You could have read this early!

I'm reader-funded, and need your help to keep writing indefinitely. If you like what you're reading and want to help out, see https://www.patreon.com/fuggmann. Patrons get to see updates early, suggest edits to the final draft before it goes live, and participate in polls to choose what gets updated next during my moments of indecisiveness.

If you want to keep up-to-date on releases, see https://discord.gg/hive-of-degeneracy and opt in to the fic-updates role for a ping.

As always, thank you for reading.

[line]

Something suddenly bumps your leg and pulls your attention away from the somewhat boring movie playing on the TV. Leaning forward from your seat on the couch, you look down to see what touched you.

Staring back up at you are the expectant red eyes of Donnie Darko, your Umbreon. At his side is his mate, Carmen Sandiego, your Espeon. Donnie got his name from his bad sleepwalking habit while Carmen was named for her ability to vanish into thin air if she doesn't care to be found.

You are Anon, a small-time pokemon breeder.

By small-time, you mean *small-time.* Donnie and Carmen are your only breeding pair. Still, though, you make a good living. Donnie and Carmen aren't particularly exceptional gene-wise, and both are full mates, so neither Donnie nor Carmen will agree to breeding with anyone else, but you only really need two or three Eevee from each litter deciding they want to be adopted to be set for a year. Eevee are expensive little buggers, so you can charge a premium.

This year, however, is an off year, so Carmen can rest and recover from her last pregnancy. The only problem with that? Dark-types like Donnie are much more in-tune with their desires and primal nature than most other types.

It's a polite way to say that Donnie is a horn-dog. He'd hump a Charizard if he thought Carmen wouldn't break his neck over it.

Donnie headbutts your leg again, narrowing his eyes.

You already know what he wants. He wants you to quit paying attention to the TV and play with him.

Taking the TV remote in your hand, you turn the TV off, toss the remote down, and stand.

Your Umbreon's tail slowly begins to wag.

"You may have got me last time," you begin, widening your stance and spreading your arms out with your fingers splayed, ready to grapple, "but not this time. I know your tricks."

Donnie snarls in reply and lowers himself to pounce. Despite his bared teeth, his tail wags faster, buffeting Carmen's long cheek tufts with air.

"You wish," you grin back. "Your win streak is over."

Carmen rolls her eyes and gracefully steps past you, hopping up onto the couch. She then lays down to suck up the residual body heat from where you were sitting.

The relationship between a breeder and their pokemon is an unusual one. Carmen and Donnie might be the ones making babies, but their relationship with you is arguably as important as the one they have with each other. You play the role of third parent to their kits, provide for their needs both physical and emotional, arrange opportunities for their children, and generally ensure that they are happy. In return, they love and trust you.

Carmen is only willing to tolerate birth control medication in limited doses, as one of the side effects is acute migraines, which hit psychics like her twice as hard, and Donnie has a tendency to tear condoms with his enthusiasm. So if Donnie can't vent himself through Carmen, then he's got to find other outlets to burn his energy. Battling and general exercise both work great, but night is falling on the town and the local park will be deserted soon.

If you get to dictate when Donnie can and cannot breed, then you are obligated to deal with the consequences, such as playing with him without a fuss.

With another snarl, Donnie pounces, and you brace yourself. At the last second, you duck, bearhug him around the middle, and bend backward in a suplex.

Donnie lets out a yelp as his skull smashes into the carpeted floor, but you worry none. Umbreon is by far the most physically overbuilt eeveelution. Donnie once fell down a full flight of stairs and wasn't even hurt, just startled. Hell, you think he found it fun, because he sometimes just flops down the steps in the morning.

The Umbreon in your grip thrashes, and you let go before he can overpower you. Scrambling back to your feet, you're just in time for Donnie to tackle one of your legs. He wraps his forelegs around your shin and bites your calf through your jeans just hard enough to hurt, but not enough to break skin.

"Ow! Fucker!" You curse and try to pry him off, your hands pulling at his forelegs.

The little bastard smirks through his bite and thrashes, unbalancing you. Before you can recover, he abandons the leg he's attacking and shoulder checks the other one, sending you to the floor and knocking the wind out of you. On your back, you blink away stars and look up at the spinning ceiling fan.

…Oh shit, you're on your back.

