

There was no going back now. As Abel sat inside the somewhat cramped hold of the ship, he couldn't help but wonder if he had made the right decision. He was already beginning to miss his friends, and having to remind himself he'd never be able to speak with them again only made the bitterness in his gut worsen. "Do you think we're almost there?" The cubone mumbled, letting his bone thunk against the wooden floor. Tryggvi stopped idly spinning in the center of the hold, his attention turned to Abel for the time being.

"What?" He asked, blinking in confusion. Abel hadn't expected him to hear such a quiet question, but repeating himself did nothing to improve his mood. "Are we almost there, do you think?" He asked a bit louder, gently pounding his skull against his raised legs. "Oh. Yes, we should be, gako!" The snorunt responded happily, resuming his spinning. "Just five or six more hours if it doesn't storm or anything, gako." On some level, Abel knew five hours was a long time to wait, but after having been aboard this ship for a full day with nothing to do, it sounded like no time at all.

"Good," He muttered, forcing himself to stand once more. The hard wooden floor definitely wasn't made to be sat on, but his legs could only carry him for so long before needing a break. "So, Tryggvi," Abel began, craving another conversation, as well as a distraction from his achy body. "You've told me about your family. . ." *Supportive sister, crazy dad, "cool" brother*; he quickly recounted, making sure he remembered who to avoid and who to seek out. Tryggvi failed to mention a mother, and Abel knew better than to ask why. His family actually sounded rather similar to Abel's, but Abel hadn't seen his siblings or his father for years. The only one he really missed was his sister, but he'd be lying if he said he wasn't glad for leaving.

"But what about any other pokémon you know?" Abel asked, watching as the snorunt's spinning came to a halt once again. "Any close friends, or. . . ?" A moment of silence passed as Tryggvi screwed up his face in thought, clearly racking his memory for a response. "Hm. . . Not really. I played and talked with a few other kids sometimes, but I didn't really get to know any of them. You're my first real friend, gako!" Tryggvi exclaimed happily, beginning to waddle in place, as he was prone to do. Abel got the feeling Tryggvi would have mentioned Cyrus as a 'real friend' as well, had they not unwillingly left him behind after completing the snorunt's plan.

Tryggvi never did elaborate on what his plan actually was. He had just told Abel to go on ahead and that he'd catch up. When he did finally catch up, the most Abel could get out of him was 'Nothing bad will happen to Cyrus anymore!'. They must have really bonded the few days they lived together, because Tryggvi didn't smile again until several hours after him and Abel snuck aboard.

"And you're sure this boat's going to Crescenten?" Abel had asked the snorunt, clambering onto the deck. None of the crew had spotted them, but they were sure to find a hiding place quickly all the same. "Definitely," Tryggvi whispered back, leading Abel down into the hold. There were so many humans around, yet somehow the pair of pokémon escaped notice even easier than Abel thought possible. "How cold is it there, by the way?" Abel had asked after finishing his descent, glad to finally sit down. "It depends, gako. In the summer it can get warmer than some places in Evermore, but usually it's below freezing."

Abel hadn't liked hearing the words 'below freezing' at all, but the ship took off just as he was having second thoughts. Now he was twenty-seven hours across the sea with only five hours ahead of him, and no plans of what to do after he got there. He wouldn't mind staying with Tryggvi's family for a

while, but he preferred being on his own. Or . . . he used to, before this annoying paranoia. Abel didn't know if he'd be able to handle being by himself anymore. Even knowing he was hundreds of miles away from the bulbasaur didn't help ease his nerves, but still, he would like to try keeping to himself as much as possible.

“Are you okay, gako?” Tryggvi asked, noticing Abel had spaced out. Abel rubbed the side of his skull and sighed, trying to sort his thoughts. “I think so,” The cubone replied, drumming idly on his bone. “You know, I think you're my first real friend, too,” Abel heard himself say, remembering to be flattered by Tryggvi's statement. Tryggvi's smile disappeared for a brief moment before returning with a vengeance, and his stationary waddling turned into alternating stomps. “Thanks!” He shouted, his bright teal eyes sparkling with joy. Abel couldn't help smiling a little, but he was getting too tired to do much else. “No problem. Just telling the truth, really,” He said, trying not to sound bored. Tryggvi started beaming even more, staring at Abel in delight. *He's kind of freakishly cute*, the cubone noticed, his smile widening more.

“Hey,” Abel muttered, casually scratching his belly. “I think I'm gonna go to sleep. Will you be alright, being up by yourself?” Abel asked, sitting back down. He didn't want to put a damper on Tryggvi's elated mood, but he could barely keep his eyes open. “Yeah, of course! I'll wake you up when we get there, gako!” The snorunt responded energetically, his footfalls somehow reminding Abel of the ocean's calm waves. It was hard to remember they were just a dozen or so feet above the freezing Nocturne Ocean with how soothing and warm the hold was.

Abel lied down, nearly falling asleep just as soon as he closed his eyes. “Good night, Tryggvi,” The cubone muttered, unsure if it was really nighttime or not. “Good night, gako!”

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“We meet again, eh?” The bulbasaur's voice asked, coming from all directions. There was nothing but darkness, and Abel couldn't stop shaking with fear. “You're in the forest, sweetums,” He told the frightened cubone, his voice closing in. Suddenly Abel could see the dead trees and the greenish black night sky. He knew exactly where he was, but admitting it to himself would break him. “Leave me alone. . .” Abel whimpered, sinking to the ground. “You've ruined me. . .”

“Not quite,” The bulbasaur whispered, right in front of him. Abel was too frightened to look him in the face, knowing he was just a couple of inches away. “You ruined yourself. I simply brought the possibility to the table, and you ate it up like a slu--”

“I'm not a slut!” Abel interrupted, clutching his head. “I'm not, I'm not a slut! It's your fault! You ruined my life, not me!” He shouted, hot tears tickling his cheeks as they rolled down. “You're right,” A different voice said, coming from right in front of Abel. He looked up and saw himself through blurry eyes, this clone having replaced the bulbasaur. “I did ruin my life.”

Abel stared at himself in confusion and anger, almost too exasperated to reply. “I didn't,” Abel insisted weakly, his clone's expression completely blank. “I didn't ruin my life! Don't fuck with me! It was the bulbasaur. Everything was his fault!” The forest around him shattered into pieces, as did the fake Abel. “Then why are you so angry with yourself?” Cyrus' voice questioned, no louder than a whisper in his ear.

