Team Building Exercise

In a world entirely occupied by Pokemon, deep within a forest close to a bustling ocean town, a brother begs for his sister's attention.

Though, looking at the pair, you wouldn't assume them to be step-siblings. Adopted, but very much raised by the same parents. The sister - the elder - was a tall and proud Absol, while her younger brother was a slim and boisterous Espeon. Not only were they opposing types, but, opposing colors. Both of them bore unique colorations for their species. A pale bright blue for the male, and a dark, light absorbing navy blue for the female. In stance, too, they were opposite. The psychic cat was on all fours, poofed up and energetic and bright like the sun, whereas the dark-type canine was laid out upon the ground, lazy and reclined like a waning moon.

"Come on, Callista," the pale blue Espeon pleaded, hopping on his paws. With bright red ribbons wrapped around his neck and torso like laurels, he looked like quite the proud, attentive little thing. He was also quite the *loud* thing. Voice was high-pitched, insistent … and that red garb of his had bright golden bells attached to it, making him jingle with every movement he made. "I know I've been talking a lot of crap lately, but … hear me out on this one."

"No, Apollo," the navy blue Absol grunted back, weary. A red ribbon was wrapped around her, too - specifically, the upper portion of her right leg - but it held no bells. Indeed, it was only lazily wrapped and tied around her leg. Lackadaisical, the loose tie fit her stance, her voice, her personality. "Been listening to you a lot lately."

Apollo grimaced. The little Espeon gave another bounce in front of his sister. "Look, I … I know that we've only been able to have a few minutes to ourselves, so I've only been able to talk about stuff, but this time, I'm not -"

The Absol relaxed upon her belly all the more, setting chin down on the ground. "You're not?" she asked, interrupting.

Apollo frowned. "I'm just -"

"You're just?"

"*Callie,* I'm trying to -"

"You're trying to?"

Apollo glared up at Callista. "Callista," he said, irritated.

Callista stared down at Apollo. "Apollo," she replied, tired.

“Can you stop interrupting me every time I open my mouth?”

The Absol lifted her nose and tilted her bright yellow eyes away from Apollo, up toward distant tree branches. The barely present breeze ruffled her dark coat ever so slightly. “Depends,” she said. “If I keep doing it, then, will you shut up?”

Apollo gave a firm shake of his head, making the bells attached to his laurels jingle. “*Nuh,*” he said, “I’m gonna keep talking.”

“You always have to keep talking. That’s your thing,” Callista sighed at the canopy.

“No, no. Right now? This moment? It’s super important that I - no, *we* - talk.”

The Absol kicked out her legs, shuffling them around beneath herself, kicking out paws and spreading toes. The Pokemon looked as if she were going to give a good yawn, but … it was restrained behind clenched teeth. No words came out of her mouth as she stared at the branches above. She did not need to speak her indifference when it was clear on her face.

The pale Espeon bounced back and forth, making bells jingle loudly. “Callie,” he said, bouncing toward his sister’s limp body with a firm *hop*. “Listen to me.”

Callie groaned at the sound of bells rattling and brother insisting. With her body laid out all lazy, she kept her head tilted toward the sky. “Why are you wearing bells?”

“Oh,” Apollo said. His bouncing stopped as he looked down at the gentle swaying bells that he’d tied to the soft laurels around his neck and torso. “You don’t like them?”

“Of course I don’t like them,” Callista huffed. “They’re loud and annoying.”

“They’re not *that* loud. Besides, I figured they would help if we lost track of each other.”

Following that statement, the shadowy Absol lowered her gaze from the canopy and looked toward her brother, confused. “What?”

Apollo lifted his forepaw and pressed it against his fluffy chest, clearly proud of what he was about to say. “If we lose track of each other. In a dungeon. You’d be able to hear me by listening out for the bells.”

“What’s wrong with yelling?”

“Yelling?” Apollo snorted. “That’s coarse and unpleasant.”

“So is you announcing yourself to every enemy in the joint,” Callista gruffed, briefly

eying the rocky entrance of the broken down ruins nearby. A cave of some sort. A very boring looking one at that. “You ever hear of the expression *with bells on*?”

“Whatever,” Apollo snorted, blatantly not seeing it as a concern. “I’ll just be quiet until we get separated.”

“You. Quiet. That’s a laugh,” Callista said, rolling her eyes.

Apollo considered. Still bouncing back and forth on his paws, he chewed on his bottom lip in thought. “Or … I’ll take them off, if it really makes you happy,” the pale feline suddenly offered. “If it … if it makes you listen to me?” he almost pleaded.

Callista began to pay close attention to Apollo, turning her lazy gaze into a proper stare. She noted how quiet he was. How desperate he was. How both his shoulders and the prongs of his tail were pointed forward. Wide, bright red eyes *popped* at her, practically bulging and twitching as he conveyed his desperation through optics. Combined with those big dumb ears of his that were reaching *all* the way to the heavens, her brother was clearly in desperate need to tell her *something*. More so than usual.

“Fine,” Callista eventually sighed. “You have my attention.”

“Great.”

“For the next two minutes, anyway.”

“More than long enough,” the Espeon said, trotting forward toward his sister. A gentle trill came from his mouth as his spine arched ever so slightly, blatantly pleased to finally have her attention. “So,” he announced, giving his forked tail a firm sway. “I think I’ve figured out a way for us to have some alone time.”

One of Callista’s brows arched suggestively. Suddenly, she was *very* curious about what Apollo had to say. The dismissive rush was gone. “Oh,” she said, trying not to sound too interested. Her sharp tail cut across the ground slightly as she pressed both of her back paws against the ground, subtly unlazing. “Have you?”

“Uh-huh. There’s a circus coming to town,” he said, “one night only. Tonight. And, guess what?”

“What?”

“The Guildmaster gave me two tickets.”

Callista frowned. “Two?” she said, poking her nose toward the ruins before looking back toward her pale blue brother. “Why not four?”

"Well, he *did* give me four, but I gave two of them to random people in town," Apollo said quickly, clearly not wanting to focus upon that particular detail. "The *story* we tell to Erebos and Sophron is that he only gave us two, though. Reason? Uh, budget reasons … or … not enough seats? Whatever. It doesn't matter."

"So, what are you planning, then?" Callista said, flexing her toes. "For me and you to go to the circus?"

Apollo shook his head. "Screw that," he said, chuckling. "I *hate* the circus. No, Erebos and Sophron are gonna go. Which means that we'll have the entire base to ourselves."

"Oh," Callista sighed, now unable to hide her excitement. Her eyes were a little wide. Her body was noticeably leaning forward now, clearly keen about her brother's plan. "I see where you're going with this."

"Yeah, Callie! For the first time since we started this whole Exploration Team, we can *finally* screw. It's. Been. Weeks," the feline mewed, rubbing his side up against his sister's raised hind paws. "Weeks of sharing a tiny room with four other people. Weeks of team meetings, team exercises, team … breakfasts," he rattled on. "Weeks of team *everything*. But tonight, for a solid four hours or so, me and you can *finally* defile our team's base … with some *team rutting*."

Callista gently curled her toes against her brother's excited rubbing, pushing her back paws against his soft frame ever so slightly. "You're still going to take the bells off, right?"

"What?" Apollo said, turning to face her mid-rub. "Oh, yeah! Sure!"

The Absol's ankles stiffened as she made a strong effort to keep her paws still against the feline's ticklish rubbing. "Then, yes. This sounds good."

Apollo excitedly bounced away from his sister's raised paws, tail *wagging* like he were an excited pup, not a cool feline. "Really?" he said, turning around to look her in the face. "I did good?"

Callista's legs gave a little tremble. Then, she lowered them onto the ground flat, tucking both limbs and paws beneath her fluffy belly as she rolled onto her front properly, suddenly looking quite regal rather than lazy. "Yes, Polly," she said, "you did good."

"*Yes,*" the Espeon hissed triumphantly. "I even got you to call me by my pet name."

"*Don't* make me regret it," Callista huffed coarsely, quickly changing her amorous tone. "Otherwise I'll make *you* regret it."

“Hey, speaking of me being a little weirdo,” Apollo said, excited and unphased by his sister’s vague threat. “I got something I wanna try. It’s kinda kinky, but -”

Noises came from the ruins behind them. A loud cheer followed by an almost inaudible sigh.

“Fuck,” Apollo mumbled to himself, scowling. “Guess I have to hold that thought.”

“Apollo, did you send us into *yet* another useless ruin because you wanted to talk to your sister?” came a disgruntled and loud groan from the ruins.

“Yeah, Polly! What gives?” a voice chirped from the same location. “You trying to distract your cute sister from the fact that I’m the most handsome Eeveelution around?”

Apollo’s form stiffened in irritation. “More like the wettest,” he muttered underneath his breath.

“Looks like your time is up,” Callista said quietly, nodding toward the two Pokemon that were now emerging from the ruins. With a sigh, she began to bring herself to a stand. “Erebos,” she called, “Sophron.”

The two Pokemon trotting over from the ruins gave a curt nod of their heads toward the Absol. In many ways, they cut a similar form to Callista and Apollo. Erebos - a Ninetales - was a great deal bigger than Sophron - a Vaporeon - who trotted along at his side. Unlike the curiously colored siblings, these Pokemon were of standard coloration. A creamy white for Erebos, and a bright, scaly blue for Sophron.

Both were clad in red ribbon, much like the two siblings. Erebos wore them around his tails in elegant, refined loops. Sophron had one around his throat, similar to a swimmer’s medallion. It was a little wet around the edges … just like the rest of him.

“I hope you two had a nice chat,” Erebos muttered bitterly. All nine of his tails bounced behind him in restrained irritation as he strode forward. “Said everything that you need to say.”

“Yeah,” Sophron grumbled, the blue scales on his tail shimmering in the sunlight. “Probably talking shit about us. Aren’tcha, Apollo? *Aren’tcha?*”

“No,” Apollo said firmly, turning his body around completely to face the approaching pair. “I was actually planning something nice for the two of you.”

“Nice?” Sophron replied quickly, narrowing his eyes suspiciously at his fellow Eeveelution. “I doubt it. Only thing you’re going to do is -”

“Soph, can it,” Apollo interrupted. “What I’m going to do is say … both of you are going to the circus tonight!”

Suspicion fell from Sophron’s face … immediately replaced by excitement. “What? No way! The circus?” The Vaporeon broke away from the Ninetales at his side and ran right up to Apollo’s face. Big wide eyes and flared out nostrils searched and huffed around the Espeon’s face, looking for a sign of a lie. “You … you’re telling the truth, right?”

Apollo gently swatted at Sophron’s face with a forepaw, unsuccessfully attempting to push him away. “*Yes*,” Pale blue tail puffed up all fluffy as he bounced a step backward, putting a little distance between him and the Vaporeon. Bells gave a fierce, loud, and annoying jingle. “The tickets are in my bag.”

Erebos quietly arrived behind Sophron. For a brief moment, he looked toward Callista. “Hm,” he said, sitting himself down and fanning out all nine of his tails in the air behind him. “The circus?”

“Yes, Erebos,” Apollo said, eying the nearby Sophron warily. “The circus.”

“But I don’t want to go to the circus,” Erebos grumbled, pawing at the ground meekly.

“What?” Sophron said, spinning around to face the Ninetales, his fishy tail almost slapping Apollo in the face in the process. “Why wouldn’t you wanna go to the *circus*?”

“Let me rephrase,” Erebos said, looking toward the excitable Vaporeon. “I don’t want to go to the circus with *you*.”

“That’s crazy,” Sophron muttered, wagging his wet tail and spraying out water droplets. “We’re best pals. We’re water *and* fire.”

“Best … best pals,” Erebos sighed. “I don’t like to be typist - I know a lovely Lapras, actually - but, in this case … much like our types … we’re completely abrasive to each other. I wouldn’t call you my best *anything* … much less my pal.”

“Best pals. Water *and* fire,” Sophron repeated, ignoring the harsh words. “*Water* … and … *fire*.”

“Well, then, uh,” Apollo murmured, pawing a bead of water off his face. It was clear that he needed to step into this … little discussion so that he could even things out a bit. Erebos was right. The two *were* completely abrasive toward each other, and that needed to change. “This is a perfect chance for the two of you to become friends, then.”

Erebos clicked his tongue. “You always say that.”

“I do, yes,” Apollo said. “Because it’s right. Because I’m right.”

“No. You say that right before you slip away to spend time with your sister,” Erebos pointed out, lifting a paw toward Callista. “Like when you sent us into this ruin. Like when you insisted that it was a two-man job. Like when you insisted that it would … how did you put it … *build the bonds of friendship*?”

Apollo looked over his shoulder, searching for his sister’s support. When the navy Absol remained quiet, though, he knew that he had to say *something* to defend himself. Especially considering his position as team leader. “Look,” Apollo said, giving his body a shake and ruffling his pastel blue fur up. “The two of you are going to the circus tonight.”

“Yeah, I’m totally going to the circus tonight,” Sophron said excitedly. His big thick tail gave a sway behind him. His eyes went wide as he turned around to give chase to his slippery appendage.

Erebos watched as his ‘best buddy’ began to spin circles around himself on the ground, running after his tail. “I don’t want to go with him,” the Ninetales said, shaking his head dismissively. “He’s a moron.”

“Too bad,” Apollo said. “I’m the leader. I call the shots.”

“I want to go with your sister,” Erebos said, tilting his head toward Callista. “She’s far more reasonable.”

Callista rolled her eyes at the request. The rather regal fox was always trying to convince her to go out on a date with him, but, in his case, she preferred playing hard to get. He was a little arrogant. And, besides, she was busy tonight. Plans had already been made, and they were far more interesting than watching the circus with some haughty pomp. “I can’t go,” she suddenly piped up.

Erebos arched his creamy brows. “You can’t?” he almost whimpered, trying his very best to not sound put out.

“No,” Callista said. “I have to look after Apollo.”

Huffing, the Ninetales looked toward an Espeon who was suddenly quite shifty looking. “You have to … look after …”

Callista nodded her head. “Mhm. Whenever the circus rolls into town - anywhere - he starts to get the shivers.”

“Do you, Apollo?” Erebos asked, staring at him.

"I - yes," Apollo said, quickly deciding to roll with it. He'd already told one lie to Erebos and Sophron today … what was another? Even if it *was* going to be at the cost of his pride, knowing his sister. "I … I hate the circus."

The Ninetales gently tilted his head, suspicious. Everything about the nine-tailed vulpine's expression showed that he smelled a lie. "Why?"

"Mr. Mime," Callista suddenly said, sounding a little fearful.

Apollo grimaced. There it was. The cost to his pride. "Mr. M-Mime," he repeated, shrinking down slightly in faux fear … and in real shame. "Can't … can't stand 'em."

