

The first thing Toby expected to feel when he stirred awake that morning was the familiar icy chill of the northern wind, which somehow found a way to cut straight through the walls of his tent no matter how tightly he had bound the stakes the previous night. This didn't bother the leobbog *too* terribly much, as his winter pelt – being roughly an amalgamation of a lion, a dog, and a rabbit, for anyone who might not recognize his imposing stature and broad form – had grown in some weeks back, providing another pleasant layer of protection against the elements out here, far beyond the range of any city or civilization, the nearest being about a little village about a three days' trek to the south, with its only attraction being, predictably, an ice-type Pokémon gym.

So it was only natural that he expected the touch of the wind to wake him up. Instead, though, with a grunt, a rumble, and an unexpected reflexive twitch, throb, and thrust from his hips, Toby stirred, tossed back the fold of his sleeping roll – and looked down to see the source of the sensation and pleasure settled there between his strong legs, thick fur bound close to his body through the undergarments he still wore. Despite this, though, his sheath and sack had worked their way out from the space in front, and one of the dogs from his sled team had found her way into his tent, then found her way *into his tent* and decided to help herself.

Bright blue eyes flashed up from the husky's muzzle while she lapped and slurped along his length, black flesh glistening beneath streaks and smears of hungry saliva. Toby sighed and propped himself on one elbow, reaching the other down to scratch and rub behind one of her ears – as well as to push her down closer to the base of his shaft, the leobbog lifting up and grinding himself against her nose and mouth as he went. The feral's tail swayed behind her as she drew in her owner's familiar scent and taste, and for a moment she focused there with her broad, smooth tongue lapping out beneath and between his balls, slurping them up along her lips and briefly into her mouth, before she lifted up and continued at his length.

That would explain the fragments of dreams he could recall from the previous night. Another tight sigh trickled out from between the Trainer's lips, and as he drifted briefly off into memory and fantasy, he slid his paw down from her muzzle to squeeze along the base of his shaft, curling the supple skin of his sheath back past his knot already starting to swell. Likely it was that this husky could taste one of her teammates on him from *last* night, when he had taken the leader of the sled team here into his tent and quite thoroughly melted the snow beneath their shared heat and movement. *Her* scent had filled the air so strongly afterwards that he had had to work himself to a second finish by himself afterwards, and now he had woken up with another dog literally slavering over him and the leftover streaks of liquid musk... it felt as though this one had been at him for a while, as already Toby felt his finish approaching.

Once more the leobbog straightened up, gritted his teeth, and this time drew up into a sitting position, just so he could wrap both his paws around the husky's muzzle. Her eyes flashed up at him again, then fluttered shut – and he felt her relax his jaw and throat for him to tug her all the way down until her warm wet nose pressed into his pubic fur and her lower jaw dug against the base of his sack. Toby grunted, huffed, let out another tense sigh that misted up in the cold air, and then with one, two, three bucks and spurts still forceful even after his other dogs had so thoroughly drained him the previous night, emptied his surprise load out into the back of the feral's throat, his balls pulling up against her chin and her throat working, pulsing, squeezing around him.

Such lovely, delicious wet heat wrapped around him, the husky's tongue lifted up along his underside while he still pulsed and oozed out the last dribbles of his load, her throat squeezing in rhythm... and when he finally did let go of her muzzle, the dog's lips had to pull and then suck free from around his

swollen knot until she could move her head. Now her tail wagged freely behind her, and as she lapped over her chops Toby could see the hanging ropes of his own seed dribbling from her lips, and streaking through her saliva.

For a moment he sat there, hard cock still protruding out from the front of his underwear, black flesh swollen, throbbing, oozing down along his underside. The leobbog leaned forward and took the dutiful feral's muzzle in his paws again, one scratching beneath her chin and the other rubbing at her ears, all the while her rear shook with her tail wagging.

"That's a good girl," Toby cooed, tilting her muzzle up to face him. He could smell himself on her breath. That was what he preferred for all of the dogs on his team. "Right on time, too. We oughtta get to starting our day..."

