

It was late afternoon in Hawaii and Lilo was at her Hula lesson, together with Stitch and Angel. While Stitch was goofing around somewhere in his little boy costume, Angel had started Hula lessons with Lilo and got for the occasion, clothes and Hula costume fitting her size, though it was a little difficult to explain her rather feminine traits if she was supposed to be a little girl like Lilo.

Irma, the green stitch-like female experiment with the number 421, primary function to be a tactical mind was also in the room, though more due to the fact that she worked with Moses on a program for an upcoming traditional event where a few problems have shown up which made the usual preparation plans and programs too difficult to pull off, so her tactical mind was asked to make sure everything works with the given resources and half finished time tables.

"Moses, you big fella," muttered the experiment to himself. "Here lies a heavy difference between first ideas and outright insulting set ups. And this so borderline, you either want to set me off, or have no idea what wonders you managed to pull in the last years."

As much Irma hated such jobs, she couldn't help but agree that something like that lies within her primary programming. And it gave her an income.

In her mind she really asked herself HOW Stitch and Angel were able to convince everybody in the room that they were human beings within the clothes they just wore, especially that Stitch is also widely known for being Lilo's dog. Angel as well, to a lesser degree.

"Furless and bright to a dark color would be understandable," she noted to herself. "But why the heck are they fooled by two who clearly have blue/pink fur.... Not that I am much better with my green one."

In her case it is known on the island that she was a rare species with high intelligence and thanks to the help of a few contacts (namely Kim Possible and Agent Cobra), nobody really bothered that she was acting like a thinking being and demanding money for her services. Nothing ridiculous, only enough to make her living and have some extra to spend on enjoyable things.

During a break, she looked over to the dancers and noticed the following: Angel was really a big talent in regards of Hula dancing. Although Irma had ear plugs, just in case. She was more than aware of Angel's primary function as Experiment 624. While Angel was a good experiment due to the love towards Stitch... her song was still something everybody was wary of. Normally, she sings the backwards version which is harmless and turns experiment good version, but sometimes she sings and they turn evil version. Mostly for Stitch only and normally she makes sure only Stitch is hearing it. But in case it didn't work... well... not hard to guess the hazards on unaware experiments or people might run into the song. Not to mention how easy it is getting hands on a record.

She moved over to Moses and asked, "How did you manage to get the event done with all the chaos you are giving me?"

"To be honest, it was always at the last minute with quite some work during performance," admitted the Hula teacher.

"In short you are getting me in hopes it would finally run smoothly?"

"Yes."

To that the experiment groaned loudly, turning around, "If I had known, I would have gotten help for some of the details."

Lilo on the other hand told the pink experiment, Angel, "You are great, Angel!" making the female smile.

Mertle and her three friends went closer and the glass-wearing girl told 624 "Yeah! She is great, so why are you hanging out with Weirdlo? You would be much better if you hang out with us!"

"Yeah!" the three girls with Mertle agreed in union.

"Naga," said Angel as she looked at Mertle for a few seconds before simply turning around and moving to talk with Lilo some more, ignoring from there on the annoying voice of the orange-haired girl.

Later, the dance training went on for a while, Angel enjoying herself a lot while Stitch was hypnotized by his boochiboos movements and sighed loudly by her performance.

Once the lesson was over, Irma walked over to Angel and wondered, "Still having enough of them? Or do you need some more of it?"

Angel answered in Tantalog, stating that she still had enough and Irma nodded, "If you change the your mind, I am later by Jumba's for our weekly chess game," as due Jumba's high intelligence, she was one of the few people who could keep up with his moves as her design made her a near perfect player of tactical games.

Angel acknowledged it and went home with Stitch and Lilo, but she asked Stitch to go with her to their room.

Since Angel moved into the Peleklay household, the house got an additional room for her and Stitch slept in the same room with Angel at times. At first Lilo was jealous at this but as she began to understand how important it was for Stitch to have private moments with Angel, Lilo accepted as Stitch made sure that both of them got their fair share of time.

Once they were in their room, she began to undress herself and Stitch followed the example. But once he reached the underwear, Angel stopped him, showing that she was also still wearing her dark blue colored underwear, smiling at her boochiboo.

Stitch was confused at first before Angel pulled him to a deep kiss, which he returned while embracing her tightly and his hands stroke over her pink furred body as her hands went over his blue one.

They kept kissing each other in passion while holding their bodies and then Angel slowly broke the kiss and rubbed her head under his chin while the claws of her hands scratched over the sides of him. He murred by the scratches and scratched her in return, while Angel started nibbling her boochiboo, causing Stitch to moan and his cheeks heated up and the hands moved to tickle her neck.

Angel continued for a moment before she pushed him on the bed. Stitch smiled by her move and she laid on top of him and they began to share their kiss once more while they still felt their bodies. Afterwards, she rolled with him and sat on his waist. Stitch looked at her and she began to rub herself on him. More specific, she moved herself with the area between her legs on a very sensitive spot of Stitch, making the experiment to groan as she rubbed herself on him and Angel smiled as she felt that under the underpants grew a bulge, which pressed itself against her and she murred at the experience. Hence why she moved faster on him and Stitch moaned more loudly and kept on. Then Angel leaned down to kiss Stitch who returned it. Then the male moved and felt her covered breast while she rubbed herself on his proud and the two moaned loudly.

