

“How did I even get here?” Abel thought to himself nervously, his eyes darting across the dark forest. He thought he'd be able to find his way home by nightfall, but that apparently wasn't the case. He clutched his bone tightly, tensing up a bit as he walked. Every direction he went only led to more of the forest, with seemingly no way out no matter where he looked.

The Cubone had lost track of how long he'd been trapped in this unfamiliar environment. The silhouettes of trees surrounded him almost completely, their long and twisted branches obstructing what little moonlight shone through their clusters of dying leaves. The desolate surroundings and the disturbing lack of any Pokémon sounds was finally starting to get to him. Whenever there *was* a noise, he flinched and tensed up even further, always suspecting something dangerous to be the cause. But all it ever turned out to be was either the rustling of leaves or the beginnings of a chilling gust of wind.

He started to feel a little sick from all the constant fear creeping around in his mind, feeling like the trees themselves would start moving toward his shivering figure and strangle the life out of him with their slender and pointed branches. Shaking his head, Abel tried to clear those thoughts from his head and give himself some comforting words in their place, but all that came from his mouth were a few barely audible whimpers. The powerful desire to immediately escape from the forest swept over him again, and when he was forced to remind himself he hadn't found a way out yet, even more panic entered his brain.

Abel dropped his bone and ran his hands over the top of his skull, staring at the ground with ever-building distress. How could he had let himself get so lost? So far away from home? It wasn't like him at all. If only he had ignored his curiosity about this place. . .

The Cubone lightly stamped his foot on the ground and returned his gaze upward, with only slightly renewed hope to find some kind of exit. His body was still shaking with anxiety, but his mind had calmed down a little. However, that calmness only lasted a moment. After picking up his bone and taking only a few steps, he heard the first noise in ages that could have been made by a Pokémon. It sounded. . . Grassy, almost like rustling leaves. But he could have sworn it was accompanied by faint footsteps.

Abel remained completely still -- too scared to turn around -- He could only move his eyes, making them dart in all eight directions almost instantaneously but with no luck of finding a source for the noise. A few seconds passed, and he could slowly begin moving his body again. He forced himself to start turning around, breathing heavily as he did so. “There's nothing there, there's nothing there,” he kept thinking to himself, repeating it over and over in his head as his feet twitched through the grass in an effort to rotate his body.

But before he could finish his extremely slow 180° turn, he felt something ram into his back. The force of the blow lifted him briefly into the air, his spine twinging with pain. Wind rushed past him for a moment before gravity brought him crashing down onto the hard dirt, nearly knocking the wind out of him.

He clutched his stomach and turned on his side, barely able to keep hold of his bone. He wanted to scream at whatever or whoever hit him, but all he could do was groan. The collision must have been even stronger than he thought, because he didn't have the strength to pick himself back up.

“Aw,” Cooed a male voice. Abel couldn't see who it was while lying on his side, which probably meant his attacker was behind him. “I didn't hurt ya, did I?” The voice asked mockingly. Before the Cubone could do anything other than groan some more, vines began wrapping around him, forcing his arms to be pressed helplessly against his sides as the plant life constricted him. The pressure from the vines caused Abel to drop his bone as he was lifted off the ground, his airway nearly cut off by the powerful squeezing.

He was forcefully turned around, and was met face-to-face with a smiling Bulbasaur. “Not that I care, but. . .” He paused, making the shivering Cubone take a seated position before he continued, his vines still binding Abel with unfitting strength. “I thought it polite to ask.” He said softly, running a claw across what little of the Cubone's belly wasn't wrapped in the tightly coiled trailing plants.

Abel's face contorted into repulsion at the unwelcome touch. Naturally he was a bit unnerved, but now his fear was mostly being converted to deep annoyance. It didn't help that he was so stressed out before this intrusive and aggressive Bulbasaur showed up.

“Who the he--” He tried to say, but was cut off by a stubby claw that had slipped underneath the skull he wore and into his mouth.

“You gonna suck or what?” The Bulbasaur asked tauntingly, moving his probing claw around in the Cubone's mouth slightly. Abel's narrowed his eyes in rage, his arms still fighting against their restraints. He had been oddly patient with this quadruped, especially considering the fear and stress he'd felt only moments prior from being lost. But after a comment like that, he didn't think he needed to keep his temper. With a grunt, Abel quickly fell on his back so that he could use his legs. He tried to deliver the most powerful kick he could muster directly to the side of the Bulbasaur's face, but his attacker simply dodged by taking a rather large step back.

