

Cinder and Bone, Chapter 3: Inclement Weather
or
The Double Sequel?

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Chespin curled his finger behind his thumb and flicked the metal clasp. The little hook popped from its loop and fell, wobbling under its own weight. Chespin pried the mirror from the metal box behind it; it swung outward, revealing its contents: a well-stocked medicine cabinet. He sniffled. His glazed eyes scanned the shelves. He reached for one of the fat, round bottles and held it up to his face.

Marowak cleared his throat from the doorway. "How are you holding up?"

Chespin sniffled again. "Guh." He tried to pull the lid off the bottle, but it held fast. Annoyed, he set it against his front teeth and bit hard. A few crackles of splintering plastic later, Chespin reached in and pulled out a small white oval with an indent across the middle.

"...You're not doing something I should worry about, are you?" Marowak resisted the urge to put a hand on the door frame, instead maintaining his impeccable posture.

"No, I-h....hhh...hhahh...haaCHHHTK!" He wiped the spray of mucus covering his lower face on his forearm. "Humans take these things called pills when they're sick." Chespin turned around, careful not to lose his footing on the porcelain surface of the sink. He held up the white capsule for Marowak to see. "I'm looking for one called 'Aspiring', or 'Ivy-profane'." He held out the bottle.

Marowak emoted disapproval, though his skull obscured his furrowed brow. "Chespin, you can't read."

"I mean. I can read a little, maybe." Chespin sniffled again. Marowak blinked. "You're not asking Master for help because you don't believe he'll help you take human medicine, yes?"

"He has a name, you know. And have you heard the way he talks about humans who take pills? He calls them 'junkies'. No matter what Hunter says, I don't think taking medicine when you're sick is a 'junky' thing to do. I already feel like junk!" He didn't realize he was stamping his foot until his foot missed the edge of the sink. He felt the world flip as he careened over the side, flailing his arms. He instinctively tucked his head.

When his brief fall ended, however, it was not the tiles of the floor but Marowak's arms that he found himself resting against. He opened his eyes, looking around. The bottle he had been holding rolled across the room, spilling its contents as it went.

"Psh. Couldn't even save the pills. Don't tell me you're getting old."

"I was only prioritizing."

Marowak gave Chespin a kiss. Chespin smiled.

"Glad I'm more important than a bit of plastic."

"Considerably more so."

There was a clatter of sound in the hallway. Marowak spun to face the door, twirling Chespin with him. The sound grew louder, like a stampede rumbling closer, until, when it seemed it was almost upon them, it switched to the scuffing on the hardwood. A blur of black and white skidded into the doorway as Stripes, the team's blitzle, came to a halt. He peered in at them excitedly.

"Hey!"

Chespin and Marowak blinked. The grassier of the two waved. Stripes's melted into disappointment.

"Oh. I get it. You guys were doing...stuff." He clunked a hoof against the floor.

Chespin and Marowak exchanged a look. "Ah. No," Chespin responded. "I was just getting some medicine. I slipped." Marowak helped Chespin back to his feet. "Sorry to disappoint."

Stripes nickered. "Nah, it's fine. It's just that with..."

He trailed off as more hurried footfalls approached. He looked on as their owners came down the hall. Just as he was about to look away, he did a double take. His eyes flew wide, and he just barely managed to wince before a tan-and-cyan pokémon barreled into him and past the door. An empoleon followed shortly after; noticing the figures in the bathroom as he passed, the large bird halted and poked his head in. A pair of paws leapt to the top of his head as a furret peered in over him, careful of his head-prongs. The pair exchanged looks with Chespin and Marowak.

"Hello Marowak," the empoleon offered. He gave a curt nod. "Chespin."

"Octavius," replied Marowak. "Birdbrain," noted Chespin. He sniffled.

"Hmph." Octavius crossed his wings, sharing a mutually cool glare with the grass type.

Marowak's eyes lidded slightly in annoyance. "...Is there a reason the entire party has decided to join us upstairs, Octavius?"

"Indeed," he replied, reluctantly taking his eyes off of Chespin. "While the heavy rain has a soothing effect as it sounds against the rooftop, it's rather dampened our fun. Well, not my fun, obviously, I'm a penguin. But, Typhlosion complains, Furret has no spine to do anything outside of our hotheaded friend's wishes, and Stripes prefers to maintain a proper sheen to his coat. And Master, along with Floatzel, is at a meeting regarding regional trainer qualification standards. Seeing as Chespin is sick and you are attending him from a practiced distance, I am left without company with whom to enjoy this bountiful amount of water. As such, even I have begun to go a bit stir crazy." Furret nodded accordingly.

Marowak placed his hands on Chespin's shoulders. "Hm. We could organize an activity."

As Octavius pondered, he was rudely shoved aside by a typhlosion, who grinned at the bathroom's occupants. "Activity, huh? What activity?" He ignored the penguin's mumbled cursing.

Chespin smiled. "Hey Typh."

It was Marowak's turn to frown. "We hadn't decided, as you obviously overheard."

Typhlosion put a finger to his chin. "How about...Twister?"

The corner of Marowak's mouth creased. "Twister?"

"Yeah. Everyone just stretching out, having a good time, rubbing up against each other...finding your face buried in someone's-"

"-Yes, I'm sure that would be just a blast, but Chespin is ill. I don't want him exerting himself too much."

"How about you let your boyfriend speak for himself, Bonebrow?" Typh raised an eyebrow, then looked at Chespin with a hint of a smile. "Cmon Robin Hood, wanna brush up on your swordsmanship with the merry men?"

Chespin giggled at the nickname from his days of thieving before joining the team, though stopped abruptly when his coughed-out lungs started to hurt. "Well...it might be fun...but to be honest, I'm not exactly starved for physical contact." He leaned over and nuzzled Marowak's cheek, resting his head on the ground type's shoulder. Marowak went a little red under the skull; he wrapped his arm around Chespin's waist and curled his tail around his own leg.

