

The dragon crouched low in the grass, one hand going to his waist to ensure that he still had everything he needed. His bag, the bait, the balls – in more than one way: the last time he came face to face with a Lucario hadn't ended in the best of ways for him. Sure enough, though, he could feel the one he'd chosen for today clasped to his belt, and then a couple extras rolling around in the bottom of his bag just in case things went south. An Ultra Ball; he'd paid good money for that one, and didn't want to put it to waste.

Really, though, the most nerve-wracking part of this whole adventure would have to be creeping through all of this grass, trying to keep himself hidden and avoid any other wild Pokémon that might leap out at him. He'd been at it since the sun peaked at noon, and though it *was* a little odd to run into a Lucario in the wild, it had still happened to him once before and he felt determined to make it happen again. That final spot on his team just ached to be filled, after all, and after that admittedly-less-than-optimal encounter, he knew just what he wanted to fill it with.

"There *has* been a rather rowdy Lucario out along the mountainside route," one of his friends, Askia, told him. Askia was a wild dog with lovely mismatched eyes – that was part of what led the dragon to cross the room and talk to him, the first time they met – who spent most of his time studying theory and reading up on the most recent discoveries from the top professors, and then spent the rest of that time out putting those theories to the test. "Most of the local trainers don't really want to deal with something so belligerent, so they just avoid it. Thing is, though, our gym leader stoically refuses to go out and handle the problem even though Fighting type is *literally* his specialty..."

He rolled his eyes and crept forward a little further. That's what Askia had said about the local Growlithe population over the other side of the ridge as well, which had turned out to be quite untrue; one of the Poké Balls clipped to the other side of the dragon's belt now held a rather well-behaved Arcanine. Just because he did his bookwork didn't mean that Askia was *always* right.

A noise coming through the grass near a huge boulder half-buried in the earth caught his ears. He slowed to a stop, hand hovering over that chosen ball again, and with his other parted the grass... and then had to clamp that same hand across his mouth after letting out a hissed noise of excitement. Not letting his gaze stray from the Lucario – smooth midmorning-blue with the shadow-black mask, gloves, and waist, and then the spikes; that was the important part – the dragon took hold of the Ultra Ball and held it tight while reaching down into his bag.

Usually the bait could be hit or miss – there was a reason not many trainers used it in their actual career – but he'd found it to come in handy more often or not. All he had to do was take a little bit in his hand, toss it out of the grass, wait and watch... the slightest of rustling from the long blades made his ears perk again, as well as the Lucario's, but the wild Pokémon didn't appear to find anything amiss. Then its nose started to twitch; it lifted its head to the air, sniffed a few times, tried to find the scent; then those sharp blue eyes focused right on the dragon through the grass, or at least right next to him. His heart stopped in his chest.

Those next few seconds passed with agonizing slowness, and he didn't dare move. Each of them remained totally still where they were, the Lucario unblinking and the dragon with his hand half inside his bag for another handful of bait.

*Five... six... seven...* that had to be safe, right? He swallowed, pulled in a slow, quiet breath, and looked down for a fraction of another second. Just doing that gave enough of a chance, though, and when he

next looked up - the Lucario leapt back, one paw still extended from where it had pushed the grass to the side, and instantly dropped into the stance easily recognizable as if preparing an attack.

He didn't even have enough time to gasp or stumble back. There was just a bright flash of blue-white light, the scent of singed grass, and then an immense, dense heat barreling into his chest, followed by the rigid shock of the back of his head hitting the tree trunk that *had* been about two feet behind him. A wave of slow, cold nausea, a loose shiver echoing throughout his limbs... and then a mix of bright, swirling colors and solid blackness obscured his vision.

It felt as though he'd only gone under for a second, if even that, but when he next opened his eyes and shook the dizziness out of his head, the sun had dropped a little closer to the nearby mountain ridge. The dragon squirmed, shook his head, regretted it, tried to bring a hand up to rub at his forehead... and quickly found he couldn't. Tight, coarse rope bound him around the chest to the tree behind him. Where did...?