“Heh, nice try.” The Bulbasaur scoffed, placing both of his front feet on the Cubone's violently bucking legs to hold them still. “I think you'll drop that pesky resistance after ya experience this.” He told Abel, forcing his legs apart. The Bulbasaur lowered his head and slowly brought his tongue out, his arms still struggling to hold back the wild kicking motions of the Cubone.

Abel could barely make out what his assailant was doing before he felt a strange pleasure shoot through his crotch. A bead of sweat rolled down his head as he registered what was happening, and a small gasp escaped his lips. “No!” He shouted, getting ready to make his most powerful escape attempt yet from the hold of Bulbasaur's grip. But before he could do so, the same sensation washed over him again. The violent kicking died down a bit as the licks continued, each one filling Abel's nethers with indescribable pleasure. “S-stop. . .!” The Cubone moaned, gritting his teeth. With each passing lick, Abel had to convince himself more and more that he actually wanted the Bulbasaur to stop what he was doing.

He could feel his sheath already starting to swell from the ministrations, but all he could do was grunt and feebly slide his legs across the ground as the grass type began licking the tip of his growing member. “Nngh. . .!” The Cubone groaned, squirming against the dirt as his male-hood became more and more exposed to the eager tongue that was lapping it. “Please. . . please stop.” Abel managed to say, fighting against his urge to submit. His pleading seemed to fall on deaf ears, however, as the Bulbasaur simply took the near fully erect cock into his mouth without saying a word.

The feeling of bliss increased even more, but Abel was doing everything he could to keep his mind off of it. "Why did I have to come here?" Abel thought to himself, shutting his eyes tight. "How did I let myself get overpowered by a stupid Bulbasaur?" He silently asked himself, clutching the dirt beside him. "Why did. . . ." His thoughts suddenly cut out. He simply couldn't think straight anymore. The overwhelming sensations spreading through his groin were messing with his head. He didn't know what to do anymore. Should he continue resisting, or should he just lie there and take it? His mind was too muddled to reach a decision.

"Oh man, you taste delicious." The Bulbasaur said, already taking the wet member out of his mouth. "But I think you're ready for somethin' else." He told Abel, licking his lips and smiling deviously. Even with the pleasure fading away, the Cubone still couldn't think clearly. He simply shook his head no, tears beginning to well up in the corners of his eyes. He didn't know if it was because he was angry, stressed, scared, or all three. He just wanted to go home and never see this place again.

"Aw," the Bulbasaur cooed for a second time. For some reason, that annoyed the Cubone even more than it did before. "So sorry to make you cry." He continued. "But hey, I guess ya deserve it for coming onto my turf, now don't ya?" The Bulbasaur taunted, cupping Abel's balls in his hand as he spoke. He let the tan pair of orbs roll around in his grasp for a while, before gently letting them fall back into place.

"Just hold still. It won't be over before ya know it." Said the Bulbasaur, flipping the Cubone over and lifting up his tail, exposing the tight ring underneath. The Bulbasaur muttered an expletive under his breath, most likely impressed with the view. "Haven't seen a rump this fine since I looked at my own, heh." He grinned, placing both claws on either side of the Cubone's butt. Without warning, Abel felt something prod against his rear entrance. He didn't need to be told what it was, but he desperately hoped it would stop there. And thankfully, it did. At least for a moment.

"On all fours, sweetums. I want you in a comfy position when I pound ya." The grass type commanded, already forcefully raising Abel's lower half. The Cubone narrowed his glistening eyes and reluctantly obeyed. He couldn't do much to resist, given his situation, nor was he in a proper state of mind to. Miserably, he propped himself up on all four limbs while cursing everything that had happened to him in the past hour.

"I ain't too fond of screamers, so I hope you don't mind if I do this." The Bulbasaur grinned, wrapping two of his vines around either end of Abel's bone and bringing it in front of him. In less than a second, the bone was pressed firmly against his lips while the Bulbasaur simultaneously pushed his erection all the way in, using his vines and Abel's own bone as a makeshift bridle, presumably just to humiliate him further.