Typh rolled his eyes. "Fine. Whatever."

Stripes paused as he walked by, stretching his neck. "Oh no, you're letting Typh decide what we're doing? He's an idiot. And you're idiots by association." He attempted to blow his bolt-shaped hair tuft back into shape.

"Shut up Horseface," spat Typh.

"Real original there."

"How about spin the bottle?"

Everyone looked up at Octavius's shoulder. Furret shrunk back behind its feathery curve a little.

Stripes pondered. "I'd be okay with that."

Typh's eye glinted. "Sure, could be fun."

"Good idea, Furret!" Chespin winked at the shy 'mon. Furret smiled bashfully.

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The party settled in around a rectangular waist-height table in the living room. Marowak sat on one of the long ends, sharing a chaise with Chespin, who was swaddled in a blanket. To the grass type's left, at one of the table's heads, sat Stripes on his haunches. Next to him was Typhlosion and then Furret, each in a decorative leather chair, and finally Octavius, in a wide-backed mahogany affair at the opposite head.

Chespin placed a pill bottle on the table. "Okay. Who wants to go first?"

"Wait." Marowak fidgeted. "I haven't played this game before."

Typh burst out laughing, then abruptly stopped. "No surprises there."

Octavius rubbed his shoulder. "Nor I."

Chespin reached from under his blanket to put a hand on Maro's thigh. "You poor stifled 'mons." He sniffled. "Well uh. The rules are simple. One of us spins the bottle. When the bottle stops, whoever the cap points to is on the spot. The spinner can then either ask them a question, which they have to answer truthfully, or dare them to do something. Then whoever was the recipient takes a turn spinning."

"Does the player being dared have a right to refuse?" inquired Marowak.

"No," answered Typh.

"Within reason," said Stripes. Chespin and Furret both nodded in agreement.

"Oh, WHAT!" Typh spat. "Bullshit, no way are we playing with that wussy rule."

Octavius rolled his eyes. "Do get over yourself."

"Just keep it reasonable, Typh," suggested Stripes.

"You guys are a bunch of Togepis."

"Dude, relax." Stripes indicated the bottle with a hoof. "Why don't you spin first?"

Typh grunted. He reached to the center of the table and gave the plastic container a twirl. Everyone watched attentively from their respective sixth of the table. It rattled for a few rotations before coming to a stop, cap aimed at Octavius. Typh put a finger to his lip.

"Octavius." He pointed at the penguin with the same finger. "Who was your first fuck?"

Octavius pushed away from the table and stood up. "Well, it's been a pleasure, I'm glad to have participated in such drivel, but I really must be going." He turned to leave.

"Psh. Typical." Typh kicked his legs up on the table.

Octavius stopped and faced Typh again. "The only thing typical here is your lack of subtlety."

Chespin wiped his nose with his forearm. "Aw, cmon Octavius. We won't judge. It's just part of the game, don't be shy."

Octavius raised an eyebrow at the grass type. "I'm *sure* you won't, Chespin."

Stripes sighed. "Maro?"

"Hm? Well, I'm sure this is a game inherently riddled with intrusive questions. I can't make you stay, Octavius, but I find that the more you hide from others, the more others find cause to--"

"All right all right, do shut up," Octavius snapped. "No need of your, *profound* wisdom for this children's game." Marowak hunched his head to hide his smile. Octavius sat back down, staring directly at Typhlosion. "You want to know who my first fuck was?" Typhlosion smiled innocently. Octavius paused. "It was...hff. Oh the hell with it. It was my first trainer. Becky."

A quiet fell over the room. Octavius felt all eyes upon him.

"I was a prinplup at the time, and she...she wanted to make sure she could 'accommodate' her boyfriend." He sighed, ignoring Stripes's giggling. "There was a bit more to it, but...well, that's the...the gist."

Typh offered him a palm. "Hot. High five dude."

Octavius looked at Typh's hand, then his face. "Of course, that's how I came to be here. With you all. After a time, she found she couldn't bear to look at me. Looming sense of guilt, or such. She traded me to Hunter." He gazed at the floor, dejected.

Everyone glanced at Marowak, the longest-standing member of the team. He nodded sagely. "You were, and have always been, a welcome improvement to the team."

Octavius looked up and smiled. Noting Typh's still-outstretched hand, he slid his flipper over it. "Ah. My turn to spin, yes?"

He reached for the bottle and flicked his fin. It whirled, whirled, and stopped— on Stripes.

"Stripes...what event in your life caused you the single greatest amount of disappointment?"

Stripes grimaced. "Ooh. Tough one. Ah. I'm gonna have to say it was probably that time at the Nimbasa Pokeshow, when I got my ass kicked by a Gardevoir. I mean I'm not complaining, she was way stronger than me. And I deserved it. I'd been talking smack about her backstage. I think I was honestly just jealous of her natural fluidity and poise, and at some

point, I got it in my head it was a good idea to challenge her to a fight to prove I was better. I was the bad guy, I'd lost, I deserved it, and I knew it." He paused. "The worst part was how professional she was about it, you know? Like she was just dancing through a routine. She handled me like security handles an obsessed fan. But, I learned a lot from it, and it inspired me to be better. Even though my reputation sank amongst the other competitors, I worked hard to earn it back and then some."

"Good for you, Stripes!" Chespin patted him on the back.

"Thanks. Now uh. Can you spin the bottle for me?"

"What? Oh, right. Hooves." Chespin reached over and gave the bottle a quick spin. It stopped on Stripes. "Oh. Um."

"Nah-*sniff*-you just re-spin it," Chespin said, doing so. This time, it ended up pointing at Typh again.

Stripes rested his hooves on the table. "Hm. Typh, you're getting kinda flabby. Do 10 inverted push-ups."

"...My arms barely reach over my head."