"One of them picked him up when he was only an Eevee," Callista said grimly like she was recalling a particularly unpleasant memory. "Got his big Mr. Mime hands all him. All those … fingers," she said, shuddering. "Poor guy has never been the same since."

"Terrible," Apollo said, turning his head away from the suspicious Erebos. "Just … the worst. So … pudgy and … warm …"

"You know me, Erebos. I wouldn't lie to you," Callista said, walking up alongside Apollo. She hid the Espeon away by turning her side against him, blocking her brother out of Erebos' sight. "Not like this one."

A little splash emitted from behind the group as Sophron pulled himself out of the stupor that was chasing his own tail. "Huh?" the Vaporeon said, giving himself a little shake. "Someone say something about a lie?"

"No," Erebos sighed, smacking his lips together. "It looks like I'm going to the circus with you tonight, Sophron."

"Yay!"

Apollo loosed a sigh of relief behind Callista. Bells gave a little jingle as his tail hit the ground, utterly limp. For all he cared now, his pride could be damned. All that mattered was that he was getting laid tonight.

"We should probably get going to the tram," Callista said. "It gets here soon. And I don't want to waste an hour waiting for the next one."

Apollo released *another* sigh of relief. Callista hadn't *repeated* the lie to Sophron, which was good. Great, even. The Vaporeon would never leave him alone otherwise. "Right," Apollo said, starting to lead the way toward the tram stop. "Best we get going."

"Yay, yay," Sophron cheered, bouncing forward so that he could walk *slightly* ahead of Apollo. "The circus! The circus!"

Erebos sighed. He gave Callista a long, hard look, double-checking for any sign of a lie from her. "Mr. Mime," he queried when both of the Eevees were out of earshot. "Really?"

"I know," Callista said, starting to lazily stroll behind her brother and his rival. "Wimp."

* * *

Evening came to pass. The hot sun had fallen behind the clouds, but that didn't mean that there was much reprieve from the summer heat. The ocean town of Surf City had been thoroughly baked during a long day, and, thanks to the sea being so close by, an intense humidity filled its streets even at night. All of this combined with the fact that it was peak tourist season - *and* the circus was in town - meant that the city was packed, bustling, and sweaty.

For Apollo and Callista, however, this mattered very little. Aside from the noise that came in from the outside through the thin stone walls, they were within the tiny headquarters of Team Aces - their rescue team - alone and separated from the crowds outside.

Sadly, they weren't separated from the heat. The small stone building had nothing resembling air conditioning, and the ventilation that it had was poor. As a result, the atmosphere within the small meeting room that they had gathered within was … sweaty, to say the least. The two Pokemon gathered within were heated and uncomfortable, particularly Callista, seeing as she was the larger of the two. Absol musk was thick in the air, leaking from her paws … along with a light pinch of Espeon sweat somewhere in there, too. A gentle spice if one sniffed hard enough.

But even though they were overheated and uncomfortable, the two siblings were, for the most part, at peace. Sat on their haunches close to each other by the table that took up the center of the room, the two gazed at each other lazily, almost a little sleepy due to the smothering heat in the room.

"Thank fuck for that," Apollo murmured, raking a pale paw across the hardwood floor. "I thought that they were never going to leave."

Callista nodded her head, making the dark fur on her ruff quiver. "Mhm," she murmurs, blinking her sharp yellow eyes as she looks down at her feline sibling. "But they did. So …"

“Yep,” Apollo replies, unsheathing his claws to press them down against the wood. “So, uh, we should … probably …”

An awkward silence fell over the two of them. Still blinking, Callista looked over her shoulder toward the door, while Apollo continued to absentmindedly stroke his paw across the ground. Although they were both eager for the amorous event that the Espeon had so carefully planned, neither of them was quite sure how to initiate it. It had been a fairly long since they had been at home, after all … and home had never been quite so hot to boot.

“Man,” Apollo mumbled, lifting his paw from the ground to brush it over one of his fluffy haunches. Between his legs, the Espeon’s overheated sheath blatantly sits over his fuzzy balls, plump but mostly unaroused. “How did we … y’know … do this before?”

Callista released a quiet pant, still looking toward the door. “How did we do what?” she asks. Behind her, her hard, pointed tail audibly scraped across the ground.

Apollo winced slightly, pulling his big triangular ears ever so slightly backward. “You know,” he mumbles, swaying his forked tail. “How … uh … how did we …”

“Fuck?” Callista suddenly suggested, turning her head back toward the uncomfortable Espeon in front of her. “Is that what you’re asking? How did we used to fuck?”

Apollo shook his head, lifting his shiny red eyes toward his larger sister. With his head slightly swaying, he looked over her face - across her pointed chin, and up to her long, soft-looking fringe - before his attention ultimately settled on her one visible eye. “Not quite,” he said, “I remember that part. Uh … my … my dick, it goes in and out of your, you know …”

“Uh-huh,” Callista murmured, fanning her fluffy digits out across the floor. “Do go on.”

Apollo gave a single blink of his bright eyes before going on. “It, uh, it goes in and out, until, uh, you cum, and then I cum, and …”

“It seems like you have a pretty solid grasp of the whole thing,” Callista interrupts, suddenly growing bored of her adopted brother’s rambling. Her own claws - large like big black talons - press against the floor with a hard *clk*. “So what’s the problem?”

“The first part,” Apollo says, shuffling a little on his back paws. “Like, you know. The … the song and dance before the … thrusting and the humping and the uh, moaning.” Between his legs, his seated sheath gives a slight but visible throb. “Like … what did I used to say to you … or like … what did you used to do, before we …”

“Apollo, shut up,” Callista instructs, clicking her tongue.

“Sorry, sorry,” Apollo whines, ducking his head away from his sister and puffing a little sweaty pant. “It’s just -”

Sharp Absol claws raked against the floor, cutting lines across it with a sharp *scrape* as the female leaned forward, making her body loom over her brothers.

Partially within his sister’s looming shadow, the Espeon looked up. His red eyes fixed tightly upon yellow ones as his tail beat a nervous swish behind him, fluffy prongs tapping against the floor.

“Apollo,” Callista repeated, her tone more firm than before. “Shut up.”

This time, Apollo shut up. His eyes widened just a touch as he submissively nodded his head, completely giving in to the dark-type hovering above him.

The Absol lifted her left paw. For a moment, she lifted it to the brother’s face, exposing its musky underside to her brother’s wide eyes. Sweaty beans flex outward as claws curl above them. Digits slowly separate, revealing the dark, wet fur beneath her toes.

Then, as soon as the Espeon had gotten a good eyeful, the Absol thrust her paw out. It struck him right in the chest, hitting him with a forceful push. Stunned, the feline fell onto his back with a squeak.

All four of his paws shot up into the air. His sheath and balls - the former far firmer than before - *bounced* atop his groin and belly, giving a very lewd pulse as they settled. Not in pain - not in the least - Apollo moaned, wriggling ever so slightly on the ground.

Now towering higher above her brother than ever before, Callista sighed. “I can’t believe that you just told me that you forgot how to get *hard,”* she groans, flexing the paw that just pushed her brother. Still in the air, her slick and warm beans now hover just a few inches above Apollo’s twitching junk. “You fucking dumbass.”

“I … I haven’t forgotten how to get hard!” Apollo insisted, almost hissing at his sister. His feet kick out weakly, uselessly bouncing from her much broader paw. “Don’t put words in my mouth like that! I -”

Callista’s paw went *down*, suddenly smothering the kitty’s sensitive sheath and sack beneath its broad and warm expanse. As his mouth opens to release a croon of ecstasy, his eyes almost cross, tongue slithering from his mouth to release a gleeful moan.

“I’ll put whatever words in your mouth that I want.”

This time, Apollo didn't complain. Instead, excited and eager, he closed his furred thighs around his sister's sweaty paw instead, *humping* a member that was finally stiffening proper across the plump and squishy surface of her toes.

Callista didn't move an inch. In her mind, she was exactly where she needed to be. "You forgot how to get hard. Didn't you, Apollo?"

Almost mindless, the pale kitty gave a mewl, squirming on his back. A pleasure was roiling up his loins now that could finally distract him from the summer heat properly. He cared not for arguing when he could instead thrust his hips and feel *good*. So, nodding, he did exactly that.

The Absol still didn't move, not even to intensify the smother on the Espeon's dick. Her paw remained exactly where it was - covering it gently - only really giving the feline a preview of its weight, heat, and presence that was its smother. "It's a good job that I'm here to remind you, isn't it, Apollo?"

"Yes, *yes*," Apollo whimpered, clutching his thighs around his step sister's precious paw. "I'm really glad that you're here! Really glad!"

Paw wriggled between Apollo's legs. The pale blue cat arched his hips and tightened his plump little thighs, attempting to keep his cock *right* there, right where it felt best …

… but the female was bigger and stronger. With an insistent tug, paw stickily *popped* away from kitty crotch, revealing a cock that wasn't feline in the least. All pink flesh - throbbing, hard, about eight inches of it - but devoid of any kind of barb. Instead, at its very base, a very canine knot was clearly forming, eager to tie with the Absol that had just been smearing her paw all over it.

"Done warming you up," the Absol murmured. With a flex of the claws on her front paws, she turned her face away from the Espeon beneath her, showing her ass to him instead. The dark fur across her behind rippled, making her round cheeks all the more prominent. "Now it's your turn."

"My … my turn?" Apollo whimpered, still on his back. Between his legs, fat, dangling testes visibly *clenched* within their tight sack, sending a shockwave rippling through his thick length in the form of a throb.

"For fuck sake," the Absol snarled. Her thin tail *lifted* like a guillotine blade, smoothly sliding upward as she spread her legs out. A puffy, pink, and drooling slit - one that blatantly hadn't forgotten how to get aroused - was clearly revealed to the Espeon's eyes. Just above, the wrinkles of her pucker were *just* about visible, mostly hidden by the shadow of chubby cheeks and sharp tail. "Your face! In here! Or do I have to *sit* on you?"

The Espeon *immediately* bounced onto his feet. “Nope!” As tempting as it was to push his sister into sitting on him, he was a little afraid of what she might do to his beautiful furry face with that tail of hers. With his eyes locked onto his objective - wet, pink, pussy - he began to trot forward, erection and balls swaying between his legs. “I know what to do! I know -”

The Absol’s legs *bent*, lowering that ass closer to the floor while giving Absol a better angle to tuck in. Her lips quivered, sending pink flesh shuddering … and an obvious *drip* of arousal oozed from her pussy, almost steaming in the hot confines of the muggy meeting room. “No more talking, then,” she insisted, her voice as heated as her needy sex. “Put your mouth to better use.”

Apollo was more than happy to oblige. With the intensely musky scent of his step sister’s heat wafting over his twitching nostrils, he thrust his muzzle forward and buried it into the place where - right now, at least - it felt like it belonged.

The taste of her flowed over his taste buds before Apollo had even opened his maw, so strong was her heat. It had only been weeks in reality, but … to him, it felt like an eternity since he had last been here. A happy sigh rolled out of his mouth as his lips began to part, teasing over pink and sensitive flesh as his mouth opened right up …

… and then, with no hesitation at all, his raspy tongue dove within her folds properly, sampling the taste of her ambrosia properly. The Espeon’s fluffy throat greedily *gulped* as he devoured the first wave of her juices, scooped only from the soft flesh that lined her hole. He hadn’t even pushed it inside to penetrate her yet, and his face was already so *wet*.

“Good,” Callista praised, her voice deeper, lustier, but still just as frustrated. “Now get it *in* there.”

Slightly fearing the twitching tail above his head - but more turned on by his sister’s demand than anything - Apollo did as he was told. A final stroke of his tongue across throbbing pussy, smothering it in both barb and saliva. Then, knowing that he couldn’t deprive her any longer, he lined the tip of his tongue up with her gaping hole, and eagerly dove within.

Muscle slid into the very root, almost *pulled* within by an insistent tug of cunt muscle. A slight splash of her cream over his pale blue chin. A guttural and happy moan from the pair of them, one aloud, the other muffled by sex.

Then, quiet. With his chin and lips pressed tight against pussy, Apollo gave himself a brief moment just to smile. To enjoy her sweet taste, her heady scent, and the feeling of her tunnel rolling over his tongue in absolute bliss. This was good. He had missed this.

But, honestly, he had missed the part that came *after* this much, much more. So, the

Espeon stopped enjoying the moment, and simply *dove* in.

"Oh, *fuck*," Callista groaned, her thighs briefly shuddering around her brother's face before she violently bucked her hips backward, *raking* that barbed tongue across the insides of her smooth walls. "Fuck!" Another thrust backward, sending her fluffy cheeks *slapping* against his face. "Deeper!"

Quickly, the Espeon raised his forepaws and *pushed* them deep into his sister's cheeks … both to stop them from hitting his face so hard, *and* so that he could push deeper. Nose pushed down with a wet *squish* as tongue truly buried itself within. The feline knew that his sister adored the coarse texture of his tongue, so he was making sure that it made its way around every square centimeter of her innards. He knew that nothing else would satisfy her.

"That's right," the dark Absol snarled, stomping her paws down around the feline. Thighs and back legs drew inward all the more, almost making the pale blue feline disappear entirely within her thick fur on her thighs, ankles, and ass. Only his head and forepaws were visible, former against the seam, latter against cheeks. "You wanna *fuck* me, you gotta earn it."

"I'm gonna fuck you," the Espeon snarled into her cunt, needy. A fierce *suck* to draw out the plentiful juices within, all so that he could gulp her taste down, followed by a delirious gasp. He had sampled so much of her taste now, drawn in so much of her scent. It was driving him desperate, wild, almost insane. Beneath him, his cock and balls were throbbing hard, larger than ever and eager for the main event.

"Yeah? You gonna fuck me?" Callista teased haughtily like she didn't believe the Espeon buried in her backside. "You think you earnt it?"

Apollo began to thrust his hips, sliding his aching length across his sister's perfectly plump thigh, matting it down with his pre. Mouth opened all the more, pressing his fangs *flush* against her labia as his tongue continued to roll around within. "Earnt it," he barely said as he devoured her, "want it," he growled into her tunnel, "*need it*."

Thighs *squeezed* around her brother's body. Then, legs released him entirely, freeing him from their fluffy embrace. Her ass bucked backward, rudely knocking his paws away from his cheeks … and his muzzle out of her snatch. The pale feline landed on all fours.

He did not even waste time shaking himself off. He knew what this meant. He knew that the gesture, no matter how dismissive it might've seemed, meant that his sister was ready to rut … and Apollo himself was very ready. He'd been ready to empty his balls inside of her for *weeks*. It felt like all of that hard work on rearing his team - arguing with Erebos, fighting with Sophron, dealing with his grumpy sister - had led toward this very moment. His reward.

