

I'm Still Ready For My Close Up

by
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I couldn't believe that I was doing it again, but apparently, you can't just make a single adult movie and live carefree for the rest of your life. After all, that one last gig only gave me enough money to pay rent for several months and for occasional food in better restaurants that weren't infested with Rattatas.

This time it was vastly different and I wasn't entirely sure how it was going to end up for me since my 'handler' was pretty vague with his explanations. He wanted to give a live show in the secret establishment, filled to the brim with lusty men seeking new kinds of entertainment, but they wouldn't be my main target but the Pokemon. I guess my latest 'masterpiece' was such a hit, they truly wanted to see me in action up close. But who would be my partner this time?

I walked behind my previous employer, Art. The blonde guy in his thirties with somewhat devilish characteristics on his muscular figure. I mean, every time I looked at his golden haircut falling effortlessly in waves or his perfectly chiseled jawline and the perfectly symmetrical cheekbones, I couldn't stop thinking that he either sold his soul to devils or he was a demon himself.

After quite a lengthy trip in his car, we eventually arrived at the mansion, quite astonished by its sheer size. We could see behind the gate at least three stories of buildings that probably cost tens of millions if not more, making me feel even poorer than I was. And of course, the outside of the building needed countless fountains and hedge mazes, not to mention marble statues of completely naked people. I gave Art a rather puzzled look. Wasn't it a bit too high standards for us?

Eventually, the bulky and insanely stereotypical-looking bodyguard taken straight from the movies approached us, wearing broad sunglasses and earpieces, not to mention the costly-looking suit that would probably pay for at least a year of my rent. Art without saying a word, gave an emerald threaded envelope to him. The massive guy opened it, reading the contents before finally letting us in. For me, it was just too much hassle for just trying to get to the workplace.

Instead of going straight to the main entrance, Art took us towards the hedge maze like he knew the way, which made me think how many times that insanely stunning young man was in this rather ominous establishment. I tried to speak but whenever he heard me opening my mouth, he swiftly shushed me, scowling like a child. After stopping at the statue of a bearded male with a sizeable, marble scrotum, he dropped his backpack at my feet, looking straight into my eyes.

"We're here. Strip and place your clothes in this bag, then I'll give you something else to wear." I had so many questions, but I couldn't do anything else but obey my employer. Before I asked how we were 'here' if we were only standing at the feet of a ridiculously endowed lifeless guy, I opened the backpack, before starting to undress myself. Art already saw me naked before so I didn't have much objections to that.

My barely folded clothes went straight to the backpack, leaving me completely bare during a rather breezy evening, making me step from one bare foot to the other, feeling wetness in the well-trimmed grass. Art only smirked at me, suddenly closing a leather choker around my neck, and swiftly attaching a long leash to it afterward.

"Wait, what?" I gasped in shock, seeing what was going on. I don't remember him mentioning anything about the leash, although I agreed for 'everything' as vague as that was. "You could at least warn me."

"You don't remember? I mentioned an element of surprise before we went in. So? Surprise." Art chuckled at my stupid expression, before reaching towards the enormous, fake ballsack of the statue, rubbing it underneath. After hearing a click, the pedestal moved effortlessly, revealing a pathway underground.

I followed my temporary master, completely exposed, cold, and humiliated like never before. If the owners were so rich, they could at least heat that secret passage to their orgy room or whenever they were taking me. The tunnel was pretty tight with a lot of relatively cheap LED lights on the walls, illuminating our way. Were we still in the rich guys' realm? I asked myself.

After getting to the door, two hooded and masked figures nodded toward Art, apparently not needing any password or invitation. Perhaps they knew him already. When we finally went inside, I was blinded by the sea of decadence, unable to choose what was the most outrageous part of this gigantic hall.

Firstly, it looked vastly more expensive than the disappointing entrance, perhaps built right beneath the mansion. The amount of diamond and gold encrusted chandeliers lighting everything around was so vast, that I started questioning myself on why I had to be born in an average family. Here and there I noticed various fountains filled with different beverages, from wine to whiskey and beer for the less demanding guests. And since I mentioned them, up next I looked at all the half or completely naked people and their partners.