"So you can't do it, is what you're saying."

"No, j...FINE, whatever." He jumped up and went over to an open space on the hardwood floor. Putting his hands out in front of him, he leaned forward and picked his legs up. He got up to a handstand for about a second with his face looking strained. As he went to drop his elbows for the first rep, however, his legs quavered, and, with an "Oh SHI-", he fell forward onto his face.

"All right all right FUCK OFF," he yelled over the sniggers and guffaws. He pushed himself back to his knees.

"Just do them against the wall," Stripes said good-naturedly. Typh grumbled, but made his way over to the corner of the room. He kicked his legs above his body again, keeping his back against the wall. On the first rep, however, it was obvious that his arms were too short to bend all the way without the top of his head clunking against the floor, which it did with each consecutive push-up. The rest of the team once again broke into barely subdued laughter.

By the seventh rep, Typh's arms were painfully tired; when did he ever even have to do a motion as stupid as this!? But he hated to lose a challenge, so he pressed on in spite of the

burn.

"Se-vennn," he counted. "rrrrreEEiiiight," he groaned, arms trembling as they extended fully once more. "NnnnUHHh-" he cried, as his arms gave out and he fell on his neck. He ended up bent over his head with his arms flown out to the sides. To the uninitiated observer, he may have been testing his skills of autofellatio.

Stripes and Chespin burst into laughter; Octavius and Marowak followed suit, though they attempted to stifle their laughing with a wing and a hand, respectively.

Furret bounded over to the fire type's side. "Are you all right, sir?"

"GrrrrrrI'mFINEGoddamnit." He awkwardly fell off the wall and onto his side. He stood up, fiery neck spots glowing like hot coals. He kicked Furret in the ribs. "Get back to the table." The smaller 'mon complied, wincing slightly.

"Hey," Stripes interjected. "Don't treat Furret like that." Furret leapt into his chair, head hunched.

Typh slid into his seat again. "Why not? He likes it." Typh reached for the bottle and gave it a spin.

"Yeah, well I don't."

"Well too bad, pony, 'cause it ain't your decision to make." The bottle came to a stop, pointed at Furret.

"Furret, suck my dick."

Furret hesitated for a moment, catching the looks of his teammates. Then he slunk under the table.

Typhlosion leaned back and hooked his arms over the chair's back. "Haaahhhh..." The sound of muffled slurping emanated from beneath the table.

Stripes, seated next to Typh, gave him the most 'What the Fuck' look he could pull off. "Dude. DUDE."

"Shhhh." Typh said, reaching for the blitzle's muzzle.

Stripes recoiled in disgust. "Dude NO. Furret what the FUCK dude!"

If Furret reacted in any way to the accusation, none could tell.

"Well...I believe Furret wins..." noted Marowak.

"No, that is SO not how this game works," spat Stripes. Chespin giggled.

Octavius rose. "I concede regardless. Well played, one and all. Enjoy the victory." He turned and waddled off.

"Mmmm...will do, Prongs!" Typh called after him. He reached a hand under the table and left it there. "Good boy...Let Stripes hear how much you like it..."

A few muffled moans rose from below. Stripes leered at Typh with crackles of electricity at the corner of his eyes.

"Great. Ruined that game, didn't you." Stripes stood up off his haunches and leapt to the floor. He made sure to look Furret in the eye; despite his face being held halfway down Typh's shaft, Furret had the decency to look ashamed.

"Eh. Game was...kind of lame. Oooh..." He peeked under the table. "Nice trick there, Fuzzface." He looked back to Stripes. "I think...mm...I think, maybe we oughta play a new game. It's called "Voyeurism". You-..."

His expression turned to annoyance; he clenched his fingers. "I didn't say stop, Bitch." The slurps redoubled; Typh smiled toothily. "As I was saying, you're all-nfff-welcome to watch~"

Stripes snorted and left the room at a canter. Typh looked between Marowak and Chespin. "And then, there were four."

Marowak and Chespin exchanged a glance, then looked back at Typh. "I think we'll be going," the bony lizard surmised. Typh, however, wasn't looking at him. Maro followed the fire type's gaze to Chespin, who in turn looked at him with a queer smile.

"...I dunno...Maybe we could...stay?" Chespin sniffled, bashfully ducking his head behind his blanket.

Marowak blinked. He looked back at Typh again. The fire type had a wide grin across his face, but otherwise said nothing. "..."

He felt Chespin's blanket descend around his shoulders. Chespin moved in front of him,

looking backward at the freshly-draped lizard. "Well?" He swished his little tail from side-to-side. Marowak's hand shot to the wagging appendage and caught it with a delicate precision. He wrapped it around his finger, gently pulling his boyfriend toward him by the tail. Chespin fell softly into the ground type's lap. Marowak pulled the blanket around and draped his arms over the grass type's shoulders, swathing the pair in the warm embrace of cloth. He rested his chin atop Chespin's leafy hood. He sighed. "The things I let you talk me in to." Chespin sniffled.

"Good choice!" Typh smirked at them with half-lidded eyes. "Here, let's make the view less exclusive." The fire type reached across with his free paw to grab the side of the table, and, with a hard ripping motion, completely overturned the table. It crashed on to what had just moments ago been Octavius's chair, BANGing hard against the old wood, then slid down the seat and backward, into Furret's hind legs. The striped 'mon, clipped from beneath, stumbled and fell, smacking his head and side on the now-upside-down table's underside. He lay with all of his paws curled around his up-tucked tail, wincing.

"Ow!" bellowed Typhlosion. "Watch your teeth, whore! Fuck! Am I bleeding?" Typh bent down, eyeing his shaft. He cradled the sizeable piece of meat, carefully thumbing across the surface for any abrasions. After a few tense moments, he sighed and relaxed again. "Fuck...way to give me a heart attack..." He idly stroked his member, creating a few squishing sounds with the accumulated saliva and pre along its length. "Well, slut? I didn't say stop."