And now, very eager for his primed reward, he leaped up atop of his navy blue sister. That body of his might've been small in comparison, but he was *just* about able to stand tall enough so that his hind paws could reach her cheeks. So that he could *pull* himself up onto his tiptoes and stand in the perfect position to fuck her from behind. It took but a wiggle of the hips to line up his dripping glans with her well-tongued fuckhole.

"I'm gonna do something … something new," Apollo grunted in bliss, *finally* feeling the Absol's heat bathing over his fat cock and balls. "When I start. I'm going to do something new. Okay?"

"I don't give a ***fuck*** what you do," Callista snarled back, thrusting her hips backward in an attempt to *squeeze* her brother's length inside herself. It failed. Tip bounced just above her hole. Thighs and ass shuddered as it brushed past her swollen clitoris. "Just do it!"

"So … so I can do whatever I want," the feline insisted, body shaking. Behind him, his tail swayed fervently as his hips quivered. He was desperate to thrust inside with proper aim - to start the job - but he needed his sister's word. He had a *plan*, and it relied upon it. "Right? *Right*?"

"Yes!" the Absol yelled back, screaming loud enough to alert half of Surf City. "I don't care! Just fuck me!"

A mischievous smile spread across the little cat's face. Then, eagerly, he thrust within his sister's folds, making both of them cry out in lust.

With the Absol primed, ready, and wet, it was easy for the Espeon to sink inside. As his knot *squished* against the outside of her sex, he felt her hot tunnel give a familiar and nostalgic clench around most of his inches. Given that he hadn't felt the delightful ripple of her walls for *weeks*, Apollo was *very* tempted to just knot her there and then add his white heat to her own in what would be an explosion of bliss.

But, no. For one, that would disappoint his sister immeasurably. One stroke before knotting her? He'd *never* live that down. And, for two, he had his little scheme. He'd been thinking about it since the woods, but … he had been too shy to admit it to her directly. Too shy to admit that he'd been listening to lustful couples down at the guild hall who had been whispering lewd tales to one each other over their drinks. Too shy to admit that he'd been thinking about one *specific* act for weeks and weeks because it just sounded so damn filthy and *fun*. Too shy to admit that he wanted to ***fuck*** her ***ass***.

Which was why he'd gotten her permission to do anything! It was foolproof! She couldn't possibly deny him. Or … could she? As he remained submerged within clenching wet, considering, he realized that this might not be a very good idea after all. That he might just piss his sister off and screw up this perfect little moment.

Then, far too eager, he quickly told himself that it would be fine. That she would *love* this. That it would be a fun and kinky surprise.

Slick cock hastily withdrew from barely rutted cunt. Hips raised and pussy-glazed tip suddenly *pushed* against the Absol's pucker. In his inexperience, the Espeon had expected a *smooth* entry - just like slamming into that juicy sex - so it was quite a surprise when his cock found a wall of tensed muscle rather than a hot orifice.

"What the *fuck* do you think you're doing?" Callista gasped. Her head *swung* around her shoulder so quickly that she almost lost her balance, teetering on her forepaws.

"I'm … I'm gonna fuck your ass," Apollo huffed, taking his cock away from slit and toward the crack of her butt. "Don't worry. It's gonna feel really good -"

Claws ***clacked*** against the floor, stabilizing the midnight Absol completely. "No *way*! It's not supposed to go in there!"

"That's *why* it's going to feel so good," Apollo practically *giggled* in his eager lust. With wide eyes and tight paws, he *gasped* as his tip nudged against the Absol's pucker. The wrinkled hole felt *so* much tighter than where he'd just been. "Remember, *we're* not supposed to fuck either!"

"That's … that's different!" Callista said, whining because of the sudden and insistent *prod* of her brother's tip against her well-clenched asshole. "We're not related, *technically*, and -"

"And while my cock *shouldn't* go up your ass, it *technically* can," the cat chimed back, stroking his tapered tip across tightly drawn asshole. "So how about you relax, loosen up, and I'll show you -"

The Absol kicked backward. The Espeon - despite the fact that he was talking shit - *was* able to dodge her legs. He wasn't able to avoid knocking himself off balance, though. With a whine, he began to topple backward, paws kicking out to try and grasp ahold of something.

But with the Absol quickly moving away in offense, there was naught but air around him. As a result, Apollo landed on his back, grunting. Like he was still up against his sister's ass, his hips thrust into the air on autopilot, sending a jet of pre shooting across his fluffy stomach. "Too far," he wheezed, a little winded. "Okay -"

"Loosen *up*?" Callista howled, *skidding* on all four feet as she turned around sharply. "*Relax*? You were about to put your dick up my ass!"

"Callie, I … I get it," Apollo murmured back quickly. His hips briefly rolled over the ground beneath him before he *bounced* back onto all fours, primed and ready for action

once again. “No ass -”

“I don’t *want* your dick up my ass!”

“Okay, then I’ll put it in -”

“Why would you even *try* to do that*?*”

“Because … because I heard someone talking about it at the Guild Hall, and -”

“You heard some fucking weird ass *pervert* talking about it and you decided, oh, I’ll try it on my sister and *completely* ruin the mood?”

Apollo teetered backward on his paws. His brow fell. “Ruined? C’mon, Callie. I’m still hard,” he murmured with a hint of frustration, gesturing one of his forepaws toward the blatant pink erection between his legs. “And it’s just your *ass*. It’s been in your mouth before, and under your paw, and -”

The Absol’s jaw dropped. In shock, her wild yellow eyes fixed on Apollo, expression completely aghast. “Are … are you getting a fucking *attitude* with me?” Callista said in blatant disbelief. “After what *you* just did?”

“Well … yeah, I’ve got an attitude!” Apollo snapped back. The feline *knew* that he was crossing a line here, but … the tiny meeting room was *hot*, and he was *hot*, and now he’d lost his opportunity to do something hot … and all because his stupid step sister was being stupid sanctimonious. “*You’ve* got a fucking attitude, too! You said I could do whatever I wanted!”

Every strand of navy blue fur on Callista’s body gave a fierce ruffle. “I didn’t *think*,” she snapped, *stomping* forward a step, “that your amazing new idea would be … would be …”

“Look at you!” Apollo laughed, unshaken by the fact that he was now in stomping range of his sister. “You can’t even say it! You’re such a prude that you can’t even say it!”

Callista’s brows shot all the way up. Frankly, the Absol was shocked. Her brother had gotten quite the mouth since he’d become leader of this little Exploration Team, but she’d never expected *this* from him. “You’re pushing it,” she said back quietly, her lips barely moving.

“I’ll push it as far as I like,” Apollo snickered, his big pale blue butt and forked tail waggling behind him defiantly. Between his legs, his erection remained as hard as ever, pink and engorged and clearly the main source of his frustration. “Me? I’m the *leader* of this team. And you? You’re a prude who’s afraid of a good time!”

Callista's face remained still, shocked, her wide yellow eyes locked upon the arrogant cat who was barely even half of her height. "Go off one more time, Apollo," Callista growled lowly. "Go on."

"What are you going to do if I *do* go off, huh? Kick my ass?"

"Damn straight I'm going to kick your ass."

"You couldn't!" Apollo cheered, placing a forepaw against his chest. I'm *way* stronger than you."

At that, Callista's expression couldn't help but shift. Her eyes lidded derisively as her nostrils flared in a snort. "Really?"

Apollo, of course, was no fool. He knew full well that his step sister had a clear type advantage over him, that his psychic would do nothing against her dark, and that her dark would do everything against his psychic. And, beyond that, the two had fought on more than one occasion - mere scuffles, for the most part - but aside from a couple of especially unscrupulous and well-planned sneak attacks, the Espeon had never come out on top.

But, even if his rescue team was shoddy, he had been appointed the leader of it, and such responsibility *had* gotten to his head a little, even if he wouldn't admit it. And, more than anything, the Espeon was frustrated … in more ways than one. He wouldn't back down to Callista right now. Not even if he knew, deep down, that he would lose here.

"*Really*," he insisted, tireless in his confidence. "I'm stronger than you. I could kick your ass."

The Absol's dark mouth descended with a quickness. Maw opened and teeth lunged before the Espeon could so much as flinch. Just like she had many times in their youth, she locked her jaw around his scruff and lifted him into the air effortlessly, bringing her head up nice and high so that he dangled.

Apollo, of course, didn't like this one bit. Dangling in her maw, the bratty Espeon thrust out all four of his limbs and raised his tail across his belly aggressively. He released a loud snarl - one that might be intimidating if it weren't for the fact that he looked so helpless right now - before his body began to glow with bright blue energy. His psychic power. A burst of light blew up in his eyes, irises going from a flat rose to a cyan glow that soon spread across every hair on his body, becoming most prominent on those well-extended paws.

Mystical psychic energy was flowing out of his angry little body in full force. Under normal circumstances, this would've burnt any Pokemon nearby - certainly one who was

holding him in their *maw* - but Callista was no normal Pokemon. No, she was a dark-type. His bright and burning light was, quite literally, almost nothing to her. It didn't even make her itch. The only irritating thing was that her damn brother was lit up like a firework, and *that* was bothering her sensitive eyes.

But she could cope with her brother's bright light for now. After all, she only had to cope with it for as long as she needed to transport him. So, rather quickly, she began to trot out of the meeting room, heading to the tight and tiny corridor outside.

"Put me down!" Apollo yelled, flaring with light as the pair of them squeezed into the corridor. "Put me down, or I'll *really* show you what I'm capable of!"

Confident and sure that her brother couldn't do anything at all, Callista carried him down the corridor toward the team's bunkroom. When she was within, she twisted her maw and flung her brother into the corner of the room. Grateful that nothing was burning brightly at her eyes now, she blinked a few times and turned her back to him before striding off toward the place that she rested.

Apollo landed - yet again - with a grunt. Blue psychic light dimmed as he shook himself off, bouncing back up onto his feet. Even though he was now poised for a battle - all hackles raised and eyes fierce - the feline, frankly, looked ridiculous. Why? Because his dick was still unashamedly erect. As he stood there, in battle pose, it swayed and bounced between his legs, almost red in need and blatantly throbbing with arousal.

"Ha! Scared of me?" the cat goaded, even though his sister wasn't terrified in the least.

There was, of course, no reply at all to his attempt at an insult. She wasn't even *looking* at him. The navy blue Absol was fishing through the footlocker near where she slept, back turned away from him, her focus completely on something else entirely. Searching for something.

But the Espeon wasn't thinking about *what* she might have been searching for. He was too busy focusing on his injured pride, and … his raging erection. "You won't fight me properly! You … you haven't fought me properly for *years*," the Espeon said. "Because you're scared. Because you're -"

The Absol turned around. The Espeon immediately caught sight of what she'd been looking for. What she had now found.

It was a gem. A tiny pink prism about an inch long. Glinting dangerously between her clenched teeth.

Apollo recognized what it was immediately. It was part of one of the strange traps that they commonly found and disassembled within the mysterious ruins that they

explored. Specifically, the part that held the nasty enchantment that would be cast upon whoever triggered the trap. The Espeon wasn't *sure* which gem the trap was from, but, knowing his sister … it couldn't be anything pleasant.

Still. What was he supposed to do now? Back down? After he'd taken this so far and said so much? No. As the leader of the … fine operation that was Team Aces, he couldn't submit to someone who was, effectively, his subordinate.

"I'm your leader," Apollo said bravely, his bravado somewhat diminished by the still-raging erection between his legs.

Above him, Callista raised her brows. Even though she was unable to speak due to the pink glint between her teeth, her defiant expression said everything without words.

"You're gonna put that gem down."

Callista's brows raised just a little bit more. Still utterly defiant, she lowered her muzzle down, putting it mere inches away from Apollo's. Lips puckered around the gem. A visible flick of her tongue against its backside, spreading saliva.

"You're gonna do it *right* now, Callie -"

Callista spat the gem into Apollo's open mouth.

The feline immediately went to turn his head and spit it out.

But the Absol was quick. To his lips she pressed a kiss - a hard one - one that, due to the size of her muzzle, easily encapsulated his entire mouth, pinning it down. With a harsh huff of hot air that descended down the feline's throat, she pushed a brief wave of her dark energy into his body, easily shoving at her brother's psychic energy …

… which made the poor Espeon feel as if he'd been hit by a sledgehammer. Weakly, he cried out in pain into his sister's mouth … and, in the same breath, he swallowed, pulling that enchanted gem straight down his little throat.

Callista broke the kiss, smirking.

Apollo turned his head away, gagging.

"Oh, look," Callista sighed, finally breaking her silence. Smiling, she took a casual step away from her retching brother. "It's super effective."

Still, on his back, the little Espeon *kicked* all four of his feet up into the air, feeling *utterly* unpleasant. He had felt that magical crystal sink down his throat, and now, he could feel it swirling around the depths of his tummy. It was only a matter of time before

his stomach acids ate into it enough to activate whatever magic lurked within.

Forepaws descended from the air and fell to his belly. Though he was desperately trying to keep his cool, his anxiety began to show as he started to stroke his paws over his stomach in worry. “What have you … what was in that crystal?” he almost whimpered, keeping his ears tall and straight.

Callista turned her head away from her brother as if she found him to be a truly detestable creature. “Oh, I’m sure it’ll have little effect on such a … powerful creature like yourself.”

The cat attempted to bounce up onto all fours, but … all he could do was manage to flop onto his side like a fish. Whatever was in that gem was already starting to spread through him. His vision was starting to get murky, his limbs were stiff and useless, and … everything inside of him was swelling up. Like his insides were suddenly just a little too small for his skin. “C-Callie …”

The Absol’s expression softened a slight as her brother made that weak little cry. “What?” she asked, dropping her voice so as not to reveal her concern. “You gonna beg for mercy?”

A weak whimper rolled out of Apollo’s mouth as a strange force grasped at his body. With maw wide open, he tilted his head upward, scuffing his back paws against the ground as he weakly kicked out with them. “I … no, I … I wanted to …”

Callista couldn’t help but tilt her gaze toward her brother proper, straightening herself out. She looked down at him, and … saw that he was clearly in pain. She also saw that his eyes were good and blurry, so … she also allowed herself to grimace as she wondered if she’d taken things too far. Regretful, she took a step forward. “You wanted to … what?” she asked, still doing her very best to sound unbothered.

The pale blue Espeon brought his paws up to his chest, clutching at it as it grew painfully tight. The enchantment was in full throe now. Its true effect would be activating at any moment. “That … ah … *that* …” he groaned weakly, voice growing quiet.

The navy Absol took another step forward, head lowering toward her brother in concern.

Apollo grinned around a mawful of frothy saliva. “That you’re a ***cowardly prude,***” he hissed wetly.

Callista’s teeth *clacked* together angrily. “You -”

Pink smoke erupted from Apollo’s form, shrouding him completely while surprising his sister’s angry snarl into silence.

