

It had been a few days since the incident, and Abel liked to think he was over it. The soreness had faded completely, and oftentimes the memories only came back in flashes that left him feeling a little bitter, some more than others. Still, it was cruel what that bulbasaur did, and not even wholly because of his actions. It was his *words* that tortured Abel the most. They kept coming back to him, forcing him to wonder if they were true. His attacker had called him a slut over and over during the incident, which made him wonder, *Was he right? Am I a slut?*

During the long and lonely nights, that question seemed to be the only thing he could think of, yet he never could find an answer. He would desperately rack his brain for a reason as to why he didn't put up more of a fight; why he didn't run away after realizing he had been turned loose from the bulbasaur's vines. Any sensible pokémon would have, and Abel liked to think himself sensible, so why didn't he?

The answer he didn't want to accept loomed over him, sometimes bringing him to tears. The cubone tried to tell himself he shouldn't worry about it, but somehow he always wound up doing just that. *Would a different pokémon have been able to resist the pleasure and escape? Am I a slut? Why did I want to hear him say those degrading things? Am I a slut?* The only consoling he could give himself was that he never actively sought sex like his assailant, but that didn't exactly mean he wasn't a slave to his lust.

Regardless of what went on inside Abel's head, his life had returned to normal for the most part. He was back home and enjoying his daily activities as best he could, sometimes entirely forgetting his troubles. The few friends he had made over the years didn't know what happened to him, and he doubted he'd ever have the courage to tell them. Luckily – if Abel had any luck to begin with – none of his friends had found him passed out in the forest and covered in a mixture of his and the bulbasaur's seed. It was a passerby snorunt who received that privilege.

Most likely sharing half of Abel's embarrassment, he was at least kind enough to put aside the cubone's indecency long enough to help him find his way home. The trip could have gone better, considering Abel's modesty could not decide how prominent it wanted to be. Involuntary thoughts of the rape kept cropping up in his mind, and for whatever reason it excited him to varying degrees. The snorunt graciously decided not to say a word on the matter, though he apparently couldn't help but spare a glance or two. Whether it was innocent curiosity or well-paced oogling, Abel couldn't tell, nor did he much care by the end of the journey.

Exhausted, he gave a brief word of thanks to the helpful pokémon and collapsed, letting his bone thunk against the ground rather than keeping it in his grasp as usual. The next three days were spent getting better acquainted with the snorunt, who was now living with one of Abel's closer friends: A charmander named Cyrus. He and Abel had been friends for three years or so, but he was “closer” to Abel in the same way the brain is more important than the heart. Outside a couple of things, he knew Cyrus just as well as his other friends, which made him wonder why he considered the charmander more likable in the first place.

Clearing his head, Abel stepped outside the safety of his small cave. The familiar sensation of paranoia swept over him almost instantly, though by now he was learning to ignore it. Even if he

somehow encountered that bulbasaur again, he would know to run before he could try anything. And if some other pokémon attempted any funny business. . . Well, Abel just hoped he'd recognize the signs quickly enough. Catching a brief glimpse of lust in the eyes could mean the difference between safety and the unthinkable happening again.

A loud and sudden collision with something jolted Abel back to awareness, and he realized he'd been walking for a while without any conscious thought. He was more annoyed than hurt as he lost balance and fell on his back; the skull he wore turned sideways from the ordeal. Unable to see anything but blackness, he almost immediately stood back up and fumbled with his headgear, wanting to look at what he had walked into. Before he could align the eye holes properly, though, a voice told him rather than his sight.

"You alright, gako?" He knew that voice right off the bat. It was Tryggvi, the snorunt who took him home. Describing him as quirky would be. . . insufficient, to say the least, but Abel liked him well enough. From the way he spoke to the way he held himself, it seemed Tryggvi was bouncy and cheerful at all times. Even during their awkward trip he maintained a slight spring in his step, which was good. Abel needed the optimism.

"I'll live," the cubone answered, finally getting his skull straightened out. As usual, Tryggvi was smiling for no discernible reason, and Abel wasn't quite sure if he should be unsettled by that. *Probably not.* . . he told himself, slowly considering the pokémon standing in front of him. A perpetual grin wasn't exactly the most of his worries, anyway. "Where are you off to in such a rush?" Abel asked, brushing the last bit of dirt from his back. Tryggvi had actually been walking quite slowly, but Abel felt like teasing for some reason. Judging from the look on the snorunt's face, though, it went over about as well as expected.

"No rush," he pointed out unnecessarily, losing some of his smile. *I should know by now I can't pull off a joke.* . . Ever since he was a kid, Abel's tone had always been too serious for jests. Most of his friends had been lost due to his poking fun, but he thought he should at least *try* and prove he had a sense of humor. This was probably why he liked Cyrus a little more than everyone else: He was the most adept at telling when Abel was and wasn't serious.

"I'm just going to Cyrus' place. He makes breakfast for me because he's nice, gako." At the mention of food, Tryggvi's smile resurfaced and he began waddling in place excitedly, as if moving toward the meal. Or maybe he just needed to use a tree. It was difficult to say, but whatever the case, Abel moved aside and let the snorunt pass, wondering if he meant to imply *only* Cyrus was nice to him. He seemed a little too innocent for hidden accusations, but then again, Abel hadn't been the warmest pokémon to him. . . Or to anyone, really.