Furret glanced around nervously a couple times, then rolled over gingerly, keeping his tail tucked. He padded over to the imposing fire type.

"Give our guests a show. Let 'em see how good you are at sucking cock." Typh angled his member down toward the subservient 'mon.

Furret brought his face up to the tip. He glanced over at Chespin and Marowak, both of whom returned his look with curiosity. He felt his cheeks burn. A hand settled on his head, however, and pulled him forward. He felt Typh's tip press into his cheek, then slide along the side of his face, smearing pre into his fur.

Typh spread his legs a bit wider, angling slightly to the side to give the observing pair a better view. "Mmm...you just love my scent, don't you? That's a good boy, breathe it in~"

He pressed Furret's brow to the base of his cock and held him there. Furret, after a second, began lapping lightly at the furry orbs hanging beneath. He stifled a few small moans in the thin layers of skin, losing himself to the musk of his master.

Typh smiled. "He just wants a little direction, that's all. See how he's licking my balls right

now? Told him once to do it whenever he was down there. Hasn't missed a cue since." Using his free hand, Typh cupped the base of his shaft and slid upward, giving a breathy sigh as he did so. A large bead of pre formed at his tip, which he collected on two fingers. He lowered them, applying the glob to Furret's tiny button of a nose; the excess he wiped off just below, on his upper lip. Furret gave another quiet half-moan.

Chespin didn't notice himself quietly echo the same sound. Maro did, however. Though the ground type wasn't especially fond of sharing his partner's sexual attention with anyone, he did really like it when Chespin was horny. Careful not to displace the blanket from its position of censorship, he slid his arm down Chespin's waist and to his groin. His movement was greeted with a soft gasp as his digits brushed across the hooded tip of Chespin's hardening member. He delicately curled his fingers around the smaller pokemon's length and gave it a slow stroke. Chespin leaned back into him, closing his eyes. He kept his touch light, almost just tickling his lover's shaft. Marowak arched his head a little and planted a kiss on Chespin's own.

Chespin smooshed the ground type's free hand between both of his, watching the folds of the blanket rise and fall with Maro's fondling. He sniffled.

Typh guided Furret's mouth up the underside of his member until his tip kissed the normal type's nose. Furret gave it a small kiss in return, then set in on it with his tongue, planting sensual licks along the fire type's intimate flesh.

"Hhahh...Shit..."

Typh tensed from the delicately delivered stimulation. Tenderly, Furret began to suckle the first inch or so of the typhlosion's member, drawing more minute vocalizations from the larger 'mon.

Without warning, Typh began to push Furret's head further into his crotch. Inches disappeared between the 'mon's lips in just a couple of seconds. Furret's eyes teared up at the corners as he took the tapered length; he tried not to gag as it reached his throat. He did just a little, despite his efforts. Typhlosion refused to relent, however, and Furret had no choice but to struggle through the spontaneous deepthroating exercise. He pressed his paws into Typh's thighs, but only enough to slow his descent, rather than halt it: his discomfort was minimal compared to his arousal, manifested through his erection rubbing against the floor.

Typh felt Furret's stickied nose bump into the silky fur above his dick; he held the smaller mon there, enjoying the rippling tightness engulfing his member. He scritched Furret's tuft of headfur. "Good boy! You took that all with barely any trouble, didn't you~!"

He looked over at Maro and Chespin. "See, he just likes a little encouragement."

He peeked back down at Furret again. "Mmm, you just having my dick in your throat, don't you, y'little cocksut?"

Furret blushed and very slightly nodded. Typh shot Chespin a wink and a grin.

Maro paused his ministrations to Chespin's member. "I believe we're the intended voyeurs here...so keep your eyes on your business."

Typh scoffed. "Says the prude hiding under a blanket– Ohhh...dothatagain...NFFF! Good boyyy~"

Furret made a another big swallow. Typh relaxed his grip on Furret's head, allowing his pet to slide backward. Furret made it about halfway off the fire type's shaft before he paused to gulp down a few breaths of air. His panting tickled Typh's member, causing it to throb against the roof of Furret's mouth. Typh didn't give him long though before sending his cock down the normal type's throat again. He let off, letting Furret pull back, then thrust forward again, settling balls deep once more. Furret started to get the idea, and began bobbing his head in tandem with Typh's hand. The fire type murred deeply.

"Hff...cmon, buddy...milk me good...gonna...give you a nice, big, treat...nrff..."

Furret gave it his all. He started moving faster than Typh's hand, willingly impaling his face on the thick piece of meat. Typh bucked hard into his muzzle. He tried to slow Furret down a little, to keep himself composed, but the smaller 'mon would not be deterred.

"Hohhh...ohh, shitt...fuccck, fuck!"

Typh grabbed Furret's cheeks with both hands and pulled his face all the way down his length again. The corner's of Furret's mouth lifted as he felt his master's claws dig into his skin, felt the pouch against his lower lip draw up and tighten, felt the cock occupying his gullet throb hard, felt the warm flow of cum inside him.

"God, FUCK! HnnAH, Hhh, Aaahh-HAh, fffuuuck!"

Though surrounded by thick layers of fur, the twitching of Typh's member in Furret's throat was hard to miss. Chespin observed with lusty fascination. Were he pleasuring himself, he may have moved his arm a bit faster; as it was, however, Marowak retained his steady rhythm with the grass type's length.

The ground type had himself acquired his fair share of arousal, the result of which rubbed along the side of Chespin's tail. Chespin, ever the considerate partner, began slowly slinking his green-and-orange appendage around Marowak's lap; his lizardly lover quickly stained it with pre, shuddering at the teasing touch.

