

Heracross suppressed a giggle as he read his most recent client's punchcard. He'd seen a lot of ambitious newcomers, but this one almost took the cake. Almost. Making an administrative decision, he toned down the card scanner's specificity, in hopes of avoiding a match that favored "heavy bondage", or "age play", or "dendrophilia". The machine whirred a few times, then produced a key with the attached number, which Heracross took in hand.

"Room 17", he stated as he passed the key to a wide-eyed buizel. "Enjoy your stay." The buizel scampered off quick as he could and almost made it around the corner before Heracross exclaimed "Hey!" and caused him to stop and turn. "Room 17 is down the other hallway," Heracross informed him. The buizel made to move again, but was impeded by a door opening in front of him. A scolipede stepped forth from the room, closing the door behind her with a soft *click*. As buizel darted past her, she gracefully sauntered to the counter, dropping her key on the faux marble.

"My, what a curious crowd you attract, Heracross." She gave a corner-of-the-mouth smirk, the true vixen's calling card. "Once again, your enterprise has proved *entirely* accommodating of my needs." She threw a casual glance toward her room.

"We aim to please, my dear."

"And please you do." She gave him a wink. "Do let me know if you're ever feeling a...change of heart, swelling up."

Heracross blushed. "Ah, w-well of course, I...Of course I will, Annalise. Ehheh." He adjusted his recently-acquired bow tie.

"And dear..." She leaned in close. "I am told I'm marvelous fun with a strap-on." She let her face hang beside his for a moment before withdrawing to her usual height, then turned to leave. "Toodles."

Heracross tried to find words, but he struggled, and by then she was gone. He thought, perhaps, he even missed her legs, in all of their curvy-

"Hey. Pal." Another customer said. Heracross blinked and looked down, shooting a reflexive 'What-can-I-do-for-you' to his patron. Warturtle cocked an eyebrow at the bug type, reading his expression word-for-word. "Yeah, get me some potting soil and some marigold seeds. I'm at a sex spa, what do you think I want? Get me a room." He demanded. Warturtle slid a punchcard across the counter and added "I took the liberty of filling it out."

Once again in control of himself, Heracross was all business. "Yes. One moment please, sir." He quickly popped the card into the scanner and gave his customer a big smile and a sincere apology

"So, what's up with tall, dark, and bugly?" Warturtle asked, referring to the Scolipede that had just departed. "You two an item or somethin?"

"Sir, the business of each patron is their own."

"Oh, well at least I don't have to worry about you spillin the beans on me now, huh. Sorry if you don't want to talk about it, I know how important discretion can be. Just thought you two make a nice couple is all."

"...I'm not really into girls." Heracross said with a rather serious look on his face.

Wartortle chuckled. "Yeah, me neither. Not that I'm asking you out or anything, you're not really my type. Kinda...buggy, for me. You know how some guys are though, they think that just because you're both gay means you're both interested."

Heracross drummed his nails on the counter. The machine gave a beep, and Heracross reached over without looking to grab the key deposited. "Here you are, sir. Please, enjoy your stay."

"Uh...yeah. Thanks." Wartortle replied before heading down the hall, averting his gaze. He checked the number on the key - thirteen. *'How appropriate.'* He looked back at the front desk. He knew he'd ticked off Heracross, he could hear it in the bug's tone, but it wasn't a situation worth trying to salvage, he knew that well enough by now. *'You can't undo every word you say.'* He was sorry...sorry that ticking people off seemed to be a common recurrence in his life...but he didn't even realize he was doing it most of the time. *'Well, look on the bright side: you get to have sex now. Sex is always good, right?'*

He stopped in front of the door with a golden placard reading "13" in simple black font. He paused for a moment, shaking his head clear, then reached for the knob.

"Finally", a voice greeted him as he entered the room. "I was starting to wonder if they forgot about me. Had to keep myself warmed up. Now why don't you come over here and..."

Wartortle turned to face the source of the voice, swinging the door shut behind him. He found an infernape seated on the wrap-around wooden bench. The fire type was splayed back, lazily stroking a sizeable erection. Upon seeing Wartortle, however, he seemed to lose his relaxed demeanor, straightening his posture and examining the water type closely. Wartortle, taking that as a sign of interest, decided to try his hand with some smooth talk. "Well hey there, hothead. Gonna be honest, you're lookin pretty sexy there, I-...what? Why're you leering at me?"

