

At the mouth of the dark and foreboding Wildbough Woods stood a lone trainer with a lone Pokéball upon her hip.

It was afternoon. A fat, bright sun hung high in the sky, and yet, it did little to illuminate the dark, foreboding forest. This was a place where powerful Pokémon were said to lurk, and, beyond that, savage Pokémon. Pokémon that apparently ate you whole, or did even worse stuff to you. Pokémon that had variances from the other breeds, Pokémon that had untold power, Pokémon that were even capable of speaking to humans. Pokémon that were ... beyond legendary. It was, for that reason, that the trainer stood there with such hesitation.

That trainer was a young woman named Henna. She was no veteran Pokémon Trainer, no, she was, as a matter of fact, fresh out of high school. The complete lack of any kind of gym badge upon the breast of her black jacket proved that, as did the fact that she only possessed a single, lone Pokéball. It held her most beloved Pokémon, and her life companion, Vulpix. She and the little guy had been through thick and thin.

But what she lacked in experience, she made up for in pure pep, and that showed in her appearance. As an Aardwolf, she had a light, dusty brown coat, though, rather than the usual black stripes, hers were instead a stark white, a color that extended across her currently exposed tummy. Spiky black hair jutted from the top of her head. Rather punkishly, she'd dyed the tips of it bright pink, ensuring that she stuck out from the crowd.

Henna was slender, but she was most certainly female, possessing prominent, handful sized breasts, and a rear of her similar ilk. She wore the official black trainer jacket of the region, but, underneath, she wore a matching sports top, shorts, and sneakers. They were a reddish-white, with a pure, fiery red trim, the main color matching that of a Ninetales. Her obsession with her little Vulpix shone clear, even in her clothing.

Her obsession for said Vulpix ran a little deeper than just her taste in clothing, but ...

"Come on, Henna," the Aardwolf muttered to herself, her fists tight by her sides. "You can do this. It's not about how strong your Pokémon are, it's about how strong you are as a trainer." Or at least, that's what her long-term rival had told her. Knowing Cynthia, she could just be talking a big pack of shit. But there were rumors beyond her. She was fairly sure that her Mom had told her something about this place too, ages ago ... though it might've have been a warning, rather than encouragement to trek into scary woods.

But trekking into scary woods was what being a trainer was all about, wasn't it? If she gave up now, if she stood here in fear, then she'd failed at her life long ambition of becoming a trainer right at the first hurdle. Even though there was sweat puddling in her shoes, making her toes and the fur between them feel all wet, she balled her fists at her side and lifted her chin proudly into the air, and began to trek deep into the Wildbough Woods.

* * *

After spending half an hour in the woods, Henna was starting to think that the whole thing was nothing more than a bunch of nonsense.

All this time, and not a single encounter? Really? She hadn't needed to get her Vulpix out a single time! There weren't even any good training opportunities in these woods! There was no wonder Cynthia had sent her in here. This was all a wild goose chase!

"Great," she muttered to herself, her hands tightening into fists. "Thanks a lot, you stupid ..."

A noise. From behind her. The sound of a twig snapping. But the presence there was confident and powerful. Whatever it was, Henna got the feeling that it wanted to make itself known. Because it knew that it could handle her no problem.

"Hey there, little no badge," came a voice from the dark. It was deep. Feminine. The voice of a woman that stood no shit. It didn't even cross Henna's mind that it might've been a Pokémon. To her, it sounded more like a trainer. An incredibly experienced trainer.

Henna's hand fell to her sole Pokéball, and she hastily unclasped it from the waist of her shorts. A quick press of a button, a toss, and then, a flash of light ... and her Vulpix was free. He too sensed the powerful presence in the dark. A presence that felt like it could eat him alive. But, despite that, he stood vigilant. Though he was small, Vulpix was very, very brave. His front paws bore into the ground, and his hackles and tails raised. He was ready to fight for Henna, even if he knew that it was a losing battle. For he knew that what was out there was no trainer, but ... a Pokémon. A Pokémon that was leagues and leagues above his puny power level.