Chespin sighed inquisitively as Maro's hand left his member. His implied question was shortly answered, though, as his lover's fingers curled under his legs. He felt the tickle of warm breath at his ear. "Lift your tail. And hold your blanket's corners, if you wish to stay decent." Chespin turned his head enough to catch Marowak's eye. "I don't know about 'decent'." He kissed Marowak on the nose. Marowak smiled, stopped, then pressed forward again, locking lips with the grass type. Chespin returned his affection lazily, sliding his tongue against his mate's, slipping away to nuzzle at his lizard's cheek, finding purchase on Maro's mouth again...

They paused, both panting slightly. They shared a quick nod. Marowak lifted Chespin with little effort, waiting til he felt the grass type's tail against his chest before bringing him back down. Maro poked around with his tip for the grass type's entrance, dabbing his boyfriend's ass with pre. Familiar as he was with Chespin's body, though, it didn't take him many tries before his cock was pressing against the smaller 'mon's ring. Maro let gravity take it from there, barely resisting its pull as Chespin was spread open by his thick head. The rest followed without too much trouble. Chespin's breath caught in this throat, then escaped in a stifled gasp as his butt bounced against Maro's lap. Maro grunted, his body giving a small shudder. Wary of their privacy's fragile nature, Chespin kept their true state of affairs well concealed beneath the blanket's folds. His tail curled to point at Maro's chest; he traced the curves of the ground type's pectoral muscles with the tip. Marowak rested his hands on Chespin's waist, gently kneading the tan-furred skin there.

Meanwhile, Typhlosion had withdrawn from Furret's throat, and was allowing his subby buddy to polish him off. He cast a casual glance over at his observers...to find them not observing him. "...Hey! Show not good enough for you or something?" Chespin and Marowak froze, returning his stare like deerling in the headlights. Typh clenched his jaw. "I'll give you a goddamn show," he said through gritted teeth. He turned to Furret. "On your back. Now."

Furret, being more or less cylindrical, made the transition speedily. He lay supine, observantly watching Typh.

The fire type took a step forward, looming over the normal type's head. He noted Furret's tail curled up over his tummy. "No modesty. Drop your tail." Furret hesitated. He whimpered a little, throwing a pleading expression up at Typh from his feet. Typh stared him down in response. Furret, defeated, turned his head to the side and let his paws hang limp. He slowly

unraveled his tail. Tucked between the lines of fur, his erection jutted pinkly from its brown-furred sheath. Typh straddled furret's head, planting a leg on either side. "He doesn't like to show his penis. I think he likes to pretend he's a girl, but I don't like to treat him like a girl. I like that he whines like a boy. I like watching him cum like a boy when I fuck him."

Typh smirked at Furret's heavy blush. He moved a hand to his sheath, cupping it to straighten out his member. Typh closed his eyes. "Yep. He's just a dirty little whore. And he loves it...when I...do...this..." There was a second or two where nothing happened, where Maro and Chespin felt a tad confused. But then Typh's member pulsed, and a steady stream of urine began pouring from his shaft onto the fuzzy mon below. The fire type opened his eyes again, sighing. "Yyyep. Fuckin, loooves, that."

Marowak grimaced, averting his gaze. "Disgusting." He waited a few moments, expecting a response from Chespin...but received none, save for a sole clench of Chespin's ring around his member. Startled, he looked back at Chespin. "...You...?"

Chespin adjusted himself slightly, grinding his ass against Maro's cock. "Yeah..." he almost whispered under his breath. "I think that's really hot..."

Marowak was at a loss. A multitude of thoughts ran through his head all at once. But they stopped, and he settled on one. He chuckled. Then he hugged Chespin close. "You pervert," he murmured, nibbling at the rodent's neck.

Furret laid very still under the stream of piss covering his body. He hated the way it cooled so quickly as it saturated his fur, he hated how bitter everything about it was...but he loved how dominant Typh was, how little concern the fire type had for an audience...or for staining the floor...he was so beautifully willful and confident and sexy. Furret's erection twitched as the stream reached his groin, claiming even his desire made flesh. He whined, just like his master liked.

Maro decided that, if his boyfriend was going to enjoy the events transpiring, he might as well too. Keeping his hug tight around Chespin's waist, he lifted the grass type out of his lap. Chespin, who had gotten quite comfortable on his favorite seat, wasn't expecting the motion. "Hnhahh..." His subdued moan grew in volume as Maro relaxed his hold, letting the grass type's rear sink down and envelop the entirety of his cock again. Feeling assertive, Maro downgraded his hug to a one-armed grip and fondled Chespin's throbbing member with his free hand. He lifted his lover again, his strong body capable of easily supporting the smaller 'mon with one arm. He started a slow, steady rhythm, trying not to noticeably disturb the cloth around them. He bucked up a little on each descent, grinding his cock back into the warm confines of Chespin's ass.

Typh sighed blissfully, having a perfectly lovely time relieving himself on his bitch. But a thought struck him, one that he very much enjoyed.

Furret felt the flow of urine trace upward from his crotch, until it suddenly tapered off and ended altogether. He remained still, silently pondering if that wasn't a particularly short...

Typh took a step back, de-straddling Furret's head. "On your feet." Just a hint of strain leaked through his commanding tone. Furret did as told, and shortly found his now-right-side-up head once more level with Typh's cock. The fire type reached down and rested his palm on Furret's cheek. Using his thumb, he pulled back Furret's upper lip, revealing a small fang amongst other teeth. He poked his thumb inside the striped pokemon's cheek; although a punishable offense, he didn't protest when Furret pressed his tongue against the digit and began suckling on it. But, he had other plans. "Open up."

Furret obeyed uncertainly. Hadn't Typh already had his fill of his mouth?

...Unless...

Furret gasped a little as Typh pressed the majority of his cock past his lips in one thrust. Furret held fast despite his apprehension of what was to come. And come it did; Typh's face glazed over as he resumed his piss, making good on his intent to fully mark Furret as his.

