

Addition and Subtraction

(volumes 1 and 2 combined)

by *nope.jpg*

Greetings, Heyuri!

This is a story about a guy who fucks a pair of particularly tiny Pokemon, lmao. There is also like, actual plot in this story beyond him railing Plusle and Minun, but boy, does he want to basically fuck two sapient rodents that resemble plush dolls.

Poor bastard. He just wanted to be like any other trainer, but he's just not actually that good at battling. Now he shoves his dick into his two favorite Pokemon and has become entirely addicted to electric rodent sex. Somehow, he improves as a person and a trainer in the midst of all this.

Also, a pair of psychic twins who really need to stop fucking each other quite so much, and won't.

Again, this tale is a bit fucked up, and you'd have to be fucked up too to enjoy it, although I guess it isn't any worse than whatever shit you'll see on e621 (or this site). Also, between the fucking, there is an actual plot, one that probably could be accomplished without the MC needing to stick his dick into an electric mouse creature thing while eating out another one, but I probably wouldn't have had even half the motivation to finish if he wasn't fucking them.

There is a volume 3 that takes place in Unova that I haven't really finished, along with a volume 4 that takes place on Pasio that I might never finish because I stopped playing Pokemon Masters. Volumes 1 and 2 combined comprise a complete story, so I have no timeframe on releasing volume 3.

Also, this took fucking ages to write, if mostly because it was almost entirely written in the short time before I went to sleep.

Oh well. Take care now, and enjoy! You have been warned.

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Plusle tasted so good. It wasn't remotely right what we were doing, but the salty flavor of her sex combined with the mild electrical shocks on my tongue combined into a treat to behold. I wiggled my tongue inside her, and she gasped like a squeaky toy.

I was mildly embarrassed at the fact that hearing her like this made my penis harder. Mildly. Actual embarrassment was, at least in this moment, entirely impossible.

Minun bounced up and down on my cock and twitched as she felt it grow. She really had no business being there due to the size of her species, never mind the fact that humans simply weren't supposed to fuck Pokemon... but she was addicted, and I somehow fit despite not having a below-average dick.

It wasn't above-average either, although I guess that may have been lucky in this case. The three of us were a complete mess. Mentally, physically, and relationshipfully. That wasn't a word, but I'll pretend it it was anyway.

Even though I wasn't exactly unattractive, I wasn't particularly good at much of anything at all. I wasn't a good trainer, I wasn't terribly accomplished academically, and I wasn't very strong, either physically or as a battler. Ultimately, I got by, but just barely. Plusle and Minun were the

only ones on my team who stayed with me when I gave up my Gym challenge as a serious endeavor, and it was long after that when I started my descent down this road.

I can't blame Swellow or Linoone for leaving. They wanted me to improve, and when I gave up on that, they really didn't have any reason to stay. Even though they had definitely become stronger thanks to me, they realized that my poor battle strategy was completely holding them back. By the end, they were outright ignoring me in battle, even if they weren't unfriendly towards me otherwise.

The worst bit is, my win rating went up when they ignored me. There was a measurable, obvious improvement. There was no doubt that I was holding them back, and I didn't improve that much during my studies to try and get better.

Plusle and Minun kept battling alongside me, and my mediocre style of battle seemed to suit them far better, even if I still wasn't great. I'd managed to make the two of them pretty strong, and we were usually able to make a little profit most days, enough to keep us able to get food and supplies.

Still, as time passed, I was getting lonely. I had few friends when I was younger, and making new ones was hard since I didn't feel that good about my abilities to do anything, really. I started keeping Plusle and Minun by my side always, not bothering as much with Poke Balls. We were pretty

much never more than a meter apart.

I even managed to learn their language after long hours in the night, baring my soul to the two who refused to leave my side. There just wasn't anything else to do as thoughts of failure bounced through my head and kept me awake.

Since learning how to understand what they said, I discovered that Plusle was as much of a sweet, kind girl as she looked, while Minun was a somewhat peppy and sarcastic one, which is something I never could have really known before. While Plusle acted a bit stereotypical for her kind, my Minun seemed far less serious compared to how they were usually perceived... although she definitely had the famous Minun trait where she cared a lot less about her own well being over that of her partners. A lot less.

It was wonderful how we were growing closer, but as the months passed and we found ourselves without any minimum distance anymore, I had a terrible idea, one that could have easily ensured I was truly alone.

I was feeling horny one night, and I decided to rub my penis between the legs of my Pokemon in a fit of madness. They surprisingly didn't reject me, and we ended up going further, and further, and further physically over the next few weeks until I had the even more awful idea of putting my human-size cock into their tiny (if still dripping wet) pussies.

Regardless of any other consideration, they were unreasonably small compared to me. That being said, the only thought that remained in my head was that a male Wailord could mate with a female Skitty, and that size didn't actually matter that much to Pokemon, even if there were a few dangers in play. That being said, none of the other Pokemon in the Fairy egg group were particularly large. I think the biggest one was only like 150cm tall on average, and that might have included their ears.

I was around 176cm tall, and that fact was nowhere in my brain as I made the attempt to stick my sausage into a creature that may not have even been thrice the length of my member.

Somehow, I fit, and my mind flooded with excitement as I entered my 40cm tall Pokemon companion. Just as importantly, nothing had torn, not that we expected it since Pokemon were all pretty durable (and Eggs need to come out from there!). Even more importantly, at least in terms of how good a time I had... it was pretty clear that my Pokemon weren't virgins. They knew how to handle the Seviper in my pants, and boy did I go to town as a result.

Honestly though, if a Pokemon was found in the wild and they weren't recently hatched, they probably weren't virgins, and you could take that to the bank.

We lost ourselves in the next few days. It was deeply concerning how much of my penis disappeared inside of Minun, along with how much she said "yes" in her language as I converted her into a living onahole. Plusle followed suit, and although I couldn't get quite as much in her, she still took an unreasonable amount of my dick compared to her size. They were both 40cm tall, from toes to the crown of their head, ears flattened down.

I sighed. The clarity I had after sex told me that what I had done each evening was abominable to Arceus above (technically, I was a believer, but I wasn't actually religious)... and yet, I could feel my very soul had now become permanently connected to these tiny beings, more so than ever before. I really didn't know what to do, and I had no desire to stop.

So, for those few days, I spent most of my time ignoring the problem and sticking far too much human penis into a pair of particularly tiny Pokemon vaginas, all while ignoring the fact that many (most?) would say that any amount of human cock in any size of Pokemon pussy was wrong.

Eventually, our days of absolute passion cooled down a bit, so we began traveling again.

Plusle asked me, {Last night was amazing, yeah?} It wasn't said in a sultry way, it was an entirely earnest question. {The whole week was good, but

last night was something, I'd say.}

I replied, "Yeah. I think-"

Minun laughed squeakily, cutting me off. {Don't think, you'll break something up there.}

Kinda rude, but she was like that sometimes. Noticing a frown forming on my face, she zapped me slightly. Unlike most other Electric-type Pokemon, getting jolted by a Plusle or Minun felt kind of good if the voltage wasn't too ridiculous, and I could feel my mood improve as she and Plusle pulsed energy into me.

I said, "Seriously, I'm so glad that you two were willing to let me be with you like that."

They smiled. Minun's smile was far cheekier. {I'd say that you couldn't get anyone else, but...}

I pretended to not understand her. "Come on, let's go see if we can make some money."

We did not end up making much money.

In fact, we rarely did better than breaking even and we were now broke. Weeks had passed, and money had slowly depleted. I was really close to just giving up on being a Trainer and finding an ordinary job as a cashier or something.

The worst bit was that we weren't even losing much, if only because we didn't really pick fights we couldn't win. We learned a long time ago that it was too expensive to lose for no reason.

No, we just couldn't get supplies and food to keep traveling. I had about 1000pk on hand, barely enough to cover some Potions and camping supplies. We had some tinned beans and crackers for breakfast, but that was it.

Minun despondently asked, {Now what?}

It was odd seeing her demeanor change over the last few days. Instead of peppy and sarcastic, she just sounded tired. I made sure they were okay above myself, but they were quite devoted, Minun especially.

Plusle kept trying to cheer her up. Minun wanted to pull away sometimes, but in the last three days, I hadn't seen them more than a foot apart. It was a bit worrying, they'd even keep that distance when "going to the bathroom", which was quite nasty, and I'd made sure to scrub them down every

evening just out of disgust. In addition, sometimes, when they thought I wasn't looking, they'd rub each other's pussies and kiss in an effort to cheer up, but like, it was depressing seeing them be content with afterglow for a few minutes before reality kicked back in.

Their attempts to sexually lift up their own spirits was even less healthy than my sexual relationship with them, and it had become unreasonably frequent. Plus, Minun had worried me quite a bit one evening, dead silent as she forced herself onto my cock like she wanted to be actually impaled by it. I started moving, and she calmed down and settled back to normal, but it was terrifying to see her lose herself like that.

I said to them, "So, my dad said he's going to send me 10000pk. More than enough to get by for a week or two, assuming we keep winning and are frugal with our supplies. Still... I know you two are better battle strategists than I am."

In fact, I now gave very few commands when I fought, and I instead ensured that Plusle and Minun gave each other commands instead, which had started to work quite a bit better. I usually acted as a spotter mid-match, and I was reasonable when it came to item usage. It was a good system, one that I also really needed to expand upon, but practice made perfect, and I felt that I could actually perfect this system.

I had an idea. "So, we're changing things. I want to win, and not just by

challenging other losers. I want us to win for real! You two are objectively better Trainers than I am, at least in terms of battling."

I knew that I could provide the required training to make a Pokemon stronger, but I just couldn't get wins in actual battles using my own tactics. "We're going to get new Pokemon, and you two will guide me during fights on the sidelines."

Minun looked a bit disappointed, and even a bit betrayed. {Aren't we... aren't we good enough to fight? Weren't we doing better?}

It seemed like I'd made my point badly. I replied, "Minun, you're incredibly strong for your species. The two of you have been my only Pokemon for months. You have been fantastic fighters, but now, I need your brains more. Learning how to understand you was the best decision of my life, and it let me know how brilliant you and Plusle are. You'll still fight, but ultimately, you two are the ones I can trust in this role more than anything and anyone else. Including myself."

Plusle sparked happily. {You're the one we love the most! You have flaws, but you try so hard!} She turned to the other Cheering Pokemon. {Minun, we'll be okay. I know you're hurting. All of us are, but we can do this!}

It was more than just a bit saccharine, but Plusle was a treasure with how cheery she remained... even if it was a bit of a front right now.

Minun sighed. {Alright. Let's go. I guess it's gonna be more of the same, just with teammates.}

In an ideal world, I'd be able to get a Ralts. It wasn't a strong Pokemon, not for another two evolutions, but the important thing was that they'd be psychic. Not just Psychic type, but capable of things like telepathy and empathic connection, which would be dead useful for my plans of offloading battle direction to my Pokemon.

We had no chance of seeing a Ralts. None of us were in a good enough mood to not frighten them off, not even Plusle. In addition, I knew that they could probably detect that I was the kind of person who fucked Pokemon. Tiny Pokemon, even.

People who specifically sought to fuck the Ralts line ended up generally being found with heads imploded and cocks missing. It was an understandable response from their families, especially since doing something untoward with a species that literally could sense your intentions was quite difficult, but it was still incredibly brutal.

Micro black holes didn't screw around. If a Gardevoir was angry enough to be able to create them, you'd just die. It was absolutely that simple.

A lot of Ralts ended up getting fucked anyway, but the Trainer didn't intend to do so when Ralts was caught, of course.

I was utterly stunned when we came across a Ralts anyway. Also, her parents. I could see the blade of the Gallade gleam as he gazed upon me.

He Spoke, and it felt like the words were from Arceus Himself. Directly into my brain, words were formed. (You are unwelcome, but you are not a danger. Your filthy companions are complicit partners in your life of disaster, rather than mere victims.)

I couldn't move. It truly was what I expected a meeting with Arceus himself to be like, having a voice imprint such a sensation of psychic power against me like that.

Plusle said, {I might be filthy, but I'm still quite cheery! There isn't anything wrong with Timothy here, he's a good partner.}

I was very surprised that she wasn't shaking in terror, honestly.

The Ralts' mother psychically replied, (I have surprisingly few worries about his character. He is devoted to you and wishes nothing but the best for you two. However, if my daughter were to go with you, the mental sensation of you engaging in your nightly activities would... well,

permanently taint her. Just merely being here now puts her at risk. As such, I command you as follows: leave this Route, return to your home in Mauville. Cease your search for our kind, or we will ensure that you suffer in death.)

We ran. Minun almost said something to them as we ran, but Plusle zapped her actually quite hard.

I didn't go home. I ended up in Dewford. We took a small boat service by the beach.

Even Plusle was a bit confused as to the reason for this. {...I know I'm the optimistic one, but I'm at a loss. Why are we here?}

I replied, "The cave. We can get a Makuhita or Aron. Or both."

Minun said, {We could get a Swellow and-}

I waved her off. "We could. I won't. I know they left on good terms, I know any Swellow or Linoone would be different, but like, I need a fresh start."

We entered Granite Cave. I was VERY glad that I had two Electric type Pokemon for light as we went deeper, although we did need to worry about

Geodude. They were easy enough opponents that I didn't need to do much in the way of direction, although if we kept facing them, I'd need to dip into my still somewhat limited supplies, as they were still harder fights than usual.

A Mawile showed up. I kind of wanted to ignore it, but she wasn't letting me go without a fight.

I sighed. "Minun, you're up! Plusle, call your orders."

The Mawile blasted Minun with Fairy Wind.

Plusle called out, {Discharge!}

The two wildly different types of energy passed through each other, striking each Pokemon.

Plusle said, {Use Quick Attack away to get some distance, then Discharge again!}

I remained surprised at Plusle and Minun's decision making. I knew that I would have had Minun use Quick Attack as an attack... which would have done nearly no damage while leaving her open to a counterattack. Gah, I suck.

The worst bit was always how I thought about the problems with my strategy only after it was too late. My ability to discover flaws after the fact helped a lot during training, but it ensured that I left major openings during battle.

The Mawile was quite disdainful towards us, probably because I clearly wasn't in command, and she said something to my Pokemon that I couldn't understand (of course).

Minun replied, {He's our idiot. Either get out of our way, or eat this!} She fired off another Discharge.

The Mawile hid behind a rock, but her steel jaw absolutely did not help, conducting the voltage as it arced through the air and electrocuting her.

Mawile struck back with a Bite, but Minun dodged between the violent jaws.

