Taming the Flame

by Imasuky

Summary

Flannery has a run in with a very wild Blaziken.
Flannery sighed in relief as she lowered herself into the hot spring. (I can’t believe there’s a spring this nice all the way out here!) After a set of rather bad defeats, the young Gym Leader had decided to go on a short journey to try and improve her skills, but for the moment she was simply enjoying herself.

(It’s so nice to have a spring to myself like this. The ones in town are always so crowded with old people and tourists). She looked around again to make absolutely sure she was alone. Once she was sure that there were no other humans around, a wide smile crossed her face.

(Good, it’s been way too long since I’ve been able to do this!) she thought to herself as she slid a hand between her legs. Flannery began to gently run her fingers along her slit, the heat of the water intensifying the surge of pleasure that shot through her as she brushed against her clit. The redhead let out a small moan as she reached up and cupped her breasts. She massaged the mound slowly, working her way toward her nipple. She gave the small, hard nub a tight pinch, and allowed a small yelp to escape her lips.

Suddenly there was the sound of someone entering the water, and Flannery silently cursed and pulled her hand away from her cunny. (I thought this place was too out of the way for anyone to find!) she thought to herself, moving closer to the source of the sound. She hid behind a large rock and carefully peeked around it, and was surprised to see a Blaziken sitting in the water. The large bird Pokemon let out a small cooing noise as it stretched its arms above its head.

Flannery had seen several Blaziken in battle, but this one was different, although she couldn’t figure out just what it was. But rather than trying to figure it out, the first thing that went through her mind was catching it. (Wild Blaziken are super rare. I’m sure it’d be great on my team!) she thought, smiling even more than before. Carefully she began to make her way back to where her clothes were. (I just got an Ultra Ball, so hopefully I can catch it without a battle).

Trying to make as little noise as possible so as not to alert the Pokemon to her presence, Flannery picked up her pants and quickly dug out the Pokeball. "Alright Blaziken, prepare to be captured!" she said quietly to herself, pumping her fist in the air. Again trying to be as stealthy as she could, she made her way back toward where the wild Pokemon was. But when she got there, it was gone.

The next thing she knew, a pair of powerful hands grabbed her wrist and pinned her to the stone. “Blaziken!” the Pokemon said sharply.

(Not good!) A thousand thoughts zipped through Flannery’s mind all at once, none of them positive. But the Pokemon released her arms.

“Blaziken,” the Pokemon said again, much softer this time. Now that she got a much closer look at it, Flannery realized what it was that had seemed so odd about the Pokemon: it was female. Every trainer she had ever seen had a male Blaziken, and even though most people might not be able to tell the difference easily, now that she saw it she couldn’t help but realize that the Pokemon before her had a strange kind of beauty.

Flannery’s eyes met with the Pokemon’s for a second, and she felt a twinge go through her body the moment she did, the kind that she usually got late at night when she was alone. Before she could completely process the strange feeling, she felt something rough and firm grip her breasts. She looked down and saw that one of Blaziken’s hands was on her. She tried to push the Pokemon away, but it was far stronger than her and easily resisted. Blaziken began to gently knead the soft
orb, its talons sinking in a bit, not hard enough to break the skin but enough to send a sharp feeling through the girl’s body.

(N-No way, I’m getting felt up by a Pokemon!) Flannery screamed in her head, trying to think of a way to get free. But her mind was clouded with pleasure unlike any she had ever felt before. Blaziken’s hand was scaly and warm, creating a lot of friction against her already hard nipple. It was very thrilling, and the way the tips of the talons dug into the rest of the mound ever so slightly created a pain that only intensified the other feelings. Flannery was torn between wanting to try and fight back, and just sit back and give in to the pleasure, and pleasure was quickly winning out.

A small moan escaped her lips. The Blaziken seemed to understand exactly what it meant, and began to massage her breast a bit more firmly. Her other hand dropped under the water and cupped Flannery’s ass, the talons softly digging in the same as with her breast. The feeling sent another shot of pleasure through Flannery, making her yelp. The Blaziken removed her hand from Flannery’s breast and lowered it to join the other underwater, gripping the other side of Flannery’s ass. The large Pokemon easily lifted the human girl out of the water, pulling her closer to herself. Flannery could feel the intense heat of Blaziken’s body seeping through the thick, lush feathers that covered her body.

Flannery’s mind was beginning to cloud with pleasure as the Pokemon began to gently rub against her crotch, filling her with an intense warmth.

“Stop...this...now...” the Gym Leader said weakly, while softly pressing her hands against the Pokemon’s shoulders. Despite her words, she knew she didn’t truly want this to end. It felt far better than anything she had ever experienced in her life.

In response to Flannery's protests, Blaziken just began to slide Flannery faster, her juices matting the fine feathers along the bird's body. After several more seconds, Flannery gave in and wrapped her arms around the broad back of the Pokemon, bouncing her body as best she could while being fully supported Blaziken’s powerful arms.

“I’m...I’m going to cum!” she cried out, burying her face in the feathers of the Pokemon. The pleasure that shot through her completely surpassed any she had ever experienced in her life, causing her to actually sob with need into Blaziken's feathery chest. The heat of Blaziken’s body mixed with her own, making her feel as though every nerve was ablaze. She had no idea how long the orgasm lasted; it could have been days, it could have been seconds. All she knew of it was an eternity where there was nothing in her mind but pleasure, heat, and the soft down of the Pokemon she humped in rhythmic ecstasy.

When the orgasm finally died down, Flannery was panting heavily, her mind still reeling. She was so disconnected that she didn’t even realize that Blaziken was moving closer to the edge of the spring. As soon as they were close, Blaziken laid her down on the ground. Flannery at last regained her senses, just in time to see Blaziken lowering her head between her legs. The smooth hardness of the beak brushed against her cunny, nearly making her lose control again. Blaziken took a deep sniff before breathing out. The unique sensation of Blaziken's hot breath, like a wave of heat from gentle fireplace, added to the pleasure that was already racing through her body. Blaziken lifted a hand and pressed one of her large talons against the opening of Flannery’s pussy, gently stroking along it with the dull side of the talon.

As she jerked her head back and forth from the feelings invading her, Flannery happened to see that her bag was within arm’s reach. (I could probably get one of my Pokemon out pretty easily), she thought. For a moment she considered doing just that, and capturing the Pokemon that was teasing her. At that moment, Blaziken’s beak rubbed against her clit, and those thoughts vanished--in fact,
ALL thoughts left her as her body exploded in pleasure. For the second time Flannery came. Though not nearly as intense as the first one, this orgasm was still far more powerful than any that she was used to, so mind-blowing that she actually saw stars.

Flannery recovered much quicker this time around, and she watched as Blaziken rose up, positioning herself over the Gym Leader. “Ken,” she said softly, reaching down and parting some feathers so that her quim was exposed. Flannery was surprised to see just how similar it was to a human’s. The skin was a deep red, same as the feathers surrounding it, but other than that, it was no different from what she could tell.

“Ziken, ken,” the Pokemon repeated. Even though Flannery couldn’t fully understand Pokemon speech, it was pretty obvious what this one wanted. Raising her head up from the ground, she gave the delicate folds a single, tentative lick. The moment she did, she was addicted. Blaziken's fluids were hot, and strangely sweet, unique and delicious. It was truthfully one of the best things Flannery had ever tasted. She began to lick furiously, trying to lap up every last drop of the wonderfully delicious cum that was leaking out of Blaziken’s cunny, loving both the taste, and the warmth it gave her as it trickled down her throat.

Blaziken let out a soft growl of pleasure when Flannery hit a particularly sensitive spot. Flannery reached down and began fingering herself, moaning into Blaziken as she did so. It wasn’t long before the Blaze Pokemon let out a loud, trilling cry as she came. The orgasmic cry was like a deep birdsong, and the lusty, wild call combined with the flood of hot, sweet cum that filled Flannery’s mouth was enough to make her cum herself. She moaned loudly, which only added to Blaziken’s pleasure.

Blaziken moved away. Flannery made a small noise of disappointment at the loss of the heated, wonderful juices that were still dribbling out of her mouth, warming her lips and chin.

“Blaziken,” the Pokemon said, lying down and pulling Flannery close. She rubbed her beak against Flannery's lips.

(I...I think she’s trying to kiss me!) As odd as it seemed, Flannery couldn’t help but feel a strange kind of happiness at the gesture. Wrapping her arms around the Pokemon she kissed the side of her beak, earning a small chirp.

Blaziken turned Flannery around and wrapped her arms around her, spooning her, and Flannery closed her eyes in delight as she once again was pushed into the strong, soft, feathered body of the Pokemon. She felt warm, safe, content, and, when one of Blaziken's talons reached down to begin gently teasing her slick pussy lips again, horny. Blaziken slowly ran the side of her tough, scaly finger up and down and around Flannery's pussy lips, pleasuring her a little but teasing her a lot. Flannery moaned and arched her back in delight against her warm, downy lover. She pushed her hips forward a bit, trying to get the Blaziken to give her more, but Blaziken's finger's slow, circling pace didn't change. All that happened was that Blaziken gave her a small, sharp little nipping peck against her throat.

They stayed that way for what felt like, what might actually have been, hours. Flannery was held against the strong, heated body of Blaziken, Blaziken's finger circled her cunny, teasing her into a state of molten pleasure and need, never once entering her or touching her clit. Flannery's body quaked from an inferno of desire, her mind was nothing but hot, hot desire, she burned with want as she lay with sweat and arousal juices making her skin slick. But any time she made any indication of wanting more, of expecting more, all she got was an admonishing nibble from Blaziken. So she stayed that way, lost in a boiling sea of desire, unable to think of anything but pleasure and need.

Finally, Blaziken's finger stopped, and poised itself above Flannery's entrance. Flannery quivered
with want, and whispered, "Please, please...let me, cum, please..."

Blaziken's free arm unwrapped itself from her body, and held something in front of her. It took Flannery's desire-filled head a moment to focus on what it was. In Blaziken's hand was one of Flannery's Pokeballs. "Blaziken?" the Pokemon whispered, as she gently tapped Flannery's forehead with the ball.

It was obvious what she was asking. That morning, it would have been unthinkable...now it was the most desirable thing Flannery could imagine. "Yes. Yes, please, yes, just, please, just please let me..."

Blaziken's finger dived into her, and everything in the world disappeared in a bright, orgasmic explosion.

When Flannery finally woke up from her pleasure-induced sleep, Blaziken was sitting by her side, running its talons gently through her hair. When she saw Flannery was awake, Blaziken rubbed her beak against her cheek again, and Flannery kissed her back.

Then Blaziken stood, and pointed at Flannery's clothes and belongings. The girl nodded her understanding, got dressed, and then began to dutifully follow her new lover and owner. It was what she'd agreed to, and what she now wanted.

Blaziken the Pokemon had caught and tamed her first human.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This second chapter was commissioned by a fan. If you are interested in commissioning a story yourself feel free to message me.

Flannery followed closely behind Blaziken as the Pokemon led her deeper into the mountains. Flannery had been exploring these mountains for most of her life, but this area was still rather unfamiliar, a testament to just how large and labyrinthine this mountain range truly was. Countless paths branched off, leading deeper into unknown areas...straying away from Blaziken for even a few moments could mean getting hopelessly lost. If Blaziken made her home in this area...

Flannery frowned in concern. She would have to be sure to stay very near to Blaziken for...well, forever. From now on. If not, she would certainly get very lost in her new home, and being lost high up in the mountains, with no one else to depend upon, would be dangerous. Flannery did not object to the idea of staying close to her...her new owner. But at the same time, it would be an easy mistake to make in the next 60+ years to wander off, or be accidentally left behind by Blaziken. Even now, the Pokemon was clearly having trouble deliberately slowing herself well enough for a human to keep up with her...

But Flannery shook the doubts from her mind as she looked upon the tall, powerful figure of the Pokemon striding forth ahead of her. The commanding air, the graceful, effortless strength that she possessed...the inestimable pleasure she could evoke...this creature's powerful beauty and the promises of pleasure by her talons had entirely captivated Flannery, made her feel a passion and a submissive fulfillment that nothing in her life had ever even come close to matching before. The muscular bird who strode forth, queen of her high and rugged domain, was a more captivating, worthy entity than any human being Flannery had ever witnessed. Even regional Champions seemed small and insignificant before this presence.

This was a being whose mere stature and movement seemed magnetic, larger than life. She was a pillar of uncompromising, indomitable might, sharp, purposeful grace, and raging, tempered flame. Master of flame, and an icon of self-assurance thanks to her awesome strength and skill...Blaziken was truly the embodiment of everything that Flannery had ever aspired to, and admired. She was no Legendary--but such a term seemed mundane, anyway, a humdrum and effortless term too mired in self-important trainer culture to describe something free and wild and natural and dominating. No, Blaziken was no Legendary...she was a Goddess, a deity made flesh and feathers and fiery, flexing, fearsome sinew and heat. To be given a chance to serve this creature, to be owned by her...Flannery would do everything in her power to be worthy of that gift. If this was Blaziken's home, then it was Flannery's duty and privilege to make it her own home, and temple of worship, as well.

After a time of winding through twisted, confusing paths and craggy gaps, the pair came to a cave. Blaziken halted, and turned to Flannery, her eyes expectant. Looking into it, Flannery could only see half a foot or so into the shadows.

"Um, Blaziken--" Flannery began, but then stopped. Was that right? Was she supposed to just refer to her by name alone? It felt...presumptuous, and absurd. Friends referred to each other by name. Lovers referred to each other by name. Owners and...what was Flannery now? Pet? Servant? Slave?
They all felt right, but incomplete as descriptions. Possession, she supposed, was the word that felt closes. Owners and their possessions did not refer to each other by name.

"I'm sorry...what should I call you? Master?" Flannery tried out. That was how people spoke of Pokemon's owners, after all, as being their "master," and it had been clear that Blaziken saw Flannery as hers in the same way. But Blaziken looked unimpressed.

"Owner?" Flannery asked, but Blaziken didn't seem interested in that, either. "G-Goddess?" Flannery blushed at that one, but Blaziken gave an amused chuckle, and shook her head. Well, she might not see herself as such, but the Pokemon's modesty didn't change facts. Nonetheless, Flannery tried again. "Mistress?"

Blaziken gave this a little thought, and then clacked her beak approvingly.

Having figured this out, Flannery focused again on what she had been concerned with before. "Okay, Mistress...well, could, I mean, would you light the cave for me? Please?" Flannery asked timidly, and explained, "I can't really see very well in the dark..."

It felt strange, a little, to be making a request of a Pokemon. Every instinct that society had trained in her told her that the natural way to do this was to simply order what she wanted from Pokemon...though it was always friendly, she was still used to being in charge. It would take time to train herself to feel this to be the natural way to interact with her owner, even as she stood in cowed awe before Blaziken's magnificent figure.

A fearful thought occurred to Flannery. Was she even actually allowed to make such a request? She did not want to seem disrespectful of her new owner...and yet, on the other hand, there was no way she could go for the rest of her life without being able to ask for anything, ever. If Blaziken objected to the audacity of her proper requesting anything at all, Flannery might have to give this up after all...!

Her fears were put to rest, however, as the large bird nodded agreeably. "Ken." She held up her hand, and flames erupted from her wrist, blazing with such power and hunger that the fact that they did not leap from Blaziken and fill the air just made the Pokemon seem all the more impressive, for being able to control such primal, elemental hunger. She held her hand out, lighting the area.

With the new illumination, Flannery could see much better. The entrance was unusually clean for a cave; there were no stray stones or any other detritus, aside from some scorch marks on the ground forming a sort of line. Most likely that was meant to let other Pokemon know that this was claimed.

"Blaze."

Flannery looked back to Blaziken, who was walking into the cave, burning fist held high to light the way, and she gasped. The image of this goddess of fists and flame striding forward in her own blazing light was breathtaking...Flannery cursed herself for never having taken up painting nor poetry, for it was a scene that deserved a master's artful depiction.

Forcing herself to concentrate on the here and now, Flannery entered the cave. Walking in, Flannery was surprised to find that the air inside the cave was unusually warm. Reaching out, she put her hand on the smooth, stone wall. It was warm to the touch. Squatting down, she touched the floor and found that it was just as warm. Most likely this cave was a natural geothermal hotspot. A perfect place for any Fire Type to live...warm all year round, and with the nearby spring providing a good source of water.

As Blaziken walked a bit deeper into the cave, Flannery soon caught sight of her nest, a pile of
neatly arranged stones, all smooth and polished to a shine. They were settled into a rectangular outline, much like a bed. With the heat seeping through the floor and into the stones, they’d probably be very good for a Pokemon as active as a Blaziken...hot stone massages were popular back in town. Flannery smiled, as she felt a confirmation of what she had thought...her owner was surely a particularly fantastic specimen of her species.

Surrounded by heat, with a natural spring and bed to massage her muscles and bring her back to fighting shape immediately after tiring, this Blaziken had the perfect setting to hone her abilities and skills constantly to their absolute pinnacle. And by the look of her, she had taken full advantage of her fortunes.

Blaziken walked over to a wall, and grabbed a handful of dried grass out of a crevice, igniting it. She set it down on the ground, letting it illuminate the cave instead of having to keep her hand lit. It burned slowly, almost lazily, most likely by Blaziken's direct control. Taking a seat, Blaziken gestured at Flannery.

“Blaze,” she stated, pointing at Flannery’s chest, then at her legs.

Flannery blushed a little. She was pretty sure she understood what she was being told to do. She'd been a Pokemon trainer for long enough to pick up on certain rules of thumb for their tones and body language...and given the nature of her relationship with this particular Pokemon, it wasn't hard to piece together what was being commanded.

“Blaze,” the Pokemon repeated, more firmly now.

Flannery nodded as she felt surge of embarrassment. It was silly to feel shame right now, she knew; she really had no need to feel that way. She spent a lot of time naked in the hot springs in town, and more importantly, she'd already had sex with Blaziken. There was no real reason to be so hesitant. Perhaps she was feeling uneasy because she knew that this time, she was stripping for the express purpose of showing off her body...even before, Blaziken had surprised her and dominated her unexpectedly; she hadn't been intentionally naked for her feathered goddess.

But this was what Blaziken wanted, and Flannery was compelled and, despite her nervousness, pleased to obey. Setting her backpack down, the redhead started with her shirt.

She hadn’t bothered putting her bra back on when she had left the spring. As her breasts, hung free in the air, she felt her nipples harden slightly. She knew it was from excitement alone; it was far too warm in here to pass it off as any chill. She...liked the approving, hungry glare her owner was giving her right now.

Slipping off her shoes, Flannery found the floor was perfectly heated and comfortable to stand on. Unbuckling her belt, she pulled her pants and panties down. Blaziken gave a pleased, hungry clack of her beak, and her muscles tensed very slightly in excitement. Flannery smiled, embarrassed but pleased that she aroused her Pokemon mistress, and could feel her pussy starting to get a little wet. The situation was starting to feel...exhilarating.

“Blazik,” the Pokemon said, curling a talon and beckoning her closer. Flannery approached, and in a second she was pulled into the Pokemon’s lap. She let out a surprised but happy squeak as Blaziken held her close. The warmth of the bird's powerful body, combined with the heat of the cave, was enough to make her start sweating. Her soft, downy coat covering those liquid steel muscles certainly as pleasant to sit against...

Blaziken began to gently nip at the back of her neck, making her breath hitch a little. At the same time, the Pokemon began to trace her talons along Flannery’s belly, the very tip lightly brushing her
clit. Flannery moaned, and her body tensed. Blaziken reached up and started to do the same with her breasts, cupping one of the soft mounds and scraping the tip of her talon against her nipple. That razor-tipped talon, at the end of such powerful hands and arms, could flay the flesh from her bones...but dragging and brushing softly across her most intimately sensitive spots, its point a pleasant, teasing scratch, it felt so, so good...

For several minutes Blaziken just held her in place, teasing her, bringing the girl to and keeping her on the edge of climax. All the while, Flannery kept grinding her hips against the Pokemon’s quim, part out of mechanical instinct at the pleasure, part out of a conscious wish to stimulate her owner in return. Flannery whimpered, and moaned, and wailed, but Blaziken would not do anything but keep her on the edge. She needed release, oh goddess why wouldn’t she give her what she needed?

"P-please!" she finally whimpered, unable to handle the lovely torture any longer. "Please, Mistress, I need t--"

Before she could even finish her plea, Blaziken suddenly grasped her clit between the equivalent of her thumb and forefinger and held tightly, giving Flannery a pleasurable pinch that sent shockwaves through her and caused her whole body to jerk. Orgasm surged through her like fire, and she shrieked in happy release and pleasurable agony, as Blaziken held her clit firm and fast, pinching and rubbing it in her unbreakable grasp even as Flannery's body convulsed in the throes of pleasure, writhing and attempting to escape her owner's ongoing assault. Her squirming increased the friction of her reverse humping, and Blaziken let out a hot gasp as her own orgasm came to her right as Flannery's second hit. Blaziken's hands flew from Flannery's nip and clit, to hold her by the hips and push her harder, up and down and sideways, against Blaziken's crotch. The Pokemon let out a chirruping call of climax as she came, and Flannery relished the feeling of her owner's hot cum juicing her backside as she was used as a toy to hump.

Even as Flannery began to come down from her own climax, Blaziken used her to achieve a second of her own. The Pokemon writhed, and her taloned feet clenched furiously. Flannery was amazed to see the solid rock beneath them crumble and give way as though it were a pastry crust, turning to gravel at the strength of the talons which clawed, scraped, and clutched it. It was then that Flannery realized that Blaziken's self control truly must be as superhuman as every other aspect of her, for the Pokemon was managing to keep herself from both crushing the human she held between her hands, and tearing her skin to ribbons with a careless clench of her hands. It was amazing to witness and understand...a fearsome and frightening display of power, an inspiring and reassuring display of self-control, and above all, a breathtaking and arousing display of erotic passion.

Finally, both of them were finished. Releasing the girl, Blaziken guided her to turn and face her.

“Blaze,” she said softly, stroking Flannery’s cheek. She pulled the human to her chest, and laid down on her back, keeping the girl resting on top of her. Flannery laid upon Blaziken’s chest, listening to her slow and steady breathing, her strong, even heartbeat. The soft feeling of her feathers, the superhuman muscles, and the heat of her body...perhaps it was the exhaustion of a day of climbing mountains and having sex with a superior partner, but Flannery was suddenly hit with an overwhelming, but comfortable drowsiness, and it seemed to her that this was by far the finest bed she had ever had the privilege to lie upon. Looking over to the side of the cave, she could see the fire was starting to die down, shadows growing longer and covering everything up. The first day of her new life was drawing to a close...

As she laid there, drifting off to sleep, Flannery's mind began to wander...and each time it did, it brought a new concern to this new life. What about her responsibilities as a Gym Leader? She was willing to give them up at her owner's wish, but...it wasn't right to just walk out on them without a word. And should she really choose to disappear without a trace? Again, Flannery was willing to
give up her life as a human to be Blaziken's possession and pet, but it wasn't right not to let her friends and family know that her exit from society was by her own choice...

Flannery's eyes opened in alarm as these thoughts brought about an unpleasant realization. Questions of right or wrong aside, there would be search parties. She was a Gym Leader, and there were people who cared about her. Of course they would send out search parties! If they found this cave, found her...Flannery clenched her jaw. She would have to explain this, to everyone, if that happened. She didn't want that. Other people wouldn't understand, at least not most of them, wouldn't be able to comprehend what it was to be selected, and taken, by a force so much greater than themselves, so beautiful and mighty and perfect, that there was simply no denying the calling. And even if they could understand...she didn't want to have to explain it. This was personal, and special, and...and singular. It was her business, and Blaziken's business, and no one else's save any that they chose to tell.

Flannery shook her head, and let her eyes close again, calming down as she thought a little further about it. Yes, this would need to be dealt with, but it could wait until the morning. She had only been gone for one evening; no one would be out searching for her just yet. This situation could be addressed after a good night's rest...

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Flannery felt a talon softly run down her back. It was just enough to create an odd tickle, bordering on uncomfortable enough to wake her up.

“Ken,” a gentle, loved voice greeted her.

Sitting up slightly, Flannery blinked the sleep from her eyes and found that she was still straddling Blaziken, though she could only tell because of the feeling of the Pokemon under her. It was far too dark to see at all...apparently Flannery's keeper favored an early start to the day.

“Erm, Mistress, could...would you please light things up again? If it pleases you?” she asked, meekly, still not sure how Blaziken preferred to be spoken to.

“Bla,” was the answer, as she was scooped up in the air. Blaziken was holding her effortlessly with one arm as she carried her gently. Her right arm she held against her chest. There was a rustling sound, as she gathered some dried grass and lit it. She kept her hold on Flannery as she dropped the burning tinder to the floor.

“Blaze?” she asked, tilting her head slightly to look into Flannery’s eyes. This close, Flannery could really see just how deep and blue the Pokemon’s eye really were...intelligent, thoughtful, soulful, and holding a force of fiery determination so great that Flannery found herself swallowing nervously when confronted with it. Framed by the bright yellow surrounding them, her eyes were stunningly beautiful, and hypnotically fierce.

“Blaze?” she repeated.

It took a few seconds for Flannery to tear her eyes away from those of her master, but when she did, she saw that Blaziken was pantomiming eating.

“Ah, um...food does sound good. I mean, I mean, Yes, Mistress. I...er, I brought a few snacks with me,” Flannery stumbled to respond, pointing to her bag. Blaziken set Flannery down, and let her go get her bag.

Taking out a bag of lava cookies, Flannery started to eat. That was another concern, one that hadn't
occurred to her last night...what was she to eat, living out here as Blaziken's pet? Flannery knew that humans could technically live on the same berries that Pokemon preferred, for a while, but the nutrients those berries offered were not all the same ones that a woman needed. Something to consider...for now, she held the bag out, offering some to Blaziken. The Pokemon took a few and munched on them, clearly enjoying the treat.

As she handed her last cookie to Blaziken, Flannery gathered her courage and cleared her throat. The Pokemon looked at her as she nibbled the cookie in her talons, waiting to see what her pet human had to say.

"Mistress, I...I need to ask a favor of you. A big one," Flannery told her, nervous, but knowing that this must be done. Possession or not, she made up her mind here and now that she would have to be able to communicate her needs and concerns with Blaziken. Submissive to this living goddess she might be, but she was still Flannery! Her own inner fire could never compare to Blaziken's, and so she bowed before her, but that didn't mean that Flannery's would ever go out!

Blaziken blinked a couple of times, indicating that she was listening.

“Well...I’m a Gym Leader, Mistress. And that means that I’m a pretty important person...um, not to brag,” Flannery said, with a little chuckle and blush. Until yesterday, it had seemed like an achievement...now such a title seemed meaningless. What empty accomplishment was it to be especially good at relying on others to do what she wanted? Blaziken was grand and overwhelming by her own, personal power. The awe she inspired, the way she intimidated with a simple gaze, were not born of the power she borrowed from a team of trained pets. They were her own. Compared to her, a Gym Leader was nothing. An Elite Four was nothing. A Champion was nothing!

If Blaziken took any issue with the idea of Gym Leaders' importance, she didn't let on, and Flannery continued. “Anyways, if I don’t at least go back and announce that I’m...retiring, or something, they’ll come looking for me,” she explained. “It would be complicated for me to explain to a search party what...this is. What I am to you, Mistress. I...I don't even know if I understand it, myself. So, I just need to go back for a little while, and tell the League. They’ll find a replacement, and then it won’t be an issue that I've left.”

Blaziken considered this, and then clicked her beak sharply, making Flannery wince a little as the sound echoed in the small cavern. Was that a denial? Approval? She couldn't tell...but the answer became clear as Blaziken pointed to Flannery’s clothes. Nodding in understanding and relief, she dressed quickly.

“I’ll go do it, and be back as soon as I can, Mistress, I promise!” Flannery said, starting for the mouth of the cave. The path in was confusing, but she had a good memory, and hopefully that would be enough to get her back to town.

Just as she was about to step out, however, Blaziken stepped in front of her, blocking the entrance. She tapped her chest, and said, "Zikblaze Blaze-en."

“You’re coming with me?” Flannery asked, pleased that she would not have to make the journey alone, and also that her owner would be near her for it.

“Blaziken!” the Pokemon answered with a confident chuckle, as she scooped Flannery up in her arms. Before Flannery had any time to wonder why she was being picked up (though she did greatly enjoy being held safe, warm, and firmly by this powerful being), she got her answer as Blaziken jumped high into the air. Flannery let out a yelp and clung tight to her, more than a little startled by the sudden elevation. Everything felt weightless and quiet, aside from the rush of wind. The feeling of it was cool as it brushed her exposed skin. Such a sharp contrast to the warmth of Blaziken’s
body...it just made that warmth all the more desirable.

Flannery dug her fingers into the soft feathers of her Mistress. Though she knew there was no chance being dropped, she still couldn't help but feel every muscle in her body tensing in fear. Even with her eyes closed tight, Flannery knew she was still high in the air; the weightless feeling was proof enough of that.

But all at once weight returned, accompanied by a very soft jolt.

“Blaze.”

Flannery opened her eyes, and found that they were beside the spring where Blaziken had tamed her.

“Wow...! I knew Blaziken could jump super far, but still...that was amazing!” Flannery gasped in some awe. She looked up into Blaziken's proud, piercing eyes. “You are...even more incredible than I realized.” Flannery hugged her neck, enthralled to be held, to be owned, by such an amazing creature. Flannery closed her eyes and began to press her face into the down of Blaziken's chest, but the Pokemon cupped her chin and brought her face back.

“Ken. Blazi,” she told her human as she gently pried Flannery's eyes open with a careful talon.

“You want me to keep my eyes open?” she asked.

“Ken!” she confirmed. Blaziken gave Flannery a few seconds to brace herself, and once she was ready, she jumped.

Fighting her instincts and fear, Flannery managed to force her eyes open. Looking down, she saw the land rushing by below at incredible speed. It was beautiful and surreal. And the feeling of the air rushing past her, the whistling of the wind...it was unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

It was like flying!

It seemed to last both several times longer and shorter than it actually was. Landing with that very soft jolt, Flannery shouted with excitement.

“That was so amazing!” she cried out, wrapping her arms around Blaziken’s neck. She leaned up and kissed the side of her beak.

“Bla!” Blaziken replied, obviously pleased.

Another couple of leaps, and they were at the base of the mountain. At that point, Flannery pointed out that it might best to walk the rest of the way, to avoid causing a scene and drawing unnecessary attention. Blaziken had no objections.

Once in town, Flannery made her way to the Gym, and Blaziken was now the one following. Her eyes darted about, wide and fascinated, and she let out an occasional exclamation as they made their way. She seemed quite amazed by the difference between her mountain home and this human town.

Though she didn't let it distract her from keeping close to the redhead she had claimed as her mate.

Upon reaching the Gym, Flannery got on her computer and logged into the League website, while Blaziken watched over her shoulder, fascinated by it. Occasionally, Blaziken would point curiously to an image or passage of text, and Flannery would explain its meaning or purpose to her. Sometimes Blaziken would understand immediately, and sometimes she would need context to properly grasp the ideas. Flannery found herself delving into long explanations of various nuances of human culture,
with Blaziken listening in attentive wonder as she did so. It was marvelous fun for Flannery, who felt a thrill of accomplishment every time she had explained something to her Mistress's satisfaction. For the last twelve hours, she had enjoyed being a new toy for Blaziken, and basking in the benefits of her ownership...now, Flannery felt a pleased fulfillment at also serving a purpose for her.

About six hours of conversation later, once the fifteen-minute application to retire was filed and sent, Flannery leaned back. Blaziken was standing in the middle of her office, enjoying a few berries that Flannery had taken from the Gym's stores, and following the circular swing of the ceiling fan with interest.

"Careful, Mistress," Flannery giggled as she saw Blaziken tentatively reaching a taloned finger upwards. "That fan'll probably break to pieces against you."

