

Fiery Desire

Quilava "TF," by Mewscaper
Developed with Batistafan2003

The Scarlet Sector. Perhaps one of the most dangerous landscapes known in this region. All across its expanse, it was jagged and rocky, filled with cliffs and caverns, complete with constant magma activity and lava flow, and an unforgiving sun beating down from above.

Not to say that it didn't have life, no. For starters, sparse shrubbery and hardy trees grew everywhere in the rich soil deposits. Then, there were the Fire-types roaming and lurking around every corner, ranging from benign, like the steady Torkoal, or vicious, like the rampaging Charizard.

Then, rather surprisingly: there were the humans. Trainers and volcanologists, mostly. Some for exploration; some for study; some just passing through; some for Arceus Above and the Mirthful Mews, never to return.

Those who never returned from Scarlet always had curious ends... There never was a body to be found. Every single case came up the same. No body. No real sign of a struggle, either - just some lightly torn clothes or damaged equipment, all belongings intact, encapsulated Pokémon included. Such findings propagated Scarlet's mystique, stirring up speculation and superstition in the surrounding villages.

"They're growing every day." A woman would whisper, clutching her hands together. "The magical creatures are rising... they are coming to get us, one by one... To make us mere beasts, like them..."

"Nonsense." A visitor would reply. "Clearly someone is taking advantage of Scarlet's dangerous terrain and is picking off travelers... though, for what purpose, I cannot imagine."

Another local would gasp in fear. "They want human lives. The Mews above demand it! The earthbound Mews... They *hide* among the normal magical creatures, and they *take away* humans for their hunger and hellfire and harems. Heavens above, *harems!* They want all of it, all of us - body, blood, and soul!"

It went without saying that Scarlet was a red-flagged zone, in ways more than one. The government had planned for a full investigation, but due to budget cuts, it became doubtful they would ever getting around to following through...

The treacherous terrain would discourage many trainers, even those decorated with multiple badges reflecting their toughness. That was the case, usually, but one determined trainer had aspirations no infernal volcanic landscape was going to interfere with. No, sir! Mason, Pokémon trainer, nineteen years and optimistic, plodded along the jagged path, making sure to avoid stepping on rocks or any areas with piping hot lava flowing. He carried on with excitement, full of youthful energy.

To someone like Mason, the legends surrounding Scarlet fell on deaf ears. He had been through much, *much* worse areas during his travels: deep into dark caves; high atop frosty mountains; underwater at the bottom of the ocean floor. To him, a little trek through hellish fire-lands hardly registered as something "dangerous" or "foolhardy."

Not that his family could take that into consideration.

"You're going to get it one of these days." His parents had warned, as he set out once again on another escapade. "The *Scarlet Sector*?"

"That's right!" He replied, nodding and grinning. "The fire-types there are awesome, I hear!"

His mother and father both gave him stern looks. "Is that *all* you heard? Have you heard the *stories*? Trainers vanish, gone, not a trace to be found... And these things happen *all* the time out there, Mason! Scarlet's got the worst disappearance rate of all this region's landscapes!"

"Heh, I'll be *fine*!" He tried laughing it off, trying to exchange looks with his girlfriend at the time. She didn't return the look, instead gazing at him with distraught resignation. "No, I'm serious! I don't bend down to anyone *or* anything! Scarlet should be easy - and it's *fire*, too!"

His girlfriend shook her head. "You always worry me. Can you at least go with a guide this time, or someone?"

Mason smiled, reassuringly. "It's okay. I've got my Pokémon with me, and they are better companions than any guide." When she gave him a pained look, he added, hastily, "I'm different! I'm a cut above other trainers - but I'll be extra careful, okay?"

His mother harrumphed, and his father turned away, pointedly. His girlfriend looked at him, rather sadly.

"All right... Promise me you'll stay safe, at least."

"For all my days," Mason kissed her lightly, before adding, "All *our* days." They hugged, affectionately. "I promise, okay? Extra careful, remember?"

Presently, he kicked over a molten rock, sizzling his fireproof boot a little. No, he was not intimidated by the fiery landscape, even as it presently attempted to cook him... On the contrary, he welcomed such an element. He had always been a bit of a fire fascinator, what with the pleasant warmth and raw power it promised. Fire, of course, was his favorite typing of Pokémon, his trustworthy Charizard and hardy Houndoom kept ready and waiting in their Poké Balls.

