



BURNING PASSIONS

For The Love of Fire Types

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Burning Passions

(For Pokémon Fans)

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Foreword

For starters, fire type Pokémon are the best type. That's just the way it is.

I may be biased, but admittedly, that bias is to the benefit of those who enjoy reading stories of erotic fantasies, especially those involving Pokémon, like the ones that are waiting for you in the pages ahead.

A bit of a departure from our normal erotica, this collection features a series of short, spicy tales that depict Pokémon courting their trainers *and* their peers, so there's a little something for everyone inside, and though there are only three stories within this collection, fear not: there's more to come later on in 2017, or at the very latest, early in 2018.

Flareon, Arcanine and Ninetails are the fire-types that we've picked for this first collection, and the themes go just a bit beyond the mere pairing of Pokémon and their trainers. Added fetishes of an orgy, transformation, and public sexuality have managed to sneak their way into the plots, and add just a final dash of heat to a book that is already bursting at the seams with steamy details.

I do sincerely hope that you love what you find within this text, and that it takes you to a place where the binds of reality no longer hold you. Curl up with your e-reader in a nice, cozy corner and drift into a world where anything is possible; where the tall grass hides secrets of lust that are just waiting to be discovered.

Enjoy!

Story 1: The Heat of the Pack

If ever you were to leave a city or a town, and you ignored the cautionary tales of those who came before you, telling you that it was dangerous to go alone, you'd have no one to blame but yourself when you were staring danger in the face.

Jed wasn't the type to resort to weapons to defend himself, and he wasn't the biggest fan of capturing small animals to keep on his person for self-defense, but he was starting to see the benefits of the concept as his journey into the tall grasses outside of Vermillion City was taking a deadly turn.

"Flaaaa..."

Even if he never heard the voice of the creature, the flame-shaped fluff of the tail and the bright, burning red fur upon the body made it obvious that Jed was staring down a Flareon, and the creature didn't seem too happy with the human male for stepping into its territory. Due to his belief, Jed didn't carry any capturing devices on his person, and as he continued slipping backward through the tall grass, toward the small, albeit thick forest outside of the city, he was leaning down to try and find a rock or a stick; anything that he could throw to defend himself.

The grasses were a cruel mistress, and refused to yield any defense. They even faltered Jed in his progress, as long, dancing wisps of green vegetation tripped him up and set him on his backside, leaving him at eye-level with the vengeful creature as it crept closer and closer, moving on paws that were trained to pursue prey with utter silence...

...Even the grass itself refused to rustle as the Flareon crept closer, and Jed could sense a pouncing attack coming.

"S-stay there! I don't mean you a-any harm!" Jed scrambled back up to his feet and tried to make himself look bigger, but the creature wasn't dismayed. Young, naïve and hardly appearing a threat with his slim body, kind eyes of hazel and tussled hair of brown, Jed couldn't have scared off a Pidgley if his life depended on it, and he was certain that it did, as the creature tensed up in place.

Whether a pounce or a fire was coming, Jed wasn't going to stick around to find out. He made the first move, turning on his heel and sprinting deeper into the forest, where the trunks of the trees grew thicker with their protected age, and the gaps between shrunk with each footstep.

"What did I e-ever do t-to that thing?!" he cried out as he tried weaving through the trees to knock it off of his path, but it continued in a rapid pursuit, seeing only Jed in the smooth, intense blue pits of its eyes. "O-oh, oh *shit*...it's gaining on me!"

Looking back wasn't doing any good, so it was full speed ahead for Jed, who watched his path and ducked under low hanging branches as he tore a new trail through the ferns and overgrowth of the forest floor. Other, smaller creatures fled and hid as he carried along, but the Flareon behind refused to break pace, and as Jed's leg was yanked upon, he found that it wasn't acting alone.

He'd been lured into a trap, and as one more Flareon tugged on his left pant leg, a third came forth and stood in front of his right leg. Completely off balance, Jed tumbled forward and landed flat on his stomach with a pained "**OOE**," but he embraced his sense of adrenaline and tried rolling onto his back to scoot away from his attackers.

His head tilted back, and saw a fourth Flareon right behind him, gazing down into his eyes with a look that was less predatory than the others...and upon its muzzle, something akin to a smile was forming.