Plusle called out, {You should yield! Even if you somehow defeat Minun, I'm up next.}

Mawile was angry. She said something in response. Plusle replied, {I'm the brains in fights, but Timothy is the engine that keeps this train going.} I blinked at that, what an odd metaphor. {He's going to make it to the Pokemon League!}

Mawile said something I couldn't understand yet again, and Minun said to me, {She wants you to catch her. It was a good fight.}

I didn't have a good reason to refuse. I needed team members, so I threw a Poke Ball.

Shake, shake, shake, click.

Easy, right?

I couldn't understand Mawile, but at the same time, I felt like I should. I was on the verge of some kind of breakthrough, or so I thought.

I'd spent some time looking things up on the computer, and it turned out that it was a common feeling among people who learned a Pokemon language. You end up feeling like you really should get it, but you don't due to the major differences in Pokemon speech. Unfortunately for me, only two still-living Trainers were documented to be able to understand all Pokemon they were presented with without assistance, and neither were in Hoenn. There was one guy in Unova, and one girl in Kanto. Rumors abounded that the former was a Zoroark in disguise, and similarly that the latter was a Ditto in disguise. Most people who learned to understand

Pokemon tongues generally didn't learn more than one or two.

I spent some time training to beat Brawly. I had two badges, the Heat Badge and the Mind Badge. I was also quite blue-balled the last few days, since we didn't want to frighten off Mawile with our debauchery.

Also, I absolutely did not want her steel trap jaws anywhere near my dick. Her steel mouth couldn't taste anything, so she'd have zero problem just biting my cock right off and spitting it out.

After the training session, Plusle recounted what Mawile was saying.

Mawile said, {You three are such an odd group.}

Plusle tried to reply. {...well, um...}

Mawile looked at me. {So, Timothy. You can understand them, huh?}

"Yeah." It was a bit awkward, Plusle was still trying to figure out what to say to Mawile, and I had to nudge her to repeat Mawile's sentences for me. I could feel my ability to understand increase as I felt how the patterns and intonation lined up, but it would likely be months of this before I could understand Mawile without Plusle and Minun repeating, and I'd still need to specifically work with the Steel-type versus her just going after whatever she wants..

Then, Mawile dropped a massive bombshell. {Why are the three of you fucking, anyway? I'd ask how you manage to do it, but like, that doesn't matter.}

I nearly fell over. Minun's light flickered, and Plusle's went out. "Um, what?"

Mawile said, {I can smell all the semen you've poured into them, and I can smell the scent of their sex upon your body. Most Pokemon won't notice, not without being around you for a while, especially since two tiny Pokemon screwing a human would be the last thing on their mind, but I can tell as clearly as day. You smell clean in the morning when you wipe yourself down, but then you smell like sex in the nights.}

Minun had to repeat that for me since Plusle was a bit too stunned to respond with coherent speech.

Eventually, I managed to reply. "We're a tight-knit group. My other teammates left, mostly because I wasn't a terribly skilled battler. There's a reason that Plusle was calling the shots. Why did you follow us if you knew we were... well... you know." I ended up saying the last bit in Minun-speak. {Fucking. Screwing. Making love, you know?}

Mawile's eyes widened quite a bit at that. Humans didn't quite have the

vocal range to manage it perfectly, and I knew I was two octaves too low, but it didn't matter, she understood me perfectly.

Mawile paced around as she said, {You're quite interesting. A young man who doesn't really control his Pokemon in battle, who is in a dedicated relationship with them, who understands what they say, and can even speak like them, even if a bit badly. Regardless of your obvious flaws, you're quite interesting. Besides, if you tried anything unwholesome with me, you know exactly what happens to people dumb enough to be taken in by a Mawile's looks.}

Yeah. Chomp, dead. Very rare, but some people were stupid. The human population always had its share of fuckups that would inevitably do something worth removing them from reality, and the fact that the Mawile species was quite attractive made it like flies to flypaper.

Maybe I was a member of that particular group who lucked out from dying. "...let's just get back to training. Minun, try and get Plusle working again, she's still out of it."

With that out of the way, sex was back on the menu. The Pokemon Center was out of rooms, so we camped out in the forest outside of town.

Maybe it was a good thing, since Minun and Plusle really didn't want to keep it that quiet. We weren't really able to be super loud, but that was normal.

My heart stopped as Mawile exited her Poke Ball while I was cumming in Plusle. Honestly, it was genuinely quite painful, my whole body freezing in shock as I spasmed, all while Plusle lost control over her electricity and shocked me painfully, and then Minun tried to absorb it, failed, and discharged even more into me. Genuinely just a miserable end to what was an otherwise blissful evening, and my dick was screaming in pain from tensing up while my body was spasming.

Mawile smirked. {I'm in an egg group that contains Wailord, I'm not going to comment on how much you're dicking that Plusle. I've seen worse.}

I didn't actually catch that, and I simply said, "Please don't bite my dick off." Minun was kind enough to repeat what Mawile said to me, despite her shock.

I sounded like a little bitch, and it was absolutely not helped by the fact that I was in a lot of pain.

She laughed. There I was, as much of my dick as could fit in Plusle jammed into her, Plusle passed out from shock, Minun looking like she wanted to scream and only didn't because it was one in the morning and we

were in the woods, and Mawile just fucking laughed. Also, we were in a tent in the woods. The entire situation was beyond surreal.

Sex... was off the menu for at least the next week. None of us could really stay horny while remembering that disaster, and my cock still hurt anyway.

I was extremely glad with how Minun used her electrical shocks to loosen us back up. Pretty much all of my muscles had tensed up from the incident, and Plusle was also in a lot of pain when she woke up.

Mawile kept needling us over the incident. Plusle and Minun were intensely embarrassed. I was quite above mere embarrassment at this point, and tried my best to take it all in stride.

I tried to sound like I had some dignity as I said, "Okay, Mawile, stop. We're going to clear out the gym. We're fighting the whole complement of Trainers, since we need the money. Minun, you're on command. Plusle, you're in battle. Mawile, you're on reserve, although I'll lead with you some battles."

My closest companions nodded. Mawile looked like she wanted to say something, but didn't.

It was showtime.

The Gym Trainers netted us an easy 7000pk combined. The leader would be 3000pk if we won, and we'd lose 2000pk overall if we lost.

Brawly was a cool guy. Chuckled a bit when he saw me declare only two Pokemon while showing up with a Minun and a Plusle on my shoulders, but he was a good sport about it all.

Brawly said, "Hah, you've got some terribly cute Pokemon, man. I hope they're tough too, you know?"

I smirked. "Heh, I do know. Let's rock."

Plusle did an amazing job against Machop and nearly defeated Makuhita before going down, and it was Mawile's turn to finish the job.

Steel wasn't a great typing against Fighting, but ultimately, Mawile was always going to be backup in this fight. She did well against the Gym Trainers, but we knew that Brawly was going to be far better and have stronger Pokemon by his side.

Makuhita went down easily enough, but his Meditite was unreasonably

dangerous. Our biggest advantage was how its primary attack was Focus Punch, and our second biggest advantage was how Minun was the one delivering commands, keeping Brawly out of the loop. I was able to coach Minun a bit during downtime, which let me have time to think about how good the previous decisions were.

Still, one hit from it, no matter what, and Mawile was going to be out. Meditite used Psychic to deal damage, and had both Reflect and Light Screen up, but Mawile's Fairy Wind was hitting far above its usual weight class.

And just like that, I had my third badge.

Brawly nodded. "Good stuff, man. You've got a tricky style there going on, keeping me out of the loop like that. Needs some refinement, but like, you're doing rad. Hopefully, I'll get to fight you again when you're further along, you know?"

I nodded and smiled. Life was good.

It felt great having three badges. Also, money. Also, hope for the future. I was getting a bit too used to being useless and hopeless.

Mawile smirked. She turned to me and said, {I guess your onaholes are useful for something other than the obvious.} Maybe she didn't use the word that basically meant onahole, but that's what Minun repeated it as.

It was still a bit grating to rely on Mawile. She wasn't the worst person, but she definitely had no real respect for any of us. I didn't expect outright deference, and I knew that she looked down on the fact that I have sex with Minun and Plusle, but it certainly tainted our victory a bit.

I decided to just say screw it and ignored her. It didn't matter. Either she stayed or she left, and I wasn't going to let her keep me down. I had a plan and I had my loves, what else did I need?

Bliss. Plusle, Minun, and myself, all crammed together under the tent in particularly close quarters. I could taste electricity on their tongues as we all leaned together, kissing as if we were gasping for each other's air.

Mawile insisted on trying to watch. Always a bit of a mood killer. Minun didn't care that much, but Plusle remained extremely embarrassed and was sometimes still quite overwhelmed.

Getting her back into the swing of things after the fact was cute, but I didn't like the situation that caused it.

I wasn't interested in expanding my circle of intimate companions. Like, there wasn't anything stopping me from being attracted to Mawile, the fact that I screw Plusle and Minun was a testament to that... but regardless of Mawile's cute appearance (that was quite frankly, painfully erotic to me), the attraction beyond appearance just wasn't there, and it genuinely felt like Mawile was peeping on pure curiosity rather than any real attraction of her own.

We were like a lab experiment to her. I seriously considered kicking her off the team, but she hadn't done anything too bad and we really did need another member.

I wondered where to head next. Norman was a brutal challenge, as I was aiming to get my my 4th badge. He used his weakest teams for 4th gym battles and below, but his weakest team was still incredibly strong, and I'd heard the best time to face him was 5th or 6th.

We booked a room in the Pokemon Center. I was curled up tightly, penis fully inside Minun, and my face just barely close enough to allow me to kiss her wildly. Also, my left hand was penetrating Plusle, who held onto the sheets.

I had idly wondered how many other Trainers fucked on these beds. Probably a decent number, but I suspected that it wasn't as common as I might otherwise think.

I hoped it wasn't too obvious to the Pokemon Center staff. If it was, I sure hoped they wouldn't screw me over for it.

Having taken the boat into Slateport, we headed north through the town towards my hometown. I didn't have a bike, so we took the scenic route.

I was picking up Mawile's language quickly, although with my level of comprehension, she had to speak extremely slowly for me to not need Plusle or Minun to assist me. Naturally, she really wasn't quite the kind of person to do that.

There weren't really grammatical differences between Pokemon as far as I knew, it was entirely just the fact that a Mawile simply made an entirely different set of noises compared to what a Plusle or Minun could.

In addition to training my language skill, we trained for battle. Having money really helped, since you could really ramp up the training you did without constantly running back to the Pokemon Center, but what we ended up focusing on was teamwork. Specifically, either Plusle or Minun

handled specific direction, and I would ensure whoever was on the field wasn't blindsided. In addition, I made sure the whole crew was very familiar with my preferred overall strategies to fight.

As we headed up beneath Cycling Road, it felt odd traveling and seeing other Plusle and Minun out and about, and that sure was particularly worrying for a Mauville native -- you couldn't go half a mile without seeing one of the two in town. It was also pretty worrying that I was very definitely attracted to the two species. I didn't want to cheat on my girls, but damn, there were some fine ones around, and I actually had a discerning eye to recognize members of the species.

Oh, and being able to understand wild Plusle and Minun? Yeah.

{Hey, a trainer!}

{Doesn't he smell kind of weird?}

{He's traveling with some of our kind! Neat!}

I replied in Minun speech, {You know, it's kinda rude to talk about people like they can't hear.}

They froze. My Minun started laughing outright, and Plusle smiled.

One of the wild Minun stared at my companions and said, {Wait... oh hey! I know you!}

Minun stared at the other Minun and blinked. {Wait, I know you too! How are you? How's your Ma and Pa?}

Plusle and I smiled at the scene while Minun and the wild Pokemon talked. I asked, "You see anyone you want to catch up with?"

She replied, {Nope, but I lived a fair bit further up the route.}

It was fun meeting the wild Minun and Plusle. A few were a bit suspicious with how closely my partners walked near me, and I actively had to make sure that Mawile wasn't going to blab to be an asshole, but it was alright.

It was generally pretty rare to see Pokemon villages as a human, so that was nice. The houses weren't really much more than dugouts with straw covering and a few branches, but they were visibly houses. Apparently it was due to their proximity to Mauville, they'd have much less humanlike shelters otherwise. Those Plusle and Minun populations were

My Plusle and Minun both got to see their families, which was nice. Also, VERY nervewracking. I was absolutely convinced that I would be caught

as the guy who fucked his Pokemon and sentenced to thousands of amps to instantly kill me.

Nope.

Minun's Da was a Plusle. He said to me as we stood outside his home, {So, you've been pretty good working with Minun here, huh?}

Pokemon names were the worst, because it was all intonation. There was a way to encode human sounds, but that's all it was, a way to encode the things humans say for a species that can't make the noises that humans do. I actually could say Minun's true name, but by Groudon himself, I sure couldn't possibly remember her father's name, not even moments after hearing it.

I replied in Minun-speak, {I try. It has been truly wonderful having Minun as a part of my team.}

The older Plusle staggered back. {I'd heard that you could do that, but I'm still stunned.}

I laughed. {I try to impress.}

Plusle's family was a bit more private, I mostly said hi and bye to them, although they were also pretty impressed that I could talk like they do. In

fact, I could totally switch between Plusle and Minun speech, which really threw some of the villagers for a loop.

I was eternally glad that I survived and didn't try and hit on the villagers. There were some incredibly cute girls there, and I know Plusle and Minun were both getting annoyed at the fact that my eyes were roaming.

I was finally back in Mauville, my home town. I was far more victorious than last time I was here, but it still was odd being back.

I kind of wanted to just head straight home and visit my family. I could impress them with how I could speak with my Minun and Plusle, I could tell them about how I'm doing a lot better, I could try and present myself as someone who wasn't bad at Pokemon battling.

I could also just not do any of that, but I didn't know what else to do.

Plusle said, {Your Da sent you that money, right? Your family still cares.}

I replied in Minun-speak (which, for some reason, was my default), {Sure, but...}

It was a bit disconcerting how I'd started doing that more and more, just

avoiding human language. Part of it was to flex the fact that I could, but a tiny part of me felt a little like I was deliberately abandoning my humanity in some ways to atone for the fact that I really was an actual Pokephile.

Eh, it didn't matter that much. I made sure to not get too contemplative and brooding, but I couldn't entirely deny that side of myself, just as I wasn't about to actually abandon my humanity.

Also, it really would be less hot if I wasn't a human screwing the two tiny Pokemon, but something was absolutely broken in my mind if THAT was the real reason I didn't want to abandon being a human being.

Feeling the inside of Minun was something I would never get tired of. I was drooling a little, and Plusle licked it up. I lost control a bit, and tongued Plusle wildly while pounding Minun in a way that could be described as a little bit unreasonably hard.