The Cubone tried to yelp due to the sudden intrusion, but predictably, his bone muffled the yelp into nothing more than a relatively quiet "Uuhff". As the Bulbasaur slowly pulled out, Abel couldn't help but grunt and bite down on what used to be his weapon. It felt like his insides were set on fire each time the Bulbasaur's member moved even slightly, and it seemed like the grass type knew this.

"Oh man, I can tell this is your first time." He chuckled, pushing back in again after having gone halfway out. "Forget about the tightness back here, your face says everything." The Bulbasaur grinned with lust in his eyes, his gaze moving down to Abel's bottom as his claw caressed it gently, dancing across its smooth surface while his male-hood penetrated the defenseless hole located just a few inches away.

“I'm surprised you're a virgin, ya know?” The Bulbasaur continued through slightly labored breaths, thrusting at a steady pace now. “Hot tush like yours. . . heh, I bet everyone just drooled over ya, didn't they?” He said quietly, practically whispering into the Cubone's ear. All Abel could do was shoot the Bulbasaur a nasty look and utter muffled vulgarities he hoped would be intelligible, even if they came out as a bunch of “Mmmf”s and “Fffghs”s.

As if he understood what Abel said, the Bulbasaur gave him a firm smack on the rear, the fleshy sound echoing through the forest as the grass type sped up his thrusting again, leaving both the interior and exterior of Abel's rump twinging with pain. Although, strangely, as time passed, each thrust became less and less painful. Every push in and every pull out felt more smooth than the last, until it eventually started feeling. . . good. Without realizing it, his eyes rolled back in pleasure for a bit. He soon caught himself and regained his composure though, determined to not let the Bulbasaur notice him enjoying a second of this.

But as the moments passed by, that was proving a more difficult task than he'd thought. His eyelids alternated between stationary and fluttering every few seconds, and he couldn't help but moan now and then. At this point, he was welcoming the sex more than resisting it, but he couldn't let himself accept that. Not when the one giving it to him was a rude, arrogant prick like this. However, despite his best efforts at concealing it, the Bulbasaur seemed to pick up on his 'excitement'.

“Enjoying the ride?” He panted, sliding his claws from Abel's butt to either side of his back. The Cubone's tailhole was alit with pleasure, but he had to lie. Even if it didn't convince the Bulbasaur, it would at least make Abel feel better. He quickly shook his head no in response, attempting to make eye contact with his attacker so he could give him a hateful look. His eyes were forced shut, though, when a particularly powerful jab into his rump reminded him just how much the Bulbasaur was controlling the situation.

He could feel each throb of the randy grass type's cock inside of him, the thick intruder pushing into his depths every single second as it dribbled pre across his passage, lubricating it to make the violation even easier for the Bulbasaur.

“Yeah. . . you're just a big subby, aren't you?” He whispered, his hot breath blowing against the back of the Cubone's neck, the rhetoric barely audible over the wet, lewd sounds coming from the pounding he was receiving. No matter how hard he tried to block out the Bulbasaur's words, they always managed to break through to his brain. His member twitched with need, and he couldn't help but wonder if he really did want this.

“I can prove it to ya, too.” The Bulbasaur said confidently over the building 'squelch' noises, his hips powerfully moving back and forth. Several moans escaped the Cubone's covered lips as he felt his climax slowly approaching, regardless of what his will was. During a particularly pleasureless thrust, Abel turned his head back to look at the smiling grass type, silently asking how. It took him a while to respond, but he did nonetheless. At least, he did after chuckling deviously for a moment.

“Look at yourself.” He said, grinning wickedly. The Cubone simply blinked in response, venomous hatred in his eyes. Look at himself? What was that suppos--

Almost immediately after his gaze turned to his torso, he realized the lack of vines wrapped around his body. When. . . when did they retract? How long had he been free? Why didn't he notice until now?

The answer was lurking in the back of his mind, but he didn't want to acknowledge it. There was no way he'd ever let himself be violated, or at least. . . he hoped there wasn't.

“Heh. . .” The Bulbasaur panted, each of his exhales heating Abel's neck further. “I turned ya loose. . . before I even started nailing ya.” He told the Cubone quietly. Abel tried thinking of why he wasn't trying to escape, but the overwhelming sensations in his lower half kept his mind from reaching a definitive answer. Maybe he could just. . . escape in a minute or two. Or whenever it stopped feeling so good. It was pretty clear both of them were nearing their orgasms. The Bulbasaur's thrusts were becoming slightly erratic, and so much pre-cum had filled Abel's abused hole that its inner walls fit the intruding cock's every movement like a glove.