That wasn't the only thing, though: as he pushed his footpaws through the grass in attempts to wriggle free, he also found out that he'd been stripped totally naked. The thick, tough strands of the rope grated and itched at his bare chest, his shoulders, his arms, and he could feel the cool moisture clinging to the blades of grass drip down across his feet and ankles. He tried his best to cross his legs so he could cover himself, but to no real avail.

"Soul?"

That made his ears perk. He glanced around, looking for where the voice had come from, but only found the Lucario. Still half-kneeling a bit of a way past the grass, head slightly canted, blue eyes focused. The dragon squinted, stuck his tongue out at the Pokémon – *it's your fault that I'm in this mess* – and continued looking around. Who would *tie him to a tree* after finding him knocked out from a Pokémon's attack, strip him nude, and take his things? And *leave* him here, of all things?

"That's your name, isn't it? Says on your trainer card."

His eyes flicked right back to the Lucario, who straightened up to its full diminutive height. Or – *his* full height: between yellow-green grass and among that same blue and a black fur, the next thing to catch Soul's gaze was the point of bright healthy red flesh protruding from the end of the Pokémon's sheath, and the sack hanging beneath that swung gently as he rose.

"You know..." The Lucario glanced down into his paw, metal spike catching the light of the lowering sun. Hard to tell, but it did look like he held Soul's card. "It's not nice to sneak up on a Pokémon like that. I couldn't expect better, though; except for one, trainers haven't ever been too nice to me."

Soul frowned, glanced around again, tried to squirm free of the ropes. Again, with no luck. "Wh...? What do you want with me? What could *you* want?" That felt so odd, speaking and referring to a Pokémon like that.

Flick of the tongue over the Lucario's snout, a slight tilt of his head in the other direction... and then he tossed the card to the side and with that paw hooked his thumb around the back of his sheath and hefted his balls over his fingers. Soul's eyes fixed in place down there, watching the way the supple skin dragged back to show more of that rich length.

“What could I want?”

The Lucario gave a small shiver and buck of his hips... and a fat drop of slick, glistening pre oozed out of the tapered tip of his cock, drooling down at the end of a thick strand before it finally dropped off and into the grass beneath him. From there he slid his paw up his length, caught the last remaining drip, and then brought that to his muzzle, at the same time starting to approach the bound dragon.

“My last trainer was *very* good to me, you know. Whenever I got into a mood, he’d gladly help me out. Sometimes... three, four times a day. You know how it is.” The Pokémon shrugged, still slowly striding closer. Now he had dropped his other paw to cup his own equipment, every now and then giving a small squeeze or a jiggle, as if to ensure that Soul’s gaze remained on it. Him tied down like this meant that his nose and mouth came right about level with the rim of his sheath and his hanging sack. “Until he released me, that is. Foul luck. I haven’t had any real help getting off since then... I guess I got spoiled.”

The Lucario did not stop in his approach. In fact, he came so close to Soul sitting there that the Pokémon had to widen his stance and continue with one footpaw on either side of the dragon’s legs, that sack and sheath still coming dangerously close. Then, though, he rested one arm against the trunk of the tree, leaned in over the helpless dragon, angled his hips forward...

“That’s where you come in. See? *This* is what I could want from you.”

...and pressed the underside of that cock and sheath directly against the dragon’s muzzle, turned to the side in attempts to avoid it. Soul squeezed his eyes shut and wrinkled his nose: this Lucario carried a strong scent, sharp and pungent, already digging into his nostrils where it would remain. Soul squirmed and grunted in trying to escape the heavy, wet heat, the slick stickiness of that half-revealed flesh smearing across his nose and muzzle, and the glob of pre that plopped onto his forehead and rolled down... taking a peek showed him that the Pokémon was just working himself up further from this grinding, with the lip of his sheath pressed right below Soul’s nose and anchored there while he rocked his hips gently forward and back, each time coaxing out more of his red-veined length.