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Abel woke with a start, his forehead wet with cold sweat. "Tryggvi," He automatically called out, his voice somewhat hoarse. It was darker inside the hold than it was hours ago, and a sickening fear overtook him. *Did I oversleep? Did Tryggvi leave without me?* Abel clutched either side of his skull, panic washing over him like the waves beneath him would. "Yes?" The snorunt responded, seeming to appear out of nowhere in the darkness. "Oh," Abel sighed, both surprised and relieved by Tryggvi's sudden appearance. "I thought you. . . Uh, nevermind. Are we almost there?" He asked, trying to collect his thoughts. "Actually, I was just about to wake you up, gako. The ship's been docked for about a minute."

"Good," The cubone muttered, feeling happier about the news with each passing second. *It'll be cold, but at least I'll be safe.* Abel took a moment to wake up fully, getting all his yawns and stretches out of his system before following Tryggvi out of the hold. The sun had been set for quite some time, but Abel couldn't judge exactly how long. "Oof, nighttime. Let's hope this doesn't make it too cold, gako." The cubone could see Tryggvi's breath as he spoke, which didn't do much for his hope of warmth.

Sneaking off the ship was even easier than sneaking on. The humans were much too busy running about and shouting orders to notice a pair of small pokémon dashing silently from place to place. "Well, this is it," Tryggvi announced, leading Abel into the ocean of snow. For the first time in thirty-two hours he had set foot on land, and he couldn't have asked for more beautiful land to step on. The night sky colored the snow a soft shade of blue, and the grayed-out mountains looked giant even from what must have been ten or fifteen miles away. There wasn't a single cloud in the sky, and the thousands of tiny stars rained down light upon everything in sight. Funnily enough, the unusually bright moon was in its crescent phase. *Guess we picked a fitting day to come to Crescenten.* . . He thought, his eyes transfixed on the beauty before him.

"This is the brightest night I've ever seen," Abel observed, fighting off a bad case of shivers. He looked down at his feet and shifted them. The snow felt. . . crunchier than he would've thought. He had expected snow to be soft and about as solid as water, but then again, his expectations were rarely ever accurate. *It doesn't feel cold, either.* . . Abel noticed, scrunching and relaxing his feet. "We better get going, gako. It's a pretty long walk to my place," Tryggvi told him, beginning to waddle through the snow. "Right. . ." Abel muttered through shaky breath, folding his arms on instinct. *Now it feels cold,* the cubone noted, barely able to endure the numbing freeze of the white powder beneath him.

"Here, walk beside me," Tryggvi suggested, extending his ball of a hand. Abel jumped at the offer, hardly caring about any awkwardness that might arise from hug-walking with a pokémon nearly twice his size. The snorunt pressed Abel's body against his, and together they clumsily waddled through the snow. "This is weird," Abel mumbled, chuckling and shivering and sniffing all at once. "Only if you think it is, gako," Tryggvi replied, his eternal smile as broad as ever. Abel could only nod in response.

"You know," He said over the sound of their crunchy footfalls. "This is the first time I've ever seen snow. Aside from the possibility of freezing to death, it's really nice." Tryggvi looked completely taken aback, but his surprised expression was quickly wiped from his face. "You've never left Grigon before?" The snorunt asked, downplaying his shock. It hadn't snowed in Grigon for twenty years, and other states around it didn't have much better luck. "Nah. I wanted to plenty of times, but it's a long walk to get from state to state. Plus, my friends would've killed me."

Tryggvi giggled some kind of high-pitched, squeaky giggle, apparently finding figurative murder humorous. "I think only Fisiron would've gone so far, gako." Abel chuckled again and wiped his snout with his free hand, unable to argue. It was strange. Tryggvi had only known his group of friends for about three days, and already he knew them as well as Abel. Fisiron was aggressive, short-tempered, and had a bad habit of whacking others with her leek. He had been on the receiving end of those whacks more often than he cared to admit, and mostly because of his failed jokes. *Maybe I should give up on telling jokes.* . . . Abel considered, recalling the faint pain of that thick stalk.

"So, how long is it to your place, exactly?" He asked, his teeth chattering and his cheeks going numb. "A few more minutes, gako. I travel pretty often, so we don't live too far from the ocean," Tryggvi explained, waddling a bit faster. "Works for me." Abel welcomed the faster pace, but the snow made going quickly rather difficult. It was easy to stumble, and more leg strength was needed to walk. His legs were already beginning to feel drained after just two minutes.

After what felt like an eternity, the pair reached what looked to be an abandoned cabin. "That's where you live?" Abel asked, a little confused. Most pokémon who weren't captured lived in caves or something, not in human-made stuff. "Well, not exactly. We mostly stay outside, but it's a nice place to get warm in. I think it'll be good for you, gako," Tryggvi told him happily, practically shoving the freezing cubone inside. It was good to know he wanted to get Abel warmed up almost as much as Abel himself did. A fire had already been started inside some oddly shaped dent in the wall, and he wasted no time sitting down in front of it.

The cubone sniffled and gave a word of thanks to Tryggvi, who was beaming at the fire for no obvious reason. "So, where's your family?" Abel questioned, rubbing his hands together. The life was coming back to his limbs already. "Probably not too far from here, gako. They're always somewhere near this giant wooden house," He said, tapping his teeth thoughtfully. "By the way, do you eat snow?" Tryggvi asked with a comedic amount of seriousness, continuing to tap his teeth. Abel almost laughed at the sudden question, though he managed to choke it back with some effort. "N-no," He replied as politely as possible, gaining control of his quivering lips. "Oh. . ." The snorunt muttered dejectedly, his smile waning.

*Crap*, Abel grumbled to himself silently, hastily thinking of a way to backtrack. "But. . . Maybe bring back a few snowflakes for me," He said with his most convincing friendly tone. Eating some snow couldn't be any worse than seeing Tryggvi sad. "Okay, gako!" He exclaimed happily, back to his old self within a nanosecond. "I'll be back in a bit." The snorunt waddled out of the cabin, looking content as could be. *Hopefully it won't taste too bad*, Abel thought, wondering just what he was in for. He knew he'd have to eat something more suitable to his tastes soon, given how loudly his stomach was complaining. They'd only been able to sneak a few apples during the entire thirty-two hour voyage, and his body was very much aware of it. He probably should have asked if any berries or fruit grew in Crescenten before leaving. If they didn't, then going back to Evermore might become a necessity. . . *Damn, why didn't I think of that sooner?* Abel asked, mentally kicking himself.

He could just barely hear the sound of footsteps in the snow over his self-loathing sigh. He would have assumed they belonged to Tryggvi, had he not been able to see Tryggvi through the window. He wasn't moving. Growing curious, Abel turned to face the open door, pinpointing the footfalls. They were definitely getting closer to the cabin, and whatever pokémon they belonged to would come walking in any second. It worried him that the snorunt wasn't greeting this stranger; did they not know each other? If not, then. . .

Abel grasped his bone tighter, preparing for the worst. He hated that he'd become so distrustful, but he hated what the bulbasaur did to him more. If he had to beat a stranger down to avoid becoming their plaything, then so be it.