On many couches, chairs, or just piles of cushions, humans of all shapes, colors, and sizes were hanging out with either each other or the Pokemon, probably every single one in existence except perhaps Magikarp or some gargantuan ones. Seeing many of them in their birth suits made me much less exposed, although the leash on my neck gave me incredibly uncomfortable vibes.

"Pretty neat, huh? Just prepare yourself mentally because we were supposed to start fifteen minutes ago. But perhaps it's better for us, since the more drunk they are, the more they will pay us tips. Although it would be you getting them, if you catch my drift." He said, chuckling. I couldn't force myself to laugh at his crude joke, seeing that some of the creatures would probably tear me in half with their dicks.

We arrived at the gathering where more clothed men and women drank out of their relatively normal, crystal glasses. Looking at this place, I expected golden chalices or skulls of their enemies. The bearded fellow who looked suspiciously similar to the statue at the hidden entrance, smiled widely at Art, raising his hand heavy from various encrusted sygnets. He hadn't such a muscular and perfectly chiseled figure like the well-endowed sculpture.

"Welcome again, Art. Is that our man?" The fat gentleman asked, before placing his brown, piercing eyes upon me, scanning each part of my front body. I tried my best not to hide behind my handler, knowing it would hurt my business. "Rather scrawny fellow, don't you think? But I trust your judgment. Besides, we all saw your latest project and we immensely enjoyed that little movie."

I looked at the other people of all genders, nodding and observing my exposed figure with great interest, some women checking out my butt cheeks and abdomen. While I tried not to blush, my face reddened slightly, radiating with warmth. The bearded guy whispered something to his colleague, who stood up and left us without a word.

"My apologies that we're late, Ignacius. But we'll make it up for you..." Art started, but the gentleman waved it off, shaking his head. "Don't worry about that, we all know that you're a maestro in what you're doing. But indeed, we should start the show shortly. I would offer you two a seat and something to drink but you understand our business. Time is money."

I could feel piercing gazes from a multitude of strangers poking into my bare skin, especially the more intimate parts of my figure. Although my indecent and not exactly voluntary exposure was the least of my concerns, still unsure what kinds of unspeakable things that rotund man had planned for us. My heart raced, thinking about all the possibilities since there are hundreds of different Pokemon in the world. But my questions were answered shortly after.

"Take your drinks with you, ladies and gentlemen. This lodge is far too small for what I arranged for us. I just can't wait to show our dear guests what I prepared for them. Agnes, if you could use your hands for cheering instead of bothering the merchandise, that would be great." He nonchalantly told older women to stop rubbing my shoulder, treating me like an object instead of a human being.

The whole group smelled of alcohol and other barely legal stimulants, but my nostrils flared at the obvious scent of overwhelming sex as if all of them were after or in between sexual escapades. That last observation shouldn't surprise me at all, although made me feel slightly uneasy since I wasn't sure where everything was going into. Will simply staring at my show suffice their needs and desires?

Ignacius led me, Art, and about a dozen half-drunk and barely covered guests towards the darker corner of the hall, lit by several hanging lanterns from the standing poles. The spot looked quite cozy with a multitude of different-sized pillows, although the presence of two cameras on tripods wasn't reassuring as much.

Nearby already lit fire bowl, Ignacius threw a handful of peculiar-looking dust, which made the flames explode into a burning pillar for a few brief seconds, before returning to its

previous, pleasant size. I thought that motion was just for an unnecessary show, but apparently, our host used quite powerful incense, now filling the air around us.

I wasn't sure if just a few seconds passed or several minutes, but feeling dizzy I couldn't be confident about that anymore. Ignacius' overly excited speech seemed distant to me and I could catch every third word. But I catch ones like 'Pokemon', 'magnificent', and the one that filled me with dread: 'Machamp'. I knew that name and what it represented. And before I could imagine that creature, it suddenly appeared before my eyes.

