Shattered Expectations

by bloomingbellflower

Summary

A Machoke drinks an amount of alcohol that should probably be illegal and meets up with a Lopunny at a party. They hit it off, slip upstairs to a bedroom, and...well, you know what happens next. The twist? Machoke is a female, and Lopunny is a male. Now there’s something that makes erotica a little more interesting!

Notes

Well. Here it is. I uploaded Pokémon porn on the Internet. I can’t really believe I did that, but so too do the tides of fate turn in ways we cannot comprehend.

(it’s four in the morning)

This is the first piece of Pokémon smut I’ve ever written. Definitely the first I’ve uploaded. This is sort of a trial run for ffnet, so I’m curious to see what the reaction is, if any. I hope it’s okay.

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn’t often that Pokémon could throw a good party, but sometimes the stars aligned for the situation, and this particular event promised to be massive. Some rich ex-trainer had gone on a trip and left his Armaldo in charge of his mansion. The Armaldo had more than a few connections and had promptly invited over everyone he knew. His friends invited their own friends, et cetera, until the trainer’s mansion was filled to the brim with Pokémon of all shapes and sizes, free to let off
steam with no humans in a twenty-mile radius.

Music blasted, Pokémon attacks ricocheted off hapless objects, and the snack table was full of human foods as well as Poffins and Poké Beans. And there was alcohol. Plenty of it. The mansion had a bar. There was even some exchanges going on in dark corners, things like fairy fluff, terror tablets, and colorful, ground-up mystery stones.

Jen the Machoke preferred to stay away from such things, but she was drinking quite a lot of liquor. She didn’t actually know what kind it was. It was something strong, meant to overpower a stocky Fighting-type’s constitution, and the Kirlia bartender had handed her a large wine bottle full of it when she specified the extreme level of hammeredness she wanted to achieve. She couldn’t feel its effects yet, but the smarter Pokémon appeared to be giving her a wide berth. She only made eye contact with one other Pokémon—a Lopunny who eyed her across the room and then raised her simple glass of beer (it looked watered down?) in a toast.

Jen wandered the dance floor, drinking from her bottle in a determined, almost petulant fashion, like she was trying to take her anger out on it. She’d lost a fight against a jackass Pokémon that day, she couldn’t even remember the species, but it was a Rock/Flying type with a stupid lizardy head, and it had totally oneshot her with Acrobatics. She wondered if that was why her trainer’s Walrein, Maricia—the only teammate of hers to come to the party too—had vanished somewhere. What a bitch!

The overwhelming atmosphere of the party (and probably the alcohol) gradually started to relax her. The more wild and effervescent the setting, the more soothed she felt, like she was sinking into the background. Just an extra behind a curtain. Whatever problems were going on, none of them were hers. Jen hated quiet mountains, meadows by lakes, whatever bullshit setting most Pokémon lived around. City Pokémon represent!

As Jen leaned her head back and tipped her bottle further, she bumped into someone. She wouldn’t have given it a second thought if that Pokémon’s beer hadn’t shattered into pieces against her chest. Fighting-type problems, fuck, it must have been like slamming a glass into a brick wall. She reeled back a little, unhurt by the glass, checking to see if the other Pokémon was okay.

It was the Lopunny she’d seen early. The Normal type now picked shards out of the front of her fur. She must have been going awfully fast if she’d run into brick-wall Jen like a Miltank barreling around with Rollout.

“Well fuck,” Jen said (she’d later berate herself for starting like that.) “Why’re you going so fast, lady?”

“Sorry,” the other Pokémon said, her voice surprisingly low and smooth. “Some Ghosts were checking me out. Just wanted to get out of there.”

“Fuckers,” Jen said automatically. “Need help with that glass?”

“I can get it.”

Jen placed her hand on the Lopunny’s soft chest anyway, flecking away bits of glass. She was surprised by the texture. The Lopunny was unexpectedly flat and solid. Caught off guard, without thinking, she moved her hand up and down. No curves. She snatched her hand back, unaware that the Lopunny had briefly closed their eyes at her touch. This was not a female body type.

“Holy shit.”
“Yeah?” Lopunny said, watching her with red eyes.

“Uh, pronouns?”

“I’m a guy.”