He actually enjoyed his hike, and he eagerly anticipated the possibility of capturing a new Pokémon to add to his team. Something fiery, of course. Something strong and robust. A proud companion and testament to his adventures. He'd show them. He'd show his family and girl, that this human Trainer can tame even Scarlet itself!

Sweat trickled down his face. In spite of his enthusiasm, the location was still *very* hot. He wiped some beads of perspiration from his forehead. Even the sun was merciless - good thing he had applied sunscreen prior to leaving his tent.

Ash coated almost everything the eye could see: rocks and cliffs and grass and shrubs dressed in peppery-gray. The sounds of magmatic activity rumbled broodingly in the distance, echoing deep within the numerous surrounding caverns...

...And in the shadows of the dark caverns, something watched Mason as he walked along... It had been observing him for a while now, ever since he had left his tent.

How adorable... A cute human all by himself... All for me...

The creature purred, sounding much like the magma flowing in the nearby vents, and a devious grin crept onto its broad face, mischief in its eyes...

Mason carried on, oblivious to the stalker drawling behind him. He focused instead on the task at hand: seeking out and capturing a wild Pokémon... Perhaps a majestic, fire-swept Rapidash? Maybe even a proud and fiery Arcanine. A Typhlosion... oh, now that would be the tops! Imagine being the master of such a powerful creature! It made Mason practically beam with excitement, getting a little more careless.

He gazed over the scenery, scorched and ashy. He found it amazing that Pokémon could even survive here, in spite of knowing Scarlet being a pseudo-paradise for all things fire. He observed, scurrying and crawling here and there, Slugmas, Torkoals, and even a few Magbys, all minding their own business... but, to Mason's disappointment, nothing particularly *rare*.

He tarried on to another location, surveying the land. Nothing particularly spectacular. More Slugmas and Magbys, not even a Torkoal this time. He frowned, a little disappointed. Surely, the legendary Scarlet would have provided a bigger and better bounty than *this*!

"Damn." Mason muttered under his breath, the air hot and dry. "I was expecting something more satisfying than just a freakin' Slugma..." He considered quickening his walk across Scarlet, his hopes of a rare find rather dampened. No catch. Nothing to show off his exploits.

He sighed. It didn't help that the heat had finally begun to exhaust him, making him ready to move on to somewhere cooler and clear of ash. How far had he walked, anyways? Quite a ways, it seemed. He shook his head, grimly, not as enthused about the circle back to camp.

"Hmm..." Following from behind, hidden among the rocks, the creature rumbled. *Poor human can't take the heat. Well, well, isn't that going to change!*

The creature stretched a bit, flexing its strong, well-built body, its fur ruffling. A thin trail of smoke rose from its collar. It opened its eyes, newfound desire burning within red irises.

It stepped forward, lumbering slowly up to the human, from behind.

Mason blinked, thickly. He could have sworn he had heard soft footsteps crunching against the rocky, barren ground... and yet, the warmth of the landscape had dulled his senses. His previous drive, his enthusiasm, had all but evaporated. He wearily shrugged off the feeling and continued along his path, eager to finish his trek through Scarlet.

He couldn't quite place why he suddenly felt *uneasy*. Maybe those urban legends and myths held some truth, after all. Certainly, he wouldn't want to be around this place if something terrifying were to happen! Or maybe it was just the heat exhaustion?

Regardless, he quickened his pace, not caring at this point if he accidentally stepped on a few molten stones or even the lava-trails of some Slugma. He felt fortunate to be wearing such thick boots. Suffering serious burns right about now, so far from camp, would not be ideal for his safety.

However, even his expensive footwear could only protect him from injury for so long as he became more and more careless, even plodding through small puddles of molten rock. It spurred him to try and get out of Scarlet even faster... which just made him more susceptible to injury. He cursed a little, getting tired and worn.

The creature lumbering behind Mason grinned. *Stop and rest, cutie*. It flexed a little, following leisurely, fur lightly dusted with ash from its travel. *You'll make a lovely Fire-type yourself, soon...* It began looming closer and closer to the human...