"L-look, I don't know **what** you all want from me, b-but...I've got nothing to give, okay?!" Jed wanted to hide his panic, but with no one around to see his outburst, he was having trouble keeping his emotions to himself. "*Please* just let me go...?"

Being wild beasts, the small pack of Flareon didn't have any need for the small amount of earthly possessions that Jed was carrying on his person. It was clear that they had tracked him down and trapped him there for *something*, but in his lack of worldly experiences, Jed was having trouble figuring out what that was, even when the two creatures by his legs began tugging ferociously at the legs of his jeans.

The first Flareon who gave chase made things a bit more obvious, as she trotted playfully over to Jed's stomach and hopped up onto his body, sitting her haunches right down on the crotch of his jeans and looking at him with an

expression that dripped with smarmy pride and animal lust.

She was so pleased with herself.

“Wh...what are you doing?” Jed asked, even as the Flareon on his lap leaned forth and caught his belt in her maw, holding the leather strap with her sharp, tiny fangs. She tugged it to the side and the extra slack was just enough for the legs of his jeans to begin sliding down, and without the thick denim to block the sensation, Jed got his first feel of just how warm the womanhood of a heated Flareon could be.

It was a rare and lucky moment that Jed was ever under a female, and he’d never once contemplated crossing the forbidden line between humans and Pokémon, but in the literal heat of the moment, he was having trouble getting up to his feet, and through the flap on his boxers, his cock was starting to grow, pushing right up into the crotch of the Flareon on his lap.

All of it was according to plan for the little pack of hunters, and as his pants were dragged away by the diligent pair around his legs, he was distracted by the fourth, sitting just above his head and leaning over to give his cheeks a series of warm, affectionate slurps.

“Y-you...you can’t all be *serious*,” he tried to claim, but the creatures knew nothing of a human’s way of questioning. They were as wild as the overgrown forest around them, and in the blissfully natural setting, they went about answering the call of their bodies, knowing that Jed was a willing participant, regardless of his nerves.

His body was giving off a scent too subtle for a human nose, but to the nostrils of each Flareon, it was a soft, delicious aroma that mimicked a serviceable male, and the moist licks upon his cheek grew in frequency as his manhood throbbed against the smaller creature at his waist.

She let out a quiet *purr* of delight as the very tip of Jed’s pulsing rod teased against her feral sex, and a few eager drops of precum mingled right in with her own liquid arousal, creating a smooth, sensual lube that guided the end of his length into her waiting folds, a surprisingly delicate penetration for the force with which the ladies took him down.

Jed’s gasp of pleasure and shock was muffled as the Flareon keeping his face coated in saliva was done giving instructions. Hoping that the human would learn from her attention, she climbed right over the top of his head, curling her

paws and claws into his hair and tugging at it gently as she rested her haunches right upon his forehead, pushing her moist, warm slit against the end of his nose and leaving a trail of her plentiful arousal all the way down to his lips.

His mouth opened to moan, but the act felt like a teasing kiss to the needy Flareon, who trembled against his open mouth and bucked her hips gently, pushing a calm and casual flow of her juices down over the side of his cheek.

This...this can't really be happening, can it? Jed thought, as his words and moans amounted to little more than desperate, muffled groans of delight. Each low, vibrating sound that passed his lips was an added layer of ecstasy for the creature that straddled his face, and though it seemed to be in vain, his tongue lashed forth to try and quench the fires of her heat, doing little more than driving her further up the proverbial wall in the process.

It seemed a weird thought, but he hoped that he was doing right by the small pack of females as his tongue traveled up and down through the narrow, gushing pass of the Flareon's labia, knowing that he simply didn't have the focus or experience just yet to pump his hips in time with his oral exercises...

...Of course, the Flareon on his crotch was more than happy to do all of the work, now that she'd pinned her prize.

Being such a smaller creature, she couldn't take the entirety of his cock, but her hips swirled from side to side, working and stretching her inner walls to adjust to Jed's ample girth. Even without vaginal muscles to grip around the entire shaft, Jed could feel moisture trickling down upon the underside of his shaft, traveling toward his taut, tense sack and sensitive orbs, and his entire body shivered with pleasure untold as the juices spilled over.