As he watched the snorunt happily teeter away, Abel thought about maybe throwing him a compliment of some kind. Not only to prove he wasn't a cold and unfeeling shell of a pokémon, but also because it simply felt like Tryggvi deserved one. With him waddling farther and farther away, though, Abel didn't have time to think of what he wanted to say. All he knew in that moment was he wanted to shout for Tryggvi's attention, to give him some flattering words. . . but Abel couldn't find his voice. Instead, the words sunk down his throat and the urge faded into the back of his mind, as quick as it came.

*Well, aren't I just amazing.* The bitter feeling in his stomach made him feel almost overly disappointed with himself, and he let his bone thud against the soft grass in frustration. It somehow felt satisfying, but he resisted the temptation to do it again. The cubone turned on his heel, swearing under his breath to let off the last of his steam. Tryggvi had almost definitely waddled out of earshot by now, and while Abel was relieved he wouldn't have to struggle to find a compliment, he was dejected he didn't even make the attempt.

"Um," said a voice out of nowhere, nearly causing Abel's heart to stop. He spun on his heel again, clumsily getting a better grip on his weapon before realizing for a second time who the voice belonged to. "Tryggvi. . ." He sighed, instinctively bringing a hand to his chest. Abel could feel his rapid heartbeat throughout his body, supplying his adrenaline-high brain with extra oxygen. Such surprises usually didn't get to him, but his paranoia had changed that, it seemed.

"I thought you were. . . uh," Abel shook his head, attempting to get himself under control. He didn't want to talk about the bulbasaur, but the incessant pounding in his ears made it difficult to think of a different subject. "I . . . So, uh, what's up?" Was all he could manage to squeeze out, suddenly glad of the skull covering his face. It must have looked alarmingly red by now.

"Um, I'm leaving tonight," Tryggvi mumbled, wearing a conflicted expression. His spherical hands fidgeted around uncertainly, as if waving off the approaching negative atmosphere. It must not have worked, because a pang of regret filled Abel's chest almost immediately. "Oh," the cubone muttered in reply, staring at his feet. *I should have treated him better when I had the chance.* . . Abel hit the ground with his bone again, wishing it would satisfy him like last time.

"It's too warm here, gako," The snorunt explained, smiling a little. It was apparent he wanted Abel to do the same, but the best he could do was twitch the corners of his mouth upward. He was glad that was covered by his skull as well. "Heh. . . I agree," Abel managed, now having a staring contest with his belly. "I hope you enjoy the cold when you get back, though. Your place sounds pretty nice from what you've said of it." He chanced looking at Tryggvi, who now seemed more comfortable than he did a moment ago. His movements had loosened up and his grin was coming back, which made Abel feel a bit better.

"It is, gako!" The snorunt agreed happily, beginning to waddle in place again. "You can come visit sometime and we can eat snow together, gako!" Without waiting for a response, Tryggvi turned and waddled away, no doubt smiling as widely as possible. As he shrank in the distance, Abel allowed a smirk to cross his lips before going the opposite direction. He hadn't given a compliment of any sort, but it seemed he made Tryggvi happier anyway. . . Which was somehow possible, apparently.

Without really noticing, Abel wandered aimlessly through the forest for the next five minutes, feeling more than a little empty. *I should visit Cyrus,* he thought dully, his legs continuing to carry him farther away. The trees were becoming more beautiful as he walked, their leaves changing from the usual green into a softer, brilliant shade of lime. Flowers were turning up more and more with every step, seamlessly increasing their numbers until the grass was riddled with them. *Cyrus would know how to.* . .

The cubone raised his eyes and momentarily forgot how to breathe. An almost majestic pond lay before him, shining like a crystal in the afternoon light. The short, lush grass popped with life thanks to

its accompanying flowers of nearly every color, and even the cool air felt extraordinarily inviting. *What is this place?* Abel asked himself, holding back a stunned chuckle. The sweetest scent he'd ever known filled his nostrils, and he couldn't help but walk toward the pond, the featherlike grass just barely tickling his feet as he went. Before he knew it, he was staring at his reflection.

The clarity of it surprised him, even though Abel knew from observation how clean the water was. Aside from a few minor and constant distortions, it was like looking into glass. The cubone's mouth hung open as he reached underneath his skull to touch his face. It didn't feel any different, but Abel was increasingly aware of how rejuvenated he felt. It was as if his surroundings were pumping fresh energy directly into his body, and he found himself laughing faintly as the reflection mimicked him.

His eyes wandered to the side, and every positive emotion was blown out of him and replaced with a horrible panic. The adrenaline was back in his brain, but he was too frightened to do anything but grip his bone so tightly that it hurt. The bulbasaur looked almost offended to see Abel standing there, but that expression faded into one of controlled anger soon enough. "We meet again, eh?" He asked with an edge to his voice, walking toward the cubone as if he were already defeated.

"No. . ." Abel muttered, retreating a few steps. "No, leave me ALONE!" He never knew he was capable of yelling so loudly, but by the time he began running, he'd forgotten he had spoken a word. Abel made for a clearing between the trees, sprinting more desperately than he ever had. Something caused him to trip and fall onto the soft ground, which only made him want to run faster. There were no sounds of the bulbasaur giving chase, and Abel felt as though he could still reach someplace safe.

"Come on, come on!" Abel shouted, too frustrated to notice the vine wrapped around his leg. After a few seconds of scrambling uselessly, his trembling arm instinctively traveled to his bound limb, frantically tugging on the unholy thing coiled around it. On some level, he knew it was pointless to attempt ripping it off, which only made the realization of his still-equipped bone all the more elating. With a hopeful gasp, Abel gave it a powerful squeeze and threw his weapon directly at the detestable pokémon in front of him, watching it whip through the air with brutal force.