The presence in the dark let out a snort. More twigs began to break underneath its feet as it began to move forward. The dark began to filter away from its form, revealing something that, right now, looked like somebody riding a Ponyta or a Mudsdales. "Really? That little small fry the best you got?" A cocky click of the tongue. "Then again, you are a little no badge. Do you want to see a real Pokémon, little no badge?"

The presence emerged from the shadows, revealing what it truly was to Henna's eyes. A Pokémon. And a marvelous example of one at that. It was little wonder that she'd been unable to distinguish her form in the dark - yes, her, for the Pokémon was obviously female - because her coat was a deep, reflective black. Now that she stood in a ray of sunlight, however, the starker colors of her fur became apparent, a ruff of bright, almost cyan fur above bare breasts a size or two larger than Henna's. Past her tummy was another ruff of bright blue fur, and then ...

The reason that she had been mistaken for a horse was because this Pokémon's lower half was that of a ... well, it certainly looked like a horse-like Pokémon, but, frankly, it reminded Henna more of a lion or another similarly powerful beast. There were no hooves, but instead, four soft

paws that were attached to four strong, fluffy legs. A wide, bubbly posterior stuck out from behind, capped with a spiky, long tail that was very reminiscent of ...

It took Henna a moment to put it together, for a lot of reasons. One, she wouldn't admit to herself right now, and that was ... the fact that this Pokémon was beautiful. While Henna wasn't sure about the more beastly lower parts - yet - her upper, more humanoid body was ... to die for. It was perfectly proportioned, to the point where it would make Henna feel more than just a little envious. Aside from her fur, the Pokémon was naked and bare, and yet she carried it with pride, her slightly sweaty breasts bouncing up and down as her four paws trotted forward, nipples erect ... just looking at her made Henna feel squirmy and weird, just like ...

"Vulpix, use Ember!" Henna yelled, attempting to clear her mind. The fox at her feet rubbed its tails together, creating a spark, which then turned into a mighty burst of flame. It was thrown forward ... only to fizzle off the opposing Pokémon's black coat harmlessly, not leaving behind so much as a scorched piece of fur. It was such a weak attack that the strange Pokémon didn't even comment on it ... she merely continued to stride forward at a slow, languid pace, staring Henna down with her cruel-looking hazel eyes.

Okay. Henna needed to think. If she could assess what kind of Pokémon it was, then she could potentially figure out some weaknesses. So, she tore her eyes away from her ... assets, and instead, looked toward the elements that might define her species. Tall, fluffy ears ... they reminded her of an Eevee. So, with that in mind, her eyes went down to her spiky tail, eying that up. If the ears were Eevee-like, and the tail was spiky, then that would make her ... some kind of Jolteon? Henna's eyes widened in realization. A Jolteon? But if that was the case, why was she moving so slowly? They were known for their speed, weren't they?

"Vulpix, use-"

Henna's internal question was answered immediately. All it took was a blink, and then ... suddenly, the strange Jolteon wasn't so far away. Suddenly, she was right in Henna's face. Suddenly, there was a Vulpix in the Jolteon's hand, her Vulpix, dangling, helpless, useless ...

Henna's heart broke in two.

"What were you going to say?" the Jolteon asked dismissively, looking at the squirming Vulpix in her hand with a raised brow. "No, seriously. Finish that off. I'm curious."

But Henna couldn't finish her sentence. Her bottom lip began to quiver, and she took a couple of nervous steps backward. Though her brain did its best to formulate words, it ultimately came up short. What could she possibly say? Telling Vulpix to use Ember again was worthless now, wasn't it?

"Okaaaaay," the Jolteon said awkwardly, looking at Henna like she was simple. "I'll make this simple for you. My name's Jackie. I'm a Jolteontaur. And I'm gonna show you a little move that you won't learn in any technical machine, sweetheart. Hope you two weren't close ... because this little Vulpix just became my dinner."