Just a little bit unreasonable, you know? I was immensely glad at that moment that Pokemon were extremely durable. I was kind of convinced I'd actually be hurting a human partner here.

Speaking of hard, my cock was like steel. I absolutely exploded inside of Minun, and my semen had absolutely no space left to fit inside of her. She

moaned in a way that tickled a primal portion of my brain, and that confused me a bit since I was convinced that I had already cummed my brain out, as if neurons would show up in my semen instead of sperm.

I switched between the pair. I was entirely out of my mind at this point, because my mouth went to Minun's pussy... the pussy that I came in not even a minute ago. I spat it out, and I was reminded why the two weren't terribly fond of doing blowjobs. Arceus, that's nasty.

I winced, hoping that thought didn't attract His attention... or Her attention. I heard a truly awful (and incredible) legend about someone who actually did cum his brains out as Arceus decided to... well, long story short, the guy supposedly got tricked into fucking the creator of this world and the body left behind was in a state that I was unwilling to contemplate at that moment as his mind was absolutely obliterated.

Poor bastard experienced absolute death from divine snu-snu. Maybe that was heaven, maybe that was hell, or maybe he experienced both and was simply erased as a soul. It was just a legend, but something about the story rang true to my ears.

Plusle moaned, and it was suddenly absurdly hard to not cum inside of her, even though there had been way too little time between my climaxes. She came, and I absolutely unloaded inside of her as well, her own twitching spasms piling on wildly to ensure that I'd cum straight in her.

Kinda hurt going again quite so quickly, but I ignored it in favor of probably damaging my mind as I continued thrusting and feeling utterly overwhelmed.

Mawile was still looking, but fuck her. Or rather, I guess I wouldn't fuck her; she's kind of a bitch, and not the hot kind. Well, maybe she was still hot, but hell, she's just obnoxious.

{That was wonderful,} I said in Minun-speak.

Minun said, {Let... let me make sure my innards are all in one piece.} It was a joke that she used somewhat regularly, but boy was I absolutely terrified I'd fucked up when I heard it the first time.

Plusle replied, {I should be saying that. Phew, that was nuts.}

Having returned for the first time in months, my family was glad to see me. It wasn't nearly as mutual a feeling as it should have been.

My father was as boisterous as usual. "Looks like you've been doing a lot better. Ain't nothin' wrong in asking for help, gahahaha! Wasn't any issue sendin' you that money, and I'm glad it helped ya so much."

My mom swatted him playfully. "Dear, don't embarrass our son like that."

I was routinely glad I wasn't living at home anymore. Dealing with that day-in-day-out was just awful, and being a Trainer was my ticket out.

I decided to show off the crew. "Here's my team right now." I showed off Plusle, Minun, and Mawile. I muttered to Mawile, {Don't embarrass me.}

She replied, and Plusle habitually repeated it, {I'm not that much of a bastard. You're fucked up enough, I don't need to worsen it.}

I accepted that. My dad was mildly disappointed that my tougher seeming Pokemon had left, but even he could appreciate a Mawile, what with it having a massive steel trap on its head. My mom made all kind of cooing noises at how cute my team was.

I talked about my newfound victory, gushed about how Plusle and Minun were amazing team members, talked about how Mawile was crucial to how I got my third badge, and said that I was definitely back on a League track.

My parents knew that last bit already, but they were still glad to hear it in person. It pissed me off a little bit to see how it looked like a weight was lifted off of their shoulders, like I was just a burden up to that point despite not being at home.

My dad said, "I'm proud, yanno."

I still smiled after hearing those words. "Also, with all the training, I learned a neat trick. Say something to Minun while I'm out of the room."

I walked through the door, far enough that I couldn't hear.

After a minute, I walked back in. {Minun, what did she say?}

{She said that she's still a bit worried for you, but you've always been a pretty bright kid. She also talked about that time when you were seven and-}

I replied {She what?} I turned to my mom. "Did you really tell her that story? She also said how you were worried about me and how I was always a bit bright," as much as I would dispute that, "but like, we were never going to mention that moment ever again!"

My dad clapped. "Well, hot dog, you can understand the girlie. Pretty impressive."

My mom shined with the brightest smile. Was really nice. Didn't see that smile nearly enough from her. Thinking too hard on that felt bit grim.

Mawile said, slow enough for me to get it unaided, {You're still a degenerate, don't be too smug.}

{Shut up,} I replied.

My mom asked, "You can understand your Mawile too?"

"Mostly. I'm still learning since I haven't been with her nearly as long, but if she talks slow enough, I can understand."

My parents were definitely impressed. Ah. It was nice seeing the family again, even if they were only tolerable in small doses.

I was feeling incredibly blue-balled tonight. I really didn't want to make a mess in my family's house and get caught. Possibly getting kicked out of a Pokemon Center was one thing, but being kicked out of my own home after having my dad say he was proud? Fuck that. I couldn't possibly be horny enough to screw them in this moment.

Mawile said, {Surprised to see you have restraint.}

I replied, {If I get caught, I'm going to get disowned. Also, Dad's Exploud is going to scream my ears off. Possibly literally.}

Plusle asked, {Why haven't we seen him?}

I replied, {Explosion is a lazy old Pokemon. He was tough as nails years ago, but like, he's tired and spends a ton of time sleeping. He's older than my dad, he was originally on my grandfather's team.}

Mawile said, {Damn, I'd like to talk to him.}

I replied, I'll see if I can set something up tomorrow.

Explosion was really interesting to talk to with my newfound ability to speak with Pokemon, even if I still needed to get Plusle to interpret for me.

My grandpa died when I was 12, and Explosion had all kind of stories about when the man was young. He also told me a bunch of stuff about my dad, including a concerning story about how he kept trying to date a Gardevoir. Very concerning... and makes me wonder about the apple and the tree. Seeing that a: I'm alive and b: my dad is alive, it didn't go anywhere. If it had, then either he wooed her and never married Mom (which wasn't the case), or he cheated on her with my Mom, and then just fucking died because like, you don't cheat on a Gardevoir and live. It just doesn't happen. Powerful psychics don't fuck around like that.

...although, given my own relationship with two partners... nah, that would still be nuts. Also, I'd have seen her.

I absolutely did not want to imagine my old man with a Gardevoir that he fucked.

I was glad to be back in the woods. I decided I would challenge Wattson later. I really needed at least two more Pokemon. My next stop was Fortree, and I was quite glad that I could legally use an inflatable boat to cross the river since I had to be more than 16. It was way less safe than using a Pokemon with Surf or Fly (hence, the legal restrictions), but I had neither option.

Winona used Altaria and Tropius on her team though, and my two Electric type Pokemon weren't going to be that happy about dealing with Dragon and Grass defensive typing. I needed another Pokemon.

We set up camp and I absolutely fucking went to town on Minun after several days of not fucking. She was drooling wildly, I was pounding, I was practically swallowing Plusle's tongue as I kissed her, and my thumb went wild inside the positive-charge Cheering Pokemon, even if it wasn't quite as wild as how my dick bounced around in the negative-charge

Cheering Pokemon. Electricity flowed through the three of us, enhancing the entire sexual experience.

Mawile frowned. I'm increasingly convinced that she was jealous, but she also had a real hangup on the idea of laying with a human.

I absolutely didn't trust her enough to screw, and I wasn't one for casual sex with someone I didn't like quite that much. If I was to be entirely honest, she did this to herself, too. She knew first-hand that I was in a relationship, and then made it impossible for her to become part of it.

I blew my load deep inside Minun, but was still hard enough to put my dick in Plusle with no delay. Had enough clarity of mind to not stick my face in Minun's pussy this time, and kissing her was incredible. I absolutely adored this configuration -- Minun's tongue wrapped around mine as my penis bottomed out in Plusle and I came again.

An Absol stared at me with the most baffled expression that I have ever seen on a Pokemon. I blinked, and then it disappeared.

Minun said, {Weird.}

I said, "Don't you see them more on Route 120?"

Plusle replied, {You know, given that we only really became an item fairly recently, they might be picking up on the disaster of your life.}

Minun laughed a bit, Mawile laughed a lot. I was just kind of stunned that Plusle of all people said that.

Plusle smiled at my reaction. {I live with Minun, what do you expect? I still like being nice, but it's still fun to mess with people.}

Suddenly, we were ready for combat, and I'm quite glad that my team was skilled enough to instantly react to trouble. The moment of levity lay broken as four Absol surrounded us. Plusle latched onto me, Mawile already marked her target, and Minun was ready to deliver any wide-range strikes.

Bursts of Razor Wind peppered us. I took some damage, and Plusle jolted my body a bit to numb the pain. She directed Minun in detail, I pointed out directions for Mawile to target in. Anything that got too near to me was zapped by Plusle, and anything that got even closer than that was struck by my increasingly bruised fist.

Don't punch Pokemon, kids. You'll come out worse every time, unless you're one of those lunatics who trains with a Fighting type and gets that weird hard skin ability (if you're lucky; if you aren't, you tend to end up

with broken limbs and a risk of death).

Another Absol came into the clearing and shouted. Plusle repeated what he said to me. {Stop fighting, he said "Stop."}

Minun took that opportunity to use Thunder Wave a lot. The newcomer Absol looked a bit angry at how she attacked during what was intended to be a truce, but then sighed.

I noticed that Plusle zoned out, and asked her, {Plusle, what's he saying?}

{Sorry. He's saying that you're apparently giving off an aura that seemed like an actual disaster in progress, like you were currently doing something awful that needed to be stopped.}

I blinked. {What, existing?}

The lead Absol nodded, seemingly impressed by my use of the Minun tongue.

{Okay, he's telling us to follow him.}

A discussion ensued as we stood outside of the Absol village, which was a

series of small dens on the mountainside.

In the end, we were tasked with training a young Absol. The leader frowned upon my actions, actions that apparently only he in his group knew of, but he was very impressed at our abilities. I could talk to some Pokemon, Plusle was a good tactician, Minun was a strong battler, and so was Mawile. We worked together as a remarkably cohesive whole.

He also apparently kept muttering about how there was another that he would have preferred to have trained by a human, but he absolutely was not trusting me with a female villager. Even though I was certain that he knew that I wasn't going to do anything to her due to his ability to detect danger, I simply could not blame him. That girl would be around me fucking Plusle and Minun just about every single day.

My new Absol did a motion that seemed like some kind of deference while repeating something that I couldn't understand.

{Plusle?}

She summarized it for me. {He's swearing his oaths, something about how Absol take their promises and oaths seriously, and how they pride themselves on being the guardians against unwelcome fates.}

{Ah.} I turned to my new teammate. {Good to meet you.}

Mawile and Absol kept giving each other odd faces. If Absol was a more longstanding member of my team, I'd have told them to just fuck already and stop dancing around. Unfortunately, they just met.

I sat down with Plusle and Minun and said, {Absol, Mawile, get to know each other. I'm going to relax.}

While I stayed away, Absol and Mawile ended up getting to know each other, not that I knew the details of their conversation.

Absol gazed at Mawile. {...your Trainer...}

She replied, {Our Trainer. And yes, he's extremely sexually active with Plusle and Minun. It's quite curious, a bit twisted, and nauseatingly lovey-dovey. They're together like bread, wasabi, and jelly -- probably shouldn't go together, but it's not like you can separate any of those ingredients once you've combined them, and if you've somehow developed a taste for it, you're never going to stop.}

Absol replied, {...that explains the vague sense of constant danger around

him, and why I was chosen over my sister. Also, what was that analogy?
That was a disaster on its own.}

Mawile laughed. {Hah. Speaking of disaster, please warn us if he's going to be the reason why Pokerus makes the leap from Pokemon to humans. You get it, cutie?}

Absol blushed and winced at the same time. {Don't say that.}

{Why not? You're cute.}

More blushing.

Mawile wasn't sure if this would go anywhere -- the Absol was cute, but she knew nothing about him. She understood that Timothy and the two Cheering Pokemon weren't having a casual fling, their relationship was serious. Serious enough that if a human girl came along, she'd get rejected.

He smirked for a moment. {I'll see how this goes.}

I smiled. Fortree. I loved this town. Just a really peaceful feeling place. Hoenn had a lot of very cool towns, but Fortree was the coolest, being filled with literal treehouses. Dealing with the various non-Pokemon

insects was a pain though.

Despite all the fondness I had for this city though, I was eternally embarrassed that I lost to Winona with two Electric type Pokemon. Like, how does that even happen? It was going to be my second badge, and I completely screwed it up.

Some of the elders in the Town of Trees glared quite badly at me for walking around with an Absol. That being said, I was happy that I heard a lot of comments like "Come on, Gran. Absol warn people of trouble, they don't cause it."

On a positive note, we entered the Gym.

So, I wasn't certain of Mawile's tactical skills, having spent no time really training them with her. Or rather, I spent no time getting Minun to teach her that stuff. She was definitely quite sharp though, so I really should have made it a priority. Absol was probably a decent pick to sideline with me, especially given his abilities, but no. He was far too new, and I couldn't understand what he said.

Ultimately, I ended up deciding that Minun would fight ahead of Plusle. Minun was slightly better at tactics, but she was also a better battler. Plusle

would be my final member.

Winona smiled. "Hey, I recognize you. Ready for a rematch?"

I winced. "Was my loss that memorable?"

She replied, "No, I defeat a lot of all Electric teams. It's your Plusle and Minun, and how they're always by your side. You don't see that many people that close with their Pokemon to just always have them out."

I winced even more, but I was pretty sure she didn't see it. If she knew how close I was with my Pokemon, she'd feed me to her birds.

Tropius was a terribly defensive enemy who gladly used his typing to wall out Minun. She hit neutral against him, but she needed more than that to get anywhere. I pulled her back, letting Absol in.

It was a tough fight. Absol was pounded down, so Minun went in. She eked out a life lead and tried her best to crush Tropius in retaliation.

The fight raged on as hard as we could, and eventually there was a victor

I was stunned. I had won.

Winona laughed at my expression. "What kind of face is that, anyway?"

I almost mentioned how much she sounded like my Mawile.

"Your battle style is... surprising. I'm not sure if having your Pokemon on the sidelines help out is entirely fair, but if I'm honest, your typical traveling party ends up doing the same thing, just with humans. There was this young man with his three companions a few years ago, terribly memorable. He really should have lost, but his friends kept reminding him of terribly basic things. If it wasn't for how skilled he ended up being once he was reminded of everything, I was going to withhold his badge. He even forgot that the Electric type beats Flying!"

Mawile laughed. Plusle and Minun nodded. I felt a little called out, but at least I wasn't as bad as that guy apparently.

