

Mother's Instinct

Howls of anguish echoed from the deepest parts of the forest, within a cave that not even the moonlight from this night of a full moon could penetrate. The owner of the voice revealed itself to be a female Zoroark, clutching it's egg tightly as tears fell from her eyes...It was a bad egg, an egg that no longer contained life, a life that would never be born to experience the world...A life that never even got the chance to fight for itself...Leaving the egg on the ground, she curled up in a foetal position to cry her deep sorrows.

Her mate had left her when he was captured by a female human, leaving her only purpose to take care of her egg and the life within. Now without that purpose, she no longer desired to live anymore, her last reason now lifeless in her arms. Suicidal thoughts floated into her mind: "This pain can be cured; all you need to do is find a high place and jump, let the wind do the rest..." She shook herself violently, throwing her body into the cave walls to relinquish such thoughts from her mind.

She knew she wasn't thinking straight, the pain was unbearable and remaining here was doing her no favours. Therefore, wishing to leave her pain behind, she sought to leave the cave behind forever. With a growl, she let a final tear fall from her face before she sprang, rushing through the trees as fast as she could to get as far as she could from that cave of pain and into the moonlight.

Eventually, her travels brought her to the highest point in the forest, as she broke through the highest trees to bask in the moonlight, its calming effect greatly welcomed as she closed her eyes. Her body ached, for she never slowed the whole way there, but with the cave a long distance away, she felt the exhaustion begin to take its toll. With her head in a better state of mind, she curled into a comfortable position, and slept right there in the peaks of the trees to clear her mind...

Her dreams were initially filled with happier times gone past, her carefree days as a Zorua, the beautiful lands she travelled...the face of her lost mate, before they slowly turned to nightmares as the fresher memories made themselves known, but before she could wake herself up, a loud explosion rocked the forest and shook the trees, shaking her awake from her nightmares. She looked in the direction the sounds came from, searching for any lights or additional sounds, her trained ears picked up on sounds of battle, and being curious, she headed in that direction carefully, but boldly.

The sounds were coming from the beach, where a group of trainers were attempting to take down a larger Pokémon. Within the safety of the bushes, she recognised the larger Pokémon as a Lugia, a commander of the sea and sky, a rare Pokémon and highly-sought after by humans. It wasn't fully grown, but it wasn't a child either, she determined it to be barely mature, a young Lugia.

She watched the Lugia as it was unable to fly away; it appeared to be uselessly flapping its wings before crying in pain each time it tried. The attacks on it from the trainers' Pokémon

were relentless; they were clearly trying to capture it, their faces showing the same expression of amazement as the girl who captured her mate...She was about to witness the very same event to another rare Pokémon, just as she did with her own mate long ago.

She continued to watch the trainers weaken the Lugia, the Zoroark holding fast as it wasn't her fight. But her muscles were getting tense, memories of her mate flashed before her eyes, her claws appearing from her paws as she felt the anger of that moment swell within her chest...But there was something else as well...

An overwhelming maternal instinct telling her that yes, this was her fight, and that she must protect this little one! But she knew she wasn't a fighter in her heart, despite what her instincts screamed at her to do, her true nature was kind and loving, and she was a weak fighter. Lucky for her, she had a very special ability she could use just for such a situation...

With a blood-curling howl, she leaped from the bushes that concealed her, the trainers caught in full surprise as they turned to see blood-red eyes falling upon them. Scared shitless at this unknown being, they fled at a rapid pace, not even bothering to recall their Pokémon, leaving their faithful partners to scamper after them themselves. But that wasn't her, for within the same bushes, the real Zoroark smiled, thankful that she was a Zoroark, the master of illusion, watching as her illusionist copy of herself vanished in the air.

With her foes fleeing, she turned her attention on the young Lugia, who was lying on the sand, clutching its wing, he appeared injured. Zoroark slowly approached the Lugia, who flinched at her approach.

“Please don’t come any closer!” It shouted with a treble voice, yet had a hint of masculinity, fear clearly visible in his eyes.