It flew over a large flower bed, past the radiant bark of a tree, and straight into the loop of the bulbasaur's vine. Judging by his surprised face and brief loss of balance, the power and suddenness behind Abel's attack caught him off guard. However, it took almost no time for him to recover his composure and footing, and now the cubone hardly had any means of defending himself. "If ya didn't want it, you could've just set it aside." His voice still had a hint of hostility in it, something that wasn't there in their last encounter.

Before Abel had a chance to stop himself, he began hyperventilating. It was going to happen again. In some cruel twist of fate, the unthinkable was going to happen again. *Not again, not again. . .* His head felt the lightest it ever had, and for some reason his vision was fading. No matter how he tried to control his breathing, he simply couldn't get enough oxygen. The bulbasaur's speech was faint and made no sense, and Abel wished *that*, at least, would stay the same after this panic attack had finished. But it didn't seem to be going away. Instead, his consciousness told him he was lying on the ground in a cold sweat before fizzling out completely.

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The next thing he felt was hard soil beneath him and dry sweat all across his body. His snout was wet with warm water, and he couldn't help but wonder why. Opening his eyes, Abel found himself in a place devoid of all plant life. It was the complete opposite of where he'd fainted, but not only that. . . This was the place where he'd been raped. He recognized the twisting branches and the stiff, crusty leaves being tossed across the dirt.

It was strange seeing it in the afternoon. At night it had felt like a much more foreboding place, but there was still an air of dread drifting around the area. Or perhaps that was merely Abel projecting his overwhelming dread into his surroundings. Either way, that sense of terrible helplessness wasn't going anywhere anytime soon.

"I swear," The bulbasaur said casually, his voice coming from behind and sounding much more relaxed. Abel reflexively tried standing up, but his body wouldn't so much as flinch. "Yer almost more trouble than you're worth, sweetums." Hardly paying attention to the bulbasaur, Abel tried moving his arms. Then his legs. His tail. Everything was unresponsive, for reasons that didn't take long to figure out. *I'm paralyzed? I'm paralyzed . . . Fuck!*

Despite his most powerful efforts, only his eyes were capable of moving, and the bulbasaur was now gazing directly into them. He stood over Abel, his much rounder belly pressing against the cubone's rather flat one. The bulbasaur's breath smelled like crotch-musk and possibly semen, which Abel's brain couldn't decide if it enjoyed. A good or bad scent, though, its strength made Abel wish he could cover his nose.

"You've got some pretty eyes," He complimented, licking his lips and caressing Abel's cheek. "Which side are they from? Your dad's?" The bulbasaur leaned in closer, tipping Abel's skull so it didn't obstruct his mouth. "And you got yer mother's chin, I bet. That's cute." He had hardly checked the cubone's face for confirmation at all before continuing, listing those facts off as if they were common knowledge rather than educated guesses.

Unable to protest, Abel watched the bulbasaur's lips connect with his own. The kiss started out stiff and cold, but Abel soon realized he could move his mouth. The realization was less than enthralling, especially considering his very first kiss was wasted on this delinquent. But no matter how disgusting Abel told himself he'd be if he melted into the kiss, the sudden tongue licking his own made him do just that.

The taste took some getting used to, especially considering he knew exactly what kind of places the bulbasaur's tongue had been. But not a moment later, the taste faded away completely, and only the feeling of lapping at something warm and wet remained. Abel had thought the sloppiness would repulse him, yet now it seemed the opposite was true. The anticipation of increasing the mess soaking his lips excited him, and soon his erection was pressing against the bulbasaur's.

As if hesitant to send him the idea, Abel's mind told him to try and move other parts of his body. His arm almost instantly tried to raise, but it stayed put on the dead ground despite the cubone's fading willpower. *It's just like last time. . . I can't resist.* Much to Abel's chagrin, the thought of liking all this against his will only made his erection twitch powerfully.

The bulbasaur eventually broke the heated kiss, his mouth glistening from the whole sloppy

ordeal. "You learn fast, I'll give ya that," He grinned, licking his lips seductively. "Surprised you hadn't been kissed before, though. Ain't got a boyfriend back home?" The bulbasaur frowned a bit, obviously faking the sadness. Abel looked away, annoyed by this bulbasaur's mocking. If only he could move right this instant, before his anger was replaced with arousal. He'd show him a thing or two. . . and then run as far away as possible

A pat on his wet cheek broke Abel from those thoughts, and suddenly he was looking into the bulbasaur's eyes again. "Ah, not dry yet. I tried forcin some water down yer gullet while you were out, but it wasn't an easy process." His claw moved to Abel's rapidly breathing chest and began rubbing, the light strokes making him breathe faster. "But it stopped yer sweatin, so I guess it was worth it."

A smile spread across the bulbasaur's lips, and not a moment later, Abel felt a burst of pleasure shoot through his member. He had begun rubbing their shafts together, the immense pressure making it feel like he was frothing with all his weight behind it. Abel moaned through his teeth, unable to move a muscle as his mind already began succumbing to the sensations overwhelming it. Lewd and self-degrading thoughts made his member throb against the bulbasaur's slightly thicker one, a gesture that earned some pre from both of them.

"W. . . why?" Abel grunted, shutting his eyes tight. "Why're you doing this?" He was tired of not knowing the bulbasaur's motives; why he wanted sex at the cost of traumatizing others, but was apparently caring enough to not let them suffer panic attacks untended to. The bulbasaur slowed down his activity to consider the question, but at no point did he ever stop.