...In the air, wafting behind him, a strange scent filled Mason's sinuses. It was an unusual scent, and not just the stench of volcanic ash and brimstone. Nay, it had an organic, almost musky aroma about it. Primal, even. He paused for a moment. It made him feel... odd.

The heat! The excruciating heat was now starting to become unbearable. He had to find a place shaded and sheltered and safe, and *fast*. He could almost feel the skin on the back of his neck begin to get burned, cooked both by Scarlet and the strong sun. Mason snapped back to life, frantically scanning the path ahead of him.

Where the hell is some damn shade? He groaned in frustration. All he could see up ahead was more jagged land, dotted with shrubs that couldn't keep even a Wurmple

from the sun's intense rays. "Ah...this is torture!" He yelled, out loud.

As Mason wallowed in pain and discomfort, the musky smell continued to float about him, filling his nostrils. He breathed heavily, and paused once more, testing the air. It smelled very animalistic... Very raw, very potent, stronger than a moment before. Perhaps the heat was teasing his senses? The more he sniffed, the more powerful the smell was; it made Mason feel... lightheaded. "What the heck...What is this smell?"

The creature stood behind Mason, watching quietly for a moment, eyeing up the human. The creature grinned, toothily. *How endearing.* The human was testing the air, breathing in the creature's musk. The more he breathed in, the more oblivious he seemed to become, standing there amidst the ashes and fire and sun. Surely, some strange thoughts were trickling into the human's head by now, beastly and rather suggestive.

The creature's eyes narrowed. It was so tempting, SO tempting, to suddenly pounce; to reach out and grab the male, and pull him into a tight embrace, where he would be at the mercy of the creature's fur and ministrations, to be bathed in the creature's scent. But the creature bit back on the impulse, instead choosing to observe the cute human smell his way into confusion... and fiery desire.

The unknowing human soon began to focus less and less on the heat, and more and more on the smell. The more he whiffed it... the more he liked it. It eventually began to soothe his mind, ease his problems and calm his spirits. Nothing else really mattered right now: he had the *delightful* warmth of the sun and Scarlet soaking into his body, the enchanting aroma of musk making him carefree and content... The heat was no longer bad; it was good...

That's right, cutie. The creature smirked. *Heat and fire are your elements, your home...* The creature bent forward a little bit, breathing upon the human standing below him, washing him in musky scent. It had become too much to resist. The creature reached out a bearish, badger-like hand-paw, to affectionately stroke the human's cheek.

The mesmerizing scent of feral musk had made Mason drunk off the stuff... He didn't flinch as the paw brushed up against his face; so blitzed, he didn't even notice it. He *did*, however, notice he was feeling hotter and hotter... which made him very happy. He wanted to stay hot, forever...

Smiling, the creature slowly turned Mason on the spot, so that he could behold his follower in all his fiery presence.

Staring up at the creature towering over him, Mason gazed upon a large, bulky, bearish-badger creature, with a broad face and sharp, red eyes.

Typhlosion. Muscular and masculine, fire-resistant fur ruffled, with a huge grin on his face.

"Hey, there." He rumbled, his voice a deep baritone.

"Hey... H-Hello-o." Mason barely mumbled out, a pleased and goofy smile curling up on his face. He *knew* it was a Typhlosion; he would have loved to capture one for his team, prized for its rarity, its robustness and fire and strength, but... all those thoughts of capturing Pokémon, and, in fact, *being* a Pokémon trainer seemed to... *slip*... from his mental grasp.

"What's a cute little human like you doing all the way out in Scarlet?" The Typhlosion asked, folding his bearish arms, stirring some idle chit-chat while looking amused. "Don't you know what Pokes like me like to do to humans?"

"No. No-no-no-no..." Mason replied, dazed, regarding the strong fire-type, strangely, with no fear, but with a curious sense of awe. "I just... I just like the warmth of this place... I like... warmth..." He looked up at the friendly Pokémon, not even perturbed that it seemed to be speaking the human language - or otherwise, the fact he could understand what it was saying at all.

