

## ***Young Romance***

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Karen knocked lightly on Anthony's front door, her light, skinny frame making delicate impacts on the expensive wooden gateway. Anthony's parents were loaded, and the obscene amount of wealth that went into their house sometimes made Karen feel awkward. She was not exactly the most well-off Medicham in this town, and were it not for Anthony's social ineptitude and general cluelessness around other Pokémon, she'd be downright afraid to come visit. But Anthony never really behaved like he had any wealth or breeding (even though he most certainly did) and for an immortal Ghost Pokémon, he acted like a surprisingly normal teenaged doof. But a loveable doof, at least.

Anthony opened the door, the short, potbellied young Gengar smiling at Karen with all his teeth. If he tried, he might be pretty scary, but as it was he just looked goofy and awkward, which made him look much like Karen was feeling these days. School was almost done with, and the normal teenaged changes of her body seemed, for the time being, to be completed. All that was left was those raging, burning hormones, but that was why she had Anthony, after all.

"Hey Karen. Thanks for coming over," said Anthony. He was a little nervous right now, and Karen knew why. Neither of them were virgins, and this wouldn't even be their first time, but they were both young and things tended to be awkward, if only because of their lack of experience. The fact that they were completely different species didn't help either, except in that there was a less pressing need for birth control.

"Yeah, I came over as soon as I heard. Are your parents really out of town for the entire weekend?" asked Karen. She took Anthony's hand in hers and bent down to give the big furry Gengar a kiss. His palms were sweating.

"Probably longer than that. You know how they are. They're always running from some stupid party or meeting to another one. To be honest, if it weren't for the photos in Mom's purse, I bet they'd forget what I look like." Anthony resented that his parents were away so often, and tragic as that was, it meant he had few qualms about defying them. As long as Karen's father didn't know and Anthony's family were too busy to care, they had a rather wide degree of freedom.

"Well my Dad thinks I'm sleeping over at Rene's house, so I guess that means we have the whole night together." Anthony's palm started to sweat even more, and he began to pant. Karen tried not to notice, but his pants were beginning to bulge visibly. It made her blush. Before Anthony started lusting over her, she had no idea that any boy could find her attractive.

"So...Wanna go use the sofa down in the basement?"

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Karen moaned and panted as she felt Anthony enter her, his fat, potbellied body spilling and piling over her light, thin frame as he got over her. They kissed awkwardly, Anthony's big tongue slipping and sliding and licking her all over. Despite his small stature, Anthony had a surprisingly large piece of equipment, and as awkward as it was for Karen to take it, Anthony always felt so good inside her. She felt safe when she was under him, as if he was protecting her as well as loving her. Even though he tended to hump and push with ungainly enthusiasm, he always took the time to make sure she was well cared after, and he certainly didn't waste any chances he might have to give her tits a good groping.

"Oooh Anthony...Mnfff..." Karen began to sweat as her body got hotter and hotter. Anthony was deep inside her now, filling her, his thick, canine-like shaft stuffing her small sex to capacity. He was panting now, leaning back and grabbing her legs, trying to put his full weight into each thrust. Karen bounced around from this, moaning and trying to keep her head from hitting the end of the sofa. Anthony had definitely been without her for too long, and he was mumbling incoherently to Karen. She knew he meant well though, meant to let her know that he was in complete ecstasy, and the feeling was mutual. His thick, hard shaft worked her clit just so, and as she felt his knot begin to swell and push against her, she let out a sharp moan, her sex exploding with juices, slicking and sopping and coating him to his balls.

Without warning his shaft popped into her, stretching and stuffing Karen almost beyond capacity. It had been downright painful the first few times, but ever since Karen had managed to slowly, surely get used to it. It was still a little awkward, but the mandatory cuddle-time afterwards was more than worth it.

Anthony grunted, his eyes closing tight as he finished deep inside her, his shaft blasting his seed over and over and over again.

"Boy, you sure were backed up," said Karen. "I thought all teenaged boys masturbate like ten times a day." Anthony stuck out his tongue at Karen, rolling with the joke.

"YOU try and get a rise out of ANYBODY at my Aunt's house." Anthony bent forward a bit, kissing Karen and nuzzling her gently.

"Oh yeah, I forgot, you've been with that old crone all week, cus your Dad doesn't trust you to be alone in the house. I guess it's a good thing she got called away on business too. I don't think we could get our freak on at that doily-infested mansion she calls home." Anthony chuckled, and tugged a bit. He was in there real good, there was no doubt about that.

