

"Nice bed," Jarel noted, hopping naked onto the firm mattress. He had been offered a bout of casual sex from his recently-met samurott friend, but now that he was naked and expecting foreplay any second, it was hard to remain casual. He was rather good at hiding his emotions, however, and kept a steady face while he waited on the bed. "Why thank you. . . It's a sturdy one, too," Gato commented in a deep voice, lifting his front half up to rest his forelegs on the foot of the bed. "Has to be, it sees a lot of. . . Action." he hinted slyly, a rather lewd grin widening on his face as he eyed Jarel's bare body, even licking his lips a little.

Jarel smirked and shifted his position a little, his eyes locked on Gato's body. "So, uh. . . How do you wanna do this?" the wartortle asked, his confidence slowly slipping away with each moment he sat on the mattress. Gato slipped a claw towards his hind legs as he cocked his head at the question, the lustful grin getting toothier as he snickered a little. "I was thinking. . . of you just getting on all fours, or on your back, however you like. . . And then I'll pound and fuck and rut you 'till I can pound no more." The smaller pokémon's member twitched at his friend's words, and suddenly he felt confident again. That is, until he realized how big Gato ought to be between his legs. "Are. . . eh. . . Will you fit?" he questioned hesitantly, lying on his back regardless of his doubts.

Gato suddenly pounced fully onto the large bed, approaching his wartortle friend and chuckling evilly as a foot of three-inch thick samurott cock bobbed between his legs, twitching and slapping against his belly powerfully, globs of pre dripping on the sheets below. "Oh, I will. . . You just focus on getting comfortable," the sea lion said cockily as he padded closer, the size difference between the two coming quite apparent to the smaller turtle under him. "T-that's. . . I-it's huge. . . !" Jarel stammered, fiercely trying to ease his doubts as Gato inched closer. He told himself it just looked bigger than it was, or that being stretched so wide wouldn't hurt. Slowly, the wartortle lifted his legs up to expose the pink hole between them, letting his feet rest against Gato's body.

The samurott let out a sly growl and walked over to tower above Jarel, forcing the turtle's legs to bend forward and make his feet bend past his shoulders. As he put the wartortle in the uncomfortable pose, Gato teasingly laid his pulsating shaft over Jarel's, letting it throb and leak pre against the much smaller one underneath. Without a word of warning, Gato drew his hips backwards and *thrust*, shoving his wide cock into the turtle's ass, immediately sinking his whole tip and an inch more inside with a single buck. Jarel groaned as his legs were bent back to a painful degree, his muscles burning with discomfort until the pain of getting speared distracted him from it. He bit his lip to hold back a shout and clenched down on the new intruder, unable to relax himself despite the urgent need to do just that. "Holy fuck!" he yelled, his seven-inch shaft leaping up in surprise and loosing a thin rope of pre.

Gato's head jerked backwards in pleasure as the wartortle's tight backside squeezed around his pounding member, milking a wet spurt of pre out of him. Getting some lubrication from the warm juices, he leaned back and then threw his massive body weight forward, burying his wide shaft *deep* into Jarel, only a couple inches shy of bottoming out with his second thrust.

"Ahh! D-damn, you said this would be casuaaAAH!" Jarel's sentence was cut short by Gato's sudden thrust back into him, completely stuffing him with samurott dick. His belly bulged and expanded to make room for Gato's massive shaft, and the wartortle's tight ring was already heated

considerably by the friction. The warturtle shut his eyes and mumbled swears to himself, the volume of his dirty language increasing whenever there was a spike in pain, which was unsurprisingly quite often. Gato's only response was a grunting moan as he slammed the last few inches inside. He let the warturtle enjoy the entirety of his cock for only as long as it took for him to squirt out another burst of pre, pulling his hips back with the new lube and ramming his member inside again with feral strength. The samurott picked up pace rather quickly, pounding the turtle with impressive speed considering the brutal force of each of his thrusts, his blunt tip bashing against the turtle's prostate with each jab inside.