Now, finally, a phrase came to Henna's mind. A simple, needy plea. "Please don't," she begged, extending her hand in Vulpix's direction. But it was too late. Before her mouth had opened, before her lips and tongue had formed the words, Henna blinked ... and Jackie's much quicker maw sprung into action. In a speedy flash, the Joltentaur had opened her lips and shoved the vulpine's head inside. It was like every blink of Henna's eyes only served to drive the knife in deeper. Words once again lost her. Her hand retracted. It hadn't even come close to brushing against her beloved vulpine's tails.

And it was all her fault. If only she was faster, then ...

While Henna's heart broke, Jackie stared her down, mouth full of a fox's little head. If it weren't for the expression on the trainer's face, she would've just gulped the little beast down, and then had Henna for seconds. But there was something about her stare. It was different from the others. How many best friends had she devoured over the years? Plenty. She knew the emotions well. She knew what expression they bore, what they smelled like, what pathetic noises they made as their Pokémon slid down her throat toward her hungry stomach ...

Henna's disposition was different. Jackie could tell. She was about to eat more than a friend. This meal was going to be far more delicious than she first thought.

As her keen eyes surveyed Henna, Jackie was quick to notice that she was more like a scorned lover than one who was about to lose a friend. There was a very subtle difference in disposition, expression, and even pheromones, but Jackie was an extraordinarily perceptive creature. Nothing got by her. This wasn't just a best friend that was halfway to her hungry throat. No. This was a prospective lover. That certainly explained all the Ninetails gear, didn't it? She wanted her own fiery, telekinetic, foxy lover. A Poképhilic, right in front of her, a dirty little animal fucker ...

Well. That certainly made things more interesting.

Jackie tilted back her head and relaxed her throat, sending Vulpix's head plunging down her throat. His limp, defeated upper body slid past her lips, entering her hot maw, leaving only his lower body free of her mouth. He did not kick or squirm. A Pokémon knew when it was outmatched. But this was more than a display of victory now. Vulpix didn't know it, but he was currently being used to pull a very mean and very sexual trick upon Henna.

The Jolteontaur was angling her neck perfectly so that Henna could see what lay beneath Vulpix's tails. While the two of them hadn't bred yet - the little fox was too small, at least until he was fully evolved - the trainer had most certainly taken a few furtive peeks at his small, but

chunky little package. And now, it was brandished right in her face. His thick, limp little sheath was resting upon Jackie's delicate chin, his red-furred testes tight in their sack, all bared, all visible, as if Jackie were inviting Henna to take one last look at her future lover's sex ... which, of course, she was.

But she wasn't gonna stop there, no. If this little creature was being raised to fuck, then it was only fair to let him know what an orgasm felt like before he was digested. Her long, canid-like tongue slipped from her mouth, sliding across Vulpix's slender belly as it pushed past her lips. Her tongue began to rake against the base of his limp sheath, easily wrapping around the entirety of it. The slathering, wet muscle was bigger than his dick. Just like her throat threatened to consume Vulpix, her tongue consumed his prick.

Now, Henna ... Henna didn't even know how to process this. Her poor, inexperienced mind was full of grief already ... at least until she saw Jackie's display. Like a switch had been flicked, her misery turned into a jealous rage. This wasn't right. The first tongue that was supposed to wrap around that sheath was hers! How dare this overgrown Jolteon be the first to stimulate her dearly beloved? Her hands clenched, and she tried to take a step forward, to stop her, to protest ...

... but Henna simply fell to her knees.

It wasn't just jealous rage that the aardwolf felt. If Henna only had to process one vile thing, then she might've stayed on her feet. What brought her crashing down to her knees, however, was the sudden feeling of arousal that she felt. A rush of excitement springing from her loins and arching over her body, like an electric tingle. It was lust. But it wasn't for her Vulpix, nor was it for her future Ninetails. It was for that tongue. That wicked, horrible, thief of a tongue. It was as easy to imagine Jackie's tongue penetrating her folds as it had been to imagine Ninetail's relentlessly pumping into her, firing off shot after shot of cum ...