Then Stitch's head pressed on her breast, suckling it through her bra and she groaned before letting out a scream with a loud groan from Stitch and they came. Angel wets her panties while Stitch proud, a dark blue shaft, familiar like a human one in form with four covered balls, was thick enough to have poked out of his underwear and his white cream sprayed over his fur. Angel murred and smiled to Stitch who smiled back before Angel went down and licked his cream off his fur. While they never mated before, they had tasted their representative bodies before and Angel liked her boogieboo's cream. Once she had cleaned up, she looks at Stitch who smiled back and they reached to an agreement, feeling ready for it. Angel rose up and pulled the underwear off... at least so far that she could see his blue dick, which was thick with a thicker top than the shaft which is was sleek with blue rings surrounding it, and she blushed deeply as she saw it. Stitch looked at her and she began to feel and examine it, causing 626 to shudder and she smiled at his reaction, kissing and licking the male part of the experiment as she slowly removed the underwear and laid on the bed to let Stitch handle her. he nuzzled her underwear and sniffed her down there, pulling the panties to lick her womanhood and she groaned loudly. Once they were off, he climbed on her and kissed her.

Then their eyes met and they felt something deep down in their bodies. A desire. An instinct. Something they both wanted but one of them had to start it.

"Boochiboo," she murmured, running her claws on his shoulders.

Nodding, he kissed her lips while his dick was pushing against her hole, about to enter her depths.

She moaned in the kiss, getting tight below, but she tried to relax to let him in. He pushes into her depths, holding on her close, moaning as he felt how tight she was.

"Faster please..." she panted in his ear, holding him close while her legs spread. Nodding, he held on her legs to keep them spread and started thrusting deep and hard into her, moaning loudly

Angel moaned loud as well, her pleasure was overwhelming, after years of abstinence. Lifting her arms above her head, she abandoned herself to the lust and the pleasure, waiting for more.

Taking this invite, he leaned forward, grabbing one of her breasts and starts started sucking on it, keeping on the deep thrusts, increasing his speed and depth of the thrusts.

This only increased the experiments' heat and pleasure, her right hand placed on Stitch's head, while her other hand hooked on his back, holding onto him. Groaning, his thrusts went harder and deeper into her, while sucking harder and the other hand was playing with her breast, though carefully to not scratch her.

"BOOCHIBOO!" she gasped. "More! MORE!"

And he gave her more... letting go of her breast, his mind was taken over by an instinct which must have came from one of his genetically sources and he goes went for her neck and bit her, almost like a vampire drawing for blood, WITHOUT causing any wound while his claws dug slightly into her breast... not too much to prevent damage but enough to let her feel from it while his other one held very hard on her arm. And his thrusts didn't have anything gentle left... he was pushing and pounding her as hard as he could. His supercomputer mind managing to regain enough control of his wild instincts to regulate it down to the levels he knew that Angel would enjoy from past explorations of their bodies.

Angels body was shaking under the fierce of her boochiboo. Her claws were unleashed, since her instinct was to attack who was causing her this, but she was in control of it, and drew her hand from his arm, clawing it, as her other hand tugged on his neck, her legs could barely hold onto him, her moans of pain and pleasure echoed through the whole room, now uncontrollable. He unleashed her most hidden and wild nature.

He groaned and kept on slamming into her while causing the pain, getting as wild on her as possible, his dick going into the deepest points of hers while building up for the grand finale of this forbidden, beastly but lustful time the two of them were sharing.

He grunted and kept on until he couldn't hold it anymore... grabbing her as hard as possible and biting her the same matter that he even drew blood from the

affected places, he slammed his dick into her, going as deep as possible while causing as much pain as she could wish for and unleashed his white cream, flooding her womb with it, keeping still and her close to ensure that even the smallest drop would go inside of her.

Feeling they reached their end together, Angel's body tensed as her breathe was stuck in her throat. She could feel every drop of their fluids inside her, a pleasure that she desired so much.

Panting, the two looked at each other and with a smile and shared a deep kiss, silently celebrating their first time mating. And they cuddled together to sleep.

Jumba was chuckling in his chair as he viewed the monitor of his computer and told, "Ah! My little monsters just finished having intercourse. Better finding numbers of possible offspring."

"Jumba... I don't know what I find more freaky," stated Irma while making her next move on a chess board. "That you want that each of your female experiments brings offspring or that you have cameras in each of our homes with being the only one complaining that you spy on our love life. And Angel won't be mother in any near future. She is taking the pill."

"Impossible! Experiments are designed for highly fertile. Rendering this is near nearly impossible!" told Jumba.

Irma laughed and told, "You forgot that to ensure we are all compatible with each other and any 'dangerous' species we might wish to 'breed' for you, combines the reproduction systems of three species which are known for being compatible with a lot of other species. And these three can be given a pill. In fact, all three can be given the same pill type. And oversight of yours I bet."

Jumba just stared his green furred creation and muttered, "Next time I make new experiments, I need to get them being immune to pills..."

"Don't think on it!" warned Irma. "Or you will only earn more trouble than the work would be worth... trust me on that. Saw enough horror movies regarding that."