"That's easy, sweetums." His lustful voice was no more than a whisper, and Abel could feel hot breath blowing against his mouth. "I've done this charade with a dozen other pokémon just like ya. Everyone says they don't want it, but sadly for them, they don't know me. Least till I make 'em want it, that is. Then it becomes in'ereesting." Abel opened his eyes and saw the bulbasaur smiling, his tongue swiping his lips.

"In short," He leaned in close enough for their snouts to bump, then patted Abel's cheek again. "I'm givin' everyone the gift of. . . Me." His mouth connected with the cubone's once more, and the obscene taste of somebody else's semen spilled onto his tongue. Their soaked members pressed firmly against each other, the bulbasaur rocking his hips at a steady pace. At this rate neither of them would last much longer, and for once, Abel was certain he didn't want it to end. As dumb as the bulbasaur's reasons were, there was no denying he was *very* good at making others want it.

"Abel?" A voice questioned, sounding an awful lot like someone he knew. Almost immediately, the bulbasaur ceased all motion and turned his head, looking more curious than annoyed. Abel wanted to look too, but he couldn't see past the quadruped standing over him. "Ah, what've we got here?" Asked the bulbasaur, licking his lips again. *Trouble*, Abel answered silently, watching him step closer to the voice. It was a challenge not to stare at the grass type's impressive rear, but Abel managed. He was more interested in who had spoken anyway.

"I, uh. . ." The voice said, its familiarity nearly driving the cubone insane. "I didn't mean to interrupt. I just. . . Was looking for Abel." Oh. Now Abel recognized the voice. But why was Cyrus looking for him? Did he want to invite him to. . . Wait. Cyrus. *Cyrus!* Abel's first instinct was to shout the charmander's name, and when that didn't work, he tried moving his entire body all at once. No luck.

That didn't stop him from trying five more times, though.

"Well, ya found 'im," The bulbasaur replied, swinging his hips quite unnecessarily. Abel caught a glimpse of the charmander, his bright yellow eyes widened in surprise. He clearly hadn't expected to find him like this. "Uhm. Sorry again." A blush was evident on Cyrus' cheeks, and he hesitantly turned to walk away, at least before the bulbasaur stopped him. "Aw, what's to be embarrassed about? Ain't no one blamin you." He stepped in front of Cyrus slyly and placed a claw on his belly, tracing a circle around it. The poor charmander looked about ready to explode.

"I just. . ." He watched the claw glide across his stomach with bashful eyes, unsure of what to do. "I didn't know Abel had a. . . a boyfriend." Cyrus gulped and continued staring, as if wanting the bulbasaur to move lower. "Boyfriend? Well sure," He agreed, slowly nodding his scaly blue head. "But Abel here was just tellin' me he wanted an open relationship, and I support that fully."

Granting the charmander's wish, his claw moved lower and tickled the shaft poking out from between Cyrus' legs. It didn't take a genius to see the bulbasaur had him hooked already. "Open. . . relationship?" His blush intensified after quickly looking back at Abel, who couldn't exactly tell him all this was a lie. Apparently the bulbasaur had control of which parts he wanted paralyzed, and right now his mouth was one of them. "Yeah, that's right," He confirmed, getting Cyrus' member to full length in a matter of seconds. "See, Abel also told me you've had a crush on him for a while."

*Wait, what? Where did he pull that from? And why isn't Cyrus denying it?* "Oh," The charmander muttered, obviously mustering up the courage to prove him wrong. Except he didn't, and instead simply blushed harder, if that were possible. *Great, Abel thought, wanting to slap himself. Don't notice your best friend has a crush on you, why don't you. That'll make you popular.* Mortified, Abel shut his eyes with the intent to fall asleep and never wake up, but he couldn't cover his ears to block out the voices.

"And you know what else?" The bulbasaur asked his latest victim, only receiving stifled moans in response. "He said he returns yer feelings. He's just been too nervous to tell ya." Abel could almost immediately sense the charmander's eyes on him, so he figured he should open his own to look at them. As expected, he seemed elated. "Is that true, Abel?" He was smiling as wide as anatomy would allow, frozen in stunned disbelief. His disbelief certainly wasn't misplaced, but Abel didn't have the heart to tell him that.

The cubone could feel his mouth loosen up and the paralysis fade; the bulbasaur giving him an "encouraging" stare. He didn't need to be told which answer was expected of him. . . *Dammit, what do I do?* Telling the truth would devastate Cyrus and probably cost Abel his freedom, but going along with it would force him and Cyrus together. As much as he liked the charmander, he didn't want to start a relationship with him. Abel needed somebody more his type. . . but still, he didn't have the heart.

"Yeah," He heard himself say, noticing his body relaxing some. It was still exceedingly difficult to move any part of his body, but at least it was possible. The bulbasaur probably wanted it to appear he wasn't paralyzed, so Abel slowly sat up and nodded to emphasize his confirmation. "Yeah, it's true." The instant those words left his mouth, Cyrus speed-walked over to the defeated cubone, shaking with excitement. "I knew you were in love with me, I just knew it!" With no warning, he placed his hands on either side of Abel's face and looked directly into his eyes, positively beaming. *Ow. My heart.*

Cyrus must have seen an invitation in the cubone's gaze, because he planted a kiss on his lips so hurriedly that Abel's skull nearly fell off his head. *What's with all the kissing?* He complained to himself, choosing to ignore the fact he was melting into it. At least Cyrus' breath wasn't so bad. . . And the taste was better. And the hand rubbing beneath his tail felt nice.