Astonished by his presence, I couldn't focus on a single part of his body, overwhelmed by his immense figure. Even if his height was barely above five feet, his spread and lifted limbs made him look a few times larger than on paper. It wasn't the first time I saw such Pokemon and that particular one next to me could be somewhat enhanced, filling the creature's bulging muscles with life.

The upper pair of massive arms growing out of his shoulder pads were exactly the ones that completely shifted his image. Yes, my head was placed higher than his and I could be considered taller, but those magnificent limbs made him towering before my scrawny figure. When I stopped focusing on the quadruple set of hands, I eventually looked at the rest of his mostly naked and hairless body.

If Pokemon could compete against humans in bodybuilding, Machamp would steal podiums from them. Those powerful thighs alone would do wonders, from cliché showoffs like crushing melons to solely lifting weights unachievable for a simple human like me. But my eyes immediately wandered to spot right above them, currently contained within a tight pair of speedos. Couldn't they get him even smaller ones? I simultaneously felt impressed and sorry for him, noticing the immense bulge that would rip the material in the blink of the eye. That shape looked so disfigured, I couldn't distinguish his ball sack from the other 'appendage'. What material did they use? And then it hit me.

Those weren't his underwear.

I always wondered why all Machamps have the same pair of underwear. Did they go to the same store? But no, I was looking straight at his junk, colored differently than the rest of his skin, and the broad, flaccid member that suddenly twitched when I finally realized the truth. I sighed, waiting for the next part after our host stopped rambling.

"Show what you're made off, Machamp!" Ignacius ended his introduction I barely listened to. Then, the mighty beast flexed before my eyes, focusing on his thighs and stomach, but I still couldn't avert my gaze from his cock, getting bigger and bigger within seconds.

I was right, his sheer size, his thick and veiny dick tore apart the underwear pulsating with energy, making his scrotum shake from the intensity. The tip of his phallus was so huge, that a single drop of pre cum already dripped down onto the floor, making me shudder in both excitement and fear. That was going inside of me.

I had a few moments to contemplate on his immense girth, before he started stroking himself, using two pairs of his hands. The lower set was working on his massive, fat jewels, while the upper one rubbed and squeezed the rest of his cock. I could feel the heat radiating from his body, and I wasn't sure whether it was caused by the nearby fire bowl or his

aroused state. His entire body radiated with warmth, even though his cock was cooler than the rest of his body as if he had a natural air conditioner built inside of him.

Machamp's strokes were rough and uncoordinated, making his heavy balls jump up and down and slapping each other or his shaft. The Pokemon grunted heavily, clearly enjoying the attention he was receiving, or perhaps the sight of the human's bare form. My cock grew hard, seeing such a magnificent creature getting off on me. I turned around, trying to see the reactions of the audience, but they just stood there, staring at us like we were some kind of exotic animals. I noticed Art standing near the tripods, recording everything that was happening, including my growing erection. I blushed, feeling ashamed for being so aroused by the macho Pokemon. I wanted to cover myself, but I knew that would hurt my future career.

The Machamp continued stroking himself, his grunts becoming louder and more frequent and I knew what would happen next. The only question was, in which position he was going to take me. I was too focused on his enormous cock, that I didn't notice how close he got to me. The Pokemon grabbed me by my shoulders and lifted me effortlessly into the air. He spread my legs and placed them on his shoulders, leaving me completely exposed and vulnerable to his ferocity.

I tried to say something, but I was too shocked to form any words. The Pokemon's grip on me was so strong, that I couldn't move an inch. I looked at my master, hoping that he would tell Machamp to stop, but he just stood there, watching the scene unfold before him. I felt so humiliated, so used, but I couldn't do anything about it. I was a slave to these people and their Pokemon.

Machamp grunted loudly, his cock throbbing and twitching as he prepared himself for what was coming next. I could feel the heat of his body against mine, his breath hot and heavy on my skin. I closed my eyes, bracing myself for what was about to happen.