She waved me off. "Happy travels, and safe skies. Get a Flying-type, they're great."

Absol was watching me alongside Mawile. I knew nothing of this at the time, since my ability to observe the external world was at an all time low.

Absol remarked, {...he doesn't see us? My danger senses aren't flaring up at all. Also, that's... that's just obscene. How does his dick fit in that Plusle?}

Mawile responded, {He is practically less than human right now. Not because of the unreasonable nature of his actions, but due to the primal instinct for sexual pleasure taking over completely. His soul has been permanently welded together with Plusle and Minun. Permanently. As for how it fits... it is a mystery unknown to Man or 'Mon. Although really, how does a Wailord dick fit in a Skitty? I'd assume it's the same principle at work.}

Absol blinked. {Where on earth did you even learn to talk in that way?}

She ignored him.

They watched the sexual disaster in front of them. Absol didn't consider it a literal disaster, but the odd buzzing feeling in his brain begged to disagree, and I wouldn't blame him. My entire nature was a disaster.

I said, {So, I think I can challenge Wattson by next month.}

Absol's eyes bugged out nearly every single time I spoke in the Minun tongue. I was very slowly learning how to understand him, but Absol just simply spoke less compared to my other teammates, regardless of how often I tried to start a conversation.

Minun said, {Wattson is a lunatic. We should go elsewhere first.}

I replied, {Do you want to fight him last? You've seen his 8th badge team, it's stupid. Norman wants more people going for him as their last badge, but Wattson has less self-restraint when fighting. Brilliant man, but he's famous for overdoing it in battle. He's absolutely not getting pushed back on our journey, we need that badge ASAP.}

Stupid ideas sometimes work. Sex training was one of them.

Almost died several times from electrocution back when I first had the idea, but no risk, no reward. The two of them charged up Shock Wave and held the attack as I rammed my dick between their pussies. Any real lapse in concentration, the attack would fire, and I was the closest target by far for an attack that never misses.

Could be worse -- I could get off to being electrocuted. I wasn't that bad, and that likely kept me alive. That being said, the risk made this whole thing quite thrilling and... well, I didn't want to dwell too long on that.

Cumming wildly inside of Minun's tiny pussy and seeing her cute face as she struggled to keep her attack from going off made me want to empty my

nuts out into her even more, and if that happened, there'd be a negative amount of cum in my balls. Anti-cum, if you would.

As I am typing this, Minun zapped me. I don't care, I'm leaving it in. She can't read, but I was muttering.

I'd also bought some sexy outfits for the two, and I don't know why I was able to even get them. They were mail order. They're ostensibly for use in Contests, but like, the outfits I bought were certainly not made to be displayed so boldly on stage.

Plusle and Minun looked unreasonably cute wearing a bra and panties. Yeah, the bra wasn't really held up by anything really, nor did it really hold up anything, but it added to the appeal, and I knew they were sensitive in those areas due to spending quite a long time playing with their nipples.

In addition, there were school swimsuits available for Pokemon. Having the cute, if modest swimsuits did something wild to me, and I had to refrain from immediately tearing a hole in them for easy access to fuck. Besides, pulling them to the side made it even hotter. Having "Plusle" and "Minun" written on the nametag area was the bit that made it perfect.

We didn't do the outfits all the time due to time and effort, but when we did, phew. It was hot like the sun. When we had cosplay sex, I was convinced more than ever that I was literally cumming my brains out, and

I'm still not entirely convinced that I leave the experience with the same level of mental faculties that I had beforehand.

I glanced at Mawile, and oddly enough, Absol. Didn't expect him to peep... actually, given Mawile's disregard for our privacy and given that Absol's species possibly considered what I do to be a disaster, maybe I should have expected him to watch.

It kinda seemed even more unsettling having a male watching, but I wasn't letting a damn thing get in the way of being with the loves of my life. I was eternally glad that, at least in that moment, I wasn't able to feel shame. Having my newest teammate see this side of me would have been awful otherwise.

Absol said, {They're crazy. Like, genuinely insane. The outfits, the look on his face, the way he kisses them, it's just...}

Mawile replied, {Of course he's insane. That madness is why we're here. Were he just an ordinary, mediocre trainer like the others I've seen, I wouldn't have bothered to follow him. However, he knows the Pokemon tongue and can even speak it, he has a truly impressive bond with Plusle and Minun... and they fuck like beasts. He has a great bond with any Pokemon that meet him, almost including myself. He is a marvelously

awful specimen of a human being.}

Once again, I was incapable of hearing this at the time, far too busy damaging my sapience and reveling in pleasure that I was very certain that humanity was never meant to have.

...okay, I'm being hyperbolic, but still.

Absol twitched as if he was dodging something. {...he moans like a Minun. Alpha above all, that's just frightening. He's utterly combined with them.}

Mawile smiled like a shark. {It's quite marvelous, if I may say so. Every single time I see how far he goes, my decision to follow this moron is vindicated.}

I stood in front of the quaint little building. I was finally back home, if just to visit.

I called out, "Mom, dad! I'm home!"

My dad laughed. "Timothy! Come on in, come on in."

I asked, "Where's mom?"

"She's at the store. So, anything new happened?"

My father was extremely happy to see that I had a properly "manly" Pokemon. He said, "You're moving on up, son. Always wanted an Absol, but they always ran from me."

My Absol was shaking a bit while muttering under his breath. Plusle translated for me, {Your father is absolutely a disaster, and even if he doesn't see anything about to happen, he feels like something could at any moment.}

{Oof.} I said to my dad, "I got lucky. I got into a fight with a tribe of Absol, and then next thing I know, I've got one of their members on my team. He's pretty cool, fights well enough, and is all around helpful."

"Very nice. Kick 'ol Watt's as for me, you know? Great guy, but he's grown a bit too boisterous about winning, so knock him down a peg."

It was my turn to grin. "Of course."

Wattson. I knew the man somewhat well, but he was still a relatively distant figure to me. Family friend, but not a close one.

Wattson laughed. "Sonny, I'm glad to see that you're quite so in-tune with those Electric-types you have on your team."

Plusle and Minun were both sidelined today to give me help. I was entirely dependent on Absol and Mawile to give me the edge, because if it came down to a contest of electrical might, I was going to come off worse.

I replied, "Yeah. Even if my old team had good reason to leave, it feels amazing that Plusle and Minun both decided to stay with me."

I idly found myself wishing I had a Key Stone, since two of my Pokemon could Mega Evolve. That being said, I wasn't super fond of Mawile, nor was I super familiar with Absol, so even with the required stones, I probably wouldn't be able to get it to trigger.

I suspected that I would have literally zero problems if there were Mega Stones for Plusle and Minun. Maybe I was lucky that I wasn't intimate with Mawile, I saw something about a guy with a Mega Gardevoir and how the two of them were found catatonic after a 31 hour sex session. Poor bastard burned his skin due to the Key Stone glowing a dim red hot, both were dehydrated to all hell, the works. He somehow managed to avoid crippling psychic addiction, but the mere physical effects were crippling enough before you add psychic dependency induced brain damage.

Wattson chuckled. "Sonny, are we going to battle? You've been staring into space for a bit."

Plusle chuckled as well. Minun was focused on the oncoming battle. I merely said, "Sorry, was just thinking. I'm ready." I then turned to Minun and said, {We have this. Absol first.}

Wattson replied, "Then let the battle begin! Wahahaha!"

Magneton was rough to fight usually due to the Steel typing, but Absol's Dark typing gave me a nice edge.

I pointed out incoming angles of attack, Minun provided attack strategy, and Plusle made sure we didn't miss anything. We were surprisingly well synced, but like, I guess it wasn't that surprising. We spent a lot of time working on this.

Wattson was quite smug. "You shouldn't declare your intent in the language of a local Electric-type. Never learned how to speak like a Pokemon, but I can understand the ones I've used. My first badge team has both Plusle and Minun on it."

That... well, I guess it wasn't too surprising, especially given how long he's been Leader in this town. Sadly, I wasn't good enough with Mawile speech to try and throw him off.

Still... I had the upper hand. {You're not fluent, don't try and get me to switch back.}

The old leader stuck his tongue out like he was five as I said that.

Absol had defeated the Magneton, but a Manetric easily took him out.

Wattson was smug. "Keep it up, Manetric!"

I cried out, "Mawile, get it!" I used human speech entirely because I could actually yell properly in it.

{Ah, "get it". Such good advice, you moron,} she replied. Bah.

Plusle and Minun formulated strategy while I ensured that Mawile wasn't caught flat-footed. She was following her own attack plan at the moment. The Manetric was getting quite frustrated at how much he was missing Mawile, while I was a bit worried at how little Mawile was hitting him.

Minun told her to go on the offense, and she started taking more blows in favor of dealing more hits. A very worthwhile tradeoff, but I really hoped she could keep it up without getting KO'd.

In the end... we won.

Wattson beamed at me. "I'm quite glad you've found such a good system to work with."

It was nice chatting with Wattson again now that the fighting was over. We had landed on the topic of him understanding his Pokemon.

"It took me an incredibly long time to get where I am with it, so I'm more than impressed you're so fluent. Still, I didn't just focus on understanding a few, I went big. Maybe way too big. I don't feel bad about it, although now that I've seen you exercising your skill, I should redouble my efforts. You never get too old to learn, you know?"

We trekked back out toward Lilycove. I decided to go visit Mossdeep. I was wondering whether to go to Sootopolis or what, and ultimately, my choice was easy given that the ferry stopped there first. I didn't need to get off since I'd already beaten the Gym Leaders there, but eh.

I liked Mossdeep. In particular, I liked the fact that I already beat Tate and

Liza. Good kids. I kind of really didn't want to actually encounter them given their psychic ability and the current contents of my mind, but fate had other plans, especially since like, I really was going out of my way to visit. It was a beautiful island, and now that I wasn't broke, I was going to enjoy the perks of being a traveling trainer.

Unfortunately, the two walked past me on the street, and all of us stopped. Tate winced, and Liza laughed. Both of them said, "Wow, really?"

I had hoped they didn't read my thoughts, but it was pretty obvious they did, especially given the exact moment they saw me. It was definitely rude to read someone's mind without asking (at best), but I was very definitely broadcasting my thoughts in an area with known S-rank psychics, so it really was in fact my fault. Partly, at least.

If you got robbed after leaving your door unlocked, yeah, that's on you... but the robber is still the one primarily at fault.

Tate said, "Hey, at least the things you're doing are all consensual. People keep wanting to do all kind of stuff to us but never say a word. At least they never actually try any it."

Liza nodded. "Wouldn't be so bad, except there are all those people who are more interested in you, Tate."

He laughed. "Do you want those screwups to ogle you instead?"

The two bickered a bit, and I kind of wanted to just leave, but the biggest reason why I'd just walk away was no longer really that important, and I did want to talk to them. I'd say it was odd that they decided to just start talking openly about this stuff, but given their mind reading ability combined with their likely lack of anyone to talk about this with, I was trustworthy enough.

I interrupted them and said, "So, can I get a rematch? I know I've won, but I want to see how far my crew has come."

Tate visibly was trying to not make a dumb pun on the word "come", while Liza punched him, saying, "If you say it, I'll hit you even more."

The two clearly had some UST thing going on that was probably much less unresolved than you'd expect, but I sure as hell wasn't going to be the one to finally resolve their sexual tension problems. "Is that a yes? A no? Give me a sign."

Liza said, "Sure. Also, you're way too reserved for someone who is as ridiculously turned on all the time." Deep discomfort hearing it from basically a kid. "You fuck Pokemon that are like, a fifth of my size. I know we weren't anything like this the last time you saw us, but like, you were almost hilariously innocent, and we don't make a habit of showing people

this side of us without a cause." She snorted. "The naughtiest thing you've thought of around us before was wondering if we were both girls, and then staring a little bit to see if you'd notice anything. You went from being practically asexual to an Ascended Lord of Sexual Desire."

I sputtered and made shushing noises. Tate laughed, Liza said, "I'm glad you're chivalrous enough to not do anything. Tate is enough for me. Wasn't any chance of us not actually being a thing, given how often we pick up on someone's screwed up thoughts and how often we shared things like clothes and the lot. "

Tate blushed, and Liza said, "I am eternally annoyed that someone thought you were prettier than me. Multiple someones, even."

"It was your fault, you're the one who kept dressing me up in your outfits. Even after that guy saw, you kept having me go outside while wearing them, too."

Plusle and Minun gazed at the bickering couple. {I'm glad we're not like that,} said Plusle.

Minun readily agreed. Mawile and Absol were too dumbstruck to say anything. Mawile was snickering, but her steel jaw hung open in shock.

Mawile said, {Humans are incredible and I am beyond glad that I get to

witness this.}

Tate and Liza said, in their patented twin-speak, "So, what are-"

"-you going to do-" said Tate.

"-for your next-" continued Liza.

Simultaneously, they finished, "-Gym badge?"

Just to be cheeky for them deciding to do that, I replied in Minun-speak, knowing they'd just pull it out of my head anyway. {Well, I think after I hit Sootopolis, I might do Norman. I think after that, I only have Roxanne? Let's see, I have yours, Flannery's, Brawly's, Wattson's, Winona's... yeah. Three to go.}

Tate and Liza rubbed their heads. "That is astoundingly-"

"-strange to really-"

"-deal with, if we're-"

"-quite honest-"

Tate sighed. "Okay, we'll stop. It is quite fun, though, and you being able to

talk like a Plusle is really cool too."

Liza continued, "We tried to learn a Pokemon language, but it's a lot of effort and we could just use telepathy and mind reading since our abilities are above such concepts as language."

Tate said, "Yeah. But getting back to business, meet us by the Gym in like two hours, and you'll get your exhibition match."

I was so happy. I was glad that I got my rematch, I was glad that I was even in a position to even do a rematch without expecting to just lose, and I was glad that this vanity trip to Mossdeep turned out to be a good idea.

Rematch time. Wasn't for a badge, but that was okay. Due to why I was having the rematch, Tate and Liza decided to forgo the double battle format in favor of traditional 1v1 matches.

Also, they understood quite deeply that I need one of my team by my side to direct battle.

It was an exciting, if short affair. Each of us were allowed 3 Pokemon a side, although we didn't need to declare which ones beforehand.

Poor Plusle. At least Mawile cleared the challenge easily enough. Tate and Liza kept arguing over a bunch of stuff since they didn't think their challenge through, although they did expect to easily wipe me out with Solrock and Lunatone against Plusle and Minun. Thank you, Mawile.

I moaned like a lunatic. Minun was basically melting atop my cock.

Absol and Mawile weren't watching for once. I hope it was because they were getting laid. Why just watch when you can screw? They made a cute couple, too.