Abel gasped into the charmander's mouth as orange digits tickled his ring and slowly pushed in, parting his tightened passage with the utmost care. It didn't take long for Cyrus to find a rhythm that worked, and soon his tiny fingers were pumping in and out with relative ease. Losing awareness of himself, Abel began grinding against his friend's stiffened erection, attempting not to tighten himself too much.

After their lengthy sampling of each others tongues, Cyrus gently guided the cubone onto his stomach, his digits stopping their work soon after. Abel knew a replacement was on its way, but the heated member poking at his entrance still managed to surprise him. As did the familiar and throbbing rod in front of him. Not seeing a point in resisting, Abel opened his mouth and let the bulbasaur's malehood slide inside, coming to a halt only after his crotch bumped the cubone's snout.

*Should've known it would taste like ass.* . . Doing his best to shrug it off, Abel let his tongue wander across the aching shaft for a bit, getting a feel for the thing. It was thick and didn't leave much room for his tongue to maneuver, but considering the bulbasaur was already beginning to rock his hips, he'd have to deal with it. Which would have been easier had Cyrus not suddenly shoved himself deep inside Abel's depths, causing him to nearly bite down. The only thing that stopped him was a temporary spell of mouth paralysis; just long enough for Abel to fix his reaction.

"Oh, Abel. . . This is a dream come true!" Cyrus exclaimed, thrusting away without a care in the world. The bulbasaur chuckled in response, slowing himself down a little. "Course it is. And Abel said he'd be willin' to do this anytime ya wanted," The bulbasaur lied, savoring his complete victory over the cubone. "You'll tell 'im yourself after yer done suckin' my cock, won't you, Abel?" Without waiting for so much as a muffled answer, he plopped down on his rear end, his member slipping out in the process.

Rolling his eyes, Abel inched forward and devoured the bulbasaur's shaft again, this time having to bob his head up and down. Cyrus didn't seem to mind moving with Abel. In fact, he didn't appear to notice the few tiny steps he had to take at all, and instead simply picked up his pace. Hot pre-seed was drooled across the cubone's walls, but rather than burning him, the liquid soothed and relaxed his muscles back there with its heat. He couldn't help but sigh around the member in his mouth, repressing his gag reflex as it poked the back of his throat soon after.

The bulbasaur placed his arm atop Abel's skull to keep him from raising up too high, ensuring there was always at least one inch of himself inside the cubone's maw. Not that it really mattered to Abel; he wasn't going to spontaneously stop or something. As hard as he tried to deny it, the sex *was* good, and the "get it over with" mindset was more than useless at this point. This would be his life now: Lying to and getting screwed by his best friend each day, and letting the bulbasaur join in because, really, what could he do about it?

As Abel deepthroated the relaxed grass type, Cyrus relentlessly pounded his other, more sensitive end. Each time the charmander pushed inside, an addictive pang of pleasure surfaced at the

bottom of Abel's hole. No matter how good the previous one felt, he wanted Cyrus to thrust faster and harder, faster and harder, harder and faster. It was just so purely and intensely *satisfying*. He hadn't really paid attention to it when the bulbasaur took him, since most of his focus was on keeping his hate alive, but now he was wishing he had.

"Feel good?" The bulbasaur asked simply, apparently noting Abel's rolled-back eyes. He didn't bother to fix his expression much, and instead only quickened the pace of his bobbing, sucking the soaked and twitching pole quite thoroughly. *At least his pre tastes sweet*, Abel thought dully, having expected something less pleasant. Just as Abel was getting the bulbasaur good and close, though, he unexpectedly withdrew his cock and stood on all fours, watching the cubone's confused face with amusement.

"Then I'm about ta make it feel even better for ya." Very slowly, the bulbasaur moved to Abel's backside, taking each step with devious casualty. A moment after losing sight of him, the cubone felt a second member press against his already occupied entrance. "You mind, hot stuff?" He heard Cyrus being asked. *Oh. . . Please no*. Despite being mostly paralyzed, Abel suddenly felt he could run a hundred miles. *Please do something else, anything else*, Abel hoped silently, wanting more time to prepare himself. Cyrus must have given the OK, because a few seconds later, Abel found himself being painfully stretched past his limits. A loud shout of discomfort filled the forest, causing Cyrus to stop almost completely.

"Are you okay, Abel?" The charmander asked, perhaps a tad late. *Fuck! No I'm not!* He wanted to throw back, though he somehow managed to hold his tongue. "It hurts. . . !" He grunted instead, pounding his fist on the ground. Abel had the distant impression Cyrus tried pulling out, but was kept inside by the bulbasaur.

"It's alright," He assured the charmander, going just slow enough not to damage anything. Well, no more than it was probably already damaged. "He likes bein' stretched like this. Managed to get three vines up his tush one day." As if not fully persuaded, Cyrus kept still while the bulbasaur worked. Abel could practically feel their members being squeezed together and the pain slowly ebbing away. Every fresh jab into his depths made the pleasure greater and greater, though the discomfort seemed to want to linger.

In an attempt to convince Cyrus of his lie, the bulbasaur began kissing him quite heartily, from the sound of it. After a brief session of lewd noises, the charmander slowly began thrusting again, making the attempt a resounding success. Abel almost wondered how the bulbasaur had gotten so manipulative, but the thought was interrupted by the two cocks sliding in and out of him. At this point he had less of a tight hole and more of a slippery, narrow tunnel, though it could still barely accommodate the pair of invasive rods.