Infernape's hands clenched around his kneecaps. "I specifically requested, "no Wartortles", on the sheet," Infernape mumbled.

"Oh, not a fan of the shell or something? That's cool. But, I mean, since I'm here, and you're so clearly raring to go, why not just let me-"

"No." Infernape beared a grim expression, one that said that he was seriously against considering Wartortle. Infernape stared daggers at the water type; specifically, his wristband. Wartortle rubbed the back of his neck.

“And here I was, expecting some no-strings-attached sex at a sex spa.” Wartortle complained. “Glad this is working out so well. Alright, I'll just go find someone else, if you're gonna be a pain about it.” He turned toward the door again, reaching up and twisting the knob.

“You don't even recognize me. How very fucking typical of you.”

That stopped Wartortle in his tracks. He glanced over at the fire type again. “What, are you some kind of closeted speciesist politician? You probably don't want me knowing that anyway if that's the...um...” Something dangling from Infernape's neck caught his eye. *‘That necklace...with the little black pendant-OH WOW.’* Wartortle couldn't believe his eyes. Could it be him? The very same Pokemon? “Chimchar? The chimchar from-...holy shit.” Wartortle turned to face Infernape fully. “Holy shit! It is you! Wow, you look great!”

Highly displeased, Infernape stood up and took a few steps toward the door. Wartortle got in his way, however.

“Whoa wait, you're just going to leave?” Wartortle asked, surprised that an acquaintance would be so quick to leave. “I haven't seen you in like, years! How've you been?”

“Just fine without you.” Infernape scoffed.

Wartortle grimaced. “Hey, ouch. I don't feel like I deserve that. I mean, I thought we had some pretty good times together, didn't we?” He smiled knowingly. “Come on, you liked it a lot.”

Ignoring his every word, Infernape firmly pushed Wartortle out of the way and opened the door.

“Wait!” Wartortle grabbed Infernape's tail before he could leave. “Wait, just wait okay look! Look. I know I'm bossy, I know I try to get my way all the time, and I'm sorry. Okay? I'm sorry. I was only that way with you because I thought you liked it. I know I fuck up sometimes, but I'm trying to do better.” Infernape hesitated for a few moments before he let go of the door handle, after which Wartortle dropped his tail. “Let me make it up to you. Okay?”

Infernape gave him a long, hard look. “And how are you going to do that?” He said with a harsh tone.

“Uh. Well, uh. Why don't you boss me around instead? You know. Tell me what to do for a change.”

For a few moments, Infernape did nothing, his expression never faltering from its unhappy stare. He reached for the door and pushed it shut again. “That's your offer?” Infernape asked, a bit surprised for a change.

“Well, ya. Why the hell not?”

Infernape had to pause to consider Wartortle's proposition. He had a deep rooted hatred for him, and anybody who listened to his story might feel he was justified. For that very reason, he wanted nothing to do with Wartortle. But... the thought of revenge passed through his head

- here was the chance to get back at Wartortle or, even better, to show him the error of his ways. He couldn't pass up an opportunity like that! "Very well then. I accept." Infernape said as he sat back down, resuming his casual position from before.

"You accept? Alright!" Wartortle exclaimed, though his exclamation was more with relief than excitement.

"First let me ask you something." Infernape said. "Do you really want to make it up to me, or are you just desperate for sex?" He crossed his arms and glared at Wartortle, who couldn't quite meet his gaze. To say that Wartortle was a bit desperate for sex was rather on the ball - None of his partners had stuck around for more than one day. Infernape shook his head and said "Forget it. Just... why don't you start by giving my balls a good polish?"

"Your balls? As in, give them a good licking? Of course I can do that." Wartortle came forward and got on his knees to get level with Infernape's length. He grasped his throbbing cock to move it out of the way whilst licking his balls, but Infernape immediately grabbed Wartortle's arm and pulled it away. "No touching the cock. You'll get to touch it when I say." Infernape said to him in a commanding tone.