"You like warmth," replied the Typhlosion, amused. He placed a hand-paw on Mason's shoulder. Another wash of Typhlosion musk washed over the little human, making him feel completely muddled. "Really?"

A glint in the creature's eye. "What else do you like, boy?"

Mason inhaled deeply, the pleasant aroma of the Typhlosion's musk soaking his senses. "I also like... I like... Pokémon..." Mason said, his mind now blissfully confused.

The Typhlosion grinned, placing another hand-paw on Mason's other shoulder. Strange thoughts crept through the human's mind, unnatural fantasies of being completely subdued, completely *doused* in the Typhlosion's scent.

"How much do you like Pokémon, boy?"

Mason giggled, a tone not quite his own. "A *lot!*" It became so tempting now, for Mason, to curl up to the Typhlosion's well-built chest and revel in his presence. To be marked completely with the Typhlosion's scent. To be... *taken away. Warm and safe.*

"I *really* like fire Pokémon..." He added on, regarding the fire type in front of him with naught but complete admiration.

The Typhlosion's grin widened. His hand-paws moved behind Mason's back. "Do you? You like me, then, boy?"

"Yes! He-he..." Mason mumbled in his stupor. Unable to resist the urges any longer now, he leaned in, slowly, embracing the Typhlosion, hugging tightly. The feral Pokémon's scent completely drenched his senses, wild and exciting, making him let out a soft moan. A wave of warmth washed over him... and not just from the landscape. It was living warmth, the warmth given through the Typhlosion's strong embrace.

The Typhlosion's fur was soft and wonderful. Against his body, so pleasantly hot and musky. It made Mason himself feel... primal... animalistic. He cherished the thought of being just as feral and fiery as the wonderful Typhlosion he embraced.

No, nothing else mattered to Mason anymore. Nothing at all. He just wanted to be with the Typhlosion. The Typhlosion was, in fact, his life.

"Such a good little human..." The Typhlosion blissfully sighed, finally. "Why, I could just take you away and keep you forever, all for myself!" The Typhlosion's warm breath rolled over the human on his chest, hot and musky.

All previously kindling admiration the human had for the Typhlosion took a drastic turn. It flared up into a sudden fiery desire to *obey*, to *belong* to him, forever. What an exciting thought... it filled the human with a newfound sense of giddiness, glee. Thoughts of his past began to become distant and burnt out... and new, feral

instincts and impulses fluttered into his emptying mind, replacing the old.

"I want to be with you....foreverrrr..." The human murmured, as dazed and as hypnotized as ever. Perhaps not even hypnotized, now. What he said, he probably meant earnestly, warm and giggling.

Smiling, pleased, the Typhlosion's hand-paws passed over the human's back, claws lightly tearing off his clothes. "We'll have to get rid of these, then. If you're going to be mine forever and ever, you'll go naked. But don't worry..." He added. "You'll have something better to replace them, soon... ah." He breathed, noticing dark blue fur that had already spread over his back.

The human ruffled his growing fur, soft, smooth, and fire-proof, as creamy fur, light and fluffy on his underside, now joined the blue. He could feel his senses sharpen as the painless transformation continued, his mind muddled and simple, now. His triangular-shaped ears twitched, taking in the sounds bubbling and rumbling in the surrounding landscape. His nose quivered, and he could even smell his own feral musk, permeating from his reshaping body...

He cuddled into the Typhlosion even more, and the Typhlosion held him close in return. Rubbing deeply, breathing heavily, everything a wash of scents and brimstone, Mason's bones continued to reform, his hands and feet becoming primal and paw-like. He purred, his own voice deeper and feral, yet bubbly.

The Typhlosion, at this, lovingly stroked the top of Mason's head, which had, curiously, begun to emit small bursts of fire. "All mine... My own Quilava. Such a strong and able creature you will be." He rubbed Mason up and down, across his back, his changed fore-legs, even giving a coy, suggestive pat to his bottom. "All mine..."

"*Laaa-vaa...*" Mason purred, barely even recognizable as a human anymore as the changes progressed. "*Yours.*" The words echoed throughout his suggestible mind, solidifying his new thought process. This Typhlosion wasn't *just* a friend, or someone to obey; no, he was his *Master*.