Donnie is on you in an instant, and on pure reflex, your arms come up to guard your throat. Just as expected, teeth wrap around your left wrist and yank as hard as they can without taking your whole hand off.

Growling up a storm, Donnie strains and pulls, moving the first obstacle away from his victory. If he can get his teeth around your neck, it's his win.

"Donnie, you're supposed to start small and work your way up, not go all out from the beginning," you grunt, trying to think of a way out of this. "Where is your sense of sportsmanship?"

His red eyes flash, and he actually laughs through your wrist.

“Fine then…” You reply through gritted teeth. “Be an asshole. I don’t care,” you say, looking at how he’s positioned.

The Umbreon is standing over you and steadily pulling one of your arms away, while his eyes remain locked on your other arm. If said arm so much as twitches, then he’s going to dive past it and immediately go for the kill.

If you’re going to do something, you need to do it *fast.*

Donnie is so much stronger than you that it’s insane. Umbreon is not only the toughest eeveelution, they’re physically the strongest. Pound for pound, he has you beat several times over. The only reason this isn’t a foregone conclusion is simply that your hands are better at grappling, your longer limbs offering you more leverage, and the fact that he’s not terribly fast. You’re also heavier than Donnie, so…

Wait. Maybe you can use that.

On the couch, Carmen seems to be (quite literally) reading your mind and raises an eyebrow, as if to say *‘is that wise?’*

‘Probably not,’ you think to yourself. *‘But I’m not letting this little shit take round one.’*

Your right arm shoots away from your throat and grabs the black foreleg by your right ear. At the same time, your right leg kicks out to the side, knocking Donnie’s hind leg away.

The instant he lets go to bite your throat, your now-free left hand takes his other foreleg, and with all your might, you roll your entire body.

Donnie yelps once more, dragged along for the ride since he only has one hind leg to stabilize himself. In a flash, the tables are turned, and your whole body is pressing down on Donnie.

He thrashes and kicks, one of his hind paws impacting your stomach like a hammer blow, and despite your explosive exhale, you keep yourself pressed down on Donnie, gripping his forelegs with everything you have. Trying your best to not be kicked in the groin, you tangle your legs with Donnie’s and halt his kicking.

He thrashes his whole body, nearly throwing you off, and only sheer determination keeps you in place. Letting one of his forelegs go, you grip him right around his short muzzle and push his face into the floor.

You did it! You got him!

“Pinned! Pinned! I gotcha!” You exclaim victoriously. “Your win streak is over, you little fuck! Listen to the crowd go wild for the underdog!” You say, looking over to Carmen.

A thin smile crosses her muzzle, and she lets out a single, vulpine croon.

Donnie stares up at you in shock as you let him go.

Standing up, you walk over to the couch and sit next to Carmen, breathing deeply to try and get oxygen back into your abused lungs. First you got the wind knocked out of you, then you took a kick to the stomach, and Donnie doesn’t even have the courtesy to look sorry!

Carmen drapes herself across your lap and nuzzles your stomach, looking up at you and dramatically fluttering her eyes.

With a wheezy laugh, you stroke the Espeon across the back and look at Donnie, who is getting back to his paws. “First I take your throne, and then I take your woman. How’s that for ya?”

Donnie’s eyes narrow into red slits. He walks over to you, his posture low and threatening, then he bites your pant leg and pulls. *“Round two! Now!”* his growl seems to say.

Nudging Carmen off, you stand and oblige. “Eager for another ass whooping?”

You didn’t win another round the entire night, and that’s okay.

[Line]

Below are the names of some patrons who got to view this short early and felt like signing it. A huge thanks to them and everyone else who supports this story and everything else I write.

, Emeraldleafeon, *UmbraBree, Green0Photon, ncskeeter56, Vinohr, Kammight, Murtaugh, Arcaryx, Moxie, Ash the Kitsune, The Tankiest Train, Phoenix Bugg, Purple Floof, Derpydude9001, GNPhoenix, Noble Defect, Dusks_Lantern, Hazel Kings, Fabhar, Ameek, BrokenOlive, speedyzman13, WiseKitsune, JustALurker, HT1318, Rémi C., Javidom, Monsoon, Berusella, Strongraider101, Dicloniuslord, ShaRose, demonmonkey89, BeauZoe, Bruv, Planetace, Moonlit Chaser, Emilowish, Nithalys, CMDR Dantae*