By now the leobbog had gotten his routine down to quite the honed skill, able to completely deconstruct his camp and get going within the hour, as the sun still hung low in the sky where it had simmered throughout all of the previous night. So far his trek up here had been some manner of success, what with his belt now bearing two new Pokémon that he hadn't so much as seen before. Opportunities were few and far between this far north in such a hostile climate, but when they presented themselves Toby pursued with everything he had.

One silver lining to the season was that the low angle of the sun meant snowblindness wasn't something he really had to worry about. The Trainer leaned back in the seat of his sled, reins held in one paw while his team of dogs carried him forward across the deceptively barren fields of snow. Everything came in balance, of course: with the easier handling along the plains and the cool, never-changing twilight all around, once Toby's eyes adjusted they tended to drift down and then focus on one thing in particular instead of the horizon – or, rather, two things, plump black-fleshed canine sexes bouncing and jiggling in front of the sled as the rear dogs ran, each movement showing just a hint of the warm, slick pink simmering inside.

Thanks to this constant, tempting distraction – at one point Toby shifted the reins to his other paw, reached into his pants, then immediately regretted it upon feeling the stark chill – he almost missed another opportunity, a spark of movement out near the horizon almost escaping his notice. Surprised, the Trainer sat up, tilted the reins to slow the dogs, and peered a little closer, then rummaged around in his pack for his binoculars.

There was nothing there now, but he could have *sworn*...

"Alright, team," he said, keeping his voice level. An odd effect of such deep, plush snow meant that the air around him at once suppressed sound as well as allowed it to carry surprisingly far. Ahead of him, the several dogs – all females, of course: not only did this agree with his own personal interests, they just performed better on longer ventures like this one – pawed at the ground as they looked over their shoulders at him, eager to get moving again now that the blood had already started pumping. "There might be something over there – I'm not sure yet. We're gonna pull up within eyeshot, and then I'll head in on foot to investigate. Sound good?"

Myriad chuffs and rumbles from the group signified their understanding and assent. Toby nodded, his long rabbit-like ears shifting against his back; seeing as those gave off the most heat, he often had to

bind his clothing around them rather than let them hang free. In following his plan, he sat back down and guided the dogs over towards the next rise where he thought he had seen the movement.

Upon cresting the hill all that spread out before him was more of the same, a smooth, unbroken field of white sparkling in the dim sun, faintly yellow and pink under the constant, never-advancing sunrise. Yet again the leobbog drew his team to a stop there and raised the binoculars, peering down and forth, squinting as he went against the sparkles and flashes, and... he frowned and leaned in a little closer.

So there *was* something, barely visible prints trailing out along the snow about halfway down. He dropped the binoculars to see if he could find the prints unassisted, and then reached down to rummage through the pack hanging at his side to make sure he had everything. There was the rest of his team there already, snugly bound within the array of Pokéballs he had chosen for them, and then the empty spares he had brought in the other pocket... anything he encountered, the leobbog figured, he would be able to handle.

Satisfied with his inventory, he cast around the seat of the sled one more time, decided he was ready, and hopped off, only to sink past his ankles in the thick snow. That was another issue of the dim lighting and strange conditions, where he could hardly tell where snow stopped and terrain began... he trudged his way up to the front of the sled and unhooked the leader. She wagged her tail as he did so, eyes bright and head up and forward. Were they settling down for camp again it might be a wholly different type of excitement jittering through her body, but Toby had made sure to train his team of dogs as well as he had his Pokémon, so she knew that this time it was all business. She kept her head up as he fixed her harness, then met his eyes once he straightened back up – and then the two were off through the snow, within range of each other but still spread out.

This was something Toby had done countless times before in his hunts and adventures, and as such it came as rhythm and reflex to him. Slow, steady wind dropped down to background noise, beneath which he could easily pick out his own footsteps and his companion's, no matter how faint these were... and then, as the two came up on the next hill – which turned out to be another anomalous buildup of snow, with no actual change in elevation beneath – another set caught his large, sensitive ears, bound as they were beneath his clothes. He raised a paw and held it out to his side, signaling for his companion to stop.