He let out a pleasant moan, eager to follow his Master's will and way for all time... His physical completed, and what used to be human was simply a Quilava clinging tightly to a Typhlosion. The Quilava purred continuously, like a bubbling fire spout. Fiery flames sprouted from his backside, the flame spots sensitive but still very

pleasant. So warm and exciting.

"Come on, boy," said the Typhlosion, giving Mason one last rubbing, full-bodily, completely marking him with his musk. "Your Master wants some... time alone with you... and not out in the open. You will service me well, in so many ways imaginable," He grinned suggestively. "And I won't let anyone else have you. You're mine, and mine alone."

"Yes, my Master." The once-human murmured in a voice that wasn't quite emotionless, but rather entranced, oblivious, and filled with obedience. "I shall do whatever you say." He continued, nuzzling into his Master, getting a whiff of all the pleasant smells that tickled his feral fancy.

Petting him affectionately, the Typhlosion carried the human-turned-Quilava down into the fiery, dark caves below, the home of the Fire-types...

Eventually, they reached a small alcove, where the Typhlosion made his den. The scent of animal, prey, and even the musk of mating, filled the space. The Typhlosion set down the Quilava, gently. He then sat down where he slept, eying up Mason, hungrily and predatorily.

"Now, then." He rumbled, his voice echoing a little. "We want to make sure no force can take you away from me..." He said. "Not even Arceus Above... nor the Society of Mews," he adds, letting out an uncharacteristic giggle, rather Mew-like.

"Of course, Master. I belong to you forever..." He giggled, reflecting his master's. "I am willing to do anything you wish.." He purred happily, taking in the musky smells of his den, a particular odor especially enticing to his nose... stirring a warm tingling in his groin.

"Well..." The Typhlosion continued. "I have powers of my own." He laid back, pretending to relax, but really showing off his body to his Quilava pet. "That activate through... certain acts." He grinned and winked at Mason.

Despite the heavy hypnosis he had been put through, he still was able to pick up on subtle suggestions. The Quilava chirred as he padded, on all fours, closer to his owner. "I am willing to do... *anything!* Anything at all." He murmured again, this time in a much more ...erotic tone. He could not deny that his Master was exceptionally attractive...

"Anything?" The Typhlosion grinned. Down below, his furry sheath had parted slightly, a tapered tip emerging, red and dominant. "Then surprise me. Show me what good pets do for their Masters."

The Quilava's eyes gleamed as his Master's furry sheath revealed a red and hard member... The penis looked appealing to him, and no part of him could deny it: that his Master was incredibly sexy. Yes, he would be honored to pleasure him sexually.

His own crotch began to tingle as he tried to hold back his own erection. The former human's prior sexuality no longer applied, locked away in a dark corner of his mind. He was happy to do anything that his Master wanted, and the fact he was given some creative control over what he would do right now made the Quilava giggle...

Coming over to his owner, he let out a happy squeal and sat on his hind legs, slowly rubbing the tip of his Master's member with a forepaw.

The Typhlosion purred, even shivering a little bit at the sensation. Fire-types had strong desires, high libido, to match their fire-element abilities. His erection grew to its full size, the furry sheath completely parted, giving the Quilava a face-full of a new type of musk. Pheromones of pleasure, of mating; giving the promise to a good, hard, passionate romp, animal and primal. The scent was thick and heavy, slightly sweaty, and smelling even of... cum.

The scents alone could satisfy the Quilava...but this wasn't about satisfying himself. Not at all. He had a purpose, a mission - he had a service to do. Pleasing his Master in any way possible. He chirred at the sight of his now fully revealed member, giving it a firm stroke with one of his paws. He leaned in, nose slightly touching the tip, and sniffed, letting the musky potent pheromone of his Master's sex sink into his mind and senses. This... This was it. *Heaven*. He reached even closer, giving it a gentle lick.

The Typhlosion's member twitched a little, spurting a little bit of pre-cum right on the Quilava's nose, filling his senses with the scent of sex and brimstone. Fiery sex. Passionate sex.

The Typhlosion's toes wriggled a bit, excitedly. He sat up, waiting for the Quilava to continue.