Although the room was airless and stale, the smog cleared fairly quickly … and when it did, it looked as if the Espeon had vanished. Once laid on the floor, visible, cocky, and visibly cocky … he was now gone. As if he'd just been teleported, made invisible, or simply erased from existence.

Upon closer inspection, a dull eye would've seen what looked like a fleck of pale blue lint on the floor. A one-inch scrap of nothing that must've fallen out from between their toes.

But a keen eye would've been able to detect that it was none of those possibilities. A keen eye would've seen the shrunken form of an Espeon, now little more than a couple of inches long. Almost small enough to slip between the cracks of the floorboards.

And not only did Callista have keen eyes, but … she also knew *exactly* what she'd done. That trap hadn't been selected at random, after all. She *wanted* to cut her brother down to size. Frankly, he'd gotten *way* too big for his boots really, and he needed to be dialed back a notch and reminded of his place. Leader of the team he might've been, but … he was not the leader of *her*.

That leader - still on his back, still erect, but very *tiny* - stared up at the towering form of his sister, shocked. All of the wind had been taken from his sails. He was paralyzed, silent, and thoroughly unable to process what had just happened to him. His vision was blurry and his mouth was dry. No words could be spat from his throat, hostile or otherwise.

Perhaps if the Espeon had chosen his words a little more carefully, then she might've been merciful. Perhaps she might've just stored him somewhere within her fur, or, at worst, ground him beneath her paw for a little bit before restoring his size. But the Absol was angry. Frustrated. And, as a result, strong measures would need to be taken to ensure that her brother was punished properly. Something suitably karmic. Something to do with that *ass* that he had become so obsessed with.

With zero fanfare - not even an indignant - the vengeful Absol span around on her foot and *plopped* her fluffy butt down on top of Apollo, smothering his shrunken form beneath her plentiful rear. To her, it was a simple, graceful motion. Nothing more than turning and sitting. Easy.

To Apollo, however, it was something entirely different. Paralyzed he might have been, but he could still *see* his sister's enormous cheeks descending toward him. He could see the fat, moonish curve of her rear, the huge and juicy slit that he'd primed with his tongue, and the huge precum smeared pucker that he'd tried to penetrate what felt like a lifetime ago. It was like the sky itself had become her hindquarters, and now, said sky was falling, bringing *all* of its weight down to topple onto him.

And then, he *felt* that weight. Darkness surrounded him as he was plunged into a coat of warm and ticklish fur. Then, firm and sweaty *assflesh* hit him full-bodied, smothering his blueish form between the dirty floor and musky butt.

Suddenly, the Espeon could talk. Suddenly, the Espeon could move. It was like that seismic slam of ass had woken everything up within him. Unfortunately, though, he could neither speak much nor move very far. With all that weight atop him, the best he could do was wheeze and squirm.

"How do you like my ass now?" Callista inquired easily, well aware of her brother's trying circumstances. She could feel him squirming against her left cheek, even. Wincing as if he were uncomfortable, she wiggled her hips ever so slightly and moved him closer to the center, pushing him a little closer to that asshole that he was so interested in. "You still wanna *fuck* it?"

Not that the Espeon could tell. After his sister's muffled taunt, he was too blind to feeling anything but a squishy wall of ass *sliding* against his body firmly. For a brief moment that movement, he had enough room to breathe - to pull in a lungful of hot, salty air - before that ass came back down against him, stalling all attempts at survival.

"I bet you do," Callista went on wickedly, once more shuffling those hips to throw her brother's world into a weighted hell. With his rice-like presence stuck beneath her ass, she could feel exactly where he was … and she also knew *exactly* where she wanted him to go. "Bet you're still hard."

Apollo could hardly admit it, but … he was. Perhaps it was all the pressure atop him, or, more likely, his sister's heat and musk becoming his atmosphere, but … his erection was raging harder than ever. Currently pressed tight against cheek - just like the rest of him - it was squirting up a storm of precum across her cheek. To him, it felt plentiful … but he had become so small that his sister would never notice the infinitesimal beads of arousal that his cock was producing.

"Well, don't worry, Apollo. Even though you're … disadvantaged, I've changed my mind."

Another wriggle of her hips. This time, Apollo knew *exactly* where he went as a result. Not because he could see - all was still black - but because, rather than being surrounded by fur, he was suddenly *pushed* against the tight, clenching wrinkles of his sister's asshole. A pucker that was not only huge and coated in his sister's sweat, but … also, his pre. The scent of his masculinity quickly joined all of that feminine musk as it was smeared onto his body, reminding him of what he *used* to produce.

"I'm gonna let you fuck my ass."

Rammed against her cum sticky pucker, the little Espeon squirmed, pushing his

body against that clenching hole to try and escape. But doing so was foolish. If the cat wasn't in such a panic, he'd have known that. That pushing himself against a hole eager to swallow him only made it's task easier. With every push, with every desperate squirm, he only served to make his situation worse. Soon, he could feel his limbs slipping within the intolerable heat of her ass. Being caught in those wrinkles and dragged within.

"Hope you enjoy."

Callista's hips pushed down.

Asshole *clenched,* making muscles ripple around the Espeon, sucking him within entirely.

A satisfied sigh - almost a moan - came from Callista's mouth as she felt her brother's tiny form squeeze within her.

A deep groan - almost a scream - came out of Apollo's mouth as he was sucked within his sister's colon.

Overwhelming heat surrounded him. Musk, a thousand times more intense than what he'd scented outside of her ass, suddenly swirled around him, as toxic as the temperature. As he fell into her colon proper and his cock slid over the inside of her ass, the disgusted little Espeon tried to tell himself that he *was* fucking her ass.

Then, a distant grumble from a stomach far, far behind him reminded him that he was nowhere pleasant. That he was inside his sister. That this was where things died.

For Callista, however, the feeling was the opposite. Her heat - or her need for sex, at least - was abating. Unlike her brother, all she had to worry about was enjoying her new toy. There, sat on the floor of the bedroom with something small and barely there wriggling inside of her asshole, she considered how she might entertain herself. Masturbation was an option. She could shove a few claws in her snatch and moan out in *bliss* while her brother *suffered* in the overwhelming atmosphere of her insides …

… but, perhaps, she wouldn't need to. Down the corridor that she'd squeezed through only a moment ago, she heard a click. The sound of a door clicking open. The sound of someone returning home from the circus. Whether it was Erebos or Sophron didn't matter to Callista. Either would be down to rut her … they were *boys*, after all … and with the Espeon far too small and far too deep within her to notice, they would be unknowingly punishing him at the same time.

With a wicked smile, the Absol flopped down onto her belly, and then, rolled onto her back, spreading her legs to blatantly display her heated cunt toward the door. Aroused and hardly fucked, that creamy slit would ensure that whoever just came home would think of fucking the very minute that they entered the bedroom.

As Callista rolled around to present herself, Apollo, naturally, was turned around with that gurgling rectum. As his little body was span around within, he got a true sample of just how horrible it was within. Paws reached out to try and grasp ahold of something, but all they did was slip from mucus-lined walls. His mouth opened to try and scream, but his vocal cords merely burnt as a variety of hostile gases stroked over them. Psychic power flared up, to give himself a little bit of light, to make sense of all of the spinning, but … within the dark-types asshole, surrounded by her energy … he couldn't produce so much as a spark.

Covered in mucus and overwhelmed by everything that was Callista's ass - the heat, the scent, the gurgling, her energy, *all of it* - Apollo screamed.

"Quiet," Callista whispered as four footsteps began to sound down the corridor. "Try to calm down, little brother. You should be excited."

The Espeon could barely make out her words. Though they were large, they had to break through the several layers of thick hot flesh that were surrounding him. All he heard was a loud, grumbly garble of words. One that was loud enough to make him scream again.

Callista, of course, was undeterred by her brother's screaming. If anything, it was music to her ears. She wanted him to suffer, after all. "We're about to have our first *threesome*, little brother," she said, grinning with vicious lust. "I hope you're looking forward to it."

Erebos' head appeared around the corner. Then, his large form squeezed in through the bedroom door. Luckily for him, most of his bulk was his in his thick white coat … so the narrow doorways of Team Aces Headquarters weren't a big deal for him, other than that they mussed up his coat a little. Given that he had no idea what was going on, he didn't hesitate in entering. As always, the fire-type strutted in like he owned the place, swinging both head and tails as he strode into the room. "For Arceus' sake," the fluffy white fire-type groaned loudly. "I despise Eeveelutions."

"I couldn't agree more," Callista concurred. She wriggled her hips as she felt her brother's miserable presence shift within her butt. The Absol lidded her eyes and released a sigh as she resisted the urge to clench. As amusing as it would be to stun him with nothing more than a hitch of her posterior, she was rather enjoying his struggle. "So very annoying, aren't they?"

Erebos arched his brow. Curious as to where the Absol's *own* adopted brother of an Eeveelution was, he swept his eyes around her paws. His tails stilled and fell toward

the ground as he noticed the Espeon's absence. It was very strange to him. He was usually down there somewhere, pestering her. But of course, this time … "Where's Apollo?" the Ninetales asked while taking a step forward. "Did he go to bed early or something?"

Callista couldn't help but give a wicked smile in response. It was difficult to hear - and it could've just been her belly rumbling - but she swore that she heard Apollo yell something in response to that. "Sure," she said. "Let's go with that."

The Ninetales immediately stopped his advance. His tongue dipped out of his muzzle to lick across his lips briefly. The big fox was nervous, and not because he'd heard any sort of voice come from Callista's cheeks. No. He was nervous because he was expecting a prank of some kind. He looked underneath the beds - toward the wardrobe - toward every corner of the cramped and humid little room - but of course, he found nothing out of place. "Hmm," he said, finally tilting very suspicious eyes toward Callista. "Forgive me, for, ah … questioning you, but … weren't the two of you planning something tonight?"

Callista gently cleared her throat. She attempted to dispel her mirth a little, but it was difficult considering the circumstances. Her tail gave a sharp *twitch* as her brother gave a powerful but useless kick toward the inside of her ass. "Were we?" she said with a sigh. "I don't remember him saying that. I just remember him prattling on about how you and Sophron should go to the circus."

"It was clearly a ruse," Erebos pointed out. "Even that dimwitted Vaporeon saw through it in the end."

"It wasn't a *ruse*, Erebos," the Absol couldn't help but groan. "He just wanted you two to go and have a nice time together. Sad to see that you failed at that, but, I'm sure he'll get over it when he wakes up," the Absol murmured.

Despite his new confines, though, the Espeon *wasn't* asleep … though he really *ought* to have been. The tight innards that he'd been abruptly squeezed within were utterly intolerable - hot, steamy, *musky* - and he ought to have been unconscious because of that. The sweltering heat should've put him to sleep. The near-total lack of anything breathable ought to have smothered him. The tight and slimy colon walls rolling over him and throwing him from either side of his sister's excited ass ought to have broken him. A regular Eeveelution would've been unconscious or worse.

But, fortunately or unfortunately - depending on how you looked at it - Apollo *was* no ordinary Eeveelution. He was the hardy leader of Team Aces. An explorer. Stepping into strange and alien territory was his specialty … and as he bounced from musky wall to musky wall choking down nothing but stink, he did, at least, prove that.

The little Espeon could even speak. Yell. His voice was weak and tiny, of course … but he hoped that it would reach the Ninetales outside. He could hear him, after all - his voice a muffle, but coming through distinct even through the thick walls of his sister's ass. "Erebos!" the Espeon yelled as best he could. "Erebos, please, you gotta get me out of here!"

But Erebos did not hear Apollo's yelling. As sensitive as his ears were, all of his senses were currently trained on the suspicious Callista. "Right," he sighed loudly. "But is he *actually* asleep? Because he's not in his bed."

"No!" Apollo *screeched* back toward his sister's distant sphincter. "I'm up her ass, you dumb fuck -"

Callista finally gave her ass a good hard ***clench,*** Tight hot butt wrapped around her little brother, shocking him into submission. Unable to help herself, she released a satisfied hiss as she felt the Espeon's movements still. "C'mon," she groaned through gritted teeth. "What's with all the suspicion? It's always been a given that you can't trust Apollo as far as you can throw him. Me, though, Erebos?"

Erebos grumbled reluctantly. He did trust Callista. The Absol had always proved herself to be very dependable. "I know, I know, it's just that …"

Callista took a confident step forward and silenced the Ninetales. The dark-furred female had decided that it was time to put an end to this pointless strand of conversation. "Okay, look," she sighed while lowering her eyes toward the floor sheepishly. "You're right. I'm not being entirely truthful."

The Ninetales straightened himself up. His big tails gave a satisfied sway, proud in himself that he had seen through the Absol's ruse. "Then what is the truth, Callista?" he asked, biting back his arrogance just a little for the sake of her pride.

"The truth is that Apollo *was* trying to get you out of the place so that we could do something together. But … I'm sick and tired of his shit. He was being whiny … and annoying … so I knocked him out for the night and shoved him in the closet."

Erebos turned his head toward the closet in question. "Really?" he said, flaring nostrils as he sniffed in its general direction.

"Really, Erebos," Callista insisted. The Absol took a step forward - then another - confidently strutting toward the Ninetales on her long and dark legs. "I kicked his ass, shoved him in the closet … and then, I decided to wait for you to come home."

Erebos turned his gaze toward Callista sharply. "You … waited …" he mumbled, confused. "Why?"

Callista continued her confident advance, her crescent moon of a tail arching above her butt like a scorpion's stinger. "Because I wanted alone time with you," she almost purred, blinking yellow eyes seductively. "And you wanted alone time with me."

The Ninetales swallowed hard. Callista was, of course, correct - but given the suspicious circumstances, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was afoot. "Callista," the Ninetales said, his paws shuffling him backward just an inch or so. "Why are you acting so odd?"

The Absol released a chuckle - one, because seeing Erebos so nervous was funny - and two, because that rice-sized speck of an Espeon was starting to stir inside of her butt. "Take a deep sniff at the air, Erebos," the Absol smoothly instructed. "And you'll figure it out."

Erebos did as he was asked. The nostrils on his beady black nose flared wide open as he took in a deep inhale, and … what he smelled was … undeniably feminine. Musk. But not just any kind of musk. He'd smelled it before - vaguely - he had occupied this room with her for some time, and the Absol's various scents had become familiar to him. But he'd never scented this one quite so strongly, because …

… it was the odor of her sex. Musky sweet … and undeniably fertile. Given how strong it was in the air, Erebos knew that she must be wet. Dripping, even. In need of a … *his* cock. The Ninetales instinctively spread his thighs ever so slightly upon smelling it, tasting it. Between them - against his better judgment, and, out of his control - a tapered tip was beginning to emerge from his barely visible sheath. "You … you want to …"

Callista butted her head against the middle of the Ninetale's torso affectionately.