A glaceon appeared from behind the wooden wall, its green eyes big and wide, tinted orange by the firelight. It looked rather skinny and its tail was half the length it should be, but the glaceon looked mostly unremarkable aside from that. It paused at the sight of Abel, and Abel tensed at the sight of it. Seconds passed, and neither of them so much as blinked during that time. "Didn't know any of your kind lived here," She said after a moment or two, breaking the silence and taking a few steps closer to the fire. Her voice was a little deep and scruffy, but nothing close to ear-grating. Abel could only loosen his grip on his club in response, watching her closely. He might've seemed creepy to her with his unflinching gaze, but he didn't really care. "I came here with a friend," He muttered eventually, slowly forcing his eyes away from her.

"Friend?" She questioned, sitting down on her hind legs. Her head went from side to side, scanning the cabin with minimal interest. "Is he still here?" Abel nodded and pointed to the window, but Tryggvi wasn't there anymore. The glaceon blinked in confusion, peering outside along with Abel. "Oh, he must've. . . Hang on," The cubone mumbled, making his way outside. He expected to see Tryggvi somewhere out in the snow, eating however much of it he wanted. . . but there was nothing. Even in the dark of night, Tryggvi should have been visible. *Not good.* . . He thought, his eyes darting in every direction.

"Tryggvi?" Abel called out, a dreadful fear creeping into his heart. *Where did he go?* The cubone asked himself, not wanting to panic just yet. There were plenty of logical reasons he might've gone out of sight. *Plenty of reasons.* . . He repeated, struggling to think of even one. When no response followed, another shout spilled from his mouth without conscious thought. The only reply he got was frigid wind. The beautiful Winter terrain suddenly seemed vast and terrifying, and thinking of Tryggvi lost in its endless reach scared him beyond measure. Abel broke into a desperate run, his body acting on pure instinct and horror. His head whipped back and forth as he stumbled in the snow, and his eyes couldn't stay still. "TRYGGVI!" He bellowed, each shout more confused and frightened than the last.

He tripped and fell on his knees, his entire body shaking and paralyzed with dread. With his face only inches from the snow, he started to notice something as his gaze traveled upward. The only footprints he saw were his and the glaceon's. No matter where he looked, Tryggvi's were nowhere to be found.

"Are you okay?" He heard the glaceon ask frantically, her voice fraught with concern as she ran to his side. He couldn't answer. He wasn't okay. *Where the hell did Tryggvi go? Where are his footprints?* A dozen possible answers flew through his head, but the last one he thought of was the one that almost made him vomit. The glaceon began rubbing Abel's sweaty shoulder soothingly, but he could hardly feel it. "Calm down," She urged, looking into Abel's unfocused eyes. "What's wrong? Is your friend lost?" Her words were little more than gibberish to his busy and panicked brain. *Was. . . Was I just imagining him this whole time? Am I crazy. . . ?* Horrible memories he didn't want to accept as reality came to the front of his mind.

He had walked himself home. He had bumped into a tree and started talking to it. He had begun speaking with himself after the second attack. He had no traveling companion; that's why avoiding detection was easier than expected. There was no plan to save Cyrus from the bulbasaur. There was no Tryggvi.

“Not lost,” Abel finally replied, wiping a tear from his cheek. “Just gone.”

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It had been a full day since he became aware of Abel's disappearance. Nobody knew if he was dead or if he simply ran away, but everybody hoped for the latter; Cyrus especially. *Why would he leave when things were going so well for him?* The charmander asked himself, recalling yesterday's events. Not only did Abel get another boyfriend, but he discovered his crush had loved him all along! What could be better than that? *Nothing*, Cyrus told himself, able to feel the same elation he felt yesterday when remembering Abel's confession. *'Yeah, it's true!'* He had exclaimed romantically, his hazel eyes shimmering in the sunlight. *'I do love you.'* He confirmed, welcoming Cyrus' kiss. *Okay. . . Well, that last part didn't happen, but still. . .*

It just didn't make sense. A long-awaited profession of love resulting in two boyfriends wouldn't have driven Abel away. Not accepting the possibility of Abel's death, Cyrus began to wonder if he was missing something. Was the bulbasaur abusive? Did Abel want out of the relationship? That sounded pretty plausible, but after thinking of different reasons all day, everything sounded plausible. Cyrus paced back and forth in his cave, running a claw over his head.

“You look pretty stressed,” Said a familiar voice, its owner a mere foot outside the charmander's home. “Oh, it's you!” Cyrus exclaimed, making his way toward the bulbasaur. “I'm sorry to be so abrupt, but do you know where Abel is? Is he staying with you? I tried finding your place, but I didn't know exactly where it was, and--”

“Hang on a tick,” The bulbasaur interrupted, shaking his head slightly. “He's not staying with me. My guess is he finally took that trip he'd been talkin' about,” The bulbasaur told him, his eyes drifting downward as he breathed a troubled sigh. “Trip”? What trip? He never said anything about it to me,” Cyrus said, a little offended. He knew Abel liked to keep to himself, but it couldn't have hurt to let everyone know he was thinking of leaving. “Look, this'll sting, but he spent a lot more time with me than with you,” He replied softly, tearing his gaze from the ground. “But if it makes ya feel any better, he left without sayin' goodbye to me as well.”

“Why would he do that?” Cyrus whispered to himself, completely baffled. “That's not like him at all. Nothing about this sounds like something he'd do!” He complained, again running his tiny claws across his head. “Everyone's got a private life, hot stuff,” The bulbasaur sighed, his tone more gentle than before. “He talked to me about leavin' pretty often, but I didn't think he'd go through with it,” He explained, taking a few steps forward. “Guess I was wrong. He had the heart to leave, but not ta say goodbye. Now that sounds like him, doesn't it?”

“I. . .” Cyrus muttered, feelings of doubt and confusion and betrayal swarming in his mind. “Oh, I don't know anymore!” He admitted, shutting his glistening eyes. “I thought I knew Abel, but then I find out he has this whole other life with you, and now I'm starting to wonder if I really knew him at all!” He told the bulbasaur, choking back tears. “Whoa, whoa, take a breath. Just because he shared some deeper thoughts with me doesn't mean everything you know about him is a lie. It's not like I switched him from a rightie to a leftie or changed his favorite food.”

“I. . . I didn't even know he's right-handed!” Cyrus cried, trying desperately not to let his tears show. The bulbasaur sighed in exasperation, quickly masking it with a patient face. “Look, we're both more than a little bummed about Abel leaving. Why don't you follow me and we'll think of something

fun to do together?" He suggested, wiping a tear from the charmander's cheek with a careful vine. Cyrus eventually brought himself to nod, but that was all the reply he could muster.