“You're not a threat anymore. . .” He said matter-of-factly, his shaky voice going directly into the Cubone's head. Somehow, he had a feeling of what was going to be said next. And the strangest part was. . . he wanted to hear it.

“You're just a slut.” The Bulbasaur finished, his words echoing in Abel's mind as he felt a sudden rush of fluid spill into his rump. Cum slowly filled his depths in bursts, a new sticky string of seed jetting into him every second. The grass type continued with his spastic thrusts even during his climax, the hot load gushing out from the flooded hole in spurts as he continued drilling the tight orifice, using it for all the pleasure he could get.

The Cubone moaned in complete euphoria, his cock firing its own powerful release of the thick liquid onto the ground, increasing the size of the miniature puddle beneath him with each passing twitch of his member. Abel gave the Bulbasaur the most hate-filled stare he could muster, but he had a feeling it just came off as moderate annoyance. The Bulbasaur, on the other hand, seemed to be savoring Abel's expression. An open-mouthed smile was spread across his face, his eyes filled with unspoken taunts as his head tilted slightly in blatant satisfaction, never breaking eye contact with his victim.

Finally, after what felt like minutes, both of their orgasms started to subside. The last few drops of cum spilled from either of their softening erections as the grass type pulled out, decorating the center of Abel's backside with a single white glob. The two vines holding Abel's bone against his mouth retracted into the Bulbasaur's back while he unmounted the Cubone, causing the bone to fall with a dull thud against the dirt.

Too tired to move, Abel collapsed, his upper half colliding with the ground while his lower half was forced to stay at the same height, his legs once again being held in place by the Bulbasaur. He hardly even cared when he felt the quadruped's tongue lap at his well-pounded back entrance. As the slippery organ pushed into his tailhole, a soft whimper left the Cubone's mouth. The cum that was forcefully fired into his rear end was being lapped up hungrily by the Bulbasaur, his tongue exploring everything it could reach within the confines of Abel's loosened passage.

“Nggh. . .” The Cubone grunted, attempting to shift his legs unsuccessfully while his hole continued to be thoroughly worked. “Sc. . . screw you.” He moaned as a final display of defiance. With a deep sigh, he resigned himself to the pleasure and closed his eyes, finally letting himself relax completely as the Bulbasaur's tongue went to town on his rump. His inner walls were licked clean in a matter of moments, only for the dripping wet clapper to withdraw from his orifice, a thick rope of slobber and cum connecting the two.

"You know what's great about vines?" The Bulbasaur asked rhetorically, the thinning trail of cum-drool moving with his lips. "They don't get tired." He said, as Abel once again felt his tailhole make way for its third intruder. The thick vine easily managed to push itself in, sliding across the lubricated tunnel at a terribly slow speed until bottoming out. The plant life wasted no time in adopting a rapid pace of thrusting while a second vine curled around to the Cubone's mouth, prodding at his lips until he found the strength to open them. The greenery eagerly entered his opened mouth as the Bulbasaur flipped him over on his back.

The Cubone let the two vines dominate both of his ends, barely aware that he had even been turned over, or that his member was beginning to harden again. The Bulbasaur grinned wildly, climbing on top of his defeated victim and lowering himself onto the stiffening cock beneath him. He gasped softly as the tip penetrated his relaxed sphincter, pushing the near fully erect male-hood in deeper.

"Thought you'd get away with cumming just once, eh?" He questioned, his wide and smooth butt finally colliding with the Cubone's groin as the vines continued their oral and anal treatment with unrelenting force. "Nah. . . I want everything ya have." The Bulbasaur said, giving a throaty growl as his bottom began moving up and down the engorged shaft. The Cubone didn't bother responding. He simply moaned when he couldn't help but doing so, occasionally sliding his legs across the dirt in uncontainable ecstasy.

It felt like he was going to climax on the spot once the Bulbasaur started bouncing on his member. It was already sensitive from the last time he came, and the extra stimulation from the vine pounding his rump didn't help. But by some oddity, the feeling of impending orgasm didn't reach fruition. It simply lingered over him, teasing him with the fact he could blow any moment.

Drool began leaking from his mouth as the vine buried inside of it simply kept plowing away, forcing the Cubone to deepthroat the soaked and glistening plant, while the other vine continued with identical enthusiasm, ramming vigorously into his innermost depths again and again. Abel couldn't remember what it felt like not to have anything pounding his well-used hole, nor was he sure he wanted to.