"Fla...*Flaaaaareon*..." she cried out weakly as she arched her back, trying to force her sex down upon Jed as deeply as she could. Only a few inches of the human male would fit inside of her, and even that was pushing her body to the limit of what it could handle, but for the unlikely pair, it was a moment of pure bliss, and Jed's chest was heaving as he tried to pretend that he wasn't on the verge of climaxing inside of a wild beast.

Denying the feeling, even as the thick, full vein on the underside of his cock began to bulge, teasing the horny little creature just a little bit further, was a fruitless effort.

"Mnnf...*mnnnyes!*" Jed tried to cry out with delight, knowing that his moans

would only make it as far as the eager, buzzing flesh of the Flareon upon his face, the lucky human was bucking his hips up from the ground, but he knew that he never gave such an instruction. His muscles were moving on instinct, and in the face of perhaps the greatest pleasure he'd ever known, he couldn't *possibly* tell his body to hold still, much to the delight and appreciation of the needy female on his lap, who lifted her haunches slightly and pushed her paws into his slim, soft tummy for support, bracing herself against the sudden and powerful thrusts.

Even a human womb would have struggled to contain all of the mess that Jed had to offer, so the lucky little Flareon didn't have a chance to hold it all in. Her thighs quivered with earthly delight as she felt the needed gush of cum deep inside of her sex, and as much as her body could handle splashed around inside of her sex, until the excess began pouring back out over Jed's cock, spilling right down to the skin of his sack.

Desperate to ride it out, the frisky little creature dug her claws delicately into Jed's flesh and held on even as his hips bucked her smaller body, and her tail flickered about with delight as fresh, hot seed spilled within her...and for his efforts, Jed was given a similar treatment, as warm, silky juices spilled down over his chin, the gift of a female orgasm from the Flareon that was still making good use of his open mouth.

He could even taste the subtle, sweet difference in the flavor as the juice spilled over the corners of his lips, but as he rode out the last waves of his orgasm, Jed felt as though he was starting to fit a bit more *naturally* inside of the Flareon on his lap, and it wasn't due to his cock going soft; it felt as though it might be getting even **harder** as he caught his breath, and there was a scent on his nose that simply wasn't there before.

"Fl...Flareon?"

He wasn't addressing the females around him, as the two by his legs who waited so patiently came forth and sat by his crotch, wagging their tails in time as they waited for their turn with the virile male.

He was merely trying to speak, and the words felt funny leaving his mouth, not just for the sound made, but for the shifting of his lips as they felt *longer*.

There was a reason so many people cautioned against bedding a Pokémon...and it turned out to be the culmination of many others, as a growth emerged from his

tailbone, soft and fluffy...and his ears began stretching out and away from his head, picking up on sounds that he never could have noticed before.

What was worst, however, was the scent...thick, sweet and lustful, permeating the air and teasing his mind with each breath he took...

The girls between his legs crept a little closer, each one wearing a bit of a smirk on their muzzles as the transformation truly began to take hold. Their pack mate slipped off of Jed's cock, leaving behind a mingled glisten of her feminine juices and his excess cum...a spectacle for the girls to enjoy, as they tried to decide who would get to ride the human male next.

By the time they were finished, however, calling Jed a human wouldn't have been entirely accurate.

Story 2: A Different Kind of ‘Training’

When it came to being a great trainer, it wasn't enough for someone to simply make their way to a Pokémon center when their creatures were injured, and reassure them that they were the strongest, the cutest, or the best.

Some people were a little more adept with the concept of treating their monsters as equals, and letting them out of their balls every now and again to get fresh air, freedom, and a little relaxation that the inside of a tiny ball simply couldn't replace.

“Go get it, Annie!”

Psyphix was plenty experienced as a trainer, but he didn't have the same aspirations of reaching the top, as some others did. He was content with his life; he had plenty of strong Pokémon that were respectable in their own right, and they were plenty enough for his self-defense. In return, he gave them food, shelter, a great life, and freedom to roam around as they pleased when they were in the house, deciding that it was confinement enough to be trapped in a series of rooms.

As part of taking good care of them, however, he was constantly busy, trying to find time for each creature that he owned, knowing that they all required a certain amount of love and attention to stay happy...and no doubt, Arcanine was the neediest of the bunch.

A large, fluffy bundle of what seemed like endless energy, Psyphix's Arcanine was a female named Annie, and her entire existence was a high energy thrill ride. No matter how much she trained and exercised, it seemed she always had something left in the tank, so when all of the other Pokémon were at rest, the German Shepherd took her out into his yard for a little extra play time.