A minute later, he found himself treading through the forest with the bulbasaur, who had been silent ever since, well. . . a minute ago. "So," Cyrus said slowly, brainstorming for fun ideas. "Are you a rightie, too?" Was what came out instead. The bulbasaur looked back at him and smirked, apparently amused. "Leftie," He answered, returning his gaze to the forest floor. "And you're a rightie. Noticed it when ya gave Abel that nice little fingerin'," He told the charmander, his naughty words and tone making Cyrus blush. "Y-you're really observant!" He praised, doing his best to change the topic. He was supposed to be thinking of fun activities, not about fingering!

"S-so, do you have any ideas for, uh. . . what we're gonna do?" He asked, a little confused by the bulbasaur's silence. "A few," He replied simply, checking to make sure Cyrus was still behind him every so often. "Oh," Was all he could say, wondering if the bulbasaur ever wanted his input in the first place. "This should be good enough," The grass type announced after another minute or so, stopping in his tracks. Cyrus pulled himself from his drifting thoughts just in time to avoid walking into the bulbasaur's large rear, his torso just two or three inches from the hefty thing. It was surprisingly easy not to stare, but he couldn't avert his gaze when the bulbasaur turned around and pinned him against the nearest tree.

"W-what are you doing?" Cyrus asked, his heightened voice and surprised expression doing little to keep the bulbasaur's face away from his own. "What we came out here for, hot stuff," He replied softly, his smelly breath seeping into the charmander's flaring nostrils. The sudden kiss quashed whatever reply Cyrus was working on, but he fought the urge to move his mouth in stout refusal. They barely even knew each other! *Well, I mean, yesterday was different, of course. Abel was there, and. . . Why am I explaining this to myself?*

The bulbasaur backed off after a brief moment, quickly taking the hint. Cyrus didn't need to wait for him to ask for an explanation. "W-we don't even know each other," He stuttered, wishing he sounded more confident in his argument. "I-I mean, I don't know the first thing about you, and--" A claw was placed on his lips, and the bulbasaur stared at him in amusement. "Look, I get that ya might'a been swept up in the heat'a the moment yesterday, but that doesn't change the fact we had our dicks mashed together inside Abel's tush. Ya can't get much more personal than that," He told the blushing charmander, his yellow eyes still wide with surprise and embarrassment. "B-but I mean, what's your name? H-how old are you? When did you first meet Abel?" Cyrus heard himself asking, the questions flying from his mouth before he could stop them.

"See," The bulbasaur whispered, his heated breath pouring into Cyrus' nose. It smelled heavily of semen, but there was also some kind of fruity scent mixed in there. "None of that's important right now. . . Right now, ya need to let yer brain take a break and let your dick do the thinkin'." Cyrus watched silently as he closed in for another kiss, his wide lips eventually connecting with the charmander's once again. His mouth started responding all on its own, and a moment later he was tasting the grass type's warm tongue. *This is wrong*, Cyrus told himself, wanting to end the kiss without being rude. *Please break it off soon*, He hoped, subtly making his tongue do less and less work.

He really wasn't in the mood for making out or for anything sexual, but he couldn't just turn tail and run, either. The bulbasaur was probably more upset than him about Abel leaving, so of course he'd try and use Cyrus as a distraction from the pain. *I want to be there for him, just. . . not like this*, Cyrus told himself, panting softly as the bulbasaur decided to part lips. "Yer still a bit hesitant," The insistent

pokémon said, his broad, seductive smile growing even wider. "Let's fix that." With a grin, his front legs shoved off the tree bark and came to rest on the ground again.

Cyrus couldn't have prepared himself for the stirring, wet licks between his weakening legs, but he wouldn't let himself be seduced. "P-please stop. . ." He muttered meekly, his member beginning to poke out. "I'm. . . I'm going to leave if you, ooh. . . continue," The charmander warned, barely able to keep himself standing. The bulbasaur's glistening tongue pressed against the growing underside of its target, Cyrus' words apparently doing little to stop the pleasurable assault. *I can do this*, the charmander convinced himself, building up his will power. *Just pull away and go home. He won't try anything else after that. Just. . . Pull away!* Cyrus watched his point of view change as he turned aside, his half-hardened shaft bouncing slightly in the cool air; several inches away from the bulbasaur's suspended tongue. His legs refused to carry out the 'go home' part of the plan, but for that short fleeting moment, he was proud of himself.

The grass type sighed again, gathering his seemingly endless patience for a second time. "Alright," He muttered, raising his head to look the charmander dead in the eyes. "Look. If ya want personal details, I'll give them to ya. But. . ." The bulbasaur's eyes slowly became a more vivid shade of orange, and for a moment it looked as if he were about to cry. "I really need this right now, ya know? It'll even be the last time, if ya want it to be. . ."

*Aww*, Cyrus cooed to himself, returning the bulbasaur's gaze with sympathy. *Well, now I feel bad. . .* He admitted, letting himself face the saddened pokémon again. "Okay. . . B-but after this, I'll want to get to know you better. . ." The bulbasaur nodded gratefully before resuming his work, his tongue performing all sorts of pleasurable magic. "Ooh. . . You're really good at this," Cyrus moaned, pressing himself against the tree for support. *All this experience must be from his time with Abel*, the charmander thought, his eyelids fluttering and his toes clenching the dirt. It didn't take long for him to reach full length, and by that time the bulbasaur had already taken Cyrus' shaft into his skillful mouth. From then on, Cyrus couldn't seem to keep still or stay quiet.

Moan after moan escaped his panting mouth, and his squirming was almost enough to disrupt the blowjob. The bulbasaur didn't seem to mind, though. His tongue lashed around the throbbing rod as if its owner were perfectly still, which only made the whole experience better. A strange sort of squeak left Cyrus' lips, and for a moment all of his worries disappeared, leaving the panting charmander to enjoy the sensations to their fullest. The bulbasaur huffed around Cyrus' cock, warming it even further and coaxing some pre from the pulsating thing. "H-how. . . so good. . . Ooh. . . !" The fire type attempted to ask, his question rendered incomprehensible by his lustful haze. The bulbasaur gave him a mildly concerned look, most likely expecting a quick orgasm from the loud charmander.

It wouldn't be a stretch to say his expectations were met. Thirty more seconds and Cyrus was overcome with pleasure, pressing his back against the rough bark and painting the inside of the bulbasaur's maw white. He was even louder during his climax than he was before, his moans having increased in both length and volume while the grass type gulped down the rather large load. "Guess you weren't as hesitant as I thought," The bulbasaur teased, licking his lips after swallowing the last glob of seed. "I. . . don't know why it. . . happened so soon," Cyrus huffed, attempting to catch his breath. He never had a problem with finishing so early before. "This yer first blowjob?" The bulbasaur asked, looking at the breathless charmander with a mixture of amusement and curiosity.