The tip of her horn nudged his chin carefully. Rather than withdraw, she simply flattened the side of her body against his, pressing against his hot and fluffy body wantonly. "I want to fuck you, Erebos," the Absol hissed needily. "I mean, you're the strongest member of the team, aren't you? So it'd make sense that you'd be the best *lay*."

Erebos watched as the Absol lidded her eyes in satisfaction. He didn't know that it was because her brother had given a great *kick* against her steamy interior in response to her taunt. "Don't you, ah … don't you want to go out for dinner or something first?" the Ninetales offered, ever the gentleman. "You know … get to know each other outside of the team, and -"

"Fuck that," Callista murmured forcefully. "I'm a bad girl."

And, to prove that statement, the Absol quickly pushed one of her plump forepaws between the Ninetales' legs. Heat-seeking toes quickly found their target - his firming sheath and balls. Greedily, they spread out across both, fondling them through a thick layer of creamy fur. The Ninetales lifted his hips in an attempt to protest …

… but ultimately, he failed, only bringing them up a half-inch before they sagged right back down. As the Absol's sweet toes *pushed* into his fat sack, he couldn't help but release a full-bodied groan of joy in response. His sheath gave a violent and immediate *throb* in response. A whole two inches slid out, making his tip slide across the outer edges of the Absol's soft toepits. Of course, this only enamored him further. His suspicion dropped in an instant. He wanted this - badly - so, now that he'd had a taste, he simply didn't care. "Fine," he huffed, ducking his head to press his quivering lips against the top of the Absol's skull. "Fine, we can …"

Absol toes spread out across the Ninetales' cocktip, blanketing it in soft bean. Erebos moaned … and Callista giggled. "Wow," she murmured while smearing paw over tapered head, "you're hot, aren't you? Literally, I mean."

Erebos dumbly nodded his head as he quivered, utterly unable to formulate words right now. Yes. His cock - and the rest of him - were very, very, very hot. In one part due to his fire typing - and, on the other, because of all of that thick fluffy fur that covered him from head to toe. He was a raging furnace. Usually being close to him, especially in this muggy room, was rather unpleasant. He just made everything sweatier. But now, given the Absol's own heat - blazing within her very core - she

didn't mind his temperature. If anything, she enjoyed it.

But all good things had to come to an end … and Callista was rather tired of treading on things with her paw, anyway. With an amused little huff, she withdrew her paw.

Erebos' broke into a groan of disappointment as Callista abruptly pulled her forepaw away - and then, herself. With his length still throbbing and growing between his legs - more than ever, either - he needily raised a forepaw in her direction, almost chasing after her with it.

The Absol didn't walk too far away, though. Just an inch or two. Enough of a distance to make him want for her close presence, but not far away enough to diminish the rich pheromones wafting from her dripping pussy. "Get on your back," she insisted with a sharp growl. "Don't want to have to push through all that fur to get at the goods."

Erebos' raised paw quivered in the air for a moment. Then, obediently, he lowered it to the ground. His tails - which had been all stiff and rigid behind him this entire time - sagged slowly into a relaxed state. The white fox drew a deep breath. Then, knowing that he couldn't test Callista's patience for much longer preparing, he rolled over onto his back …

… and bore eight inches of fat knotted fox cock to the Absol's eyes. Bright red and engorged with blood, it pointed toward the ceiling at a perfect ninety-degree angle. Fat round balls sat beneath it in a fuzzy and soft sack. Going of the sight of them - which were almost as fat as his baseball-sized knot - Erebos had been just as pent up as she and her brother had been. Those big testicles weren't just bulging so big that they *stretched* that furry sack around them, but … they were also visibly churning. Moving, bouncing, clenching and busily producing what must've been a ridiculous amount of seed.

With such a fine dick in front of her - and her step brother thrashing in horror inside of her - the Absol began to lazily wiggle her plush rear like she was preparing to pounce. Her pupils narrowed into slits. Nostrils flared, drinking in the deep and masculine scent that was emanating from that emerging shaft …

… and then, like the fierce predator that she was, she dove down into the male's package. Soft lips pressed against Erebos' balls. Mouth quickly parted, releasing a

tongue that eagerly took a firm swipe across the very center of his heavy sack. Just like his cock, the vulpine's balls were **hot**. If they were a couple of degrees warmer, even, then they might've scalded the Absol's maw. As it was, though … pent-up and blatantly packed to the brim with steaming seed, they gave a responsive *throb* against the Absol's wet muscle, bathing it in a lustful and pleasant heat.

It wasn't long before Callista's lips slurped and pulled away, proudly leaving behind a small puddle of drool directly between his beating balls. Maw, still parted, moved upward. Its destination was obvious. Erebos - down on his back with his thighs spread wide - watched on with an excited sort of nervousness as the female's head moved along inches that were still being squeezed out of sheath. As her open mouth reached the tip - and she blew a puff of hot air over his sensitive glans - he couldn't help but release a guttural groan …

… and then, as she took him inside of her maw, all of his nerves left his body. The sweet feeling of her lips *tightening* around his tapered head made him moan out wantonly. A sweet suckle around it made his knees quiver. Then, as she flicked her smooth and dextrous tongue against his urethra, his head sagged down to the ground, neck going limp. Maw opened. Quite doggishly, the male began to pant.

Callista, on the other hand, was taking a moment to savor everything. After all, she'd rushed into this with righteous fury. Everything from shrinking her brother to shoving him up her ass to convincing Erebos to fuck her had been done on impulse. But now that she had the vulpine wrapped around her finger … and with the annoying cat suffering and screaming inside of the interior of her intolerable ass …

… she could take a moment to relax, to enjoy this. To savor the hot fire-type fox dick that was beating in her mouth. To relish the satisfaction that came with putting her brother - their 'beloved' team leader - in his place. And, most importantly, most prominently … to enjoy the feeling of being on top. Of being the biggest and baddest bitch.

Erebos' entire dick was free of it's sheath now. Eight thick inches of bright red dick that was perfectly lined up to an Absol's throat. It had only taken a moment of suckling to bring it to it's full and excited length. A bulging knot was already beginning to form at it's very base. Compact and *full*, it beated and throbbed eagerly, just like the fat and wet sack that bounced and writhed with the gentle but ever-present bounce of the Ninetales' hips.

Callista lidded her needy eyes. A loud and wet **slurp** as her maw gave a hungry and needy suckle. The time for appreciation was over. Lips descended, hugging at the firm and slippery texture of erect canid dick. Drool poured freely from the Absol's stuffed maw, sending thick rivulets of lubrication over the few inches that were free from her maw. Saliva budded around the rim of his swollen knot, pooling over its thick lip before it ultimately broke and began to trickle down that too. And that was good, that was important because his cock would need to be lubed up good for …

… well, Callista didn't want to get ahead of herself. She hadn't even shoved his cock down her throat yet. This she was looking forward to - both because he was thicker than her brother and it would prove for a challenge - and because the Ninetales would make some stupid noises and *maybe* even say some dumb things that she could later belittle him for. Plus - even though she wouldn't admit it out loud - there was just something *great* about sucking down a big fat dick.

With a good five inches of dick crammed into her muzzle - and glans rubbing against the opening of her gullet - the Absol realized that she was savoring the moment again. And while that was all well and good, she was eager to move on to the main event.

Blind, lost, and trapped in a musky hell where every sense was being defiled by something insufferable, poor Apollo didn't even know what the main event *was*. All he could hear from the outside world now was the extremely muffled and husky moans of an Erebos who sounded like he was having a much, much better time than him. Wrapped in heat and wet and musky *stink* within a sticky crease inside of his sister's colon, it would've been very easy for the little Espeon to simply give in and succumb.

But Apollo was better than that - or at least, that was what he believed. So he fought back against his body's desire to give in … and instead, he continued to scream. At this point, though, it was becoming quite mindless. Pointless yelling of nothing words that stood no hope of reaching any ears that cared.

But that didn't mean that they weren't at least appreciated by *one* person. Indeed, as Callista shoved her maw down and squeezed Erebos' sweltering dick into the tight throat, she used those pitiful and barely audible cries as encouragement. The vulpine's cock was plenty thick after all - a **challenge** - so as the wet and squirmy passage that was her esophagus *stretched* around his girth and her neck began to bulge out, she needed all the help that she could get.

Erebos, on the other hand, simply continued to release his dumb noises - though, unlike Apollo's, they weren't of horror or indignation. No, they were dumb *happy* - the kind of explosive pants and whines that only came from a creature's mouth when almost every inch that they had was sucked up in something *wet* and *tight* - and they came out loud and free into the air. On the ground, his hips and thighs trembled madly. It was taking every ounce of restraint that he had to not thrust them upward. If he wasn't such a gentleman - he'd be breeding that mouth of hers. "Ah … Callista …"

Callista sharply lifted her muzzle - freeing cock from the confines of her clutching throat - before ramming her muzzle back down, rapidly forcing inches back within in order to silence the Ninetales. She *hated* it when people said her name during sex. She started to emit what was a fierce, firm, and very wet growl. Saliva bubbled from the corners of her mouth as her esophagus rippled and rolled over the cock that it was wrapped around. A gentle pinch of teeth around the upper part of his knot. ***Quit it.***

Erebos got the message - and, frankly, he was in too much pleasure to even consider rebuking it. His brain switched off from the idea of forming words. Dumb and uninhibited moans started to roll from his throat again instead. He knew that those pleased the Absol at the very least.

Callista relaxed. The growl turned into a moan - and then, into a breathless gargle. Throat pulled backward with a wet *schlick*, bringing the Ninetales' cock back to the fore of her maw. Nostrils flared as she sucked a hungry breath into her aching lungs. Sticky and juice-matted thighs *clenched* together as she tried - and failed - to stop her pussy from throbbing and leaking so much. Lips pursed and tightened around girth, feeling just how thick it was, how hot it was, and how slick her maw had made it thus far.

A fat squirt of precum struck the back of her throat as the Absol pursed her lips around the white fox's firm shaft. Even though it was bitter, salty, and surprisingly thick - she gulped it down eagerly. A brief thought entered her mind. A fantasy. If her brother were trapped in her belly right now - rather than her ass - he'd be getting a fat glob of fox juices on top of his head right about now. A shame, but …

… he'd be getting a full taste of the fox's cum soon enough. All she needed to do was lube Erebos up a little more - a couple more bobs of her mouth, a few suckles with her throat, some more spilled drool - and Erebos would be ready for the main event.

An event that the Ninetales wasn't even aware of - or prepared for. As far as he was concerned, he was about to orgasm down her throat. Hips were tense and tails were stiff. Dick was throbbing hard in maw and throat, and cum-laden balls were tightening in their sack, both preparing to blow. "Ah … I'm going to … I'm going to …"

A wet *schlurp* from Callista as her maw hastily withdrew … followed by the needy and slutty *groan* of a nine-tailed fox. His hips thrust upward, seeking a mouth that was no longer there. Pressurized precum - almost an opaque and pearly white - shot from his tip and landed across his belly. "Please," he whined, body and dick twitching in need. "Please, you can't -"

With a huff, the Absol span around on her paws. In one swift movement, she turned a hundred and eighty degrees, thrusting both her twitching pucker into the vulpine's face … *and* her leaking cunt. Thighs were so wet that the fur on them was entirely pinned down and smothered by her juices. It took only a glance - a sniff - to confirm her heat. "I can," Callista growled, "and I will. You think that you get to cum before *I* get off? Come on, Erebos. Do I look like that much of a fucking idiot?"

With his jaw quivering - and his words lost - Erebos stared onward at the pair of needy holes that had suddenly been presented to him. All four of his paws *kicked* out in response. Beneath his butt, tails began to writhe on the floor. Mouth opened once more to pant. "No," the fox said, finally finding his tongue. "No, you're not a fucking idiot, you're …"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm beautiful and I'm sexy and I'm super fucking hot," Callista groaned while rolling her eyes. Compliments before sex - or worse, *during* it? She hated those too. Nothing more than a bunch of cringe that distracted her from the true bliss that was getting plowed. "Now shut up and fuck my ass."

Fuck my ass. The words hit the big feline ears of one very stuck Apollo … but they didn't quite sink in. So smothered in intolerable heat and unbreathable gases was he that his butt-broken brain couldn't process the hypocrisy. His screams had faded into mumbles by now. Whether he wanted to or not - the shrunken Pokemon was starting to lose consciousness.

The Ninetales needed no further convincing. With a flex of his powerful muscles, he bounced back onto all four of his paws … and approached the Absol to mount her. It was only when he was placing his paws upon her shoulders that he realized

exactly what she'd just said. "Ah," he murmured, confused and hot as he lined his dick up with her backside. "Did you mean your ass … literally, or …"

"*Yes*, Erebos," the Absol growled. Now beneath him, she hungrily bucked her ass backward toward his dick, *smooshing* his tip against one of her furry and plump cheeks. "Fuck my ass. Literally."

Erebos gritted his teeth and hastily pulled his wet glans away from the Absol's ass cheek, fearing that he might lose his load all over her ass before he'd even begun. He drew a hoarse breath through his fangs as he cautiously lined his tip up with the female's pucker … rather than her slit. It felt strange to do so. Such a tight, unnatural, and infertile little hole. Didn't she *want* to be bred? Wasn't that why she was dripping all that heat onto his balls? "Ah … are you sure?" he asked nervously. "It's just - you know - this, ah, isn't how this isn't how it's … normally done …"

"Loser," Callista suddenly spat, "shut your mouth, or else I'm kicking you off me so I can find someone who's *man* enough to fuck me up the ass." Head turned so that the female was looking over her shoulder. Red irises burned angrily, befitting their color. "That what you want, Erebos? You wanna go to bed with a big pair of blue balls while I screw someone in the alleyway out back?"

"No," Erebos quickly insisted. "No, of course not, I -"

"Then shut the fuck up and do as you're told already!"

The Ninetales would've recoiled from the ferocity of the Absol's yell … were it not for those *blue balls* that she'd just mentioned. Now that he'd come so far - now that he was lined up with her hole - he knew that he needed to get over himself. If he threw away this opportunity - to rut Callista, ass or no - then he knew that he'd be kicking himself for a good while. So, after drawing a deep breath - mostly to bite back his orgasm - he began to squeeze his tapered tip inside of the Absol's tiny pucker.

A dim and musky light spread over Apollo's barely open eyes as the entrance of his prison began to part. Musky and barely breathable air wafted over his body, hitting him like smelling salts. Still trapped within his little crevice, he lurched into life, thrashing about on his back as he lifted his head toward that light. "C-Callie?" he whimpered. "Is it over? Are you going to …"

… *let me out*. Those words never came from Apollo's mouth … because he saw

what was coming for him. His view might've been obscured by watery eyes and light-absorbing bowels, but the view of a macro cock tip pushing into his sister's rear was blatant, obvious. And if he couldn't *see* that pulsing tip, then he would've been able to smell it … and *feel* it. The pungent scent of male combined with the unquestionable heat that could only come from a fire-types raging erection. "Callie!" the little feline yelled ferociously, "you … you … you *bitch!* You'll let that stupid fucking *fox* fuck your ass but you won't let me -"

Erebos thrust forward. Three fat inches of fox cock *slammed* into Callista's rear. Both Ninetales and Absol groaned out in lust …and the Espeon trapped within was utterly silenced as that heavy glans rolled over his body, sandwiching him between his teammate's cock and his step sister's colon. Temperature spiked. The pressure upon him tripled. Not even a squeak came out of him, for he was too badly pancaked beneath Erebos' dick.