Reduced to a grunting, moaning mess, Jarel simply lied there and took what Gato was forcibly giving him. His belly lurched and expanded with every thrust into his warm asshole, and his tip launched more and more of the sticky fluid onto his body every time Gato slid over his pleasure button. He didn't know if it felt wonderful or miserable, but oddly enough, he knew he didn't want it to stop. "Ahh, f-fuck. . . !" The samurott's hefty ball-sack smacked against Jarel's butt with each devastating thrust, giving the warturtle an obvious hint about the incoming load. Gato hunched down ferally, his muscly, sweaty chest rubbing against Jarel's face as a low growl rumbled in his throat, his thrusts slowing down in pace a little, though seemingly becoming even more powerful.

Jarel panted and tried relaxing around the thick shaft inside him, having only minimal success thanks to everything else going on in his mind. Jeral turned his face away from Gato's shimmering chest, unable to keep his cheek from rubbing against the sweaty samurott. His scent seeped into the warturtle's nostrils, his musk making him a bit more welcoming of the brutal pounding. The beginnings of orgasm began bubbling beneath the surface of his crotch, and he knew it would only be a few more moments before he splattered himself with his own hot seed. Gato rammed himself once more into the turtle's depths, stretching an obscene bulge into Jarel's stomach. The sea lion roared throatily and writhed in pleasure as his endowment swelled and throbbed, his heavy balls pulsating as they unloaded a sizable torrent of watery cum into the warturtle's tunnel.

The first two spurts were already almost more voluminous than an average orgasm would be for the smaller 'mon. Gato kept squirming in pleasure, his head and tail turning from one side to the other as his spunk kept bursting out for an incredible ten seconds, enough to make the bulge of his cock disappear under the bloating stuffing of his cum. Jarel couldn't help but squirm underneath the larger water-type, his cheek still pressed against the sweaty chest of his lecherous friend. Gasping and moaning feebly, he tensed up and sighed deeply as warm seed spilled onto his chest and distended tummy, coating it on the outside while Gato took care of the inside. His asshole twitched around the samurott's cock, hugging it tightly and coaxing out a few extra ropes of cum.

Gato chuckled and snickered, getting himself back on straight legs and pulled his messy cock out of Jarel's soaked ass. A claw grabbed the turtle's side and rolled him over, with the samurott mounting his friend again and shoving his still-hard malehood right back inside. The new angle allowed him to slam against the warturtle's prostate with even more force, each sloppy thrust churning out a splash of cum to spill out on the bedding or Jarel's taint. The warturtle moaned blissfully as his rear was used again, the warm seed spilling down his taint and balls feeling more than heavenly. The pain of being stretched barely registered in his brain anymore, a fact helped by the obscene amounts of lube and the merciless, ass-loosening rutting responsible for it. He let drool seep from his mouth and onto the pillow beneath him, his tunnel almost completely relaxed around Gato's dick as it plowed him once more. Pre and extra cum soaked the sheets as Jarel's sensitive gland was abused, but he was too dazed to complain about the treatment.

The samurott wrapped his forelegs around the ecstatic warturtle under himself, his own balls

getting a coat of his spunk as it slopped out from Jarel's stuffed and stretched hole. In no time, Gato's thrusts were back at their brutish strength and speed, reddening the cheeks of the turtle's butt as his hips slapped against them, feeling his cock grind against the soft mattress through Jarel's belly.

Shuddering softly, Jarel clenched his toe-claws and fought off an embarrassing squeal that had somehow found its way into his throat. He closed his legs around Gato's length, putting even more pressure on it in an attempt to make up for his loosened hole. The warturtle bit his lip and nuzzled his cheek against the puddle of drool he had made, welcoming the mess and sighing in utter pleasure as his cock was sandwiched between his own crotch and the heavenly mattress, his thick buns trembling with every thrust Gato made into his suddenly-hungry hole.