That evening, the intended game was fetch, and Annie was happily bouncing across the yard, catching a stick when it was thrown, and bringing it back to Psyphix without so much as a hitch in her step. The grass in the yard was beat down into a path by her constant running, and her tail was constantly up in an orange and black blur as it wagged back and forth with excitement. She'd only

ever pause when she returned to Psyphix with the stick, and wait for him to rub the smooth, cream-colored fur upon her underbelly, before she'd sit and wait for him to throw it once more.

When the playful atmosphere got to be a bit *too* much for her, however, she'd sit by his side and wait for him to get the message...but sometimes, it took her a few tries to get her point across.

“**Good** girl!” Psyphix praised her as she sat down in front of him with the stick and dropped it on the ground, but she wasn't giving him a look that demanded another throw. Instead, her eyes were narrowed on the slightly smaller canine, and her haunches wiggled around in the grass as she admired her master without anything close to a sense of shame. “Ready? Want me to throw it again?”

Annie didn't react. She'd already completely forgotten about the stick, and was ignoring it, even when he bent over to pick it up and raise it over his head.

She was thinking instead about how much effort it would take her to rip his clothes away, and if it was worth the effort, when she might be punished for it.

“Uh...Annie? You want me to throw it again?”

Normally, the Arcanine would signal her excitement in some other way, but her eyes narrowed a little further as she bounded forward playfully and knocked Psyphix right to the ground, before planting her paws on either side of his head and gazing down at him with a sense of longing.

Brown locks of headfur tossed against the green grass below as Psyphix hit the ground forcefully, but before he could try to catch his winded breath, he felt a large, flat tongue slurping affectionately across his cheek and messing up the softer, tan fur upon his muzzle. “*Nyah!* A-all right, all right! I get it...you're in the mood for some **alternate** training, then?”

Annie wasn't a dope, for all of her bubbly antics and playful spirit. She was actually one of the smartest Pokémon that Psyphix had ever interacted with, and she was well aware of what her master intended to do to her whenever he said those words.

She could already feel the tickle in her tummy as she shook her rump eagerly and wagged her tail, waiting for his paw to reach up and stroke upon her fur, and only seconds later, his claws raked through the thick, full tufts and teased her underbelly, starting up at the birth of her chest and slowly teasing down toward

her abdomen.

“Arrrr...Arcaniiiiine...” she growled out her own name, as she was wont to do, and gently stamped her paws into the ground as Psyphix lifted a second paw into her stomach and began scratching rapidly through her fur, reaching his claws in *just* far enough to soothe the flesh underneath without physically harming it. The treatment would have been a surefire way to get Annie in the mood, but when she was already there, it was a blissful form of torture; completely unnecessary, but delightful all the same.

It was also a good way for Psyphix to get himself into trouble, as his Arcanine leaned over, rubbing her head into his chest and nuzzling at him affectionately for something more.

The very ends of her fangs hooked into the thin, white t-shirt that was clinging to the smooth lines of his chest, and Annie tried to play innocent as she tilted her head back and continued yanking until the fang ripped into the shirt.

Psyphix flattened his ears a little bit as he watched the slow tear, and Annie’s nervous smile, complete with the telltale ***riiiiiiiiiip*** of his shirt as it came apart in two clean, even pieces.

“Y’know, we **talked** about this, Annie. If you rub your head on my chest, I’ll take it off,” he reminded her, and knowing that his cargo shorts might suffer the same fate, he paused his strokes upon her tummy and quickly slid them off, along with his boxers, to save himself another trip to the store. “I’d be of half a mind to punish you, if y...yooooooooou *little sneak*...”

Stripping his clothes away left Psyphix too vulnerable to resist the feeling of Annie lowering her haunches onto his exposed, canine member. Her body was always naturally warm to the touch, but when they were playing together, the heat upon her sex intensified, and just from a single, teasing slide of her hips to guide her pouted folds against his member, Annie was able to take complete control of the situation, if she wanted to.

Psyphix was just lucky that she allowed him to keep the pace, and something in her expression made it clear that while he might be the master, **she** was the boss, and he wouldn’t be allowed to go inside until she was satisfied.