She wanted to look away. To tear her stare to the ground. But she couldn't. The display in front of her, it was ... arousing as much as it was horrifying. Stuck, on her knees, she could only gaze upward, transfixed by the wet sway of Jackie's tongue across her beloved's erect length.

Yes, erect. It had only taken mere seconds for Jackie's tongue to fully stimulate the fox's little red rocket, and it had only taken a few more seconds than that to tongue it to the edge of orgasm. Jackie felt his slender, lipstick-like member throb against her lips, ready to blow at any moment. Ready to unleash that first load of semen that Henna had been desperate to taste for herself. But she would not be able to lap so much as a drop of it. Her eyes would not even be able to witness it. Jackie, being the cruel creature that she was, tilted her head back and swallowed. The only sign of orgasm that Henna saw was the curl of her Vulpix's toes, a warbling, muffled cry of bliss, and then ... she could see him no more.

But she knew. All the way down to Jackie's stomach, her best friend, her future lover, would've been squirting out rope after rope of sperm, all for her greedy, uncaring stomach ... she hadn't even made an attempt to savor it like she would have done! No, like the glutton that Jackie apparently was, she'd swallowed him without even letting a drop of his precious seed land upon that ... filthy ... sexy ... tongue! Soon, he was gone entirely. Henna couldn't even see a bulge in her throat. Jackie's belly sagged slightly beneath her four legs, but it was clear that the Vulpix had been little more than a snack.

"That was mine!" Henna abruptly yelled, her hands curling into the ground beneath her. "You ... you shouldn't have ... you shouldn't have taken that from me!" Her voice came out in an unbridled, angry scream. Claws retracted. Teeth ground together. Adrenaline coursed through Henna's body, making her feel fast and powerful. From the ground she stood, pulling herself up, ready to fight. Even if she didn't stand a chance, then she was at least going to ...

A blink, followed by a choke.

Henna really needed to remember to keep her eyes open. For the third time tonight, she had made the mistake of taking her eyes off of Jackie for a microsecond, and ... it had cost her dearly. More dearly than the last two times. Now, she felt a hand on her throat, squeezing the air from her, her feet off the ground, dangling uselessly. Beneath her was Jackie, her powerful hand holding her by the neck, effortlessly lifting her from the ground. The aardwolf's eyes fixated on a singular bead of sweat that was coursing across Jackie's shoulder, down, down to those tits, running between that impossibly deep cleavage ...

Henna's claws slid back into their sheaths, and her body went limp. There was no use fighting Jackie. She was too strong. Too fast.

Too beautiful.

"Don't fret, little no badge," Jackie said. "I rocked his little world far harder than you ever could have." Her voice was calm, collected, unlike her fierce grip. Henna couldn't say that she enjoyed the juxtaposition, however, though ... she hardly had time to contemplate it. After her taunt Jackie released Henna. Her body fell to the ground hard, falling like a limp rag doll.

Though her limbs were all splayed, Henna rolled onto her back regardless, sucking much needed oxygen into her burning lungs. Her eyes, wide, looked toward Jackie. Though the seemingly mythical 'mon scared her half to death, the aardwolf found that she was simply unable to tear her eyes away from her. It was if her eyes, her mind, simply wanted to appreciate her ... even if she hated the Jolteontaur's guts. She had no words for her. Silent, save for her panting, she laid on the ground, any thought of her next move distracted by her disgusted admiration.

"You know what, little no badge?" Jackie said sharply, ensuring that her powerful voice broke the sound of Henna's loud panting. "I was going to gobble you up, but since you clearly wanted to get fucked by that Ninetails ..."