Blaziken withdrew her finger, not wanting to harm such a fun and fascinating spinny thing, and gestured to the computer, asking, "Ken blaze?"

Flannery nodded, and stretched. "Yup, all done. It'll probably take a few days before I get an answer. I was wondering...I've spent a night in your home, so would you like to spend the next few days here, at mine?" she suggested.

Blaziken nodded in agreement.

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The next few days passed quickly and pleasantly. Flannery took the opportunity to take Blaziken about the town, explaining the basics and details of human life to the Pokemon as she did. Blaziken was continually impressed with and enthusiastic about the nuances of daily human life, constantly looking to Flannery to explain everything from the way pens worked, to the structure of human government and the Pokemon League. From technology both great and simple, to human history and culture, Blaziken was thirsty for every detail that Flannery could provide to her, and Flannery, for her part, absolutely loved explaining the world to the Pokemon each day until her voice gave out. Feeling that she had a value to the superior being gave Flannery a constant rush of satisfaction, greater than any victory as Gym Leader ever could. It was also fairly enjoyable, and pleasantly challenging, for Flannery often found that she had much more to learn about many of the things in her world that she took for granted, in order to satisfy Blaziken's curiosity. How *did* mechanical engines work? Why *did* the League mandate a maximum of 6 Pokemon be carried at any time? Why *would* anyone think that the goals of Team Magma or Team Aqua made any sense? Thankfully, with a little research, some of these questions could be answered...though at least one remained a complete mystery.

Blaziken did not spend her entire days immersing herself in humanity, however. For a few hours each day, she returned to the deep parts of the mountain peaks, and went through a rigorous routine to exercise her strength, balance, and mastery of fire. Flannery was privileged to witness these training sessions each time, and watched in awe as the graceful deity of fire split boulders with single strikes, blew precise gouts of fire strong enough to leave black, melted grooves in solid cliff faces, and fought off imaginary legions of foes with a constant, balanced flurry of attacks and evasions that combined to look like some sort of fluid, artistic dance.

It was incredible to watch, and inevitably left Flannery on her hands and knees, so helplessly hot and wet that her own legs could no longer support her. Luckily, taking herself to her physical limits left Blaziken quite worked up, as well, and she was all too happy to fuck Flannery savagely hard each time.

The days were filled with such an enjoying mix of learning, training, and carnality, in fact, that it was
almost a surprise when Flannery saw, a few days after sending her notice of retirement, that the League had replied. Reading it was almost like being woken up from a dream.

“It seems the League is sending another Gym Leader here to ask me why I’m retiring so suddenly,” Flannery told Blaziken, after scanning the message. Blaziken gave a small, inquisitive click of her beak, an audible gesture that Flannery had gotten very familiar with in the last few days.

“Well, it’s pretty unexpected, having a Gym Leader retire out of the blue, especially when I haven’t really been one for too long. It makes sense they would want to investigate...probably just want to make sure there’s nothing potentially dangerous or scandalous behind it,” Flannery explained. “They say they’re sending Winona. She’s a good friend of mine.”

”Lazik?” was the questioning reply, and Flannery leaned back, thinking. “Well...it's probably better than someone I don't know that well. It'll be harder to keep something secret from my friend, true, but at the same time, she'll probably be willing to accept that this is what I want, without demanding that I give a specific reason if I don't want to.”

Blaziken nodded in acceptance.

A few more days passed, much the same as they had before, and as expected, Winona arrived early one afternoon, riding on the back of her Skarmory. Flannery greeted her happily, with Blaziken by her side.

“Been awhile, hasn’t it?” Flannery asked with a smile, as her friend climbed down from the back of her Pokemon. Winona was here for a reason, and this whole visit would have to be handled delicately...but at the same time, Flannery was genuinely glad to see her friend again. She hoped that she and Winona would also have a chance to spend some quality time together while the Flying Type expert was here...especially since there was a possibility that this would be the last time that Flannery would see her, she suddenly realized. She hid her frown at the thought...being Blaziken's pet human did come with sacrifices...

Winona looked the same as ever, slender and elegant with long hair. She pulled off her goggles, showing her expressive eyes. Both her eyes and hair were a beautiful shade of lavender, and the signature features that made Winona stand out from every other woman Flannery had ever known.

Blaziken made a small chirping sound that Flannery was only just barely able to hear...but it was easy enough to tell its meaning, no matter how softly heard. Flannery had heard it a couple days ago, as Blaziken had watched a TV talk show which had on both Champions Cynthia and Diantha as guests: it was basically the Pokemon's equivalent to a low, appreciative whistle. Pretty understandable, too; Winona was strikingly attractive. Flannery had long harbored a bit of crush on her friend, as well.

“Yeah, it really has been,” Winonna answered cheerfully, recalling her mount. "I've been missing you! I really wish we had more chances to see each other, but being a Gym Leader...well, you know how it just starts dominating your life! I wouldn't even have been able to get away right now if the League hadn't specifically sent me here to check up with you."

She walked up to Flannery with a smile, and Flannery smiled back as she watched. She’d always loved the way Winona took such wide, precise, but carefree strides, her upper body ever kept at a noticeable angle. It was as though she was forever caught in a playful gust of wind.

“So before we get down to the real business of talking about why you just decided to retire with no warning, how about we hit up one of those restaurants that serves those really good dumplings?” Winona suggested, licking her lips a little.
“Sounds good to me!” Flannery replied. She then held her hand out to indicate Blaziken.

“Before we go, I should introduce you to...to my new partner.” It felt wrong to say. "Partner" implied equal footing, and nothing could be further from the truth. She was undeserving to be considered the equal of the hot, taut deity that graced Flannery with her favor. But it was better than just saying, "My new Pokemon," which would have made the ridiculous assertion that Flannery was the one of importance...and of course, anything closer to the truth could be a problem.

Blaziken nodded firmly, gazing at Winnona intensely. Flannery alone knew the Pokemon well enough to see the lust, the desire to *own*, that danced in Blaziken's eyes. After all, before this moment, that look had been reserved solely for Flannery herself.

Was her Mistress in earnest? Flannery wondered. Did she truly want to conquer and own Flannery’s friend, as she had Flannery herself? Or was it just a natural, but immaterial, sexual interest in a woman as desirable as Winona? Flannery had no objections to the former possibility, of course - had anyone suggested to her that she should want Blaziken to want none but herself, Flannery would have been truly outraged at the possibility. Her Mistress was a majestic, grand being who deserved to be loved and worshiped by as many as she wished, and more. Owned Pokemon did not feel jealousy when their trainers captured new Pokemon to add to their collection; how could Flannery even conceive the arrogance of feeling any differently herself?

But if the intent in Blaziken's eyes was honest, it did change how Flannery would proceed with her friend's visit. She hastily began to plan a possible alternate course for this visit.

Winnona was also looking over at Blaziken, though with a much different intent. "She’s absolutely beautiful,” Winnona told Flannery, her tone filled with the honest appreciation of an expert. “I know I'm no authority on Fighting or Fire Types, but still, I don’t think I’ve ever seen a Blaziken with such good musculature. And her plumage is just absolutely marvelous! And on that, I *am* an authority!

“May I?” she asked, holding out her hand with her glove off. Flannery was interested to note that Winnona had not been asking her for permission - she had directly asked Blaziken. It was a small thing, and doubtless unconscious, but at the same time, the fact that Winnona had automatically known to defer to Blaziken on the matter was a good sign, if Flannery was reading Blaziken's wishes right...

Blaziken nodded in approval, and Winnona reached out and put her hand on Blaziken’s chest. She ran her hand along, marveling at the feeling of Blaziken’s body.

“I can feel her inner heat...Wow,” Winnona said with a small, impressed sigh, again taking a step back. She had a glimmer in her eyes that Flannery couldn’t help but find cute. Winnona was smitten. Not in the same way Flannery was...but it was a strong start down that road.

"She's an avian specimen that puts most Flying Types to shame. Even some of my own! You're incredibly lucky to have found her!"

"Believe me, I know!" Flannery laughed, and looked adoringly at her owner.

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After a few more pleasantries, they headed to one of the nearby restaurants. Getting a private room, the three began their meal. Flannery and Winnona started with just a typical conversation between friends who hadn’t met in a while, and Blaziken was content to listen, and sneak more than a few hungry glances at Winnona. But before the meal was finished, Winnona brought up the main reason for her visit.
“So...why are you retiring?” she asked in a very stern tone, the tone of voice that she used when taking on a challenger. “No one in the League gets it, and I don’t, either. You only just took the Gym over from your Grandfather! I know you; even if you weren't sure you liked being a Gym Leader, you're way too strong and willful to give it up so soon, without taking enough time to really be sure. And it can't be that you don't think you're good enough. In the time you've been Gym Leader, you've managed to prove yourself such an exceptional trainer that I've heard they're already throwing around the idea of making you part of the Elite Four the next time one retires!”

Flannery glanced to Blaziken for a moment, who gave the smallest, affirmative click of the beak.

“I just kind of came to realize that while I do enjoy battling...I don’t really want to be a Gym Leader,” Flannery explained. She paused for a moment, and took a breath. She had rehearsed a reasonable explanation for her retirement with Blaziken, to give to Winona...but at the risk of being presumptuous, she decided to throw the plan out, and follow up on the new avenues that Blaziken's interest had opened. “You see, I've had...something of a revelation about myself, and what I should be. It's...not something that I can explain.”

Winona opened her mouth to object, no doubt to point out that she had to give the League something a *little* more substantial than that, but Flannery held up her hand to forestall her. “It's not something that I can explain. But it is something that I can show you,” the redhead said. She was all in, now.

Winona looked more satisfied with this, but still confused, and skeptical. “What do you mean, show me? What reason for quitting could be something you could show me, but not tell me?” Winona asked.

Blaziken seemed to have an idea of what Flannery was aiming at, and she gave a growl of approval. Relieved that her owner was on board with this new direction,

Flannery had to suppress a grin. She would show Winona just how marvelous Blaziken really was...and she'd show her in a very hands-on way. If she could help Winona to understand how she felt, get her to feel the same awed deference and burning lust for this living goddess...well, Blaziken would surely not object to possessing another pretty human girl, and the idea of having two of the most attractive women Flannery knew as lovers sounded perfect.

“It’ll have to wait until later tonight. For now, how about we go to one of the local hot springs? I’m sure with two Gym Leaders, we can get a private spring,” Flannery suggested.

Winona was silent for an anxious moment. Then she reached across the table, and took Flannery's hand in her own. Surprised, Flannery looked at her, and found herself taken aback by an intense look of concern in her friend's eyes. "Winona? What--"

"Flannery," Winona interrupted her, her tone both serious and concerned. "Are you okay? I want you to tell me, right now, if you're in trouble, or if something bad has happened. I swear I won't tell the League if you don't want me to. But if you're in trouble, I need you to *tell* me, and I promise, I will help you, no matter what. You're my friend and I care about you, and I don't understand what's going on."

Flannery's heart skipped a beat. Her life was for Blaziken, of course, but having Winona hold her hand so intently, and knowing that she cared and wanted to help Flannery so deeply...what girl wouldn't get butterflies?

She gulped, and blushed, and squeezed Winona's hand back. "I promise, there's nothing wrong, I'm okay. I'm sorry it's confusing, but I promise, it's okay, and my reason for leaving really is something I have to show you, and can't just say. Don't worry, okay? I'm fine."
Winona watched her for a minute, looking for any warning signs in Flannery's expression. Then, she withdrew her hand, and smiled. "Okay. As long as everything is okay - as long as *you* are okay - then I don't mind a little mystery. Let's go have a soak!"

Blaziken silently watched this display of care and protective affection, and the desire in her eyes burned hotter.

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A quick trip to one of the nearby springs and a little chat with the manager got a spring reserved for themselves, and Blaziken.

As the two women stripped, Blaziken watched Winnona with interest. She had enjoyed Flannery's bared body many, many times in the past few days, and it was interesting to see how another attractive human woman compared. Winnona was far more lean, with well-defined abs, and a fair bit of muscles on her legs. Blaziken approved...strength was valuable, and attractive.

Winnona was aware of the Pokemon watching her, and it felt a little odd. She couldn't help but feel a little flush as the intense gaze of Blaziken traced along her body. She couldn't quite bring herself to say anything to Flannery, however, who seemed to pay no particular heed to it. Perhaps she was just imagining it...Blaziken were known for their intensity in general, after all. It was likely nothing.

Getting into the water, the three, relaxed soaking in the spring. Winnona couldn't help but again notice how close Blaziken and Flannery sat to each other. They had been like this at the restaurant, too...sitting at the same side of the table, even though there were two unused sides. She'd just assumed at first that the Pokemon was simply following her master, but Blaziken had dined with them as a member of their party, not as a pet simply brought along. And now this...

"I was just kind of wondering...how did you capture her?" Winnona asked, hoping to get some insight into the history of Flannery and this Pokemon. She had seen plenty of Pokemon walk around outside their Pokeballs but something about this seemed off...and come to think of it, Winnona didn't even see where Flannery could be keeping Blaziken's Pokeball on her person. She wasn't wearing any Pokeballs on her belt, and it would show if it was in a pocket...

"I didn't," Flannery answered. "I don't need to. Like I said, she's my partner. She..." Flannery hesitated for a brief second. "I couldn't capture her if I wanted to, any more than your Skarmory can capture you."

Winnona nodded politely, but did not understand.

They soaked for a little while, and discussed various news about the League, such as the recent disappearance of Misty in Kanto. There were no signs that anything bad, but an inexplicable absence of someone so important was understandably concerning. Perhaps that was part of why the League was showing more concern for Flannery's sudden retirement - the coincidence of timing. Blaziken listened to this news with more interest than she had most of the other subjects Flannery and Winnona had conversed about, but her expression in reaction to the news was inscrutable to Flannery.

After a while, they got out and headed back to Flannery’s Gym. By this time it was getting dark, so after her ride in from Fortree City, Winnona was pretty tired. She decided to go to bed, and Flannery was all too happy to let her do so.

Heading into a spare room, Flannery undressed down to her underwear and laid down. Looking up at the ceiling, she thought about the day. She had known Flannery for a few years, and they were pretty good friends...so she had very much noticed that she had seemed to have changed a bit from
It was hard to say exactly what it was, though. She was definitely still very much the same Flannery that was Winona's dear friend, but now, she also seemed to be much more...bright than before. It would have made Winona happy to see her friend seeming so much better than she'd ever been, if only she knew what it was that had brought about the change. And the way that the Blaziken was always by her side throughout the day...it was strange. Some Pokemon and their trainers were like that, of course, but what made this odd was the subtle glances the two of them kept giving each other. They seemed to have a certain...spark to them.

Contemplating these things, Winona drifted off slowly. She slept without dreaming.

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Winona woke up suddenly. Her mind was still hazy, and her eyes blurry. She knew she couldn't have been asleep for very long...but something loud had woken her. What was it? Whatever it had been, she now heard something else...it was subtle, just loud enough to hear it.

Having been woken so suddenly was enough to leave her in a state where she knew she wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep easily. She decided to just check around to find out what the sound was.

Making her way quietly through the halls, she listened closely for any other sounds, but besides the ones she was following, the Gym was silent. Winona could hear them every now and then, and as she began to get closer, they seemed to be...soft moans. It sounded like some of them were Flannery's, in fact. The other voice, though, wasn’t one she could place, though it was familiar.

Approaching Flannery's room, Winona saw that the door was opened a crack. She paused for a moment, debating in the darkness what she should do. She knew it wasn’t appropriate, and a breach of trust, but...Winona couldn’t help but want to peek in. She had been harboring a bit of a crush on Flannery for a while, and the thought that she might catch the girl in an intimate moment was...tempting. And somehow...somehow, something deep in Winona told her that what was happening in this room held an answer to today's mysteries...

Quietly pushing the door open just a tiny bit farther, she looked into the room.

Winona’s heart nearly stopped as she saw Flannery squatting naked on the floor, her face buried in Blaziken’s crotch, as the Pokemon pressed her leg into the human woman’s crotch. Blaziken had a hand resting on the top of Flannery’s head, guiding her. Pulling her back for a second, she looked down at the human, and clacked her beak.

Flannery let out a whimper, and Winona had to suppress a gasp. As insane and unbelievable as the sight before her was, it somehow seemed even more ludicrous that Flannery, her brash, forthright, assertive friend, had just made such a tiny, mewling, unmistakably...*submissive* noise!

But Winona hadn't heard anything yet.

"Mistress," Flannery whimpered, meeting her Blaziken's powerful gaze with her own thoroughly subservient eyes, "Mistress, I'm trying to learn to understand you as quickly as I can, but I don't know what you ordered of me just now. Please, help me understand how you wish to be pleased, I want to be good for you *so much*..."

Winona stood in shock for several moments, trying to process just what she was seeing and hearing. Sure, she’d heard rumors about how some women would take Pokemon as lovers, but that was all the idea had ever been to her, rumors. Not something that happened to people she, personally knew!
It was...unthinkable! Scandalous! Not outright outlawed - yet - but certainly completely unacceptable for society!

Her mind raced, her concern for her friend's well being the first thought that came to her. If it got out that a Gym Leader, and a relatively new one at that, was involved in a relationship like this...it would be a disastrous scandal. The kind that could leave Flannery in a very bad position, a pariah for the rest of her life.

Though what was truly shocking about it, what made Winona wonder whether she was simply having a very strange, erotic dream, was that Flannery was acting so submissive! It was such a sharp contrast to the girl Winona had known for years, that she couldn’t quite accept that it was real. Surely she was still asleep, still dreaming?

Blaziken reach down and scooped Flannery up, then sat down, holding the girl in her lap. She began to rub Flannery’s quim with her finger, being careful with her talon, making sure not to hurt the girl.

Flannery gasped and shuddered. The look on her face was one of pure bliss; she was enraptured utterly in the sensations as the Pokemon stroked her clit softly with the curved, smooth side of her talon.

"Ah, Mistress...” Flannery groaned happily. “You just wanted to tease me more?"

The Pokemon gave a short chirp of confirmation, and continued her teasing.

As she watched them, Winona couldn’t help but feel a warmth in her belly, spreading out. Unconsciously she dipped her hand between her legs and started to gently touch herself, barely even aware of the sensations that she was enjoying and stoking.

Blaziken leaned down and nipped Flannery's neck a little with her beak. The sharp pinch was apparently enough to make Flannery cum, and the girl let out a shuddering whimper as her body convulsed; the two had doubtless been at this for some time before Winona began to spy on them.

As Flannery rode her pleasure waves, blinded to everything in the world but the soft, insistent taps of Blaziken's talon upon her clitoris, her partner looked toward the door, and her eyes seeming to glow. “Blazi!” she exclaimed, holding out her free finger, which shone with the cum of a previous orgasm given to Flannery. She curled it inward, beckoning.

Winona again felt her heart jump a little. Blaziken knew she was watching, and was calling her in.

“Ken!” she beckoned again, more firmly now. This was an order, not a request!

Winona fought with herself for a moment. She should probably run out, confront Flannery about it tomorrow morning...this was no business of hers. She shouldn’t...she shouldn’t intrude on something so personal, so strange. She didn't understand what was...but that was the problem, she didn't understand. Maybe she would, if she entered. The Pokemon wanted her there, and Flannery was too blitzed out on her climax to care...Winona did want to know what was going on, she did want to make sure that Flannery was okay, and she did want...something else. Something about what was happening in this room drew her, powerfully, with a need for an understanding beyond basic knowledge...

She stepped into the room. She stood there, as both women, human and Pokemon, stared at her intently, and only now did it occur to her that she was still in her underwear.

“Heh...enjoying the show?” Flannery asked with a breathless chuckle. Winona followed her gaze, and realized that her panties were exposing a certain truth about her reaction that she wasn't
comfortable with sharing. Too late, she hid their stain with her hands.

"F-Flannery, what is...are you..." She was stammering, she didn't know what to say, she wanted answers and she needed to understand but she didn't know how to ask...

“Blaze,” the Pokemon stated authoritatively, gently setting Flannery down on the bed and standing up. She began to walk toward Winona.

For a few moments, the girl reconsidered. She thought about running out of the room, of pretending she didn’t see this. For one shameful moment, she even considered betraying her friend and reporting Flannery's private secret to the League. It was bound to be tied to the reason she was retiring, after all.

But those were only inconsequential moments of weakness, nothing more. Winona wouldn't run away from this, whatever it was. She would stay and face it and understand it, because she wanted to, because she needed to know for sure that it wasn't unsafe for Flannery...and, just a little, because she didn't know whether she could make her legs obey her while those piercing, commanding eyes trained themselves upon her.

Blaziken took a step closer toward Winona, close enough to take her hand and hold it.

“Ken,” she said firmly.

Winona found herself fully unable to move now. She wasn’t sure just what it was that was holding her in place: fear...or desire.

Blaziken was close enough now that Winona could feel the heat in the air.

Winona was trembling, she realized. Actually trembling. She had taken all sorts of risks before...skydiving, and free climbing, and leaping from one of her Pokemon in flight to another. She had never trembled before, not once.

As Blaziken reached a hand-claw out toward her, Winona found her voice at last.

“Flannery..can you call her back, please?” she asked weakly. Deep down, she knew it was pointless to ask.

“Sorry...I lied before. We're not partners...Blaziken commands me, not the other way around,” Flannery told her with a happily resigned shrug. “It's okay, Winona, I promise. This is what I needed to show you. Just...let her take the lead, and you’ll see soon enough just how wonderful Mistress it.”

Winona let out a whimper, feeling like a helpless and cornered animal, and tensed as the back of Blaziken’s warm talon traced along her cheek, down her chin and throat, and ended its gentle journey at her bra strap. Hooking the curved, killer nail into the fabric, she gave a firm yank, and ripped it off. Not giving Winona a chance to try and cover herself, Blaziken cupped one of her breasts and began to massage it.

Winona let out a small, high-pitched gasp, a little out of panic, but mostly out of surprise at how pleasant the rough scales of the Pokemon's palm felt against her skin, made all the more sensitive by the tension she had been feeling for the last several moments.

“Ziken,” came a single command.

"Look," Flannery translated.
Looking up, Winona gazed into Blaziken’s eyes. They held such power and confidence...a dominating will that could hold a woman with just as much sure, indomitable strength as her actual grasp could. Experiencing both, Winona felt, somehow, that she was starting to understand why Flannery was submitting. She had already seen that this Pokemon was a remarkable member of her already impressive species...and those eyes made it all the more clear.

Blaziken’s second hand went to Winona's panties, and they, like her bra, were also removed with a single, violent movement.

Now fully naked, Winona was helpless as Blaziken started to stroke her slit. She moaned lightly as her arousal from watching was reignited and brought to a new level. To be so completely overtaken, to be held so effortlessly by a woman's strength, both of body and will...never had Winona ever felt such heat and yearning surging through her! It took only a single swipe of Blaziken's rough fingers over her clit to push her over the edge.

The shock of pleasure that blazed and bloomed in every shuddering muscle in that instant overwhelmed Winona, and her legs gave out utterly. Blaziken chose to loosen her physical grasp on the girl as it happened, and she dropped to her knees, gasping and shaking as she burned with pleasure.

“Ken,” the Pokemon called out to Flannery, and the redhead quickly got to her feet, and obediently came to stand before her Mistress.

With a small gesture, Blaziken guided Flannery to lie down, and for Winona to do the same. Flannery did so right away, and turned to Winona.

“Come on, do it,” Flannery urged her friend.

Winona, with some reluctance, did so. She was still quaking a little from her climax, and already thirsty for more...but also still feeling uneasy about this situation. Her concern was now not so much for her friend, but for herself...what would this lead to? Already her heart and mind were racing with anticipation of what was in store for her, and her excitement for this hedonistic abandon was frightening...but it would not be denied.

Blaziken knelt down, looking between the two girls and clacking her beak in excitement. She reached out with both hands, and began to trace the curves of each girl, rough fingers and palms running along their necks, breasts, and down to their pussies. She carefully rubbed the smooth backs of her talons against them as she passed each spot.

Winona moaned and gasped; the feeling was so different than any human girl she had ever been with. She had heard the phrase "surrendered to passion," thrown around carelessly to describe simple moments of being especially caught up in erotic sensations, but this...the rough, tactile thrills of a perfect, hot predator's touch exploring her as one examines a new possession, after having felt her unyielding grip and focus a moment before, all the while looking into eyes of a soul of such hot and controlled power that it defied her ability to comprehend...this, at long last, was a carnal moment worthy of the word, "surrender."

And Winona knew that she was doing just that.

“I love her...I worship her,” Flannery whispered to Winona, eyes unfocused as she took in every glorious touch. “She’s so skilled.”

"Yes," Winona admitted.
"And so beautiful."

"Yes," Winona agreed.

"And so, so powerful."

"Yes!" Winona gasped.

Flannery turned her head, and her eyes focused upon Winona, and Winona found herself able to look away from the Pokemon for a moment, long enough to have her gaze held now by her friend.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" Flannery whispered to her, joy alighting her features as she began to cum.

"So, so wonderful...!" Winona whimpered, and Blaziken began flicking her clit, and she joined Flannery in climax.

Even as she cried out and uttered strangled, high-pitched profanity at the pleasure overtaking her, greater than even before, Winona could feel something stirring in her heart. She knew, without a doubt, that she, too, was falling in love with Blaziken. There was no denying this strong, lovely creature, and she wanted Winona, and she would have her, and Winona wanted it. She'd never desired anything more than she had at this moment, to be Blaziken's!

“Blaze,” Blaziken said softly, as she leaned in toward Winona’s face, and gave her a kiss. Winona readily accepted it, and grappled eagerly with the new, enticing challenge of sharing a deep kiss with a beaked woman.

Flannery whimpered with jealousy, and Blaziken was happy to give her one, as well. Winona watched them, and learned how one showed her love for an avian goddess.

Blaziken broke the kiss after a time, and stood. She then offered her hands to each girl, to help them up. Each was grateful, their legs still feeling like jelly after the intensity of their orgasms.

Once standing, they were guided to the bed. Shoving Winona to fall back upon it, Blaziken straddled her face, and gave Flannery an order with very unambiguous gestures, to eat Winona out.

It was something she was more than happy to do. Winona took a few moments to get started with her own task, getting a feel and understanding of what she was working with. The feel of a full coat of downy feathers matted with arousal a bit distracting, but she found, ultimately, that Blaziken was more or less similar to a human woman, underneath her layer of feathers. She even possessed a clitoris, a firm fleshy bud just a little larger than Winona's own which was very warm to the touch, almost hot, in fact. It was well hidden beneath her hood and pubic plumage, but the rewarding, shuddering crow of delight that escaped Blaziken's throat made the search for this little, hot bulb well worth the trouble. Winona soon got comfortable with the Pokemon's sex, and got into it, lashing her tongue about and within enthusiastically, exploring, finding and cataloguing the spots that got the best responses, and relishing the musky taste of her juices.

Blaziken eventually let out a shriek of pleasure as Winona's actions pushed her over the edge. A surge of satisfaction at a job well done raced through Winona as the Pokemon above her viciously clenched the talons of her hands and feet into the bed, tearing the sheets to tatters in her rage of pleasure. Already close to another climax herself thanks to Flannery eagerly eating her out this whole time, it was the joy of seeing Blaziken cum from Winona's efforts that pushed her over the edge, and she muffled her cries in the flowing, feathered pussy above her. Flannery lapped up her pleasure just as eagerly as Winona drank Blaziken's own hot cum.

Once her orgasm had finished, Blaziken got up, and walked around behind Flannery. She pressed
her talons against her pussy, stroking a bit, and brought her over the edge quickly.

The night was yet young, and all were far from sated. Blaziken had a stamina and an inferno of lust well beyond any human woman's, Flannery was determined to drive herself to exhaustion in an effort to quench her owner's carnal thirst, and Winona was filled to bursting with a desire to follow this through to the end, immerse herself and become as much a part of this thrilling new world as she possibly could. And so the lovers and Mistress repeated their lust over and over again through the night's course, as the two humans took turns laying on the bed, one eating the other out, and that other doing the same for their Mistress. She, in turn, would return the favor after each cum, taking a moment to roughly finger the girl who had not been graced this round with her heated cum, or grind her beak carefully against the human girl's quim, or even, once for each girl, give her a true thrill, as Blaziken opened her beak and let her thin, quick, graceful tongue take them to heights of bliss that even this night's events hadn't prepared them for.

As the first hints of daylight's return began to quietly lighten the sky outside, Winona finally fell back limply onto the bed, too exhausted to continue, or even just move. Flannery lay sprawled on the floor, slick cum cooling and drying all over her unconscious form; she had collapsed half an hour before of exhaustion, in the middle of trying to coax one more orgasm from her friend's sore body. Even Blaziken panted as she stood over Winona now, her powerful form trembling, at this point, a little more from overexertion than from desire to continue.

As Winona laid there, marveling in the afterglow of being taken to her absolute mortal limit and struggling to find the strength even to keep her eyes open, Blaziken stepped away for a moment, and retrieved a Pokeball from a shelf. It was an empty one, and not the same ball that she had used when she made her offer to Flannery. Holding it out, she pressed it against Winona's forehead, the button making a soft click.

It was a struggle, but Winona forced her tired lips and aching tongue to move once more, and her voice, hoarse from cries and screams, to issue forth.

"Of course," she replied, as though answering a question...though she knew as well as Flannery had that there was no query in Blaziken's gesture. This was a simple statement of ownership. A fact.

With that, Winona fell into dreams.

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Was it breakfast, Flannery wondered as she prepared hers, if it was being consumed at three o'clock? Or was it just an early dinner that happened to be the first meal of the day that she had been conscious for?

She guessed it didn't matter. Blaziken certainly didn't seem to care, as she ravenously tore into a bowl of assorted berries. Flannery couldn't help but find her owner impressive yet again...she herself had only just awakened after last night's intense fuckfest, and Winona was still sleeping it off. Yet if the few singed feathers were any indication, Blaziken had only just returned from her daily training in the mountains, implying that she had been up for hours.

“So...that happened,” Winona observed as she meekly entered the room, her eyes still a little sleepy. She took a seat at the breakfast table, still naked, completely disheveled, and smelling strongly and enticingly of sex and sweat. In spite of how sore she was, Flannery could feel herself moisten at the sight, and it was clear that Winona was having a similar reaction as she looked back at her friend. Flannery was likewise nude - there hadn't been any real reason to dress again, really - and also reeked pleasantly of the previous night.
“Yeah, it sure did,” Flannery agreed with a chuckle. “It's crazy how fast you sort of...fall into
Mistress. All it took for me was her coming up to me as I was bathing alone, and just...taking me.
Hadin't known her for a full hour, yet as she claimed me, I knew it was for keeps. Something just
kind of told me that it was...right. This is natural, what I was supposed to do, and be. I think you feel
the same, right?”

Winona nodded. "Yeah...or at least, it's very similar for me. Last night...being taken by...she likes
being called Mistress?" Flannery nodded, and Winona continued. "Being taken by Mistress...it was
just like the first time I ever went flying. Frightening, terrifying really, but wonderful beyond
anything I'd ever known before! I loved it, and honestly...I don't think I’ll be able to live a good life
without doing it again.”

Both women looked toward Blaziken, who smiled, inasmuch as she could with her beak. They both
smiled back.

“So...are you still going to retire?” Winona asked. “Because it still seems like such a waste.” She
looked over at Blaziken.

“Especially with how strong you are, Mistress," Winona continued, her eyes holding the promise of
an idea. "In fact...I’m sure if you fought here, in the name of this Gym, some other girls, the ones
challenging the Leader and watching that matches, might just fall in love with you, too.”

“Ziken...Blaze laze ken...” the Pokemon mused, clicking her beak in thought.

“That’s a good point,” Flannery added. “You've enjoyed living here in town this week, Mistress. I
will of course follow you and live whatever life you deem is worthy of me, but I must be truthful
with you: I've been hoping that you'd enjoy life in human civilization. Giving up everything I've ever
known is a difficult thing to do. I would never question you or complain, but if you do have a reason
to stay here..."