Not that the Ninetales noticed. Something vaster and far more interesting than a rice-sized Espeon was clinging to his cock now - and that, of course, was Callista's ass. The poor fox was whining, huffing, his big balls *tightening* behind him as he resisted the urge to just blow on the spot. Even being partially buried inside of her rear was a *lot* for him. Heated insides bathing his inches, tight tunnel rippling around them, the taste of breaking a taboo. The only thing that stopped him from thrusting forward - or ejaculating - was the female beneath him. In the case of the former, her virgin asshole needed a little time to accommodate his girth. And, in the case of the latter … well. He'd never live that down, as sweet as it would be to release.

So, with his forepaws on Callista's shoulders - and a micro Espeon trapped beneath his very tip - the Ninetales waited. Beneath his beans - and around his well-swollen cock - he could feel how tense the female's body was. How every muscle was quivering, tensing and untensing. He could hear how uncharacteristically wimpy little groans were coming out of her mouth as she tried to accommodate and push back the pain of being *stretched* so much. And, even though she was doing the best to hide her face … he even saw how her eyes were clenched closed by observing the very corners of them.

The sight wasn't pitiable to the fox, however. If anything, weirdly, he was proud. Not of the Absol - but of himself. Erebos was fairly certain that he'd never seen her in pain before. The fact that he was hurting her with his dick - making her pause, making her gasp, effectively stunning her - was a metaphorical medal that he'd be wearing proudly upon his chest for some time. Nobody else on the team had managed it thus

far, after all! But, again … that relied on him *not* immediately busting his load …

… which was difficult, especially when Callista gave a sharp *buck* of her rear. As she *squeezed* in another half-inch of him all by herself - unexpectedly - the Ninetales had to tense his loins. Goodness, it felt so good. Especially when she *wanted* it. Pain she might've been in, but the Absol was resilient.

Especially when it involved her brother. Even if Erebos couldn't feel her Espeon step brother flailing against his tip, *she* could. And putting him in his place was worth any amount of pain. And … really? The pain felt good. The Ninetales' cock might've felt like a literal red hot poker in her ass thanks to his type, but … *fuck*, it felt good. So, rather than appreciating the Ninetales being still … she was actually rather impatient. Her head turned over her shoulder, just a little shaky. The sharp tip of her crescent moon of a tail brushed over the Ninetales' belly in a blatant threat. "What are you waiting for?" the Absol growled.

Erebos' thighs bobbed behind him. Balls noticeably clenched in their sack as he drew a deep breath to steady himself. "I'm … I'm waiting for you to get used to …"

"Do I *look* like I need to get used to you?"

Erebos studied Callista's face carefully. Turned toward him now, rather than facing the floor, it was a lot easier than before. He observed pain - her eyes shaking despite her ferocity, her frown shaking, her rear tensing around him in spasms - but he also saw something else. A masochistic fire burning bright beneath it all. Not only could she *take* the pain - but she enjoyed it.

"No," Erebos replied after a moment. "No, you -"

"If the answer is *no*, you big fluffy fuck, then why are you still hesitating?" Callista barked back. "You know, I'm starting to think that I can figure out how many braincells you have by counting your tails -"

With a snarl, Erebos thrust his hips forward in a powerful stroke, sinking three more fat inches of cock into Absol rear in the process. In a furious and feisty display - entirely to impress the ABsol - he had sank himself in up to just before his knot. Forepaws shifted from shoulders to wrap in a tight sling around Callista's throat. Still growling, he swung his muzzle down toward the nape of the Absol's neck … and, with a *chomp*, he took it between his teeth. His snarl continued as he wrapped his

warm body around her, smothering her in fur.

As Erebos' weight collapsed on top of her, the Absol let out a *very* lewd pant. Given that she'd only fucked Apollo up to now - a creature that came up to her hips - having Erebos' warm and fluffy almost entirely wrapped around her was something else. So hot, so fluffy, so soft … and, considering the teeth in her nape and the wrists against her throat and the ***cock*** impaling her ass … so sharp, so firm, so *hard* too. He possessed power and bulk that her little brother did not. Especially right now - especially when he was six inches up her ass - especially when he was pinned underneath the very dick that was dominating her so.

Growling lustfully around a mouthful of nape, the Ninetales began to draw his hips back. He did so slowly, but not of his own volition. Callista's ass was so tight that it was literally clinging to his dick as he withdrew in a hungry attempt to keep it within. Eventually, though, only the tip remained inside. Big white fluffy balls clenched and jostled within his sack … and then, with a loud *plap*, they collided with wet cunt as Erebos thrust within. In the sweaty and musky interior of the team's bedroom, both Absol and Ninetales let out loud noises of pleasure …

… and within the sweaty and musky interior of an Absol's ass, an Espeon let out a muffled noise of horror. Still trapped beneath Erebos' tip - and clinging onto it for dear life - poor Apollo was simply along for the ride. Luckily, he had managed to squirm himself into a position that wouldn't break any of his bones - the spot directly underneath the Ninetale's tapered canine cockhead, where it weighed the least - but he was still trapped in the dark, inside of an ass of that was being *fucked*, and now, due to Erebos' thrusting, he was about to be rapidly slid from the entrance of his sister's ass to six inches deep multiple times. To say that he was looking forward to it would be a complete lie …

… but it would also be a complete lie to say that he was hating every second of this. Was his fine pelt utterly saturated in the Ninetales' thickening pre? Yes. Were his bones aching underneath the strain of the heavy weight of the fox's giant dick? Of course. Was every labored breath both bitterly salty and disgustingly musky? Naturally. But there was something about it all that was … well, he wouldn't call it *good*, but … pleasurable. Enjoyable. *Arousing*. Enough that he had an erection. Enough that he was humping his hips against his teammate's shaft whenever he could. Enough that his screams almost sounded like moans.

Beyond all else, though, the little Espeon was bracing himself as best as he could.

Even in his musk-intoxicated mind, his objective was clear. Remain conscious throughout this - escape - and then somehow figure out a way to turn this into something to brag about rather than be ashamed of.

Outside, however, there was no shame - only unadulterated bliss. Both Absol and Ninetales were too lost in how *good* it all felt to properly let off the steam that had been building up ever since the team had been formed. For Callista, she was discovering that she quite enjoyed getting fucked up the ass - the once almost overwhelming pain had settled into a pleasant burn, and the Ninetales' cock was so girthy that her pussy was compressed enough that pressurized *squirts* of her juices gushed from her hole with every thrust. To say that their thighs were wet and matted was an understatement.

On Erebos' part, he had forgotten that he was thrusting into an ass at all. So tight was the Absol's hole and so full were his balls that his brain had turned into mush. As far as he was concerned, he was just rutting his favorite teammate - breeding her - to the point where his eyes were squeezed closed and he was focusing on nothing more than pumping his hips into her as fast as possible. With each *squish* of his knot against her hole, he panted against the Absol's well-bitten scruff, huffing ferociously at the end of every stroke.

With all nine tails writhing behind him furiously, the white fox was close to his edge now. His wrists were starting to pull tight against the Absol's windpipe. His hips were pummeling hard enough to make his clenching sack *smack* against her sticky crotch. His teeth tensed around her nape …

… and then, he gave one final *pump* into her rear. Hard. He intended to tie with her, but he was a little too large. Instead, his huge knot smacked against the outside of her hole instead, firmly squishing into it to hide any trace of pink or wrinkle. All that was showing between the Absol's cheeks was his big red knot attempting to squeeze within as his hips quivered, making mini-thrusts in an attempt to lock his new bitch down …

… but then, the first rope erupted from the Ninetales' tip - and his hips sagged in both defeat and victory. Deciding that knotting her hole was unnecessary - for now, at least - he simply relaxed against her ass and released a load that had been building for weeks. Rope after rope of coffee-hot seed that was as thick as syrup fired into and filled the Absol's bowels.

Up against him, beneath him, the Absol too found her release. He could feel her quivering and moaning just like he was - as well as squirting over his emptying sack. Only the paws that were pressing against her throat harder than ever kept her aloft. Hidden to the Ninetales', she smiled in complete victory. Not because of her orgasm - but because her brother must've been going through the worst hell right now.

Inside, a blueish cat was blanketed - then entombed - in hot ball batter. Screams were silenced as his mouth was filled. Movements were stilled entirely as cum wrapped around him like a thick liquid rope. The only advantage - if you could even consider it one - was that the seed was thick and sticky enough to completely contain him. He was like a cat in hot glue. There would be no chance of him slipping back into the deeper and more dangerous insides of his sister's bowels … but there was also no chance of him slipping *out* any time soon, either.

Erebos fell to the floor, collapsing onto his side. The paws around Callista's throat dragged the gasping Absol down with him, pulling her against his warm stomach. Deflating cock lined up over the slight bulge that it had created over the Absol's crotch. The bratty Absol, rather than resisting this attention, settled into it. She even slid her rear back against his belly. It was pleasant. The Ninetales' body was warm in a *nice* way, even if she was sweaty and the tiny bedroom was sweatier. Sated - for now, at least - the two of them began to lazily snuggle.

"Ah, I'm … I'm not sure if I'm supposed to say thank you," Erebos murmured, settling more into the position of a big spoon. His tails began to wrap around her, acting as something of a throw blanket. "Or if I should just keep my mouth shut."

The Absol knocked a tail off of her with her paw - just one - to not get smothered *too* badly. "You could try saying thank you," the Absol murmured, "that might be nice."

Erebos cleared his throat. He shifted his hips, rubbing his semi-erect dick against the Absol's fluffy belly. "Ah, then … thank you, it was … very … ah, I enjoyed having sex with you -"

"Actually, nevermind," the Absol grunted. "Just keep your mouth shut."

Erebos smirked. Obeying, he focused on settling around Callista instead. It was so nice having her against her body. In a way, he almost felt like he had tamed her.

Eyes lidded. In the sweaty room, post-coitus, the Ninetales began to drift toward slumber …

… at least, until he heard screams. Eyes flickered back open. Ears twitched. The screams were quiet, muffled, *wet* - but, there. Close. Outside the room? No, within it. Furthermore, the screams were familiar to him. He'd heard that annoying voice so many times before. In fact, he heard it every day.

They were the screams of Apollo. Erebos didn't know it - but he had somehow had made it to the sticky surface of the cum that he'd been buried in. A combination of thrashing, a little skill, and mostly luck. And now, with his newfound almost-freedom … he was screaming for help at the top of his lungs. At least, as best he could inside of a place that was hotter, muskier, and more miserable than ever.

The Ninetales didn't shift from his position. He was too lazy and effortless. But he did open his eyes properly and look down toward the Absol. Her eyes were also closed. Gently, he shook her, making them open. "Ah, Callista?" the nine-tailed fox said. "I can hear your … your brother, he's …"

"Screaming?" the Absol yawned back, unconcerned.

"Yes. Yes, he's … he's screaming," the Ninetales murmured back, quite surprised.

"I'm not surprised. I'd be screaming too if I was in his position."

"And … what is his position?"

Callista blinked sleepily before releasing a weary but pleased chuckle. "I shrunk him," she explained, "and I put him up my ass."

Four small footsteps began to echo down the corridor outside the bedroom. The Ninetales didn't notice them. "Why … why would you …" he stammered, utterly baffled.

"Because he wanted to fuck my ass."

Erebos' surprise heightened. The tails that were atop of Callista suddenly pulled away to better reveal her lazy but confident form. "But … but didn't I just do that?"

"You'll want to be quiet. Sophron is coming."

"What -"

The sleek form of a common household Vaporeon burst into the room.

Erebos groaned loudly. "No," he whimpered to himself. "Anything but this. Not right now. Not after I've had such a good time, please …"

Sophron - the Vaporeon in question - raised a paw in greeting at the pair. "Hi!" he yelled enthusiastically.

"Told you," Callista mumbled dryly. "Sophron," she sighed, "so nice to see you."

"No it isn't," Erebos insisted. "It's awful. It's not nice. Don't lie."

It only took a second for his excitable and beady black eyes to fill with the sights that were in front of him. Any regular Pokemon would've been shocked into silence - the sight of two team members in post-coitus was a sight to behold, after all - but Sophron was no ordinary Pokemon. He was a big excitable idiot - and he proved that by opening his mouth the second that he figured out what was going on. "Holy shit," the very energetic Vaporeon trilled, "you guys are having sex! Erebos, is this why you wanted to come back early? Because you wanted to fuck Callista?"

The Ninetales' lips curled as his face pulled into an angry scowl. Whiskers gave an indignant twitch as his eyes narrowed. Couldn't he have just had five minutes to appreciate the afterglow? "No," he muttered, "I came back to get away from *you*, you insufferably wet fool -"

Sophron released a loud and obnoxious chuckle, cutting off Erebos entirely. "You know, I thought that *Apollo* was the one that was fucking Callista, not you! Those two are always acting so suspicious," he went on giggling as he traipsed further into the room. "Speaking of, where is he? I guess he must've left the room when you stated banging his sister, huh?"

Erebos cleared his throat awkwardly. "I - I don't know where he is, he's -"

"Up the ass, too! You know, only *really* naughty Pokemon do that." The water-type raised a forepaw and pointed it at his chest proudly. "Like me! 'Cause you gotta be a

slippery customer to get in there in the first place, you know, what with how tight it is and all -"

"He's not here, you little freak," Callista said quickly. She didn't want Erebos to spoil the surprise. For some reason, she figured there'd be a better and more humiliating payoff if Sophron was unaware. It was just a gut feeling - and considering what was in her guts, she decided to roll with it. "I sent him out to do some stuff. So that me and Erebos could fuck."

The Vaporeon grinned and swished his water-infused tail, splashing a few wet drops behind him. "Cool, cool! And is he coming back any time soon?"

Callista considered for a moment. Given the potent sea of very thick and very sticky cum that was currently entombing him, the Absol wasn't sure if her brother was going to come back *ever*. For all she knew, that mess could've pushed him so deep into her ass that she was never going to see him again. "Nah," she said with a great amount of confidence, "not for a few hours, at least."

"Great!" Sophron cheered. He took a couple more cocky little steps forward, which put him just a couple of inches away from his reclining teammates. "That means that I have plenty of time to have a turn, right?"