“So, he is a male Lugia then...a young one too” She thought to herself,

“Please, let me help you, I promise not to hurt you.” She whispered to him in a trained calming voice filled with sincerity.

The Lugia visibly relaxed at her motherly tone, and began to feel more at ease.

“O-okay, I trust you.” He said, allowing her to approach.

She approached him at a pace to appear as non-threatening as possible, until she and he were occupying the same patch of sand. After a brief overlook of his injured wing, she touched it to test his reaction. He flinched as expected, but did not growl or become defensive; he was an innocent and trusting Lugia indeed. And so, with her knowledge of the nearby forest, she found the correct berries to mash to heal his wounds and began to work her healing prowess on him.

As she healed him, she asked how a young Lugia like him came to be in such a distressing situation. He explained how his

mother left one day without him knowing, his being alone for a while, and the day he met a feisty Typhlosion named Trixie, who he saved from Pokémon hunters.

He didn't get any further with what happened with Trixie after that, because it was at this point, Zoroark had finished healing his wing and was now testing the flexibility of his wing. He trilled a happy sound, thanking the Zoroark by nuzzling her with his beak. This Lugia was alone for a long time, naïve, but pure she thought; he appeared to be lacking a mother to teach him the important life lessons. It was then that she felt her motherly instincts telling her to look after this Lugia, protect him, teach him and watch him grow. She smiled to herself, for she had considered that this could be her new purpose, a reason to live again.

----- NSFW Part -----

After Lugia finished nuzzling her soft fur, he looked into her eyes and asked “Are you female?”

She stuttered at his question, responding with, “I-I’m sorry, what?”

He repeated his question without any variation from before, “Are you female?”

She decided to answer directly, despite the abruptness of his question, “Well, yes, I am female.”

“I thought so, I wasn’t sure on your appearance, but only a female has a voice as sweet as yours.” He complemented her unknowingly.

She was flattered, “Oh, that’s so kind of you.” she said as she lightly blushed at his complement.

Then he suddenly exclaimed, “That means you must have a pussy then!”

She didn’t say a single word, for she was simply so shocked at what he said. He was not fazed from continuing however.

“You must have a pussy because Trixie had a pussy and she said she was a female too!” He explained excitedly.

“When I saved her, she wanted to celebrate.” He said, “So since you saved me, we should celebrate too!”

At least this was not was shocking as the last thing he said, so she regained enough composure to ask him what he meant. “So you and this...Trixie...Celebrated...How did you two celebrate exactly? She asked hesitantly, she already knew what the likely answer was, but she just couldn’t believe such an innocent and young Lugia like him would be so blunt in saying these lewd questions.

“With her pussy and my cock of course!” He shouted straightforwardly, without knowing just how embarrassing it was for the Zoroark.

“Exactly what I expected...” She sighed.

Zoroark was about to correct him and deny his offer to ‘celebrate’ and not advanced further, but stopped herself before she could do so, as a rouge thought passed through her mind.

“He’s clearly excited, innocent and naïve yes...but eager to please, and how long has it been since you had any fun yourself?” The thought read.

She cursed her mischievous nature, of course that’s what she would have thought, she was a Zoroark afterall...But still, she could not deny the logic behind her thought. She considered it and looked over the Young Lugia, and felt familiar maternal instincts rise within her. He was young and naïve...He needed teaching what was right and wrong, knowledge about the world, and especially make him understand what he was even asking of her...Did he even know what he was doing was sex?...And with that, she made her decision...

She looked at Lugia’s face to find he was looking confused with her silence; she smirked and finally spoke...

“Sorry dear, I was just considering your offer to celebrate, and I’ve decided to graciously accept It.” she said with a mischievous grin.

Upon hearing her answer, Lugia began flapping his wings excitedly in place, before saying in a happy tone, “Thank you,

thank you, thank you! I promise I'll do whatever you want me to do!...So umm...How do you want to do it?

Zoroark was curious why he went from so forward, to so submissive, "Why do you ask me that?" She asked, to see if she could get the answered she desired.