"What am I supposed to do, push it out of the way with my face?" Wartortle demanded. He immediately regretted asking as the look on Infernape's face indicated that this was exactly what he wanted to have happen. Wartortle started licking Infernape, moistening his balls with saliva to clean them off. All the while, Infernape's cock slipped across Wartortle's forehead in a rather bothersome manner. Once or twice he reached up to push it away only to have Infernape slap his hand away. The third time he tried, Wartortle backed off and exclaimed "Do you want me to clean off your balls or not?!"

"I want you to clean off my balls and do as I say!" Infernape yelled right back.

Wartortle groaned. He couldn't believe Infernape was just beating him up, not unlike a useless toy. This wasn't what he was here for - Wartortle stood up and huffed loudly. "This is shitty. I don't want to do this if you're going to boss me around like this."

Infernape shook his head in disappointment. "First of all, how do you think I felt?" He asked. Before Wartortle could respond, he added "Secondly, you came here and you said you wanted me. I don't give a damn if you think I'm pushing you around. If you really hate sucking my balls off so much, then go get me a beer or something." He crossed his legs, denying Wartortle the sight of his throbbing, needy erection. "And while you're at it, give Heracross my keys back. I don't need 'em." Infernape tossed his room key to Wartortle and gestured towards the door.

Once again, Infernape was right - if Wartortle wanted somebody to be sexual with, he really had no choice but to do what Infernape said. With a low grumble, he turned to the door and left for the lobby. Heracross, the observant bug that he was, noticed Wartortle's pouting as he passed through the lobby, slamming Infernape's and his own keys on the counter, but he decided not to persist whatever issue he had - it probably wasn't worth an argument. Two more customers came in, a Typhlosion and a Charizard. They both said they needed some

sex and asked to be given a good room, to which Heracross simply gave them the recently returned keys and sent them on their way.

Minutes later, Wartortle finally managed to get a beer from the vending machine. *"Damn these things and their stupid number pads."* He thought to himself, infuriated over how unintuitive the choice system for the damn machine was. He went back to the hall to find Infernape, seeing he was nowhere in sight. Curious, he checked the room they were previously in. The door was ajar, thankfully. Peeking inside, Wartortle noticed the familiar Infernape tailflame and opened the door fully.

Bad decision. A Charizard and Typhlosion grabbed Wartortle and slammed the door, tossing Wartortle onto the bench. "Nice job on the beer, but hell if you didn't take forever." Infernape scolded.

"Who are these creeps?" Wartortle asked with a mix of surprise and worry.

"Oh, just two 'friends' of mine who I want to see you play with." Infernape explained. "They wanted the room, but I thought they could help us develop a nice and healthy relationship."

With a nod from Infernape, they approached Wartortle and slammed him down on the bench. Charizard shoved his huge dick in Wartortle's face, demanding that Wartortle suck him off. Wartortle was hesitant but he was forced to obey in the end. The dick was shoved unceremoniously into his mouth and Charizard proceeded to thrust. Wartortle gagged a bit, the sheer size of the length almost too much to handle. Typhlosion was meanwhile fingering Wartortle's ass with a wet finger, giving him the mercy of lubing him up for when he was penetrated.

Infernape meanwhile just stayed back, watching the show whilst drinking the beer he'd been given. He wasn't actually much of a drinker - he preferred mountain dew, in all honesty - but this time he'd make an exception. He casually stroked himself, amused by the torment of somebody he hated so much.

Typhlosion grew impatient and rammed his length into Wartortle's ass. Typhlosion turned out to be very, very thick! Wartortle winced as Typhlosion forced himself as deep as possible, nearly harming Wartortle with the sheer width that his asshole had to stretch to accommodate. The two fire types thrust hard, and Wartortle was hardly able to keep up with them. Charizard became angry when Wartortle stopped sucking him off and pulled out of him, holding his cock up to him for a moment.