His shaft slammed into me with incredible force, stretching my hole to its limits. I screamed out in pain, tears streaming down my face as I was impaled on his massive member. Machamp grunted and growled, his four hands holding me firmly in place as he began to thrust into me, his cock sliding in and out of my ass with ease. I could feel every inch of him inside me, filling me up completely. I tried to relax as best I could, but the pain was too intense. I cried out again, my voice echoing through the hall. The crowd watched with rapt attention, their eyes glued to the sight of my body being ravaged by the powerful Pokemon. I could hear them cheering and applauding as Machamp fucked me harder and faster, his balls slapping against my rear with each thrust.

"Less crying, more moaning!" I heard Ignacius' voice from somewhere behind me.

I tried to obey, forcing myself to moan despite the agony. It wasn't easy, but eventually, I managed to adjust to the size of the Pokemon's cock. His thrusts became less painful and more pleasurable, sending waves of pleasure through my body. I felt like I was being torn apart, my body stretched beyond its limits. But despite the pain, I couldn't help but feel aroused by the situation. My cock was rock hard, pre-cum dripping from its tip. I reached down and started stroking myself, my hand moving in time with Machamp's thrusts. The pleasure mixed with the pain, creating a sensation unlike anything I had ever experienced

before. I moaned louder, my voice mixing with the Pokemon's grunts and growls. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the air, accompanied by the cheers and applause of the crowd.

I was lost in a sea of pleasure and pain, my mind clouded by the intensity of the experience. I could feel my orgasm building, my muscles tensing as I neared my release. And then, without warning, Machamp came inside me, his cock erupting with a torrent of hot cum. I screamed out as I felt his seed filling me up, the warmth spreading throughout my body. I came soon after, my cum shooting out onto my chest and stomach. My vision went white, my body trembling as I rode out my orgasm.

When I finally came down from my high, I felt exhausted and sore, but satisfied. I looked up at Machamp, who was still holding me in place, his cock buried deep inside me. He smiled down at me, his eyes full of lust and desire. I knew that this was just the beginning of our night together. I'm not sure if it was the incense, the alcohol, or the sheer adrenaline rush, but I suddenly felt incredibly horny again. I wanted more. I looked around and saw the other Pokemon watching us, their cocks hard and ready. They were waiting for their turn with me. I couldn't wait to get fucked by all of them.

"Give me your best shot!" I said, challenging the Pokemon to fuck me harder than Machamp did. But my voice felt distant, as if it wasn't me saying this and I watched myself from afar, like an out-of-body experience. The mighty creature lifted me again, turning me around and bending me over, my ass exposed to the audience. I could feel his cock rubbing against my hole, teasing me. I moaned, wanting him to fill me up again. But he didn't enter me right away. Instead, he grabbed my hips and pulled me back, impaling me on his massive member. I cried out in pain and pleasure as I felt him stretching my hole once more.

"Now that's what I call entertainment!" Art squealed in excitement, making me wonder how many times they watched something like this. Their eyes glowed with lust as they watched the Pokemon taking me again and again, his cock sliding in and out of my ass with ease. I reached behind me and grabbed his arms, using them as leverage as I bounced up and down on his member. "You like this, don't you?" Ignacius asked, clearly enjoying the show. "You like being fucked by a Pokemon. A powerful creature using you as his sex toy."

With a glimpse, I saw multiple women openly touching themselves while watching me getting railed by Machamp. Many men jerked off along with him, mimicking his movements. Their cheers and applause echoed through the hall. Ignacius' attention shifted to the video recorder, more interested in replaying what happened moments ago, rather than living the show now in front of him. I appreciated the chance to relax, although Machamp's ruthless pounding didn't allow me to ease in his grasp. It appeared that he took well my snarky invitation. "Fuck, I love it! Give it to me good, Machamp! Stretch me wide open with your fat cock!"

But even that beast had its limits. Soon, the same familiar pattern of tensing muscles and ragged grunting followed the end. His roar deafened the previously cheerful background noise and the sheer wave of smelly masculine odor of Machamp washed over everyone, including Ignacius himself. The man made a face and whistled. "Wow, Agnes is going to love this when I send her the raw footage."