"Y-yes," Cyrus admitted, his cheeks lighting up like a dying star. Before yesterday, Cyrus had only dreamed of erotic experiences, and even those never contained many blowjobs. A real one had

been completely out of the question, and even in his most optimistic moods, he expected sex to be another year or two away. "That might explain it, then," The bulbasaur told him, shrugging the issue off rather quickly. He stood on his hind legs and leaned against the tree for support, cornering Cyrus once again. "Now then, why don't you slide on down underneath me," He whispered seductively, his smelly breath blowing directly into the charmander's nostrils.

"B-but I thought we were done" Cyrus stuttered, trying not to look down at the bulbasaur's pounding personal business. "I gotta finish too, hot stuff. That's just how sex etiquette goes." The bulbasaur looked at him expectantly, and before Cyrus knew it, he was lying on his back with the grass type's heavy rear just an inch above his softened tip. "Now, all you gotta do is lie there while I do all the hard work," He told the still-panting charmander, lowering himself onto the semi-hard pole. It took a few attempts to get aligned properly, and by the time Cyrus slipped inside the bulbasaur's loose opening, he was already fully erect again.

The bulbasaur bit his lip as he slid down the wet shaft, taking it nice and slow. At first, it felt heavenly to be slipping inside such a humid, constricting, and experienced hole, but as the grass type increased the pace of his riding, hypersensitivity began tingling throughout Cyrus' overstimulated member. "Ooh. . ." The charmander groaned, his legs shifting across the dirt in the abundance of pleasure. "I-I don't suppose you could find another way to. . . f-finish," Cyrus muttered, his words interrupted by another squeak. It was such a strange sensation: Pleasurable, but at the same time, almost painful.

"Sorry," The bulbasaur panted through parted lips, his large rump bouncing up and down on the comparatively tiny rod beneath him. "But I don't want my tush going out of practice." The relentless assault continued without argument after that. Cyrus could only squirm helplessly on the ground while the bulbasaur used him for his own purposes, pre-cum beginning to leak from both of their hardened cocks. The heated pre from Cyrus helped relax the grass type's hole even more, soothing whatever tense muscles were sliding along the pounding shaft. "Heh. . . That's pretty amazing," The bulbasaur praised, pausing for a brief moment to admire the effects of Cyrus' arousal.

"Feels like I've been on your dick for hours," He remarked with a grin, sweat dripping down his cheek. "No wonder Abel could take us so easily yesterday." Cyrus shuddered after the bulbasaur resumed riding him, the overstimulation making his crotch ache. He just wanted this all to be over so he could get to know the bulbasaur better. He'd always wanted to know what it was like to have a boyfriend, to have someone to cuddle with or talk to about personal things. For the longest time he'd hoped Abel would be the one to fit that role, but now. . . Could this bulbasaur be his long awaited soul mate?

*Maybe.* . . Cyrus thought, hoping against hope that he wouldn't always be this focused on sex. Before yesterday, Cyrus had never even known anybody who was interested in him, either romantically or sexually. The most erotic moments of his life, aside from self-servicing, was when he'd 'accidentally' drop something so Abel could look at what he had to offer. But now that he'd slaked the sexual half of his desires, he was left craving romance and a deeper relationship. If he could push himself to move on from Abel's disappearance, and if this bulbasaur turned out to be somebody amazing, Cyrus doubted he could ever be happier.

"Ow!" The charmander shouted, a vine having suddenly pushed past his rear entrance. The grass type grinned at his reaction and wiggled it in deeper, the bulb stretching his mostly dry passage. "Don't worry, I wouldn't screw ya without some kinda lube. This is just to make sure ya don't tighten up

on me,” He informed the squirming pokémon, still bouncing atop his twitching member. Each time he took all four inches, the bulbasaur's big rump would slap against Cyrus' crotch, splattering it with tiny, glistening flecks of sweat. It didn't seem like the bulbasaur was anywhere close to finishing, but then again, Cyrus had never been good at picking up on subtleties.

The charmander's yellow eyes took to following the bulbasaur's motions after a while. Up and down, up and down, up and down. . . He moved so fast and powerfully even his stiffened cock jiggled from the force, albeit much less than his skin did. Just as Cyrus felt he couldn't take anymore, the bulbasaur slid to a merciful halt. “Ya look so miserable,” He noted through labored breath, his sweaty rump resting between the charmander's fidgeting legs. His musk smelled almost like blueberries.

“I-it just doesn't. . . feel good?” Cyrus responded meekly, as if doubting his own nerves. The bulbasaur smiled and carefully withdrew the vine so recently put into Cyrus, coaxing a few grunts from him in the process. “I got a way to fix that.” Opting not to explain further, the grass type raised himself from the charmander's lap and beckoned him to stand. The only resistance Cyrus offered was a confused expression before deciding to comply, getting back on his shaky legs and watching the bulbasaur lie down in front of him. “First, we gotta do some prep work,” He told Cyrus, licking his already wet lips. “Take a seat, hot stuff.” The bulbasaur gestured to his own face, letting the fire type know exactly what he meant.

His calmed libido ramped up immensely after hearing those words, and the idea alone inflamed the fire on his tail. This had always been one of his favorite things to fantasize about, but he never thought it'd actually happen. “I. . . I-I, uhm. . . I, though. . . I-is it safe? I mean. . .” He stuttered, a fierce blush fading onto his cheeks. He may have been on the receiving end of three consecutive bouts of anal yesterday, but those had been penises inside him. To have a tongue lashing about in there. . . It was so excitingly *naughty*. The only thing stopping him was consideration for the bulbasaur. “If either of us really cared about hygiene, we woulda rinsed our mouths out after the first kiss,” He reasoned, looking just as eager as Cyrus to start the so-called 'prep work'.

Having no counterargument, the charmander stepped forward and positioned himself above the grass type, his tail swaying in excitement. Cyrus didn't need any encouragement to lower himself onto the waiting pokémon, whose claws raised up to support the orange rump now resting just an inch or two above his face. “Nice ta see that pesky hesitance gone,” The bulbasaur remarked, giving the modestly sized area a few experimental squeezes. It felt strange to have someone touch him in such a private area. He was accustomed to taps on his shoulder or pats on the back, but nobody had ever squeezed and grasped his rear. Cyrus could tell he hadn't expected it to be so firm; he just hoped he didn't mind. *Abel's was a lot softer.* . . The charmander recalled, feeling a little self-conscious.