Abruptly, a somewhat small yet surprisingly strong paw gripped Soul’s head and held him in place back against the tree, interrupting that slow rhythm only for a moment. Now that sheath rubbed against his lips, partially opening his mouth and smearing that slickness and scent there, too; he’d already tried pulling against the ropes, but still he continued to do so. “Would you – *stop* that?” the Lucario growled, pulling back for a moment; when he leaned in again he touched the tapered tip of his cock right against the side of the dragon’s nose, almost forcing him to draw in more of that scent.

Sharp, heady, heavy; a little bit of wet dog, a little bit of meaty grit, a little bit of the peppery sting of urine. Not strong or dense enough to make the dragon dizzy, but... he couldn’t get away from it, no matter how he turned his head or tried to avoid it. The longer that went on, too, which was likely all of a few seconds, the more he could feel his resistance start to break down.

The worst part was, it still managed to bring a reaction out of his body. Again and again the Lucario drew back, repositioned the tip of his cock, and slowly thrust forward, dragging his slick length over the dragon’s nose or muzzle and lips and leaving a heavier trace of his natural liquid musk hanging there; again and again Soul half-tried to hold his breath, failed, and tasted that scent straight from the source; and again and again he felt the familiar stirring between his legs, the slightly-pleasurable sensation of his

own shaft starting to push past through his slit. If he looked up, all he could see was either that glistening canid cock resting atop his muzzle, or the sneering face of the Pokémon past it.

“Wait...” he heard himself murmur. The way his lips parted to voice this word gave just enough space for that tapered tip to slide in and briefly touch between the roof of his mouth and the surface of his tongue, washing his senses with a quick salty musk that lingered long after the Lucario pulled back out to continue grinding against his face. “Why don’t... why aren’t you...”

But he couldn’t finish. His eyes drifted shut again, his almost-fully-hard cock throbbed between his legs, he squirmed against the ropes; still the Lucario pressed his own length and sheath against his nose, hot and humid, or lifted up to drag his sack across the dragon’s muzzle, or rub the fur there against his nostrils to douse his breath in his scent. Hands clenched, ankles weakly, slowly kicking at the earth beneath him; Soul leaned forward in the space he was allowed to touch his nose right to the spot between the Lucario’s sack and his sheath, and nuzzled in there. His tongue flicked out over his lips, and he swallowed and started to draw in a slow, deep inhalation. He hated how he loved it. The dragon swallowed again, lifted his nose up to the underside of the Lucario’s length right where his knot had started to form, lifted up to draw back towards the tip-

“Stop.”

But there an odd feeling that he could only think to describe as a stiff yet gentle shock vibrated in around his neck, then down along his shoulders and chest. And he couldn’t move. Not for a lack of want to do so: he just couldn’t get his body to move. After a moment, his eyes drifted back up to the Pokémon standing before him; the Lucario crossed his arms below the spike sticking out of his chest and smirked, fully-hard cock bouncing gently in front of him with each pulse of his heartbeat. So, so close, yet he couldn’t lean in to nuzzle against that dripping tip.

“You like that?” The Lucario motioned with one paw at the dragon’s neck. Gradually Soul came to be aware of a bit of a pressure there, a small weight settled against his flesh. “That’s a special collar my last trainer had me wear for a bit until I learned how to behave. Rare thing, expensive, but he’d had it for a while... I wasn’t his first, of course. Thing is, though...”

Between words, he reached forward with one footpaw and parted his toes around the base of Soul’s length, immediately squeezing in around him and drawing up a bit. The dragon shivered against the tree and lifted his hips as best he could, then settled back down against the ground; the Lucario continued up until he had the head of the dragon’s cock between those toes, and the underside of his shaft pressed against his pawpad. His tongue briefly flicked out over his lips and he gave a small kick, pushing the dragon’s cock back against his lower belly, and then leaned his weight into that firm length from above.

“Looks like you’re already on your way to behaving. You’ve got the eagerness, at least; that’s one of the most important parts.”