Gato tightened his grip around the warturtle's body, groaning desperately as he forced his cock through the tight gap between Jarel's thighs. The squirts of cum had stopped from splattering all over the sheets, though the turtle was still stuffed with a belly-filling load, and even more was evidently coming to replace any that had shot out as the telltale signs of the samurott's orgasm began showing themselves again. The dominative sea lion panted and growled, his weighty sack pulling up once more, seemingly not having lost any of it's heft as it slapped against Jarel's. Panting heavily, Jarel purposely clenched his ass and continued soaking the covers, his incoming orgasm syncing up with Gato's once again. He muttered filthy words into the soft pillow over and over, gripping the sheets with his claws and resisting the urge to shudder each time Gato passed over his incredibly sensitive button, his asshole and balls completely soaked with warm and cold seed alike, while even more was about to be released from his wet sack.

With a hiss of pleasure from Gato, his second load of the night erupted inside Jarel's already chock-full butt, causing the warturtle's belly to stretch even further to accommodate for the excess juices, with spurts of cum squirting out after only a few ropes. The second climax didn't wrack Gato's body as hard as his first one, as he was able to keep thrusting powerfully against Jarel's filling backside throughout his release. Jarel grunted and kept himself tense, letting his passage hug the convulsing shaft inside it as tightly as possible. He could barely keep his eyes open as Gato filled him to the brim and back, the smaller pokémon unable to get enough of the warm sensation of spunk running down his reddened butt, his buns still bouncing and trembling from the intense fucking. His balls churned and released their load only a few moments after Gato's, drenching the bed with a second helping of thick turtle seed.

Before his orgasm was through, Gato popped his cock out of Jarel's now even messier butt, letting the last few ropes to splat on the outside. With another strong push from his claw, he rolled the turtle onto his back and nudged him to let his head droop off the edge of the bed. The samurott jumped on the floor and came around to Jarel's hanging head, not even waiting for the warturtle to open his maw before he pushed his cum-slicked length inside, with Jarel's position ensuring that he could push in all the way as a lewd bulge appeared on the smaller pokémon's neck.

Jarel's eyes widened immediately as he was forced to suck the cum-soaked dick, doing his best not to gag and sputter around the thick thing. His raised tail lowered itself as he melted into the sudden blowjob, his asshole finally having a chance to relax now that his throat was being used. Jarel panted and breathed heavily through his nostrils, the seed on the samurott's cock slipping into his maw with each bob of his head and every thrust of Gato's. Gato laid his weighty body onto Jarel's stuffed belly, lazily bucking his shaft in and out of the warturtle's stretchy throat. The samurott shuddered heavily as a third, smaller but still comparatively impressive release spilled from his cock and into Jarel's gullet, the water-type shaking in pleasure as his balls drained the last of their contents into the bloated turtle.

Surprised by the rapid release, Jarel couldn't help but sputter as the unexpected ropes of cream filled his mouth and throat, having no choice but to swallow the semi-tasty, semi-bitter stuff. His entire body relaxed after Gato's third orgasm died down, and a pleased but uncomfortable moan slipped from his maw before the samurott pulled out. Gato slumped backwards onto the floor, bringing his limp cock out of Jarel's mouth at the same time. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath from the draining climaxes, placing a claw onto his belly. "D-damn, you drained me. . . I was just getting. . . up to speed . . ." he said between panting breaths, smirking at Jarel.

Jarel would have returned the smirk if he had the energy. Instead, he simply rolled over on his belly and swallowed the last bit of cum in his mouth, his tummy looking almost nine months pregnant. "Ugh. . ." he groaned, rubbing his bloated belly between the sheets and his own weight. "'Casual' my ass. . ."

"I never promised casual." Jarel shrugged and groaned quietly, tending to his swollen stomach. "Well, you could've told me what a beast you were beforehand, at least. . ." he said quietly, fresh seed still dripping from his loose hole. Gato climbed back on the messy bed, not minding the wet spots as he stretched his limbs "I figured you'd have known. . . Besides, I like to surprise." the samurott said with a grin. The wartortle flipped over on his back and yawned, Gato's juices sloshing around inside him as he moved. "Maybe you can surprise me again sometime," he told the samurott, returning the grin. "Mind if I sleep here tonight? I'm too tired and naked to go home."

"Nah, I don't mind. . . Just be prepared for the morning." Jarel smiled and nestled against the soaked pillow, already nodding off. "Alright. Goodnight, then. . ." he muttered, snoring softly not a moment later.