"So I guess we're stuck like this for awhile." Anthony blushed, more than a little embarrassed to stick his girlfriend in such a position. "Sorry, just after you went I...I couldn't help it."

Karen smiled. "It's all right, I like being like this. It feels good to be close to you." They kissed a little, Karen wrapping her

arms around Anthony while he strained to keep his fat little body from collapsing on top of her.

"I guess it is better than a lot of things, but you know me. I'm always worried my folks will walk in on us like this. I mean, it's not like you can even run away when we're like this." Anthony might have said more, but Karen shut him up with a kiss. Boys were so predictable, especially Anthony. All it ever took to snap them back in line was a little love and attention, and all it took to get them to shut up was to give them a big wet kiss.

After what seemed like hours, Karen finally broke the kiss, smiling up at Anthony and tugging back a bit. "Well, we're almost free. So what's this big secret you wanted to show me up under your bed?"

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Karen hadn't gotten dressed, and she'd convinced Anthony to likewise avoid re-clothing himself, and she sat down on Anthony's surprisingly large four-poster bed while he rummaged around under it. She had to admit, he had a really cute butt, and it really showed when he was digging around on all fours, his now limp dick wagging back and forth as he shifted his weight from one knee to the other, his big balls bouncing this way and that. She smiled a little, and thought about spanking it. Would he mind? He'd always been the dominant and she the submissive, but a little playfulness was always good.

Before she could actually get up and do so, however, Anthony had found what he was looking for and extracted himself from under the bed. In his hands was a rather beat-up old shoebox which had evidently seen better days. Anthony opened it and shook the contents out onto the bed.

"A collar and wrist and ankle cuffs, along with some rope?" said Karen. She was a little surprised. She'd always fantasized about such things, but she'd never brought it up with Anthony. He was just so shy. He didn't seem the type. "Where did you get this?"

"On the internet. Where do you think?" replied Anthony. He picked up the collar and held it to Karen's neck, hesitating a bit to see if she'd try to stop him. She didn't.

"I didn't know, really. I just uhm..." Karen blushed a bit. "Well, I always have wanted to try this sort of thing." She reached back and fastened the collar tight around her neck. The leather felt surprisingly soft and comfortable, but it still resisted her, still gave off a strong feeling of comforting command. It also felt surprisingly sexy. She picked up one of the wrist cuffs and started to attach it, pleased at how it felt. The whole thing was really turning her on. And from the way that Anthony was shyly adjusting himself, he was pretty keen on them too.

"You look really sexy with those on," said Anthony. He was already getting stiff again, and his hands started rubbing and

groping Karen's lithe body. "I FEEL sexy." She kissed Anthony on the cheek. "So...How about the rope, then?"

"Well uh, I wasn't quite sure, but I uhm...I saw this porno once, and since I've got a four-post bed, I figured we could try...I'm not very good with knots, though."

"Oh, I think you're very good with one particular knot." Karen reached down and gave his shaft a firm grope, squeezing some of his pre into her palm. He seemed to melt on the spot. "But I guess that won't help me get tied up. Just take your time and to it right."

"Uhh...OK, well, lay down on the bed, on your stomach, I'll see what I can do..." Karen did so, and idly watched Anthony struggle with the rope and the knots and her cuffs. He tugged a little hard, he fumbled with his fingers, but over time he seemed to eventually figure it out, and Karen pulled with her arms and legs. There was a noticeable amount of give, most likely due to the fact that Anthony had no idea how to tie her up, but Karen was still mostly restrained. And something about that really got her juices flowing. It was downright intoxicating, being tied up like this.

Soon she felt Anthony's warm breath on the back of her neck, and felt his chubby body pressing up against her. He was warm and reassuring. In charge, but comforting. Clumsy, but very eager. She moaned as she felt him press against her eager sex, made wet by the leather and rope that was holding her in place.

"I love you Karen." He pressed gently but insistently, his massive shaft slowly sliding into her, slowly spreading and filling her deeply.

"I love you too, Anthony." She moaned loudly as he filled her. Her bonds just barely pushed back, but push she did as he moved over her, jamming it in and starting to thrust furiously. She'd always known Anthony to be very eager when they had any reasonable degree of privacy, but he'd never seemed so eager, so turned on. They'd have to do this again soon, after Anthony spent some time practicing his rope handling.