That feeling was immediately forgotten, however, after the bulbasaur's tongue met Cyrus' somewhat relaxed opening, the drool-coated thing rubbing itself against its pink target. The warm wetness of it made Cyrus shudder, which only encouraged the bulbasaur to delve his tongue deep into the humid hole. It felt just as good as Cyrus expected -- maybe even better -- and he couldn't stop the dirty thoughts from pouring into his mind. The bulbasaur's tongue began thoroughly exploring him, making his hypersensitive tip gleam with pre. He didn't know why this was fueling his formerly minimal lust so effectively; all he knew was he enjoyed it.

For the longest time, Cyrus simply let his weight rest on the bulbasaur's surprisingly strong claws, wiggling his butt in bliss every so often. The ache in his crotch had disappeared completely, leaving him with a healthy, pounding erection that only made him hornier and hornier the longer it

went neglected. He struggled to recall a time his mind had been so filthy and packed to the brim with sexual urges, but he distracted himself from that struggle by locking his eyes onto the bulbasaur's cock. It looked so nice and thick, so in need of being sucked on. . . He had to have it. It was irresistible.

Despite that, it took ten long seconds for him gather the willpower to leave his seat and wrap his lips around the tasty pole in front of him. He knew he wanted it before, but actually having it in his mouth was indescribable. He had to lick anything and everything his tongue could reach. Every inch of that tasty cock, and everything near it. The bulbasaur didn't make a peep, but Cyrus could almost sense his surprise at the sudden turn of events.

After giving the bulbasaur's shaft a once-over, he popped the tip from his panting mouth and pressed his over-eager tongue against the grass type's sweaty groin, lapping up dozens of those tiny, salty flecks. Somewhere in the back of mind, Cyrus knew what he was doing might be considered gross, but that only turned him on more. His claw even traveled down to cup the bulbasaur's balls; this massive spike in lust almost transforming Cyrus into a completely different pokémon.

“Jeez,” The bulbasaur gasped, his rod rewarding the fire type with a dab of pre. “If I'd have known rimmin' ya would've gotten you *this* hot 'n bothered, I woulda done it sooner.” Cyrus barely registered what the owner of this lovely cock had said, but even the vague realization it might've been something dirty made drool spill from his open mouth and pool around the base of the bulbasaur's shaft. *Better clean that up*, the charmander thought to himself lustfully, his erection begging for attention. His tongue lapped at his own spilled saliva, knowing it wouldn't do any good. Instead, it was simply spread upward, some of it even reaching the grass type's pulsating crown.

Before Cyrus knew it, he was sucking on that shaft with incredible amounts of vigor, while the bulbasaur happily lied back and enjoyed the experience. He was very good at keeping quiet, Cyrus noticed. No matter how enthusiastically or tenderly he was pleased, the charmander never heard a single moan from him. He almost wondered if he was doing something wrong, but he wasn't hearing any complaints, either. It didn't really matter to him, though. All he wanted was a face full of seed for his efforts, and judging by the twitching of the bulbasaur's cock, he wouldn't have to wait long to get it.

His claws idly bounced those hefty turquoise balls as he serviced the grass type, almost obsessed with their smoothness. He had always loved fantasizing about balls, and it was hard not to be jealous of Abel and his other male friends for having them. He honestly didn't like having a slit at all, and knowing he wouldn't ever be able to change his endowments only increased his envy. Still, Cyrus was happy enough getting to touch and tease the bulbasaur's pair, even if it was only for the moment. The charmander's tongue slid down the left side of the bulbasaur's thick rod, forcing out his first moan. It was weak and half-suppressed, but it still made Cyrus feel rather accomplished.

Wanting to top himself, the charmander pulled out all the stops. His tongue went into overdrive, his lips tightened considerably, and he lowered his head until the back of his throat met the drooling cocktip. He could feel the bulbasaur's shaft beat inside his toasty mouth, and he didn't waste a second licking it up and down. His free claw took to masturbating what little of the sensitive cock his mouth couldn't reach, but Cyrus noticed his carnal desire was fading little by little. He doubted staying hard would be a problem, but he needed more of that anal stimulation if he wanted to stay a mindless sex addict.

“Alright,” The bulbasaur muttered, clearly trying to keep his voice from wavering. “Whew. . . Time ta proceed as planned.” His vines wrapped around the charmander's belly and slowly lifted him

into the air. Once he realized what was happening, it didn't take long for Cyrus to let the pounding dick slip from his maw. He was turned around and forced into a seated position, his butt poking the bulbasaur's wet tip. Cyrus didn't have the presence of mind to ask what this 'plan' entailed, so he simply stared at the grass type in breathless anticipation. He noticed the bulbasaur was positively shimmering with sweat, somehow making him look even smoother. His powerful scent had no problem wafting directly into Cyrus' brain and adding to his already monumental desire.

With what appeared to be very little effort, the bulbasaur lowered the fire type onto his leaking equipment. Despite the spit-lube and rather extreme care, sliding down his pink tool still managed to send a twinge of pain through Cyrus' rear. The bulbasaur must have noticed his wince, because the descent slowed even more after that. It must have been half a minute before he finally reached the base, and he felt so stretched it was bordering uncomfortable. At the same time, though, he felt satisfied beyond belief. Perhaps his dirty mindset was to thank, but he almost wanted to stay like this for hours. *So good. . .* The charmander praised silently, tilting his butt from side to side experimentally. Cyrus had a powerful urge to see just how wide he'd been stretched, but maybe it was better not knowing.

“Hah. . .” The bulbasaur panted, his vines slinking back underneath the somewhat squashed bulb. “Yer still pretty tight, but a nice long ride aught'a fix that.” Those words were music to Cyrus' ears. His usual, bashful self was long gone. Instead, he felt like a sex-starved maniac whose only desire was to be fucked for hours on end. *Fucked. . .* Cyrus repeated, letting the naughty word sit in his mind for a while. He usually avoided such language, but right now, he didn't care. The naughtiness of it was making him hornier, and the more he repeated it, the closer he got to saying it aloud.

“Fuck,” He muttered, the word forced from his lips after clenching around the bulbasaur's shaft. He liked how it sounded. How it felt. Cyrus slid himself up an inch or two and said it again, this time a bit louder. It was liberating. He wasn't sure if he'd be able to stop himself, or if he even wanted to. He said it a third time, his rump moving up the bulbasaur's cock all on its own. The grass type seemed both vexed and amused by Cyrus' sudden potty-mouth, and after the fourth 'fuck', a vine entered his maw to keep him from uttering another. The charmander could tell this had been the vine up his butt before; it tasted nothing like plant-life.

It didn't matter to him, though. He gladly suckled on the bulbous vinehead, taking in its flavor while simultaneously increasing the pace of his riding. The uncomfortable 'stretched-too-far' sensation was no longer present, and Cyrus took full advantage of that. As soon as he was accustomed enough to the bulbasaur's girth, he doubled his speed and did his best to maintain it. It was difficult attempting to reach the base every time, so he settled for taking a little more than half the pulsating rod each bounce. Even when muffled by the vine, Cyrus continued moaning vulgarities. It actually worked out better that way, since the bulbasaur didn't know what he was saying.