"Actually, my idea goes even further," Winona interrupted, getting excited as she saw Blaziken
mulling the idea over in her head. "Mistress, you battling here is just the start. Flannery will keep the
title of Gym Leader, but you will run this place, and over the next year or so, the two of you can
gradually make that situation obvious. Slowly but surely, you and Flannery can begin influencing the
League, putting pressure on it...and maybe one day you can take over here, as the official Leader of
the Lavaridge Gym.”

Flannery's face broke into a grin. "I love it. You're right, Mistress is too...too incredible to keep a
secret to ourselves. She should have the chance for the acclaim, and respect, and adoration that a
Gym Leader gets! Or...or an Elite Four! Who knows, if we don't give up, we might get the League
to give Mistress a chance to be Champion some day!"

Blaziken trilled enthusiastically. Whether she liked the idea of challenging herself, or of the power
and respect, or of the opportunities to take more human women as her possessions, neither Flannery
nor Winona could really tell. But whatever the case, she was delighted by the idea.

"Sounds like an awesome idea! From this moment on, we have a single goal: make Mistress the
Champion of our region!” Flannery declared, banging the table with an excited fist. "But Winona,
what will you do next?"

Winona shrugged, and looked pensive. "Well...for now, of course, I'll report back to the League and
tell them you'll be staying on as Gym Leader, but if you mean in the future..." She didn't look
entirely happy. "I guess it would be...better for me to stay a Gym Leader in my own town...that way
we would have two voices in the League on behalf of Mistress Blaziken. But..."
Blaziken reached a hand forward, and took Winona's. She looked encouragingly into the girl's eyes. "Ziken zik."

"I think that most of all, Mistress wants the playthings she loves to be near her," Flannery reassured Winona. "An extra voice to help our ambitions for Mistress succeed isn't worth you denying yourself the chance to bask in her presence and please her, Winona."

Winona nodded, and gave a relieved smile. "Thank you, so much. I...I couldn't imagine living away from you, now. Then for now, I'll go back to my Gym, but I'll start looking for someone to replace me. As soon as I find them, and give the League proper notice of my retirement..." She bent down, and gently kissed Blaziken's scaled fingers in adoration. "I'll come back to stay. And until then, I'm going to take as many trips out here in my spare time as I possibly can!"

"Blaziken," their owner agreed tenderly.

Winona sighed happily, and looked dreamily from Blaziken to Flannery, and back again.

"This is going to be so wonderful, when I get to come back here for good. I love you, and being yours, Mistress." She gave her owner's hand another tender kiss of devotion, and Blaziken warbled her own affections back. Winona turned to Flannery. "And I love you, Flannery. I always did, at least a little. Mistress allowing me to share my devotion to her with you...I can't put into words how happy it makes me."

"I love you too, Winona," Flannery replied, and leaned over so they could share a first kiss as true lovers. "I've always wanted to see if our friendship could be something more. I'm so glad we got this chance."

When they finished their kiss, Flannery sat back, and broke out into another grin. "So, it's great to have everything settled and planned out...but, you know, for now, I'm sure the League is expecting a good, thorough report. Probably best that you stay a few days, I think!"

Winona grinned back. "That's a good point. I should make sure I fully understand the situation. And to better do that, perhaps you and Mistress should show me this hot spring where she made you hers...in fact, maybe you should show me where, and *how* it happened...!"

There were no disagreements to that idea.
Bio

Blaziken is the firstborn child of a particularly powerful Blaziken father, and an unusually intelligent Delphox mother.

As a Torchic, she was characterized by her bravery, and eagerness to seek new challenges. She would frequently pick fights with fully evolved Pokemon, fights which she won substantially more often than not. She was also an especially fast learner, understanding new situations and finding solutions to obstacles with a speed more characteristic of many Psychic Types than her own.

Growing into a Combusken, her combined abilities made her formidable even for one of her kind. She sought out an old and powerful Infernape that made its home in the mountains to learn from. An excellent student, she surpassed her master in a matter of weeks. On the day that the Infernape grudgingly admitted he had nothing more to teach her, she evolved into her final stage.

As a proper Blaziken, she took to practicing every day, honing her skills and strengthening her body, as is typical of her species. Less typical, however, was her similar devotion to a regimen of deep, contemplative meditation. Even as she forged her physical self into a force whose power was more frequently associated with Legendary specimens than her own species, she also trained her mind to be the equal of any competent Psychic Type, in spite of the fact that she could never apply it to tangible results as a Psychic Type could.

At first, Blaziken was content to live alone, focusing only on fulfilling a potential that seemed nearly limitless. In time, however, she began to grow restless. It is, after all, typical of any advanced intelligence to become bored with neither new stimuli, nor the companionship of like minds. The questions she pondered in her meditations steadily took on a dissatisfied and lonely tone.

What was the point in power, if she had no one to protect? Other Blaziken could be content with strength for its own sake; she was too intelligent to believe that power was its own goal. And what was the purpose in training an intellect which could never be applied, and in training wisdom that could never be shared and benefit another? It was simple: she needed someone to protect. She needed someone to share her mind with.

She needed a mate.

But though this understanding of herself was a first step to finding personal fulfillment, Blaziken quickly found that the Pokemon she encountered ill-suited her needs and tastes in a mate. Most were weak...she wanted someone to protect, not to coddle; she wanted a mate who could value her own strength out of a personal understanding of it. And when she found a Pokemon who was strong, they tried to assert dominance over her...she had no interest in a mate with the delusion that she should submit, and at any rate, each failed miserably to defeat her. And weak or strong, none had an intellect that could challenge her own, that could benefit from her wisdom...that was worthy of claiming, and dominating.

She soon all but gave up hope of finding an acceptable mate.

It was one day while collecting food at the edge of her territory, however, that she first saw Flannery. The woman was in the area, training her Pokemon. Seeing the lithe human girl commanding other Fire Type Pokemon ignited something in Blaziken.

It was the first time she had ever seen a human, and she was fascinated. Blaziken had heard of these creatures, of course...beings that captured Pokemon, and bent them to their will to use them for labor
and combat. But this? This was a human? She was such a frail-looking creature! And yet, she unquestionably commanded the powerful Pokemon, ones that were clearly at least as strong as any that Blaziken had ever tested herself against. So this was a human, then...a physically powerless being whose will was so great that she possessed the total obedience of beings that could easily destroy her. The idea was intriguing...as was the girl's lithe, yet curvy body. So soft and weak...but Blaziken could see the strength in the woman's eyes.

This woman was the perfect mate, she knew suddenly. Strong enough to be worthy. Weak enough that she would know her place.

Level 70
Nature: Adamant
Ability: Speed Boost
Moves: Blaze Kick, Acrobatics, Bulk up, Focus Energy
Chapter 3

Flannery leaned back in her couch, as her Mistress, the Blaziken that had only two months ago descended upon her, tamed her, and claimed Flannery as her own, sat in front of the TV and watched it with rapt focus. They were showing battles from other regions tonight, and Blaziken loved to watch them, particularly when, like tonight, they involved Gym Leaders or Elite Four.

Flannery couldn’t help but smile with both adoration and admiration at the focused, analytical look in her Mistress’s eyes, as the Kalos Gym Leader Ramos ordered his Gogoat to ram his opponent.

“Where are we tonight?” Winona asked, walking in and taking a seat next to her. In the month since she had joined Flannery in service to Blaziken, Winona had unfortunately only been able to make time once or twice a week to come and visit her girlfriend and their mistress, due to her responsibilities as Gym Leader. Still, her presence was beginning to feel like a comfortable and welcome routine, and she was missed when not present. All three could not wait until Winona was able arrange for a trainer to replace her, and could come live here permanently. "Ooh, Kalos? Nice! Now that's a region that gets serious with its training!"

“Yeah, and I'm glad for it. After the fight we had today, Mistress is really fired up,” Flannery said with a sigh. “I don't think the two of us are going to be enough to satisfy her tonight if she doesn't get some of her excitement out of her system. Hopefully tonight's match will work off a bit of her energy.”

Winona cocked an eyebrow. “What happened?”

Flannery sighed. “Some jackass trainer made fun of Magcargo and me. Mistress decided to put him in his place.”

Winona winced. “His Pokemon okay?”

Flannery nodded. “Sure. Well, a night in the center and they will be, anyway. But she spent a good hour just punching huge rocks to blow off some steam,” Flannery told her. She chuckled. “For the sake of these mountains, the two of us are going to have to help Mistress get the rest out of her system.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing!” Winona grinned.

Flannery smiled. “Oh, I’m pretty excited by the idea, believe me, but...you’ve been gone for three days, Heartwing." Winona’s cheeks colored a little with delight; she loved it when Flannery called her by that pet name. It had come about during Winona's first visit here after becoming Blaziken's property, during a lovely walk together along a scenic mountain pass...Winona had shyly taken Flannery's hand in her own, and Flannery had blushed, and then blurted out that being near Winona made her heart flutter as though it had wings. Totally unprepared for this sweet sentiment (but surging with happiness from it), Winona had gaily and awkwardly replied, "Flannery's Heart learned Fly!" Flannery had laughed, far more than she should have at such a terrible joke, and after that, she had begun calling Winona by the nickname. They were united in their awe of, love for, and worship to their mistress, but Flannery and Winona were also very much in love with one another. Just one more amazing joy of their lives to give thanks to Blaziken for.

"I, on the other hand, am with her every night,” Flannery continued. “I mean, I only have so much stamina! And even when I go to my absolute limits, I know it's nowhere near what Mistress nee-"
“Blaze!”

Both humans nearly jumped at the sudden exclamation. Turning to look, they saw what had excited Blaziken so much: on the screen, a Mega Lucario was now standing ready to fight. Korrina’s Mega Lucario, it seemed, as she was standing behind him.

“Ken ze aze?!” Blaziken asked excitedly, turning and pointing at the screen.

Flannery and Winona both looked at each other blankly, neither sure what was being asked. "Um...that's a Lucario, Mistress. It's a Fighting Type, like you," Winona said, hazarding a guess at what Blaziken was inquiring about. "Actually, I think it's also a...Rock Type? Or Steel? Something like-"

Blaziken shook her head and clacked her beak as a negative. "Blaze-aze. Ken blaze!" She pointed insistently at the screen again, where the battle was getting underway. Flannery and Winona shook their heads, still puzzled.

"Are you wondering about the trainer? She's a Gym Leader in-"

"Oh, I know!" Winona exclaimed, interrupting Flannery. "It's the Mega form she's wondering about. Mistress has never seen a Mega Evolution before!"

"Oh, of course. That makes sense...none of the stuff she's had me read to her has mentioned them, and of course she wouldn't have seen them in the mountains; there's barely any Mega Stones in our region," Flannery replied, nodding.

"Blaz!" the Pokemon answered, then launched into a series of fascinated, inquiring chirps as she looked back and forth from the screen to her lovers.

They did their best to answer her questions. Although Blaziken was asking so many questions and so quickly that they were having a hard time catching everything she wanted to know, they at least got the gist of most of her inquiries. They had both learned to understand her better then they could understand most Pokemon, after all...but she was so excited that it was making it tough, and truthfully, neither trainer had much better than a basic knowledge of Mega Evolutions to begin with, since it was a rarity in their home region.

As she asked her questions, Blaziken watched the battle intently, flaring up a little bit at some moments, but always being sure not to accidentally set fire to anything in the room. The match ended with a victory for Korrina, one which was clearly thanks in large part to her Mega Lucario's strength and skill. Once the winner was announced, Blaziken stood, shut off the television, and turned to her pets.

"Blaziken! Zik lazik!" she exclaimed, gesturing animatedly at the TV, and then pointing to herself.

"Well, from what I know, Mega Stones are super rare," Flannery answered her Mistress's obvious question. "Even in Kalos, where almost all of them are found, only a few are found each year...so they're pretty carefully regulated. There are only a few ways to get your hands on one...mostly by proving yourself worthy to a master trainer that the League has given permission to hand out Stones."

"That kind of makes sense, though, even if the scarcity weren't an issue," Winona added. "Mega Evolution can only work if both trainer and Pokemon have a really powerful bond...wouldn't make sense to just hand one out unless an expert had verified that the bond was strong enough that it'd work."
Blaziken slammed her fist against her chest. "Ken!" she declared. This one was clear; she was asserting that she was strong enough to be worthy, and the bond she had with the two of them was just as strong as she was. Neither girl disagreed in the slightest; they wouldn't be here, her tamed lovers and worshipers, if that were not true.

“So I guess we are going to go get a Mega Stone?” Winnona asked.

“Blaze!”

Flannery nodded. “Alright. Well, if that’s the case, we’ll need to go to Kalos.”

Blaziken stood up. “Zikaze?” she asked, pointing to the computer in the corner. She wanted some more information, but still needed one of the humans to work the device for her. In the past couple months, Blaziken had actually been learning how to use the computer in various ways, and in some ways was quite proficient with it...but she could not read human language yet, so doing anything like this, which would require a lot of reading and typing, still required the assistance of one of her humans.

Looking up some information, they found that there was currently some Blazikenite in the care of Korrina’s Gym. It made sense, given that Korrina's specialty was Fighting Types, but it was also quite a convenient coincidence, considering that her Gym was also in charge of handling Mega Rings as well.

A trip to Kalos was necessary, it seemed. Necessary, but also very exciting; Winona was the only one of the three to have ever been outside her home region before, and never to Kalos. For a curious individual like Blaziken, seeing another region and experiencing both the Pokemon and the human culture there would be worth the trip even if no Mega Stone were involved.

Flannery needed to send in a request to close her Gym temporarily, of course. Winona, meanwhile, had enough students that she could leave them to run it in her absence for a week; if anything, her frequent visits to Lavaridge had ensured that they were prepared for such a thing. Winona had not mentioned it yet to her lover and her keeper, but she had recently taken in a girl named May as a student, and she was quite skilled. May had actually made it to the Elite Four, in fact, but lost to the new Champion Wally at the end. Still, that more than qualified her as a possible replacement for the Gym...and Winona was carefully but speedily grooming her for just that. It was Winona's hope that she might be able to pass the Gym on to May within the year, and finally come to live where her heart already made its home, in the arms of her mistress...

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A week later, all three stood in Shalour City, Kalos.

Blaziken was absolutely fascinated by this foreign region, looking about with wide and excited eyes that took in every detail of the people, Pokemon, buildings, and aesthetics before them. The two girls were also pretty impressed; Flannery had rarely seen anything beyond the rocky splendors of her own hometown, and even Winona's more worldly eye was taken by the pleasant sights and people of this region. As eager as all three were to meet the local leader, they nonetheless decided to put it off for a bit in favor of some sightseeing.

And Shalour City had plenty of sights to see. For a few hours, they simply wandered aimlessly, taking in everything the region had to offer. Of particular note was a small cafe on a cliffside that would only serve customers after a battle. Blaziken had given an approving clack of her beak, and fought for the appetites of both of her girls. The owner simply assumed that she was shared between the two...an idea that managed to be accurate, yet completely wrong at the same time.
As they sat at a table overlooking the sea, enjoying the light and subtle cuisine that Kalos prided itself on, something occurred to Winona.

“Hey...do you think Korrina will have any kind of suspicion of our relationship?” she asked. “The owner here just assumed the so-called normal thing, but Korrina...she’s supposed to be sensitive to Aura, right? I’ve heard that Aura can allow you to see connections between people, and stuff like that.”

Flannery shrugged. “I’ve got no idea. I can never keep track of what Aura is and isn’t supposed to be able to do,” she remarked. "What do you think, Mistress? Is this something we should worry about?”

Blaziken gave a firm chirp, and clicked her beak a few times. The meaning of it was somehow clear to them: Blaziken didn’t care who knew about their relationship. She was proud of her lovers. They were both talented, strong, and beautiful. And she was proud of herself for having tamed such winsome, impressive creatures. They alone in the world had earned her love and respect...so the opinion of anyone else meant nothing.

Both women smiled softly at the praise she gave them. "I’m sorry for worrying, Mistress,” Winona said.

Blaziken put her rough hand on the woman’s head, and gave a reassuring click. She knew the worry was born from her fear of being separated. Human society as a whole was rather backward in many ways, and its thoughts on the relationship dynamics between human and Pokemon were a prime example of that. But being separated was something Blaziken would never allow to happen.

After finishing the meal, they spent another hour wandering around. Shalour was ultimately pretty small, though, and before long they had seen pretty much everything, other than the Gym and the Tower of Mastery. The daylight was beginning to dim, so the three went back to their hotel room. It had been a long and exciting day out of their elements, and Blaziken could see that the girls were both tired, so she gently fingered them each to a single orgasm. She then put each to bed, and settled down herself for a restful trance, suppressing her own excitement for the night. She would have plenty of opportunity the next day to work out her sexual frustration.

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In the morning they headed to the Gym, and were greeted by the sight of the young Leader skating around with a smile on her face. It took only a moment for Korrina to notice her new visitors.

“Whoa…!” she exclaimed, coming to a dead stop as her light grey eyes went wide. She was staring at Blaziken. The girl rolled up to her, eyes never straying to either of the women at Blaziken’s side.

“Amazing...I’ve never seen an aura like yours!” she said, blinking once. “Your fighting spirit...it's absolutely beautiful!” She had an almost dreamy tone.

Flannery shot Winona a look and grinned. Winona smiled back. The singular, amazing awe that was their owner was apparent even to their untrained eyes...they could only imagine how breathtaking she must be to an expert who could actually see the fire in her soul.

Blaziken gave a proud chirp, pleased with Korrina's amazement, and nodded her head to her sides. Korrina finally turned her eyes away from the Pokemon and looked to Flannery. “So she’s yours? You're the Fire Type trainer, so of course...” She trailed off, then frowned in confusion and looked over to Winona. “Or...yours? No, but you both...”
The girl’s eyes darted back and forth between them and to Blaziken. "Do you...share ownership of her?" Korrina asked, her brows furrowed as she puzzled through what she was seeing. "Cause all three of your auras are intertwined, to a...an absolutely amazing degree. I've seen...but...um, I've never seen a trainer and Pokemon connected by their auras this way. She must be yours, both of yours, but-"

Flannery cleared her throat. “It’s a bit complicated,” she answered. "Suffice to say, yes, we're both with her.”

Korrina tilted her head. "Alright...well...I guess I don’t really need the details,” she conceded, though her eyes were no less questioning. “So...what can I do for a couple of Hoenn's finest?"

"We were hoping to get a Mega Stone for her," Winona explained, gesturing at her owner.

Korrina nodded, her eyes back on Blaziken, wide once more as she continued to observe the brilliance of the Pokemon's spirit. “Of course, of course. And you both obviously have a strong enough bond with her to make a Mega Ring work.”

Blaziken gave a happy chirp.

“But I can’t just hand over the Blazikenite, you know,” Korrina said, skating backwards with a grin on her face. “You’ve got to earn it with a battle!” She took out a Pokeball and twirled it on her fingertip.

“Blaziken!” the Pokemon agreed, slamming her fists together, ready to fight. If anything, she seemed more pleased by this stipulation than she had been about just receiving Mega Stone unconditionally.

“So who’s the trainer in this fight?” Korrina asked. "Or do you both cooperate to lead her in battles?"

“The exact opposite, actually. She’ll be fighting on her own,” Flannery answered, stepping back. Blaziken took a ready stance.

Korrina raised her eyebrows in surprise. “Really? Alright, if you're that confident in your training,” Korrina replied, but looked unsure again for a moment as she looked from Blaziken to her supposed trainers, and back again. But then she shook her head and put whatever she was thinking aside, and tossed the ball out, releasing her Lucario. He was wearing a headband with a glittering stone set in it - the Mega Stone, no doubt.

Lucario started by shaping its aura into a bone and striking with all his might. Blaziken countered with a kick, her leg engulfed in fire. As their attacks met, there was a shock wave that stirred up a huge cloud of dust.

The two unleashed a flurry of attacks, with both countering every attempt to hit the other. Korrina was silent, seeming to not be giving any orders, but Winona did catch sight of her making gestures with her hands, and Lucario changing his approach in response. She remarked on her observation to Flannery, who was impressed. “That's a great strategy. Her opponent can't hear Korrina give commands, so she's always got the edge of unexpected attacks. It must have taken an amazing amount of training for her and Lucario to have worked out the system so well that he can understand her gestures so quickly that looking away from the battle for long enough to read them doesn't put him at a disadvantage.”

Winona nodded, also impressed, but her interest in this technique had been for another reason. "You know, if...no, I think it's really more a question of 'when' than 'if.' When the time comes that Mistress gets into a battle where we all need to pretend that we're her trainers, rather than the other way
around, we should try doing this. We could say we're doing the same thing as Korrina, and no one
would question it. That way, Mistress can battle how she chooses, with us just pretending that we're
giving her directions."

Flannery nodded enthusiastically as she thought about it. "Hey, yeah, that would be great! You're
right, if we're going to help Mistress become Champion, there's sure to be some point when we'll
have to pretend we're in charge or be kicked out. This would be a great way to get around that!
Mistress should be allowed to earn her victory without being handicapped by having to follow
whatever orders we'd have to shout." Flannery crinkled up her nose; the very idea seemed offensive
to her. "I'd...I'd hate to do that, honestly. To have Mistress following my commands. Just thinking
about it feels so, so wrong, you know?"

Winona sighed happily, and nodded while she squeezed Flannery's hand in her own. "I know
exactly what you mean. It would go against everything I feel about her, and me. Everything I love
about what my life is now." She smiled contentedly. "We're just hopelessly far gone, aren't we?
Couldn't go back to who I used to be if I wanted to..."

Flannery chuckled. "There's no going back once Mistress tames you. And I couldn't be happier for
that." She squeezed Winona's hand. "We're lucky to have you, Heartwing. You think of things like
this, that I wouldn't have." Winona blushed and kissed Flannery on the cheek.

The battle between Blaziken and Korrina's Lucario lasted for nearly an hour. At last, both Pokemon
jumped back to their starting positions, Lucario breathing heavily and looking almost like he was
going to collapse, while Blaziken's feathers shone with sweat as she took deep but even breaths.
Blaziken clacked her beak and made a sharp cry, flaring up brightly. She knew Lucario was holding
back, and wanted to test her strength against him for real.

"Alright, if you're sure!" Korrina agreed, holding up her wrist and touching the Mega Ring. There
was a brilliant flash of light, and when it faded, Lucario stood in his Mega form.

Launching into battle again, Blaziken put forth a valiant effort, but was soon pressured into backing
up. Before, Blaziken had invariably had the edge in speed and power, but now she could only just
manage to keep defending herself as Mega Lucario pressed his attack relentlessly. Unleashing one
last attack with all her effort, Blaziken enveloped Lucario in a massive pillar of fire, one hot enough
to burn white.

But with a single swipe, he was able to extinguish it before it could do any major damage to him.

"I think we should call the battle here," Korinna suggested. "Any more, and there could be some
serious damage."

"Mostly to the tower!" she added with a laugh.

"Ken!" Blaziken agreed, giving a small bow of respect to Mega Lucario. Turning to face her human
lovers, they saw that her eyes were burning brighter than ever before. After experiencing the power
of a Mega Stone firsthand, she wanted it even more.

Lucario closed his eyes, exhaling, and returned to his normal state.

"Lucario. Luc, rio!" the Aura Pokemon said to Korrina, placing his paw on her forehead, a faint
glow encompassing both of them as he did.

"Really?" Korrina asked.

"Cario," the Pokemon confirmed.
“Alright then,” Korrina said. She recalled Lucario, and turned to face Flannery and Winona.  
“Lucario says he's never fought a more impressive opponent before. As far as I'm concerned, that's 
more than enough of a recommendation to earn the Blazikenite. Let’s head into the tower. We’ll 
need to talk about how you want the Stone set, and such. Like, as a necklace for Blaziken, or a 
bracelet, or something. You saw the headband on Lucario, right?

“We’ll need to head up to the top floor,” she explained, leading them through the halls. There were 
students working in some of the rooms, practicing various martial arts or meditating. Blaziken 
watched each of them with interest; she had never seen humans adopt the ways of her Type before. 
"Kenken," Blaziken remarked.

“We’ll need to think a bit about how the Stone should be set,” Winona translated.

Korrina nodded. “Yeah, I know. I understood her just fine."

Flannery and Winona exchanged a surprised look. "Really?” Flannery asked, a twinge of jealousy in 
her voice. It had taken her a week to learn just the basics of understanding her Mistress, and even 
now there were at least as many times when she couldn't figure out what Blaziken was 
communicating as when she could. But this girl could understand her in a few minutes? It didn't 
seem fair.

For her part, Blaziken didn’t show the slightest surprise that Korrina could understand her. But then, 
from her perspective, everything she said was quite straightforward and obvious; it seemed absurd 
that humans couldn't figure it out.

“Well, not exactly understand...I couldn't, like, give you a literal translation. But I know what she 
means. If she said something like, "I'm so infuriated, my blood is boiling!", I wouldn't get that exact 
message, but I would pick up on the message as "I'm very angry!" which is the same message at its 
core," Korrina explained. "I got a good look at her aura in the battle, and that makes it pretty easy to 
read it now."

The four of them walked (at least, three of them walked, and one rolled) on for a few minutes more. 
Then, Korrina suddenly rolled out in front of the girls and Blaziken, and looked at them, hesitant but 
resolute. “Okay, I...I have to ask you something. This is gonna sound really weird, and I hope it 
doesn't offend you, but..." She faltered for a moment, but then blurted out, "Are the three of you 
lovers?"

They stopped in surprise.

“Because that's the only thing I can figure out that makes your auras make any sense. No trainer and 
her Pokemon ever have their auras so entangled like this! And it's like, the connection makes each of 
your auras so much brighter and bigger, too. Maybe this sounds crazy, but I swear the only time I've 
seen anything like this is between people who are lovers!” Korrina said, blushing as her words fell 
out in a jumble. "I really hope I haven't offended you if I'm wrong, but I just have to know what the 
deal is with your auras!"

Blaziken laid a claw on the shoulder of each of her girls. “Blaziken!” the blazing Pokemon 
confirmed proudly.

“Pointless to try and hide it, I guess,” Flannery said. “Yes. Winona and I are both Mis - her lovers.” 
She blushed, and looked down at the ground. "We adore her," she whispered happily.

Korrina’s mouth fell agape. Even though she had felt sure it was the only explanation, it still was 
somehow a shock to have her suspicions confirmed. She had just about convinced herself that she
must have been reading things wrong. "Really? Wow...I mean, you hear about it sometimes, trainers and their Pokemon getting into relationships like that...heck, there are lots of rumors about out Champion and her Gardevoir...but I never thought I'd actually meet someone like that."

Winona cleared her throat. "Well, if we're being candid about it, we're not really a case of 'trainers and their Pokemon' like you've heard about. She was never either of ours to begin with. It's more like the opposite...she...well, you know how trainers 'own' their Pokemon? Well, she owns us," Winona declared. If Korrina was going to know that they were Blaziken's lovers, then Winona wanted her to know the full truth of it. Pretending to be anything other more autonomous than Blaziken's property didn't feel right.

"Really? That's...that's so weird," Korrina exclaimed, then covered her mouth in embarrassment as she realized what she had said. "I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to insult your relationship with your...um, with Blaziken. I have nothing against it! It just seems so...so different for a Pokemon to be the one leading a human."

Flannery chuckled and shrugged. "I guess I can understand how you feel...I'd have said the same thing, three months ago," she admitted. "But that was before I knew what it was to be lifted up into Mistress's arms...to be surrounded, overwhelmed by an inhuman strength and warmth...to look into her eyes and see a fire beyond anything I could imagine, a will to own me so much stronger than my own will ever could be..." She sighed. "Look, you can see Mistress's aura, right? Her fighting spirit? Look at her, and tell me if you can honestly say that it's the kind of aura that could ever be contained or held by some mere human."

Korrina paused for a few minutes, her gaze flicking all about Blaziken, taking her in. "No," she finally admitted, "I guess I can't say that. That's not the aura of someone that just follows orders someone gives it." She gave a little laugh, and shrugged. "In fact, when I really look at her, and think about it, now it seems like the weird thing would be if she were owned."

With this matter settled and understood, Korrina began once more leading them through the tower. She was silent, contemplative, as she rolled along.

"So...what are things like for the other trainers and Pokemon who fall in love, that you've heard about?" Winona eventually asked, curious about the rumors Korrina had mentioned before. "Are any of them like ours, or..."

Korrina shook her head, not looking back as she gently rolled along. "I don't know. I think the ones about Diantha and her Gardevoir are really only focused on the supposed 'scandal' of it, not really on what it's actually like, if it's real at all. As for the others..." She shrugged. "I haven't any idea, honestly. I've never paid any attention to that stuff. I just never had any interest in relationships with Pokemon, personally.

"Or just relationships with humans, either," she added. "The whole love thing in general just isn't me."

“Really, a girl your age, and as cute as you?” Winona asked, surprised. “I’d figure you’d be pretty popular.”

“Oh, I am! But I turn everyone down,” Korrina clarified. “I'm too focused on my training. And honestly, I just never have met anyone who I've found attractive, before. I mean, I'm sure it would be nice to have a girlfriend or a boyfriend, but I've never seen someone that I really felt like that was what I wanted from them, you know? And anyway, what I really care about is being the best martial artist I can be, and I don't really want distractions from that.”
"Aze blazik," Blaziken remarked, expressing the opinion that one did not have to sacrifice love for a pursuit of personal perfection. Did not, and should not, in fact.

"I agree with Mistress. I travel back and forth between my Gym to visit her and Flannery regularly," Winona told her. "If anything, being with Mistress has given me a chance to remember what I really love to do is to fly with my Pokemon. For a long time now, being a Gym Leader's been my whole life, and I'd just sort of forgotten that I only got into Pokemon training and Flying Types because I love the thrill of flying so much. If I hadn't had Mistress to give me something beyond my job to focus on, and an excuse to be in the air again so often, I don't know if I'd ever have really reconnected with my actual passions again."

"Same here," Flannery added. "I'm not planning on being a Gym Leader for much longer, but I've still been trying harder than ever to be the best trainer I can be ever since Mistress came into my life. When the day comes that I can hand over ownership of Lavaridge's Gym to Mistress, I want it to have the best reputation possible. I want people to not just be impressed that a Pokemon can run her own Gym...I want them to see that she can run one of the best Gyms out there! Mistress has really made me strive to be better."

Both Flannery and Winona were being much more forthcoming about their thoughts, feelings, and plans than they normally would have been, but it was only to be expected. Korrina was the first person besides themselves to be privileged with the truth of their relationship with Blaziken, and finally having someone that they could talk openly with about it was a relief.

For her part, Korrina seemed pretty impressed. "No kidding...I never thought that a relationship could be beneficial to your passions! I always just thought it had to be a distraction."

Flannery chuckled. "Well, I don't know, it might be for most relationships. Mistress is pretty unique. The confidence you get from knowing you're worthy of serving someone as incredible as her...it really feels empowering. And her amazing determination, and her drive to take on new challenges and become the best, is a terrific role model to inspire you."

"Wow...you're really cool," Korrina said, looking at Blaziken. "I'm starting to really get what the appeal is. So you want to run a Gym? A Pokemon as a Gym Trainer...that'd be really something."

"Well, that's the start," Winona put in. "But Mistress becoming a Gym Trainer is just to establish herself, let the world see what she can do and get used to the idea. We all want Mistress to go as far and high as she can, though." She beamed. "Flannery and I both think she's got what it takes to be Hoenn's next Champion."

"Champion? Really?" Korrina asked in surprise. "You think they'd let you? I'm not even sure the League would go for a Blaziken as a Gym Leader, let alone Champion. At least not in Hoenn...a place like Alola, maybe, that place is way better at seeing Pokemon's potential, but even for them, it'd be new and unusual, let alone one of us mainland regions."

"Blaze!" was the response, and Korrina nodded her understanding - no matter what obstacles might be thrown up against them, whatever might eventually stop Blaziken's ambitions would never be a lack of trying. She would go as far as she possibly could, and challenge any wrongful authority that would seek to prevent her from realizing her fullest potential.