Erebos pursed his lips and released a shocked pant. "Have … a …"

"He means that he wants to fuck my ass, Erebos," Callista sighed haughtily. "Just to point out the obvious."

Erebos rolled his eyes. "Oh, well, clearly *that's* not going to -"

"Hey, Sophron," Callie interrupted. "Wanna fuck my ass?"

Erebos' jaw dropped. "*What?*" he gasped in shock.

Sophron even looked a little shocked. Nervously, he looked between Apollo and Callista. His eyes ultimately settled on the Absol. "Yeah, *what?* I was just joking, Callie, you don't *really* have to -"

"Yes, Callista," Sophron reminded. "You don't *have* to do this. Infact, you shouldn't! Not when -"

Callista clicked her tongue sharply. "Do you not *want* to fuck my ass, Soph?"

"I mean … of course I want to fuck your ass … it's a … it's a really nice ass … but, y'know, I was just trying to be a creep, you don't have to -"

If Callista weren't feeling so impatient, then she might have been a little proud of herself for throwing off Sophron so much. The Vaporeon was normally a hard one to fuck with. His endless enthusiasm - and his bottomless stupidity - often made it difficult to embarrass him. "Sophron, I'm going to ask one more time. Give me a simple yes or no answer. Do you want to fuck my ass or not?"

"No!" Apollo yelled within. Still completely trapped - and with only his head free above a tomb of heated fire-type cum - he was now putting every ounce of effort into preventing this. It couldn't happen again. Especially not if it was Sophron! "Don't you let that piece of shit anywhere near your ass!"

"Yes," said a hasty Sophron, replying without hesitation. "Yes, I would like to fuck your ass."

"No! **No!**"

"Then come over here, dipshit."

Sophron wasted no time in making his way over. Apollo's cries were, of course, unheard to him. He was too far away … and even if he wasn't, the Vaporeon wasn't especially perceptive.

Erebos couldn't hear it either. Too lazy. But … still concerned. "This is about Apollo, isn't it?" he barked while staring at Callista, unable to look at the Vaporeon while he was wearing such a shit-eating grin. "You just want to torture him some more, don't you?"

"Yes!" Apollo screamed back. "Of course it's about that! Why else would she fuck *Sophron* of all people?!"

Callista pouted and turned her head toward the nine-tailed fox. "Please," she muttered to *both* her brother and her teammate. "Be quiet."

Sophron came to a halt before the lazy Absol and the concerned Ninetales. His beady eyes looked between them with a dumb sort of curiosity. He hadn't been listening to the whole thing - he was too jittery and excited for that - but he *had* just heard his so-called leader's name … and … *torture*. "Torture?" he said, sounding more excited than concerned. "Are we torturing Apollo?"

"Yeah," Callista muttered. "He's trapped somewhere in the base and he's having to listen to us all fuck."

Sophron did not question this for a moment. His wet little mind wasn't built for questions, after all - only impulsive replies. "Really?" the Vaporeon gasped immediately. "*Awesome!*"

"Callista," Erebos muttered firmly. At this point, he was concerned for his team leader. An Absol's ass was not a fit place for any Pokemon, much less a psychic-type … and given that it was filled with his load, it was even more inhospitable. To call it a health and safety hazard would be an enormous understatement. "I think we've had enough fun -"

Callista abruptly rolled on top of Erebos. Belly down and ass up, she pushed her weight down into his warm and fluffy stomach, both silencing him … and presenting her gaping asshole. The Ninetale's cum was still thick and goopy and mostly stuck in there. Only a single drip had managed to escape - one that was drooling down her crack and toward her cunt. "Just shut up and put your dick in my ass," she mumbled before Erebos could speak up again.

Sophron didn't think twice. Without even saying yes, he pounced atop of Erebos. His slippery paws slid about atop of the Ninetales' knees before they came to settle atop of his plumper thighs. The toes on his hind paws clenched together as he found his footing, while forepaws reached up to grab Callista's shoulders in preparation for his mount. He put himself into position quickly - mounting her doggy style - and swiftly aligned himself with her hole.

Vaporeon cock was already hard. Indeed, it had been hard ever since he'd scented all the sex in the room. Given that he was a smaller creature on the whole than Erebos - small enough to stand atop of his thighs and ankles easily - he wasn't quite as hung as him, neither in length nor in girth. His length was a slim six inches - pink, rather than angry red - though he still possessed a canine knot. Again, though, just like the rest of him, it was smaller - a touch less bulbous than a tennis ball - though it was no

less capable of tying.

The tip was aligned. Scared that Erebos might buck them off before they began - Sophron began to push himself inside. Given that this was the Absol's second fuck - and with a smaller cock at that - he didn't find an awful lot of resistance …

… though the inside of her ass clung to his dick regardless, even if it didn't fight him. On top of that, hot Ninetales cum was being smothered into his inches as they pushed inside. The tight tunnel was literally compacting that thick and hot fox load around his cock, making the texture squishy and the temperature hot and the feeling *perfect* …

"Oh, oh wow," Sophron hissed joyfully as his inches began to sink within the Absol's well-fucked behind. His hips stuttered to a halt. "This is … hnn … this is *amazing*. You're still so tight! And Erebos' cum, it's so thick and sticky and *hot* …"

Callista gritted her teeth. Given that Erebos' dick was much girthier than Sophron's, she wasn't in pain because of the penetration … but because of his rambling. "Sophron," she grunted backward, *clenching* her ass around his cock in an attempt to quieten him. "Shut the fuck up."

The frustrated squeeze of Callista's tunnel around shaft didn't quieten Sophron in the least - as a matter of fact, it only made him squeal in delight. "How can I shut the fuck up when this is so *good*?" he chittered quickly. His little mouth was running like an overturned engine - complete with flecks of spit that were flicking out of his excited maw with every spoken syllable. Hips weren't moving now - he was too busy complimenting the chef! "So tight! So hot! So … so sinful! I'm … I'm pounding the wrong hole right now, Callista, and it feels really good!"

"Fine! Fine, whatever! But if you're going to run your mouth like an *idiot*, can you at least move your hips while you do it?" Callista groaned loudly. "You're not fucking me while you're talking!"

Sophron quivered his stuck hips. "I'm … hnn … not very good … at multi-tasking!" he complained loudly.

Erebos - who was still laid flat beneath Callista and Sophron like some strange kind of fuzzy fuck platform - released a very loud groan. "If you're going to *fuck* on top of me," he whimpered, "then could you at *least* do it quietly?"

And Apollo - still trapped, still stuck, and now facing the tip of a whole new cock in the humid horrible almost dark - belted out his *own* groan.

But not even Callista heard his cries this time … for the Absol was too busy snarling at the Ninetales beneath her and the Vaporeon behind her. "Don't *you* start, Erebos!" she yelled. "I don't need *both* of you idiots yelling at me!"

"Well, at least I can agree with you on *that*," Erebos quickly retorted. "Sophron *is* an idiot - and I definitely am! I shouldn't have fallen for this! I should've known that you were just dragging me into some weird thing so that *you* could bully your petulant excuse for a -"

Callista bucked her hips down. Sophron's cock slid out of her an inch in the process - whilst Erebos' dick, still erect and needy between his thighs despite his protests, kissed her hot and sticky cunt.

The Ninetales' complaints faded away in a moan.

"Will you shut up," Callista grunted, "if I *fuck* you again?"

Erebos wanted to say no. But given how sticky and wet and *needy* the slit at his tip was …

"Yes," whined the Ninetales like a little bitch. "Yes, I'll be quiet."

Sophron shifted his hips behind Callista and resubmerged the inch of dick that had been forced to retreat. "I won't be quiet," the Vaporeon giggled mischievously. "I'm gonna be a big loud obnoxious *slut* just so that Apollo can hear me fucking his sister up the **ass**! You know, wherever he is."

"Indeed," Erebos said with a wry sort of bitterness while already forgetting what he'd just said. "*Wherever* he -"

Hips slammed down. All thanks to that tapered and spear-like tip, the Absol swallowed three inches of Ninetales' dick into the tight and hot embrace of cunt. A juicy and pressurized squirt sprayed from her suddenly stuck hole as she released a cry of unrestrained joy. After all, getting *fucked* properly was all that she'd ever wanted. To feel something nice and thick pushing into her core was utter heaven.

Beneath her, Erebos moaned. On the floor, with both of them atop of him, he shifted his hips upward as best he could, *squeezing* another inch inside of her wetness. A long and languid and wordless sigh came from his mouth. Happy. Content. No longer complaining.

Sophron's dick, on the other hand, slid out of her just a little bit. His paws shook and bounced a little underneath him as he attempted to find a new and better angle for the ongoing double penetration. Still, though, despite the inconvenience, he was impressed! He'd never seen anyone shut Erebos up so quickly. "You know, Callista," Sophron pointed out. "It's pretty cool how you can -"

Callista bucked her ass backward, correcting the angle while taking that inch of cock back into her cummy behind.

Sophron's balls *twitched* between his legs. "Ah -"

Another buck. Another inch of dick inside of her - both in ass and in cunt. The Absol gritted her teeth together to resist a moan. She was trying to look composed, after all. Really, though, she just wanted to get her brains fucked out.

"- mff."

But the idiot at her backside was still talking … so, yet *another* buck of her ass, which took all but the Vaporeon's slippery knot within …

… while forcing a poor cum-covered and very shrunken Espeon *right* underneath his cock. Unlike this time, there would be no riding the tip. Head disappeared underneath the cum as Sophron's dick struck him. His sticky little body slid … and ended up *right* underneath his rival's prick. The poor Espeon was suddenly smothered underneath the heavy weight of a mountain of aroused flesh … and that wasn't all. Given the fact that Erebos was currently stuffing his sister's cunt - and with only a thin layer of tissue between him and well, *that* - the Espeon's position was more accurately described as a sandwich. A whole dick on top of him - and entire dick lurking beneath him.

And both were ready to start thrusting.

He'd scream for help. Again. But that was impossible. He'd thrash, but … that was

also impossible. In fact, doing *anything* was impossible. All he could do was lay there, between dicks, suffocating, salty, and stewing.

Outside, the Vaporeon looked down between his legs. To see all but his knot buried inside of such an exquisite hole … well. It was enough for him to reconsider that 'loud like a slut' thing. "Okay," the slippery water-type mumbled as his little toes curled on the ground in delight. "I'll be quiet and fuck you."

"*Good*," Callista said. Quiet meant that she could hear her brother scream. "Both of you start fucking me. I'm tired of doing all the work."

Both boys started to move their hips as instructed. One from behind, and one from below … and both of them now being hugged tight by tight insides.

Tight tunnels that they were both now more than eager to work. It took a little time - a few errant and awkward and misplaced thrusts were made that disrupted both of their pleasure - but before long, Erebos and Sophron began to settle into a unified rhythm, like they were moving parts of the same well-oiled machine. Not too fast - and certainly not too slow. Hips swayed, making their dicks withdraw with a *schlick* - before their thighs pumped forward, thrusting back in with ball quivering and knot smacking *plaps* against the Absol's tight holes.

It was, in many ways, a perfect example of teamwork. Sophron wanted to go quick - he was a fast and excitable thing - but he knew that by doing so, he'd likely disrupt Erebos. And while Erebos could've *definitely* been sinking into that juicy pussy a little harder, doing so would've risked bucking Sophron and Callista off of him. If they were all going to work together - if they were all going to have fun and *fuck* together - if they were going to **cum** together - then they couldn't afford to be selfish. Especially not when an angry Absol was involved. An Absol that would kick *both* of their behinds was far worse than a set of blue balls, after all.

And said angry Absol was contributing the least to the 'team effort'. Callista was like the cat who had gotten all the cream. Not only was she torturing her brother - not only was she humiliating him in such a way that she could lord over him forever - but she was also on her way toward what was going to be a splendid orgasm. She'd never been fucked like this before, after all. Both holes stuffed. A perfectly sized and slender dick burying itself deep inside of her ass … and a nice thick Ninetales cock stuffing itself inside of her cunt. All she needed to do was move her hips against their thrusts … while maintaining a firm hold on Erebos.

And sandwiched between those dicks was the ever-suffering Apollo. No longer quite so smothered - for both Sophron and Erebos' thrusting had caused plenty of seed to gush from Callista's ass - the Espeon was now just an overheated and cum-splattered wad of pale blue fluff that was gasping for air that didn't exist within the smother of his sister's behind. While his mouth and throat were no longer completely blocked by a sea of ball batter, a residual amount of it still clung to his throat, mostly brought on by the fresh and slippery pre that was being pumped within by Sophron. As a result, screams wouldn't come to his throat …

… but wet and barely-there moans would. Despite his predicament - despite his discomfort - and despite the fact that he was utterly humiliated, the little Espeon was quite hard. With every thrust over him - and beneath him - his prick had been forced to ride along the inside of his sister's hot ass. Which meant that it was getting stimulated. Which meant that, *technically* …

"I'm fucking you!" the Espeon hoarsely whimpered around a mouthful of cooling Ninetales seed and fresh Vaporeon pre. "I'm fucking your ass, you b-bitch …"

"Whatever," moaned Callista in a hazy and lust-drunk reply. "You're - mmm - not doing it the way that you wanted to, and that's all that counts!"

"*What*?" said Sophron in the middle of a thrust. "Did you say something?"

"Just shut up and keep fucking me! I'm - ngh - about to cum!"

"Then stop talking shit yourself!" Erebos grunted. "This is already hard enough with you louts on top of me!"

The rhythm was interrupted by their scuffle. Their unison - their teamwork - had been broken up by a brief bout of bickering. If this were a regular situation, said bout would've gone on for some time. After all, this team were no slouches when it came to infighting. They often argued about the smallest and stupidest things - like who should go to the circus. But, of course, this was no regular situation …

… because there was incentive to work together. All four of them - including the squished Espeon - just wanted to get off at this point. And given their circumstances - all of them buried inside of a fertile female in one way or another - this was the best place to do it. So, rather than fighting, rather than letting their cocks slip out, rather

than *not* getting off … the three *big* Pokemon in the orgy decided to grit their teeth and cease their bickering. Three sets of hips began to move again.

And the one shrunken Pokemon - their leader - decided to do the same. He decided to shut his mouth and ride this out until the bitter end. Screaming was getting him nothing but humiliation and dismissal - and if he kept quiet, then, he just might be able to get off inside of his sister's ass.

In fact … he was seconds away from doing so. A few more thrusts from the cocks surrounding him - a *harsh* set of squeezes between two madly throbbing pieces of hot meat - and he was fit to explode. Despite his horrible surroundings, despite the fact that he had almost drowned in Ninetales' cum and Vaporeon pre, and despite the fact that he was crushed between two dicks, he was about to explode.

Perhaps he was even about to explode *because* of all of that. Though of course, he would never admit it.