Another torrent of hot jizz filled my insides and before the same bulge could rip my body into shreds, Machamp threw me in the air for someone else to catch me. A different, also familiar figure grabbed me, less eager or excited as Machamp, but with just as impressive stamina. I looked up and saw myself face to face with the Dragonite.

"Use Dragon Dance and lift him by his feet, so we can better see his arse." The host ordered, clearly enjoying the unique show. My stomach fluttered as the winged beast lifted me into the air by my ankles, spreading my legs wide as it hovered a few feet off the ground. My cock throbbed as I watched its thick purple cock as hard as a rock and covered in pre-cum as it pointed directly at my exposed hole.

"Oh please, just give it to me!" I pleaded, ready for the next intense fucking. Dragonite let out a low growl as it slipped the tip of its thick cock between my ass cheeks and pushed forward, entering me slowly but deliberately. I bit my lip as I felt my ass being stretched by the thick member. I wanted more, so I wrapped my legs around Dragonite's waist as its pre cum dribbled down onto its tight abs and thick thighs, making them glisten in the light of the fire bowl. I couldn't take my eyes off its rock-hard scales and cute round belly as it fucked me hard and deep, its eyes locked onto mine as it slid its cock in and out of me. The intense feeling of being fucked by a muscular Pokemon while being suspended upside down was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. I could feel Dragonite's pre-cum pouring into my ass, lubricating my insides with its sticky liquid.

"Is that all you can do, Dragonite? Give me more! Make me feel it!" I goaded the creature on, my words nearly drowned out by the sound of it panting and grunting as it pounded into me. I felt my juices dripping down onto my chest as I was fucked hard and fast, not letting me think clearly. I stared in awe at the other Pokemon surrounding us, stroking their cocks as they watched their comrade railing me mercilessly.

I felt my orgasm building as Dragonite's dick swelled and pulsed inside me, getting ready to release its load. I moaned as I felt its shaft twitch and throb, releasing its load inside me with a loud grunt and moan, filling me up with its hot, thick cum. I cried out in ecstasy as I felt the warmth of its semen filling my insides, my cock exploding all over my chest and stomach as I came hard.

My body was covered in cum, sweat, and tears as Dragonite lowered me to the ground. I felt weak and exhausted as I lay there, the intense fucking making me feel like I'd just run a marathon. The winged creature stepped back as it huffed and breathed heavily, seemingly as drained as I was. I could hear the sound of the Pokemon in the crowd stroking their cocks as they finished their climaxes, their cum covering the floor and walls around them.

Ignacius watched the entire show with a mixture of glee and amusement, a lustful smile on his face as he stroked his hardened cock, his eyes never leaving the scene. "What a filthy little pervert we have on our hands, a perfect fit in such an environment." But Art didn't look amused and I wondered why. Perhaps I went too far with my boldness? He soon proved my predictions when he leaned towards Ignacius' ear to whisper something, while the robust guy briefly stopped smiling, nodding his big head. "Hmm, fine, but afterward he will feel much worse." He finally said in a raised voice, raising his finger in front of the Pokemon snouts. "Show the public what you can do. Show your true form. Let them behold the monstrous shape behind your regular appearance, the form-fitting your inner self!"

Immediately, a Houndoom and Ninetails stepped up, wagging their tongues and yapping in excitement. It was amazing how close they behaved in comparison to our natural trainers, so willing to cooperate and listen to strange voices, someone which I lost during the first few months of my career. It always amazed me how much they could focus on someone or something without changing their actual attitude. It was a skill I hoped to achieve eventually, learning to mask my feelings or desires before my Pokemon.

But that was only one part of the problem. The other was more serious. I had no idea what they were planning to do with me, as I was still trying to recover from the previous fuck. My legs were shaking and my knees felt weak, but I did my best to keep myself standing as I watched the two Pokemon approach me. The Ninetails was the first to reach me, all of its appendages waving behind it as it walked over to me and rubbed itself against my leg, purring like a house cat.