The Lucario balanced himself with that paw grinding firmly against Soul’s cock, toes repeatedly squeezing and relaxing just beneath the rim of his head, and slightly-calloused pawpad shifting up and down along his underside. The dragon strained against the rope keeping him bound – that must be one of the spare escape ropes he liked to keep in his bag; he could see the now-empty sack sitting on a heap of his other things just past the grass – and tried to return that grinding, his breath coming out in hot, short bursts. There was just *something* about the damn Pokémon’s scent, still clinging heavily to his

nose, mouth, lips, back of his throat. He definitely did not want to be here in this situation, and yet at the same time... the Lucario pressed his footpaw in again, and Soul's body responded with a gasp, a throb, and a moan. And yet, he still *did*.

A little bit of extra pressure from the Pokémon's ankle, right against the base of his shaft where it slid out of his slit; then that pressure came up along the rest of his footpaw, ending with a soft stroke of those toes across his tip. Soul shuddered again and breathed out another moan – and the Lucario raised an eyebrow and looked down from his captive's face. Then he breathed in, rolled his eyes, sighed... and uncrossed his arms to brace a paw against the trunk of the tree, so he could lift that paw up and away from Soul's cock – the dragon shuddered again with *that* feeling – and brought it right down against his snout, forcing that muzzle to angle downwards.

Soul whimpered gently under the sudden weight and pressure, then closed his eyes against the new scent of footpaw swirling into his nose. Instead of keeping it there, though, the Lucario grumbled softly and continued to draw his footpaw down off of Soul's snout, ending with him wiping the pads of his toes against that sensitive flesh – then going back and doing so again. Warm, sticky slickness coated the end of the dragon's muzzle there, and rolled slowly down over his lips; he flicked his tongue out to taste it. Of course the Lucario grinding his paw against his hard cock had made him leak a glob of pre of his own, right across and between those toes.

"Seems like you like *that*, too..." the Lucario rumbled, and adjusted his stance a bit to bring his footpaw in closer to the dragon's muzzle. This time instead of pressing it down, though, he pushed it straight forward as much as he could, knee drawn up towards his chest and calloused pawpad directly against the dragon's nose and lips. "You made a bit of a mess on me right then, so why don't you go ahead and clean that up?"

There was that little shock again, and before he knew what he was doing, Soul had tilted his head and started to drag the flat of his tongue up along that footpaw, settling into the soft creases of the skin, coming up over the raised callouses, digging in between the toes still warm from his own cock. A slight musty tanginess dripped into his muzzle from those repeated licks, gradually wetting the underside of the Pokémon's footpaw until that skin started to glisten with saliva; out of the corner of his half-closed eyes – hard not to lose himself in all of the scents surrounding his consciousness, from the musk of the Lucario's cock and sheath to the headier scent of his footpaw - he noticed the Pokémon's other paw slowly coursing up and down, up and down that same hard length.

Soul focused as much of his attention as he could along that footpaw, sliding his tongue between each pair of toes and curling it around the top, or pursing his lips against the slightly-calloused flesh or the little ridges in the skin, but still he watched the movement of that paw. The Lucario pushed his sheath the rest of the way back, bringing into view the wide bulge of his growing knot; with each push of his paw down to the base, he let his finger wrap around beneath his knot and then tugged gently up on it, the sensation giving a little buck to his hips and some extra pressure on the footpaw pressing forward against Soul's muzzle.

The heavy, earthy scent and taste of the footpaw came to dominate the dragon's awareness of everything else, to the point that when he *did* catch another whiff of the Pokémon's natural musk, it clung tight to his nose and drew his attention away. From there he couldn't help but watch as the Lucario pawed himself off, tapered cock angled forward towards his own foot and the dragon's muzzle

beyond it; every time he stroked forward, Soul thought he could just barely pick up that musk again, hot and spicy on the air.

He hadn't even noticed that he'd brought one of the Lucario's toes into his mouth and now suckled gently along it, tongue lifting and pressing up against the pad from beneath as if it were the end of that cock, until the Pokémon suddenly pulled back and settled that footpaw back against the ground. A different expression hung along the Lucario's face, though he did not slow in his stroking; instead, he lowered his other paw to cup his sack, lifting his balls up along a few fingers.