She immediately obeyed, which still put a warmth in her trainer's chest. It was not *just* training, but trust and understanding as well, a deeper intelligence which shone through on each of their missions out. He held still in place for a moment, head tilted to direct his bound ears toward the sound: sure enough it still continued, the soft, characteristic slight crunch of footpaws through thick snow. Slowly, carefully Toby took a step of his own, and then another, and another, trying to time his steps with those he heard. Through the gathered snow, up a bit, over...

The noise stopped. He frowned, worried he had been caught, but then tilted his head the other way as another, less familiar sound caught his attention. It sounded like... running water, but that certainly couldn't be right in this weather and environment. Confused and more than a little bit concerned the leobbog took the risk to straighten up and poke his head over the crest of the slight ridge, a little lump atop the hill of packed snow and ice – and saw there the source of the sound, in a fresh, bright yellow stream arcing out from beneath a white-furred Vulpix's hiked leg, melting through the snow and sinking into an unseen puddle amid curls of steam.

Toby twitched his nose as the acrid, pungent scent wafted over and hit him. Had he not already locked onto its location, *this* would certainly give it away: he felt the husky beside him shift and squirm as well as she detected it, too, then look up to her owner. He put a finger to his lips and reached down to his belt to unhook one of the Pokéballs, then tapped the key to enable the mechanism and return it to its full size. If he could sneak around to the Vulpix's other side he would have a fantastic shot, and with it preoccupied with other business he might just be able to get this over with sooner than he had first thought and expected.

*One and done.* Soft snow crunched beneath his footpaws as he went, other paw still held out to keep his dog at bay. Before him, the large Vulpix's ears twitched and it adjusted its posture, but still it held still... that was, until Toby turned his body and started to heft the ball up over his shoulder, lining up for the throw. The wild Pokémon, unusually large for its species, swiftly turned, bounced to the side, and then leveled its cool blue gaze at the Trainer across the short expanse of snow, the interruption in its business causing that plump flesh between its hindlegs to bounce and jiggle, and for the stream of yellow to spray partially out before it. Ears upright, gaze sharp, it watched Toby, and barely turned its head when the Pokéball impacted into the soft snow where it had stood just a second earlier, the device now totally inert.

Down in the snow it beeped once, then a second time, and then fizzed into silence. Toby frowned and lowered himself down, trying to reduce his visibility in the snow even though he knew the Vulpix had seen him. Slowly, carefully it stepped forward, remaining upright and secure where it stepped on broad footpaws, light snow still holding up its superior weight; as it approached the leobbog's ears flicked over again, and he glanced to the side to see his dog rushing over to intervene.

She stood between him and the Vulpix, hackles raised, body lowered and hind end hiked in preparation for combat. Toby sighed and rolled his eyes: he kept his *other* team for this, and as usual she was in over her head and preparing for something that would certainly leave her as the loser... but Toby definitely appreciated the intent and effort, as well as the view such a posture afforded him. Smooth stone-grey fur giving way to creamy white just slightly smoother than the snow all around, then all of this coming together and pouching up around the base of her wide, plump spade hefted up, shaking and jiggling gently as she pawed at the ground and growled at the Pokémon before her. Almost an invitation, really, for her owner to lean in, wrap his lips around it, and suck it into the back of his throat.

Naturally, though, the Vulpix was neither as impressed nor captivated. He reared back a bit, more baffled than anything, and then closed the distance in a few slow, careful lopes, each one driving Toby's dog down a little bit further. The Pokémon looked down his nose at the smaller creatures before him, tilted his head, leaned in to sniff at them, jerked back a bit when the husky's growl sharpened into a snarl... and then, smooth and nonchalant, he straightened back up, huffed a bit, turned his body so the broad side faced the two of them – and then hiked his leg again.

At first Toby was just so startled he had no idea what to do, but as soon as that bright golden stream continued from the tip of the Pokémon's sheath he jerked back and scrambled out of the way. His dog was not quite so quick: her ears flattened back and her tail lashed, and then – smooth white fur tinted deep yellow-brown as he poured out over her, little sprays and stray drops of his mark splashing out from the lips of his sheath and melting through the snow. Toby watched, brow drawn, as the Vulpix slid his head back and palpably sighed with relief, heavy balls jiggling against his inner thigh and sheath pulsing, pulsing with the rhythm of his stream.