"That's just...so cool," Korrina grinned, genuinely inspired by this creature's spirit and ambition. "Well, best of luck with it! Wallace might be comparatively low on the Champion totem pole, but that still makes him one of the best trainers in the world, so you've got your work cut out for you!"

"Blazei," Blaziken stated in agreement. She knew she still had a long way to go before she reached
that point...she still had a lot of growing to do as a fighter, and a lot of knowledge about battling to attain. She had only just learned of Mega Evolutions, after all...she knew she had to learn every trick and nuance of this sport if she was to succeed. But she was confident that she would.

Korrina smiled. “Well, at any rate, when you take over Flannery's Gym, I’ll want to be one of your first challengers!”

“Zik!” the Pokemon answered, liking the idea.

At last they reached the top floor. Korrina went about getting the supplies laid out, presenting all manner shapes and sizes of Mega Rings to her guests.

“You can pick the colors, the material, and style,” she told them.

Blaziken was, of course, the first to decide. She chose a dark red ring that perfectly fit onto one of her talons. Flannery and Winona looked over the selection afterward, trying to decide what would best suit them.

Flannery decided after a moment of thought on a bright orange ribbon. She smiled as she put it on. It was the perfect size to fit around her neck...a collar, worn for her Mistress. It was probably meant for a Pokemon, but if it could work as a Mega Ring, then she knew it was ideal.

“This seem good to you, Mistress?” she asked. Blaziken gave an affirmative and appreciative click.

“Then I guess I’ll take this one,” Winona said, picking up a similar ribbon in sky-blue, and likewise fixing it to her neck as a collar.

Korrina nodded. “Okay! They'll need a few tweaks first.” She got some paper, and scribbled some notes. “I’ll take them to get worked on. Should only take about a half hour. I'll come get you once they're ready. Feel free to explore the tower in the meantime.” She scooped them up and rolled out of the room.

“Zen.,” Blaziken said, gesturing to the door. She wanted to see more of the training that was going on in the tower.

With a little exploring, they soon found that most rooms in the tower were simply devoted to meditation. Students, human and Pokemon alike, sat facing each other with their eyes closed. Though neither Flannery or Winona could actually see it for themselves, it seemed clear that these students were all practicing how to sense aura.

Though one might not normally think such a sight would be interesting, Blaziken seemed more than content to stop and observe several of these rooms, her sharp eyes darting from one student to the next, taking in details of how each attained their spiritual connection. The ability to center herself and hone her spiritual and mental focus was, after all, just as important to a true warrior as physical strength or combat skill.

"I can't help but be a little jealous," Flannery whispered to Winona as their owner carefully observed meditative techniques.

Winona nodded, knowing exactly what Flannery was referring to. "Yes...as close as we are with Mistress, being able to see her aura is something we can't do. It's almost like there's a part of her that we'll never know."

"And a beautiful part, at that," Flannery added. "Not being able to see the manifestation of her will and fighting spirit...it's almost like we can't see one of the most fundamental parts of her, the very
Blaziken, whose sense of hearing was quite higher than a human's, put her hands on the girls' heads and gave a small chirp. Aura or not, the bond they had was stronger than that of any of these trainers and their Pokemon. Each girl smiled gratefully. They still felt left out, but the reminder that they still knew their goddess of might and heat at such a fundamental and intimate level was reassuring. They might have to 'make do' with knowing their keeper a little less than they possibly could, but what they were 'making do' with was still utterly amazing and wonderful.

After a little while, Korrina found them as they were observing one of the rooms with actual martial arts instruction going on. "Ah, there you are! All done! Here you go." She handed Flannery and Winona their collars, and Blaziken her ring. Each woman put on her new accessory, Blaziken flaring up brightly in excitement as she did.

"Ken!" she exclaimed, pointing to the Pokeball on Korrina’s waist. Time for a rematch!

"Alright, sounds good to me! Lucario and I are looking forward to this, too!" the blond replied. “But let’s go out of the city for it. I’m sure this battle will be pretty intense."

Blaziken nodded, her fire burning brighter. She looked to Winona, and gave a click, before she picked up Flannery and took off with a single powerful jump, passing over the wall of the garden. Soon she could be seen bounding off over the town.

Korrina gave a whistle. "Jeez, she is just crazy strong, huh?" Korrina remarked.

"Yeah...it’s pretty amazing when she carries you," Winona replied, as she released Skarmory, hopping on and helping Korrina up.

A short flight later, and they landed in a wide open field outside the city, where Flannery and Blaziken were waiting for them.

Winona went over to Flannery’s side, and Blaziken took a fighting stance, ready to go right away. Korrina tossed the ball, and Lucario struck a stance instantly.

Both Pokemon looked back to their humans. Korrina nodded, and touched her Ring, triggering the transformation. Flannery reached up and put her hand on her collar, closing her eyes and focusing for a second. She poured all of her love and devotion into it, and soon Blaziken was enveloped in a brilliant glow, before exploding in a burst of fire.

Her feathers had changed dramatically, and now there were patches of black interlaced with the red. A new set of feathers sprouted from her wrist, trailing out as they glowed with weak flames, The crest on her head had grown down to encompass her chest, as well. Blaziken took a few seconds to adjust to her new body, doing a few practice kicks and punches, all the while creating burst of flame to enhance them.

“So beautiful...” None of the three women present were sure which of them said it. But they all nodded in agreement.

The fight began with a flurry of attacks almost too fast to fully follow. Both combatants were trading blows strong enough that most other Pokemon would be knocked out in seconds.

For a few brief moments it looked like Lucario had a slight upper hand...but it was only for the fact that he was familiar with his Mega form, knew his enhanced capabilities from having fought numerous battles as Mega Lucario. Soon enough, though, Blaziken began to synchronize her expectations and skills with her incredible new power, and Lucario began backing up as he only
barely managed to block and evade her offense. Her speed and ferocity were such that just concentrating enough on his defense not to be completely overwhelmed was taking every bit of his skill and focus.

Eventually, however, Mega Blaziken caught sight of an opening, and delivered a devastatingly powerful kick to Mega Lucario’s side, sending him flying. He landed with a visible burn on his side, but he nonetheless got to his feet resolutely.

“That’s enough!” Korrina called out, rolling over to her Pokemon. “I know you can keep going, but we need to face facts, Lucario: it’s pretty clear who’s gonna win this. You know just as well as I do, and all that’s gonna happen if we keep going is that you’ll get hurt proving just that.”

Lucario growled and grumbled. It was clear that he was agreeing with her assessment, but not happy about giving up. Nonetheless, he couldn't deny the sense in what Korrina was saying...even in normal form, Blaziken had not been too far from being on equal footing to Mega Lucario, and now that she, too, had been boosted by a Mega Stone, the fact was that she was leagues beyond him. She had even seemed to receive a greater empowerment from being Mega Blaziken than he himself did from his own Mega Evolution. There was no point in going on.

After a bit of medicine to treat his wounds, Korrina recalled Lucario, and Blaziken returned to her normal state. She took a few seconds of just moving her limbs and stretching, as though she was readjusting to being herself again.

Korrina rolled up. "Alright, I know this is pretty strange but...could I have a spar with you? Please?” she asked, hands clasped together.

"Zikzik?” Blaziken asked, surprised at the request. From what she had learned of human culture, humans only ever used Pokemon to fight other Pokemon, never attempting to do so themselves. Which made sense, of course. Whatever strength humans had only came in the form of spirit and mind, never body (and it seemed that precious few even had that).

“I know you’ll have to hold back a lot, but...I mean, just going through some basics would be amazing!” Korrina said excitedly. "I've had matches with all of my own Pokemon before, but you're just...look, I don't want to talk badly about my Pokemon, they're all fantastic fighters and I don't think it's too arrogant to say that I've done an excellent job training them, but you? You are the most amazing Fighting Type specimen that I have ever seen! I want to be the very best fighter I can possibly be; I want to be so good that I can someday legitimately fight a Pokemon myself, all-out, no holding back. So getting to have a training match with a master like you...it would just be so, so great!"

Blaziken nodded, accepting Korrina's request. The idea of fighting this human girl, even if it was only a practice match in which she held herself back almost entirely, was quite interesting. It had been obvious to Blaziken from the start that despite Korrina's small frame, small even by human standards, the girl was stronger than either of Blaziken's mates, and stronger than any other human she had met yet, for that matter. It would be interesting to see firsthand what a human could truly offer as an opponent.

Blaziken gave Flannery and Winona a gesture, indicating that they should sit back and watch, so the girls did just that. They, too, were interested to see how this would go. Neither were Fighting Type experts, but Mistress had certainly given them an appreciation for the art of hand-to-hand skills, so this match would be engaging for them, too..

Blaziken and Korrina took stances, and started. Korrina opened with a kick, which Blaziken blocked with her forearm. She countered with her own kick. Although Blaziken was trying to hold back as
much as she could, it still ended up being fast enough that a normal human wouldn’t have been able
to even brace for it. Korrina, however, ducked out of the way so quickly she was a blur, letting her
legs split far enough apart that gravity assisted her in getting low enough to avoid the attack. As she
did so, she used her sudden falling momentum to put her weight on one foot, and twisted, her blades
rolling and letting her make a fast, low sweep with her other leg.

Blaziken jumped out of the way, and gave a pleased grunt. She might have to hold back for this
human, but Korrina was inventive enough as a fighter, connecting her movements of evasion into
counter attacks seamlessly, that there would still be benefits to fighting her and observing her
technique.

For several minutes the two went on like this, both dodging or blocking every attempt the other
made, Korrina managing to keep her pace with the held back, but still superhuman, fighter through
her skill and creativity in stringing her movements together into a single, flowing sequence of dodges
and attacks. It was an interesting match for Blaziken; she typically thought of attacks, blocks, and
evasions as separate movements...one could lead to the other, and give a better position for the next,
but that was all. Yet Korrina moved as though each attack and evasion she made were only done for
the sake of making the next action possible. Her attacks gave her the momentum to already be
moving to avoid the next attack. Her dodges gave her new angles and momentum for striking at
unusual spots. And with her roller blades on, her blocks used the force of Blaziken's punches and
kicks to send her rolling back or to the side, creating automatic evasions as she was sent beyond
Blaziken's reach.

It was, Blaziken realized, a combat performance much like the skill and grace Korrina displayed
while rolling about everywhere. Even though movement with her roller blades required one foot to
be the one taking her forward, the other foot was always in the motion of taking its place, creating a
singular rolling motion out of multiple actions. Blaziken found herself having trouble remembering to
keep herself restrained, because she was getting legitimately into this match! There was actually a
human from whom she could learn about her very own art!

Eventually, Korrina put a little extra distance between herself and Blaziken, and unexpectedly
removed her skates and socks, so quickly that she was barefoot before Blaziken had even fully
realized what she was doing. No longer anchored by her heavy roller blades, Korrina began to leap
from side to side nimbly, moving from one foot to the other so deftly that it was similar to how she
had moved with her roller blades - fluid, exact motion.

Though Blaziken watched her opponent and prepared herself to take advantage of any opening, she
was still surprised when, the next time Korrina's foot touched the ground, she suddenly launched
herself forward instead of taking another side hope. She leaped through the air, and Blaziken
prepared herself to block a kick - but instead, Korrina began making powerful swings with her arms,
aimed at Blaziken’s head, letting her feet concentrate solely on an elegant and light ending.

The Pokemon was still able to avoid most of them, but one attack did land. Korrina's fist crashed
against Blaziken's beak, jarring her a little. Surprised as she was by taking a painful blow from such a
seemingly harmless opponent, Blaziken reacted on instinct, and released a flare of fire before she
realized she was doing so. It was still as weak a fire attack as she was capable of making, but that
alone had the potential to seriously harm a frail human! For a moment, she and the two girls
watching panicked...but as the red glow of the flame died away, there was a brilliant blue glow
enveloping Korrina.

“Whoa! Been a while since I actually got my aura to manifest!” she said, looking down at herself in
surprise. “Only happened once before, in fact!” She grinned, and reaffirmed her stance.
“Now come on, Blaziken! I want you to get more serious! I may not be able to handle much by your standards, but I can take more than you've been giving me!” she declared. "Come on, push me! Make me have to give my absolute best just to keep up! Take me to my limits, lady!"

Blaziken made a noise, almost like a growl, and flared up again with fire. She might respect this girl's skill, but no upstart human should ever make demands of her! And to do it so casually...!

Launching into a series of attacks, flames and aura clashed, both nearly extinguishing each other on each hit. Korrina gasped and strained to keep her focus as both her body and spirit were forced to defend themselves against a foe so many times greater than her on both fronts.

Having Korrina's aura manifest itself so visually allowed Blaziken to finally being training her eye to it...and as the fight went on, and Blaziken focused more and more upon the blazing spirit of her opponent, her understanding of it grew, until finally her eye began to see it more and more penetratingly...now she did not just see the blue glow that was visible to the untrained eye, but the true power of it. It surrounded everyone, and everything.

And though she could see that Winona and Flannery had beautiful auras...Blaziken found that Korrina’s aura was brilliant. And the more she saw it, the more she was able to read its flares, waves, fluctuations, and dances...and through reading it, she began reading Korrina's movements, almost before Korrina herself knew she would make them.

Of course, if Blaziken found Korrina's aura to be brilliant, then Korrina found Blaziken's to be utterly stunning. From the moment she had first laid eyes on the Pokemon, Korrina had recognized Blaziken's aura as the most incredible she'd ever come across, but the more they fought, the more it grew and brightened. The drive to excel, the thrill of seeking perfect mastery of her art, the thirst to overcome and conquer...Korrina had to concentrate all her skill and effort into keeping up her defenses as the brilliance of Blaziken's aura threatened to blind her spiritual eye And she could also see all the emotions in Blaziken's aura. Excitement was chief among them, but there were dozens of others mixed in, as well...and inescapable from her notice was arousal.

Blaziken was turned on by this? Perhaps the Pokemon just got pleasure from a good fight...then again, Korrina reminded herself, human women were apparently this Pokemon's type. She might just genuinely be attracted to Korrina. But, funnily, Korrina realized it didn't bother her in the least. She had never given much thought to sex before, but she couldn't deny that she often times did get rather excited herself during fights, in ways that, if not sexual, then were at least pretty close. Except...except that Korrina realized that this time, the excitement was way more intense than usual. She blushed, and realized that the dampness in her shorts wasn't just sweat.

Maybe Korrina wasn't all that into people's looks, or pheromones, or whatever it was that usually attracted people to each other...but she realized that she'd been dead wrong when she assumed that meant she just didn't have any interest in love and sex. What she was attracted to, it seemed, was complete mastery of her art, and drive and dedication to it like hers - no, greater than hers. Martial arts were Korrina's lifelong interest and, it turned out, love, and finding a perfect embodiment of that single obsession...well, that was turning Korrina on like she'd never thought was possible!

Before long, both of them could tell what the other was going to do several seconds in advance. The fight was changing; no long were they just exchanging and dodging blows. Both were trying merely to predict what the other one was going to even do. It had become a dance of bluffs and predictions that neither could really overcome.

Finally, Korrina backed away, hands up in surrender, sweat dripping down her face.

“Whew...I'm going all out, and you're barely trying!” she groaned, wiping her forehead. “I think I
might just make my heart explode if I keep going much longer! I knew you were strong, and skilled, and determined, but...” She trailed off, not knowing what more to say. How to put the elation she was feeling into words. This had been the best match of her life, a life-affirming moment of testing herself against the idol she'd been searching all her life for...and a moment of splendid realization that she could, indeed, feel the sensations and desires that people so often praised as the greatest thing in the world.

Blaziken bowed respectfully to her opponent. Korrina began to do the same back, but stopped. No...no, she couldn't. She couldn't let this be the only time. This couldn't be the end. Not now, when she'd finally found something she'd always needed, the shining example of everything she cared about and more! And so, as Blaziken held her bow and patiently waited for Korrina to return this symbol of respect, Korrina instead dropped to her knees, and laid her head to the ground. Blaziken straightened her posture, and chirped inquisitively.

"Please!" Korrina cried out. "Please, Blaziken, take me on as your student! I train Fighting Types because I aspire to be like them...and you are the most incredible Fighting Pokemon I've ever seen. Learning from you, training with and against you...this is what I need to push myself to the highest potential I can reach!"

There was a moment's pause...and then Korrina felt Blaziken's claw on her shoulder. The Pokemon gave an affirmative chirp, and Korrina's heart soared as she looked up. Blaziken said yes!

But the Pokemon was not finished. "Blaze zik aziken," she continued, her light touch on Korrina's shoulder now becoming a firm grip. Korrina stared at the ground for a moment, as her mind echoed Blaziken's stipulation, seen and understood through her aura. Blaziken would teach Korrina, and guide her, as she wished, yes...but not as her student. Blaziken did not have students. She had supplicants. She had worshipers. She had...lovers.

"I...what about them?" Korrina asked, face flushed entirely from feelings rather than exertion now as she looked over at Winona and Flannery, who were looking on with a growing understanding of what was taking place. "Won't they...be jealous?"

"Ziken!" came the imperious reply, and Korrina almost shrank back from the surge of command in Blaziken's aura. It did not matter whether they would be jealous or not. Their place was to accept what their Mistress decreed and desired. She was their owner, and their personal feelings beyond those that directed them to please their Mistress were irrelevant.

"Then...then yes! Yes, I will be yours!" Korrina cried out, her decision made in a moment. She had devoted her entire life to the art of unarmed combat - she was essentially already owned by her pursuit of its perfection. And now the most perfect culmination of that art stood before her. Really, Korrina reasoned, there was no decision to be made - it was already a fact that Blaziken must own her.

"Azik blaze-en," Korrina's new Mistress told her, and gestured to Flannery and Winona. Korrina nodded, stood, and turned to them. "She says that...for now, you're only allowed to watch. You can't touch her, or me. You can't touch each other. You can't touch yourselves."

Winona and Flannery turned to one another. "Does that mean-"

"I think it does," Flannery answered her girlfriend. "Looks like we're leaving Kalos with a lot more than just a Mega Stone..." They turned back to Korrina and their Mistress, and nodded.

“So...Mistress...” Korrina began, testing out the most important name she would ever speak, and finding that she liked the way it rolled off her tongue. "Mistress, I’m...not sure what how to do this.
I'm sorry, I never really thought I'd be...well...” She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, embarrassed.

Blaziken made a sound close to a laugh, and gently removed the girl's helmet. Very carefully she pulled Korrina’s shirt over her head, giving small chirps and clicks as she did, telling the Gym Leader that it was fine that she did not know this part of the battle. The girl had wanted to learn from Blaziken, after all...this would be their first lesson. The first of so, so many.

Korrina had a grey sports bra on, one which was almost unnecessary - her tiny swells of breasts were just barely enough to raise it at all. She blushed faintly as three pairs of eyes settled on her. But it wouldn't do to be embarrassed by this - her body belonged to Blaziken, now, and it would be seen by her and Korrina's fellow servants frequently from now on. Shame and modesty were inappropriate for property. She took a breath, and pulled the bra off, then stood there proudly with her bare chest exposed to the open air, a thin sheen of sweat glistening in the sunlight. Her pink nipples stood out from her otherwise almost completely flat chest.

Blaziken ran a single talon down her chin, then down her neck, tracing it around one perky nipple. She took in the sight of this new girl she had claimed approvingly...her belly was toned and muscular, the lines of her abs clear to see. So much different than the fit but untoned figures of the older girls. Korrina had the beauty of a warrior...a beauty that Blaziken respected and appreciated above any other.

“Oh my god, she has girl abs,” whispered Flannery in awe and delight.

Korrina gasped sharply at the odd feeling of the smooth talon rubbing against her skin. It was so vastly different than the feeling of her own fingers.

Reaching up, Blaziken slid her talon into the girl’s hair, and snapped the band out of it, letting Korrina’s long blonde hair spill out around her. It was voluminous enough to create a near cloak, and Blaziken gave an appreciative coo at the sight.

Korrina tilted her head to look back at the other girls, curious to know whether she was pleasing to them, too. She supposed that they would have to be her lovers, too, would they not? But Blaziken gently cupped her chin and turned her gaze back. She looked fiercely into Korrina's eyes, and the girl could read her aura clearly:

*Eyes on me. Eyes on Mistress. Eyes on the only one who matters now. Eyes on the only one who ever shall.*

Korrina gulped, knees feeling weak as she stared into those powerful, burning eyes, losing herself to the ultimate, instinctive authority of a predator. She nodded weakly in compliance.

Blaziken reached down, and tugged down Korrina’s skirt and shorts in one motion.Now left fully nude, she stood, proudly still, as Blaziken looked her over. She was noticeably shorter than either of the other girls, and certainly lacked their curves...but she made up for it several times over terms with her toned, muscular figure! Her abs were defined enough that the lines could be easily traced, and looking closer, her arms and legs were also toned and sleek, not gangly and lanky at all like most girls her age...yes, Korrina was a sculpted thing of true beauty, erotic and enticing for her strength and the mark her devotion to fighting had made on her body, in a way that Flannery and Winona never would be.

“Blaze!”

It was a simple utterance, but Korrina could do more than read it through the aura - she felt it, its
command, its authority. Kneeling in front of Blaziken, she took a deep breath. The musky smell of female arousal hit her nose, and nearly made her dizzy. She gasped as her pussy twinged in delight. This was arousal? This was desire? No wonder everyone else was so obsessed with it. She had truly been missing something incredible all this time!

Running her hands along Blaziken’s mess of feathers, she took a few seconds to find her pussy. Once she had, she took a deep breath, more to calm her nerves than anything else...but in doing so, she got hit with another dose of the pungent scent of Blaziken’s arousal, and suddenly she found she just absolutely had to go in deeper!

Tilting her head forward, Korrina began to lick. She soon began to moan into the feathered cunt before her. The taste was so unlike anything she had ever encountered before, and she loved it already! Determined to give her new Mistress every reason to keep producing her delicious juices, Korrina began using her aura to find hot spots that gave the most pleasing stimulation.

As she probed her tongue around, Korrina began to also run her hands along her own body, her fingers eventually going to her nipples, rubbing and twisting them a little. As she started to moved her hands downward, however, Blaziken gave a sharp click of her beak, telling her to stop.

With only a small groan of protest, Korrina returned her hands to her nipples, continuing to tease them. Enraptured with her tongue working away in Blaziken’s pussy, she soon lost herself in it, no longer caring that her own core was burning in a way it never had before. Instead, every coo and chirp engulfed the entirety of Korrina’s focus, encouraging her to explore more.

Using her aura to guide her, Korrina kept working sensitive spots as she found them, pressing and lathing against one place after another, until finally the beast before her was panting and trembling, hovering over the edge of orgasm. Korrina suddenly removed her tongue from her Mistress’s pussy, and slammed it as hard as she could against her throbbing little clit. The talons of her avian owner gripped her head firmly as her hips trembled and climax washed over her. Korrina moaned as loudly as her cumming Mistress, as the hot and delicious pussy cream filled her mouth.

Before she could swallow all of it, she found herself lifted off the ground, and pressed close to Blaziken’s chest. Her own chest pressed against Blaziken’s, Korrina could feel the pounding heartbeat of the Pokemon, even through her coat of feathers, and let the heat and rhythm of its beat pulse through her own chest and make her nipples tingle with pleasure. She could feel Blaziken’s aura more potently than ever before, too. It seeped into her, filling her very soul with a burning passion...an overwhelming desire for strength, for knowledge, for sex...!

And an equally overwhelming and mighty sense of loyalty and love She could feel it all mixing with her own thoughts and feelings. She knew that Blaziken was experiencing the same...thoughts, memories, emotions all blending together. Within moments, the two knew one another as deeply and intimately as they knew themselves.

Korrina buried her face in the soft, warm feathers. She had been overwhelmed with awe at Blaziken before. Now, she was overtaken by love for her, too. She had never known a being so closely before, or so adored what she had found in a person. She loved her, she loved her so much!

“That was...beyond amazing...!” she whispered softly, as she began to try and process everything that had seeped into her. Though she didn’t get much time to focus on it, for Blaziken started to stroke her talons along the slit of Korrina’s pussy. As she did, she gently rocked the girl against herself, the soft, warm feathers rubbing pleasantly against Korrina’s chest, belly, and thighs...and more than pleasantly against her clit. Korrina moaned happily, and wrapped her arms and legs around Blaziken. She started to rock her hips, grinding into Blaziken in concert with Blaziken’s own movements. All the while, the dominant woman stroked Korrina softly with her talons.
With the heat, motion, and deliciously soft friction of Blaziken's plumage, it didn’t take long for the human girl to cum, thoroughly soaking the feathers as Korrina learned that she was both a screamer, and a heavy squirter. Blaziken didn't seem to mind either; in fact, the feeling of Korrina's hot cum streaming against her belly and dripping down into the Pokemon's own pussy made her tremble with delight. She rocked harder, and carefully pushed her talon harder against the girl's lower lips, and drove Korrina screaming into another orgasm before her first had finished. And as her feathers were drenched and laden with a second spurt, Blaziken increased their tempo yet again, and lifted Korrina higher, high enough that she was orgasmically humping against her Mistress's chest now, and Blaziken could seize one of the girl's little chest nubs in her beak and give it a series of gentle, shocking nips. Korrina's arousal surged yet again, and she found herself bucking and shrieking as she came still again!

Blaziken let the girl ride out her orgasms, enhancing their pleasure with her the gentle rocking of her hard muscle and soft feathers against Korrina's flailing body. As the Gym Leader finally began to calm, Blaziken held her close for several seconds, before lowering herself to the ground, and gently laying Korrina down.

Understandably a little dazed, Korrina could only passively watch as Blaziken ran her hands along her body, tracing every little line and rise in her muscles. The slightly rough scales of Blaziken’s hands on her skin felt amazing; even after all she had just felt, Korrina found herself getting turned on again. Aside from that, she could feel the aura seeping into her muscles, stimulating her nerves a little as Blaziken touched her. From not seeing auras at all to being able to manipulate them, all in an hour...Korrina trembled as desire flared hot and heavy within her for this goddess of strength and spirit before her. That was what she had to be, a goddess, no mere mortal, human or Pokemon, could be so incredible!

Whether it was from amazement and awe she felt at this creature, or the wonderful sensations of her legs being massaged in body and spirit, Korrina found herself approaching the edge again. Blaziken herself was enjoying this, too, and just as much. The newfound feeling of using her aura was invigorating and exciting. And of course, having a chance to play with such a toned and powerful body, even if it was only toned and powerful for a human...it was deliciously fun!

After spending a few moments longer on Korrina’s legs, Blaziken took one of the lithe appendages, and slid it between her thighs. Grinding against Korrina’s firm, yet somehow also soft, muscular leg, she shifted slightly every few seconds, making sure to press against every different curve. As she did, Korrina was able to get a little wind back. Using her aura, she started focusing it into whatever spot Blaziken was humping. Doing so allowed her to send gentle pulses right into Blaziken’s pussy, stimulating her more. Blaziken crowed with delight at the unique pleasure.

Eventually, she moved away from Korrina’s legs to her belly. She rocked slowly along her abs, taking her time to enjoy each ridge of muscle, and traced her talons over Korrina’s nipples, scratching them just enough to give a pleasant little jolt. At the same time, she sent more pulses of aura into the girl - two could play at that game. She focused on channeling more aura into the sensitive peaks on her chest. Like with so many other things that she learned, Blaziken took to it naturally, and was already able to put a great deal of skill into it. In fact, with her aura, she was able to make Korrina’s nipples nearly as sensitive as her clit!

Korrina was soon moan and writhing on the ground, her every movement making her tight abdominal muscles rock and grind into Blaziken. She was unintentionally creating a rhythm that heightened the pleasure for both of them.

Before long, Blaziken sent an extra potent surge of aura into Korrina’s nipples, making her cum instantly. As Korrina came, her body rocked hard, and a surge of aura exploded out of her and
flowed into Blaziken’s, making her cum, as well. Throwing her head back and crying out in pleasure, Blaziken quickly moved her hands away from the girl and dug them into the ground, tearing out thick gouges of earth.

Once each of them had recovered, Blaziken got off of Korrina, and laid down on her back, beckoning with one finger. "Laze!" she ordered, encouraging Korrina to approach her and take action of her own. The girl had earned the chance to lead for a moment, and Blaziken was interested in seeing what she could do.

Korrina smiled. “Alright, I’ve got an idea I think you’ll like, Mistress!” she said, getting up and crawling over, completely oblivious to anything other than the sight of Blaziken’s spread legs, the soaked feathers parted to show her glistening avian pussy. Positioning herself right in front of Blaziken, Korrina reached down and rubbed her own pussy for a few seconds, getting the palm, back, and fingers of her hand coated in her own cum, before pressing those fingers against the opening of Blaziken’s quim. Pressing forward gently, her small hand easily slipped into the Pokemon.

Focusing her aura into her hand as she moved her hand around, Korrina was able to quickly and easily find the most sensitive spots that garnered the most powerful responses. Working her fist slowly and gently, she pushed into her Mistress, up to her wrist.

Korrina couldn’t help but marvel at how soft, wet, hot, and tight Blaziken’s inner folds were. Every muscle tightened around her wrist and fingers, so strongly that it was actually somewhat uncomfortable. She opened her hand a little, wriggling her fingers as she poured aura into each digit, each pressing into a different spot, stimulating them in new way. Blaziken moaned loudly as she dug into the ground again, her wrist flaring enough to scorch the earth around her.

Korrina gave a twist of her wrist, and closed her fist as she unleashed an extra powerful surge of aura into her pussy. Blaziken let out a sharp cry, and came hard. As Blaziken's pussy convulsed, Korrina strained with effort to keep pumping her fist as hard as she could through her Mistress's climax, doing her best to enhance every second of it for her in spite of the iron grip her throbbing inner walls had on her.

Finally, Blaziken calmed down, and Korrina pulled her hand out. She began to lick it clean, Blaziken watching her intently as the girl enjoyed the taste. Without taking her eyes off of Korrina, Blaziken called the other girls over, and Korrina watched Flannery and Winona undress. They did so as quickly as they could, going just short of actively tearing their clothing off, with expressions that could only be described as crazed lust. Korrina couldn't blame them, after all they had been forced to watch without even the slightest relief.

“Ke!” Blaziken stated, and pointed to Korrina. She didn't need to translate: they were free to do whatever they liked to her.

Korrina bit her lip, unsure, though she would not question Mistress. She didn't really know that she found Flannery and Winona attractive...Blaziken was the first creature that she had ever felt sexual attraction to, and for reasons that had no connection to the girls before her. They were very pretty, of course, and she knew that most women would be attracted to them, but....

Flannery knelt down and kissed her deeply, sliding her tongue into the girl’s mouth as she entwined her legs with her own, pressing their pussies together. At the same time, Winona got behind her and started to grind against her back, while reaching around. One of Winona’s hands hands went to Korrina’s small chest, teasing and toying with her nipple, while her other hand trailed down her muscular belly. It lingered there for a few moments, just stroking the toned muscles.
It felt good, it did, but...it wasn't the same. Korrina just didn't find her fellow lovers of Blaziken exciting. She certainly didn't mind their touch, but...

Feeling upset that her body was failing her Mistress, Korrina looked up, eyes watering, ready to confess to her owner that she didn't think she was attracted to them, only her. But her breath caught as she did so, for she found herself gazing into the unflinching, steel gaze of her new owner, and was reminded of how breathtakingly erotic the fire in Mistress's soul was. Suddenly, the pressure of Flannery's pussy against her own was vividly pleasing, and Winona's fingers, now dipping between Korrina's legs and toying with her clit, were utterly wonderful.

Maybe the other girls didn't excite Korrina on their own, but in the presence of Mistress, with the knowledge that making love to them was pleasing for her keeper to watch...that was a different story. That, Korrina's body responded to, burning with desire and pleasure!