She felt his knot begin to inflate and then press against her, and something told her she really wanted it this time. She pushed back as best she could, and it popped into her with sudden force, filling her and stretching her painfully wide. She groaned, tears coming to her eyes as Anthony shoved and pulled on her, jamming himself into her with powerful eagerness. Her body shuddered reflexively and she felt waves of pleasure racing up and down her entire body. It was like she was being tickled everywhere at once, as if every part of her body was also having an orgasm. She didn't know it could possibly feel this good, and had she not already been lying down, she would have collapsed.

When she finally snapped out of it, she realized that Anthony was still locked to her, his smooth, warm fur enveloping her as he struggled for breath, his big body laying flat on top of her. Her sex felt stuffed, even stretched, and she could feel that Anthony's load

had, somehow, even been bigger than the one from before. "Holy...Fuck..." he gasped.

"Well I don't think it was very holy, but it was really, REALLY good...I almost don't wanna take these things off. Jeez, I thought they were only turning me on."

Anthony's hands gently caressed her back and sides, his claws gently scratching at her shoulders as he petted her. He didn't seem too eager to get free. "So what do you wanna do next?"

"I don't know, but I know I want it to be with you..."

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The weekend was apparently much longer than they had realized, and after a full weekend of play, Karen had very much gotten into playing the role of Anthony's pet. She had to admit that she looked very cute crawling around on all fours, the leash jangling against the d-right of her collar as Anthony led her from one room to another. He never forced her to do anything, in fact pretty much everything they did was her idea, but she liked the illusion of him being in charge. Even if it was her idea to see how many pieces of furniture they could desecrate with their lovemaking.

"So, where HAVEN'T we had sex, other than your parent's bedroom?"

"Well, I dunno. I mean, I haven't been able to keep myself out of you since you put that collar on." Karen blushed and Anthony bent down to kiss her on the forehead.

"I guess we haven't used the kitchen table yet...Just the kitchen counter." Karen giggled and started walking towards the kitchen, Anthony following, leash in hand. When they got there he hopped up on the table, spreading his legs a little and tugging on Karen.

"We've been very busy lately; I could stand a little warm-up before we continued..." Karen grinned and bent forward, gently taking his shaft into her mouth, licking and sucking, getting in lots of lip and tongue action. She had never been too sure exactly how to give good head, but from the sounds Anthony was making, she was certainly close enough to the mark for it to count.

"Oh shit..." Anthony pulled hard on the leash, trying to encourage Karen and get her to dig deeper. She didn't need a lot of encouragement, but she didn't stop him when he put his hand on the back of her head, encouraging and pushing her down onto his shaft. She continued to work him with her tongue, licking and slurping hard at the pre as it came.

Karen was pretty sure she could keep going until he blew his load, but Anthony was clearly too eager for another chance to pound her to let that happen. After sliding her off his shaft he coaxed her up onto the table, putting her on all fours as he rubbed his shaft between her thighs. "Mnfff...So good..." By now Karen was pretty stretched, wet and accepting, since she'd had more sex in the past day and a half than she'd had in her entire life up to Friday. She

moaned as he bent over her, his massive shaft pushing and working around inside her. It was rough, dirty sex, and Anthony was getting pretty good at it now.

The knot went in without strain now, even though Karen still felt almost painfully full as it stuffed her insides. Despite how tired he was, Anthony still kept moving, pushing and shoving hard as he could, groaning and straining as he pushed her hard, fucking and fucking and fucking until they both exploded over one another, their bodies collapsing together in a panting heap.

"Mnfff...If you weren't so hot, this would get boring." Said Anthony, his lips gently pressing against Karen's shoulder as he tugged sharp at his knot, testing and teasing her stretched sex.

"If you weren't so good, this would get boring." Karen cooed and reached back a bit, gently stroking his hands. "I guess we should call this the last one though, I've been gone for almost forty-eight hours, I should check to make sure that my dad hasn't sold off all my stuff and rented out my room. We need to do this again sometime..."

"Mmm, we do. Keep that collar and those cuffs, my Dad is checking under the bed to see if I'm on drugs when I'm not home. But I think they have another stupid meeting to go to at the end of the month. I'll let you know as soon as I know."

"I'll be looking forward to it. And I'll make use of that digital camera I got for my birthday as soon as I get home. Just don't do something stupid and use a pic of me as your desktop or something."

"I already do."

"You know what I mean. If your parents see me showing off my tits on your screen, I'll never hear the end of it."

"I love you, Karen."

"I love you too, Anthony."