Furret hadn't prepared at all for the rush of liquid at the back of his throat, nervous as he was; as such, he ended up coughing almost immediately. The bitter brew bit into his throat, burned as it entered his nasal cavity, made his eyes water. He blushed hard, embarrassed, scared, and so painfully aroused. A fair amount of piss had accrued in his mouth; finally gaining control of his gag reflex, he managed to take a gulp. As the sting in his nose suggested, there wasn't any time to be tentative: Typh had a strong bladder. No matter how vile it tasted, he sent it straight down his gullet as fast as he could. Despite his discomfort, the liquid fire disseminating through his body felt so right to his lust-addled mind.

Chespin and Marowak, meanwhile, had unintentionally halted their coital movements, intensely and perversely fascinated with the scene in front of them. Even Marowak's normally composed jaw hung askew. They spent a good 10 seconds completely immobile. Marowak finally gathered his wits enough to break the silence:

"Please. Never ask me to do that to you."

It took a moment for his concentration to break, but Chespin eventually sniffled. He reached forward as he could, impaled as he was on his boyfriend's member, and rubbed the ground type's thighs soothingly. "Maybe probably." Chespin put his hand over Maro's; specifically,

the one around his cock. "Now please keep fucking me, it feels really good."

Maro clenched his teeth. He obliged Chespin, lifting the smaller 'mon again, but he put some force into the descent, driving his lover back onto his rod. Chespin groaned his approval.

"You, are, SUCH, a, little, shit, sometimes!" Marowak chastised, timing his syllables with his thrusts. He squeezed the grass type's member every so often, denying his lover the rapid pumping motion he surely sought. His hand accumulated a considerable coating of pre nonetheless.

"Ohhhh, yes I am! Fuck me daddy!"

Marowak did a double-take at the agéd sobriquet, but quickly overlooked it in favor of how, you know, Chespin was begging to be fucked and all.

Furthermore, he mused to himself, I have no qualms about being Chespin's daddy.

After one more particularly hard thrust, Maro stopped, giving his lifting arm a brief respite. The pair of them panted; a few beads of sweat clung to their bodies. Chespin looked over his shoulder at his skulled companion.

"...You know what else I like, Maro?"

Marowak grazed his clawtips down Chespin's thigh. "What's that, love?"

Chespin leaned forward, letting the blanket's folds slide down his frame until they rested just above his hips. "I like it when they watch."

Maro, well beyond the point of concern, maneuvered the couple to their collective feet without pulling out, a small but impressive feat in its own right. Chespin planted his hands on the floor. Maro casually flicked the blanket back, off of his arms, onto the ground behind. He gripped Chespin's now fully-exposed rear, enjoying the feel of the soft skin beneath his fingers.

"You just have the sexiest ass, you know that?"

Chespin blushed a little, unused to such forward flattery from the ground type, but flexed his glutes proudly. "Don't be too kind to it."

Marowak gave one of the firmed buttocks a hard smack, making Chespin wince and cry out in surprise. The larger lizard gave him no mercy, throwing himself into a hard, fast rutting.

Chespin moaned aloud, then bit his lip to stop himself from being a total queen about it.

Typh and Furret had been a little preoccupied; when Typh had finally run dry, he had grabbed Furret's hind legs and planted his cock right between them, riding the fuzzy 'mon like a much more enjoyable wheelbarrow; but his brain caught the sound of Chespin moaning and honed in. He took his eyes off of the tan-and-cream tube of a pokemon in front of him to cast a glance toward his voyeurs, who...were now stealing the show.

Typh slowed his thrusting to the pace of distraction. "Whoa hey...that looks fun..."

Furret leaned his head back between his shoulderblades, curious. Typh stopped his hips altogether. "Furret. Walk yourself off my cock and go tend to Chespin's."

Furret complied, using his forepaws to move as Typh lowered his hind legs. He whimpered once or twice as the fire type's length finally plopped out of him, but obeyed, slinking over to the chaise upon which the team's official lovebirds were taking flight. He raised up on his hind legs, planting his forepaws on the chair, then bounded up in a graceful leap. He looked over at his master, who was stroking his cock patiently, with a bit of confusion; Typh simply gestured with a head tilt.

Chespin's head hurt enough to make him close his eyes; bending over with a stuffed nose tended to have that effect. To him, however, it was an inconvenience worth enduring; Marowak's thick cock had a way of incentivizing him like that. If he hadn't needed to rest his hands on his knees, he'd be stroking himself off while the larger lizard buried his bone. As it was, he was the victim of his sex-added lover's physical whims, helpless to tend to his own aching need.

It came as quite the surprise, then, when he felt a muzzle worm between his forearms and wrap itself around his cock. He gasped in surprised, moaned in pleasure, then looked down to find Furret buried in his crotch. Overwhelmed as he was, he simply put his hands on Furret's back and humped into the normal type's maw.

Marowak was thrown off by Chespin's sudden thrusts. He bottomed out in his mate, holding for a moment...then noticed Furret's tail over Chespin's shoulder. Feeling possessive, he gave a low growl. He felt Chespin's tail curl around his waist. "Hey...don't stop..."

"Yeah," chimed in Typh, as he lifted Furret's backside by the tail and slid his cock back into the 'mon's ass. "Don't stop." He started hammering at the normal type's rear, though his eyes never left Maro's. Typh's devious grin was clearly, in Marowak's mind, a challenge. And if

there was one thing Marowak didn't do, it was lose.

After dealing with the ever-present threat of suffocation with Typh's cock in his throat, Furret was having a relaxing time with Chespin's less-aggressively-sized member. Despite the own attention his rear was receiving, he paid tender affections to the chipmunk's shaft, licking and suckling the stiff length with practiced delicacy. He was taken off guard, however, when Chespin gave a particularly hard thrust that knocked his head backward, barely leaving him a hooded cocktip to kiss. He might have been annoyed if an equally hard thrust from Typh rocked him forward again, burying his nose back into Chespin's fleecy groin fur. As he murred around the grass type's member, he noticed Typh increase his already rapid pace. Though a difficult burden to bear for his backside, Furret reveled in the overwhelming maleness assaulting his senses. His cock dribbled a string of pre, which, with his body being so roughly handled, swung up and stuck to his balls.