Sandwiched between the two girls, Korrina did her best to focus on their auras. Even if they couldn’t sense it the same way she and Blaziken could, she still wanted to reach out to them with it. Though weak, she could form a loose link to them, enough to enhance the pleasure of all three. As horny as they were, the enhanced pleasure was enough to soon make both Winona and Flannery cum, and they cried out in surprise and delight as an unseen touch they'd never known before brought them to climax.

Blaziken next separated the girls, ready to join them now. Sitting down with her legs spread, she ordered her two more experienced pets to service her pussy. At the same time, she instructed Korrina to get behind them. Now facing two dripping cunts, Korrina licked her lips, feeling an odd excitement. It wasn't arousal at them, exactly...but she did relish the opportunity to give pleasure to the girls who had until now been the only ones to make Mistress happy. The thought of paying them pleasure for their love and service to Blaziken, that was arousing!

Focusing her eyes to see the aura more clearly, Korrina began to finger both women, seeking out the most sensitive points for them as she had for Blaziken. Whenever she found one, she would send a jolt of aura into them. Both women were moaning wildly as they lavished Blaziken’s quim with their tongues, passing their enjoyment along to her. Blaziken was soon moaning, as well, the experienced tongues of her girls doing the work they had grown to love.

Wanting to make sure that the other two women would enjoy this even more, Korrina shifted around and began to lick around Flannery’s pussy, before moving over to Winona and giving her the same treatment. Back and forth between the two she went, and soon had both of them cumming. The moment each girl seized up in pleasure, Korrina began to apply more aura pressure to their clits, and enhance their orgasm and drive out another, and another after it. In turn, their tongues went crazy for Blaziken, licking and sucking at her cunt and clit wildly, bringing her over the edge again and again.

Finally, after what Korrina judged must have been at least another hour, Flannery and Winnona were utterly exhausted. Blaziken, on the other hand, was still more than ready to keep going, and Korrina herself was only a little tired.

“You two seem like you need a lot more stamina!” Korrina laughed. “I'm surprised you can even come close to keeping up with Mistress!”

“Ugh, we totally can't!” Flannery replied in annoyance, as she leaned into her Mistress’s arms with Winnona on the other side, who nodded in agreement.

“Yes, even when we work together, it seems like she's only getting started by the time that we're dead on our feet!” Winona added with a sigh.
Korrina squeezed herself in between the two of them, making sure to press her butt against Blaziken’s pussy. "Well, I guess I’ll have to help get you two in better shape!" she decided, reaching down and attacking the clits of both older girls with her fingers, while pressing her rear harder into Blaziken. “After all, Mistress is kind enough that she'll help guide me to be the greatest fighter I possibly can be...it's only right that I help you two be the greatest lovers to her that you can be." She smiled as a thought occurred to her. "Oh! And once we get back home in Lavaridge, I'll start training the two of you to see auras! It's not fair that you can't see how amazing Mistress is in every single way."

Both women moaned as Korrina's fingers worked their tired but still eager cunnies. "That...that sounds great, but...mmm! You're really coming back with us now? Just like that?" Flannery asked, gasping as a pulse of aura went into her clit.

Korrina nodded. "Yup! First thing I'm doing when we get back from here is having my grandfather take the Gym back...I only wanted to be a Gym Leader to help perfect myself as a fighter...but it's obvious to me now that the only true path to that is belonging to Mistress!"

Blaziken let out a cry of agreement, as she reached down and added her talons to Korrina’s fingers. Both women moaned and shuddered as they came close to another climax. Another chirp from Blaziken, and they both reached over and began to finger Korrina at the same time.

“I didn’t expect, ohhh, to pick up a new girl!” Winona gasped. “But if it’s what Mistress wants, I won’t complain...besides, you're super cute!” She leaned in and kissed Korrina passionately.

“Came for a Mega Stone, left with a new lover...I can live with that!” Flannery agreed, moving in for a kiss of her own.

The four sat in the field fingering each other until it began to grow dark, at which point they decided to return to town. This time, Blaziken decided to carry Korrina in her arms and let the other two ride Skarmory. After all, as much as they enjoyed it, they had to be fair.

Soaring through the air in Blaziken’s arms, Korrina howled in delight.

Once they were all back, Korrina set about informing her grandfather that she was returning leadership of the Gym to him, so that she could go on a journey to continue her training and hone her skills. He agreed, having always known that Korrina's position would only last until she found a new path on her road to personal perfection. She wisely left out the detail that this path involved becoming the willing sexual property of a Pokemon.

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“So we’re all ready to go?” Korrina asked, as she rolled backwards down the road to the docks, where they planned to board a ship back to Hoenn.

“Yeah, we weren’t planning on a long trip,” Flannery replied. “Are you sure you’re ready? I mean, you’re leaving home and you hardly packed anything.”

Korrina nodded. “Yup! I don’t need a lot,” she told her.

"Well, there is one thing you'll need that you don't have yet," Winona said. She reached into her backpack, and retrieved the object she spoke of.

Korrina lifted an eyebrow. "An empty Pokeball?"

Winona smiled, and turned to Blaziken, who took it from her hands. Blaziken then gently pressed the
ball against Korrina's forehead.

"Not empty," Flannery corrected. "Not any more."

Korrina nodded. She understood. Her fate as Mistress's property was now sealed. As Winona and Flannery before her, Korrina had been tamed and caught by Blaziken. She now belonged to her...and that knowledge brought a feeling of fulfillment beyond any she'd ever known.
Chapter 4

Blaziken wandered the halls of the school, peering into the each classroom as she passed it. Lessons were not yet in session for the day - in fact, it was so early in the morning that the students had not even arrived yet - but that didn't stop her from gazing with fascination into each and every empty classroom as she passed it, taking in the desks, the student-made decorations, the educational tools and decorum. It was such an interesting place, this school. Blaziken was very glad she had accompanied Korrina on this outing.

Korrina had been invited here as a guest speaker. Winona had explained to their Mistress that this was quite a common event: schools apparently often reached out to local Gym Leaders and other significant members of the Pokemon League to speak to students about life as a Gym Leader, their field of Pokemon expertise, their history as a trainer, and other such things. Korrina may have resigned from her post as Gym Leader to pursue her goal of physical combat perfection in the Hoenn region (that was the official story, at least, although it was essentially the truth, albeit with some key details omitted), but she was apparently no less a person of interest to schools for it. In fact, Flannery estimated that Korrina was actually even more attractive as a guest speaker now, because she could provide a perspective of someone whose success at Pokemon training and whose true passions were not, in fact, one and the same, and who had chosen one over the other. It wasn't often that students got to hear a perspective like that, nor that they got to hear from Gym Leaders from outside their own region, so Korrina had been booked to speak at quite a few schools for the next month.

Blaziken had decided that she wanted to go along. She was still comparatively new to the human world which she intended to rise to the top of, and it stood to reason that a school was the perfect place to learn about it - that was the very purpose of the institution, after all. Korrina had arrived early to ensure that she had time to set everything up, given Blaziken an opportunity to observe the building while it was still quiet, empty save for the teachers arriving and preparing for their day of educating.

Clicking her beak, Blaziken tilted her head as she found by far the most interesting room yet. Within was shelf after shelf, each one absolutely filled with books. She could smell the ink and paper, the scent of countless years of knowledge that had been soaked into the very structure of the room.

A library!

Winona had told Blaziken about these. Repositories of knowledge, with more information and stories sitting within each than someone could read in a whole year! Blaziken had wanted to see one in person, but Lavaridge was so small and remote that it had no such building, and even its school only had what books could fit into its classrooms. Rustboro City, however, was much larger, and here, it seemed, they had the space and money for a library. And as a school library, Blaziken reasoned that there must surely be especially interesting books here!

Entering the library, Blaziken was instantly struck by a sense of serenity. The room seemed to radiate quiet and serenity, and felt like it would even if there were anyone else present. It felt almost like a sacred place, a temple devoted to learning.

Focusing her aura, Blaziken looked around, trying to discover which books had absorbed the most aura. Those would be the ones read the longest and most frequently, by the greatest number of people. In her so far limited experience, the books that had been read the most and most often had good reason to be. Some of her favorite books so far of the ones that Flannery, Winona, and Korrina owned had been ones that each girl had read over and over again in her youth.
Settling on a particular book, Blaziken pulled it from the shelf. With a moment's study, but no
difficulty, Blaziken read the title: Hoenne's First Champion. It was a history book, it seemed,
covering the first Champion of this region, and the story of how she founded the Hoenn Pokemon
League. It was a large book, its size allowing for illustrations and relevant artwork for that time
period, but it was not too thick. There was a little emblem on its corner of a human child reading a
book with a large number 4 printed on it, which, Blaziken had learned, indicated that it was made to
be read by humans in their fourth year of going to school.

Blaziken gave a satisfied chirrup. Flannery and Winona had been teaching Blaziken the secrets of
human writing, but she was not very far along, yet. This would thus be a very advanced book for
her, and she liked challenging herself. She scanned the library again, and found a dictionary. Sitting
down with both at one of the tables, she opened up the history book, while the dictionary sat
comfortably nearby, ready to be of use.

Blaziken began reading, and soon started to lose herself in the past being colorfully related through
the text on the page and the accompanying illustrations. So many skilled trainers and powerful
Pokemon helped to shape this region, particularly the Champion who the book was focused upon.
She truly did seem incredible...Flannery had warned her Mistress that one did have to be careful
when reading to remember that everyone writes with some bias, but Blaziken was finding it difficult
to maintain much skepticism in the face of the exciting battles the book described and the heroic
picture it painted, both through text and in a literal sense with the illustrations, of the first Champion
and her signature partner Milotic.

As Blaziken turned to the next page, she gave a small squawk of surprise. This one had a full page
illustration upon it before continuing the story on the next page, but that in itself wasn't surprising.
What was surprising to her, however, was the illustration itself. It was a painting of the Champion
and her Milotic together, the Champion looking forward as she sat on some rather ornate chair -
humans apparently used the quality of their chairs to denote social standing in the past, just one of
many highly perplexing things they did - and her Milotic was standing, or whatever one called a
tubular creature in an upright position, beside her, looking at her. Blaziken scanned the painting
carefully, to make sure that she was not mistaken, and then found the painting's caption. Sure
enough, it was contemporary, a work that had been commissioned shortly after the human girl had
become the first Champion of the Pokemon League she had helped to found.

Blaziken sat back and happily considered the art before her. It was very life-like; apparently humans
in the past had preferred to paint scenes from life instead of take pictures of them, for some reason.
And if every detail of this painting was as accurate as it appeared...then the first Champion and her
Milotic had been lovers, Blaziken was sure of it. Humans were not a very observant species when it
came to communication; having all those words to choose from meant that they didn't need to work
too hard to read the expressions of those around them to understand the meaning of what was spoken
to them. So no doubt the painter of this picture, and indeed every human who had seen it since, had
no clue that the hidden depths of Milotic's cool, measured gaze in this portrait denoted a Pokemon
who was deeply in love with the woman she was gazing at. And this was no unrequited
pining...Milotic was looking at her trainer with a happy love, a possessive love, the desire and
emotion of someone in a committed, mutual relationship of love.

Yes, Blaziken decided, unless the painter had somehow inaccurately painted the Champion's
Pokemon's eyes and expression in a way that miraculously perfectly conveyed a deep bond of love
and lust, the first Champion of this region had been the lover of her Pokemon. Blaziken wondered
what else had transpired between them, what other facets there were to the relationship between
trainer and Milotic. Had the human woman even truly been the Champion? Perhaps she simply was
a front, and it was Milotic who commanded their Pokemon in battle, Milotic whose ambitions had
been achieved at this moment of victory over the League they had founded together. Perhaps the so-
called trainer had just been the facade that Milotic used to achieve her dreams in a world that even back then was human-dominated...

Blaziken gave a small chuckle at the idea. It was nothing more than a daydream without proof, of course. Blaziken had discovered that she and the Champion's Milotic were alike in one way, and her imagination had run away with the idea that perhaps they had even more in common. But it was a fun idea, nonetheless.

At any rate, this had been a fascinating diversion, and Blaziken wondered how the Hoenn Region might react to knowing that one of its greatest heroes was what human society considered a 'deviant', but she was here to read. The avian fighter looked away from the illustration, and focused her attention back on the text.

Coming across a word that she hadn’t encountered before, Blaziken furrowed her brow, trying to figure out its meaning, but she found that she couldn’t quite understand it. Well, that was what the dictionary was for. Flipping its pages, she began searching for the term.

Her focus on the text, however, was interrupted by a pair of voices approaching. With as quiet as the library was, Blaziken could easily hear them before even their owners had even entered the room. Both were girls, and, if Blaziken was reading the faint pulses of aura she was picking up, very talented trainers, with strong will and powerful spirits.

"I'm just saying if you diversified your Pokemon a little, you’d be a lot better off. I can never understand why all you Gym Leaders insist on only using one Type!" the first voice was saying.

"You know we don't have a choice in that. We get to choose our Type, but the League wants us to use only one. The purpose of the Gym is the same as it is at school: to teach. By battling against us Leaders, challengers better learn how to deal with Pokemon of that type."

"Yeah, I know, but that's not what I was talking about," the first voice argued, a little louder now that they were drawing slowly closer. "Even outside your Gym duties, you Leaders all still focus on a single type for your personal collections and training. If I challenged you to a battle right now, you'd still only use Rock Type Pokemon against me, even though this battle would have nothing to do with a Gym challenge!"

"Well, it's simple," the other voice responded, and Blaziken got the impression through the sound and the fringes of their auras that this second girl had shrugged. "We work with a single Type all day at our jobs, and by focusing on just that single Type, it allows us to fully learn all its strengths and weaknesses. As such, even with the disadvantages that out Pokemon may have, we know how to cover them and take advantage of their strengths in ways that other trainers cannot. Even when my Pokemon are at a Type disadvantage, my thorough knowledge of them and their capabilities means it'll take a very skilled trainer to defeat me. I can be more effective with a disadvantaged Rock Type than I could with a Pokemon that had a natural strength against my opponent."

Blaziken could tell from their auras, now that they had grown quite close, that both were skilled trainers, though both the aura and words of the second girl confirmed that she was the substantially more talented and knowledgeable of them. Blaziken had not been to many Gyms, but the time she had spent with her three lovers had shown her just how much stronger the Pokemon in their care had become because they knew their capabilities so well. Even with her own extraordinary natural talent for both fist and flame, Blaziken had learned quite a bit from sparring with Korrina and her Lucario each, and conversations with Flannery’s Torkoal in the ways of fire.

“Still it just seems like you could do better. If you used more types.” The first voice said. Seconds later there was a click of the door opening.
“That’s all well and good, but it sounds to me like something you’ve just told yourself so you don’t have to go through the effort of diversifying your Pokemon and tactics,” the second voice retorted, as one of them finally opened the library door they had been standing in front of and entered.

Looking up from her book, Blaziken recognized one of the girls as Roxanne. She was, Blaziken knew, the local Gym Leader. She had been on a few televised matches, and Blaziken knew from those that she was an intelligent and serious girl who favored Rock Type Pokemon...and aside from that, was stunningly attractive. Her face and figure were both cute and slender, but her legs...her legs were something truly something else, long and well-toned and gloriously exhibited in crimson stockings.

Roxanne’s appearance on television had been the first time Blaziken had ever seen such a garment, and she had been smitten with them ever since. The idea of clothing was still a strange one to her, but it had become quite enjoyable. Something about the act of undressing her sexual belongings, of stripping a girl down bare, gave Blaziken so much satisfaction. And stockings in particular seemed to be especially entrancing!

The young woman beside Roxanne was unfamiliar, though she was cute. Blaziken liked her long, dark hair, and knee-high, loose fitting socks. She had an interesting air of confidence to her...too forward and with slightly too much self-assured bravado to be called assertive, yet too friendly and inviting to be called aggressive. However one might describe it, Blaziken found it attractive.

Their conversation ended as they entered, and both beheld Blaziken.

“Um...is that a Blaziken reading a book?” the unknown girl asked, tilting her head.

“It sure looks like it,” Roxane answered, clearly surprised. “I think she's the one that Korrina brought with her.”

“Well, that’s an interesting trick, pretending to read,” the unknown girl remarked, tilting her head slightly. "Why do you think she taught her to pretend like that? Korrina doesn't seem like the practical joke type."

“Why are you calling it a trick?” Roxanne asked, surprised now both at the situation and at her friend's reaction.

“What? Because it is. Pokemon can't read,” the other girl said, confused that her friend wouldn't understand something so obvious.

“What makes you so sure, Giselle?” Roxanne asked. “You know how intelligent some Pokemon are. Like Alakazam? And don’t forget that talking Meowth that we’ve both seen.”

Giselle shook her head. “Psychic Types are a bit outside the normal spectrum, and even those are pretty debatable. I've never heard of an Alakazam learning to read, for all their supposed intelligence. And that Meowth was some kind of abnormal case. A one-in-a-million case is hardly a good base line.”

Blaziken rolled her eyes at the dismissive tone that Giselle was taking, but ignored her and returned to looking through the dictionary. She had come here to read, not debate ignorant humans.

“Well, I can respect your points, but to just dismiss it all together seems a bit...narrow-minded, don't you think?” Roxanne said. “You said it yourself: Korrina doesn't seem like the pranking type, and this would be a pretty strange joke even if she was. Besides, it’s a well established fact that Pokemon can understand complex sentences and even conversations. Furthermore, they are known
to be able to convey entire conversations among their own kind.

“So is it really that outlandish to think that they could learn to read?” Roxanne asked, approaching Blaziken. “Here, let's settle this directly. Excuse me, Miss Blaziken, but may I ask you a question? That book...can you read it?”

Blaziken decided that she liked Roxanne very much. Not only did she seem intelligent and open-minded for a human, but she was uncommonly polite, to address a random Pokemon so courteously. Most humans Blaziken had observed so far would have been carelessly direct, but Roxanne had spoken to Blaziken with the respect one gave an equal.

Clicking her beak in response, Blaziken decided to see if Roxanne could help with the word that had stumped her. Tapping it on the page, she then tapped the dictionary.

“Oh, are you having trouble with that word?” Roxane asked, immediately understanding Blaziken's meaning. She sat down next to the Pokemon, and examined the word, and the definition that Blaziken had found for it. "Ahh, I think I see why you're confused. This is an older book, and the way this word was used back when it was written isn't very similar to how we use the word today, so this definition isn't very helpful. The way it's used here in the book, it means courage, and determination, and a willingness to face unlikely odds."

Blaziken nodded, and gave a pleased "Blaz!" of thanks, before going back to reading.

“See? She really is reading it,” Roxanne said to Giselle, sounding less smug about her victory than she was simply pleased that this Pokemon was doing something so impressively unexpected.

Giselle folded her arms. "That really doesn't prove much. All that's been shown is that she can recognize the shape of the same word in two different books. For all we know, she's just matching up similar words from one book to the other for fun, without knowing at all what they sound like or mean, or how they work together. Heck, Korrina might have just been reading the book, had to go do something, and had her Pokemon save her place for her."

But Roxanne and Blaziken were ignoring her now. Blaziken continued to read the book, and Roxanne watched her do so in fascination. Blaziken would occasionally make a small, questioning chirp, and Roxanne was quick to try and answer her as best she could, though it took some guess work on her part to get the right question to answer.

After several minutes, Giselle sighed heavily, annoyed at being ignored.

“What if we gave her a test?” she suddenly suggested.

This managed to wrest Roxanne's attention away from this marvelous reading Pokemon for a moment, and the Gym Leader looked up and blinked. “I really don’t see the point in that, Giselle. I mean, she's asking questions about this book,” Roxanne pointed out. "Hard to have questions about what you're reading when you can't read."

Giselle sighed and rolled her eyes. "Yes...or, she's been looking at pictures and making random Pokemon sounds, and you've just been assuming they're questions and thus talking to yourself. We won't know without a test."

Blaziken clicked her beak in affirmative response. Actually, a test sounded like a great idea. She had never taken one before, and was sure it would be an interesting experience, maybe even a fun challenge. And she could use it to prove to the slightly annoying girl just how smart she was.

“Well...it sounds like she's all for the idea," Roxanne admitted, shrugging. "And I guess it does
interesting. Maybe even fun! I've given out a lot of tests, but never to a Pokemon.

"Let's go to one of the resource rooms, though, so we don't disturb anyone once they start coming in her," Roxanne suggested, gesturing at one of the small, personal rooms attached to the library meant for occasional one-on-one instruction.

“Alright. You're right, this should be fairly interesting! If nothing else,” Giselle remarked.

With that, the three moved into the nearest resource room, and got Blaziken comfortably situated at a small table, sitting across from where Giselle and Roxanne would sit. The latter left to get the materials, leaving Giselle and Blaziken alone for a few minutes.

“I hope you don't take offense, Blaziken. I'm not saying that Blazikens are stupid Pokemon, or that you, yourself, are a stupid Blaziken. I'm sure you're perfectly intelligent, as your species goes,” she said to Blaziken, apologetic yet irritating at once. “It's just that Pokemon aren't at the same level as humans. They can't be.”

“Kenzik blaz,” came the response. Its meaning was lost on Giselle, which was just as well, as it was not especially complimentary.

In spite of the poor initial impression she had gotten of Giselle, Blaziken decided that, since they would be alone together for a few minutes anyway, she might as well read the girl's aura, see if she could gain a better understanding of the girl. There must be some reason why Roxanne, a clearly superior breed of human, would befriend this one.

As they sat there, looking at one another, Blaziken focused on Giselle’s aura. She was very confident, which Blaziken didn't need an aura reading to know, but, it seemed, that was really only on the surface. Just beneath, she seemed actually rather timid and vulnerable. She latched onto ideas and perceptions to give herself some sense of superiority because she felt she had to...Giselle was the kind of person who needed to understand her world through its absolutes, and from understanding those unshakeable facts of the world, she gained confidence and satisfaction at knowing how the world was and her place in it.

As for Giselle, while Blaziken was reading her aura, Giselle had found herself staring into Blaziken’s eyes. The Pokemon's gaze was fierce and overwhelming, hypnotic in its intensity, and the more she looked into those yellow, burning eyes, the less she could even fathom looking away from them. She couldn’t help but see some glimmer of something more in them, too...a strength of will she was uncomfortable acknowledging, and worse, an intelligence that seemed far beyond any Pokemon she had ever seen before. Her mind recoiled at the possibility, denied it and blocked it from her mind even before she could consciously consider it...but even so, a shiver of discomfort and even fear ran down her spine, the response at seeing an impossibility that will ruin one's reality.

But there was a knock on the door, and the moment was ended, and Giselle was left not sure what she had been thinking of just now.

“Alright, got some stuff!” Roxanne announced as she came in with armloads of books and testing forms. “I have language arts assessments for every grade, starting with kindergarten and going on up to middle school! Nothing specialized, just overall ones that will let us gauge the general level.” She smiled excitedly as she began laying everything out. "This really will be fun!"

And with that, the testing began.

Roxanne decided to start the assessment at the first grade level, since the real process of reading began there. Blaziken easily passed these, a feat which Giselle dismissed, saying that most of the
questions could be answered with basic problem-solving that any remotely well-trained Pokemon could be capable of.

Roxanne shrugged, and moved on to the second grade level, which Blaziken once again aced. At this point, Roxanne was too intrigued by her subject to even bother checking in with Giselle, and moved along to the next level, and then the next. An hour later, Roxanne finally closed her books and put the test sheets aside, satisfied.

"Well, we've done at least four different kinds of reading assessments now," she declared, sitting back and looking at Blaziken with an impressed and respectful impression. "There's no question about it, Miss Blaziken. You're reading easily at a third grade level, clearly capable of handling most fourth grade level reading materials, and there are even some parts of your literary retention that are on a fifth grade level." She broke out into a grin. "I've never seen a Pokemon that can read, before! This is such an incredible discovery!"

"Well...can we really be a hundred percent sure, though?" Giselle asked. Her expression was troubled, and her voice betrayed a skepticism that she was having a hard time maintaining. "I mean...some of those tests...it could just be that we happened to look knowingly at the answer, and she just picked up on that expression and selected it...or...picked up on the tone of your voice when you read off possible answers..."

Roxanne shook her head. "Not possible. At least, not possible that she could have tricked her way through all of them. Even if our micro expressions and tones gave some of the tests' answers away, what about when I asked Miss Blaziken to select words from the bank to form sentences? She picked those out for herself."

Giselle's eyes fell upon some of the sentences laid out on the desk, formed from printed words that Blaziken had torn from a workbook's word bank and arranged. "I AM FIRE POKEMON. " "I AM FIRE POKEMON."

"I SIT IN THIS CHAIR." "I READ, I WILL READ MORE." "I LIKE THAT RED BOW." "YOU ARE SMART PRETTY."

Giselle took a deep breath. "F...Fine," she finally admitted, sounding deeply troubled. "I guess...I guess she really can read. Maybe Pokemon are smarter than I thought...but we're still only talking about a third or fourth grade level. That's not very high, and Blaziken are the third in their evolutionary chain. Korrina's probably been teaching her for years and years, since she was just a tiny Torchic. It's still not the same as a human intelligence."

Blaziken let out a huff of irritation, but Roxanne nodded, and replied, "You know, that is actually a point. We don't have a reference point on time, here. I mean, this is impressive no matter what, but we don't know how impressive. Miss Blaziken, if you don't mind my asking, how long has Korrina been teaching you to read?"

It had been Flannery and Winona, actually, who had been teaching Blaziken thus far, but she couldn't really indicate that, so she just held up three of her talons to indicate how long she had been learning.

"Really!" Roxanne answered with a happy, taken aback smile. "Three years? So you're basically exactly where a human would be! Sorry, Giselle, but you can't deny the facts: she's just as-"

Blaziken interrupted her with a negative squawk, and shook her head. Roxanne and Giselle both looked questioning at her. Blaziken stood, and grabbed a daily planner that some teacher or student had left behind in the room. She flipped through it for a moment, and found a page that listed every month of the school year. She then held it in front of Roxanne and Giselle, and pointed to three months, the last being the current one.
"You've only been reading for three months?" Roxanne asked in disbelief, as Giselle's jaw dropped a little. "You're kidding!"

"Az!" Blaziken denied indignantly.

Roxanne shook her head in wonder. "Forget being on the same level as a human...you're way above average! And I bet you haven't even had proper instruction the way humans get. I mean, I don't think that Korrina is a trained educator, right?"

Blaziken nodded in confirmation. Neither Flannery nor Winona were actually teachers, so it amounted to the same thing.

Giselle was shaking her head, unable to accept it. "Uh-uh. No way. She has to be lying. No way did some Pokemon learn to read in less time than even a human takes!"

Roxanne sighed. At this point, even she was getting tired of Giselle's skepticism. "Look, what does that even matter? Even if Miss Blaziken had spent three decades learning to read this well, the fact is that she does. You wanted proof that a Pokemon can read, at a human level, and here it is. Does it really matter whether she's slightly slower than the average human or amazingly faster?"

"Yes!" Giselle exclaimed, stamping her foot. "Yes, it matters! Don't you get it, Roxanne? This is important! If a Pokemon really can be as smart as a human...if she can be smarter...don't you see what that..."

She took a deep breath. "Alright," she admitted, staring at Blaziken with determination. "So I guess she can read on a basic level. Fine. But that's just basic reading comprehension. What about higher meaning? Does she understand the purpose that the author writes for? Why the subject is important to be written about? The philosophy and hidden meanings of the literature? Just knowing what words say is only basic reading. But the heart of literature is so much more than that!"

“I think you're just splitting hairs at this point,” Roxanne argued, folding her arms. “She's proven that she’s highly intelligent, smarter than any other Pokemon I’ve ever seen. Why quibble over exactly where in the human intelligence range she lies? She's there, is what matters.”

“I'll be right back,” Giselle announced, ignoring Roxanne's words. “I’m going to get some more advanced materials.”

With that, Giselle left the room. Alone now with Roxanne, Blaziken decided to read her aura, as well, and get to know her as well as she now knew Giselle. As expected, Roxanne had a strong, solid mentality, willful but intelligent and open. Unlike Giselle, this girl wasn’t hiding behind some facade. The truth of Roxanne’s self was just as confident and self-assured as she appeared to be.

Interestingly, however, the trait of Roxanne's soul that was most striking was a deep-seated curiosity, a desire for new experiences and knowledge...and an equally great desire and enthusiasm to spread those experiences and knowledge to others. Roxanne burned both with the thirst for understanding of the greatest student, and the urge to bring understanding to others of the greatest teacher.

Blaziken gave a small, decided clack of her beak, and curved it into as much of a smile as her physiology would allow. She found Roxanne's curiosity quite appealing, an attractive trait that she herself shared with the girl. Both girls, in fact, possessed traits that Blaziken found very desirable...and they were both extremely good-looking. Yes, she would take both Roxanne and Giselle to be her lovers.

Giselle would be first, Blaziken decided. She’d be the easier of the two, and it was typically wisest to
target the weaker opponent first, before moving on to the true challenge. And she knew that it would frankly be doing the girl a favor...Giselle's happiness and satisfaction with her life rested too much upon a feeling of control and static understanding of the world. Ideas and facts that challenged what Giselle thought she understood completely threw her off, shook the certainty that she based her own personal worth and contentment on...she could not be lastingly happy, approaching life this way. Blaziken could give her so much better a way to follow.

Giselle walked in as Blaziken was finishing this train of thought, arms laden with several more books and test materials. The girl laid them out, and Blaziken began...and soon found that these questions and problems were much more difficult, both for herself and her testers. Testing one's ability to grasp deeper purposes was a challenging task when one was unable to effectively communicate complex ideas due to a language barrier, and on Blaziken's side, she found herself constantly needing to have the girls stop and clarify the meanings of various literary terms. She discovered, to her intrigue, that humans had an entire canon of words, phrases, and ideas devoted to the very act of reading and writing. She found it a fascinating, if frustratingly difficult, concept. Reading was already about learning more, and now Blaziken had found that there was also a kind of reading that was about learning more about reading itself.

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“Alright...I'll admit, I'm impressed,” Giselle finally said, as she looked over the results with a dismayed expression. “She's struggling, but there's no way around it...she's struggling the way any new student would if thrown into the topic of higher reading out of nowhere. I guess...a Pokemon really can learn, just like a human being. In fact, looking over everything we've got here...I feel like she's being held back by not having a teacher good enough to really develop her intellect to its full potential.”

“Well...how about we do it?” Roxanne suggested “At least just for as long as Miss Blaziken is here with Korrina. It could be a fun project.”

Giselle thought on it for a few moments. "I...suppose if she like the idea, it would be a good way to test my own skills and knowledge,” she slowly agreed. "I've never had a student like this one before."

“Ken,” was the answer, Blaziken's tone making it clear that she was agreeing to the idea.

Roxanne stood, and began to gather some of the books and materials from the table. “Alright, then!.I'll meet with Korrina; she should be done with her presentation soon. I'll ask her how long she's staying, and see if I can convince her to make it a few days if it isn't already. Also, I've got a few meetings to go to tomorrow during my break periods, so Giselle, you'll have to start our tutoring on your own. Is that alright?"

“Sure.”

With that, they worked out a schedule for who would teach Blaziken during which periods of the school day, and then Roxanne and Blaziken left to meet up with Korrina. Naturally, a meaningful look from Blaziken was all that was needed for Korrina to happily agree to let Roxanne teach "her Pokemon" for a few days.

Her obedience was, naturally, rewarded as soon as she and Blaziken were alone in the hotel room
together, as her Mistress proceeded to fuck Korrina into a near comatose state.

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The next morning found Blaziken sitting in the room she had been directed to, waiting for Giselle to arrive. This one was only a little bigger than the one they had used yesterday, but the upside was that it wasn't connected to a public room the way the library resource room was. In that way, it was a little more private, a fact that Blaziken was planning to take advantage of...

“Ah, good to see you are here on time. Punctuality is a sign of a diligent student,” Giselle said, entering the room. “Let's get right to it, shall we?”

