

“So how long do you plan on sleeping?” asked a familiar, thunderous, powerful voice.

The tiny Minccino-morph’s eyes suddenly shot upon once that voice rang in his chinchilla-esque ears. The normal-type glanced about frantically as he took in his surroundings, attempting to take stock of the current situation. He found himself in the center of a soft, cozy bed that seemingly stretched out for numerous feet on all sides of him. The sheets were comfortably warm; silky smooth with a moody, lavender color; certainly the kind one wouldn’t want to wake up from. A strong scent permeated about the bed, no, not just the bed, but the whole room even. It wasn’t unpleasant, but the complete opposite; it was in fact quite alluring, but fairly potent. In fact, he smelled a lot like...

“Hey,” That same voice boomed overhead.

The Minccino’s ears bounced lightly as he directed his eyes upward, tilting his neck back, back, and further back still; his eyes widening as he took in the view of the giant, naked Umbreon over him. This was the very Umbreon that shrank him, this was the Umbreon he smelled, this was the Umbreon that was planning on having his way with him. He could only stare up in awe as this dark creature loomed over him; those crimson eyes staring down as a devious grin appeared on his face. The -eon licked at his lips, lazily stroking at his already engorged member as he stared down at his new, tiny plaything.

“Oh don’t look at me like that. I promise you we’re gonna have lotsa fun,” spoke the relatively larger than life Umbreon as he turned around and exposed his firm, handsome rear to the poor Minccino; lazily wiggling it over him while swishing his tail. The tiny male stared up in sheer awe of the giant creature; watching that shapely, eye-catching rear dance and swing over him, while the bree’s massive, fuzzy, heavy cum-filled balls dangled between his legs. He tried to urge his own tiny form to move, to try to flee and escape, but he felt helplessly frozen in place, forced to simply bear witness to his giant captor’s teasing.

“Got an extra special place for you, my little friend,” purred the dominating dark-type while lowering himself onto the bed; consuming the Minccino’s entire view with his adorable rump, “It’ll be a little dark, a little tight and a bit strong on the senses, but it’ll be fun. At least it will be for me,” the Umbreon teased further, settling down comfortably onto his knees while folding his legs behind him; consciously but indirectly trapping the poor Minccino right where he wanted him.

Without much further warning, the Minccino felt the Umbreon’s giant, fuzzy digits suddenly take a hold of him. The dark type’s index finger rested squarely against his back while his thumb and middle finger pinched at his waist; maintaining a firm,

inescapable grip (no matter how much he squirmed and struggled) as the giant pushed against his poor, tiny toy; shoving him in between the cheeks of that taut, yet soft, handsome rear.

The Minccino's squeaks were instantly muffled the moment he was wedged in between those two, rounded, overbearing mounds; the bree's massive cheeks pressing in against him, squeezing at him tightly with subtle vibrations of the giant's pleasure-laden rumbling. That finger pressed him in even deeper, the poor, struggling tiny normal-type being used for the larger creature's pleasure as he was teasingly massaged back and forth across the taint.

His vision was next to none; having been stuffed into a dark place of a dark creature. He could feel the surrounding surfaces dampen with perspiration from the increasing lust and heat of the giant, causing the smaller pokemorph's gray fur to become matted down with his captor's sweat. Every gasping breath was filled with the potent, overwhelming scent of the Umbreon's heavy musk; a scent made stronger still by the larger pokemorph's increasing arousal. That massive digit then slipped him upward; a quick rush of wind blowing downward as the giant's bushy tail swept about before hiking upwards. The Minccino quickly realized what was coming next, as that puckered ring of muscle that was the Umbreon's tail hole came into view.

The tiny normal-type stared at it in awe; watching that rear door tighten and then relax, as if to tease and taunt him. No matter how much he squirmed or struggled, there was no escaping such a fate. He was raised slightly higher; his face mere millimeters away from that tight bree-hole.

The Umbreon's musk was at its strongest here, an already overbearing scent greatly intensified to the point where the Minccino was practically intoxicated; his brain practically turning to mush as he was hypnotized into a horny mess. All his resistances melted away, all his struggling ceased. His member stiffened tightly, fully engorged from the unfathomable influences that took hold of him. He brought his face closer, rolling out his tongue and slurping hungrily at the tail hole wherever he could manage.

That tiny tongue gliding over that muscled ring served to elicit further pleasure from the giant -eonmorph; the Umbreon's body rumbling and quaking once more around the nigh-possessed puny pokemorph. That massive finger shifted again, sliding the Minccino slightly higher, only to press his face right into the entrance of that musk tunnel; forcing him to take in even more of that almighty scent, soaking into the poor creature's fur.

That giant digit pushed him in further still, shoving the poor normal-type's head all the way in before pushing at his feet, nudging the entirety of his tiny form into that hot,

dark, tight, heavily scented tunnel until he was fully inserted; trapped within the Umbreon's unforgiving rear passageway.

There was no possible way for him to escape on his own will; for even if he wasn't absolutely intoxicated from the Umbreon's scent, the giant's rear tunnel allowed him no room to wiggle free. Of course, given his current state of mind, he had no plans of escaping. The Minccino was more than content with licking and kissing where he could while swallowed up within the dark creature's behind, completely trapped until he was set free via his captive's whims.

As for the Umbreon; he was thoroughly pleased by having a new enthralled victim to toy with while he pleased himself, even if he'd eventually forget about them; leaving them to a fate to be devoured by the depths from where the sun doesn't shine.