Houndoom was right behind it, its eyes locked on my own as it licked its lips and growled playfully. They both looked at me with hunger in their eyes, their tails wagging and their tongues hanging out of their mouths. I couldn't help but smile at how cute they were as they tried to seduce me. The two Pokemon began licking my body, their rough tongues sending shivers down my spine as they covered me in their saliva.

I moaned softly as they licked and sucked my skin, their hot breath making me tremble with anticipation. My cock throbbed as they continued to explore my body with their tongues, licking my armpits and my chest. My breathing grew heavier as they moved lower, their tongues dancing along my abs and my inner thighs. They lapped at my balls and my asshole, making me moan and gasp as they tasted my most sensitive areas.

"Oh god... That feels so good..." I groaned as they licked my ass cheeks and rimmed my hole, their tongues making me shiver with pleasure. I could feel their saliva dripping down my crack and onto my balls, making me wet and sticky. I could feel the two Pokemon's tongues penetrating me as they pushed against my tight hole, forcing it to open for them. I gasped and moaned as I felt them stretching my asshole wide open, their tongues sliding deep inside me.

"I... I think I'm gonna cum..." I moaned as they fucked my ass with their tongues, the feeling of having my hole stretched and penetrated by two different Pokemon sending me over the edge. I cried out in ecstasy as my cock exploded, covering both of their faces in my seed as they continued to fuck me with their tongues. They were long, thick, and warm, filling me with pleasure as they explored every inch of my insides.

I panted and moaned as they continued to lick and suck my cock, their tongues cleaning me of my cum as they savored my taste. I couldn't believe how good it felt to be fucked by a pair of Pokemon, my cock still throbbing with desire as they took turns licking and sucking my balls and shaft. I had never been with two Pokemon at once before, and I loved every minute of it. But the good times couldn't last forever. Soon, my legs began to shake and my knees gave way, causing me to fall to the floor. I felt more vulnerable than ever.

"You look like you've had enough fun for now. Let's see them take advantage of you, one at a time before the main event." Ignacius said with a grin on his face, clearly enjoying himself as much as the Pokemon were. "Now, let's see who goes first." Ninetails was the first to pounce

on me, its lithe body pinning me to the ground as its tongue licked my face and neck. It purred and rubbed itself against me, its tail wagging as it tried to get me to play with it. Houndoom obediently watched me from afar, waiting for its turn.

I petted Ninetails' soft fur, rubbing its ears as it licked me and nuzzled against my chest. I reached down and grabbed its cock, stroking it slowly as I teased the tip with my fingers. The creature purred and moaned as I touched it, its eyes half closed as it enjoyed the sensation.

"You like that, don't you?" I whispered as I continued to stroke its shaft, feeling the smooth, warm flesh beneath my fingers. Then I suddenly saw mischief in his eyes, before realizing that I was too bold once again and now I'll be punished. My heart started pounding in my chest as Ninetails suddenly growled, showing his fangs to me as he pushed me down on the ground. I was too surprised to resist and before I knew it, the Pokemon was on top of me, pinning me down with its paws. "Wait, I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you!"

I pleaded with the creature as it snarled and bared its teeth, his cock now fully hard as it thrust its hips toward me. I felt the tip of its cock brush against my thigh as it lowered its muzzle down towards my mouth. The powerful, earthy musk was pungent, but I still found myself wanting to sniff it, much to my horror and confusion. I didn't want to anger the creature further and took a big inhale, tasting its scent. It was unlike any I've had before, the rich smell of the beast filling my nostrils and mind as I breathed it in deeply. I felt the heat radiating from its cock as it was pressed against my face, the creature's eyes half-closed and his tongue hanging from its mouth.