Minun actually passed out from exhaustion, so I swapped Plusle in and fucked her wildly instead. Marvelous, really.

Mossdeep was a beautiful island. I really did want to stay. No one else around me did, however. My whole team was all set for adventure.

I did take some time to relax before leaving. Sure, my team was raring to leave, but that was a them problem, and I was the Trainer.

...admittedly, a part of me was kind of worried that Plusle or Minun were

good enough at this whole training thing that they could replace me outright and I would be left behind again. Sure, neither of them would, they genuinely did love me too much to do that and they never hesitated in showing me that fact, but brains aren't systems of pure logic.

I was back on the mainland and... were Tate and Liza following me?

Tate winced. "He caught us."

Liza replied, "Of course he caught us, it's not like you were being that stealthy-"

I raised a hand and silenced them both. "Why are you following me? Who is at the gym?"

The replied in unison. "Our dad. He's pretty tough and can work with our teams just fine, although he doesn't bother with double battles and he isn't much of a Psychic specialist, he actually trains Fighting-type Pokemon. It's why we're martial artists, actually. We were a Fighting-type Gym back when he ran it. We can't stay out forever, but we really haven't been able to adventure like we should due to being prodigies and running the Gym and all, and he can manage for at least a few months. Maybe a year. He does

actually understand that we haven't been able to travel around as much as we should have."

Plusle said, {That doesn't explain his first question.}

Liza replied after pulling the comment out of Plusle's head. "...would you believe that we're bored? We almost never get to leave Mossdeep."

I responded, "No? At least, it doesn't explain why you're tagging along with me."

Tate said, "Okay, the real answer is that you're the only Trainer who we could tag along with where we would be able to do our funny business around without the risk of being kidnapped and raped, alright?"

Mawile laughed. Like, really hard. She was on the floor wheezing while Absol kept trying to calm her down. Plusle was nodding, while Minun chortled softly before regaining her composure. I didn't think it was funny.

...okay, maybe I did. It felt bad laughing at that, so I didn't.

Minun said, {You know, that IS believable.}

Tate said, "We're discreet, anyway."

I said, "...you really trust me despite not-"

Liza cut me off. "Given our abilities, we are unironically amazing judges of character, and you aren't a threat, nor do you want to be. If you walked in on us, you'd turn around and keep your mouth shut instead of trying to take pictures."

They said, "That happened/once and it/was really creepy. At least/the guy/got arrested/for something else. We didn't/want to/have to/testify that/the two of us/were fucking/to the cops..."

I sighed. "You do know that Mawile and Absol are shameless voyeurs, right? At least Mawile is shameless, Absol tries to be like, a functioning person."

The two smiled brightly. "You consider your team to be people? You really are too nice to do anything bad to us."

I sighed yet again.

I was a bit annoyed., I didn't care if the two twins were fucking regularly, I wasn't about to screw anything while they were in the same room with me. It didn't help that they were psychic, but that wasn't actually something I'd

actually thought of at that moment.

At least they were actually discreet. Liza was a little shit and would deliberately broadcast a glimpse through her psychic power, probably because she knew I wasn't going to do anything, but like, I never actually knew when they were screwing, let alone saw it in person.

At least they were fun travel partners.

We'd passed through Lilycove and were heading to clear the Gyms I was missing. Three more to go.

I said, "Okay, so based on what you've said, I'm doing Rustboro, Petalburg, and then Sootopolis. From there, hopefully the League."

Liza nodded. "That's probably the best order, given your badges. Fighting Norman last-"

Tate continued, "-is basically suicide and-"

"-you'll totally be stuck for the rest of the year," finished Liza.

I replied, "If I'm honest, I still need another Pokemon. Or two. Or three. I guess I'll figure that out on the way there."

It was a fairly nice trip as we headed back towards Mauville. Having human company was doing wonders for my continued sanity.

Also, I found myself with a Tropius as my new travel companion as we made our way through the rainforest on the trek back to my home town. Couldn't keep him out all the time due to his size, which was a bummer, but when it came down to it, he was a total bro.

He was also absolutely convinced that I was nuts, and I can't blame him.

It did seem odd that neither Tate nor Liza had a Ralts-line member on their team. At least, it seemed odd back when I'd first fought them, long before I was a sexual deviant, let alone before I knew the two were also deviants.

Knowing the fact that they absolutely would probably just violate the poor creature by broadcasting their deviancy into its mind, and I was far less surprised about the absence, especially after my own dangerous encounter. I was very glad that I wouldn't need to head out towards Oldale. Alone, I'd be in danger, let alone with a pair of psychics who have probably been banned-

Tate said "We weren't banned by the Gardevoir race, it's mostly just that we've never been in a position to catch one. Also... we could take 'em."

Liza nodded. "Now I want a Gardevoir."

Tate said, "I want a Gallade. They're cooler."

"Have you seen their waist thing? It's weird."

Hearing them argue was already kind of annoying, but it was nice to have human company. That didn't stop it from being annoying, however.

Hearing someone else's sex noises, especially given the nature of my neighbors... god, that was unsexy. This was by far the least discreet that they've been.

Minun said, {You, are just being a prude-}

{It's still annoying, and that's at best.}

Training alongside the two Gym Leaders was easily the best part of this

whole affair. It was a great chance to test our skills against high-level opponents, and they had brought an even better team of Pokemon out for their travels. Hypno, Claydol, Slowking, Xatu, and then their closest partners, Solrock and Lunatone.

We weren't at all a match for them. It was mildly concerning that we were with two psychics with such a powerful team. They could genuinely just like, rip the thoughts out of our heads and force us to do their bidding. Only Absol was protected.

Tate said, "We're not gonna do any of that. Too obvious and hard to do damage control on, anyway."

Plusle and Minun sighed. They didn't believe that one bit.

Liza replied, "Well? It's true."

I thought about how I managed to win in the rematch back in Mossdeep, but they were treating it like a Gym battle instead of going all out back then. Right now, they were showing their full might. We weren't so far behind that it would be dangerous for us to fight them like this, but my team just wasn't on that level yet.

In the end, we were heading to Rustboro.

Rustboro. I hadn't been here in quite a while. Rustboro was a nice town, if not quite my jam. Still, it had nice architecture and good food. It was a genuinely enjoyable place to be, and had quite a different feeling to Mauville.

I also just like, wanted to pass straight on through and head towards Dewford again. I liked the island life. Hoenn proper was basically a big island, but like, I liked the separation of being on a small island.

Tate plucked the thought out of my head. "You really shouldn't-

Liza continued, "-spend all your time screwing around-"

I stopped them. "I like islands. It's just nicer there." I was surprised that I didn't respond in Minun-speak, but the increased human interaction meant that I was speaking in human tongues more and more.

Tate and Liza said, "We've lived on/a tiny island our/whole lives, so/we don't/quite see/the appeal."

I winced, saying, {So like, when you two do that twin-speak thing-}

They simultaneously replied, "Well, we basically join together as one

gestalt, but we also do deliberately plan ahead with what we want to say if we're doing it for long. As for why, it's fun, and it lets us think about what to say while we're saying it. Really makes life easier."

The two Gym Leaders were getting very good at understanding my whole talking-like-a-Pokemon thing just by virtue of pulling the information straight out of my head. Liza was learning how to speak the Minun tongue rather rapidly, while Tate had to spend time pulling that knowledge from Liza's head, since it didn't quite click in his own brain.

It was also quite neat being around the pair and really seeing the differences emerge despite their continued charade of being interchangeable. Tate liked cool things more, Liza liked cute things more, Tate wasn't quite as skilled or smart as his sister, Liza was a bit less patient than her brother, and it was extremely clear that they combined their thoughts to paper over their increasingly obvious (to me) flaws. When they acted as one, they really did seem like some kind of "Perfect Magic Children of a Higher Power" instead of the goofy co-dependent and somewhat deranged lunatics that they were.

So, were Absol and Mawile that close all the time? They were definitely fucking now, and I suspected I'd have another Mawile on the team at this rate (well, maybe not). Kinda sweet thinking about how they managed to

hit it off, but Mawile was still a bit of a complete and utter shit. Absol was cool enough, although he'd still go along with whatever dumb shit Mawile did or said.

Poor bastard. Already henpecked.

Tate and Liza were also screwing each other's brains out, to the point where they were psychically leaking their senses all over the place. I was almost entirely certain they were only going at it quite so vigorously because they hadn't ever been in a situation where they didn't just have to keep looking around their back, and now they were free to fuck as they pleased.

I can't say that the foreign thoughts intruding in my brain didn't make my own sexual experience with Plusle and Minun better, but at the same time, a large part of me knew that they needed to cut that shit out in case someone else came by.

Also, I still had my reservations about the fact that they kept showing me bits.

I also really did not like the idea of cleaning up after them. It only happened once, and maybe they were being a pair of cheeky shits who did it on purpose, but by Groudon that's fucking nasty. Chewed them out real bad for it.

Oh well. It didn't matter what they were doing at that moment. I had gone balls deep inside of Plusle, and that was a milestone that almost always got me to cum immediately. Her face was that perfect mixture of general Plusle cuteness, confusion, exhaustion, and satisfaction.

As I rammed one tiny rodent in her vagina (Plusle), I was kissing the other wildly (Minun).

I felt a slight buzzing in my brain before hearing a muffled "flump" sound. Then, things went a bit berry shaped.

Liza swore. "Fuck! Tate!"

At least my own business was done as I came in Plusle. I savored the moment, trying to ignore the two Gym Leaders.

"Tate, I'm literally addicted to you, please wake up so I can stay sane!"

Ah hell, they were actually in trouble. Couldn't they see that I was busy? What a pair of fucking morons.

So, Liza was over-reacting, although not by nearly as much as one would hope. Surprisingly, despite Tate using Liza's thoughts, knowledge, and

brainpower more, Liza suffered worse without Tate. He was a rock, an island of stability, a way to just relax and not be under the pressure that being a prodigy entailed. The pair had basically split their minds across the two bodies, and her very nature was altered without Tate.

Plusle frowned. Mawile seemed disappointed for some reason. I asked, but she just shook her head.

Everything turned out fine when Tate woke up, anyway. In fact, he didn't even need to really wake up for everything to be fine, Liza went back to normal an hour before he actually got up.

Tropius was a relentlessly cool Pokemon. It grew its own fruit (although if you eat the fruit too often, you'll become addicted and confused due to a mild hallucinogenic, and some regions actually banned the consumption and distribution of it), it could fly, it looked like some prehistoric creature, it was super cool.

My Tropius was super cool too.

Tate still looked out of it, and was leaning up against Liza. Liza hadn't said much of anything since then, apart from explaining that she was fixing her mental bond with her brother. I didn't get it, really, but I didn't need to.

Tropius was a bro. He also didn't fucking peep on me, if mostly because he was a bit big for the indoors. Naturally, Mawile would talk to him about what I did, but he really didn't want to know. It sure was something seeing him shrug off Mawile's attempt to unsettle him.

I was trying to understand him, but I was also still trying to understand Absol, so it was very very slow going. I was pretty close to comfortable with speaking to Absol, but it was still quite a bit harder that I would have really liked it to be.

I was so glad that Mawile had mellowed out a fair bit, even if she was still a bit of a shitter.

Tate said, "You know, as much as I love Liza, we're genuinely too attached. We're planning on going to some island challenge thing that's in the works, and we're going to be single entrants. Actually, we have quite a lot of tournaments lined up that we want to compete in."

Liza nodded. "There are ways to separate us, but like... it's going to be hard."

Plusle and Minun wanted to mention how they felt similarly, but we had

talked beforehand about how our lack of psychic connection had kept our desire to be with each other from being an actual, physical requirement.

I said, "So, how do you deal with needing to be apart?"

Liza replied, "Poorly. Solrock and Lunatone help out immensely, at least. Truly wonderful partners, if not amazing conversationalists."

Solrock floated over and glared, and I felt like I understood. His gaze seemed to wordlessly convey, "We're floating rocks, what do you expect?"

Couldn't argue with that.

Tate and Liza were playing alongside Plusle and Minun. It still felt quite strange how the two Gym leaders were the way they were despite being the age they were. They talked like they were older, they acted like they were older, they were degenerates in the way that only adults tended to be... but like, you saw the mask crack and you were reminded that their appearance matched their age.

Regardless of their responsibilities and actions being those of adults, they were still quite young.

Tropius asked me, {Those two are a bit... close.}

I nodded. {Yeah. More than you may ever know, and I suspect you already know a lot.}

I was yet again very glad that Mawile had stopped being quite as much of a total shit. She was still unbearably smug towards me, but was at least now willing to repeat things for me. It was relentlessly odd the things that seemed to curry or lose favor with her -- she still treated me like a science experiment, but she seemed to care about me now, and that was always a plus.

It also was nice seeing Plusle and Minun happy once more in a normal, playful way. I still remembered when I was hopeless and broke, and the two spent pretty much all their time drowning their sorrows in sex. Regardless of how much I absolutely loved sex, it wasn't the only consideration I had.

...man, sometimes, I'm hit with the realization that I'm a sex addict and I have absolutely no desire to change. The closest to shame I feel is... well, I guess there's "shame" that I'm not more ashamed.

Oh well.

Roxanne's Gym.

Roxanne looked at her two fellow Leaders. "Hello there, I haven't seen you two in a while."

"It's a bit/tricky to get/off of the island/without making it/a journey," they responded, switching off every few words.

Roxanne nodded. "I can imagine. So, who is he?"

I cut in. "I'm Timothy. Here's my crew." I glanced back. Plusle and Minun rode atop Tropius. Mawile and Absol were very close together, and I was very glad that they had become a thing.

Roxanne nodded. "Alright. We will begin in five minutes."

I wanted to lead with Tropius, but like, that was the obvious first opponent. I led with Mawile, who honestly had better coverage.

I had Absol and Minun next to me, and we went to work as Minun delivered orders, while Absol and I dealt with any incoming danger. I was better with seeing things, but Absol's senses bordered on precognitive

despite how he and his kind were not psychic, and I'd finally become better at understanding him. Still caused flaws, but we could work through them.

Her Nosepass proved quite difficult. It wasn't great.

Ultimately, we prevailed. After the battle, we talked with Roxanne.

"Norman is next. I'm stunned that you put it off this long. Your style is... deeply unrefined in a way, but you're obviously knowledgeable enough to be able to teach your Pokemon how to get through without so much of your help." She turned to Tate and Liza. "Keep him in line, you two."

"Aye," they both replied.

I was just glad that Plusle was able to survive in the end. Pure luck, that. I really should have lost, and I needed to work on that. I don't have any real expectation of being part of the top 3 and getting a chance to face the Elite Four, but if I can get like top 32, in my first League showing, that'd be nice.