*He looks so sexy,* The charmander thought wistfully, wanting to lap up every drop of sweat on his chubby body. His tongue swirled around the green shaft in anticipation, ready to start cleaning the grass type the moment this was over. Cyrus' half-closed eyes were glazed over with pure lust, and he doubted he could stop his ass from moving even if he tried. His tail swayed back and forth in ecstasy, its large fire swooshing along with it and drowning out Cyrus' elongated moans. The vine delved deeper into the fire type's maw, spreading his mouth even wider and poking the back of his throat. He might have gagged, had it not been for the distracting, overwhelming sensations in his spread passage.

The vine slowly rotated in his mouth, his drool coating it from every angle. Swallowing wasn't the easiest task anymore, which meant more and more saliva was left to soak the wriggling intruder.

Not that Cyrus cared; he was beginning to crave a mess. "Heh, look at you. Just ten minutes ago you didn't want me touchin ya, and now you can't get enough of me. Funny what happens when you think with yer dick, ain't it?" Cyrus wasn't in a position to reply, so he simply continued sucking on the green, slobber-coated thing. The bulbasaur began pumping his hips in tandem with Cyrus' bouncing, or rather, he pumped them as best he could. It didn't make a noticeable difference, but Cyrus was sure he'd appreciate the effort once he had the capacity to do so.

Or not. After a few meager thrusts, the bulbasaur's vines wrapped around Cyrus again and lifted him off his throbbing meat. There wasn't much time to react to anything. The next thing Cyrus knew, he was on his belly and underneath the grass type, his lifted rump taking the bulbasaur's cock all over again. It slipped inside rather easily, but the initial penetration made him gasp around the tendril still in his mouth.

Since the bulbasaur was standing on his hind legs, he wrapped his front legs around the fire type for support and leaned most of his weight against Cyrus' rear. The weight was pretty incredible, but so was the added power of his thrusts. Nearly each stab into the charmander's depths made him moan, and the position was so perfect for going deep that the grass type's base had no problem slipping into Cyrus every time. It must have felt great for both of them, otherwise the back of Cyrus' head most likely wouldn't have been drooled on by the bulbasaur's lolling tongue.

The rapid pounding caused all sorts of lewd sounds from behind, though their combined panting drowned most of it out. Cyrus dragged his claws on the dirt beneath him, too overcome by desire and pleasure to do anything but squeak and gasp. At this rate, he'd have his second orgasm before the bulbasaur had his first. He was beginning to wonder just how much longer the grass type could hold out. He was sweating so much, and his breathing was nearly out of control. Cyrus was almost worried for him, but at the same time, he didn't want this to end. He wanted to be pounded raw and then some, and maybe a lot more after that. Just thinking of how long this could last made his cock twitch, but annoyingly, he felt that familiar sensation. He was past the point of no return, and now he only had a few more seconds to try and make it count.

Cyrus' butt pushed itself out automatically, and he let the bulbasaur plow into it so hard his legs threatened to give out. His mouth readied a yowl of ecstasy, but before his second climax fully approached, the grass type's seed spilled into his stretched ass. The sensation of being so stuffed pushed Cyrus over the edge, and he joined the bulbasaur in blissful release. The charmander barely noticed a second rope of thick drool falling onto his head as they both came, Cyrus' abused hole clamping down on the bulbasaur's convulsing dick and locking it in place, as if he'd pull out anytime soon. Cyrus loosed that yowl which had been caught in his throat, while his neglected member spewed hot cum onto the ground again and again.

The bulbasaur's climax lasted several seconds longer, and by the time he had finished, Cyrus felt ready to burst. The mini-pool of seed stayed plugged inside his rump while the bulbasaur caught his breath over Cyrus, both of them looking completely exhausted. "Dang," The quadruped muttered shakily, swallowing what little saliva he had left. "And here I thought I had ya figured. Turns out you're an even bigger deviant than I thought."

The blush on Cyrus' cheeks told him he regained the ability to be embarrassed by the bulbasaur's comments. Before he could work out a reply, the grass type dragged his half-hard tool from its flooded home, causing the fresh cum to spill out and run down the charmander's used butt. Cyrus doubted he'd ever get used to the feeling of a cock sliding in or pulling out of him, but that was the very

reason he liked it so much.

Cyrus flipped over on his back and sighed happily, trying not to pay much attention to the dirt on his chest as he enjoyed the afterglow. The bulbasaur looked to be the more exhausted of the two, but for some reason he seemed content with standing. "Do you. . . I mean, if you want. . . C-could we maybe. . . cuddle?" He had always wanted someone to snuggle with, but he also wanted to get the bulbasaur off his feet.

Other than panting and slanting his lips a little, the bulbasaur didn't really react in any way. Cyrus might have considered that a 'no', but he had the slight impression the bulbasaur was mulling it over. A few awkward seconds passed before the grass type muttered his consent. Cyrus eagerly flipped onto his right side and waited for his boyfriend to get into position. He seemed a little uncomfortable with the idea, but Cyrus was sure he'd warm up to it. *Maybe this reminds him too much of Abel*, the charmander thought, hoping against hope that wasn't the reason.

The bulbasaur lied down beside Cyrus, his body still shimmering. It didn't look like he'd make the first move, so Cyrus scooted closer and wrapped his arm around the bulbasaur. . . Or, rather, he tried to. After it became clear he couldn't, he simply settled for placing his arm on his glistening belly. There wasn't any resistance, so the charmander took it a step further and placed his head on the bulbasaur's chest. He tensed and inhaled sharply through his nostrils, causing Cyrus to look up in concern. "Is everything okay?"

The only response he got was a stiff nod, but the bulbasaur's heartbeat told another story. Perhaps it was from the overexertion, but something told Cyrus that wasn't the only thing making his heart pound. In an attempt to sooth him, the charmander began rubbing the tense pokémon's belly. He didn't mind the sweat sticking to his claw. . . In fact, it was starting to stir up his libido again. *No, this is a romantic moment*, Cyrus told himself, closing his eyes. He tried focusing less on the texture of the grass type's tummy and instead on his rapid heartbeat. Despite its speed, it was quite relaxing to listen to.

"I can't do this." The grass type suddenly pulled away and stood up, leaving Cyrus lying on the ground by himself. "W-why not?" He asked, trying to keep the desperation out of his voice. The bulbasaur didn't respond, and instead turned to walk away. "I'm sorry if. . . if it reminded you too much of Abel," Cyrus said quietly, sitting up. *I shouldn't have asked in the first place*, he told himself, more than a little ashamed. "It's not Abel, it's my m. . ."