"Well, Trixie said that the female says what position she wants, so I guess just tell me how you want me?" He replied.

"Hmm, I see." Her thoughts were confirmed, this Trixie was quite controlling and dominant over this Lugia, and she would have to teach him that his voice mattered too. But for now, she would enjoy her little fun for now and do all that later, so she responded;

"Okay then, I chose this position." She proceeded to move into the position atop a raised rock to allow better access to Lugia. This position she greatly preferred, as it was the same one her mate would take her every time they lied together. Lying on her back, with her legs spread, beckoning her young lover to take her, just as he did long ago.

As Lugia walked over to Zoroark, she guided him to where to put his hands and moved his head closer to her own. She was excited to see what he was packing, but only the tip was out, it seems his innocence made it hard to arouse himself with external stimuli. So reaching behind his head more, she brought his maw to her own and kissed him.

He was confused, and tried to pull away at the new sensations, but she held him there, playing with his tongue with her own. Eventually, he returned the motions and his heart beat sped up, as did his arousal. Each beat of his heart pushed more of his length out of his slit, each pulsating throb filling his organ with more blood without him even knowing it, too engrossed with the act of kissing that he only wanted more of it, but she pulled away eventually, leaving him a little sad.



But his sadness turned to surprise when he saw her look down towards his groin and saw her eyes widen. Out of all the things she was expecting, it seemed she was not prepared for his enormous knot that surrendered itself into her view, and there

was no way she was going to be able to take that, at least this he knew, despite his inexperience.

“Oh my...He’s huge...I hope he’s gentle...Otherwise, his naivety may cause me great pain...”

As Lugia’s mating organ erected fully, he laid it atop her heated slit, only now realising just how big he was to her. He was scared that he would not be able to control himself during the pleasure fun, and his erection started to deflate. Upon seeing this, Zoroark caressed his head, kissing him for reassurance and looking into his eyes. This reassurance was all Lugia needed, as he returned to full hardness, and lined himself up, savouring once again, the feelings he was becoming more familiar with as he pierced her depths.



He mated with her slowly and softly, maintaining the kiss with her as he did so. Zoroark was surprised at his control and in turn kissed deeper, letting him know she approved his actions greatly. Feeling a little braver with her approval, Lugia pushed a little harder, careful not to hurt his partner of the moment as he tested to see just how far he could go. To his slight disappointment, he discovered that he couldn't even get as far as he did with Trixie, but on the positive side, Zoroark was so much gentler and he absolutely loved her kissing fun. He thought that perhaps there were more ways to experience pleasure fun than what Trixie showed her, he hoped that this Zoroark could show him more.

As the mating continued, Lugia could feel what he really liked welling within his groin and reluctantly broke away from the kiss to concentrate on this feeling with eyes sealed tight. Zoroark felt him break away and realised along with his increasingly erratic thrusts, that he must be close to finishing. Gripping his wing with her right arm, she held on he sped up, worrying that he might push a little too hard soon, but unbeknownst to her, her safety was high in his thoughts, even as it was getting increasingly harder to maintain that thought.



As the critical point neared, before he lost all coherent thought, Lugia forced himself to slow down, as he felt his orgasm beginning...for Zoroark's safety. As he shrilled

throughout his orgasm, Zoroark feeling his warm seed shoot inside her, making her feel so good she moaned at the sensation. But that wasn't enough, and as his orgasm died down, she had yet to cum herself....But this wasn't the first time this happened to her, her first few times with her first mate he was ashamed of being unable to get her off too, but she was patient and taught him how to reach all her trigger places in time, something that she will do as well with this Lugia.

Masking the fact that she hadn't cum, she brought him in for another embrace, telling him how wonderful he made her feel, as he pulled out and rested his girth atop her once again, of course, much more spent this time.



It was there she decided that she was going to keep this young naive Lugia around, at least for a while, and teach him all she knew about the world, how to survive, what was good and what was bad and yes, especially how to please and pleasure a female...Even if she did consider herself a mother figure to him, who says there can't be additional benefits to motherhood? : 3