“Holy shit,” Jen said again. “I didn’t mean to feel you up just now. I mean—yeah, fuck, I thought you were a girl.”

“So did the Ghost-types,” the Lopunny said with a soft cackle.

“I’m not trying to say feeling up females is more normal for me than males,” Jen said, one part digging herself deeper, two parts watching in horror at the runaway Rhyperior that was her conversational skills. “I thought being touchy was a girl thing. Like. I just wanted to get that glass out, and. Fuck. I like males.”

“Okay.”

Jen tried to say, “Do you believe me?” but also wanted to say “fuck” again, and ended up saying “Do you believe, fuck me?”

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“SHIT”

The Lopunny was laughing too hard to answer, so Jen dared to hope that she hadn’t ruined the conversation. She took a long sip from her bottle of unlabeled alcoholic swill as the Normal-type composed himself and brushed the rest of his crushed beer glass out of his fur.

“I’m Cotto,” he said.

“Jen. Nice to meetcha. Can I get you another drink?”

“I dunno, are you paying?”

“Ha ha.” They both knew the bar was free. “Come on, let’s go.”

Jen and Cotto made their way back to the bar, where the Kirlia bartender refilled Jen’s bottle to halfway and gave Cotto a fresh glass, which he requested to only be filled two-thirds up. Jen was watching more closely now and realized the Kirlia—who she’d immediately perceived as female—was also a male. Jen even asked to be sure. Which she’d always thought was a thing she’d have been more sensitive about, because Jen was a female fucking Machoke.

She and her new acquaintance wandered around together for a bit, but it was hard to hear over the yells of Pokémon and the blaring music. When Cotto nearly got run down by a Houndoom with like twenty bottles of vodka in her saddlebags, Jen suggested they find a quieter space.

The hallway leading upstairs was full of Pokémon getting some fresh air, but the winding staircase gradually turned quieter, until the only sound besides the thrum of the music was a distant moan that could be coming from anywhere, from any situation. Jen watched Cotto from one eye while she prattled on about city life. He seemed eager to listen to what she had to say.

“My trainer’s a chef in a downtown restaurant,” Jen said. “We don’t do a lot of traveling, but other Trainers have an option to battle for a discount on the meal. Me and my team are so tough that my
trainer’s in the “free” category, meaning, if you beat us, you don’t pay a cent.”

“Mhm,” said Cotto.

“But that Ar- Arch- this one fucking bird knocked me the fuck out.” Jen took an angry slug of her drink. “If my Trainer loses too many times, he gets knocked down a category. Which means a pay cut, or maybe he’s fired if his win ratio gets too low. I’m so sick of losing. It’s happening so much lately.”

“Why is that?” Cotto asked softly.

Jen eyed him. She liked him, so she had no problem opening up. She liked that he was sweet and wry, and he seemed to like that Jen hadn’t made fun of him for drinking watery beer, which he’d watered down at the bar tap while Jen watched. He knew how much alcohol he could handle, and it wasn’t much, he explained. Jen hadn’t often met a guy who was aware of that kind of stuff.

“Well,” Jen said eventually, watching the stuff in her own bottle swish around, “it’s not that I hate them, but I’m getting pretty sick of my teammates. There’s this Walrein here, her name’s Maricia, she promised to come to the party with me so we would get back to the apartment safely, but she vanished after five seconds. And there’s a Typhlosion on the team. He’s so stuck-up with me. He thinks I’m a big baby ‘cuz I haven’t evolved.”

“I’m the only Pokémon my trainer’s got,” said Cotto. “I don’t have to deal with that. But I don’t think she likes me.”

“Why not?” blustered Jen.

“Well, she was hoping to have a girl,” Cotto said frankly. “I got sold as an egg and she bought me because those are way cheaper. But I’ve heard her wish I was female because Lopunny are aaaalways female.”

“They’ve got that look,” Jen agreed.

“The hips, the ears,” Cotto said, unfazed. “I kind of hate it. Look, I’m so slim I can’t hold two damn cups of beer.” He waved his glass, which sloshed, and Cotto wavered. He didn’t look that drunk otherwise. “And- and Fighting types usually have it out for me. Like a Hitmonchan or Toxicroak or wh- or whatever wants a slender little Normal type to dominate so when they see I’m a guy they get pissed. And everyone assumed I was gay, so even I thought I was gay, but even when I—you know—tried something with a guy, I didn’t feel anything. So I saw you were a female Machoke, or I assumed, and I wanted to show solidarity. Like, ‘hey.’ So I waved.” He mimicked his earlier toast. This time, Jen raised her bottle too.