Chespin was in a rough, unyielding bliss. He was also not responsible for the rough muzzle-fucking Furret was receiving; rather, it was Maro dictating the near-frantic bucking of his hips. Each slap of the ground type's crotch against his ass thundered through his body, shaking him to the core; he'd had some heavy-hitting bedroom experiences with Maro, but this was something else entirely. He couldn't keep himself from mewling like a meowth in heat as his boyfriend pounded his prostate, driving any semblance of sense from his mind. If not for Furret's mouth wrapped around his cock, the floor beneath him would have been puddled with pre; as it was, his seminal fluid was left to pool on Furret's tongue before the fuzzy 'mon gulped it down. Chespin expended the last of his rational thought process attempting to sync his thrusting against Furret's face with Maro's member as it drilled him.

It was a hopeless task; Maro had the leverage and the stamina to vastly exceed his pace, and no intent of slowing down. Any trial Typh could endure, Maro could match and beat. His hands squeezed Chespin's hips hard as he pulled himself into each thrust. His cock moved too fast to feel the spasms of Chespin's inner walls, tight a fit as it was. If not for the copious amounts of pre he was depositing in the grass type's ass, the friction would surely have been unbearable. But it wasn't, and that was reassurance enough for him.

Typh was approximately as relentless to Furret, enjoying the unusual test of skill. He reamed the fuzzy ferret, giving him as good as he could. It was almost painful how hard his balls slapped against Furret's with each thrust, but he had no intentions of yielding. Besides, Furret was into that.

With the brute force of the two dominant mons in play, it was clear that something would soon have to give. To Maro's ravenous delight, that something was Chespin.

"Mar-roo-o-o! F-fu-uck!" Chespin leaned forward, resting his chest and cheek against the

(strongly scented) fur of Furret as he wrapped his arms around the normal type's chest. He pumped his hips a couple times against the warm maw embracing him before fully hilding. His shaft pulsed against the tongue cradling it, dumping its load on the slick muscle. Furret tried not to gag as he continued to caress the sensitive organ saturating his mouth with warm semen, though Maro's continued thrusts into Chespin made that a difficult art. With one more brutal thrust, however, they too seemed to cease.

"Fffuck, yesss," Maro stated hoarsely as he hilted every last thick inch of his member in his mate. He erupted into the warm confines of Chespin's body, filling the grass type's depths with his virile seed. He made a few more short, strong thrusts, accentuating each with a surprisingly loud "Hah!" or a "Nghuh!". Hitting a corner and having nowhere else to go, rivulets of his cum began to pool around the base of his member and Chespin's ring, snapping between the two of them each time Maro withdrew.

Chespin groaned beneath him, feeling very full. And satisfied. He did not expect Typh's hand pushing on his forehead.

He looked up to find the fire type trying to tug Furret out from under him. "Getoff...hnnff..."

Chespin complied, releasing his far-too-tight grip on the ringed 'mon and leaning back against Maro. The ground type let momentum carry them. He fell on his butt with a quiet grunt and a much louder "HAHHNF!" from Chespin, who landed snugly on his cock.

Though those two were well spent, Typh was definitely not finished with his pet. Turning Furret so that their bellies touched, he slammed Furret into the wall, dazing the normal type with the force of the impact. He cradled his bitch's rear in his hands. "Hold. My. Neck." he muttered in a low, dangerous growl.

Furret obeyed in spite of his wooziness. He rested his cheek in the curve of Typh's neck and shoulder. Though the nuzzle he felt from Furret was so slight as to almost go unnoticed, Typh would never mistake that sign: his bitch wanted to be bred.

Furret whined as Typh picked up where they left off, resuming his relentless pace. He tried to move as little as possible; in his hormone-riddled mind, Furret was a fuck toy, the apron draping his master's beautiful body, the outlet for all of his needs and desires.

Typh was enamored of Furret: his plush fur, his velvety pawpads...his sweet little sounds, each time he sheathed his cock in the confines of his rear...

Feeling his climax approaching, Typh modified his thrusts, grinding his pelvis against Furret's crotch, pressing Furret's cock tight between their tummies. He only managed about

five thrusts this way before his breath caught and he pressed Furret's entire back flush against the wall. It did the trick, though; even as he felt his own groin tighten, he felt Furret's quiet high-pitched gasps against his ear, the warm stickiness clinging to his stomach...Furret's walls clamping down around his cock was the last straw.

He bit the back of Furret's neck, hard enough that he tasted the light iron flavor of blood. His seed burst into Furret with a powerful throb of his member, coating the ferret's innards in thick ropes. He held himself at full hilt, teeth digging into the smaller 'mon's scruff, as he emptied his balls into his pet. Furret's claws dug into his back, an electric sting in his heightened state.

He stayed relatively still as his orgasm ran its course, breathing hard through his nose as he moaned quietly into Furret's fur. He felt Furret's tail wrap up under him and brush against his still-churning testicles, making him shudder. His legs clenched occasionally as he filled his companion's tailhole good and proper.

Chespin and Maro watched quietly, mostly out of an unspoken agreement to finish their voyeuristic adventure the way it started...excepting Maro's cock and cum inside Chespin, more or less. Maro idly rubbed his mate's tummy. He had a few thoughts on his mind, amongst them how unusual this whole event had been, but he took solace in Chespin's company. They listened to the still-panting pair's subdued sounds of orgasm mingling with the patter of raindrops on the roof.