And for a little while, they did just that. Giselle was, Blaziken found, a far more adept teacher than Flannery and Winona were. That was no true shortcoming on their part, of course; they were not trained to be educators, and their talents and interests lied elsewhere. But it was refreshing to work with someone who could explain concepts more than one way, and had a knowledgeable, logical approach to going from one subject to the next.

Nonetheless, studying was not the only thing on Blaziken's mind. As she and Giselle worked together, the Pokemon made sure that she kept moving in closer and closer, and making small physical contact whenever she could, even such small instances as making sure that when they both pointed to a word, finger and talon gently collided. All the while, she slowly raised the air temperature next to herself. This had the dual effect of releasing some of her own natural pheromones, as well as making Giselle start to lightly sweat.

After a little while, Giselle leaned back. “I think it’s time to take a little break!” she declared, fanning herself and slipping off her vest. With her vest off, the thin white shirt she was wearing was on full display, and as she unfastened the first few buttons on top, even a hint of cleavage was visible.

“I have to admit, you are...impressive,” the girl said, looking up at the ceiling with quiet discomfort. “You've advanced so much in just a few hours...I...may have to rethink a few things.”

She sighed, contemplatively upset. "It must seem silly to you, that this bothers me so much...or more likely, you're probably insulted, right? I don't blame you. I've been against the idea of you being as smart as I am since the start; that's got to seem really insulting. I apologize for that...it's nothing personal, okay?" She folded her arms around herself, almost defensively. "It's just...Pokemon are stronger than humans. There's more of you than there are of us. You can do things that even with technology we can't hope to match. And yet, we humans are the ones that capture you Pokemon, and force you to do what we want, and keep you like pets. We make you do our manual labor, we make you battle one another, we dress you up and show you off like dolls..."

She lowered her gaze, and looked Blaziken directly in the eye, her eyes filled with emotional turmoil. "So...do you get why it's such a big deal to me, the fact that you're also as intelligent as we are? We've built our entire society around using Pokemon, around us being your masters. Sometimes we act like Pokemon are our partners, but the fact is that humans are the ones calling the shots, period. We work hard to make sure that humanity is a benevolent keeper, but...well, if my Pokemon are as smart as I am, as capable of free thought and feelings, then what right do I have order them around? To keep them at all?" Giselle's voice was rising now, though the anger in it was clearly not meant for Blaziken. "What right does any human have to keep a Pokemon who is her equal as a person!? Yesterday morning, the world made sense to me. And then, I met a Pokemon who can read...and
now, a day later, I know that the world is wrong, that nothing about the way I or anyone else lives is right! There is no inherent reason that any Pokemon should bow before a human trainer...the idea is even starting to make me feel a little sick to think about!"

Blaziken nodded, and gave an encouraging, wise-sounding chirrup. This crisis of faith was hard on Giselle, but it was good for her to come to understand these truths.

Giselle looked down at the table and sighed, frustrated. "I do wish that there was a way to talk with you better. I need someone who can help me figure this out, and I don't know who else I can talk to about this...I really don't have any close friends besides Roxanne, and she...she'd understand this too fast, you know? She's always so open to new ideas, and she makes sense of things so fast. This won't be a problem for her to adjust to, and that sort of makes it harder on me, you know? She gets stuff so fast, she sees through to the really deep stuff, and I have trouble keeping up. Like that argument yesterday I had with her, before we saw you. I still don't get the whole focusing-on-just-one-Type thing, but she obviously does."

Giselle gave a little laugh, and looked again at Blaziken. "Although, I guess if I had a Pokemon like you, then specializing in a single type would make sense," she remarked. "I can just kind of tell how strong you are, and you're just so smart. Too bad you're not a human, you'd totally be my type!" Giselle said with a laugh. Then she seemed to think about what she'd just said, and blushed.

"Why did I say that?" she asked, shaking her head and growing redder. "Damn, I’ve been told so many times I need to get a girlfriend...if I'm saying something like that to a Pokemon, I guess it must be true!"

The room was silent, and Giselle shifted uncomfortable in the awkward silence. Blaziken gave no reaction whatever.

"I mean," Giselle said, in the tone of voice of someone trying to clear the air but about to just dig themselves even deeper. "even if you are so smart, and seem to have a good grasp of a lot of stuff...you're still a Pokemon, so...so saying that sort of thing to you is pointless. I mean, I don’t know a lot about the...breeding habits of Blaziken..." She cleared her throat and blushed deeper. "But, I don’t really think you’d be able to...to relate to that sort of problem. For one thing...well, I have no idea what you’d look for in a mate, but it must be easier for you to find what you want. Pokemon can breed with so many other types of Pokemon, after all! We humans are so...limited, by comparison."

Blaziken gave a soft chirp as she gave the girl a look of pity. Giselle was clearly rather lonely, lonelier than she realized. It was sad, for Blaziken suspected that her haughty personality was probably both a cause and a symptom of that loneliness.

"I mean, really, we get to pick between a few different body types, but there’s not much difference at the end of the day," Giselle continued. "Unless we decide to start dating Pokemon ourselves, we're stuck, eh?"

For the second time, Giselle seemed to only realize what she had said after the fact, and reddened all the more at realizing what she had just implied. "Er, that's...I'm...joking, by that. I didn't mean that to be a serious idea, or anything. Humans and Pokemon don't mix like that, of course. I mean, I've heard the rumors about the Kalos Champion like everyone else, but that's all that is, just rumors." Giselle paused for a moment, and then gave a forced chuckle and said suddenly, "Although I almost couldn't blame someone for wanting to do that if she had a Pokemon like you..."

Before she could say another word, Blaziken grabbed her and pulled her in close. Looking down into the girl's eyes, Blaziken chirped softly.
Giselle blinked a few times, her breath catching in her throat. Blaziken could practically see the questions running through her mind at a breakneck pace through those widened eyes, could practically hear them in that unsteady breathing. What was happening? Was this what it felt like? She must be mistaken, how could it possibly be that this majestic creature wanted her? And most of all...how could it be that Giselle wanted this to be real, and wanted it to go forward, so, so much? How could it be that she felt her heart skip and leap in hot, aroused joy?

Giselle didn't know how to respond. And Blaziken acted before she she could. Standing up and scooping the girl up with one arm, Blaziken slid her taloned hand under Giselle's skirt, and started to rub her pussy through her panties. Pulling the girl’s face into her chest, she cooed softly as she gently poured the energy of her aura into Giselle’s clit, enhancing her pleasure.

Giselle began to moan confused ecstasy into the soft feathers of Blaziken, her mind shocked and overwhelmed with pleasure. Moments before, the girl had been struggling with the first faint traces of an attraction outside her species...now, suddenly, her world was nothing but hot, soft feathers, cushioning a physique of raw, heated power, the overpowering scene of musk, down, and arousal, and most of all, a pleasure incomparable to any she'd ever known before, the rough, titillating texture of the scaly claw that gently rubbed and glided over her clit, the infinitesimal crevices between each scale catching against her and sending new hot pleasure racing through her with every movement...

Blaziken cooed softly as she kept massaging Giselle, her taloned fingers gently, maddeningly wandering over her clit and pussy at a leisurely pace that felt to Giselle better than the most frantic rush of movement she’d ever previously known. Holding the girl's face against her chest, Blaziken raised her temperature further, and poured more aura into Giselle, heightening her senses even more. Desire and bliss burned in Giselle’s mind, incinerated every thought and feeling but Yes and More.

If Giselle had been capable of such thoughts, she would have been amazed at how soon her body seized up and came, harder than she'd ever dreamed possible. Normally she needed a lengthy, thorough process of escalating pleasure to achieve climax, when she touched herself...but the sweltering lust Blaziken held within her seemed to positively leap from her talon to Giselle's body, a flash fire of pleasure sparking through her whole body that left her quaking, screaming into the musky down and merciless, comforting muscle of Blaziken's chest.

Blaziken did not press her advance when Giselle came. She could have gone further, rubbed harder and faster and hotter, brought the girl to one peak only to leap to the next in quick succession...but that could come later. Later, when this trembling, ecstasy-devastated girl could better weather such an overwhelming storm in her body and mind. For now, even a single climax at Blaziken's claws was almost more than she could recover from. Holding Giselle close and cooing tenderly, lovingly, Blaziken pulled her hand from under the girl’s skirt, and licked her talons clean, before gently stroking the back of Giselle's head. The pure, primal pleasure of Blaziken's lust was an ordeal that more fragile human girl must not only recover from, but be comforted and coaxed back from. When she deemed it was safe, Blaziken slowly released her hold on Giselle, and laid her down upon the table to await her recovery.

Looking up slowly, the human girl blinked a few times. She tried and failed to hide a shuddering breath, and Blaziken could see unshed tears come to her eyes.

“You...you...” she muttered softly. “That was...amazing.” She swallowed. “I’ve never felt like that before. I never knew...I never imagined that I could...”

“Blaziken.” The word was soft and tender, as she sat Giselle down in her chair, but it managed to completely cut through Giselle's dazed mumbling, and draw her eyes up to meet Blaziken's relentless gaze.
"Kenzik," the Pokemon said, soft but meaningful. Giselle, though lacking an understanding of the speech itself, understood the tone...the expectation.

“You...you want me to do the same? For you?” she asked, taking a deep breath. In doing so, she unexpectedly found her lungs filled with the husky scent of Blaziken's expectant pussy, the scent that was quickly filling the room. Giselle would never have imagined it would be so...enticing.

“Ken.”

“Ri..right,” Giselle said, blinking, taken aback, unsure and yet with no question whatever that she would do as she was told to...and like it. “I mean...it’s...only polite, and I was raised to have good manners.” A nervous chuckle tried to convince herself that she was doing this for the sake of fairness, rather than her own wish to.

“Sex with a Pokemon...I can’t believe I’m doing this...” she murmured, as she leaned forward. She ran her fingers slowly along Blaziken’s crotch, learning to appreciate the soft shafts of down, the hot juice matting the feathers, the elegant, powerful ripple that traveled through Blaziken's body each time she cooed with approval at Giselle's touch...until finally, Giselle found the part in her feathers. Gulping loudly, she tilted her face in closer.

The heat was almost enough to make her start sweating, and the scent was so potent that it made her dizzy.

“Blaz.” An order, unmistakably. Giselle was to start. Now.

“O-Okay,” Giselle murmured, and then, "Yes, Ma'am," a moment later, when she suddenly felt that 'okay' was not an acceptable tone to take with this creature. Pushing aside her nervousness, Giselle placed a kiss on the soft, hot flesh of Blaziken’s quim. Darting her tongue out, she darted it back in her mouth with a quick wince. She had not expected the avian woman’s pussy to be quite so hot!

But the second tentative lick was better, now that she was ready for the heat, and she started to lap away, moving from bottom to top, and back again. Blaziken moaned as she was serviced, and placed her claw on top of the girl's head. Her talons dug ever so lightly into her scalp, and scraped along her head as she moved it to service Blaziken...it was just enough to create an odd, but pleasant tingle in her scalp. At the same time, Blaziken let a small amount of her aura leak into Giselle as well, letting her feel a tiny sliver of the pleasure that she was experiencing herself.

Giselle began to moan and rub her legs together as she licked Blaziken’s pussy. Incredible; even just pleasing a Pokemon felt incredible! Somehow, this was almost as enjoyable as getting pleased herself had been!

Giselle's technique was amateur, but still effective, and just the simple knowledge that she had reduced the haughty girl to a greedy, submissive lover was by itself a great pleasure to Blaziken, so it was not long before she let out a raptor's shriek of delight, and came. Still receiving a small portion of Blaziken's enjoyment through her aura's link, Giselle let out a gasp as she herself seized up in a small climax, shaking and clenching in sympathetic pangs of pleasure.

An hour ago, Giselle had barely been able to believe the occasional rumor of trainers who engaged in romantic relationships with their Pokemon. Now, she could barely believe that any human would willingly settle for a fellow human as her lover, when she could have an experience like this!

At the end of their shared climax, Giselle sat back in her chair, breathing heavily and looking to the ceiling as thoughts and endorphins raced through her head. Blaziken stood back and allowed the girl her contemplation, dipping her talons into her sex and then licking them clean to pass the time.
"What am I supposed to do?" Giselle finally said softly, so softly that Blaziken barely heard it.

"Blazik?"

Giselle dropped her gaze back down from the ceiling, and looked at the Pokemon before her, and Blaziken was struck by how lost and confused Giselle seemed.

“What am I supposed to do, Blaziken? I mean...you just took the lead...and it felt right!” Giselle exclaimed. “Like, so right, so right that...that it doesn't feel like it would ever be right any other way! And I don't just mean in, in sex, or love...I mean, everything! It feels like...I don't know. I'm looking at you and I get this feeling from you of more authority than I've ever felt from any other human being I've ever met. I feel like I'd be sick to my stomach if I saw a trainer try to order you around!” She shook her head. “But...I mean...you're a Pokemon, and I'm a human.”

“Azik bla-ken?” The question was clear: Why should that matter?

“It's just...humans are supposed to be the ones in charge. That's how the world is set up.” Giselle threw her hands out, gesturing at Blaziken from top to bottom. "But here you are! Stronger and faster than any human, with abilities that our best science can't hope to match! So intelligent and quick to learn that you'd be considered a genius if you were human! More commanding and willful than any human being I've ever encountered - and I've met members of some regions' Elite Four!”

Giselle chewed her lip in thought, and Blaziken just sat and waited for her to work out her thoughts.

“It...it just...” Giselle struggled. “It doesn't make sense. I've spent my whole life seeing the world in one way, but time and time again, that view has been proven wrong. I just can’t...” She took a deep breath, and looked Blaziken in the eyes.

"The world is wrong, isn't it?"

The question hung there for a moment, so heavy that it felt like it had dragged the very air in the room down to the ground. Finally, Blaziken nodded affirmative.

Giselle took a breath, relieved to know the truth, dismayed at what that truth was, and let out a weak laugh. "It's wrong. It's all so wrong! We're...we're keeping creatures as intelligent as we are as pets! Slaves! Why don't they do something? Why do they let us? Do they just not have your natural sense of command?” Giselle asked, perplexed and upset.

Blaziken shrugged, and replied, "Kenazik!” She didn't know the answer to that. She didn't understand why other Pokemon were content to let humans rule them and their world this way. Maybe she really was the only one with true ambition.

Giselle reached forward, and took Blaziken's claw within hers. Their juices still clung to their hands, and mixed together as she gasped the Pokemon firmly. "Please, Miss Blaziken. Let me help you. I want to talk to Korrina, convince her that she needs to release you. And when she has, if you will agree to it, I want to help you become a trainer. The better trainer you are, the more the world listens to what you have to say, and...and I want to help you do whatever you want in life. You deserve to be treated as an equal, no, a better, by human beings. And I want to help you get there! I...I..."

Suddenly, Giselle blushed, and looked away, embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I...I just...need to try to make this world right, now that I know it isn't, and...and I feel like following you, helping you be something more than just some trainer's Pokemon, is how I can do that. But I'm getting carried away, and-"

Blaziken softly put an hand on her head, and rubbed softly, and Giselle's babble died away with a
pleased murmur. With her other hand, Blaziken reached into Giselle’s bag, and pulled an empty Premier Ball out. After taking a second to examine it, she tapped it against Giselle’s forehead. The button made a soft click. Although it didn’t pull her in, she could still see the flash of red light in her eyes.

“Blazi.”

Giselle blinked a few times.

“I...guess I belong to you now?” she asked, understanding.

“Blaziken,” came the strong, domineering confirmation.

A slow smile spread across Giselle's face. "Good." She looked up at Blaziken, and her smile grew. "That's how it's supposed to be, isn't it? You're something incredible, and...and you're greater than me. So I should be yours. And so, I am." She let out a contented sigh. "You know what? Just saying that, saying that I'm yours? That just felt more right to me than anything I've ever said or thought before. Like the world finally makes sense."

Blaziken nodded, and gathered Giselle into a tight, loving hug. Giselle returned the embrace, breathing in deep the scent and warmth of the woman she belonged to and loved. No, not the woman...that wasn't right. The mistress she belonged to. Her Mistress. Yes...that was right.

After a few minutes, they parted.

"So...shall we go talk to Korrina, Mistress?" Giselle asked, trying out her title for Blaziken for the first time and seeing a thrill of approval in the Pokemon's bright, hard eyes. "We need to show her that trying to own you is a mistake."

“Kin,” Blaziken disagreed, sitting down and pulling Giselle into her lap. She began to rub her quim once more.

“Y-Yeah...this is good, too,” Giselle accepted, moaning a little.

Blaziken nodded, and gave a beaky smile. No hurry just now...she had what she wanted right here, and Giselle would have plenty of time to learn of the truth of the situation from Korrina later.
Chapter 5

The following day found Blaziken entering the classroom once more. Roxanne, who was seated and waiting for her, greeted the Pokemon as she finished going over some books.

"Ah, right on time!" she smiled. "The hallmark of a dedicated student."

"Blazi," Blaziken replied with a slight chuckle, amused that Roxanne had greeted her exactly as Giselle had. Was it a result of their being friends with similar personalities, she wondered, or was it a quirk all teachers shared?

"Well, Giselle has told me that she won’t be making it today," Roxanne informed Blaziken, shaking her head a little. Blaziken, of course, already knew this, as she had been the one to inform Giselle that she would be taking the day off. Blaziken wanted a chance to get close and personal with Roxanne in a one-on-one setting...and besides, it would be good for Giselle to spend some time with Korrina, and get to know a little more about what her new life was to be.

“It’s kind of funny how we just seemed to trade off, huh?” Roxanne asked with a chuckle. Blaziken gave a politely amused chirp. "Anyways, let’s get started on the lessons!"

For the next few hours, Blaziken allowed herself to be totally immersed in Roxanne's teaching. True, she desired to possess Roxanne, but the fact was that Blaziken also very much wanted to read, and write, as well as any human could.

To that end, Blaziken was exceptionally pleased with Roxanne's tutoring. Even if the girl had not been spectacularly attractive, Blaziken would certainly have decided to take her, based on how useful a teacher she was alone. It seemed that in the short period of time two days ago in which Blaziken had read from her book while Roxanne helped her with questions she had, the human girl had apparently intuited a great deal about Blaziken's strengths as a reader, and more importantly, the areas in which she was weak and needed additionally instruction. Within four hours, Blaziken felt she had made more progress on several tricky homophones, confusing silent letters, and the complex mess that was commas, colons, semi-colons, and hyphens, than she had during months' of instruction from her other girls, and already reading felt smoother with some of the strategies Roxanne was teaching her.

Blaziken was so absorbed in her studies that it came as a complete surprise when Roxanne announced that it was lunch time, and that they should take a break.

“I still can’t get over just how brilliant you are,” Roxanne told her between bites. “I mean, I always knew that Pokemon could be highly intelligent. I always sort of felt like they might be no different from us, really. But I'm still amazed!"

Blaziken preened a little. “Blaziken!”

Roxanne took a sip of her water to wash down a mouthful, and asked, "So, why are you here with Korrina, Miss Blaziken? Flannery's your trainer, isn't she?" Roxanne shrugged at the surprised look on Blaziken's face. "Why are you so surprised? It wasn't hard to figure out. No one's seen Korrina with a Blaziken before, and she just doesn't seem like the type who'd take an interest in teaching her Pokemon how to read. I'm not saying she's not a good person or kind to her Pokemon or anything, but I sat in on one of her presentations to the students, and it's pretty obvious that Korrina's focus is on her martial arts, not stuff like reading and writing." Roxanne raised a finger. "On the other hand, Flannery's said to have been using a Blaziken lately that's been making waves for never being"
defeated when she brings it out..."

Blaziken nodded, and gave an affirmative growl, impressed at the girl's deductions.

Roxanne looked pleased with herself. "I thought that might be it. So, then, the real question is: why is she lending you to Korrina? And also: why is Flannery teaching you to read? I can see her doing that more than I can see Korrina, but I still have no idea why she would. Trainers don't think of doing this for their Pokemon, not even Gym Leaders."

Giving an answer to a question like this, of course, was difficult for a Pokemon, but Roxanne had thought ahead, and brought a container of black finger paint from one of the art classrooms. Blaziken dipped one of her clawed fingers into the black goop, and began to paint the letters onto some of the large sheets of paper that Roxanne had also provided. Her penmanship was crude, understandably, but her words were nonetheless clear:

-I telled her too teach me.-

"In this case, you should use the "to" with one 'o', not two. Also, the past form of "tell" is "told," Roxanne told her. "But what do you mean, you told her to? Do you mean you asked her to, or do you really mean that you ordered your trainer to teach you to read?"

"Blaze!" she replied, a hard 'no' with fervor and pride, and clarified with her paint: -Flanry is not trainer! I am trainer of her!-

Roxanne wrinkled her nose, perplexed. "I'll teach you how to spell Flannery, Miss Blaziken, but at the moment, I'm really confused. What do you mean, you're Flannery's trainer? Am I misunderstanding what you're saying?"

-I am trainer. Flanry obeys. Korna and Winona, obeys too. I am trainer for all them!-

Roxanne sat back, puzzled but thoughtful. "Sure doesn't seem like I'm misunderstanding, although there's a lot more here than I'm getting. So...you mean that, just like how a Pokemon does what her trainer tells her to do normally, Flannery does what you tell her to do? And Korrina, and Winona, too?" Blaziken nodded and gave an affirmative squawk. "How is that possible, though? How is it that there are humans obeying a Pokemon? It's supposed to be the other way around."

Blaziken could not help but like Roxanne, even now. Roxanne denied this possibility and clung to the idea that it was not the way things should be, but even still, the way she said it seemed more curious than aggressive. She knew (or thought she knew, that was) the way things were supposed to work, but rather than cling to that false impression like a weapon, the human girl sounded instead simply surprised and confused. She knew how things were supposed to be, so the fact that she had just discovered an instance where they were otherwise was intriguing to her, something she did not understand, but wanted to.


Roxanne read this, and chewed her lip for a moment in thought. "Hm. Well...I guess you have a point there, Miss Blaziken. If I'm being totally honest, you learn faster than almost any student I've ever had. And you obviously have as much personality as anyone I know. So...if you don't want to be owned and trained, why should you be?"

Blaziken nodded, pleased that Roxanne understood, but Roxanne then interjected, "But that doesn't answer the question, really. So you don't want to obey a trainer. That doesn't explain why Flannery, Winona, and Korrina would, and why that trainer would be you, and why they would want that in
such an extreme way that two of them would quit being Gym Leaders over it!"

Blaziken gave a satisfied click of her beak, and dipped her finger talon into the paint one last time. The answer to Roxanne's question took but a moment to write, and she handed it confidently to the girl. Roxanne held up the paper, and read:

-I show you.-

“Blaze!” the Pokemon uttered in command. Roxanne looked up from the paper, and found herself captured by her golden eyes. She was so tall, with such an...an overbearing presence. When had she stood up, Roxanne wondered?

Blaziken stared down at Roxanne, unmoving, unspeaking, as the seconds rolled by. The girl tried to keep her cool, tried to muster her own resolve to meet what she somehow knew was a sudden, powerful bid for her very freedom. But that golden gaze seemed all-encompassing, too intense to do anything but crumble before it...Roxanne took a half step back, only to be grabbed suddenly by the shoulder with one clawed hand. Blaziken held her, firmly but gently, and Roxanne let out a whimper of defeat as she all but collapsed into that grip, and into the burning gold that had entrapped her mind. Blaziken's other hand lifted the Gym Leader's skirt, and she cooed as she looked at the fabric of her stockings, particularly the part of the garment covering her pussy.

“Blaze.”

Roxanne didn't know what had been told to her. She did not know what order was just given, what permission just demanded, what statement just made. And it didn't matter. She nodded in compliance anyway.

Picking the girl up with an ease that made Roxanne shiver, Blaziken held her by the hips and brought their bodies together, pressing her crotch against Roxanne’s. Rocking her hips, she ground into Roxanne, and Roxanne let out a gasp as the warmth and dampness of Blaziken's pussy soaked her feather and from there seeped through the girl's stockings. Blaziken let out her own trilling moan; the smooth, wet fabric of the stockings rubbing against her feathered cunt was strange and wonderful!

The entire time, Blaziken had kept her eyes locked with Roxanne’s, and now, she began to focus just a little of her aura into her gaze, further dominating the human girl's mind with a tangible manifestation of her will. Roxanne moaned at the sensation of it all...she could feel Blaziken's piercing personality sweeping over her, warming her body from head to toe, turning her one even further, and increasing her sensitivity to every hot sensation against her skin. She suddenly found that she could actually feel Blaziken’s clit poking against, poking into her stockings a little...!

Blaziken carried Roxanne to the wall, and pressed her against it, giving her the leverage to press into Roxanne harder. Wrapping her arms and legs around the powerful body of the Pokemon with instinctual wanton lust, Roxanne moaned deeply as she looked into Blaziken’s eyes, and began to actively thrill in the cold fire of aura burning into her through them, as she felt her own will weakening. This was not a case of her own willpower simply being diverted and overwhelmed, as it had been so far...Roxanne could feel, deep within her mind, within her soul, that her self-determination itself was being eroded, that it was peeling away. That the dominance of Blaziken over her was no longer a simple fact of this moment, of this act...her willpower was eroding permanently, she could feel herself having more and more trouble thinking of this Pokemon as something other than her keeper, her mistress, her owner. Ever second that passed burned that golden gaze and the heat of those feathered muscles deeper into Roxanne's mind, further branded the girl as this creature's property.
Roxanne shuddered with the pleasure of this knowledge and Blaziken's moist cunt against her own, and opened her eyes all the wider. Already she wanted nothing more.

Roxanne had known that there were a few trainers who pursued a romance with their Pokemon. She had even kept her mind open to the possibility for herself. Roxanne had thought that she had some sort of idea what such a relationship would be like...she had been quite wrong. There would be love, yes, and gentleness and affection and consideration and devotion...but most of all, there would be obedience. She was going to be subservient. And she was going to love it.

“Ah...this...this is great,” Roxanne managed to feebly murmur between gasps. Blaziken chirped an affirmative, and leaned down to kiss her.

Roxanne whimpered at the warm, rough feeling of Blaziken’s tongue. It was drastically different than a human’s, and her beak likewise had a strange sensation....smooth, hard, and very slightly sharp as her tongue and lips graced its edge. Not enough to hurt, but enough to add to the oddity of the kiss. More than that, however, Roxanne whimpered at just how close the kiss brought those piercing golden eyes to her own...

Keeping the kiss going, Blaziken kept grinding harder and harder and harder. The more she pressed into her, the more intense the heat grew, and the aura she began focusing into the spot where they met only enhanced Roxanne’s pleasure to even higher levels.

Breaking the kiss, Blaziken also finally broke their eye contact, as she tilted her head a little and gently nipped the back of Roxanne’s neck. Roxanne suddenly found herself reeling from the terrible loss of Blaziken’s intense gaze, but the subtle jolt of pain a moment later from this sharp nip was like a physical embodiment of the dominant force of that gaze, a physical act of ownership that was more than enough to make the girl cum. She gasped and dug her fingers into Blaziken’s sides, as her legs tightened around her as well, and her pussy spasmed and drooled its fluids out against the powerful avian muscles and hot Pokemon cunt that it was pressed against.

Blaziken held her in place for several long moments, allowing the girl to ride her pleasure out, before stepping away from the wall, still carrying Roxanne. She sat her on the table, and took a step back.

“That was...the best,” Roxanne panted, overwhelmed but feeling an undeniable need to acknowledge her wonder to the creature that had created it.

“But...you didn’t cum yet, did you?” she found herself suddenly asking, her mind now racing on instinct to the essential need to serve and please her Mistress.

There was a click of the beak, followed by “Bla,” in response, as she gripped Roxanne’s leg and lifted it up. Blaziken ran the rough 'palm' of her taloned hand along the well-toned limb, marveling at the firm muscle, and the smooth silk wrapped around it. Roxanne's legs were truly a work of art; Blaziken would even go so far as to say that they were of a level of beauty equal to her own. The shapely, pronounced calves, the aesthetically pleasing structure that was both effeminately demure and entrancingly angular at the same time, accessorized by the heady crimson color of her hosiery that struck the eye with fervor...Blaziken let out a small trill of joy as she grazed, squeezed, pressed, and otherwise caressed every inch of the girl's stocking-clad leg, entirely memorizing the limb with her touch.

Once she was satisfied, Blaziken shifted just slightly, so that she could straddle Roxanne’s leg. She began to slide along it, cooing softly at how wonderful it felt, and how exciting it was to use such a sexy leg for her own pleasure.

“Oh...you like my stockings, Mistress?” Roxanne asked with a small laugh. “Good to know! I love
the way they feel, myself...” She bit her lip, trailing off as Blaziken intensified her movements. It was getting her very excited once more, to have her legs humped like this...the warm, wet feeling of Blaziken’s cunt smearing against her, leaving trails of musky wetness up and down the fabric...

Reaching down, she began to rub herself through her stockings, but Blaziken was quick to grab her wrists and pull them back up. "Ken!” she scolded, and Roxanne immediately got the message. She was allowed to do only what Blaziken wanted...and she didn’t want her to do anything right now but hold her leg out. Roxanne gave a contrite whimper, and nodded, trying not to feel too ashamed that she had even momentarily displeased her Mistress.

Blaziken held Roxanne's arms at her side, gazing into her eyes as she ground against her calf. Roxanne could only squirm a little as her own need grew stronger...but she couldn’t bring herself to even want to try to relieve herself. Even if her hands were free, she wouldn’t imagine trying again. She could not conceive ever disobeying this powerful, superior woman before her...the one with the intense and powerful stare that Roxanne could lose her sense of reality within...

Blaziken spent a few moments longer grinding, before she came with a blissful shriek, and Roxanne heard the bestial cry of desire and fulfillment, and found herself shuddering and cumming, cumming so hard, harder even than before, to the mere understanding that it was her body that had brought about Blaziken's release.

Releasing her hold on Roxanne’s leg, Blaziken took only a second to reach into her bag and retrieve an empty Pokeball, a Heavy Ball, to be precise. She held it up in front of Roxanne, who gave a small nod, tilting her head down slightly to allow Blaziken to press it against her forehead. The click and flash sealed the agreement.

“Blaze.”

"Yes! Absolutely! Yours forever, Mistress Blaziken!” Roxanne agreed, almost gushing with enthusiasm at the prospect. "I've never felt anything like...like any of that before! I totally get why the other girls would want you to be their trainer...you're just incredible! I cannot believe that people think that it's humans who are supposed to be the ones in charge!"

Without warning, Roxanne dropped down to her knees, and laid her forehead to the ground in reverence. "Please, Mistress Blaziken!” she begged. "Please, let me continue to teach you. I want to teach you how to read better than any human. Language, mathematics, science, history, I want to teach you everything you could ever want to know! I want to try to teach you how to speak!"

Her voice began to tremble with desperate fervor. "Please, Mistress Blaziken, I want to be the most useful girl to you that I possibly can be. All I've ever wanted in life was to help make everyone a better person by educating them...educating them about the world as a teacher here, educating them about Pokemon as a Gym Leader. But now, through belonging to you...I know the most important thing I can teach everyone is how amazing you are, and that we must change how we view our relationship with Pokemon. And I can do that, I know I can make that happen, if I can make you too knowledgeable, too well-spoken, for the world to possibly ignore. I want to help make you more greatly educated than any human being; I want you to be able to beat humans at their own game!"

She moved forward, and began to fervently, worshipfully kiss Blaziken's foot talons. "Please...let me be the greatest, most useful slave you shall ever have."

A moment later, Blaziken stooped down, and gently lifted Roxanne's chin to look up at her. She held out a piece of paper, and showed the girl what she had just written.