Of course, even if I didn't expect to get a podium spot, I couldn't call myself a man if I didn't even try to be ranked as top 1. I still had some months left, at least.

Tate and Liza had cooled off a bit on their debauchery and weren't psychically broadcasting their desire everywhere during their studies in carnal knowledge. They were definitely still a bit wild, and I saw both of them in identical school swimsuits at one point. Kinda bothered that they were both as cute as the other.

It really was quite worrisome how similar Tate looked to Liza. Their bodies were diverging a little at this point, but the only reason I was able to pick which one was which (especially since they swapped their nametags) was just day-to-day familiarity.

I really did wish they'd stop making advances to me, even in jest. I was shitty enough to not care that they were fucking despite their age and all, but I also wanted no part in it. I was taken, dammit. My two girls were enough. More than enough, even.

...a terrible thought occurred to me that maybe the only real reason I rejected the two was because I was fucking even smaller, tighter pussy. Minun and Plusle both looked absurdly smug when I mentioned that, but I preferred to think that I wasn't interested in fucking the underaged. Minun and Plusle were both considered adults, after all, and neither were virgins when I met them.

In fact, even Tropius wasn't. Pokemon fucked a lot. Allegedly, even Seviper and Zangoose would fuck each other if they weren't fighting.

From there, I idly considered that I was a horrendously awful person. I was kind, friendly, had a great rapport with my Pokemon... and I was still a deviant who hasn't had any moral qualms about sticking my penis into a creature that was not much larger than it, and only one qualm about doing so to the two young Gym Leaders who traveled with me.

...I was intensely lucky that I was traveling with an Absol, since I'd at least get some warning if my life became even more of a trainwreck it is..

It wasn't a long trip to reach Norman. It almost was, because I absolutely wanted to go to Dewford and relax, but Tate, Liza, and Mawile told me off for it. I was almost surprised about Mawile chiming in, but she really didn't feel like going back to her boring old homeland apparently.

There was at least a beach outside by Petalburg, and we spent a day there camping out.

I got to know Tropius a bit better. He was still just relentlessly confused at how and why I was having sex with Plusle and Minun, but honestly, the entire situation of my life was ceaselessly confusing to him. I was also finding it way easier to learn Pokemon languages as time passed.

Tate and Liza wore their school swimsuits and were playing in the water, although they wore shorts over them to prevent being identified due to the presence or absence of a bulge. I could still tell who was who, even though they swapped nametags. Apparently the two did this all the time at the beach in Mossdeep.

The pair toweled off, and I'd asked them about it. Tate started, "Well, we only/put the swim shorts on/so people wouldn't see/his package since/we aren't exhibitionists, you know. Still, we wouldn't/care if/you saw/anything, and not/just to/be provocative."

It was getting to me that I was getting used to their hand-off speaking style. Kinda felt a bit melancholy that I probably wouldn't be able to keep adventuring with these two beyond the League -- not only did they need to go back to their Gym, but at some point, they were entering an international tournament on an artificial island that fought using a strange 3 on 3 simultaneous format. Liza told me that if I placed well in the Pokemon League, she might be able to get me an invite.

Getting a chance to enter sounded great, and I promised myself that I'd make top 16.

Liza chuckled. "Even at a time like this, you're thinking about Pokemon instead. I'm glad we're following you instead of some freak who would actually just fuck us."

Tate continued, "And honestly, we considered doing that."

Damn.

We stood inside Petalburg Gym.

Norman sighed, clearly disappointed in what he saw. "Hope you're prepared. You don't have anything too decisive to face me with."

I replied, "I know that your high-ranking Slaking is a lunatic that slacks off a bit less versus the one you use for all lower level challenges."

Norman nodded, expression softening. "Good eye. He's been my powerhouse for fifteen years now and a Slaking for three. He tries quite a bit to stay focused, but you just can't beat the instinct of a Slaking to slack off without some crazy double battle setup. I actually had Tate and Liza there help me out with him being down in the dumps after he evolved. They found out what happened using their powers -- turns out, he evolved on accident after losing his Everstone. He's glad for the explosive strength, but he absolutely misses being able to just go wild without getting exhausted so quickly, and it started grating on him."

Tate nodded. "We're glad we could help. He's a bro."

Norman sighed. "Speaking of, someone needs to give you two help. Stop fuc-"

The twins made a loud shushing noise. "Don't actually say/it aloud, please!" I was very impressed that they were keeping up the twinspeak even here, but given their incredible co-dependance, I guess it made sense that they'd do it even still.

Norman glared at me. "You need help too, although I'm glad they haven't dragged you into their mess. If I hear you've been messing around with them, Slaking will pop your head like a grape. Given the information I have..."

{Yes sir, I won't!} "E-er, I mean yessir."

Norman noticed how I'd slipped into Minun-speak and he sighed. "Tate and Liza aren't my kids, but I don't want anything bad happening to them, you know? If they were my kids, I feel like I could have protected them better, but like... maybe not. I'm almost never at home for my own kids. I really should call May... ah, I'm just rambling. Either way, I know you know, and I know you know better."

Intensely concerning, but honestly not surprising. The man clearly wanted

to stop them from screwing regularly, but like, it just wasn't happening. I at least didn't have anything to worry about since I wasn't going to do anything, but I didn't like the idea that he knew so much about our sexual lives.

You ever fight a brick wall? That's how this battle was going.

The usual strategy for fighting Slaking was to just wait for it to tire out while avoiding the telegraphed (but quite dangerous) blows, and you'd have a pretty decent opening every time it slacked off. It actually was such a terrible flaw that it practically negated Slaking's enormous strength for anyone prepared, especially if you had a Pokemon that knew Protect -- no need to really dodge.

However, Norman's Slaking barely had any gaps. Sure, he couldn't indefinitely resist the urge to just stop and relax, but he kept going for way longer than normal, and he relaxed for way less than normal. The usual strategy of just tanking with Protect didn't work, there wasn't enough time for it to be reliable to use again, not that my team had anyone with it. You could maybe train around the problem, but again, I didn't have anyone.

I managed to get him down with just Absol left on the bench, and Minun on the field. My "style" of battle ensured that we were able to take care of

the gaps, but the Slaking's explosive speed and power that were sustained for far longer than reasonable ensured that the fight was painful.

Then, Minun and Absol both went down to his Vigoroth, and he still had two left.

Fuck.

We sat down in the restaurant. "I had to lose again at some point, but it still hurts." Reminded me of the bad old days.

Tate and Liza said simultaneously, "Cheer up. That Slaking could probably solo half of Wallace's team if he went full throttle. Maybe not consistently, but he's a genuine challenge."

I understood it, but it still sucked.

I felt like a fucking circus performer with just how much I was being watched in the bedroom. All of my other Pokemon were watching. Tate and Liza were psychically looking and also ensuring that Tropius could see.

I, in the meantime, was deliberately ignoring them while also plowing Minun in a way that almost seemed like a powerful Pokemon attack.

Plusle then swapped in, and we kept switching every few minutes.

I was continually amazed at the credentials the two psychic twins had.

"...you're telling me that you two are certified to be astronauts?"

Tate and Liza nodded. "Yep! We're/not kidding/at all. Our/mother works at the/Space Center and/got us into the program/due to being able to make use/of our psychic powers. We've been in orbit, but/we want to visit/the moon one day."

It was difficult to imagine them not trying to have sex in space, and they grinned as they saw my mental image.

Tate said, "I've at least done better with the training than Liza, even if she eventually got it. It's great."

Liza stuck her tongue out. "You got lucky, you know?"

My crew was great. Plusle, Minun, Absol, Tropius, and Mawile. Ideally, I'd have 3 more so I could always have Plusle and Minun at my side as tactical advisors, but I really had no idea who I'd pick. I really did want like a Gardevoir, but I was still 100% convinced that I would be killed if I made the attempt.

Tate caught my thoughts. "There are other Psychic-types."

Minun said, {There are, but like, the Gardevoir line is the coolest.} Plusle nodded.

Liza responded, "Eh, we don't have one, so they can't be that cool."

I snorted. "That's not really an argument."

Tate and Liza said, "Seriously though, why/not try to get/a Spink or/something? They're/great!"

Nah.

The twins were busy doing... well, probably fucking, but they weren't around me at the moment. I was hanging out with my team by the campfire

we set up.

Minun said, {I like Tate and Liza, but haven't they been occupying too much of your attention lately?}

I replied, {I honestly agree, but like, I also don't want to not travel with them. You get it, right?}

She nodded. {Yeah. Still...}

Plusle said, {It's been fun having them, and you'll miss them when they're gone. You're a lot more open and happy around them, too.}

Mawile walked in and said, {Yeah, because the five of you are freaks. You three and the twins.}

That stung, but Plusle replied, {You like to watch, you're just as freaky. Heck, you and Absol get off to us doing it, so shut your holes.}

It never failed to stun me when Plusle talked like that. Absol mock shivered. {Cold.} It was nice to see him opening up to us.

Getting laid would do that to him.

It felt kind of bad bullying the wild Pokemon to train, especially since I never really had much of a chance to do so due to my former lack of finances and lack of skills, but honestly? I was getting pretty good. Yeah, I still wasn't going to be doing the entirety of battle direction, which was a bit sad since that's how most Trainers operated, but I wasn't just making the wrong decision every time anymore.

I did, however, have an issue where my battle plans were quite simple when thought up in the heat of the moment. It wasn't a huge issue due to the way I fought, but I wanted to seal up my weaknesses. I had my pride as a Trainer, dammit.

Even Tate and Liza were trying to break their hyper-dependence on the other. I doubted that they'd truly end up self-sufficient, but they really did need to be able to exist apart from the other in a reasonable capacity.

We were back at the gym, and it was time for round two. Norman stared at me with all the disappointment a father could bear upon someone, but he wasn't my father, so whatever. He noticed this, and sighed. "I'm glad I'm not your father."

Rude.

He continued, "Still, I hope you go far, and I hope you kids can all fix yourselves. Get ready for the second round! Go, Slaking!"

Plusle first. Thunder Wave. Constantly, until it hit. Then, once Slaking ate his Berry to not be paralyzed, Plusle continued firing it to reapply the status. It wasn't much of a fight after that, but Plusle couldn't fire any more Thunder Waves due to overuse.

Norman still had more Pokemon that I had to defeat, but what was originally the hardest part suddenly became the easiest.

Plusle didn't come out of that battle quite cleanly, but it didn't matter. Her primary role in the fight was over. Tropius came to deal with Vigoroth. We didn't have a pre-planned strategy this time, so Plusle gave more input during the fight.

Tropius couldn't quite hack it, but I couldn't blame him. Even if Vigoroth was paralyzed, it wouldn't be quite as crippling as it was to Slaking. Annoyingly, Vigoroth had managed to boost his strength, so I was on the back foot now.

Norman said, "You know, I'm amazed you kept trying to force that opening. It won't work again, I think I have a plan to stop it if someone else tries that, but you kept pushing even though Plusle was almost knocked out

from trying to paralyze him."

Minun went out. She couldn't take a hit from Vigoroth, but she had no intention of getting hit. She zipped around like a streak of lightning, handily finishing him off.

Spinda was tricky, nearly knocking Minun out without a good hit due to his ability to easily induce confusion. I regret to say that I was distracted by how cute Spinda was, she was making it quite uncomfortable to have pants on.

If I had a female Spinda, I would plow it into unconsciousness every day with my dick. Probably why Plusle and Minun told me a while ago that I was never being allowed to get a Spinda...

Blissey was also tricky to fight, if far easier than expected. She was also making it difficult to wear pants. Her defenses were strong against special attacks, walling out Minun. Mawile managed, at least.

Wait... that was it. He didn't have anyone else. I won. "I won!"

Norman smiled. "Alright, here's your Badge. Now, let me have some words with your companions..." He went off to the side to talk to Tate and Liza.

I overheard a bit. Norman said, "...wait, he really isn't?"

"Not like we haven't-" Tate's eyes widened as he remembered who he was talking to. "Er, he is not. We've seen his thoughts, and although he has definite problems..."

Liza finished, "...in a way, he genuinely is too pure and decent to try anything." She winced as Tate mentally finished the statement in her head: "without asking." At least, that's what they told me after the fact.

Can't say they were wrong, although I probably wouldn't ask them to do it, regardless of how pretty Liza was.

Norman sighed deeply, a long suffering sort of sigh. "Alright. You two are Gym Leaders, you've got astronaut training, you're both pretty smart, you're skilled martial artists, and you're both pretty powerful Trainers. I think that guy has screws loose, but if you can truly vouch for him-"

"We absolutely can."

"-then I guess I can stop worrying. Seriously, I keep expecting the actual worst."

Tate said, "Honestly, it's weird how he isn't."

"He's a screwup, but not at all in the way you'd expect. He's too busy doing

what he does to do us, the idiot."

Low blow, but I wasn't surprised.

I said, {It's been weeks, Tate, stop peeking in our heads for the answer.}

We were helping Tate and Liza both learn how to be less co-dependent, while also helping them learn how to understand Pokemon languages. Absol was incredibly useful here, using his Dark-typing to inhibit the twins' abilities.

Tate shivered. {I- I do known't about- how-} He sighed despondently. "Ah, screw it."

"Fair enough," I said. "Absol, you can stop inhibiting them."

Absol nodded, and I said, "Honestly, you probably will need to solve your issue with not being separate enough first. And really, Liza can teach you the hard way how to speak like a Minun."

Liza nodded. "Our mental abilities are great, but... I was the clever one, and Tate genuinely never developed his mind enough in a mundane sense, he'd do his thinking in my head."

Tate nodded. "Not something to be proud of, although it was far too convenient for me to not do it. Besides, we really didn't know better."

Minun blinked. {That's incredible,} she said.

Plusle nodded. {I wish I could do that with Timothy and Minun. Maybe not all the time though.}

...it felt a bit bad that Tropius was the only one not fucking. Only a little, though.

Plusle felt like magic to my dick, and I could actually feel my abilities as a sapient being drain away as I came. It was absurd. Maybe it had something to do with whatever Tate and Liza were doing in their tent. Namely, the fucking, but also the extreme psychic resonance they had.

Minun lay absolutely knackered, body practically waterlogged with cum. Kinda hot, but mostly worrying if I looked at it too long, so I didn't, especially since I knew she'd be fine. I was deeply glad that Absol and Mawile were busy fucking each other rather than commenting on the fact that I appeared to have drowned Minun in semen. It was nowhere near likely for that to have actually happened, but it certainly looked that bad.

{I love you,} I said.