Near the end there the white fur thinned out and gave way to smooth, tender skin, pink first and then tinting to a fresh black around the tip. Sharp scent swirled up and around, the snow all around his dog melting away beneath the deluge, while she lowered her head and took the marking full force. As much as it made his nose curl, as much as it set this odd weight in the back of his throat, still Toby found himself tilting his head so he could taste it from different angles. The scent and taste of fresh Vulpix mark, the appearance of its hiked leg and underbelly at once plush yet strung through with streamlined muscles, and then of course, the thick sheath at least as wide around as his forearms held together, the balls dangling behind and beneath each of which would take both of his cupped paws to heft.

Before long he saw that the Pokémon's scent, his *pheromones*, had an effect on the feral husky as well. Still she remained with her body down, now having lowered her rear as well – and she actually lifted her muzzle up and forward so that the brunt of his stream impacted and parted around her lips, spraying her down in rich, pungent scent, steaming up and around her, curling out beneath his body and into the cold air. She lifted up and out of the stream, then reflexively flicked her tongue out to lap at the drops spilling from her nose, and then of course lapped a second time, and a third, and a fourth, like drinking from a hose.

If the view she had given him just a moment ago hadn't had full effect on him, then watching *this* certainly did. Toby reached down, adjusted the fit of his pants with a paw, and then slowly, carefully worked his way over this little ridge between them. The closer he came, the sharper the Vulpix's scent grew, and yet the more he wanted of it. Like returning home after a long journey like this and smelling a deep, rich, thick broth stewing on the stove, he wanted to come closer, to lift the lid of the pot, and to slide his nose right down into the source and steam, and...

Blue eyes appraised him from above as he crunched across the snow, Toby keeping his paws in front of his chest in defense. The Vulpix seemed to smirk and toss his head, and gave a tiny thrust of his hips – which resulted in his weakening stream finally spraying forward and out across the Trainer's chest, immediately soaking his clothes as well as turning cold in the still air. At first he jerked upright, startled and a little bit offended, but the look in those eyes, the smirk on that muzzle, and most of all the scent and heat steaming up from under the Vulpix's raised leg drew him in further.

His husky wagged her tail as he approached, the feral having now straightened up to nuzzle and lap at the base of his sheath, right where the skin pouched out and down to form his heavy, full sack. Toby unhook his bag from his shoulder and set that aside, then crouched down into the pillowy snow, worked his way underneath the beast's body, and just *watched* for a bit, noting the way the warm yellow spilled out from the lip of the sheath, how the pink-tinting-black skin pinched back around the richer-fleshed tip of the Vulpix's hidden length inside. He reached up with a paw, hesitated, spread his fingers right in the middle of the dying stream so that it splashed out and poured down his arm... and then he wrapped that paw around the vulpine's sheath, fingers unable to enclose the full girth, and tugged it gently down and away from the beast's body.

This pulled out another few spurts of fresh mark, right across his muzzle and lips. Reflexively the leobbog lapped at the mess, immediately tasting the sharp spice and salt as it flooded his mouth – and then he was caught. He swallowed, sighed, watched his breath puff out in the air, then tugged the Vulpix's sheath back a little bit further, finally bringing into full view the tapered tip of his cock inside. That, too, steamed in the cold air, length glistening all over with natural slickness as well as spilled mark, a few drops of bright yellow still dripping from its now revealed tip. Each lick and lap from Toby's dog against

its balls made it throb and pulse, too, until he could feel it growing within its sheath and, thus, in his grip as well.

Toby sighed again, came forward, and wrapped his lips around the Vulpix's still-dripping tip, suckling softly to coat the interior of his mouth with the layered sharpness of musk and piss. Above his head the Pokémon's hind leg gave a little twitch and kick upon having both his shaft as well as his balls now attended to, the feral husky having started to move her way down to lap up and around the sides of those pendulous weights, and in along the plush white fur behind them.