-Let's get started.-
Blaziken sat down in front of the computer, and carefully laid her scaled palm over the extra-large mouse that Roxanne had ordered and sent to her. Laying her talons over its two primary buttons, she maneuvered it, and opened up the chat window. It was just about time for her daily chat with Roxanne. Blaziken had given the young teacher her blessing to stay behind and continue her job as a teacher and Gym Leader, and done the same for Giselle. She had learned enough about human society to understand that schools ran according to long periods of several months' time known as semesters, and that it was both difficult and disruptive for a teacher to leave before a semester was finished and a replacement was found for her. Blaziken had no interest in disrupting young humans' education (and Giselle and Roxanne’s new perspectives on Pokemon could be good for them to incorporate into their guidance of their students!).

Besides which, it was clear that Roxanne, especially, was born to teach, that it was a great passion for her of almost the same intensity as Blaziken herself felt about her own ambitions. It was one thing for Flannery and Winona to relinquish, or plan to relinquish, their positions as Gym Leaders. The job of a Gym Leader was defined by the person's ability to lead and command their charges, and they had discovered that the greater joy was in following and obeying their Pokemon owner. Besides which, neither held the same passion and drive for Pokemon training and advancement in the field that Roxanne held for education, and Korrina held for perfecting her martial arts skills. Blaziken was these girls’ owner, not a tyrant: her pleasure was most important, but the happiness of her girls was nonetheless also of vital importance to her.

It was a little easier with Giselle than with Roxanne. Giselle was a teacher of specialty classes that were entirely online, so she only had to actually be at the school for meetings with other faculty. The rest of the time, she could teach from a room at the Lavaridge Gym, and thus live with her mistress. Today was one of the days in which she was back Rustboro, but for the most part, Giselle lived with Blaziken and the rest. And that was good, because Giselle was not as resilient and enduring a girl as Roxanne was…she needed the affection and attention of physical contact and proximity with her mistress to be happy. Roxanne could handle the separation better than Giselle would be able to.

Just because Roxanne had to stay behind, however, that did not mean that she would be neglected. Blaziken would never, ever allow for such a thing.

After waiting just a few moments, Roxanne appeared on screen. "Hello, Mistress!" she said with a pleased smile. "I'm so happy to see you! Today felt so very long, waiting to get to see your face again."

“Blaz,” she responded, equally happy. Roxanne was not the only one who had trouble sometimes with their distance, even if it was for her benefit: Blaziken, too, always looked forward to this part of the day. It was difficult to be away from someone she loved.

“Ken?” she asked, as she clicked some keys, spelling out the message. =How was your day?=

It was still odd, actually communicating so directly. Even Pokemon's communication to one another was not nearly so precise and exacting as human language was, and she had spent quite some time relying on her girls to understand her meaning through tone and body language, and then through aura interpretation once Korrina had joined them. Odd though it was, however, Blaziken was becoming accustomed to it, and learning to enjoy being able to make herself completely known and understood. It was, in fact, even a little thrilling, to be able to command humanity even on its own terms, to be able to put into words the exact power of her will.
Just wait until Roxanne was done teaching her in their special, secret little project...

“Well, it was long, but I have to say, it was pretty good,” Roxanne answered as she looked down to read what her Mistress had sent to her. “I read a really great article by one of the major Pokemon researchers, Professor Ivy. She has some...interesting ideas. I think you’ll want to read it later, so I’ll send you the link when you want.”

“That sounds good,” Blaziken responded. “But I must take care of you first.”

Roxane blushed a little. “I was really looking forward to this all day,” she admitted breathily. “Just as you ordered, I kept a vibrator in me, the whole day. None of my students suspected anything.”

“You are a good girl. Show me.”

Roxanne lifted her skirt, showing her soaked stockings and panties.

=Up, too.=

Roxanne pulled off her shirt, showing off her hard nipples. Blaziken chirped happily to make her appreciation clear.

With that, Roxanne moved the camera, so that she could lean back in bed and show the camera as she slipped her hand into her tights and began to move the vibrator against her clit, moaning and whimpering.

Blaziken reached down and began to slowly stroke at her feathered, hot cunt, letting out a small, pleased trill as she felt her rough, scaled digits press against and through her fiery down to stimulate her pussy lips. She had only recently started to masturbate regularly...for most of her life, she had not felt much need for it, instead working through frustrations and desires with physical activity and training. And later one, well, what was the need for her own talons, when she had such capable, eager girls to dote on her? And they were all so very good at doting.

But lately, Blaziken had discovered that there were some situations in which do-it-yourself was an erotic delight as good as any so-called "real" sex. To watch Roxanne submit herself so wantonly to Blaziken even when she was miles and miles away, to see her burn with desire for her powerful mistress so greatly, so desperately, that even just her electronic visage was enough to overwhelm the lovely, willful, wise young woman...to see the girl fucking herself on her hand or a toy as fast and hard as she could, coming undone and knowing that every rub, thrust, whimper, stroke, and tremble was born of desperate, lusty devotion to Blaziken...it was sex of a different kind, carnality of the mind and imagination, so striking and hot that there were times that Blaziken believed that she didn't even need her talons to pat and poke and twist her clit, as they were now; she could have come just from seeing sensible, smart, dignified Roxanne beautifully fuck herself to the mere thought of her Pokemon mistress, the sheer pleasure of her devotion more than an equal to the physical sensations her fingers or vibrator could give.

"Please, Mistress, please!" Roxanne moaned, arching her back as she increased her vibrator's setting and pistoned it back and forth against her clit, her tights a dark, damp mess of arousal by now. "I'm so close, I, please, do it for me, please!" 

So close herself that her body was beginning to seize up and panting, pleased chirps were escaping her beak unbidden, Blaziken gave her pet what she begged for. Taking her eyes off the screen for a moment, Blaziken looked directly into the small camera device atop the screen that she knew was sending her image to Roxanne, and gave it a hard, dominating glare, throwing every bit of heated will and determination she could summon into her steely, raptor gaze. She held her glare at the
camera, and did not look away or blink. Not even to look down at the screen when she heard Roxanne let out a broken, staggering scream of pleasure as her mistress’s gaze pierced her mind, soul, and clit and sent her plummeting over the edge. Not even when those screams coming from her speakers drove Blaziken into her own climax, and her body shuddered and jerked as a rushing magma of pure pleasure boiled within her.

The two continued to play for nearly an hour, Roxanne soaking her leggings right on down to her feet (she knew how her mistress loved them and to loved to see her pleasured through and in them), while Blaziken created a steaming-hot puddle of her own cum on her chair to sit within. She personally liked it, and she enjoyed the fact that her chair was, after so many weeks, beginning to smell noticeably of sex. Once they had both cum a few times, however, they finally settled, and sat, basking in the afterglow, their love for one another, and the wet aftermath.

=You are a very good girl,= Blaziken typed to her submissive teacher, and let out an appreciative chirp to emphasize her approval.

"Thank you, Mistress. You're absolutely amazing," Roxanne replied, grinning happily as she stroked lazily along the darkened paths down her stockings. "Fuck, you always get me going so much...I cum so much for you! I can actually feel some of it pooling down at my toes..."

Blaziken let out a happy little shudder and groan at the mental image, and hearing and seeing her reaction, Roxanne grinned naughtily, and reached up towards her camera. For a moment, Blaziken's screen was just dark movement, as her pet's hand enveloped the camera, but then the screen cleared, and Blaziken let out a low, happy moan as she saw that Roxanne was now holding the camera directly before her crotch. The bright red of the pantyhose covering her cunt was stained dark with her juices in a huge blotch so large that the true, vibrant color of her hosiery could only be seen halfway over her thighs.

Although Blaziken had thought herself sated for the moment, she suddenly found her talons flying back down to her clit to rub at it savagely. It was like a water balloon had exploded between Roxanne's thighs...!

But Roxanne wasn't done with this show. She slowly began to lower the webcam along the inside of her thighs and then calves, and Blaziken could see a dark, wide line down each leg all along the way, from where Roxanne's arousal and cum had streamed down. Blaziken stroked herself all the faster at the erotic sight. As if Roxanne's incredible legs weren't already erotic enough!

Finally, Roxanne brought the camera down to her feet, and Blaziken let out another ecstatic groan as she saw that the entire sole of each hosed foot was fully soaked through; even the tops of her feet were mostly darkened with moisture - the spot on each that had not been touched by the erotic torrent looked like a small, bright red island sitting in the midst of a dark fabric sea. Blaziken's breath hitched as she felt the pleasure mounting higher within her...and then Roxanne wiggled her toes, and Blaziken could hear a faint, moist 'schlick' sound through the speakers. She let out a ragged screech, and came again, her steaming juices dribbling out of her cunt and down the chair.

When Blaziken had come down from her pleasure high, Roxanne had put her webcam back in its place, and was grinning in a self-satisfied manner. Blaziken leaned forward, and typed, =You are a VERY GOOD GIRL!=

"I do try!" Roxanne responded with a cheeky wink, and then added, her voice warm with sincerity, "I love you, Mistress."

Finally finished with their fun, Blaziken was ready to get to work on learning her lessons for the day and on their secret project, but Roxanne shook her head, and told her, "Forgive me, Mistress, but I
actually think it would be best to take a break from learning today, and instead just have you read that article I sent you. I think you're going to want to hear what it has to say."

Interested to see what could be so important that even Roxanne, the consummate teacher, would think it worth more than a day's studies, Blaziken opened it up, and began to read. There was a lot of dense words and phrases, as Blaziken had found common with scientific writings, but even though it was a little higher than her current reading level, she could easily pick up on the important ideas and findings within it. And Roxanne was right: it was very, very interesting.

The paper went into great detail on the dynamics between many trainers and their Pokemon, relating consistent findings that the connection between a Pokemon and its trainer could, at times, reflect a number of types of relationships, all of them considered ones between ‘equals’, between humans. It also noted, and referenced several studies that established, the fact that many Pokemon possessed intelligence on par, or in a few cases even surpassing, with that of humans. While the paper's primary purpose was to simply relate the findings of many trainer-Pokemon relationships that undeniably mirrored a variety of relationships previously seen as strictly possible between humans, Blaziken felt a strong undercurrent of purpose to this article: simply informing was its stated purpose, but the author, she was sure, wanted the article to change its readers’ perceptions about the limitations of what a Pokemon could be to a human.

This suspicion was all but outright confirmed once Blaziken reached the conclusion. The paper ended by gently urging trainers not to be alarmed if their Pokemon were to develop romantic feelings for them, since complex emotional connections between human and Pokemon were clearly a natural occurrence. Finally, the article suggested that these findings might even mean that a reconsideration of certain Pokemon-human relationship taboos might be overdue.

It was a very cautious, neutral, purely scientific way of broaching the subject of the sexual love of equals between Pokemon and human. But cautious or not, it did.

=You are right. It is very interesting,= Blaziken typed to Roxanne. =Who did you say wrote it?= Rather than outright answer, Roxanne sent her mistress a link to an online encyclopedia page about Professor Ivy and her work.

=Very interesting indeed,= Blaziken added, as she reached a part of the page which showed a picture of the attractive researcher.

There was a sound in the background of a door opening, and a moment later, Giselle came into frame. "Hello, Mistress! Hi, Roxanne," she greeted. Roxanne told her "Hello," back, and Blaziken let out a greeting chirp. To make sure she had to spend the least time away from Blaziken possible, Giselle liked to pack in every meeting she could think of that needed to be done all at once, so on the occasional day like today, in which she was at Rustboro, she tended to be caught up at the school until much later than Roxanne.. "Are you still doing your classes with Mistress, Roxanne? I can wait to get to mine."

Roxanne was a spectacular teacher in almost every field, but there were nonetheless a few academic areas where Giselle was more effective, so she, also, spent time teaching her mistress the knowledge of the human world.

"We're taking a break today, actually...I'm just having Mistress read an interesting article I found today," Roxanne told her friend, and made to get up, continuing, "If you and she want some alone time, I'll get out of here. I should really change my..."

"Ziken!" Blaziken exclaimed, halting Roxanne, and hastily typed, =No, you stay. I want more fun. I
Roxanne read her words, and grinned, as did Giselle as she leaned in to also see what her mistress had said. "Again already? You're incredible, Mistress. Giselle, I don't know how you and the rest keep up with her. Just these chats alone every day are almost more than I can take!"

Giselle let out a laugh. "Well, that's simple enough: we don't! When I first started living at Lavaridge with all of them, it was basically all we could do to wear Mistress out each night all working together, but lately, she's started to outlast all four of us every night! She's only getting more insatiable with every day...even though she was beyond just the two of them from the start, Flannery and Winona swear Mistress is twice as horny every day now than she was back at the beginning."

Blaziken let out a chuckle, and then began to type instructions. Giselle and Roxanne both read them, following each one as it appeared on screen. Soon, Giselle was naked, lying on the floor below where Roxanne sat, while Roxanne held her webcam in her hands to gaze downward at Giselle's lovely, lithe young form. Not wanting to waste the deliciously sexy situation with Roxanne, Blaziken issued her next command. Roxanne obediently lifted her leg, and began to press her foot against Giselle's pussy, her cum-drenched cloth-covered toes beginning to play with Giselle's clit, as Giselle closed her eyes and moaned gently. She brought one hand up to her mouth to softly bite at her knuckle as Roxanne expertly played with her pleasure button, as her other hand went down to lightly grip Roxanne's wet foot and guide it.

Masturbation was well and good - really good, in fact - but now that this was no longer an intense one-on-one session, Blaziken was ready to get back to basics. She let out a shrill cry. "Blazik laz!"

There were sounds of frantic movement from some of the other rooms, and rushed footsteps. Each of her girls knew how she sounded when she needed their tongues.

Korrina cheered as she reached the room's threshold first, and from only a couple feet behind her, groans of annoyance could be heard from Flannery and Winona, who had been only a couple steps behind. Having earned her prize with her speed and reflexes, Korrina quickly went before her mistress, knelt, and began to eat Blaziken out. Though each was chagrined that she wasn't in time to be the one tasting her mistress, Flannery and Winona both entered the room happily enough, and took seats off to the side. Getting to watch the fun was a very pleasing runner-up prize, after all, and as each girl slipped her hand into the other's panties and began to finger her girlfriend, second place really didn't feel so bad, after all.

Korrina ate as she fingered herself, Roxanne pinched and pushed as she also fingered herself in spite of her pussy and clit's sore exhaustion, and Flannery and Winona both frigged each other. For the next half hour, all that could be heard from each computer's speakers were moans and screams.

Later that night, after Giselle and Roxanne had logged off, and the girls living with Blaziken had gone back to their regular business for the evening, Blaziken sat before the computer, scratching her feathered neck slowly and thoughtfully as she read Professor Ivy's article once more. Reaching the end, she sat for a moment, considering it...and made a decision. Going back to the page about the academic woman, Blaziken found her email address, and opened up the email account that Flannery had set up for her several months back. She hadn't had much use for it at the time...but now she was glad to have it.
Greetings Professor Ivy,

I have recently read your article on Pokemon/human relations and found it quite interesting. I have some personal experience with this topic and would like to discuss it with you.

Sincerely,=

Here, Blaziken stopped, and stared at the computer screen. Roxanne had taught her about correspondence, and signatures. Blaziken clacked her beak thoughtfully. Well...she had been thinking about this for some time, now. It looked like the moment had come to commit to it.

= Sincerely, Vermilion =

Humans loved names. They couldn't wrap their heads around the idea that anything or anyone important could not have their own name, in fact, and that perception was, she had noticed, one of the more subtle ways which human society kept a view that Pokemon were inferior beings. Pokemon, after all, did not usually have these names that humans valued so much, even those who were kept by trainers, so it was small wonder humans would view these nameless, interchangeable creatures as less important than themselves. And what Pokemon did possess a name were given that moniker by their trainer, so every single time that name was spoken, it was a testament to the human's power over them.

She would not allow humans to play this game with her. She would have a name, and humans would have to look upon her as more than just any given Blaziken. And she would name herself, beholden to no one else for the gift of the power of identity. No unspoken perception of this human world would impede her; this name would let her stand as an equal. No...it would allow her to stand as a superior, for even humans almost never were so fortunate and impressive that they named themselves: their parents named them, without their having a say in it, in much the same way as trainers named Pokemon.

Vermilion was Vermilion, by her own autonomy.

With that, she sent the message, and then proceeded to visit one of the usual sites she used for learning, this one being a collection of common themes and narrative devices used in human storytelling. There were still many things that she wanted to know, and needed to master.

After a time, a notice popped up that she had new mail. Checking, Vermilion was pleased to see that Ivy had replied. She gave a happy chirp, and began to read.

= Hello, Vermilion, =

I am very interested in hearing what you have to say on this matter. I have been looking for individuals who have had any sort of experience with a Pokemon relationship that is considered socially unacceptable, but so far, I have had few successes, and those I have found have either been intentionally vague, which is not useful for my research, or have refused to share their experiences on the record. As I hope to find directions in which to pursue my studies in an official scientific capacity, I have to be able to document my sources, so this has been equally unhelpful.

If you don't mind, I would like to ask, before we begin any kind of discussion: are these experiences personal, as in you have taken part in them, or have they only involved someone you know? At the moment, this is off the record, I promise: I will be absolutely sure to let you know before I begin to document anything you have to say, if we reach that point.

Regardless, thank you for your interest in my article.
Sincerely, Professor Philena Ivy=

Vermilion sat forward, and allowed herself a small, clucking chuckle, as she typed out,

=Personal. Very, very personal.

Since my youth, I was never interested in my own kind. But I had other interests, so it did not bother me very much. But one day, I was training, and I saw=

Blaziken smiled fondly, as she remembered that special, incredible moment, of passing that hot spring by on her way to her daily training, and noticing, out of the corner of her eye, something unusual within them, punctuated by a flare of wild, red hair. That moment, as she turned her head, and saw her very first human girl...Flannery, soaking peacefully in its waters, her lithesome beauty bared to the world...

=the most lovely creature I had ever encountered. I had never known such beautiful beings were in this world. I approached, and I captured her. And we have been lovers ever since. We live as near equals. But I am in charge, and that is very clear.

I have actually been building up a small team. They are all just as pretty, and good, and obedient as the first.

If there is anything more you want to know, please feel fine to ask.

Sincerely, Vermilion=

She might as well get used to using the name, after all. And it was, unexpectedly, something of a satisfying feeling to sign her name, and assert herself as the woman she had chosen by her own power to be.

Vermilion sent the message off, and after looking at the clock, realized that it was about time for her nightly sparring session with Korrina. And then sex with her, of course. Then sex with Winona, then Flannery, and lastly with all of them, to wrap up the night.

Admittedly, Vermilion was somewhat excited to continue her conversation with this professor. But that anticipation didn't really measure up to the fun of her daily routine, and by the time she was finished, and her girls were finished for the night and dozing in pleasant, familiar sex comas, Vermilion had almost forgotten about the whole thing. So it was a pleasant surprise to be reminded, as she went to do a last bit of online reading before bed, and saw that Ivy had replied.

=If what you're saying is true, that is amazing! This could be exactly what I need to find a direction for my next research project. Please, if you will, I would like as much detail as you are willing to share. I would like to be able to officially use this information, if I need it, but we can stay off the record, if that is your preference - I simply must know for myself, no matter what.

How consensual is it? What sort of activities do you and your lovers engage in daily which relate to the relationship that you all share? Has this impacted your priorities in life (do you still engage in the training you mentioned, for example)? Have your perceptions on Pokemon and their intellectual and emotional capabilities changed in any way? Do your family and friends know of your relationship? If they do, do they approve, and if they do not, how do you believe they would feel about it? Is there any jealousy between your lovers, as there can be in multi-partner romances strictly between humans? Do you believe that your polyamory is easier, harder, or unaffected by the fact that you're involved with Pokemon rather than people of your own species?

I have many questions for you, as is clear, but allow me to make it perfectly clear: you need only
answer what you are comfortable addressing, if any. I will be enthusiastic to hear any and all you wish to share on the matter, regardless of whether it is a direct answer to any of my queries.

Thank you in advance for sharing your experiences with me. This could have great ramifications in the future.

Sincerely, Professor Philena Ivy=

Vermilion thought carefully about her answer. She wasn't going to answer everything Ivy asked, that was for sure. Typing was a chore with large, three-fingered talons, and neither she nor her girls had figured out a way to make it more manageable, the way they had with the mouse. Vermilion also wanted to keep the fact that she was the Pokemon in the relationship a secret, for now. She didn't doubt that Ivy was trustworthy (although it was, she supposed good to play it safe, nonetheless), but she wanted to be sure that the revelation would have as much impact as possible, when it felt right.

=It is fully consensual. In the first case, I made the first move. But she was more than eager after. She had expressed her desire for me on her own, as she accepted the Pokeball I offered her.

After my first, all the others also came to me. The second saw us, and she wanted to join. The third understood right away what was going on. She was curious, and she liked the answers she got to her curiosity. The fourth and fifth encountered me on their own, separate from the others. They showed a great deal of interest.

There is no jealousy among any of us. Each of them love me. I love each of them. Being Pokemon definitely does not have anything to do with that, either. They all love being my girls, and they like being with each other. In fact, my first and second are also very much in love with each other. They knew each other before they knew me, and always were special to each other. I am not jealous of them, I am very, very happy for them. I hope at least some of my other girls will find love with each other, too. I love them and I love for them to be happy, so that would only be good.

I still train every day. I train harder and better now than ever before. My girls have helped me improve in ways I could never imagine before. I am already better now than I could ever have become in my entire life, thanks to them, especially my third. Every day, she helps me get better in amazing ways. Being with my lovers has only been good for my training. Thanks to them, I will be the best, very soon.

What we do every day together is train, learn, and satisfy our love.

Sincerely, Vermilion=

She was coming to very much enjoy signing things. She liked being Vermilion. She liked the name, and she liked thinking of herself by it. With that message sent, Vermilion turned in for the night.

The morning followed the usual routine of training, sex, and breakfast. After that, the Blaziken checked her emails again, and, sure enough, saw that she had received a reply.

=Fascinating! Thank you so much for sharing. If you are willing to speak more on this matter, I would very much like to know a bit more about you yourself, and what led you to this sort of lifestyle. I’d also like to know more about the team, but later: for now, my focus is on you. I’m very curious how you came to have an attraction outside your own species, if that is something you can describe, and how you developed an understanding of how to emotionally communicate with your girls to such a complicated and intimate extent.=

Vermilion took a good while to debate the best way to answer. Thankfully, Winona was more than
happy to come in and lick her pussy...Vermilion found she always did her best thinking while being pleasured.

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Philena Ivy logged onto her computer, eager to see if there was an answer from her last message.

It had been almost three weeks, now, since she had started a correspondence with Vermilion. She was a very interesting woman, to be sure, who seemed to be a prime example of the very idea that Ivy had hoped her paper would open discussion on: inter-species relationships between humans and Pokemon. It had always been Ivy’s opinion that they should be accepted, even normalized, and that opinion had only become stronger in the past couple of years. She had to admit to herself, of course, that it was in part because she had a secret fetish for female Pokemon...and, related to that, her memories of Mistglide, and the old echoes of pain they could still sometimes bring. But more than her personal wants and history, Ivy had become thoroughly convinced through her behavioral studies that Pokemon, as a general rule, were easily as sentient and emotionally complex and capable as human beings were, and could fill virtually any relationship role with humans as equals. And that being the case, it was completely unacceptable to forbid the potential for love and happiness through romance between trainer and Pokemon!

Vermilion clearly had the same passionate view on the matter as Philena did. And she was quite open to sharing her experiences with it. The woman always maintained certain levels of privacy, of course, but that was to be expected in any online exchange between former strangers, and especially with one focused on such a sensitive subject.

Opening her messages, Philena was pleased to see that there was, indeed, an answer to her latest message.

=You make a good point. You are completely right. Breeding for profit should be outlawed. If it were done with humans, it would be unthinkable to society. Everyone would agree that it was bad and wrong. It should be the same for Pokemon. They feel and think no less.

Just like humans, Pokemon want to find love. They want to choose their partners. And it should not matter what species or gender. All that matters is that they should get to be the ones to choose their love.

Sincerely, Vermilion=

Philena smiled as she read the response. Even though it was only through one or two emails a day, over just three weeks, she truly felt like she had found a kindred spirit in Vermilion. Ever since her three assistants had left to pursue their own research, Philena had been rather lonely. Having found a new friend, even one who was only digital, had given her a new spark. Everything seemed so much better and brighter than it had for such a long time, just knowing that there was someone out there that she felt connected to, that understood things the way she saw them, and wanted to talk about it.

Philena chuckled, and rested her chin in her hand. She’d better watch it. She might start falling for Miss Vermilion and her charmingly blunt sincerity, if she didn't watch it. Philena was pretty sure she wasn't Vermilion's type, after all; the woman was clearly interested only in different species. And for that matter, no matter how pleasuring to chat with, Vermilion probably wasn't physically Philena's type, either. That was all she needed, another relationship doomed from the start by no physical
attraction.

Still kind of fun to think about, though, she had to admit.

She began typing her reply.

=Absolutely. I'm still in the process of deciding a direction for my next research...perhaps I should focus on studies of the Pokemon breeding practice as a whole. I am quite certain that any kind of in-depth, logical look at the institution will expose it as an injustice.

This is a bit of a jump, but...I have to ask: would you ever be willing to share any photos of you and your lovers? Nothing risque (unless you wish to); I just would like to finally have faces and species to put to my mental pictures of you and yours.

If you want, I can show you a photo of myself, and...my first love.=

Philena's heart pumped hard as she typed the last line. She knew Vermilion would obviously not judge her negatively, and she was fine with the possibility that the woman wouldn't want to share any pictures of her own. But still, to type that, to openly admit to someone else, even someone she knew was sympathetic to the highest degree possible, that she had had such a love...it was still an anxious thing, just to say it out loud, or at least, to type it out.

She opened the image file she was attaching. It was an older photo, one which had been scanned from an actual physical copy, of her as a teenager, with Mistglide...her Vaporeon. She sighed a little...even after all this time, it still did hurt a little, looking at it. Had she ever looked quite that excited and happy again, she wondered? Philena didn't know, but she did know that she had never felt quite so joyful since, so she doubted it.

The two had been very, very close, but never fully intimate. Philena had loved Mistglide before she truly understood what love was, really. Looking back on it, Philena had always sort of felt like she had just made a lucky guess that the intense joy she felt from being with Mistglide had been love. That she had accidentally identified the feeling without knowing it, only reaching a point later in her life when she could look back and really recognize that she had been in love with her beautiful little Vaporeon...too late to be able to really revel in it and appreciate that love, of course. Sadly, Philena had been forced to give Mistglide up, when her parents became suspicious, in a way. They hadn't really seemed to recognize the truth of what was going on, but they had seen that their daughter spent every waking moment she could with a Pokemon that she didn't train, stylize, or do anything else "useful" with, so they had decided that Mistglide was a distraction, keeping Philena from focusing on schoolwork and thinking about her future.

And thus, she had been traded away, and by the time that Philena had grown into an adult enough woman that she could demand any sort of answers from her parents, there was no real chance of finding her again. Philena had managed to track down the man that her parents had sold Mistglide to, only to find out that he had, in turn, traded her away to another trainer, some stranger in the middle of their Pokemon journey who the man never saw again. Mistglide was gone forever, and it had been years, by that point, anyway: doubtless the Vaporeon had bonded with whatever trainer she had ended up with. She would have grown out of her love for Philena, surely. And Philena couldn't even say for sure that she hadn't done the same, at that point.

With the picture attached, Philena sent the message.

With that done, she went about digging up some of her old research papers to kill time, maybe find an old avenue of research that could be explored further that would catch her eye. There was always the old GS Ball, she supposed as she came across its file. Interesting enough to check back in on
from time to time, she guessed...but she really was more interested in behavioral studies.

Every little while, she’d look back at her messages. Thankfully, there soon was a reply.

=I'm sorry. I can’t do that. Thank you for sending me yours. It's a very nice picture. Both of you are so pretty in it, and you look so happy.

Emailing back and forth like this is a little inconvenient. Would you like to real time chat?

Sincerely,

Vermillion#0257=

The professor's heart skipped a beat. True, it was a little disappointing that Vermilion wasn't comfortable sending her a picture, but...getting to chat with the woman more personally and immediately? Something about this filled Philena with an odd excitement. Also, she had to admit, she liked being told the picture of her was pretty, even if that was from years and years ago and she knew she wasn't nearly so attractive any more.

Opening her message app, Philena sent a friend request, and waited. Soon there was an accepting ping, and she almost swayed in her seat from excitement. She was about to talk to Vermilion, real time! Oh, she had to calm down...she was being so silly! Like a giddy teen, honestly. Hadn't she just told herself earlier not to go getting a crush on this woman?

Looking at the chat box, she saw that Vermilion's avatar was a tiny, cartoonish picture of a Blaziken, kicking in midair.

“I wonder, is that one of your lovers?” Philena mused with a smile. “Well, it's certainly understandable. Blaziken do have a certain aesthetic charm. Appealingly strong, too, I should think.”

With that, she started typing.

=Ivy: Hello!=

=Vermilion: Hello. It's good to speak like this.=

=Ivy : It certainly is! Much more convenient and intimate.=

Okay, with unconscious word choice like that, Philena decided, she might have to accept the possibility that it was already too late to avoid a crush on Vermilion. She hurriedly typed another message to try to move past the last one.

=Ivy: So, I have to ask...do you like Blaziken?= 

A few moments passed.

=Vermilion: That is one way of putting it.=

Philena smiled to herself. “Well, that gives the species of at least one of your lovers away, right there,” she said aloud.

=Vermilion: If you do not mind my asking, are you still with that Vaporeon?= 

The Professor gave a small, regretful sigh. "It's your own fault," she told herself glumly. "If you don't want to think about someone or have her brought up, then don't send your friend a picture of her!"

=Ivy: No...we were separated, not too long after that picture was taken.=
Vermilion: I am very sad to hear that. That is very, very wrong. I hate to hear that you were separated from someone you loved.

Philena gave a small smile of appreciation for her sentiments, and was about to write a thank-you message, when Vermilion spoke again.

Vermilion: I sadly have to be apart from one of my girls for long periods of time. She is a teacher among her kind and cannot abandon her duties. But even then we are able to communicate most days. I cannot imagine how painful it must have been for you. I am sorry.

That got Ivy’s attention immediately.

Ivy: Communicate? How? Is she a Psychic Type?

Vermilion: Haha~ No. I do not have any psychic girls. Not yet.

Ivy: But then how do you communicate with her?

Vermilion: Like this.

Ivy: What!? How?

Vermilion: I do not like to repeat myself. Like this.

Philena leaned back in her chair, trying to piece it together. Was she understanding Vermilion correctly? Was one of her Pokemon lovers able to operate a computer well enough to communicate with it!? The idea was staggering. Philena knew that Pokemon could be as smart as humans, of course, that was the whole point of her recent paper, but the idea that they could use a PC was still incredible to her. Not to mention that unless it was all done through face time, the implication was that the Pokemon could type, and read!

And what was this about her being a teacher? The notion was intriguing. True, Pokemon could communicate between all species, so any could theoretically be an educator to any other, but that still left questions. First, that a Pokemon would value the role of mentoring so much as to be away from her lover and own trainer, and that Vermilion accepted the division so readily, that made Professor Ivy very curious. It sounded similar to the way some humans prioritized their careers over even their love lives. What a fascinating possibility, that this could be another realm in which Pokemon emotional and intellectual behavior overlapped with that of humans. And what sort of teaching could a Pokemon be responsible for that she would feel was more important than being with the one she loved? Furthermore, what could be so important that even her trainer, who loved her back, agreed it was too vital to let their own love's comfort get in its way?

Professor Ivy had so much she wanted to ask, but it was clear that Vermilion did not wish to divulge any more, and she didn't want to risk the woman acting as her greatest insight so far to the world of human/Pokemon intimacy becoming upset with her.

Ivy: Very well, let's change the subject. Do you have anything else you’d like to know about me?

Vermilion: I do wonder just what it is that you do from day to day. I have told you my routine before.