Jackie's paws shifted upon the ground. With a surprisingly elegant twirl - especially for a four-legged creature - she turned around, baring her fluffy, round backside to the prone trainer. Though Henna fought the temptation to stare, she couldn't help herself. Just as she had done with her former Vulpix so many times before, she gazed at the soft area that laid beneath the Jolteontaur's tail. She felt stick to her stomach, but her unwilling eyes were drawn toward her sweaty slit like a magnet. Her bottom lip quivered, and her panting came to an end. The trainer had forgotten that she needed to breathe.

"Why don't you gobble up my cunt instead?" Jackie asked, almost as if she were suggesting it. Henna knew otherwise. This creature didn't make suggestions. She only made commands.

"Trust me. It's way tastier than that Vulpix's nasty little dick."

Though her mind and soul fought against it, her body had succumbed. The Jolteontaur's pussy was ... undeniably perfect. Absolutely canine, very bestial, everything about her sex was ... animalistic. The way that her sweat and needed drooled from her lowest hole, matting against the fluffy, soft fur on her thighs. The twitch of her delicate, perfectly maintained pucker above, an excited, needy, constant wink. It surprised Henna. The electric Pokémon wasn't only demanding that she ate her cunt, she also wanted it.

This wasn't how it was supposed to be. She was straight, wasn't she? But as she pulled herself up to her knees, her body obeying Jackie's command, seeds of doubt were sown into the fertile fields of her mind. Though she continually attempted to assure herself of her identity as a straight woman, her needy, disobedient body stumbled forward, her hands reaching out for the backs of Jackie's powerful, muscular legs. Her face pulled itself forward to obey the Pokémon's command.

By the time that her nose pressed against the seam of Jackie's slit, her minds petulant, senseless scream had been drowned out by lust. The scent of the wild Jolteon's bestial musk was flowing directly into Henna's nostrils, strong enough that she could taste it, rolling across her tastebuds. In that moment, she felt complete. Later, she would feel just awful.

But this was the now.

Henna's lack of resistance surprised Jackie. She had expected a few pointless words of denial to sprout from her mouth at the very least, but ... this trainer was apparently a real whore for wild Pokémon ... male or otherwise. Though she was pleased, she would of course, not vocalize that. Henna wasn't worthy of her praise. Her 'thanks' came in the form of action ... a simple, but an effective one. Her powerful rear bucked backward. Henna's inquisitive sniff was rewarded the

canine's pussy being forcefully stroked across her lower face, smearing her musky juices over her nose and jaw.

"I said eat my cunt. Not sniff it. I know it might look like a gourmet meal, but ..." Jackie sighed, and then, her voice turned into a firm growl. "Eat it. Now. Before I eat you."

The words were thoroughly unnecessary. The swipe of scent and juice across her face pushed Henna into an overdrive. Her hands, already upon the Jolteontaur's legs, squeezed into them harder. Her face pushed forward, her mouth opened, and her tongue swept across her slit, rewarding her with her first taste of Jackie's wonderfully musky pussy. Sweaty, salty, the acrid, perfect taste rolling down her throat. Though any sane trainer would've balked at the idea of shoving their face into a Pokécunt, much less drinking what it produced down, it was liquid nectar to Henna. She wanted more. Needed more.

Her fingers dug ever tighter into the soft fur that surrounded Jackie's muscular legs. With a needy, throaty moan, she shoved her tongue into the Joltentaur's sopping fuckhole. How much richer it tasted from the source. Her body shuddered. Were it not for her need to drink more, to please the beast that she knelt before, then she might've collapsed on the spot from the taste alone. It was undescrivably divine.

Henna's mind went blank. Her body was simply a vessel for her tongue. The only decent part of her. The only piece of her that had produced any kind of reaction from the magnificent beast before her. Was this all she was good for? Eating pussy?

In that moment, she didn't particularly mind. Henna could deal with several lifetimes of this activity. If this was her true calling, then she'd put her whole heart into it ... or her whole tongue.