Plusle replied, {I love you too.}

Minun apparently heard and replied, but it was muffled and wet sounding. I really probably shouldn't have gone that hard.

Oh well.

Sootopolis ho!

If Tate and Liza had flying Pokemon of their own, we'd have simply flown into the crater city. As it stood, we took the ferry that traveled between Lilycove, Mossdeep, Sootopolis, Pacifidlog, and Slateport, having left from Slateport.

Plusle and Minun were happily sitting on my shoulders while I soaked in the ocean breeze as we docked outside of Pacifidlog and the tenders took the passengers off. I nuzzled my cheeks against theirs, feeling a pleasant, if occasionally tickly sensation.

I said, "Last time I was here was like, when I was seven, on a family trip

out to visit Sootopolis. Was a bit bored then, but this place is just as impressive. I wish we could stop here. It's less tropical than I'm used to, but it's still gorgeous."

Tate and Liza glared. Plusle, Minun, and myself all glared right back. Mawile laughed. I'd have had more of my team out, but Tropius was a little big, and Absol didn't feel like staying out.

Sootopolis. An ancient volcanic crater that now housed some seriously beautiful buildings. A city housing the power of ancient legend, protected by the ancient walls of a powerful volcano. The city with the last gym that I needed to visit.

Juan looked at his two fellow Gym Leaders and sighed. It was apparently an open secret what the two of them got up to, but it wasn't all the Leaders who knew. Roxanne didn't, for example.

He made the strangest set of expressions, and I wondered if the twins were telling him something telepathically. It was either that, or if that was just his feelings about the young Gym Leader pair on display.

To compound the already complicated situation, I said in Minun-speak, {So, what's going on? I hope you two aren't broadcasting things about me.}

I got a psychic reply from Tate. (No, actually. Juan is amazing at reading people though, and noticed something off about you. Honestly, we actually lucked out for years since Wallace was the leader for ages before Juan came back to head his Gym again. Wallace absolutely did not notice. Juan... yeah, we weren't getting anything past him.)

I still wished I had a Psychic-type of my own. I duly repeated what was said to my crew, who nodded in understanding.

After a bit of slack-jawed staring, Juan finally said, "I am at a loss for words, but welcome to my Gym. Prepare for a defeat, and enjoy the show." He smiled, but it didn't reach his rather worried and confused eyes.

Plusle said, {You have him unsettled. He knows what Tate and Liza are, he seems to know something about what you are, and he is absolutely baffled at the final part, how you're talking like we do.}

I smirked. {Let him be unsettled. I want that badge.}

Liza broadcast to me, (Regardless of how unsettled he may be, Juan is incredibly experienced. If he didn't have to apply so much effort during fights, he would have retained his spot as Champion.)

Juan was getting annoyed at our incomprehensible communication. "It is

quite something to enter someone's domain and give them such a cold shoulder, is it not?"

I replied, "Sorry. Unfortunately, we're a bit broken here."

He smoothly responded, "I can tell." He shook his head. "Normally, my elegance and wit have room to stretch their wings, but this day is clearly not normal. Declare your Pokemon; three are allowed each side."

Surprising call for only a 3v3. I huddled with my crew.

Minun said, {I might be out. He almost certainly can deal with an Electric-type. If he can't, then he doesn't deserve to be here. Plusle is in, she hits harder than me, and ignoring the type advantage is still dumb. Maybe Absol? Mawile loses her usual resistance because water, even if she isn't weak to it.}

I smiled hearing Minun's tactical analysis and was absurdly proud about how I'd managed to train her. I said, {Tropius should be in, but again, Juan absolutely has to have a way to deal with him, likely with ice.}

Tropius said, and Minun repeated for me, {I don't think it matters either way. I'm out. I may be strong, but I know I'm not strong enough yet.}

Honestly, it was fair. I hadn't been able to really get to training him that

well, and having him fight the hardest Gym battle under these conditions...
yeah, no. So...

I said to Juan. "I declare Minun, Absol, and Mawile on the field."

He smiled thinly. "Then I declare Whiscash, Sealeo, and Kingdra on the field. May our battle be a spectacle for the ages."

It started out as Absol vs Whiscash. Wish I had Tropius just for this fight, but I 100% doubt that he'd have even used Whiscash in that case, since he got to pick second.

Eventually though, as we whittled down his team (as he did mine), I stood victorious. Minun looked exhausted, but she was victorious.

Juan looked incredibly displeased. "If it did not make me look like a poor sport, you would not get a badge. You lack any of the refinement that I so enjoy, and I have quite a few unverified suspicions. Regardless, this is yours, and despite my misgivings, you have earned it legitimately. There is still an elegance found in triumphant force that cannot be stood against, if a needlessly simplistic one."

Minun said, knowing he couldn't hear, {Shut up, you bastard. We won!}

I smiled. {Yeah, fuck him.} I didn't mean it, but he didn't really like me, so

I had a bit less reason to like him.

We had some months before the League. It was great having two Gym Leaders with me. They knew all the regulations, made sure my entrant registration info was perfect, and ensured that I actually was in the system so there wouldn't be any dumb BS in the way.

I also really did want a Psychic-type.

Tate and Liza convinced me to head back to go see if any Ralts were around, and it seemed as if it were an astoundingly bad mistake.

Within moments of approaching where the Ralts were supposed to be found, we were fighting for our lives as we were ambushed by the Gardevoir tribe. The literal only reason we didn't just die was due to Tate, Liza, and Absol.

I should have just gone to Dewford and found a Medicham.

The situation was just like back when I was attacked by Absol's tribe, but even more dangerous, since the Gardevoir line had some level of civilization and were far more tactical, and that was ignoring their psychic powers. If they were incensed enough, they could create micro black holes

and rip their foes apart, although using such a power was typically too exhausting.

Tate and Liza were a godsend, using their telekinetic abilities and their powerful Pokemon to keep the blades of the Gallade away. Tropius took flight and was firing strikes from above, massively helped by the twins' Pokemon providing shields so we wouldn't get hit. Plusle and Minun were by my side, striking anything that got close, numbing pain with their electricity, and generally just reminding me why I'd devoted myself to them so much. I had managed to punch a Gallade in the face and it felt amazing, even if it didn't do that much.

It felt quite concerning how hard my dick was in this situation, and I think I was hot for danger.

Mawile and Absol were absolutely dominating. Just the best pair to blitz through Psychic/Fairy-types, and as long as they were away from any Gallade physical blows, they were in very little danger.

A powerful mental voice that I immediately recognized Spoke-with-a-capital-S into my brain. (YOU WERE WARNED TO NEVER RETURN! Now die for your foolishness!)

I replied, {Fuck off. Seriously, just fuck off. You turned this into war, and I'm out to win. Besides, I'm with an Absol and two of the greatest human

psychics, it's not like you could see into my head again.}

Tate's Hypno and Xatu were doing a number. Liza's Lunatone and Claydol continued protecting us.

It was exciting. I was kind of bothered at how much I was enjoying this. I just wanted to get to the League so I wasn't just a loser, and then maybe I'd just move to Alola and enjoy the island life. As it stood, I found myself realizing that I'd be bored as hell if I didn't end up involved in something dangerous and stupid like this again.

In the end, the "welcoming party" we had fought was pacified, largely after our battle began to draw attention from other Trainers and would likely cause the village trouble. The village eventually decided that three outcasts would be sent along with us. One Kirlia boy, one Gardevoir female, and one Gallade joined with myself, Tate, and Liza respectively.

The Kirlia boy was quite worried about Tate and Liza after seeing in their heads, but now that they had their own Ralts-line partners... actually, as far as I know, neither of the two were interested in Pokemon.

...not going to lie though, if I had a girl Kirlia, we'd be fucking. Not a damn chance that we wouldn't. I was convinced that was the only reason that I

didn't.

My Kirlia flinched as he picked up on the thought from my head. I said, {Don't worry. Plusle and Minun would actually cook me crispy if I went around cheating on them.}

The two Electric-types nodded. This didn't reassure the Kirlia, but it didn't matter.

Semen dripped from Plusle, Minun was riding my dick, my thoughts were fuzzy again, I could feel someone who was peeking in my head and they wanted out, half my team was watching me fuck, the other half was apparently watching Tate and Liza fuck. Tate and Liza's own team was, for the most part, just sleeping since they'd seen enough of them screwing and didn't care anymore.

The idea of describing my life to another being, Pokemon or human, seemed incredibly daunting at that moment, and not just because I was a beast of a man with nothing but sex on the mind at the time. It was just genuinely quite hard to explain.

Kirlia genuinely wanted to look away, but he really just didn't have the willpower to avert his mind from the sheer sexual desire around. It was too

strong, too intense, and his sensation feelers lapped up the sheer pleasure in the air..

Tate and Liza's Gardevoir and Gallade pair came to help him. What little of my mind was focused on the outside world tried to convey my thanks, and the two older Pokemon villagers visibly realized just why their former neighbors had reacted quite so strongly to my presence.

It felt pretty bad that I was going to miss Tate and Liza's screwing being broadcast into my mind after they left. It kinda actually set the mood really well, regardless of my disdain towards myself being sexually involved with them. Part of me wanted Kirlia to remember the mental sensation, but the rest of me wanted to keep Kirlia protected from this mind-shattering psychic sex disaster, no matter how unlikely that was..

Minun's mild shocks lit my brain on fire, and I exploded with cum as if I hadn't had sex in a month. Far, far, far too hot. A few mild shocks, my dick got hard again, and then I went back to pounding. Absolutely spectacular.

My dick was absolutely sore after doing that thrice, however. That was a mistake I probably would never stop making, and I almost managed a fourth before Minun had the presence of mind to stop.

I sure as hell couldn't stop on my own.

Poor Kirlia. Maybe getting a Psychic-type was a bad idea. He was initially quite excited to join up with us, especially since he was treated like an outcast by the Gardevoir Village, but like... my very existence was a trial for him, not to mention the fact that Tate and Liza were not helping one bit.

Seriously, not one bit. They were very definitely egging things towards disaster because a: they didn't see anything wrong with it other than that society didn't like it, and b: it would be funny.

Kirlia commented, (For people not interested in sex with Pokemon... the twins want to mindbreak me.)

Plusle and Minun sighed as they nodded. My jaw hung a bit loose after hearing that from the formerly innocent Pokemon.

Also, my imagination ran wild and I kind of sort of agreed a tiny little bit and- gah, I wasn't going to throw the newbie under the bus like that. He appreciated that. I think he managed to make himself a bit psychic addicted, and that just didn't happen to those with psychic powers unless you really let yourself reside in the mind of others too often. Maybe that was why he was an outcast. Again, poor him.

I turned to my closest companions. {I hope he's okay.}

It was kinda depressing to find out how Tate and Liza's Gardevoir and Gallade pair had become outcasts for sticking up too much for my Kirlia. They weren't even his parents, they were just two friends who didn't like what their village was doing. That village was fucked up, although at least I got to punch a couple of those bastard villagers in the face. That kind of stigmatization was something I didn't expect from a Pokemon society that was known to be remarkably advanced and human-esque.

When I mentioned that out loud, Plusle commented, {Maybe it's because of that? Our village is apparently known for having more issues than other wild Plusle and Minun settlements because of all the human influence.}

Minun nodded. {It's definitely the reason I'm such a little shit.} She smiled and winked after that statement.

I stuck my tongue out.

When I slept, evil eyes appeared in my vision. I was very definitely being attacked remotely by the Gardevoir villagers, even if they couldn't harm me at this range. I asked Tate about it after a bleary, sleepless night, and next I

knew, I had an incredibly powerful vision of myself, Plusle, Minun, Tate, and Liza all together in an orgy, which definitely seemed a bit odd due to my views on the twins.

The following nights, I slept like a baby. Liza commented one evening, "It feels a bit bad having a blood feud with a village of Pokemon, but damn, they deserve shit. I try to be pretty nice in general, but they are really awful."

The twins looked tired, but happy. They got revenge for me via psychic warfare against the Gardevoir village, and they were winning pretty handily at the cost of their own sleep. Tate ended up doing the work a lot of the time since Liza was the smarter one of the two, and he insisted that she be better rested so he could mooch off of her thoughts during the day.

He really leaned on Liza terribly hard. It was a bit goofy when I saw him walking around one evening in nothing but Liza's shirt and panties and responding more quickly to her name than his own. He'd actually gotten really used to acting as Liza a while ago for the purposes of pranking people, but the sheer amount of time he spent in her mind had ensured there was a lot of bleed over. Shame it didn't actually help his mind one bit.

Also, it was quite concerning despite being funny. No wonder they had massive withdrawal symptoms from being apart.

League time. Seeing the big banner featuring the Elite Four, I was idly reminded of the fact that when I was a little younger, I had a strong crush on Phoebe. She's still hot, actually, and I mentioned the fact to the twins.

Minun snapped me out of it. {I won't stop you from looking at your own kind, but it is a bit poor taste to fawn over her right now, long before we've reached Ever Grande City.}

Tate commented, "Funny. She really is hot though."

Liza nodded. "No question."

My Kirlia was unable to resist against the mental signature of all of the fucking going on. Tate and Liza, Absol and Mawile, myself with Plusle and Minun, it was all definitely too much for him to handle. He ended up grounding himself in my mind, and that led to a pretty wild bit where I could see through his eyes and then I was plowing Plusle while I was busy with Minun, and then I realized what happened and boy, I suddenly knew why people became psychic addicts and I heavily doubted my ability to stay particularly sapient over the next few years. There was a story of a young girl from Kalos that genuinely lost her mind due to her extreme

psychic addiction, and her Gardevoir spent an absurd amount of time, effort and (the girl's) money to try and recover it.

I didn't really want to stop him. It was kind of bad how easily he fit into our sex life, but my thoughts were far less than human at that point, and my morals were an absurd abomination that promised that anything in my way would be filled with cum.

On one hand, he was fucking one of my girlfriends. On the other hand, he was basically another aspect of myself at that moment and I was utterly incapable of doing anything else other than accepting the chance to have double the sex.

Liza looked me dead in the eye and said, "Being around high-intensity psychic power is fun and all, but you were a teaspoon of milk in an ocean of coffee. Completely overwhelmed. Keep that up, and well... maybe needing a second brain to do the job of one isn't that bad. You'd basically just be Tate."

Tate wasn't even offended by that. "It's true. My brain isn't the worst, but like, Liza's is just so much better that I need it."

I nodded. "Didn't expect any of it. Certainly wasn't deliberate. Plusle and

Minun are mildly unhappy that Kirlia had sex with them, but at the same time, he brings so much to the table that they not only forgive him, they are willing to do it again. Just... I need to kind of not mindbreak the poor boy. Or myself."