*Certainly one way to catch a Pokémon...*

The leobbog let his eyes flutter shut as he slid further into this unconventional approach, telling himself again and again that this was why he did it. He ran his paw back and forth along the Vulpix's sheath, squeezing and stroking, bunching that slick, supple flesh up against and soon around his muzzle and lips while still he suckled, swirling his tongue around the Pokémon's tip, milking out the last drops of fresh piss and the sticky, clinging pre afterwards, coaxed further out under receiving attention from both sides.

His thoughts of the morning's camp and the rest of his sled team faded away to give way to this one, sole interest and desire. Toby drew back and had to pop his lips free from around the Vulpix's length, now halfway out and hanging down between its belly and the snow, bouncing, throbbing, twitching, and letting loose little jets of watery, steaming pre, melting right through the snow beneath. Toby sat back and wiped at his mouth, though still the slickness and taste clung to his tongue, and tainted every inhalation he drew and swallow he made. He and his dog here exchanged a look, her eyes half-lidded as she lapped between the Pokémon's balls from behind and beneath, and then in a smooth, simple movement, Toby leaned over and lay down beside her while she stood up and took his place.

From here the Vulpix finally lowered that raised leg back down, though half-squatted down to allow the two to continue their service. As he made his way down along the Pokémon's presented undercarriage Toby kept his tongue out, dragging along the thick fur and warm flesh beneath: he curled it in around one of the Vulpix's balls and sucked softly to bring the weight into his mouth, then found that he simply couldn't. Above him the beast stirred and rumbled, again thrusting down and forward against them.

So he busied himself there for a while, both paws coming up to knead and massage, to squeeze and tug and rub, while he lapped at the thick, dense expanse of muscle above and behind, tensing and pulsing every time the creature throbbed. Every time he lifted his muzzle at the end of a lick, he half-opened his eyes to see the feral Pokémon's wide, ridged tailhole right here before him, sensitive skin of his nose drawing up over those wrinkles and ridges just before running down again. He cupped the Vulpix's balls and hefted them up against his chin, nosed down, buried himself in their weight and warmth and scent – and peered around to see his husky now lapping wholeheartedly at the Pokémon's now fully revealed length, rich red flesh hanging down from a retracted sheath, supple saliva-slickened skin bunched together.

Toby smirked and focused more on the matter at hand here, continually lifting his nose up along and between the wild Pokémon's heavy balls. It gave a few slow, rhythmic thrusts in rhythm with both his licking and his dog's, and then when the beast adjusted, lifted up, and moved itself a bit, Toby glanced down again to see precisely what he had expected: yet another full view of his husky's beautiful hind end, pale pink of her tailhole winking and flexing above the plump black flesh of her hanging spade, now

steaming slightly in the cold air from the literal heat of her arousal. He so, so wanted to lean in there, to slip beneath this Vulpix's hanging weight and dig his muzzle into the depths of that slick wetness, to slurp and suck deep from her stirring enjoyment and pleasure... but the Vulpix beat him to it.

Toby watched, his own arousal twitching between his legs as well, as the large feral adjusted its stance a little more, squatted down – which in turn put its tailhole *right* in front of his muzzle – and with a few slow, careful thrusts, guided himself forward and in between those fat, heavy lips. The husky rumbled deep in her throat and gripped at the snowy earth between the two of them, the Vulpix's tapered tips slipping in, stretching her, pushing deeper... until he settled to a point where he could churn his hips, forward and back, and repeatedly work his length deeper out inside of her, straight from sheath to sex. This close Toby could *hear* the thick, wet sucking of her spade around the Vulpix's shaft, muscular inner walls pulling at the contours of his length and pulling him deeper, just as he could feel the rhythm and tension in his balls, pulling up and swinging against his arms wrapped partially around them.

The leobbog kept his sensitive ears perked from beneath his hat so he could continue to hear everything going on in front of him, even if he couldn't see it through thick, hanging weight and heavy, moist flesh. He swallowed, spread his paws along the back of the Vulpix's sack, and spread the white fur and pink skin beneath, putting just a little bit of tension into the rim of his tailhole... which winked and flexed and clenched in front of him, each movement signaling another tense throb deep inside his sled dog here.