The scents consumed him, wrapping him in arousal... Sex. Sex was on the Quilava's mind now more than ever. The taste of his Master's pre-seed was creamy, strong, and more than anything it was hot, ember-like. He *had* to have more.

He bent down and took some of the member into his warm maw... Even his Master's member was irresistibly warm; it was like putting a live flame of fire into his mouth. Lovely--the warmer the better! Clearly stimulated now and horny himself, the brainwashed Quilava's own erect penis crept out of its sheath, throbbing a bit in anticipation... Even so, the Quilava continued to service his Master; selfish desires and urges, after all, were not acceptable, nor commanded.

The Typhlosion's eyes closed in bliss, purring like a good-natured volcano. He thrust a little, instinctively, sinking his scent and sex a little more into Mason's mouth and nose. Approvingly stroking his pet's head-fur and embers, he reached down and began to caress his bottom, hand-paws passing by the Quilava's own arousal, even skimming his tail-hole.

"What a good little Quilava you are... So much fun you're going to have with your Master..."

Hearing this praise only made their sexual romp even better: knowing that his Master was happy, in turn, made Mason happy. He only existed for Master's pleasing. Absolutely, a *good Quilava*.

"Thank you, Mast-mmphhh..." He cut off, taking in more of the Typhlosion's girth, now bobbing his head up and down, slowly yet rhythmically. Oh, he tried not to succumb to selfish thoughts, but the urge to milk his Master's cock was incredible. He wanted a complete serving of his cum. A dousing. A bath.

One hand-paw placed upon the Quilava's head, and another teasing Quilava's tail-hole, the Typhlosion grinned, his pointed ears drawn back a bit. "Mmm... So close, my pet."

The Quilava continued to suckle his Master, and even his own member began to leak some pre-seed, the stimulation coming from his Master rubbing his tail hole pushing the limits of the Quilava. He muffled a moan, taking yet even more of his Master's tapered cock into his mouth, down to the base. Complete hotness radiated throughout his entire body, his flame spots bursting into bright red-and-orange

colors.

The Typhlosion's left hand-paw gripped the Quilava's head, holding him down, the Quilava's throat muscles stimulating him further, while his right hand-paw sunk a little more into the Quilava's anus, a fore stroking and teasing his prostate.

"Ah... Ah!" The Typhlosion's collar suddenly lit up, blazing up in passionate fire. His member twitched rapidly, throbbing wildly, and a huge burst of hot, gooey cum spurted into Quilava's mouth, tasting of molten magma, strong and creamy. Then came another burst, then another, then another.

The flow of molten hot seed coming from his Master was impossible to all swallow at once... The taste was amazing, as was the heat, but the volume of it all was simply too much. Some of it began to trickle out his maw, then a large amount of it came bursting out from his mouth, the Quilava only able to swallow maybe half. All the smells, sensations, and stimulations were almost enough to die for.

Still amid climax, the Typhlosion suddenly pulled the Quilava up, his cock still throbbing, spewing forth blast after blast of seed. It splattered upon the Quilava's face and nose, hot and strong-scented, coating his body thoroughly in his Master's musk and cum. His hand-paw still wiggling, teasingly, lodged in his pet's tail-hole, getting him good and ready for what was yet to come.

The Quilava was unable to speak, so excited, knowing exactly what was about to happen next. He turned about and lifted his rump high into the air, presenting himself on all fours, bracing himself. He panted, licking some of the cum off the sides of his feral lips, savoring the strong, hot taste...

The Typhlosion gripped both sides of the Quilava's rear with his hand-paws. "Mmm... This is it, my pet. No turning back. No changing back, either," he added, grinning somewhat deviously, victoriously. "You'll be a Fire-type for the rest of your life, your transformation sealed by accepting my seed."

He pushed forward a little, his hard, tapered erection nudging the Quilava a little, tip resting there on his soft, clenching tail-hole. He chuckled. "Not that you have a choice anymore, boy..."

The Quilava gritted his teeth slightly as his Master prodded into his rear, his virgin hole being stretched for the first time. Hearing those words from his Master.

belonging to him for all eternity, never having to leave him, staying this way forever... It was heavenly music to his ears. Or, at this point, beastly sex to his ears.

"I'm ready Master! I will accept your seed!" He moaned out.