“Fine, then. Bring it here,” Psyphix ordered, though it was more of an offer than an actual order to Annie. She wagged her haunches, making sure to rub some of the wetness that was gathered on her womanhood into his cock, able to feel it

stiffening against her petals right before she lifted off of it, and trails of her juices trickled down over the edge of Psyphix's knot as she lifted her hips and trotted forward slowly, until her sex was just over her master's muzzle.

She lowered her hips once more and lifted her tail, able to feel Psyphix tending to her with all of the care and patience that he would his most precious lover. His tongue was quick to press against her folds and appreciate her delicious, natural flavors, but just as importantly to her pleasure, he left a paw to scratch delicately above her pubic mound, while the other took turns smoothing down over her right and left thighs, stroking along the fur and scratching the flesh underneath with a comforting touch, reminding Annie of just how important she was to him.

Neither one of them was sure if it was love; for a canine and a Pokémon to share truly romantic love was shunned, and even in Psyphix's mind, it seemed to be a fantasy...but he didn't know how else to describe the way he felt about Annie, and the way she stayed by his side was more than an affection based on survival, food and water.

Even if he had nothing to give her, she'd never leave him...and when times were going well, he gave her everything that he had.

"Getting close already?" Psyphix teased, taking a moment to slurp the plentiful juices of his Arcanine's sex from the fur around his muzzle before getting back to action. The very tip of his tongue swirled in tiny, teasing circles around the proud, erect nub of her aching clit, and each time Annie trembled around him, his paws supported her thighs, letting her quake with delight all that she wanted, with no fear of collapsing on him.

Intelligent as she was, she couldn't find the words to describe herself to the canine, but she could let passion drip from her voice with every phrase she uttered, and her quick, heavy pants of lust were encouraging Psyphix to the point that his cock was pushing out tiny spurts of precum without so much as being touched.

"Arc...c-canine..." she murmured, looking back over her shoulder to see the state her master was in. His knot was already exposed, and the tip of his cock was completely soaked with the multiple trails of precum that spilled over from it. He always put her pleasure first, but she was right on the edge, and she wanted to return the favor to him...but that alone wasn't enough.

Taking a few cautious steps backward and stopping only when she could pin

Psyphix to the ground, resting a large, heavy paw on each of his shoulders, she gazed down into the golden eyes of her favorite canine with a lust-drunk expression and wiggled her hips around, trying to find her master's cock completely by feel.

Dripping, feminine arousal mingled with overflowing, masculine precum as the tip of his canine member touched her feral cunt, and Psyphix felt the wind nearly knocked out of his lungs as she hammered down with her hips and trapped her master in a passionate, sexual embrace.

“Ah...A-Annie...you d-didn't have to...” Psyphix was struggling to find any words as he felt Annie's inner muscles working and clenching around his member with unconscious skill, milking him purely out of the need to feel his cum inside of her. Having such a great, slippery warmth inside of her sex made her feel incomparably delightful, and though he'd mated with his own kind before, Psyphix couldn't remember a single female canine who could stand up to the love that Annie could provide.

Her hips began to buck gently as she kept him pinned down, refusing to let him down an ounce of the work. She wanted to show every bit of love that she had for her master, and as she continued panting faster and faster, her legs began to tremble once more, providing an extra series of unexpected grips inside of her vaginal passage, leaving Psyphix able to do little more than guess when the next one was coming.

It was the most wonderful guessing game of his life, and a delicate brush of Annie's cheek against his own told him that he shouldn't feel any shame for being brought to orgasm so easily.

After all, **no one** could ever compare to her, and it was easy to forget that Pokémon could *indeed* feel a sense of pride in what they did...and being the best fuck for her master was quite the prideful point for Annie, who felt her inner muscles contracting of their own volition.

Even if Psyphix *wanted* to, his body was powerless to stop the flood of ecstasy that Annie provided, and he gritted his fangs as he tried to adjust to the sudden clench of his muscles as his sack contracted tightly around full, heavy orbs and drained them. The sudden gush of cum was just a bonus for Annie, who was already panting and whimpering with the throes of her own orgasm, but to feel her master climaxing inside of her drove her pleasure that much further as her hips pounded radically, driving Psyphix into the ground and forcing his wide,

bulbous knot to spread her womanhood apart.