Ivy: As of late I’ve been mostly going over older subjects of mine to see if I can find anything I missed. Research is my passion, but I seem to have hit a bit of a snag on what direction to take with it, what hypothesis to pursue next. I'm hoping that our talks will help me to find my way, honestly. In my down time, I do like to go swimming, every now and then.
I'm not a fan of swimming, or water in general. But I do like hot springs. Just not any other water.

After that, the talk moved onto the subject of hobbies, and then to other mundane matters. After some time, both women had other things to tend too, and signed off. With that, Philena turned back to some of her research, primarily the newest project looking into the history of Pokemon/human relations.

After a few hours, Professor Ivy was slumped over and groaning in frustration. "There’s just not enough data! It's all either old legends that can't be proven or unproven, gossip and rumors about Diantha or some other famous trainer that are equally unproven, or people swapping stories that are clearly about indulging in a fetish, and most of which are probably fictional anyway! Vermilion is just about the only one I’ve come across so far who I can nail down as a real, actual case of committed romantic relations with a Pokemon.” She sighed.

Leaning back and putting her hand over her eyes, she sighed again.

“This is just so vexing,” she muttered. “If only Pokemon could communicate with humans more easily. People are likely to hide their inconvenient truths...their Pokemon might be more honest and forthcoming, if they could only talk."

Feeling like she’d hit a wall, she decided to see if Vermilion was online. Luckily, she was.

I do wish I could see a bit of your relationship in person. I’ve hit a major wall in my research.

There was a very long pause. It wasn't that the other woman was away from her PC; Vermilion icon indicated that she was typing. It stopped and started a dozen times over, before the response appeared at last.

I might be willing to invite you.

But first, I want to test you.

What do you want me to do?

Beat me four times in a row, and you can come to see me, and my girls, in person.

Alright, if that’s the condition, then I should just start packing my bags.
Starting the game up, Philena decided to not hold back. She wanted this prize!

An hour later, she was frantically trying to keep pace, and failing.

The screen flashed, announcing Vermilion's win.

=Ivy: Wow...I have to say, I really didn’t think it’d go like that.=

=Vermilion: I am fond of this game. Rematch?=

Philena laughed. One game had taken an hour, and she had lost it. But she was game for the challenge. Now that she knew how Vermilion played, things would go much smoother.

=Ivy: You bet!=

Half an hour later, and she was staring at a losing screen again.

Philena growled, in a mix of annoyance and amusement. Getting beaten twice in a row was bad enough, but having the second loss even faster than the first? That was a blow to her pride, even as she could not help but admire the fearsome intellect of her opponent.

=Ivy: Impressive.=

=Vermilion: So are you. No one has given me that much of a challenge before.=

=Ivy: That makes me feel so much better.=

She added a pair of emjoi at the end to hep hint that it was good-spirited sarcasm. Vermilion responded with another mocking one of her own, and then told Philena that she had to go for the time being. Philena told her goodbye, and Vermilion went offline.

Professor Ivy decided that she should try and practice a little. Even if the computer was a poor substitute for her online friend as an opponent, it could still help.

After a few rounds, Philena decided that she had gotten all she could out of the artificial foe, and logged off. It was past the time that Vermilion would normally come back on, so she decided to just go to bed.

In her dreams, Philena couldn’t help but imagine meeting Vermilion. But she didn’t know what the woman looked like...the only thing she had to go on was the avatar: a Blaziken. Tall, powerful, beautiful. So when she met Vermilion in the dream, the human woman was vague, difficult to really focus on...she was there, to be sure, but Philena found herself talking to the imposing, strong, and lovely Blaziken standing at Vermilion's side. Thanks to dream logic, however, she found it quite easy to speak to Vermilion's lover in her place, and have Vermilion simply reply to what she said from over on the side, just out of the corner of Philena’s eye.

In the dream, Vermilion took Philena as a lover. She touched Philena, made her feel so very good, but always from the side, from the back. And she commanded her Blaziken to make love to Philena, too, and Philena thrilled as she was allowed to make love back to the Pokemon. The intelligence Vermilion had shown in the game earlier only a prelude to her full brilliance, as she whispered amazing secrets and insights into Philena's ear. At some point, Mistglide was there, too, making love to the Blaziken, Philena, and Vermilion. Or maybe Philena was Mistglide...it became hard to tell. The only thing that remained clear about the dream was how enjoyable it was, how natural it felt.

When Professor Ivy woke up the following morning, her body was hot and flush with desire. She
had never been more turned on in her entire life.

(What a dream), she thought to herself, trying to calm her breathing as she recalled what had left her in this state. (What does it mean, I wonder? Am I falling for Vermilion, even though she's a human woman? I've tried so hard to be attracted to humans before; maybe she's finally the one! Or am I simply desperate to have the same kind of happiness that she enjoys? I was making love to Vermilion, but my focus was on her Pokemon, and also Mistglide, later on. Why was she there, I wonder? Is it because I'm still in love with her, after all this time? Or is it just because she represents the kind of love I lost, and want back? And since Vermilion's life represents that which I lost, of course they would both be together...or was I Mistglide? What would that mean, if I were? Is it because my romantic and sexual preferences make my own subconscious associate me with a Pokemon more than a human woman, or...)

Completely engrossed both in trying to sort through what her dream could have meant, and in trying to keep control of herself as she felt the heat rise only further as she continued to think of the dream, Philena got on her computer and saw that Vermilion was online, and had already sent her a few messages.

=Vermilion: I am curious. Have you ever taken part in sexual activity with a Pokemon?=

=Vermilion: You asked me already, but I have yet to ask you.=

Philena groaned at the thought of answering. In her current needy, confused state, it was almost painful to think about it. But fair was fair. Vermilion had answered when she had asked, after all.

=Ivy: No...sadly.=

=Ivy: My first love was taken away before I had any real knowledge of what consummating love was, and I've never had a chance since.=

=Vermilion: I see.=

=Vermilion: ...Would you want to, if given the chance?=

=Ivy: Yes.=

There was a long pause. Long enough that Philena wondered if somehow that had been the wrong answer. Then, suddenly...

=Vermilion: Another game. If you win, I will let you meet me.=

Philena gasped, and felt a twinge between her legs.

=Ivy: Yes! Alright!=

With that, the game began. It was an intense back and forth, but somehow, Philena Ivy felt calm, in control the whole time, even as her breath quickened in excitement and she had to rub her legs together harder and harder in arousal. She was spurred on by a desire stronger than any she’d ever felt before, one that somehow seemed to give her a powerful clarity and focus on the game that she'd never felt before. Somehow, she was able to win, by less than ten points.

=Vermilion: Very good.=

=Ivy: You weren't going easy on me, were you?=
Vermilion: I don't do that. You just wanted to win more.

Vermilion: I knew you could be amazing. You just needed to want something enough to reach what you are capable of.

Vermilion: And I knew it would be me.
Philena Ivy was trembling. Like a leaf. It amazed her, and it delighted her. The last time she had ever, ever been this excited - for that matter, the only time - had been the day she'd caught Mistglider. Never since then had she ever been so utterly filled with happy, nervous, overwhelming energy and feeling that her body could not even contain it, that it created an actual, physical effect upon her...until now. Until today.

She was going to have sex with a Pokemon.

Just thinking about it sent a new wave of shivers through her, made her breath catch again. Maybe today. Maybe not. Maybe tomorrow. She didn't know. It could be the day after that. All she knew was that in the next two days, the impossible joy that she had always wanted, always dreamed of, was going to happen.

After beating Vermilion and winning the right to meet the intriguing woman in person, Professor Ivy and Vermilion had begun working out the details of when and where this meeting would take place. Philena had been a little surprised to learn that Vermilion lived in Lavaridge Town...somehow, in her mind, she had expected this unique woman who pursued love with Pokemon and made no apologies for it would live somewhere more remote, closer to the natural world of the Pokemon she made love to, rather than within a well-established human city. But Philena realized, after a moment of thought, that it didn't really make any more sense for Vermilion to live away from people...Pokemon were such a well-established part of human society that one like Vermilion could easily be hidden in plain sight, walking down the street with her lovers and every passerby being none the wiser.

And, thinking about it a little further, Lavaridge made perfect sense. The only Pokemon that Philena could be relatively sure was one of Vermilion's lovers was a Blaziken, after all, and few places in the known world were a more preferable environment for a Fire Type than the magma-filled mountains in which Lavaridge was situated. Perhaps all of Vermilion's lovers were Fire Types? They did frequently have a luxurious, elegant loveliness to them.

The meetup was set to take place on the weekend after the one in which Philena had won the game. During that week, Vermilion and Ivy had kept up their usual chats...and each one just served to build Philena's excitement all the higher. Vermilion's words slowly grew more and more suggestive about just what kinds of things Vermilion did with her lovers...and what kinds of things Philena could expect upon her arrival. By Thursday, as Philena stepped onto the boat that would bring her to Hoenn, Vermilion was all but outright telling her that her dream of making love to a Pokemon would be fulfilled this weekend.

It was a difficult trip. Service was spotty at the best of times, leaving Philena largely alone with her own thoughts, and a body that had an adult woman's endurance and a fiery excitement like a frustrated teenager. She spent most of her time in her cabin, trying her hardest not to touch herself to thoughts of what was coming in the next day, trying to hold herself back and make sure she didn't work it all out of her system before the fun even started. She failed miserably most hours of the trip, but it was okay - the anticipation of finally achieving the satisfaction she had dreamed of for years kept her as fresh and wantonly eager as she'd started.

Now, finally, she was here, in Lavaridge. Looking down at the sheet of paper that trembled in her grasp, she followed the directions she'd hastily transcribed days ago, until finally she reached the building bearing the address Vermilion had told her.

“Well...this is unexpected,” she remarked with a smile.
The Lavaridge Gym! The mysterious, entrancing Vermilion was actually the famous Gym Leader, Flannery? What an interesting surprise! Philena supposed that it made sense that a woman like Vermilion would have to be someone special, someone with the will and presence to be able to keep a whole handful of Pokemon as her lovers - someone like a Gym Leader. Still, she would never have expected that someone with tastes in love so outside of the misguided edicts of their society would hold such a high place in it.

Heart pounding in her chest, Philena reached out, and knocked on the front door. It took just a few moments for it to open.

Before the Pokemon Professor stood a Blaziken - no doubt the Blaziken - and Philena found herself gasping in awe, and, she realized giddily, arousal. The Pokemon towered over Ivy, and held herself with an air of power that gave the human woman an odd, intriguing, and delicious feeling of helplessness and reassurance. She gulped a little, struck by just how beautiful the the creature was. Her feathers were the brightest shade of red, and so glossy that Philena wanted to reach out and touch her right now - and yet the powerful bearing of these beautiful beast kept the woman's hand at her side. One did not touch a queen without permission.

"Um...I-I'm Professor Ivy. I'm here to meet a woman named Vermilion,” Ivy introduced herself, feeling the Pokemon’s eyes roving along her body. A shiver ran through her. She knew that this Blaziken was undressing her as she looked the shorter woman up and down, and that excited her in a way she hadn’t experienced before.

"Blaz,” was the answer, as the Pokemon stepped back and beckoned Ivy to enter. She did, and she could feel Blaziken's eyes on her ass as she passed by. She swallowed, holding back a moan of excitement. This magnificent creature was Vermilion's lover, it wouldn't...wouldn't do to give into her urges before her hostess had invited her to do so...

A large, taloned hand come to rest on her shoulder, and this time Philena couldn't keep her whimper in as she rubbed her thighs together. The powerful, gentle grip guided her into a living room. Sitting on the couch at its center was none other than the local Gym Leader, Flannery.

“Hi, Ivy,” the redhead greeted her with a smile.

“Hello, Vermilion,” Philena breathed, butterflies in her stomach to finally be before the woman who was living the life Philena had only dreamed of. As if in a dream, she took a seat across from Flannery.

The Blaziken clicked her beak sharply.

“I'm not Vermilion,” Flannery told her, a gentle laugh in her words.

Philena tilted her head. “Then...who...

"You know who Vermilion is, Ivy," Flannery told her, smiling, quiet, knowing. "You're just overthinking it. Feel it, instead."

Philena frowned and shook her head, confused. What sense did that make? Nonetheless, she tried to take Flannery's advice for a moment, and "feel" it. How did Vermilion make her feel, when talking to her? Vermilion was mysterious, and fun, and special, but...she was also intimidating. There was a power to her statements. She felt so...indomitable. A gentle, but overpowering guide. Like...

Like the way this Blaziken made her feel.

Philena's jaw dropped, and she had to take a step back just to catch herself from falling. Before her
mind could catch up and come up with all the reasons why it was impossible, she looked at the
Blaziken in the room, met its expectant glare, and whispered, "You?"

"Yes," Flannery confirmed, as the Pokemon dipped her head slightly in similar affirmation.

Mind reeling, Philena felt herself moving forward. Breath trembling, she extended her hand, not
knowing how else she should greet this being. "I...it's...nice to meet you, Vermilion..."

The Blaziken looked down at her extended hand, and reached forward a talon to meet it. But it was
not to shake Philena's hand, as expected. Instead, the Blaziken took the small, frail human within her
rough, hot, secure grasp, and lifted it higher, to her beak. She gave a tiny, pinching nip to the back of
Philena's hand, and then lowered it and let it go, in a gesture clearly meant to mimic a classic, noble
hand kiss. Philena gasped, delighted and intimidated. A handshake was an act between equals.
This...was the act of a woman whose confident, controlling charm dominated the other, and who
wanted to make that inequality clearly known.

"Ken," the Pokemon stated, walking around and taking a seat next to Flannery. "Blazik, ke."

"She’s my Mistress," Flannery said, or perhaps translated. "She's not a human woman with a harem
of Pokemon. She's a Pokemon with a harem of human girls."

Philena stood, blinking a few times as things started to click in her mind. Phrases and vague answers
she’d received from Vermilion began to make more sense...

"Blaze," she stated, clicking her beak twice “Kenken zik-aze."

"She says she can prove it if you want," Flannery explained. "At least, I think that's what she's
saying...I'm not as good as Korrina at translating for Mistress."

Korrina? Another Gym Leader was involved?

Philena took a breath. “I...I think I believe it,” she stated. “It would actually explain a few things; I
thought that some of Vermilion's wording was a little ambiguous quite often. And just the tone she
had to some of it...it almost made me think that she put Pokemon above humans. It's a stance I can
relate to, but still."

Flannery let out a happy chuckle, and shrugged her shoulders. "We can all relate to it, here. We've
learned that it's true." She looked to her mistress, adoration and gratitude in her eyes.

Ivy took a breath. “But...I still want some proof, yes,” she decided “I am still a scientist.”

The Blaziken nodded, stood up, and walked toward the computer in the room's corner, beckoning
Ivy to follow her. Taking a look at the modified keyboard and mouse, Ivy was impressed as the
Pokemon quickly opened a document and began to type.

=Is this proof enough for you?= she typed out quickly.

=I can say as much as you need to convince you. I can sign into the messenger under my name if
you want. But I think you don't need that. You know the truth now, don't you?= Vermilion turned and
clicked her beak to emphasize her point.

“You're right. That's all the proof I need,” Philena replied, a giant smile beginning to spread across
her face as she finally began to really understand and believe.

“Wow...I'm amazed! There are so, so, so many things that I want to ask you...I can’t even decide
where to start!” she proclaimed. She turned and looked at Flannery. “I have a lot I want to ask you, too. And the others!”

“Blaz,” Vermilion said, putting a hand on Ivy’s shoulder, “kin.”

“She says that can wait,” Flannery translated. “She’s been...pretty eager to get you.” She gave the other woman a grin. “I’d join you two, but I have a challenger in a bit, so...guess I’ll be there for it later. You’ll probably like it best if your first time is all about you and her, anyway, right? You’re the first one of us who already knew that Pokemon were sexy, and wanted to be with one, so...I’m sure it'll be extra special for you if you two are alone for it!” With a smirk, she walked out, leaving the two alone.

Her head swam with questions and excited anticipation from Flannery's words...but as Philena Ivy watched the redhead walk to the door, all that her brain could seem to focus on was the fact that she was now alone with Vermilion.

Looking to the Pokemon, she realized again just how truly powerful and commanding Vermilion’s presence really was. She almost felt like she should avert her eyes, like a demure maiden from a storybook...or like a woman staring at the sun.

“So...you were eager?” she asked, a tad meekly, as things really set in. Philena wasn’t a virgin, technically, but in this moment, that was how she felt. She had only had sex once once before, with Cissy, a human woman. Cissy had been a generous and enthusiastic lover, but she simply hadn't been what Philena had wanted. It had been a test, a desperate hope that perhaps Philena was not solely attracted to women outside her own species, and the results had been clear: she was. Since then, it had been just masturbation to fantasies of certain research subjects, and, of course, to memories of Mistglide. In Philena's eyes, and to all practical purposes...she was a naive, nervous virgin, facing down the true moment she would become a woman.

Vermilion gave a small, affirmative chirp as she stood up and grabbed Philena, scooping her up in her arms and carrying her bridal style. Philena laughed with delight, to be treated like a young woman with such powerful grace. She felt as new and excited as a girl over a decade her junior!

And yet her mind was racing a mile a minute. She wanted this she really did, she wanted it more than anything else in the world, but she was still freaked out! She was getting something she had wanted all her life, but never really thought that it could actually happen!

“Uhh...so, we are just starting?” Philena asked with a nervous chuckle, as they entered the bedroom.

“Blaz!” Vermilion answered, as she gently laid Philena down on the bed. She wasted no time in pulling off her top, and exposing her breasts. The human woman let out a squeak of surprise, and before she could react further, Vermilion cupped her breasts, gentle but firm. Her "hands" were covered in scales, a little rough but pleasant...her sharp talons lightly resting on sensitive flesh created an odd sensation that was almost ticklish.

Vermilion looked into Philena’s eyes, and made a small, high-pitched chirp, before leaning in and kissing the woman. Philena was caught off guard by by it; Vermilion’s beak was so smooth and warm on the inside! And her avian tongue had a texture to it so unlike Cissy's had been, and was so thin compared to her stature...

Philena was sure that her own lack of experience was probably making it all the more strange for Vermilion, but she still enjoyed it receiving and giving the kiss, her nervousness melting away and excitement taking its place. This was really happening!
Breaking the kiss, Vermilion moved down, lightly nipping at one of Philena’s nipples, the edge of her beak just sharp enough to send a little twinge through the human woman, a startling tiny spark of pain that was somehow delightful and enticing. Vermilion spent a few moments teasing her breasts, before letting go and standing up straight.

Before Philena could question it, Vermilion reached down, sank her taloned grip into Philena’s remaining clothing, and gave a quick pull, ripping the fabric with effortless strength. She then pulled it off in a quick sweep, leaving Philena in just her silken, navy panties, special underwear she’d worn just in cast. Vermilion seemed to recognize these as something more important and special, for, in a display of gentle dexterity almost as impressive as the strength she’d shown a moment ago, she gripped the little band on each side of the undergarment, and swiftly but carefully pulled it down her legs. Philena could feel the silk leave a wet trail all the way down her leg, and the realization of just how turned on she was for this only got her wetter.

“Blazik,” Vermilion uttered softly, in a tone that even Philena could easily understand was one of appreciation. She did have the kind of figure that was very desirable, she knew, being a pleasing mix of curvy and fit. Lots of swimming in between long sessions of sedentary research had created that balance within her.

Although she did not know it, her body's appeal was all the stronger for the fact that, though Vermilion had a great love for the lithe young forms of her other girls and the slender muscle of Korrina, Ivy's womanly proportions in both curve and fitness were a new, exotic, enticing treat for the Pokemon. Upon this moment of reveling in the revelation of her newest lover's body, Vermilion instantly made a decision that she would absolutely have to acquire more matured girls like Ivy for herself.

Vermilion lightly tapped one talon against Ivy’s nipple, just enough to pleasantly sting. She then very lightly traced it along Philena's body, down the curve of her breast, down her belly, ending at last with a light tap on her clit. The feeling of that was enough to make Philena let out a squeal, and cum. She watched, happily enthralled, as the human woman's body shook and writhed as it twisted into pleasure knots within, and let out unearthly screams of delight, as Vermilion gently plucked her rough fingers at Ivy's clit the whole time, prolonging her orgasm, and then bringing a second one crashing into the end of the first.

Vermilion noted with more than a little delight that Ivy came with more energy than any of her other girls did save for their most powerful climaxes. A small little spurt of cum shot out of her pussy as she squirted! Vermilion chuckled and used her free hand to hold the convulsing, shrieking pleasure victim gently to the bed. Was it just because she was pent up from a lifetime of repressing her natural needs? Was it because she was older than the other girls Blaziken had taken? Or was it just a unique trait to Ivy? Either way, the Blaziken was happy that their future would hold many opportunities to explore these questions' answers.

Finally, Philena came down from her bliss, and Vermilion clucked a little. It was hard to tell whether she was amused, or admonishing Philena for cumming so quickly. Or perhaps both were true.

As Philena was almost fully come down from the shockwaves of pleasure, Vermilion moved up, and straddled her face. Philena let out a muffled sound of surprise, but not of any displeasure from the sudden new situation. In fact, after a moment, she found she very much enjoyed this...the soft, warm, powerful, secure feeling of the Pokemon's legs' incredible musculature on each side of her head, the gently radiating heat of the Fire Type washing over her...the soft, tickling brush of Vermilion's pubic down against her lips...and, as Philena took a deep breath, the best part of all, the husky, penetrating scent of Vermilion's bestial desire. Vermilion looked down at her, a gentle caring within that piercing raptor gold, and Philena found herself sticking her tongue out and testing it against her lover's hot,
feathered quim.

The feathers around her slit were soft, and small, and strange but pleasant against her tongue. More than that, though, they were dewy with Vermilion's excitement, giving the barest flavor of what was to come, but even the barest taste was enough to entice Philena to quickly thrust her tongue within the avian cunt before her. She began to lap vigorously at the hot, smooth inside of Vermilion's womanhood, and both she and her lover moaned in unison.

This was the height of her dreams, to be eating out Vermilion, to be eating out a Pokemon! And it was everything Philena had wanted it to be, and so, so much more. The taste of Vermilion’s pussy was radically different from her own, and from what she remembered of Cissy’s, for that matter. Philena would have assumed that every woman's intimate juices had their own subtle flavor, as hers and Cissy’s differed, but Vermilion's was radically different. The wetness that lined the Blaziken's inner walls and leaked gently onto Philena's tongue were musky and heady in flavor; they tasted as heavy and bestial and strong as the Pokemon herself was. Vermilion's husky flavor was almost overpowering to Philena, and she knew that no human could ever compare. And the temperature! It was a miniature inferno within Vermilion, a dripping, steamy sauna humid with the fluid and flavor of sex, so hot that just another couple degrees higher and Philena might have burned her tongue a little from the juices she was lapping up...and yet, somehow that just made her want to lick even more.

As she was going in as deep as she could, Philena could feel Vermilion reach back and start to rub her pussy with the back of one of the dominant female's talons. The feeling made Philena moan harder, and speed up her tongue. Wanting, needing to bring this fantastic, hot creature to climax, she reached her hand up, found the hot button that throbbed in the feathers above her cunt, and began to rub her fingertip against it.

Vermilion let out a sharp, chirping cry, and came. She pressed herself down onto Philena all the harder as pussy clenched orgasmically around Philena's tongue just a little more, forcing the human woman to keep licking and rubbing her finger against Vermilion's clit desperately as she began to grow lightheaded from having to labor for her air - air saturated with the scent of Vermilion's quim, which only added to her sexual daze. And on top of that was the feeling of the slick, hard, warm talon, plunging into Philena's own pussy, thumbing insistently at her own clit. It was all too much, and Ivy came again, joining her fiery lover in orgasm's embrace.

Vermilion stayed in place for a few moments, pushing rhythmically against the finger and tongue pleasing her, riding out her orgasm to completion before getting up.

“Blaziken,” she declared as she stood and walked over to a cabinet. She opened it, and after looking within for a few moments, she pulled out an item and held it forth for Philena to see. It took the Pokemon professor a few seconds to recognize it. It was a dildo, but not like any she had seen before. It had a tapered end and a thicker base, and tufts of bright red and yellow artificial fur here and there along its length, just bristly enough to have texture yet still be soft. Professor Ivy's field was in Pokemon behavior, not anatomy, but if she had to guess, she would estimate that this toy was based on a Typhlosion's phallus.

“Ken,” Vermilion commanded, tossing it to Philena. It was only at holding it in her own hands that she realized that the toy was connected to a simple harness...a strap-on, then. Not needing any further instructions, she slipped it on and took a few moments to tighten and adjust it to fit comfortably to her frame. She had to loosen it a bit, for whoever had worn it last had a thinner frame, smaller hips. With a thrill, Philena realized that it had probably been Flannery who had last worn this toy...meaning that Philena was now wearing a dildo that had been within Vermilion before. She reached down and ran her hands along it for a moment, feeling the shaft and fur, knowing it had been in Vermilion before,
might still retain some of that heavy, odorous essence of the Pokemon if Philena were to smell it...

But why immerse herself in the possible lingering traces, when she had the real thing in front of her, ready for more?

Vermilion walked over and grabbed her, lifting the smaller human woman off the ground as she supported Philena with two strong talons grasping her thighs and ass. Vermilion then guided the dildo to her quim and pulled her forward. The Blaziken let out a satisfied whistle as she was perfectly filled by the toy. Gently gripped and supported by her thighs, Philena wrapped her arms around Vermilion’s neck and her legs around her waist, doing what she could to help her lover use her body precisely.

Vermilion started to move her arms, pulling Philena away a little bit, and then back into herself. Philena caught on, and soon was using her hips to try and add a little more power to each thrust. Every time she went back in, she could feel the back of the toy rub and press against her own quim and clit in just the perfect way to make her feel good, too.

Vermilion’s chest, she took a deep breath of the warm, pleasant scent of the Pokemon, marveling at how soft her feathers were, how comforting the strength of the muscles below them, how secure the heat that emanated off her.

“Ah...this is perfect, this is way too perfect!” she cried out, almost weeping as she was fucked and used to fuck. Vermilion answered with a breathy, throaty cry, and pumped Philena all the harder against and into herself.

Gasping, tears in her eyes from how wonderful it was, Ivy gazed at Vermilion in her piercing, owning eyes, holding Vermilion's glare as best she could as she moaned. “You want to own me, right? I accept, Vermilion, Mistress, I accept! Please, take me! Take me, take me...make me yours, claim me and own me!” Ivy pleaded, voice shrill and desperate as she felt another amazing climax coming on.

Vermilion gave a sharp click of her beak. “Blaz!” she answered, voice barely faltering as she started pumping faster. Soon, both she and Philena came at the same time, the human woman letting out a happy scream and wildly thrusting herself as hard as she could against and into the Pokemon that had given her such incredible pleasure. Still holding Philena up securely, legs steady even as her own cunt quaked in orgasm, Vermilion carried the woman quickly over to a shelf, and shifting to free one hand, picked up a Dive Ball. She held it up for Philena to look at.

Still shrieking as orgasm ripped through her, Ivy leaned in and tapped her forehead against it, and felt another orgasm begin on top of the one still ravaging her.

Setting the ball aside for the moment, Vermilion brought Ivy back to the bed. She lay down, bringing Ivy down with her to lay atop the Pokemon, and finally seemed to give into her own pleasure, beginning to buck herself against the toy still buried in her, trembling each time a tuft on it brushed ticklingly against her clit. With a wild cry, she ordered Ivy to keep fucking her, and her property understood, and began to thrust herself all the harder into her mistress.

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Later that night, everyone sat around the table in the living area of the Gym. Ivy, who had by now
been introduced to her new sisters in servitude and love, was resting in Vermilion’s lap, alternately looking around to the other younger girls in the group, and back adoringly at her new beloved. A laptop had been placed at one seat, with Roxanne joining them through video chat.

Things were not as simple as they had been, back when it was just Flannery, after all. It was important to discuss the new woman’s place here, her schedule, what she was and wasn’t comfortable with.

“I don’t entirely mind having any of you join us when Mistress Vermilion wants you to, but...I hope this isn’t offensive to any of you, and please understand, you’re all very good-looking young ladies, but I’m just not attracted to humans. When Mistress isn’t asking me to, I’d rather not be physical with you,” Ivy told the, blushing and anxious. "I-I'll love getting to know you all, I'm sure, and I think we'll get along very well, it's just-

“It's fine,” Flannery interrupted her with a reassuring smile. “Winona and I love to be to with each other, with or without Mistress (even if it's always better with Mistress!), but that's because we're in love. And we really like fooling around with Giselle when she's here, too. But we're attracted to girls, so that's expected! But Korrina's only attracted to Mistress, so we don't pressure her to be with us on the side, and that's just fine.”

Korrina nodded. "When we're with Mistress, and she tells me to touch Flannery, or Winona, or Giselle, suddenly they're so incredibly hot to me! But without Mistress there to make it happen, I really just don't have a sexual interest in them or anyone else. It's all about Mistress Bla - er, Mistress Vermilion. And no one here makes me feel any less important or loved for that! So don't worry, Ivy."

"Yeah, I haven't even gotten to meet any of you besides Giselle in person yet, let alone have sex with you. And Giselle and I don't even do it when she's here, because we've just sort of been friends for so long that it feels weird unless Mistress is there with us. But everyone there has made me feel as much a part of this as anyone else."

Ivy visibly relaxed, thankful that they were good enough to understand her needs. She would definitely do her best to make them feel good, when Mistress shared herself with more than one girl, but Ivy was definitely sure now that her only interest was with Pokemon women.

"Although it would be great if you two were to visit sometime with Mistress," Roxanne added, looking to Flannery and Winona. "I'd really like to get to know what you two sound like when you scream!"

The girls all laughed, Ivy included, and Winona blushed.

“So, as far as living arrangements...a Gym like this isn't designed to house so many people at once,” Ivy continued, once the laughter died down. "But I can apply to the League to change my residence to accommodate my research, so as soon as this weekend is over and I get back, I'm going to apply to be moved here to study the behaviors of Pokemon in this area. Hopefully, I'll be your neighbor by the end of the month!"

Vermilion cooed her approval, and stroked Ivy's hair, sending a pleased shiver through the woman.

“Sounds good! Because yeah, no offense, but it's gonna get pretty crowded with anyone else around here,” Flannery laughed. She then looked at Ivy with a curious, serious expression. "Hey, Professor, do you mind if I ask you something?"

Ivy nodded her consent.
“Well...it seems sort of like you fell for Mistress even before you knew she was a Pokemon. Would you have still been into her if she was a human, like you thought?” the redhead asked.

Vermilion clicked and gave a few chirps. "She's curious to know, too,” Korrina translated.

“I think so...” Ivy answered, thinking to herself. “It...It wouldn't have been the same, though. I wouldn't be attracted to Mistress if she were human. But I do think I’d still have fallen in love with her, in spite of that. Just talking online with her was more gratifying than any conversation I've ever had before.

“I could tell even during in those chats that she was a brilliant and kind person, someone who always seemed to know just what to say,” Ivy stated, turning her head to smile at the Pokemon holding her, and giving her beak a little kiss. “When I published that article, I knew that there would be a lot of backlash...and I did receive that, though nowhere near the levels I expected.

“But the first truly positive message I got was from Mistress,” she said, smiling warmly. She was still new to saying it, but she loved calling Vermilion that, and had an almost giddy look as she expressed her newfound loyalty. "I knew the moment I read her email that I had found someone I could put trust into. But I had no idea that it would end up being this wonderful.” She nuzzled into Vermilion's chest.

There was a collective "Aww," from the others, and Giselle even clapped her hands together and said, "She's so sweet and cute! It's like she's the youngest of any of us!". Seeing the newest member of their family so happy was heartwarming.

Vermilion stroked the back of her head, cooing, and a happy hush fell over them all.

Sensing the time was right, she pressed her beak affectionately against Ivy's cheek, and looked into her eyes. “Belong,” Vermilion declared.

A few seconds passed as everyone looked at her in shock...save Roxanne, who had a giant, proud grin on her face.

“What?!?” five voices exclaimed.

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