"That's enough of *that*," he went on, and moved his paw all the way back to his knot. When he gave it a little wave, a string of thick pre slung off the end and spattered across Soul's upper thigh. "I need you to be... nice and worked up. Begging to get off. I'm planning to bring you *right* to the edge," with that same footpaw tracing up along the dragon's length, "only to leave you there and start again once you've cooled off, for... oh, two weeks, why not. That should make you obedient enough. Shouldn't it?"

Before allowing Soul to give an answer, though, the Lucario suddenly leaned in over him again, one paw keeping his weight braced against the tree and then the other, previously hefting his sack, making its way back towards his rump. Soul swallowed keeping his mouth open – that rich, delicious scent hung on the air so potently this close to his cock and sheath and sack that he could practically *taste* it, without even having to breathe. The heat, the humidity, the way it made him drool...

...and then the way that cock drooled, too, with a little bit of a change in how the Lucario held his paw behind his back. Hard to tell from here, but it looked as though he'd lifted up his tail with the side of his paw, and pressed one or two fingers up underneath... and there it was again, with a second fat glob of sticky pre squeezing out of his tip, bulbing there for a moment, then stretching slowly down in the open air before Soul's muzzle. Every movement of his arm and paw behind him made the Lucario shiver, and ended with another throb and pulse to his cock.

"Open your mouth."

He did so, not like he had any other choice, and leaned forward in expecting the Lucario to tilt his cock down and thrust forward into his throat. What he got instead was the hot flesh of his tip pushing up against the roof of his mouth, followed by another fat drip, and then another, of that salty-tangy pre settling down and rolling back on his tongue.

"My last trainer..." The Lucario grunted, and half-lifted a leg. His body lurched gently forward and back with the treatment from his paw and fingers beneath his tail. "...knew *just* how to milk me... and I could do the same for you, sometime." One more glob before he slid his fingers back out of his tailhole and returned to pawing himself off, starting with a firm tug beneath his knot that resulted in shaky legs for the Pokémon. With that he lowered his footpaw back down to the ground, then changed his mind and shifted it back into its place right up against the dragon's shaft. "Maybe. If you behave. I have to be sure you can do that first, at least."

*Right to the edge* – with the way that the dragon thrust up against the Pokémon's still-wet footpaw, cock settled between his toes, he wouldn't remain at that edge for long. Mouth hanging open, eyes half-shut, breath coming and going in low drags through his nose and then long sighs between his lips, he swallowed, tensed up, dug his feet against the grass... and then felt all of that shudder and fizzle out with the sudden removal of that pressure against his groin. He managed to look down past the

glistening red length just two inches from his muzzle, and saw that the Lucario had brought his footpaw away from the dragon's twitching, throbbing, eager cock.

One more word: "Behave."

That was so hard, and yet he still managed to do it. The Lucario's footpaw pressed up against him and then pulled away right as he felt the familiar approaching peak of pleasure, and then stayed away for just enough time to let that heat trickle away. Sometimes it felt like the Pokémon really pushed the boundary and came too close... and then he kept his footpaw away for entirely too long, focusing on himself in the meantime. Again he pressed his cock close to Soul's muzzle, giving the dragon expectations that certainly would not be met: he told him to keep his mouth shut, and grinded that hard, slick length back and forth across his cheek, right along his nose and within his field of vision. Couldn't escape the thick scent, couldn't do anything about that hot sticky wetness soaking into and spreading across his fur. He couldn't even thrust his hips enough to get off on the residual echoing waves of almost-peaked pleasure once those toes squeezed around the base of his cock again; his body wouldn't let him.

The Lucario had no such restrictions, though. It didn't take long before he dropped his paw from the trunk of the tree to the dragon's head to hold it in place as he thrust, fat knot bumping against the corner of Soul's lips with each thrust forward. The dragon looked up at his muzzle, saw the eyes squeezed shut, the clenched teeth, the hunched stance – and obeyed again without a pause when a curt "open up" hissed between those teeth. Next thing he knew, he had his head pounding back against the tree behind him with a pulsing knot and energetic hips at his lips, thrust, thrust, thrust... and then a sudden burst of hot, rich cum painting the back of his throat, liquidy and somewhat sour, more than enough in volume for him to have to swallow twice.