A gleam in the Bulbasaur's eye was apparent as he hatched a plan to take advantage of Abel's dry acceptance of the situation, a smile spreading across his face. The vine in the Cubone's mouth withdrew slightly, just enough to exit the orifice completely, leaving him with a barely noticeable confused expression and several strands of drool dangling from his lips. The other vine and the Bulbasaur himself had also stopped what they were doing, causing all the pleasure coursing through Abel's body to suddenly start fading away.

"Beg for it." The Bulbasaur commanded through his usual grin, retracting his vines even further and tracing the Cubone's belly with a single claw. Beg for it? What for? Couldn't he just keep goi--

Abel shook his head vigorously, attempting to clear his head. He didn't *want* this to keep going. Or. . . or did he? Maybe. . . It did feel good, but what should he say?

"C'mon. You're a slut, so beg." The Bulbasaur urged, sliding his rear end up the Cubone's shaft slightly. Just that little movement alone was enough to make him seriously consider begging. But, no. . . He couldn't. He definitely couldn't. And yet, before he could stop himself, words began pouring from his mouth.

“P-please keep going. I want you to. . .” He turned his head away as his voice trailed off, too ashamed to continue. “Why did I even say that much?!” He thought to himself, tears nearly welling up in the corners of his eyes. He wished he could just get a definitive answer of what he really wanted, but there was something blocking it. Too much stress, too much confusion, too much *something*.

“Want me to what?” The Bulbasaur chuckled, inching that teasing butt of his up again. Abel shut his eyes in response, doing his best not to gasp. He bit his lip, trying to hold the words back. He was successful for a moment, but they still managed to burst forth nonetheless.

“To screw me. . . !” He shouted, half surprised at both his confession and the volume of it. Before he could react, the two vines entered either of his ends again, making his eyes go wide from the sudden invasion.

“Heh. Close enough.” The Bulbasaur said quietly, resuming his ride on the Cubone. Seconds passed by like minutes as Abel was thoroughly dominated. Even if he had the tiniest bit of control over what was going on, he wouldn't change anything. Not the vines spit-roasting him or the tight Bulba butt sliding up and down his cock.

Just as he thought the experience would last forever, Abel felt his orgasm rapidly approach. With no will power left to hold it back, he let the sensation consume him. The Bulbasaur's eyes nearly fluttered when the powerful spurts of cum flooded his passage, wave after wave filling him up as he continued to ride Abel through his climax.

Without warning, the grass type fired off his load as well, pouring a mess of seed onto the Cubone's chest and belly. The sticky fluid began spilling onto Abel's crotch as well, coating his member and groin with his own hot spooage as the Bulbasaur's slowing backside kept milking his hyper-sensitive shaft for all it had, never stopping for a second.

That is, until the Cubone's climax finally ended. Surprised by the fact he could even think anymore, Abel watched as the Bulbasaur's orgasm came to a halt as well, the final strings barely gushing from his tip as he chuckled contently. Presumably feeling sufficiently stuffed, the quadruped slowly raised himself up.

“Well, that was a good run.” He said, a hint of exhaustion in his voice as Abel's member left the Bulbasaur's tight hole with a quiet 'pop', the semi-erection being left to flop against the Cubone's belly pathetically. The vines retracted into the grass type's back, and he turned to leave as if nothing had happened between him and Abel.

“Wait. . .” Moaned the Cubone, attempting to stand up but failing miserably, his shaky legs not strong enough to support his weight. “Who. . . who are you?” He asked, struggling to even prop himself up with his arms, his entire body screaming at him to shut down.

“Heh. A lowly slut like you wants to know my name? Please.” He scoffed, walking away from the abused Pokémon lying on the ground.

Abel narrowed his eyes, lightly punching the ground with his fist as he watched the Bulbasaur walk away. A strange feeling of betrayal washed over him, as if a close friend had stabbed him in the back. Was he really foolish enough to think the Bulbasaur would stick around? Why would he even want him to stick around?

“Uggh.” The Cubone moaned, his vision darkening slightly. “What's wrong with me. . .?” He thought to himself, his eyes glued to the shrinking grass type's rump as he walked away. Consciousness faded from Abel's mind, and in the last few moments of staying awake, he realized he still hadn't found a way out of the forest.