“No one can tell I’m female, so I’ve freaked the fuck out of some ladies,” Jen said, launching into her own warbling little story. “It’s dumb. It really is. I approach guys and they get the fuck away. I wish I liked girls. Like I fucking wish you were female because then I’d have someone who I have a chance with.”

“I do like you,” Cotto said, but Jen didn’t hear him.

“Why- why is everything shit?” she ranted. “It was so much easier when I was a Machop and people were like oh, that Machop is a female, how unusual, and then I evolved and it was like bam that right there is a fucking muscle dude, whoever heard of a gal crushing trucks between her thighs?”

“Hey, Jen, Jen,” Cotto said. “I like you.”
“Oh...what?”

Jen looked at Cotto’s face full-on and saw him shining with sincerity. Maybe it was the alcohol, but he looked at her like she was interesting, and funny, and cool despite accidentally smashing a glass between their bodies. And Jen thought she saw a little intensity in his gaze, like he wanted to be even closer to her, emotionally, and in...other ways. And the thought filled her with warmth.

And then the hellish whiskey mix with the 82% alcohol content she’d been drinking for the last ninety minutes finally kicked in, and suddenly Jen was flat on her back, the world gently spinning around her, and feeling like her body was burning up.

“Oh,” said Cotto.

“Holy fuck,” Jen moaned. “What the fuck was I drinking, Cotto? Fucking Kirlia.”

“Hey, let’s get to a room,” Cotto said with some urgency. He was already kneeling beside her. “Are you okay? Are you going to throw up?”

“You’re so sweet,” Jen said distantly, staring at the ceiling, aware that Cotto was pulling on her hand. “If I throw up, will you ditch me? I don’t want you to ditch me.”

“No, no, of course not.”

“I’m not gonna throw up.”

“All right, that’s fine too. Jen—“

Jen stood up. Cotto, who was fairly drunk himself, stumbled back. Jen was over a foot taller than him, and while Machoke were shorter than they seemed, they were sturdy. Cotto was caught off guard.

“Let’s find a room,” she told him.

They left their glasses sitting neatly by the stairs and tromped through the second floor. Jen, filled with something feverish she couldn’t describe, tore open door after door, but a lot of Pokémon had had their own ideas for going upstairs, and most of them were occupied. Jen barely looked inside, but she could tell when a room was in use if her suddenly wrenching the door open was greeted by a pair of screams. Well, most were in pairs, but in one ambitious room, she was greeted by six.

Cotto held her hand tight as he stumbled after her, and sometimes when she stopped he’d run right into her like a plush pillow. It spurred her on.

After six doors (it stood to be repeated: rich Trainer, huge mansion) they reached a room that was empty. Jen sat on the bed to get her breath back while Cotto closed the door behind them with a gentle click.

When he turned around, Jen was staring at him.

“I think I like you a lot too,” she said.

“Oh,” said Cotto, reading her intention. “Jen...you are very drunk.”

“So?” she said. Her voice was quickly dropping to a low murmur that sent chills up Cotto’s spine. “Are you gonna pull that nonconsensual bullshit on me?”

Cotto tried to get his thoughts in order.
“I can’t say that,” he said, “because I’m also drunk.”

That startled Jen, and she laughed. “Okay, we’re both drunk, so neither of us are consenting to this. Come here.”

Cotto sat right next to her and they kissed. He came on hard despite his worries, tracing his tongue just inside her lips, and Jen let their mouths intertwine. It almost seemed like Cotto was sucked into her, because before they knew it he was straddling her. He sat on her lap and let his paws brush her lower back as he kissed her deeply. He was getting hard. Jen could feel his erection start to press against her belt.

She stood up while grabbing his shoulders. She bent her head to kiss him. She could feel his tongue swirl sensuously around hers. She broke the kiss, looking into his eyes. Raw lust ran between them like a spark of electricity.

“How far do you want me to go, Jen?” asked Cotto, respectful til the end. Jen watched him swallow, but he couldn’t hide the tangible evidence of his arousal, down there. She could feel an ache between her thighs. But his question made her laugh again.