Inside, buried beneath dick, Apollo came and squirted a few practically invisible ropes of cum into his sister's ass. He was unable to help himself from squealing in delight. Both from the pleasure … *and* a twisted sense of satisfaction. In his mind, he had done it. In his mind, he was a winner. In his incredibly optimistic and cum-addled mind, he had just fucked his sister's ass against all odds. But, just as he was about to loudly proclaim his victory - just as he was about to scream that he'd *cum* into the musky void that was Callista's ass …

… his ears heard - and his body *felt* - two loud ***pops*** as Sophron and Erebos knotted his sister in what was a perfect display of unified teamwork.

Then, the cock atop of him - far, far bigger than the one that had just barely squirted - gave a hard *throb* as it prepared to flood his step-sister's butt with watery cum.

Beneath him, Erebos too came hard, breeding and filling his sister's precious pussy. He did so loudly - screaming his bliss into the air - grateful that he got to tie with her after his failed attempt at knotting her ass.

Around him, Callista came, screamed, and clenched hard, ensuring that all of the aged and thick fox cum surrounding him tightened in a pressurized squeeze.

And then, Sophron came hard. Right on top of him.

And as the Espeon was covered in cum for the second time that evening, he realized, very quickly, that he had earned no victory at all.

Because he was being plastered in a tide of runny seed. Far, far less concentrated and thick than the Ninetales' molten load, it spilled into Callista's ass like water. Several runny ropes shot into Callista's ass in quick succession, filling her colon. In the process, the Espeon was given his second cumbath of the day. Just that, thanks to the Vaporeon's typing, it was like an *actual* bath in water now … rather than in tar. As a result … Sophron's cum made its way into every crack and crevice on his little body. Any strand of fur that had somehow escaped ass mucus or male load by now

Sophron - impatient as always- *yanked* his knot out of Callista's ass. Why? Because he didn't like being trapped! Not when he was orgasming. Cumming - like he was now - always made him want to *buck* and *thrust* and ***move!*** So he did exactly that. As his cock *popped* free, he thrust it forward again, hotdogging his dick between the Absol's fluffy cheeks … and spraying his last few ropes into her sweaty crack, saturating it with the musky scent and feel of his wet virility.

Under normal circumstances - Callista would complain about this. Loudly. No matter how slim Sophron's cock might've been, his knot was still plenty girthy - and having it *forced* out of her ass was hardly pleasant. But at this point, her voice was worn out. Her body was limp, tired, and a few minutes away from being in a deep sleep status. One hole was knotted, and the other was gaping, leaking cum … and also, now ... her step brother. Not that she knew. Or cared.

But despite finally being outside of his sister's toxic ass, Apollo was not very happy at all. Or vocal. He was dead quiet, as a matter of fact … and dead still. Laid there, a pale blue dot barely visible amongst the white - and growing ever so slightly due to the shrinking trap *finally* wearing off - he was doing his best to hide. He didn't want to be seen by Sophron. Erebos knew of his position, but … his damned Eeveelution of a rival didn't. And he'd rather it stay that way. Teasing from Erebos? It'd probably be quite neutered, he wasn't very creative. Teasing from Callista? Mean - and effectively humiliating - but he was used to it. Being teased by Sophron, though - especially for this - it would be utterly awful. Just the worst.

The only movement that he made was to curl himself up even tighter as he became more and more visible. He could feel himself growing - becoming more blatant - but

if he just hid, if he just curled up, if he just buried his face in cum, then …

But hiding was impossible. Sophron - done with his orgasm - had now bounced off of Erebos and made his way to floor … though he hadn't gone too far away. Something had caught his attention, after all. Something that looked an awful lot like a tiny Apollo. "Uh, Callista?" Sophron pointed out as he lazily observed a blueish speck dripping out of ass. "Your brother, he was …"

Apollo shuddered. "Never fucking mind," he muttered to himself brokenly.

Callista sighed. "Up my ass?" she said lazily, easily filling in the blank. She imagined - correctly - that Sophron's thinner load had finally caused him to leak out and emerge. She certainly didn't feel him. Growing he might be, but he was still very small.

Erebos rolled his eyes before closing them entirely, snuggling against the Absol atop of him. Just like Callista, two orgasms in rapid succession had been enough for him. Knotted inside of his new 'mate', he was ready to sleep … and not even Sophron loudly going on could stop him.

The Vaporeon - who was full of energy like usual - gave an enthusiastic nod of his head. "Yeah! How did you know? He totally shrunk down somehow and put himself up your butt!"

"That's … that's *super* gross, Sophron," Callista yawned half-heartedly. "You ought to punish him for me."

Sophron didn't pay attention to the fact that Callista ignored his question on *how* she knew this. "*Punish* him?" the Vaporeon asked. "How?"

"I dunno," Callista sighed. "Just … use him as a rag to wipe your dick off, or something. That'll do."

Sophron became a Vaporeon that was all smiles. With his nose twitching, he bounced back toward Callista's rear. His great and grinning maw came within snapping range of the small Espeon. Nostrils flared as he inhaled, attempting to scent his team leader … but of course, all he smelled was his own ejaculate. "Hey," he called loudly toward the shuddering speck, "that you, Polly?"

If Apollo's arms weren't weighed down by cum, then he would've covered his ears.

As things were, though, he just had to suffer the petulant boom of Sophron's voice. "Yes," he replied back to that dangerously close mouth. "Yes, Sophron, it's me. *Please* talk quietly, though -"

"**Wow!**" Sophron yelled loudly. "How did you get so small?"

Again - Apollo wished that he could've covered his ears. "Because … because …" Ears were ringing so hard - and his body so tired and saturated - that he could barely speak, much less think. "Because Callista …"

"**Nevermind!** Gonna use you as a cockrag now!"

"Wait -"

But when had Sophron ever waited? "Don't squirm too much!" he cheered, "you're still small enough to get swallowed, you know!"

The Vaporeon's muzzle moved down. Lips opened. Teeth very carefully maneuvered themselves around the Espeon's growing body …

… while Apollo was subject to the terror of a huge slathering maw moving around him. The sharp tips of teeth brushing dangerously close to his little body. The tip of Sophron's stupid and stupidly huge tongue getting so uncomfortably close that it was almost lapping at him. His horrible *breath* - which smelled like buttery fucking circus popcorn - was so close that it served as a perpetual reminder of the dreadful internal heat that he'd just been forced to endure.

Sophron was perfectly comfortable, however. His lips - soft and plush, unlike his dangerous teeth - wrapped around the Espeon. And, with a little *plk* - his pursed lips tugged the Espeon away from his Callista's behind. With his nose lifted high - and a growing blue cat in his maw - he triumphantly carried his team leader over toward his sleepy step-sister's side.

It was tempting to keep in his maw - the struggles against his lips and closed teeth were amusing - but the Espeon was rapidly growing at this point, and, frankly, Sophron wanted to get this done *before* Apollo got back to his full size. Why? Well, because if he tried to wipe his dick on him when he was big, then … he was just going to get kicked in the face - or the balls - and that was never pleasant.

So Sophron quickly dropped Apollo on the floor. The little cat - all clogged up with seed - writhed a little on the ground as he madly attempted to break the multitude of sticky cum ropes that bound his body. Given his size - roughly three inches big now, rather than the half-inch or so that he was before - he now possessed enough strength to tug at them properly. Fur began to peel apart, separating stickily like some lewd kind of velcro …

… at least, until Sophron *thumped* his right forepaw down on top of the Espeon. Heavy beans squished down on top of him, preventing any further movement. "There will be no escape for you, noble team leader!' the Vaporeon cried jubilantly. "*Not* until you've cleaned off my cock, anyway!"

"Please, Arceus, no," Apollo wheezed beneath the intense pressure the huge toes bearing down into him. "Please, anything but that - please! Sophron, I'll -"

Apollo should've learned by now that Sophron didn't like to listen. Paw tightened around his body. Suddenly, his body was no longer beneath beans …

… but instead, surrounded by them at the sides. Sophron had closed his paw around him, forming something of a fist. Fingers clenched around his back like the water-type was holding onto a sponge. The Espeon was now away from the cruel ground and up in the sickening air, held nice and tight … and being delivered toward a wide-open pair of Vaporeon thighs. Toward a glistening and semi-erect dick that had yet to retreat into it's sheath. Toward inches that were dripping with both of the loads that he'd just been stewing in.

A firm and sudden press suddenly *rammed* him against the Vaporeon's beating dick - right against the knot. Like he was nothing more than a washcloth. Fresh musk filled his olfactory system once again … barreling into his nose and his maw like a punch of masculinity. Sticky inches beat against his body like a jackhammer, still throbbing due to his presence even if they were spent. But … Espeon could call it was a familiar sensation at this point. And he could also claim, at least, that he wasn't inside of his sister's ass. That he didn't have the awful heat and stench of her bowels baking into his little body. That was an advantage. Yes. He could tolerate this. Just a few swipes up and down a cock that was as twice as big as him. Then it'd be over. Then he could sleep.

At least, this was the Espeon's mindset … until Sophron opened his big fat mouth. And then he *wished* that he was back inside of his Callista's awful butt.

"Polly!" the Vaporeon squealed. "How does it feel to be my little dickrag, huh?"

Apollo didn't get a chance to answer. Because in one swift and *very* slick motion, the Vaporeon nauseatingly flung his body from his deflating knot and toward a very slender and pointed tip. There, Sophron's fingers pushed into the back of his head … and forced the Espeon's maw down into his still bubbling slit, providing him with yet another forced face full of fresh cum.

"How does it *feel* to choke on the same cum that just went up your sister's *butt*?"

The Espeon's body was *yanked* back down toward knot in a swift motion, sponging more gloopy mess from the Vaporeon's spent length … while leaving behind a glistening trail of seed behind that oozed out of his fur as he was squeezed firmly. Despite appearances, he was not very good as a sponge. It was like trying to wash off mud with more mud.

"How does it *feel* to know that you'll never, ever be able to give me shit again?"

Apollo literally couldn't reply. The Vaporeon was still circling him around the circumference of his knot. His lips - and the rest of his body - were squished down into the surface of his length. He couldn't move his mouth - and if he could, he'd be *biting*, not speaking. As it was, though … his jaw was forced close, and his lips and body were forced to provide a messy massage.

"Not without being reminded of this, anyway!"

Away from knot and back toward shaft. The Vaporeon was pushing down on the Espeon more firmly in the hopes that it would help him swab his cock clean better. Unfortunately, the harder press just meant that more cum was leaking out of the Espeon's coat. At this point, he was like a sponge - the harder you squeezed, the more you wrung.

"Not without me reminding you that you're not even any good as cumrag! I mean, just look at you … you're making a mess everywhere!"

The Espeon did not make it back up toward the Vaporeon's tip. Sophron had already decided that he was completely unfit for purpose.

"Disgusting! What kinda team leader are you if you can't even wipe up your teammate's cum?"

Sophron - already bored of his useless little cockrag - withdrew Apollo from his cock and brought him just above it. The stinking little Espeon hung in the air, battered, bruised, humiliated … and utterly coated in cum. Being wiped all over a spermy dick had done nothing for him or the cock in question. He'd only made everything messier.

Was he ashamed about this? A little, even if he wouldn't admit it. After all, it was yet another failure for Sophron to remind him of later. More salt - or salty cum - to rub into the wound.

"Hff! Well, maybe you'll make for a nice *pillow* instead!"

Sophron impulsively flung Apollo to the floor like the dirty little cockrag that he was. The Espeon landed on the ground with a splat and a wheeze …

… that was followed by a much louder *splat* and *groan* as Sophron just about face-planted the floor … and ass-planted Apollo in the process. Heavy blue boy cheeks fell *right* on top of the Espeon, *smooshing* him directly between them. It seemed - until he was fully grown, at least - that Apollo would find no respite from the warm embrace of ass.

"Fuck you," the Espeon attempted to say. But it was no good. His vocal cords were done for the day. All he could do now was wheeze.

And so were his arms, it seemed. The pale blue feline did his very best to *push* his paws upward against the Vaporeon's behind, slamming them into either cheek. Sadly - and somewhat predictably - neither of them sagged to his strength in the least. They remained firm - atop of him - crushing him into submission. There he was - between cheeks - with *yet another* giant asshole in front of him.

There was one upside, at least. He was now just a little too big to easily squeeze inside of Sophron's rear. Both of them would have to try pretty hard to stuff him in there … and the Espeon was in no fit mood or state to even *begin* to make that effort. Which was good. No matter what happened - no matter how much he wriggled - he wouldn't end up back in *there*.

Counting that small blessing - and thoroughly unable to go on - Apollo reluctantly closed his eyes. He didn't want to sleep here - musky and awful and disgusting beneath *both* of Sophron's heavy chubby ass cheeks - but he didn't have much of a choice.

The three other Pokemon in the room - including the one atop of him - were already slumbering. The three of them were spent. Content. Happy. And for the first time since they'd all gotten together, they finally felt like a team. A lewd one, admittedly … but a team nonetheless.

It was a shame that Apollo didn't feel quite the same way. Maybe in time, he'd come to see that his team had finally done something together in unison …

… but for now, beneath ass, he would instead both stew inside of his frustrations … and in the odor of multiple loads that wouldn't leave his coat for weeks and weeks and weeks.

* * *

Apollo awoke beneath something heavy. And squishy. And … strangely hot and slippery. His immediate reaction was to *not* open his eyes to figure out what it was.

His head hurt. His body was killing him. Where was he? He couldn't remember. But he was definitely beaten up.

Yes. He must've done something cool. He must've saved the entire team from a ferocious feral Pokemon. Something had happened. He'd been shrunk … hit a trap, or … something like that. But he'd still managed to kick a bunch of ass. Or … was that a dream? Had he dreamt that? Well, whatever … the trap wasn't effecting him now. He could tell that he was his regular size. So he just needed to get this heavy thing off of the top of him. Paws pushed …

… but whatever it was didn't budge an inch.

Then, senses began to wake up.

He smelled musk. Inside of his nostrils. It only took a half-sniff before he regretted trying to breathe. It smelled like a combination of ass sweat and cum. And it immediately reminded him that he was *not* being a hero last night. He still wasn't quite sure *what* had happened … but he knew it wasn't good.

His paws curled. Something gooey and squishy *squelched* between his toes. His hips wriggled on the ground. His fur - his precious pelt - was covered in something dry and flaky and foul. He wasn't sure what it was - but, given what he could smell - he could take a good guess. And it was yet another reminder of his humiliation. He had been somewhere just awful last night, hadn't he?

Then, eyes opened. Vision filled with the sight of a bright blue ass. Specifically, Sophron's ass. Even more specifically, the very *last* ass that he ever wanted to see first thing in the morning.

Everything fell into place.

Hips wiggled. The Espeon tried to *buck* Sophron off of him. But all he succeeded in doing was pushing his muzzle into the Vaporeon's crack.

Once more surrounded by ass, Apollo screamed.