The bulbasaur quickly stopped himself, as if he had said too much. Cyrus cocked his head, waiting for an explanation. When the bulbasaur began walking, he realized there wouldn't be any. *His what?* Cyrus wondered, standing up. "S-sorry!" He blurted out, trailing behind his boyfriend. "I didn't mean to make you upset. B-but see? This is why it's important we get to know each other. I-it's no good if we don't understand what makes the other ups--"

"We're not gonna get to know each other," The bulbasaur said emptily. He was walking very slowly, Cyrus noticed. "W-why not?" He asked, trying to sound positive for the bulbasaur's sake. "You're a good guy, I woul--"

"Go home, Cyrus. Yer not gonna see me again."

Devastation wouldn't have been a strong enough word to describe how Cyrus felt. "But. . . You

said you'd tell me things about you. . .”

“I didn't make any promises. Go home.”

He could feel the anger bubbling beneath his chest. Why was he getting so angry? Why did he feel betrayed? “You. . . you might as well have! I was so looking forward to knowing you better. . . How can you not. . . How can you just walk away?” He knew he shouldn't have been reacting so strongly, but even if the bulbasaur was just speaking out of sadness, it didn't excuse the horribleness of what he had said. “We're boyfriends, you can't jus--”

“Cyrus.” The bulbasaur's tone was enough to silence him and stop him in his tracks. It was so empty, but somehow still threatening and exasperated all at once. It was all he needed to say to continue walking without being followed.

“Well, f-fine!” He shouted, watching the grass type slink away. “See if I care. . .” Cyrus muttered to himself, tears welling in his eyes. He had put so much hope into that bulbasaur being somebody worthwhile, somebody he could talk to and share secrets with. Not only did he feel crushed, he also felt used. To have this happen just after being seduced. . . Was leaving after sex the bulbasaur's intention all along? Was there ever any hope of actually getting to know him?

Cyrus slowly let himself curl into a ball, his “boyfriend” completely out of sight. He stayed there for countless moments, crying into the space between his legs. Sometimes he forgot why he was even crying, but opening his eyes would always remind him.

When he finally cried himself out, 'My m. . .' was the only thing left on his mind. What did the bulbasaur mean to say before cutting himself off? *My. . . My manners? My. . .* Cyrus' eyes widened. The realization only made him regret asking to snuggle even more, and for a moment he thought he'd start sobbing again. *His mother. . .*

Cyrus remembered hearing the bulbasaur mention something about 'her garden' yesterday, but he had been so exhausted he shrugged it off as a dream after waking up. *He doesn't like cuddling because it reminds him too much of his mom. . .* Cyrus clutched his chest, wondering what it must feel like to lose a mother. He had slowly lost contact with his own mom over the years, but at least he knew she was still alive.

Just as Cyrus felt he was about to cry again, a bright light enveloped his entire body. He could see his line of vision get higher, and he could feel himself growing incredibly fast. His tail extended by several inches, its flame growing a bit stronger. When the white light faded, the first thing he noticed was his red arms and legs. *I changed color?* He asked himself, standing up to better inspect himself. He quickly noticed he was disoriented from the sudden growth spurt, and he couldn't help but fall back on his butt. *Well. . . I'm definitely taller,* Cyrus told himself. There were claws at the end of his arms now, rather than tiny digits. He brought them up to feel his face, poking the foreign flesh. *I'm so different. . .* Cyrus observed silently, his whole head having changed shape. His jaw was more angular, and some kind of blunt horn protruded from the back of his head.

After spending four or five minutes marveling over his newly changed body, he remembered everything that had happened. His good mood disappeared quite suddenly after that, and he quietly walked back home.

Cyrus hoped he'd be able to apologize to the bulbasaur one day, but unfortunately, he was right about not seeing him again. Several days passed, and the charmeleon eventually stopped expecting him altogether. *It's probably for the best.* . . Cyrus told himself, leaving his cave for the last time. He had already said goodbye to all his friends, but Fisiron was there to see him off. "You're up early," Cyrus said, surprised to see the farfetch'd outside his cave. "Yeah, yeah," She muttered, tilting her leek against her shoulder. "If you ever happen to run into Abel, make sure to give him a smack for me."

The charmeleon couldn't help but smile, endeared by her strange way of showing she cared. He wasn't leaving to find Abel, but he certainly wouldn't be above smacking him for not saying goodbye. "I will," He assured her, taking his beginning steps away from home. "I'll see you and everyone else later, okay?"

Fisiron nodded, waving her wing unenthusiastically. As strange as it might've sounded, Abel inspired him to break away from Grigon and start living his life. The world was big, so why not go out and see it all? Running into Abel during his journey would simply be an added bonus. *I hope I see him,* Cyrus thought, his whole body trembling with excitement at the prospect of exploring the world. He couldn't stop himself from wondering who he was going to meet and what sort of events lied before him.

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"Are you sure you want to leave?" The glaceon asked, her green eyes peering into Abel's. He had taken a few days to recover from his. . . rather startling mental issues, but he knew he couldn't live off the meager food supply in the cabin forever. Maybe he wouldn't return to Grigon, but he definitely needed to get back to Evermore if he wanted fresh berries and fruit. "I'm sure," Abel said, keeping the ship in his sights. "Are you sure you wanna stay?" He questioned, resting both his hands on his bone. The sun had melted most of the snow, so it was easy not to make it look as though he were constantly freezing.

"I can't go back. You know that," She said solemnly, lowering her head ever so slightly. He did know that. Gahra had some major family issues, and returning to Evermore would reopen a whole slew of mental scars. Still, as selfish as it might sound, he didn't want to go on that thirty-two hour trip alone. The only thing that would keep him sane inside the hold would be the thought of returning to Cyrus and his other friends.

"Well then," Abel sighed, lifting an arm. "I guess this is goodbye." The glaceon smiled and shook the cubone's extended hand with her paw, her grip surprisingly strong. "Thanks for, uh. . . looking after a crazy guy. Not many pokémon would do that," He said quietly, both ashamed and thankful for his breakdown. Tryggvi hadn't returned since the incident a few nights ago, and Abel could only hope he wouldn't return while he was alone on the ship.

"Not a problem," She replied, dropping her paw. "I'm probably more loony than you on the inside." Abel didn't know why he chuckled, but he did. He was just glad Gahra responded with a chuckle of her own.

Thanks to her, Abel had at least realized the reason for Tryggvi's 'existence', and that reason wasn't complicated at all: Tryggvi was his brain's way of distracting him. Whenever a rape had finished, Tryggvi appeared. Whenever Abel began dwelling on the rapes, Tryggvi appeared. Whenever he needed someone to talk to, Tryggvi appeared.

No wonder Tryggvi had been so bouncy and cheerful: Abel needed the optimism.