“You’re asking me?” she purred, her voice going deep and rough. “As if I couldn’t stop you?”

To demonstrate, she pressed her knee into his thigh, forcefully walking him back into the wall. Jen grabbed the band of fluff around each of Cotto’s wrists in each hand and slid his arms up above his head. He was helpless, small and fragile, compared to her rugged form. His ears were the largest part of him—they framed his back like a brown curtain. But he writhed against her, grinding his cock against her leg.

“You’re right...don’t stop. Please.”

“Shhhh.”

She sank to her knees, letting her hands run down the Lopunny’s sides until they reached his hips, and then his erection. Cotto gasped and then moaned when she grabbed his cock and twisted her hand up and down.

“Does it feel good?” she asked seductively, like they had all the time in the world, even though Cotto felt brittle beneath her fingers.

“Yes….ah, yes—“

She licked the base of his cock and let her tongue trail upwards. One hand sought out his furry balls and thumbed them gently as she continued to stroke with her right. She sucked on the very tip, pausing to blow warm air over his dick just to watch Cotto squirm in reaction. His shy nature melted away as he was overtaken by the sensation.

“Please—Jen, oh,” he begged, but a lot of the time his sounds were incoherent, a series of moans and sharp inhales as her steady hand engulfed his dick.

Jen wrapped her lips around the head and sank forward. His length slid along her tongue. Cotto cried out, and his paws scraped the wall. Jen hummed, partly for the sensation, partly out of a stifled moan of arousal. Her right hand left Cotto’s shaft and slipped toward the hem of her briefs.

“I’m going to cum, wait,” gasped Cotto, arching back into the wall. He took Jen’s shoulders and, with reluctance, moved her away from his cock, which dripped with precum and desire. He didn’t know if he could do it all again if he came now. “On the bed.”
“You’re ordering me again, are you?” Jen said languidly, which seemed to incite Cotto further. He kissed her forcefully enough to turn Jen’s legs to jelly. Half by strength, half by Jen’s own power, they backed toward the bed. Jen fell backwards, splayed out before Cotto. This close, he could see that the dark material of her briefs was soaked.

“I’ll take these off,” he said, running his paws around the hem and inching them down her legs, which hung loosely off the mattress. Jen took the moment to lie on the bed, boneless, enjoying the sensations of his silky paws caressing her purple, leathery skin. It had been a long time since anything like this.

Then Jen felt a paw on her inner thigh as he penetrated her slit without warning. She let out a ragged moan as Cotto moved his slight paw in and out to a slow rhythm. She flexed her hips into his touch. He bent his head over her, studying her entrance almost tenderly. His ears draped over Jen’s thighs, sheltering him within a dark triangle. The sight of him kneeling between her legs only made the passage he pumped his paw through slicker.

Cotto leaned in and dragged his tongue up through her slit. The shock of sensation pinpointed the slow, heady energy in the room into a wild, frantic ball of need and nerves crackling right on Jen’s clit. Her voice hitched at the same time as her whole body jerked, and her hands slammed down onto the back of Cotto’s head, forcing him closer—but she didn’t use all of her strength. She kept a steady pressure, and her hands tightened and shook when Cotto licked circles around her clit and turned his paw-thrusts fast and shallow.

“C-Cotto, right there, oh—fuck!” Jen thrashed, but now Cotto held her thighs down in both paws and sucked her clit in earnest. The faint tickling sensation of his fur tormented her, and she fisted the sheets violently so she wouldn’t press too hard on Cotto’s head. Her whole body shook under Cotto, a brick wall reduced to quivering under the wind.

Finally Cotto flicked his tongue, and Jen exploded, much like a glass thing breaking into shards. Her voice went up in a raspy cry as she rode a cataclysmic orgasm. Cotto held his mouth still as fluid gushed onto the sheets and wet her thighs.

Cotto stayed at her slit a little too long, so she started to cringe at the feeling of his mouth on her oversensitive clit, so she wordlessly removed Cotto’s head and pulled him up to lie on top of her—throbbing erection and all.

“Just give me a minute,” she said, meeting Cotto’s eyes with a smile and rubbing a flat palm over his neglected cock in one long, rough movement.