His member throbbed every so often in response to their powerful teamwork, creating a small puddle of pre beneath his groin. Despite the burning sensations back there, it still felt addictive as ever. The mess Cyrus was making inside of him must have relaxed his muscles more than he thought, because nothing really felt torn even after the bulbasaur's rough entry. True, it had hurt a lot, but thankfully the only fluid he could feel in there was hot and cold pre-seed mixed together.

"Oohh. . ." Cyrus moaned blissfully, losing control of his hips. The flame on his tail increased in

size, though just when Abel expected a climax, the charmander slowed down to compose himself somewhat. "Abel, I . . . I love you!" He cried meekly, his voice wavering through labored breath.

Until that moment, Abel had been almost comfortable with his situation (aside from the literal pain in his ass). Yet with those three words, the cubone's heart sank and he lowered his head in grief, unable to do anything but let that sink in. Cyrus loved him. Genuinely, really loved him. . . Yet no matter how hard Abel tried to make it so, the feeling wasn't mutual.

He liked Cyrus as a friend, and this was pretty much the last thing he wanted to happen. What could he do? Lie and tell Cyrus he loved him back? Tell the truth and devastate him? *Dammit. . . Damn all of this!* Abel's fist met the ground with a soft thud, but his anger couldn't stay long. The powerful happenings from behind distracted him from doing much of anything aside from moaning like the slut this bulbasaur believed him to be.

It took a moment for Abel to notice Cyrus appeared to be fine with his non-existent response, which only made him feel worse. Had Cyrus expected him to be that unfeeling? To not even respond with an *I love you* of his own, supposing Abel had actually loved him? Had he always come across as somebody cold enough to ignore a profession of love?

Abel nestled his face against the dirt and mindlessly raised his hindquarters, his thoughts once again taking a backseat to his backdoor. He whispered obscenities into the ground as if it were a lover's ear, half out of anger and half out of carnal lust. *I'm terrible. . . Lying to Cyrus just so I can keep getting. . . Gah, fuck! Faster, go faster. . . !*

Going against Abel's wishes, the bulbasaur stopped completely after thrusting all the way inside, his cock beginning to convulse. Before long, the cubone's rear was flooded with a hot, thick mess. It stuck to the bulbasaur's member as he pulled out, leaving Cyrus alone inside Abel's white hole. Despite being mostly adjusted to the double penetration, Abel still couldn't help but sigh in relief.

As Cyrus continued pumping his hips, his moans of delight suddenly switched to grunts of discomfort. Even in the muddled and dazed place Abel called his mind, he knew what had just happened. "You didn't think yer tush was getting outta this untouched, did ya, hot stuff?" The bulbasaur teased impishly, performing a much gentler entry this time around, from the sound of it.

The charmander still yelped loudly, though, probably once the bulbasaur lodged himself all the way inside. That dick of his was thicker than it seemed, especially when stretching such a tight passage. The new mix of painful pleasure must have been enough to send Cyrus over the edge, because not a moment later, a second batch of hot cum filled Abel's tunnel, adding another layer of sticky seed to his walls.

Annoyingly close to his own peak, the cubone frantically tried pumping himself against his friend to no avail, until Cyrus unfortunately slipped out from being jerked around too much. The bulbasaur continued his rough thrusting, either oblivious or completely indifferent to Abel's situation.

Desperate for anything, the cubone raised his still tingling rump as high as it would go, if only to let the cool air blow against his messy opening. He could almost feel the warm cock still going at it inside him, fucking him in all the right ways and never slowing down for a second. The wind felt nice

against his member as well, making it twitch and throb powerfully, feeling as if it were trying to stiffen despite being fully hard.

A bead of Cyrus' pre smeared across Abel's backside, and for a moment the cubone thought he'd get his wish. Until he realized the cock flopping against his rear was half limp and shrinking, that is. *Put it back in, put it back in. . . !* He hoped silently, his near-orgasm fading more and more with each long second. His member throbbed almost painfully in desperation, needing just a little bit, yet slowly increasing amount of stimulation.

Instead, he was forced to lie there with his ass raised pointlessly in the air and listen to Cyrus' lust-coated moans. He could hear each and every stab into the charmander's hole, the sounds dripping with constricted wetness. It was pretty surreal: Abel never thought he'd listen to his best friend of three years get nailed by some stranger, but listen he did. For a minute. . . Two minutes. . .

After the third minute dragged by, both parties climaxed almost simultaneously. Cyrus cried out in ecstasy and fired his second load onto Abel's rump, decorating the outside just as sloppily as the inside. It seemed the charmander had a little less to give this time, despite the bulbasaur filling him up with seed. "Ooh. . ." Cyrus groaned, sounding somewhere between fatigued and utterly satisfied. Abel was really starting to get jealous. . . Here he was, irritatingly desperate to have a climax of his own, and those two had already finished twice. Would it kill them to help him out a little?

After lying there for another few moments, Abel had thought the answer would be a resounding yes, but apparently not. He gasped at the sudden feeling of the bulbasaur's blunt claw tickling his tailhole, slowly giving him the stimulation he so selfishly wanted. *C'mon, push it in. . .* He thought to himself. His tail began wagging involuntarily, and his member started to pound again. The lewd noises and thoughts had been enough to keep him hard, but his erection had lost some of its strength over the minutes.

Annoyingly, the cubone was flipped onto his back before his inaudible request was granted, or even before he really had a chance to sink into the pleasure. But despite that, some good did come from this turn of events. His paralysis had vanished completely, and lying in front of him was Cyrus. His tail was raised to its highest point, freely exposing his modestly sized backside to Abel. He had expected the charmander to call it quits by now. . . Did the bulbasaur have a part in this?