The Typhlosion grinned. "That's a good pet."

He began to push, his taper tip stretching open the Quilava's anus, beginning to sink into his hot, rectal vent. He himself couldn't suppress a moan, pushing inwards as more and more of his girth passed into his pet's rectum. *So tight.*

His hand-paws gripped the Quilava close, his foot-paws beginning to wrap around the Quilava's thighs. The scent of male sex wafted into the air, mixing with the already heady musk of Typhlosion odor and cum, surrounding them so thickly, so *potently*, that just breathing it in itself could change other humans into beasts, on the spot, with one whiff.

The Quilava let out a small cry, the temporary sensation of his rear being stretched and entered not necessarily a comfortable one--but as he would soon find out, the intense heat numbed the pain almost completely, leaving nothing but fiery passion and desire...the desire to be filled up by his Master with his piping hot cum.

The Typhlosion pushed forward, into the Quilava's eager bottom, then again, and again. He pushed and began to hump vigorously, as raw and beastly as animals should mate. Any pain the Quilava may have felt soon washed away into a pleasant warmth filling his bowels, creeping up to his very core. Lost in an eruption of pleasure radiating from his rump, he *moaned* and *yelped* as beastly as ever, his eyes rolling back a bit in his head.

Flames erupted from the Typhlosion's collar, signaling his arousal and consumption as he continued to plow his newfound pet over and over again. He even reached around occasionally to stroke off the Quilava's own erection, still standing and needy, dripping pre of its own.

The Typhlosion's cock twitched, buried deep into the Quilava's depths. A huge burst of gooey cum sputtered and splattered, then another, and another, filling the former human with the Typhlosion's essence and power, washing away all sensations of being anything other than a submissive, feral Quilava. A pet, and a thrall to please only his Master. The Typhlosion continued to hold his position, hand-paw stroking

the Quilava's own member, ready to burst whatever was left of his humanity onto the ground, to be disposed and forgotten of, forever.

Let it all go, my pet. I command it. Not the Mews... just me. Your Master.

The torrent of hot seed still erupting and filling up his tail hole was enough to make the Quilava moan out loudly, but *now!* Being stroked off and urged to cum by his Master...he could not contain himself!

The last shreds that might have existed somewhere within the body, mind, and soul of what was once a human named Mason immediately expunged as the Quilava climaxed for his Master, spurting out multiple strings of hot and gooey semen. Gone was the human... now, just cum on the cavern floor.

The Pet belonged to the Master... He would be the only creature he would ever think of obeying... The only purpose to be alive, to serve him forever. His Quilava pet.

Grinning, and still tied to his pet, as an animal, the Typhlosion took a hand-paw and fondly stroked the top of the Quilava's head, drops of the Quilava's own cum dripping onto his face. "What a good pet! They'll never find us out here... And who knows? Maybe we'll get ourselves some more humans to play with... More fire-types to join us."

The Typhlosion pulled out of the Quilava's now-stretched tail-hole, still clenching and quivering, hot Typhlosion spunk leaking from its depths. He pulled the Quilava up and onto his chest, nuzzling and cuddling, petting his soft fur, reveling in both their feral, musky scents.

"Of course, *you'll* always be my favorite pet. My very own Quilava... Maybe even someday, Typhlosion."

"Mm.... Thank you, Master..." The Quilava purred, nuzzling back into the Typhlosion's chest fur. The idea of evolving one day into a Typhlosion, and joining his Master in that regard, was a very lovely thought, indeed... Of course, he wouldn't mind staying a Quilava forever, either, so long as he remained by his Master's side.

He had not been given the command to so, yet he felt compelled: the Quilava kissed

his Master on the lips, letting them both bask in the warmth of their sensual afterglow. "Master," The Quilava whispered, his voice soft and bubbly, like a small volcanic vent. "I will serve you and obey you forever." He kissed his Master again. "But more than that: I will also... love you forever."

The Typhlosion grinned, toothily, and returned the kiss to his pet's lips, deep and intimate, with a little bit of tongue. "And I will love you, my pet. I will cherish you and keep you safe, for all your days." He coyly licked the top of the Quilava's head. "For all *our* days..."

Fiery Desire