The sharp, inviting scent of wild, feral Pokémon washed over him as he lifted his nose and muzzle a little further. Toby licked his lips, let a little sigh out into the cold air, then came forward... and settled his mouth right against the upper rim of the Vulpix's tailhole, more touching than anything, just to feel that rhythmic movement and tensing. He pressed forward to follow the beast in its rhythm, now steadily, eagerly thrusting forward and down into his husky, heavy balls swinging forward and back – and only then did Toby part his lips again and let his tongue and saliva drip out, focusing first at this spot right along the upper rim before he made his way down as well, and around, and then up to tease and coax at the center.

Their difference in size was just enough that Toby could push his muzzle in, *just* a bit, to feel all of that wrinkled skin and flesh squeezing and clenching around his snout, and resisting the movement of his jaw with his tongue digging deeper. When he pulled back and swallowed he felt the clinging slime of the Vulpix's tailhole stick to his fur and drip down his lips, so in response he simply lapped that stickiness off and dove in again, one paw braced against the tensing muscle of its rim while the other worked down the front of his body, undoing the layers of protective clothing to bring himself out into the icy air.

Before long he lost track of whether it was the Vulpix's interior slickness or his own saliva that dripped and clung to his muzzle, and gripped the back of his throat every time he swallowed. One paw worked slowly, gently at his own length, rubbing himself close to the dense heat emanating from the back of the Pokémon's sack while he still thrust and pushed down into the husky beneath him, her gentle whining and panting audible above the crunching of the snow.

Finally Toby drew back again and wiped his muzzle across his wrist – then had to do so a second and third time to really do away with the smears of sticky, musky slickness there. He straightened up, breathed a low, shuddering sigh out into the cold air above him, *tasted* this Vulpix's tailhole so strongly on his breath and tongue, then reached up once more. Thick globs of hungry drool dripped down between the wrinkles of its rim, easy for him to wipe a pair of fingers into, then turn and press his paw

partially into the ring at the center – which of course flexed, clenched, and pushed back at him, coating the black fur of his paw in that same slick stickiness.

That was exactly what he had wanted. Toby widened his stance, reached up with his other paw instead, and lowered the now sticky, wet one down to rub and smear that mixed fluid all along his length, the heat and sensation enough to make his legs tingle and knees threaten to give out. Again he tossed his head back and sighed, for a moment listening to the sounds of this new, wild Pokémon breeding his faithful sled dog. As he rubbed at himself, smearing that slickness back and forth over his length, pushing his sheath back past the bulge of his half-swollen knot, the leobbog leaned forward and around again – and grinned as the Vulpix lowered himself forcefully down, back arched and hind-end held close to the ground, huge balls resting across the earth as he pushed deep into the husky. She tossed her head, tongue out, and for a moment met her owner's eye before looking forward again, lost in bliss.

This was perfect. Toby took another step forward, welled up another glob of saliva and spat it out against the center of the Vulpix's twitching tailhole, then lined himself up... and sank right in, the plush, supple muscles parting easily for his girth and wrapping him in delicious slick heat. Due to the side of the beast it wasn't hard at all to push right up to his base, even with his size as it was, and there he pulsed and churned his hips forward and back, arms stretched out along the beast's haunches to hold it in place as he thrust.

Toby swallowed, again tasting the beast's musk in his throat, and sank deep into hot flesh and slick wetness. Each time he pushed forward into the Vulpix, so too did the Vulpix into his husky beneath, her much smaller body lurching forward: both of their panting, needy and urgent, misted up into thick clouds quickly dissipating in the cold air.

Through the thick, clenching rim of the Vulpix's tailhole Toby could also feel the silky-slick warmth of interior walls, gripping and tugging along his length each time he pushed deep, that same wrinkled skin and flesh kissing at his sheath and pushing it back further. Soon the Vulpix thrust back and forth between the two of them, at once burying its own shaft deep inside the clenching spade of the husky beneath, and then pressing back to keep Toby buried under its own tail, those same clenches and throbs tightening the muscle of its tailhole around the leobbog.