Cotto groaned at the sensation, undulating gently underneath it for a moment, and then rolled halfway off her body. He started to play with Jen’s breasts with a feather-light touch. They were almost nonexistent—female Machoke’s chests protruded more than males’ did, but not by much—but he rolled his paws over her nipples and craned his neck to gently kiss and tug each one.

Jen’s strong hands moved down his slender, furry body and captured his hips. He stilled as she blindly traced the curves of his butt and thighs and then firmly turned him onto his back. Jen rose over him, a mountain of muscle and flushed purple flesh, shining with sweat; a contrast to Cotto, a pile of soft brown fluff over a sinewy form, frail in comparison. Only his rosy erection stood out, which bobbed with his hips as he adjusted himself to keep from falling off the bed. Jen threw one leg over him as she straddled his thighs.

“So damn hot,” Cotto breathed, looking up at her as if in awe.

“You feel amazing,” Jen responded heatedly, flattening her body to brush her lips against his.
She flexed her hips back and felt his cock tap her entrance. Carefully, with Cotto guiding his dick with one hand, she worked her cunt over his length and slid down until he was buried inside her up to his balls. She waited for several seconds, her whole body rigid with pleasure, and then, when she was sure Cotto had stabilized, jerked forwards and up. He burst out incoherently, writhing beneath her just like he had against the wall.

Jen fucked Cotto in strong, controlled motions. Every muscle was taut with both arousal and the strain of keeping her position statue-stiff, moving back and forth while somehow remaining rock-solid. Meanwhile, Cotto twisted and thrust erratically underneath her. The fur on his crotch was wet with Jen’s arousal, making her movements smooth and his cock slippery.

Cotto couldn’t sit up, but he reached out and played with Jen’s nipples. Her breasts and neck were stained with a plum-colored flush. Then his paw descended onto her clit, which made her jerk out of rhythm for the first time.

“Fuck, fuck—” she grunted below the slap of her body coming down hard on Cotto’s thighs.

Cotto knew he’d come way before she could if she kept riding him like this. With a fierce effort, he seized her shoulders, pulled her flush against his body, and flipped the both of them over in one jolting motion. His cock slipped out of her slit in the confusion. Cotto rose to his knees and prodded Jen’s legs upward until they wrapped around his body. She was so sturdy and heavy that he couldn’t really hold her hips upward for a long period of time, so Jen flexed them up for him. Her whole lower body was suspended off the bed to give Cotto access to her entrance. Her level of both strength and control was really kind of amazing.

Cotto entered her again, slowly. The new position was more sensitive for Jen because his cock was closer to her clit, and Cotto could easily reach down and rub it between his thumb and the other digits of his paw. And now he could control the speed of his thrusts. He started off slowly, but as both Jen’s and his moans rose in volume, he started to pump at a blinding pace. Speed and flexibility were two things his lithe Lopunny body gave him, at least.

The hot-tight-wet sensation built. When he was dizzy with sizzling pleasure, Cotto knew he couldn’t restrain himself any longer. “I’m going to cum, f-fuck, oh—“

He whisked his cock out, pressed it against her clit, and resumed thrusting. Seconds later, he was cumming over her stomach, his balls continuing to slap over Jen’s slit. His orgasm was the strongest he’d ever had. He felt like a burning meteor: hurtling toward the earth, meeting a cool rush of lakewater and relief. His cum came in ropy spurts over her purple skin.

The sensation made Jen throw her head back into the plush mattress, and instantly she was cumming too, soaking his furry balls.

“Cotto—ahh—nngh!”

Jen’s legs thumped down onto the bed in a very final, heavy motion. Her chest rose and fell as the aftershocks of her orgasm crackled in her abdomen. Cotto remained on his knees, panting heavily as his erection deflated, staring at the shapes he’d made on her skin.

He slid forward until he was lying next to Jen. Jen was lost in a haze of exhaustion and pleasure. Their eyes met, and Cotto blushed beneath his fur, but Jen smiled.

She wrapped her arms around him like he was a big plush toy, heedless of the mess the two of them had made on the bed. Right there in the middle of the biggest Pokémon-only party in years, Jen and Cotto cuddled until the next morning.
It was a hell of a first meeting.

End Notes

Thanks for reading my Pokémon porn.

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