“G-g...good hell, **Annie!**” Psyphix cried out, barely able to breathe as his knot slipped inside of the larger female with a quiet, delicious ***schlip***. The knotting took just long enough that a few tiny, errant streams of cum slipped out past her labia, but the rest of his seed poured into her womb and soaked her inner walls, coating her sex with the only thing that ever seemed to calm her down...and even then, Psyphix knew that it wouldn’t last long.

By the time his knot deflated, she’d be ready to go a second time, and before bed that night, there would likely be a third...and she’d wake him the next day with a fourth.

“C...canine...” Annie tried to voice her affections for her master, as her mind wasn’t worried about the pleasures that the future held. She was content to slump down against Psyphix and hold him close in the present, resting her paws on either side of his head as her cheek settled into his chest, feeling a moment of satisfaction that nothing could spoil.

Thank you for the wonderful playtime, master...

Story 3: Captured by Beauty, Controlled by Lust

Just because you didn't have any pokeballs or Pokémon on your person didn't mean that you couldn't capture one, necessarily.

It just meant that you had to assume all of the risks associated with fighting a wild animal, and if things didn't go your way, you could end up injured, infected, or looking at an early grave.

Zaurastra wasn't the kind of dragon to take danger too lightly, and in a world where going past the edge of town was considered dangerous without some kind of defense, he harnessed his own special brand of abilities to keep him safe on his travels. A brilliant, bright overcoat of blue scales made it hard for him to blend in to anything other than the daytime sky, and the soft ridges upon his underbelly were just the wrong shade of green to blend in with the grass, or trees.

Of course, while his wings might give you another idea, he wasn't the type to run, or even *fly* from danger. He liked to face it head-on, and he was proud of how many times he'd successfully defended himself from would-be attackers, both human, Pokémon, and other various creatures in the wild.

His current bout felt less like a battle, however, and more like a dance, as one of the most beautiful creatures he'd ever spotted was prancing around him, occasionally breathing a tiny, delicate ball of flames at him...ones that would bellow up like tiny flowers of the brightest orange and red, before disappearing into thin air and leaving Zaurastra mystified by what he'd seen.

He wouldn't quickly admit it, but he was actually **grateful** for the little brushes of warmth; the creature seemed to pick up on this all the same, and after a few minutes of the same song and dance, the dragon was sure that he wasn't in any kind of danger.

He was being **flirted** with.

“*Taaaaaaaails?*” the creature let out a teasing drawl, with a tone to its voice that taunted Zaurastra to come in closer to her to inspect the source. Her lips were curved upward upon her muzzle, and the pits of her eyes were burning rubies of passion, enticed to finally find a male that could handle her intense and *unusual* method of looking for a suitable mate.

Zaurastra would have recognized the breed of Pokémon anywhere: Her namesake tails were swishing back and forth with a certain sense of mischief and excitement, and all nine of them were tipped with a slightly lighter shade of fur, like the center of a burning ember.

A Ninetails, and a rather flirtatious one, at that, was luring Zaurastra in, and with his guard completely down, the dragon was getting closer than what most people would have considered to be a safe distance.

“You’re quite the intriguing little creature, aren’t you?” he asked, as he folded the thin, white membranes of his wings back into his shoulders and approached her. In turn, she sat down on her hind legs and rested her haunches right in the middle of the route, unashamed at trying to pick out a mate in the middle of such a public place. “And just what is it that you want with me?”

To be captured would be beneath the status of such a beautiful, desirable creature, but she was sure that she’d already displayed that fact in her heated, passionate dance. She considered herself a prize to be won, only by the most worthy and exceptional of males, and seeing that the bold, brazen dragon wore no clothing, she could admire every facet of his form without having to do any extra work.

The delicate, lustful aroma that poured from her womanhood was flittered about by the sway of her multiple tails, as a sign of her approval.

“We’re not exactly two of a kind, you know,” Zaurastra tried to explain to the creature, knowing that it wouldn’t fully understand his draconic tongue. “I’m not sure that you’re...*suited* to handle me, you see.”

Any explanation short of falling to his knees and ravaging the creature was going to be a disappointment, and the Ninetails narrowed her eyes in frustration as she bounded up from her haunches and stepped forward, walking between the legs of the taller dragon and winding herself around one of his knees, looking up to him with eyes that, despite their radiant lust, failed to capture just how much need was coursing through her body.