His own balls, certainly not *small* of their own right, swung and bounced forward against the Vulpix's much larger and heavier ones as the two worked their rhythm. In a way Toby felt as though he were guiding the Pokémon in how to breed this husky of his, deliberately maintaining the rhythm and force, and at one point pushing so far forward that the Pokémon had no choice but to spread its legs further and remain hilted, its own knot pulsing and bulging against wide-spread lips. The husky whined and whimpered with need, starting to lift her hind end up against the Pokémon on top of her – and as such Toby continued, fast and hard, until he could feel his own peak start to approach.

The Vulpix beat him there, though. Even from here he could see the tension build up, come to a peak, and then burst throughout the Pokémon's body, as it tossed its head back, whipped its fluffy tail across his muzzle and shoulders, then shook, shuddered, jerked – and clenched so tightly, so *deliciously* around the leobbog's buried length.

There was a splash of thick, hot wetness against his ankles, then another, and another, and when he looked down he caught the tail end of the Pokémon's orgasm, so voluminous that it spurted out from between his husky's sex clamped tightly around its buried length. Each pulse echoed through the rim

squeezing behind Toby's own knot, firm enough that he couldn't pull back out, and emptied another backwards spurt that quickly melted the snow into a steaming, sizzling slurry. As he tugged, the scent of the Pokémon's seed mixing with the musk in his nose and throat as well as the sharper, more familiar aroma of his husky's arousal, Toby gritted his teeth, gasped, pushed – and one more clench in the afterglow from this huge feral yanked him over his own edge, his knees pressing forward against the Vulpix's haunches as he felt another load pulled out of him.

Toby gasped and strained, head tossed back beneath the pleasure of his finish – and halfway through managed to pull himself free from within the constantly-clenching muscle. His entire body jerked, and his hips gave another reflexive thrust – and another thick rope arced up and across the Pokémon's twitching tailhole, then another, and another, each one lifting into the air and then settling across pink flesh and already-white fur. Toby's length pulsed and throbbed with each spurt, legs buckling in pleasure to the point where he almost lost his balance: both paws now went down, forefingers and thumbs wrapped behind his swollen knot to tug and pull and empty out the last of his finish, thoroughly painting the Vulpix's rear as well as adding to the sticky sludge pooling around his footpaws.

Panting and exhausted, the Trainer took a half-step back, his still hard length hanging out and providing a sharp contrast of glistening black flesh against the smooth white snow all around. The Vulpix glanced back at him, flicked its tail, and stood as well – and with a deep, wet *schlk* unsheathed itself from inside the husky, who remained on the ground with her legs spread and tail now free to wag. Toby watched, enticed, as her body heaved with breathing and shivering pleasure, a thick, sticky river of the feral's load oozing out from the point of her spade and into the snow, the black flash there similarly parted from its girth.

For a moment none of the three made a move, each enjoying the warmth and afterglow here in the midst of the snowy wastes. Then Toby leaned in again, circled his muzzle around the now much slicker, stickier tailhole presented in front of him, and parted his lips to suck and lick his own load back off – and out – of the feral Pokémon – while at the same time he reached for his belt to fetch another empty Pokéball. Freshly stretched around his own girth, this time he could actually work his muzzle a few inches *inside* the Vulpix, the hot interior flesh pulsing and squeezing, dumping more of his own stickiness out into his fur and along his tongue and throat-

And then, quick as a flash, nonchalant and easy, the Pokémon adjusted its stance, pressed more firmly back around the leobbog's muzzle, and smoothly pushed him down against the snow with one hindpaw pinning his wrist away from his body. Toby had no choice, then: try as he might to free his paw to actually use the Pokéball, the Vulpix had him pinned – and he certainly wasn't complaining, breathing deeply of its scent mixed with his own, and this same sticky warmth trickling back down along his tongue and throat. He lapped deeper, sucked along those interior walls, swallowed... all the while the Vulpix looked down on him from above, a certainly smug look adorning its muzzle.

The husky before them tried to stand up on shaky legs, thick globs still dripping from her spread spade, but then failed and flopped back down onto the melting snow; the Vulpix's ears perked with the noise and it looked down, chuffed, then leaned in to clean her up. Toby smirked as much as he could with this ring of muscle squeezing around his snout.

In a way, he knew, he *had* caught this Vulpix – or, at least, it had captured *him*. That worked, too.