To say that Jackie was surprised by Henna's recent development would be an understatement. Though Jackie had forced many a trainer's tongue up her twat before, it was ... different with Henna. The woman's blind devotion to her in this particular moment was blatant. Though the stroke of her tongue within her was ... amateur, at best, the trainer's heart and energy more than made up for it. Within her, the aardwolf's slick muscle felt as if it were a fluttering butterfly, eagerly bouncing from her walls to lap up every last drop of juice that her sex was producing ... but even then, it wasn't her actions that were pushing Jackie rapidly toward a very messy orgasm.

It was the possibility. If she took the time to train this so-called trainer, then ...

Her muscles went stiff. Her core exploded with pleasure, a literal spark of electricity flowing over her form as her lower body went into spasm. The blue bolt arced across her body, intensifying, multiplying ...

As Jackie's powerful squirt of pokécream hit Henna right in her gaping mouth, so did a powerful burst of static electricity. Though the trainer suffered no harm from it, she was pushed back from the pussy that she was worshipping, electricity coursing through her body, sending her flying toward the ground. Like she'd been tased, pure lightning gripped her muscles, sending them tense, stunning her. Her body flopped upon the ground once, and then ... went still.

The shock was enough to bring her to her senses. Though her own pussy was still wet and throbbing, the harsh, uncaring shock reminded her that Jackie was not the divine, sexual beast that her mind had just made her out to be. No. She was a monster that had just eaten her Vulpix alive. A monster that she stood no chance of gaining a single lick of revenge upon. Henna had the feeling that even if she had a full team, ready for the Elite Four ... combined, they wouldn't have stood a chance against Jackie.

All Henna wanted to do now was run home. In her mind, her Pokémon adventure was very much over.

The novelty had worn off for Jackie, too. Though Henna had potential as a servant, she ... had no potential as a trainer. Really, she wasn't worthy of her. The only thing that she would offer her was a lick of mercy. She supposed that the trainer had earned that much. "Go home. You're not worthy of being a trainer. Though, if any Pokémon Centers happen to be looking for a little fuckslut ..." Jackie let out a harsh snort. "Well, maybe you want to put in an application."

No reply came from the stunned Henna. Not so much as a pathetic retort. Then she really was just a waste of time. Best to get out of here. Though, before Jackie did, her keen eyes swiveled toward the empty Poké Ball upon the ground. Her former Pokémon's home.

Well. There was always time for one last insult, wasn't there?

"Why don't you take that worthless little poké ball of yours ... and shove it up my ass. Then, you can go running home to Mommy. Once a no badge, always a no badge..."

Henna's eyes fell to the ball on the ground. A reminder of her defeat. A reminder of her lost friend. With her hand still shaky from her recent paralysis, she reached out and grasped it. Shakier still, she pulled herself up to her feet, letting out a quiet grunt. In both hands, she held the ball. Empty. Lifeless.

Once again, Henna approached the Jolteon's hindquarters. This time, she felt no lust, even if her eyes did briefly linger upon the canine cunt that she'd just been making out with. This time, however, she found the energy to pull her eyes away from it, up, toward the ass that was about to violate her beloved's former home. With every muscle still quivering, she lifted the ball, pressing the switch of it against her tight, sweaty ass ...

What happened next was very expected. There was one very cardinal and very steadfast rule when it came to eating. A catchy nutritional motto stuck inside of the head of many.

You are what you eat. And Jackie had just eaten the very Pokémon that had been caught inside of that ball. Though her relentlessly efficient stomach had digested him in a matter of minutes, his remains, the calories, the fat, had been funneled toward the very area that Henna's ball was making contact with. That perfect ass.

With a bolt of red, Jackie disappeared into the ball. It fell onto the ground. One shake. Two shakes. Three shakes. Caught. In an instant, she was suddenly responsible for Jackie.

But she didn't want to be.

Miserable, Henna lifted her eyes from the ball and looked toward the sky. Questioning her sexuality, her future, and her sanity, nine breathless words came from her lips.

"What the fuck am I going to do now?"