My vision dimmed for a moment as the intensity of its scent overcame my senses, my cock becoming hard as my arousal built up inside me. The Pokemon didn't wait any longer. When I came back to my senses, I felt its thick cock penetrating me roughly, stretching my asshole as it pushed itself deeper inside me. The hot shaft felt much larger than my finger and I could feel the veins throbbing along the surface. My fingers dug into the earth as I arched my back, crying out in pain. I thought I would be loose enough after an encounter with Machop, but this Pokemon had its girth to present and now was prying me open with his mighty weapon. I bit my bottom lip as the creature thrust in and out of me, growling as it did.

I whimpered and moaned as it forced its cock in and out of my ass, pushing deeper inside me with every thrust. I felt myself stretched open wider than ever, my hole burning as it struggled to accept the huge shaft. My breaths became short and shallow as I felt the creature's cock fill me, the intense sensations almost too much to bear. Suddenly, Houndoom didn't want to wait for his turn and approached me as well. Seeing what was happening, I struggled against the beast that pinned me against the ground, my movements doing nothing to deter the advances.

Noticing the other beast, Ninetails turned around with his cock still buried inside me, proving how flexible his species are. Now the other beast had enough space to ram his prick into my already filled ass. Ninetails grinned at the Houndoom and began to rapidly hump me, forcing me to the ground as both creatures fucked me at the same time. My body jerked back and forth as the pair double-teamed me, my ass stretched wide open as they buried themselves inside me. I could feel their cocks pushing against each other as they thrust deep inside me, their warm, sticky pre-cum mixing as it dripped down my butt cheeks.

Both of them grunted and growled, their cocks slick with pre-cum as if they were in heaven. They made me feel them deeper than ever before, my body aching and sore as my hole burned from the intense friction. I whimpered and moaned as I submitted to the Pokemon, letting them fuck me and use me as they pleased. My mind blanked out as the two beasts continued to ravage me, their hard cocks throbbing deep within me.

"Please... Please, just fuck me..." I begged the creatures as they pushed their cocks in and out of me, driving me insane with pleasure and pain. I felt my orgasm building inside me, my body tensing up as my prostate was fucked hard and fast. Suddenly, Ninetails shot his load deep inside me. Cum pooled on the ground between my legs as his seed poured down my thighs. His cock pulsed inside me as he filled my body with his warm jizz, his breath hot against my neck as he rested his head against my shoulder. My hole burned as it stretched to its limit, the intense heat spreading throughout my entire being as I arched my back and moaned in ecstasy. I couldn't help but cum too, my dick erupting and spurting my seed all over my stomach and chest, my body jerking and trembling as I came harder than I'd ever done before.

Houndoom howled as it forced its shaft to the back of my ass, climaxing a stream of hot jizz inside my pulsating body. The hard shaft pounded my sore ass and made me shiver as my vision was cloudy with pleasure. Then, all of a sudden, the beast yanked its long and thick cock out, giving me a sloppy kiss on the lips with its tongue in its way before leaping back on all fours. A few seconds later, Ninetails shot back on the ground with me in tow, leaving me a stupefied mess. Once I came down from my orgasm, Ignacius stood up, visibly satisfied with my performance. But that was an understatement. If clapping could light a fire, he'd make a forest burn. "That was amazing Alex. Incredible. I don't think I've ever seen that reaction from a trainer before. Most of them usually bawl their eyes out after what I call the main event."

The other people stood up as well and shook hands with each other. I wanted to get up, but even that seemed impossible for me. Especially since I could still feel my ass spread open and dripping the two Pokemon's combined cum. It tasted weird, yet filling to have their thick, sticky substance pouring down my thighs. Like sweet, oily yogurt with extra sweetness from Ninetails. Houndoom's semen was thicker and rougher, like hot soy milk down my gut. I felt completely satisfied, yet dirty at the same time.

The echoing cheer of the people's applause interrupted my private thoughts. The small wave of content was visible in his facial expression. "That was good, you wouldn't be lying there covered in cum if it wasn't. Shall we, then?" I could feel Art shaking his head next to me, a sign I didn't pay attention to. However, he wasn't very happy with the exhibition and decided to nudge me with his hand. "Let's get you cleaned up first. We have still another shooting in half an hour."

I opened my eyes wide. It was just the beginning?