And then a third, and a fourth. And a later fifth as the Lucario drew slowly out of his muzzle, exhaustion palpable under his breathing. Soul opened his eyes again, eagerly drinking down the rest of that load and letting his tongue cup the Pokémon's throbbing cock, still between his lips. The Lucario wasn't about to pull it the rest of the way out just yet, though: right after that first exhausted relief spread across his muzzle, he drew his tongue back into his mouth, swallowed, closed his eyes, gritted his teeth... and then let out another sigh of heavier, warmer relief, with a similar heat spraying out across Soul's tongue and quickly filling his muzzle.

"Don't swallow *any* of this," he breathed, and pushed forward a little bit. The scent of the piss quickly pierced into Soul's nose, not to mention the rich, acrid taste as well, all salt and ammonia and musk. It just continued coming, emptying out in a coherent arc along the back of his tongue until it pressed out on his cheeks and filled his muzzle... and started dripping out between his lips, trying to remain clamped around the still-hard cock.

With that, though, the Lucario finally drew out, and with one paw at the base of his knot angled his length down to spray that mark across the dragon's chin, neck, shoulders, upper body between the ropes... and then down against his also-twitching cock, so eager to get off, so close to physically doing so and yet so far from actually achieving it. Just like when he'd had his muzzle yanked firmly between those thighs and against that slick, supple sheath, the odor from that piss swirled around his senses and dominated everything else, even past when the stream tapered off into a drip and then ceased entirely.

Breathing one last sigh of comfortable relief, the Lucario took a step forward, wiped off the dripping tip of his cock against Soul's nose, and then crouched down in front of the dragon, their lengths almost touching. If Soul squirmed just right, he could feel the wet heat radiating off of that red-veined flesh. He held his gaze for a moment, then reached right down with one of his paws, ran his fingerpads down along Soul's cock just enough for him to feel... then wrapped those fingers around and started to stroke him, fast and hard.

Soul grunted and squirmed and gasped and strained against the tree, lifting his hips up into the pawing and the pleasure, so sharply aware of the fast-approaching orgasm and the mess he'd make across these ropes and his chest when that peak came, on top of the mess that already soaked and dripped there. He bumped his head back against the tree, gritted his teeth, sucked in another gasp, strained and tensed every muscle in his body... and yet again felt it spark down to nothing, with the Lucario bringing his paw up to the dragon's tip and pinching two fingers and his thumb there, not giving him enough space to thrust up into. And there he waited, a hint of a smirk on his lips, until Soul's fervent, failed humping finally settled down, leaving the dragon panting and whimpering more than before.

"You're on your way," the Pokémon rumbled after a moment, and patted the dragon's cheek with that paw – then wiped the dragon's own pre off against it. The same cheek that he'd grinded and thrust against to get off, and that now dripped with fresh piss. "Just remember that, now, *I'm* the trainer. I need to go find something to eat." He rose back to his feet, instantly drawing Soul's eyes back down to that length and the newly-drained sack beneath. "You'll stay right where you are, of course. I'll be back when I need to empty my bladder or my balls again; whichever comes first. See you then."

And then he was off, leaving Soul in no less of a predicament than when he'd woken up. In fact this was much worse, with the mixed tastes of cum and piss on his tongue and in his throat, and the Lucario's musk still digging into his nose alongside the rich, acrid saltiness of his mark... again and again he squirmed against the ropes and humped up into the air, so hard, so worked up, but unable to do anything about it.

He'd given his word, though, as much as this collar could bind him to. "Behave", and he had to obey. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, though. Soul swallowed, licked his lips, swallowed again; the taste of that piss trickled down his throat and hung on his breath.

The worst part was, though, he already couldn't wait for the Lucario to return.