*That would explain why it took them a while to get around to me. . .* The bulbasaur must have caught Abel staring, since his cocky smile only widened after looking into his eyes. He took a stubby claw to the cubone's throbbing shaft, sending a shiver through his entire body. "Well?" His tormenter cooed, masterfully stroking the back of Abel's pulsating pecker. "You wanna cum, don't ya?" He asked quietly, ceasing his welcome actions all too soon. *No, don't stop!* Abel wanted to cry out, raising himself to a seated position in protest. His body stopped on its own after he realized he couldn't force the bulbasaur to continue, turning his spring into action into an awkward stand still.

"Then what are ya waiting for?" The grass type questioned, glancing toward Cyrus' strangely appealing rear end. On top of looking exhausted, the poor charmander's face was almost entirely red, which made Abel even more certain this was the bulbasaur's idea. He must have picked up on Abel's unrequited love for Cyrus and somehow persuaded him into this pose, and now he was testing to see if he'd fuck him despite those platonic feelings.

The cubone's erection throbbed, and it was becoming more and more difficult to think coherently. Every glance at the charmander's rump increased his desires tenfold, which was strange. Abel had unintentionally caught glimpses of Cyrus' backside a few times before, most often when he simply bent down to pick something up. In those instances, Abel didn't think twice about what he had seen. There was nothing remarkable about Cyrus' rump, and it completely failed to arouse him on even the most basic levels.

Yet for some reason, that didn't seem to be the case right now. The temptation to get up and mount his friend was impossibly powerful, and his eyes became locked on the loosened hole that still dripped thick trails of seed. *Why is it suddenly such a great butt?* Abel asked himself, slowly beginning to stand. The bulbasaur watched with a wide smile, looking amused to no end. Abel knew he wouldn't be doing this if he weren't so mind-numbingly aroused, but it couldn't be said he was forced to walk over to Cyrus. For the first time since all this started, he was able to make his own choice without anyone making or persuading him.

If he went through with this, it would be the ultimate low for him. He had already stooped to enjoying his "rape", enjoying the bulbasaur's kiss, lying to his best friend. . . and, even though he had no choice in the matter, happily being screwed by him. *At least Cyrus did it out of love.* . . Abel thought dully, a small puddle of shame and self-loathing just barely making itself noticed underneath his mountain of lust. After taking the final step and gripping the charmander's tail, Abel heaved a shaky sigh, his entire being trembling with sexual excitement.

He never imagined thrusting inside would be so wonderful. The tightness, the warmth. . . It was all so perfect for his long-neglected cock. He didn't even mind having the bulbasaur's cum slathering against his shaft; it just made the whole thing feel even better. Cyrus yelped in pain, but Abel couldn't find it in himself to care all that much, and after the next couple of stabs, he doubted Cyrus cared either. As his hips pumped away, the cubone found himself in disbelief. He was actually doing it. He was fucking his best friend, right up the unremarkable ass. He had never been more disappointed in himself, but that only made his member throb more.

*I can't last.* . . Abel told himself, the tingling sensations of pre-orgasm spreading throughout his groin. All that teasing and waiting had left him too close to the brink, but if his claiming of Cyrus' rump wouldn't be an experience to remember, at least his climax would. Making the most of his last few thrusts, he repeatedly slammed into that charmander's tired hole with all his might, the vague pain of clashing so hard against his scaly bottom almost unnoticeable compared to the overpowering pleasure. Cyrus cried out in ecstasy: A long, submissive yowl that somehow made Abel want to plow him even harder.

Unfortunately, his endurance ran out before he could muster up the strength, and possibly the most intense release he'd ever felt wracked his body. His hips jerked back and forth as his seed spilled into the charmander's passage, mixing with the bulbasaur's to double the mess. The anal he'd just given may have been short-lived, but his climax was the opposite. Even after stuffing Cyrus with five thick ropes of cum, his member still drooled the creamy fluid across his walls for nearly half a minute. Abel wasn't quite exhausted, but he thought for sure he'd black out from the overwhelming orgasm.

He slowly pulled out, his cock taking several strands of seed with it as he backed away from the

collapsed charmander. *Guess I wasn't the only one who came*, Abel noticed, wondering what three orgasms in a row must be like. Judging by his loud panting and fluttering eyelids, it was apparently very tiring. "Cute," The bulbasaur commented, actually sounding sincere for once. His gaze shifted from Cyrus to Abel, his expression seamlessly changing from endeared to seductive. Though, considering how often he wore a seductive expression, perhaps it was just his normal face. . .

"So," He said slyly, taking a step toward the fatigued cubone. "I hope ya know there ain't any room left for denying it." Abel knew perfectly well what the bulbasaur was hinting at, and now that he could think clearly, he wasn't sure how he felt. Disgusted? Ashamed? Remorseful? . . . Liberated? All of those sounded pretty accurate, but perhaps most of all, he was afraid. He didn't want to accept it, but part of him knew he had to.

"You screwed yer best friend without anyone tellin' ya to, all because you were horny," He stated, telling Abel what he already knew. "That's who you really are." His voice was suddenly firmer, and that lustful glare in his eyes was gone. The bulbasaur had won, completely and totally. Abel had blown every single chance he'd gotten to prove him wrong, and instead simply caved into his desires and accepted the sex. He had only resisted when there was little to no temptation, yet each and every time the temptation increased, he opted to comply rather than continue fighting.