"Yo, I'm sorry OK?" Wartortle exclaimed. "It's just hard sucking a dick when I'm getting such big meat from behind." Charizard had paid no attention, as he was focusing on something else. Wartortle realized what it was a second later - a stream of yellow liquid started flowing out of Charizard's length and poured onto Wartortle. Wartortle writhed in disgust as he was bathed with urine, but it only got worse when Charizard forced his still-peeing length into his mouth and jammed it down his throat, forcing him to drink up all the urine he had to offer. Charizard had been holding it in for a long time, clearly.

Charizard emptied a very full bladder into Wartortle's stomach and sighed happily. "There we go - needed that pee break." He said. "Yo, Typh. You got a full bladder too right? Come let it go." He motioned Typhlosion over and, before Wartortle could crawl away, Charizard pinned him down and held his jaw open. To Wartortle's great displeasure, Typhlosion started to urinate right into his mouth. He did so for a few moments before shoving his cock right into Wartortle's mouth and, like Charizard had done, peed right down his throat. Wartortle whimpered, feeling a full stomach come along and knowing that it was all urine from these two horny beasts.

The two laughed at Wartortle's disgust. They both went behind him and, to his even greater displeasure, shoved their lengths into his ass at the same time. Wartortle screamed in pain and begged them to stop, his body unable to take that much at once. Typhlosion simply smacked him in the back and continued thrusting. Charizard, however, went ahead and pulled out and went in front of Wartortle. He started jerking his length off again. Having been close before, Charizard quickly reached his climax and fired off what must have been a gallon of semen onto Wartortle, aiming for his face especially. Typhlosion followed close behind, shoving his cock in to the hilt as he came, releasing nearly a gallon of semen into the small Wartortle.

Infernape gave a slow clap to the two for their performance. He gave them his thanks and asked them to leave him and Wartortle alone. The two gave their nods and told Infernape to 'hook up with them some time' before leaving.

Thus Wartortle was left alone with Infernape. Grunting in exhaustion, Wartortle slowly tried to pick himself up. He could hardly move his legs, what with how abused his asshole was right now. His efforts were rendered fruitless though when Infernape shoved Wartortle back onto his front. Wartortle could hardly crane his head around to see the big monkey shove his length into his sore tailhole. At this point, Wartortle was almost too loses for Infernape to get any euphoria out of it but unfortunately it seemed that he was insistent on cumming before pulling out. Wartortle was forced to endure ten whole minutes of constant thrusting before Infernape came, but thankfully about halfway through the ordeal his asshole finally went numb and he could feel a slight amount of relief.

Infernape seemed a bit pleased at Wartortle's pain, not that Wartortle could actually tell at this point. When Infernape finally was finished with Wartortle, he pulled out and left his asshole gaping. It was almost a sad sight, though not so much for Infernape. All Wartortle could do was try to sit up. His ass hurt so much, he couldn't even sit right. "Alright, I get it..." He muttered, his words barely coherent. "I was an ass to you back then, now you got back at me... I'm sorry, alright?"

Infernape scoffed at him. "You think that's what this is about, isn't it? That day in the bathroom when you 'broke me in'." He paused, waiting for a response. When he had none forthcoming, he scowled and said "Call me a dick if you want, but I learned from the best." He said, turning to leave the room.

"What the hell do you even mean?!" Wartortle exclaimed, jumping onto his feet and starting to race after Infernape before his sore ass made him collapse.

The fire monkey paused for only a moment. "All those times in the street, you glancing at me. Never even noticing me. Never remembering me. I was just a slut to you. I still am, aren't I?" Infernape looked at the turtle with a glare of intense hatred. Wartortle could see in his eyes how much he hated him. Had he really passed him by so many times without even noticing him? "You're pathetic." Infernape scoffed before going out the door, leaving Wartortle alone.

Several hours passed with Wartortle alone in the room, contemplating what had happened. Heracross didn't even bother coming to get him for that whole time, having seen the whole thing and figuring the Wartortle had to be alone. Eventually, Wartortle's friend Blastoise came to pick him up, wondering where his drinking buddy was. Wartortle had to be carried all the way to the bar by his friend, and along the way he explained the whole scenario with Infernape. "Sounds like he really hit the nail on the head." Blastoise admitted. "Did you really say you were sorry?"

Wartortle hated to admit it, but he folded his arms and said "Ya."

With a smile, Blastoise said "There may be hope for you yet."