Typh rested a hand on the wall, the other still cradling Furret's backside. He licked at the little red stains in the 'mon's tan-and-cream fur. Then he rested his forehead on the wall, too. He closed his eyes and smiled. "Just like our first time, remember?"

Furret blushed, nodding once.

As Typh opened his eyes again, he caught a smile of very smug satisfaction from Maro. Typh rolled his eyes.

"Yeah? Maybe I won't let Furret give your boyfriend a blowjob next time."

"Why Typhlosion, you do go on. I haven't a clue what you mean." Maro's skull hid none of his gloat.

Typh held off, too satisfied to have his pleasure snuffed by something so petty. He pulled out of Furret with a wet *shlorp*. Gently, he lowered Furret to the ground, then lowered himself over the smaller mon, smothering the well-used sub with his body. He sniffed. "Is that a new cologne I smell on you?" He bared his devious fangs. "I like it. Smells like me." He grinded

his hips against the 'mon beneath him, rubbing his half-hard member against Furret's own. "Makes me want to breed you." He lined up his tip with Furret's already well-lubricated hole. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? Having me pump you full of cum again, and again...until you got pregnant with my litter...?" He slid his cock back into its claimed sheath, sinking in every last inch in one smooth stroke. Furret sighed contentedly as the fire type's hips connected with his rear. "Y-yes," he whispered. "Yes master."

Typh put his hands on either side of Furret's head. He looked contemplatively down at his willing partner.

"Furret. Kiss me."

Furret blinked twice. He opened his mouth to say something, then closed it. Typh leaned down to meet the cream-colored face in front of him, but stopped, hovering just before the smaller 'mon's nose. Furret cautiously reached up and pressed his lips against the fire type's. They mutually retreated after a moment. Typh felt heat creep up his cheeks.

Typh leaned down again, opening his mouth slightly. His breath became Furret's for a second as the normal type reciprocated the motion. They met again. For a little, they merely experienced the act, holding their mouths together, then Typh's longer tongue found its way into Furret's mouth. Furret gasped into his master's face as Typh shifted his hips, moving the member deep inside him to pleasurable effect. Typh closed his eyes...

And then opened them, grimacing. He withdrew quickly, snapping a strand or two of saliva between them. "Augh!" He wiped his tongue with a hand. "Seriously? That's what my piss tastes like?" Furret's expression remained stoic as he nodded. The fire type smiled in amusement. "Wow. You really are a kinky bitch." He considered for a moment, shrugged, and then returned his face to Furret's.

Maro, still riding his victor's high, couldn't help himself: "That's an unusually kind moment for you, Typhlosion."

Typh craned his neck around. He sighed with annoyance. "You know...everyone treats me like the bad guy around here. Maybe I'm a jerk. But I do care about you guys. I just find different ways to express it. Ways that interest me." He paused. "Some people need a jerk to push them, you know? I'm selfish so that you guys can feel like you're just along for the ride, instead of the instigator. I don't judge any of you guys for being weak-willed, so you don't get to judge me for being a jerk." He scritched Furret's chest fur. "I'm gonna get back to enjoying Furret's company now." He did, withdrawing his member from Furret's ass before driving it back in.

Chespin rubbed Maro's thigh. "I think they might want a little privacy now." His smile was cut short by a coughing fit. Maro took the opportunity to take hold of Chespin's hips and ease the grass type out of his lap, earning him his fair share of cum spatter as his member parted ways with his mate's body. He got to his feet a little shakily, rubbing Chespin's back until his coughing fit subsided.

"Let's go get cleaned up, then you're off to bed."

Chespin yawned. "I dunno, I'm kind of tired. Might skip the bath."

Maro slung the grass type over his shoulder with some effort, though Chespin didn't protest. "You're absolutely covered in cum. I'd rather wash you than our sheets."

As he was carried away, Chespin averted his gaze, permitting the other pair of 'mons their slowed throes of post-coital sex unobserved.

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Marowak rubbed his soapy hands down Chespin's back. Marowak thought that, without his hooded cloak on, Chespin looked very bare. Not that it was a bad thing; he enjoyed the way his fur parted around his fingers, the feel of the muscles and bones just beneath the skin of his lithe frame. He flexed and extended his digits, giving his mate a massage to compliment the cleaning.

Chespin leaned forward, relaxing his arms and back as the ground type's hands rubbed his shoulders. He chirred contentedly.

"I, for one, have learned a few things about myself today," stated Maro.

Chespin giggled, then coughed. "Augh."

Maro frowned. "Ches...am I a prude?"

Chespin snorted, then coughed again. "...No. I think you're just...good at appreciating what you have. Some of us forget what it means to be happy with simple things. Like love." He leaned into Marowak as the ground type wrapped his arms around his waist.

"I almost feel bad for Typh. I don't think he knows what it means to love someone."

Chespin's brow furrowed. "What are you talking about?"

“Well...he's clearly just in it with Furret for the sexual satisfaction.”

Chespin tsked. “Maro, you're so wise sometimes, but then you go and say something clueless like that...It blows my mind. Just because they're exploring their relationship through sex doesn't mean they don't love each other. Love takes all sorts of forms. But everyone wants to be loved.” Chespin hawked a lugie into the water in front of him.

Maro sighed. “No, you're right. I don't know much about love at all.”

Chespin sniffled contemplatively. “To be honest: if anyone did, I'd hate to talk to them.” He paused. “You know that water just makes cum harder to wash out, right?”

“What?”

“Yeah. Cum's like the least water-soluble thing ever.”

“...Why didn't you say anything!”

“I dunno. We usually just wash the sheets, I forgot we hadn't had this problem before.”

For a moment, nothing happened. Then Maro lifted his boyfriend and flung him over his shoulder again.

“Huh?”

Maro stepped out of the tub, careful not to slip. He headed out the door and down the hallway.

“If you're so determined to ruin the sheets, I'm going to ruin your ass again first.”

(End)