehe... good job buddy." He said to seemingly no-one, though shortly afterwards, a tiny floating pokemon drifted down from the upper level of the house. It was currently in the shape of a raindrop, though at the sight of the lucario with his big belly, it happily flipped in the air, and soon turned into the shape of a sun. Almost instantly the air around the house began to clear up, the storm going away and vanishing, almost as if it had never happened. The weather was as perfect as it had

been when the smeargle had left his own house that morning. A perfect day for a lucario to lay out in his front lawn, and let his latest meal digest.