"You look like ya'd have some resolve on the battlefield," The bulbasaur admitted, closing in on Abel. "But when it comes to resistin' a dick, you'd sooner raise yer tush than run, whether it belongs to a stranger or not." Silence was the only reply Abel could give, which didn't seem to satisfy the grass type. Not that he really cared, though. He had enough problems as it was. "Either change or stay the same, but never deny who ya are. That's a good way to make ya hate yerself."

Abel blinked in confusion, wondering where that had come from. It was sound advice, but before he could speak a word, the bulbasaur turned to leave. "Oh," He muttered, glancing back at the cubone. "And if I see you in her garden again. . ." His gaze intensified and his expression hardened. There was no spoken threat, and there didn't need to be. That look alone made every muscle in Abel's body tense up, and the bulbasaur did not stop looking until Abel nodded to show he understood.

"Good," He said quietly, regaining his former demeanor. "See ya around," The bulbasaur told him, still with a bit of an edge to his tone. As he walked away, a vine of his casually whipped behind one of the many dead trees and coiled around something. Whatever it was, the vine threw it back in Abel's direction, who didn't realize what he had caught until the bulbasaur left his vision.

*My bone.* . . Abel sighed, still tense from earlier. He never knew the bulbasaur could be that frightening. What exactly was that place Abel had stumbled upon before all this happened, anyway? It seemed like a sensitive topic for the bulbasaur, to say the least, and he mentioned it belonging to a "her". Was it a memorial of some kind?

Deciding to push it from his mind for now, Abel began focusing on what really mattered: That in the span of a few measly hours, his entire life had been completely changed. And worse yet, he had no idea if it was a positive or negative change. He wasn't too keen on regularly having sex with Cyrus and the bulbasaur, nor was he fond of continuing to pretend he loved Cyrus. Plus, regardless of if that place was a memorial or not, the bulbasaur was still a prick, and he definitely didn't like the idea of spending more time with him.

But on the other hand, would he even care about all that once they got down to business? Sure, he didn't like the bulbasaur, but that wasn't a requirement to enjoy sucking his cock. He might not love Cyrus, but that didn't stop him from plowing his ass. Perhaps with some time, Abel could get used to that sort of lifestyle. He was already well on his way to adopting it, and he didn't have much choice but to embrace it.

"Cyrus?" Called a voice, sounding alarmingly close to the charmander and cubone's location. This time, Abel recognized the voice immediately, but it seemed the one it was calling for had fallen asleep. "Tryggvi?" He called back, cupping his hands around his mouth. His eyes wandered the area, knowing that at this distance, he should be able to see him. "Abel?" The snorunt responded, tapping him on the shoulder. Abel spun around and prepared to strike, but even with the almost instantaneous realization of who was behind him, he barely managed to stop his bone from connecting to Tryggvi. It seemed he had once again triggered Abel's paranoia by sneaking up on him, though this time it had given him an even bigger jolt.

"Don't. . . do that!" Abel panted heavily, lowering his weapon with hesitance, for some inexplicable reason. *If this keeps up, I'll be scared of my own shadow by Tuesday. . .* "Sorry, gako," Tryggvi mumbled, frowning slightly. He obviously hadn't expected to be shouted at, but like most everything else, he shrugged it off pretty fast. "Why is Cyrus sleeping, gako? Wasn't he supposed to be home an hour ago?" He questioned, leaning to the left to get a better look of the charmander. Abel tried to think up some kind of cover story, but no words escaped his lips.

"Did it happen again?" The snorunt asked, clearly trying to glimpse underneath Cyrus' tail. Abel knew he wasn't looking there for perverse reasons, but it somehow unnerved him to watch Tryggvi check for semen. *What if he's able to tell mine is under there?* He thought somewhat groggily, his mind not elaborating on how it'd be possible for him to even do that. "Yeah. . ." Abel muttered, feeling a little proud of himself for finally telling the truth again. "This time Cyrus was roped into it."

The snorunt put a spherical hand where his chin should be, his expression suggesting he was about to announce a plan he'd already thought of in advance. "Why don't you come with me, gako?" Tryggvi asked, a wide grin spread across his face. "To my home, I mean. There's a lot to do there, and no bulbasaur to bully you! Gako!"

Abel couldn't help but chuckle at the offer, a bit incredulous. "I. . . I can't leave here, Tryggvi. I've got my friends, and Cyrus, especially. He'd be devastated if he found out I moved up North to a different continent. Even if he came with us, he wouldn't be able to survive those temperatures. . ." He was surprised by how strongly he had just protested the idea, despite actually wanting to go. Was he trying to convince himself to stay for Cyrus' sake?

"But you're not happy here, gako," Tryggvi countered, staring plainly into Abel's eyes. "I can tell. Even when you're with Cyrus and your friends, you're not happy, gako." Those statements rendered Abel speechless for a couple moments. He had been happy around his friends plenty of times, but that was before his first encounter with the bulbasaur. Tryggvi hadn't known him before then, so Abel couldn't properly use those times as examples to prove him wrong. Plus, Abel found himself agreeing with Tryggvi anyway.

These past few days, the only pokémon he had been genuinely happy around was Tryggvi himself. He obviously still liked his friends, but. . . They didn't lighten his mood like they did before. “Maybe you're right,” Abel sighed, downplaying his willingness to go for some reason. “But what about Cyrus? He loves me, and I can't just leave him for that bulbasaur to toy with.”

“Oh?” Tryggvi muttered, his grin slowly turning into a mischievous one. That was strange: Abel didn't know Tryggvi had any deviousness in him. “Well. . . Just leave that to me, gako.”