It was a valiant attempt on the part of the wild female, but it wasn't until a warm, teasing breath escaped her lips and tickled over the genital slit of the dragon that he finally trembled in place, and found himself actually having to *resist* the wiles of a Pokémon.

The thought process felt ludicrous, but the desire couldn't have been more real.

"We...w-we can't just do this out here," he tried to protest, but his words were already weak, and his knees were that much weaker when he felt the mischievous creature rubbing the end of her nose against his slit, having some understanding of how his body worked. She caught only the slightest scent of his masculine desires, and that alone was enough to prompt her tongue from her muzzle, as she drew the warm, slick muscle along the thin gap in his flesh.

She only paused when she felt the tip of an excited cock pressing to the very end of her tongue, but before she could fire a teasing grin his way, she blinked in surprise as a second tip entered the fray, and poked her right between the eyes.

"N...Ninetails...?"

The fact that she could only speak her own name was endearing to Zaurastra, who reached down with an open palm and stroked it delicately over the ears of his confused, would-be partner. "That's what I was trying to tell you, little one," he murmured, trying to deny how delightful the warmth of her cheek felt against the underside of his sack. "**One** of these would likely be too much for you to handle...do you really think I'm the right guy for you when I'm sporting **two** of them?"

If she were to listen to reason and common sense, the Ninetails would have accepted the gracious apology of the dragon and gone about her way to lick herself to orgasm, until she could find a more appropriate male.

She listened, instead, to the voice of heat that was crying out in the back of her mind and putting a permanent ache in her womanhood, yelling at her to find whatever male enticed her, regardless of the size, and fuck his brains out, right there in the middle of the public path.

Zaurastra was doing everything he could to calm himself down when he caught the rare and glorious sight of the vulpine female opening her muzzle wide open and swallowing the tip of one of his thick, tapered cocks. A royal shade of purple that caused them to stand out boldly against his underbelly, Ninetails was able to guess that he'd react the same way as any other male, and she was on the right

track, as her lips made it to the first set of ridges on the dragon's exotic member.

A second and third set waited just after that, all on the way to an impressive knot near the base, and though she'd never be able to reach her throat that far, the lustful Pokémon was already daydreaming about how wonderful it would feel to be stretched around the bulbous mass as she rubbed the second knot with her paws, knowing that she had Zaurastra literally reduced to putty in her grasp.

"If y-you're really gonna do this," the dragon gasped, having to dig his claws into the ground just to keep himself upright, "Then we s-should *really* find some privacy-

"**Ninetails!**" the beast shouted back at him, glaring right into the pits of his eyes with a look that spelled out her terrible impatience. How long she'd been in heat, the dragon couldn't possibly know, and it was evident that she'd been saving herself for this moment as tiny, errant streams of wetness spilled down from the peak of her womanhood with such volume that the occasional drop actually fell down to the dusty path when she shook with the weight of her need.

If Zaurastra was going to cross the line of taboo that so many others had been tempted by before, he was going to have to do it out in the open, and it was only a matter of time before someone else happened down the same route on their own travels.

Resisting wasn't any kind of an option anymore, but the dragon could at least have the Ninetails in the way that he preferred.

"Fine. Don't come crying to me when you're walking this off for the next **week.**"

The warning didn't come lightly from a dragon who was packing the impressive size that Zaurastra did, but his prospective mate wasn't listening to warnings. The moment that she recognized the consent in his voice, she pulled her maw back from the tips of his cocks, pleased with the messy strands of saliva that she left upon them, and spun right down into the path. Her tails lifted up and spread themselves out in an impressive sprawl, acting like a curtain of needless modesty in the middle of such a lewd occasion, but the view was enticing, if nothing else.

Zaurastra only took a moment to appreciate it before he fell to his knees and gripped the smaller creature by her hips, holding her tightly in place. His claws began digging into her fur, and she yelped quietly, but he gave a quick shake of the head as he pulled her haunches up in the air, still too tall to penetrate her,

even upon his knees.

“You’re not going *anywhere*, little one. You tempted me into this...so I’m gonna do it **my way**.”

At her smaller size, Ninetails *should* have been concerned, but her lust was still driving her mad, and she could only lick her lips and gaze back at the dragon of her dreams as he pulled her in closer, lining up her snatch and her tailhole with each of his cocks.

As driven as they were, Zaurastra still had the wherewithal to slowly and gently penetrate the tiny Pokémon, knowing just how brutal it would have been to tear into her like he wanted to.

Foolishly, she gritted her fangs and planted her hind paws on his thighs and tried leaning back further, unable to be satisfied with such a delicate thrust. “N... Ninetails...*Niiiiinetails*...”

Panting in her native tongue as she secretly begged for deeper, harder thrusts, she could feel the dragon taking full control of the situation as he grabbed her hind legs just above the ankle, leaving her to support herself on her front paws as he leaned forth. His twin cocks drove in, easily penetrating her needy sex, and teasing against her uncovered tailhole. Intentionally, he aimed a little higher, opting to glide his second cock between the soft, smooth fur upon the cheeks of her rump, worrying about how damaged she might be if they got too ambitious.

For the pair, feeling the shared warmth between her tight, sensitive pucker and the underside of his extra cock was enough, when their primary focus was the way that her womanhood continued stretching further and further around the delicious ridges on his first member. She could feel her labia shrinking, and then expanding again with each series of ridges that passed, and when he pulled his hips back, her tongue fell from the side of her muzzle in a happy, stupefied expression that spelled her satisfaction.

“**Now** we can g-go a little faster,” Zaurastra explained, keeping full control of the moment as he gave a delicate buck with his hips, and the Ninetails cried out in her namesake as her front paws curled into the dirt, and her hind paws curled up in delight, clawing at the air; the only thing that they could still grasp.

As worried as he was about it before, the dragon was starting to understand just what was so enjoyable about sharing such an intimate moment in a public place. It was like a declaration of their affection, and the fact that neither of them found

anything wrong with their interspecies breeding, even if there were a few onlookers hiding out in the tall grass.

Neither one of them had an ounce of worry to give to that thought as Zaurastra pounded into the helpless, but downright pleased Ninetails. As much as she could from her compromised pose, she bucked her hips back at his body, and each time she made a push his direction, he picked up the pace a little bit further, until his knees carved out small divots in the path for him to settle into.

He could feel her inner muscles contracting thoughtlessly around his impressive cock, and though he had a momentary thought of teasing the poor creature by holding out his orgasm, he could only imagine the sexual frustration that she was suffering.

Through a gap in her tails, he could see her expression soften with a need satisfied, and a gratefulness that words could not express, as he relaxed his muscles and flooded her cunt with such a volume of cum that she couldn't hope to contain it.

"That's it...t-that's what you needed, wasn't it?" he asked, keeping the dominant role, but showing a softer side to the needy creature as his balls pulsed within his sack, and the thick, heavy veins upon his length throbbed with each pump of his seed into her womb. It overflowed in seconds, and while some of the mess spilled down to the ground, even more of it coursed down the insides of her thighs, and of course, his spare cock was left to fire freely into the air, coating her rump and the myriad of her tails in the process.

The last few drops that landed on her back came from a dragon that was exhausted, but happily so, as the fiery pair leaned against each other and shared their warmth for just a few moments longer. Zaurastra knew that he couldn't risk being found in such a position with a wild Pokémon, but to pull out of her sex so soon wasn't something that he was willing to do.

It wasn't until he could feel the last few drops of his yield spilling into her stretched, well-fucked pussy that he finally allowed it to slip free, along with a flood of excess cum that her body simply couldn't handle.

"You know why I can't stay..." he whispered, as he slowly pulled up from her body, "But...will I be seeing you again?"

So deep was the need of the creature that Zaurastra's seed didn't just put out the fires of her heat. It put her right into a relaxing nap, and as he gazed over her

tails, he could see a tired, grateful smile upon her muzzle.

“...Well then...”

Smiling warmly himself, Zaurastra leaned over and lifted the tired creature in his arms, carrying her away from the path, and over to the tall grass. She'd be safer resting there, and the dragon would know right where to find her when she came into heat again...

He'd be back tomorrow. For a Ninetails, life **was** heat, and she'd finally found her outlet for satisfaction.

That's all we've got for this collection! Short, sweet and spicy to boot, I hope you enjoyed every page, and that you'll keep your eyes peeled for the next book in the series to debut soon!

In the meantime, if you aren't quite satisfied, we've got a few other things for you to check out!

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