"...a what? Iron Valiant?"

Tate showed me the site he had open. "Rumor has it that it came from the future and was created to fuse the best parts of Gardevoir and Gallade into the ultimate Psychic type to surpass Mewtwo. I want one."

I snorted. "Sounds like a load of shit to me."

Liza said, "Honestly, it supposedly ended up being a failure at that -- it's Fairy and Fighting actually."

That statement made it seem way more credible, but I still wasn't convinced.

Tate said, "There's been like three confirmed sightings, and a couple dozen unconfirmed-" I coughed, and he glared at me, "sightings."

Plusle and Minun were duly impressed, but I still wasn't. {Yeah, no. It

sounds like nonsense.}

Minun simply said, {You know, Celebi and Dialga are real, right?}

I'd heard of both Pokemon in passing, but knew just about nothing of them. If they were Legendaries, well, I knew of like 5 in any detail -- Ho-Oh, Lugia, Groudon, Kyogre, and Rayquaza. Also, Arceus, not that I was a cultist who believed that strongly.

Tate sighed, as he processed what I was thinking. "So, as an actual professional Pokemon League Gym Leader, I am totally expected to know more than your average person about these things. A lot more even, and they even tested me in an anti-psi room that was handled by like a dozen Mightenya so that I wasn't just 'remembering' things that Liza knew."

Later that evening, Tate and Liza got a call from the League.

They both nodded. "...so like/if there's no issue/then what's the call for?"

Tate tried to not yell out as he said, "...it is on the other side of the planet! It is absolutely not a current threat to Hoenn. Come on, I just want to relax now. I know I sound like an old man, you're basically aging me with every call! Alright, take care."

It was baffling to think that Tate genuinely still played with toys after hearing that phone call, he sounded like he was 30.

I asked. "How do you two deal with being involved with the League?"

"Toys. Sex. Sex toys. Literally possessing the other while they sleep, so we're basically just one big super person. Being smug. Take your pick, we have a bunch of ways to cope."

I looked to Minun. {We've needed to cope too, but...}

Liza said, "It's dumb, but it's also all we know. Whether that be how we handle it, or the fact that this is what our life entails, I don't know, but it is all dumb."

Minun asked, {Do you think we're ready?}

I replied, {We're strong enough. That being said, that doesn't mean we're ready.}

We were heading into Victory Road. It was my first time here. In the meantime, Tate and Liza had been through a few times on inspections.

That being said, the layout had a real tendency to change a lot. It wasn't entirely different, but the two of them mentioned that even if they were more familiar with it, they wouldn't really be able to help me much on how to get through.

Plusle, Minun, and Kirlia were glowing, lighting the way forward. It wasn't particularly dark, but it was a cave, after all.

I'd been working with Kirlia to relay my thoughts around, but it was slow going, and he was still a bit deeply worried about how absolutely degenerate my mind was. I didn't need him to be good at it immediately, so I gave him the space he needed.

Tate and Liza's Gardevoir and Gallade smiled at me. They were both incredibly pleased that I had proven to be honorable towards the boy instead of the disaster that their village had spoken of.

We made it. It wasn't easy, but the difficulty wasn't because of my Pokemon. It was just a hard trek.

Once you got through the cave, you were added to the 128 entrants if there was room. Most of the time, there weren't enough people to completely fill

the bracket since a lot of people never managed the 7th or 8th badge, but some years were known to have twice as many prospective competitors, so the Victory Road cave challenge was designed to filter people. The tournament consisted of seven single elimination rounds, the first 3 rounds were 2v2 singles, the second two were 4v4, and the final rounds were 6v6, and the top three competitors get a chance to face the Elite Four and become Champion. Then, if you win, you get to choose whether you want the job or not. The entire process was designed to ensure that the Champion and Elite Four weren't entirely bogged-down by challenges.

People tended to just take the prize money and run, and I was in that category. There was pay for the position, and a fair bit of power and prestige, but like, it was a pretty ordinary salary. Plus, the Champion only occasionally got to face a challenger due to the Elite Four gauntlet. It was in fact an actual job, one that never really paid more than being a traveling Trainer at that skill level.

Mawile. Absol. Tropius. Kirlia. Plusle. Minun. I'd hoped to have more on my side, especially so I could keep Plusle and Minun on tactics, but oh well. I never expected to be this far just a few months ago. Learning about how Pokemon were their own people and were way smarter than most humans gave them credit was incredible. Learning how to coordinate my crew, learning all kind of neat things from Tate and Liza, and most

importantly, having the unconditional support from Plusle and Minun from the darkest days to being in the League was something else.

Opening day was easy. Three matches. Minun and Absol took to the field thrice, and away they came with victories. Plusle and Kirlia were dead useful on the sidelines, especially with Kirlia's (very) mild precognition. Surprisingly, I wasn't the only Trainer with assistance, Pokemon or otherwise. One Trainer kept an Absol at her side despite him not battling, ensuring that she could see him reacting to his danger sense.

We were discussing how our matches went.

{I knew there wasn't going to be any issue,} said Plusle.

My Absol said, {You nearly died. Like, actually died.}

She laughed. {Well, that's fine. I lived, yeah?}

I shook my head, because it was genuinely heartstopping how she nearly got flattened into roadkill by my opponent's Onix. Absol saved her, his danger senses kicking into full force and letting me get her out of there. Kirlia practically yelled directly into our brains as he saw what was happening. Mind you, it would have DQ'd my opponent, and I'm pretty

sure being that reckless should have been a DQ anyway, but she'd still be dead.

On a lighter note, it was fun to see just how many trainers had come up with ways to obscure their commands. One used a semaphore system combined with various types of shouts, one was visibly just having his Pokemon read his mind, whether on the sidelines or in battle, and one other I saw definitely was speaking in Sceptile speak, surprisingly enough. I didn't feel quite so special speaking my commands in Plusle or Minun speak after that, but given I somehow managed the feat despite my mediocrity, it wasn't particularly surprising that someone else had. Plusle repeated whatever she heard him say, and I was impressed.

I wish I'd remembered his name. He also had his Pokemon repeating what I said back to him, which definitely made things confusing as our Pokemon repeated things we just said back to us, but sometimes not correctly.

Mawile looked smug as she turned to me. {So, that was easy, right? I better show up on the field tomorrow.}

I replied, {We'll be doing you, Plusle, Kirlia, and Absol for the 4v4 section. 6v6... everyone is on the field. I think, lemme see. There's you, Kirlia, Absol, Plusle, Minun, and Tropius... damn, yeah. I really do wish I had one more. Minun will probably be last every time.}

That evening's celebration felt amazing. Tate and Liza laughed wildly as they found out a: how many Trainers were screwing, and b: the extreme rate of Pokephillia for those in the Ever Grande Hotel compared to the general population. It made quite a bit of sense, especially given the strength of the bonds between the humans and Pokemon who had made it to the Pokemon League, but finding out I was far from the only one who was doing my Pokemon was stunning.

It wasn't actually that common, but like, the fact that there were maybe a dozen people doing their team was way out of the norm. Out of the forty or so humans sticking their cock into something or getting a cock stuck into them, more than a quarter were sticking doing their business with a Pokemon.

Also, I felt like I should invest in some anti-psychic equipment. It was expensive, but honestly, being around Tate and Liza has been a learning experience with just how easy it is for someone to find out secrets from your thoughts. Sure, they were easily some of the best human psychics on the planet, but dealing with psychic espionage was already a solved problem for society, and I simply hadn't acquired the solution. I guess it would be easier to just stick around Absol, but Tate could get around that.

I slid deep into Plusle. Kirlia ended up in Minun, and I knew that I was

very definitely about to become a statistic for psychic addiction as we ended up in a truly powerful psychic feedback loop. I curled up tight to kiss Plusle deeply, slightly annoyed that this new arrangement kept me from kissing Minun while fucking Plusle. Only slightly though, since the general feeling of fucking while fucking was something else, something that I knew there was no chance of me not being addicted to, regardless of the actual physical reasons that psychic addiction occurs.

As usual, Absol and Mawile fucked while watching. They really were cute together, and it was funny seeing Mawile's antics while she rode atop him.

I was deeply reminded that I probably would be fucking Mawile if she wasn't such a shit earlier on, because I totally did find her hot, but I was taken, and she's definitely considering herself taken.

I also really needed to stop being so attracted to Tate and Liza's antics, given that I tried to be an upstanding individual, but I was broken already and their explicit seduction didn't help one bit. Still wasn't going to fuck them, no matter how much they invited me.

Maybe those morals weren't worth much given the state of my life, but even an outlaw has his code, and damn him if he gave it up.

Besides, I didn't need anything more than this. Stirring up Plusle was a joy, and feeling the mild and pleasing electrical jolts characteristic of her

species was the cherry on top.

I said, {I love you so much. I can't wait until tomorrow.}

Plusle replied, {I love you too. Both of us do.} Minun visibly was too dazed to reply, even though she wanted to.

We swapped, and boy, it was genuinely kind of bad that I thought it was hot that Minun had just been cummed inside and wasn't particularly aware. I kind of went overboard and fucked her into outright unconsciousness after Kirlia had his way. Made me feel like I was delivering some kind of finishing blow in a tag team match.

Awful. Quite erotic, but I needed my head checked out.

At least our matches weren't early. I totally ended up using a Revive and a Potion on her just to make sure she was okay, which led to extreme snickering from Mawile, a LOT of swearing from Minun, and Plusle to blush deeply.

Day two matches. Tate and Liza were in the VIP area cheering me on. I decided on my selection: Mawile, Plusle, Kirlia, and Absol. I wished Kirlia would evolve into a Gardevoir already. I'd idly considered finding a Dawn

Stone, but Kirlia wanted to keep his current skillset and typing, and I didn't blame him. He also thought that Gallade looked kind of dumb, which was surprising, but not really. That weird oval middle bit really did look dumb.

I asked, {We're all ready, right?}

Nods all around.

{Let's rock.}

My first match today was concerning.

The Exploud we were facing was doing way more damage to my team than we could deal with in return. Minun called out to Kirlia, {Stay back and use Psybeam!}

Kirlia kept in mental contact with us, although it was definitely distracting for him. I said, {Break the link, we're doing this the old-fashioned way.}

The announcer commented on my use of Pokemon speech, but that happened every match I was in here at the League, so I tuned it out. {Left!}

Keeping our distance wasn't ideal with the amount of sound-based moves,

but getting in close had already knocked out Mawile.

Still, I had this. In fact, I actually did. I was extremely glad that we survived that match. That was way, way too close, and it actually came down to Minun saving the day.

The second match was way easier. I didn't quite understand why or how he even managed to get to this round. I suspected something was afoot.

He had a Gyarados, which would have been a threat if like, I didn't have Plusle or Minun... but that was it, that was his hard hitter. He had a Linoone who was terribly slow, a Mightenya whose attacks seemed to do terribly little, and a... a Hoothoot? Where'd he get one? Why does he have it? Why wasn't it a Noctowl? It was easily knocked out by Plusle, who soloed the entire thing.

Maybe he had some kind of setup to win and he couldn't get it off, or maybe he was just unbearably vulnerable to Electric-types. I didn't see his earlier matches, and I couldn't remember his name to try and find the footage of him battling.

Oh well. I'll take it.

Another night of wanton debauchery. Tate and Liza were both wearing skirts and a t-shirt, and I'd found out that they were both wearing panties. Both. They ended up just losing themselves in extreme cuddling to the point where a centrifuge would swirl around less violently.

I just hoped they didn't get themselves in dangerous trouble in the hotel. Sure, they were powerful and skilled Trainers and remarkably mature, but a handful of people became strong just so that no one could stop their misdeeds, and you would absolutely find some of that sort at the League.

I had Mawile tail them just in case, and Absol skulked along at a distance. Nothing ended up happening, but knowing that my dumb friends had backup available kept my mind at ease.

It was nice to realize that we were very definitely good friends at this point. Bit odd, but while our perversions had connected us, we were friends beyond just our sexual malfunction.

6v6 time.

Our first match began. My opponent was from Kalos, and had clearly done

quite some traveling since she had Pokemon I'd never seen. Some cream looking thing she called an Alcremie came out.

Kirlia handled it, but it was astonishing to see a strange Pokemon like that.

Also, the girl licked the knocked out creature and I was a bit icked out. The Alcremie was on the fucking floor, covered in dust, and... ah, she's getting up. That makes sense for some reason, even if it still doesn't. What a weird Pokemon...

Well... I had a good run. A great run, even. Top 4. Still mad that I lost the third-place match, I was THIS close to getting a chance to face the Elite Four.

Stupid Steelix. Stupid Sceptile. Stupid Dugtrio. Honestly, I definitely didn't have an answer to that Dugtrio since Tropius was knocked out. The other two were hard, but Dugtrio soloed my already exhausted team.

I wouldn't be so annoyed if I got a podium spot... although really, everyone was gunning for that. There could only be three medalists, and there could only be one Champion.

No one defeated the Grand Champion this year. I really, really wished I

had a podium spot to try my hand against the Elite Four and claim the position.

In the end, Tate and Liza waved their goodbyes. "We're so glad/that we were/able to travel/alongside you! We'll/try and get/you an invite for/the PWT in/Unova that's/coming up!"

Damn. Unova seemed like a cool journey, I guess. It was still on the wrong side of the planet, and further north than I'd like.

They were gone, and with them, my expectations of continuing to speak in human tongues.

I turned to my team. {So, we are a top-class team. Not yet world-class, but we made it to 4th in the region.}

Mawile chimed in, {I don't want to pop your bubble, but being top-2 is the table stakes for being a world-class contender. I overheard some suits talking about it.}

Absol smirked. {We have what it takes.} He turned to Mawile. {I've got

you, for example.} Mawile leaned in close.

Plusle, Minun, and I mock gagged. Absolutely hypocritical, but who cared. I sure as hell didn't.

I said, {I've finally gotten to where I want to be in life. How about all of you, how has it been?}

Plusle said, {Wonderful! We became smarter, we became stronger, we became happier, and we've made new friends. I love you so much and I think this journey has been amazing.}

Minun nodded. {It really has been. I might be the smartest Minun in the world, thanks to you. I love you so much.}

It could even be true, that she was the smartest. It was rare that a Pokemon had the level of tactical training that I'd given the two of them.

Mawile said, {The journey has been interesting. I thought you were a disaster of a human being, and... well, I was wrong. You're quite fucked up, but you've been more successful and far better than I ever expected, and I'm glad to have followed you on this fantastic journey.}

Absol nodded. {I was concerned when I was told to follow you, especially with the aura of danger that surrounded you. However, you have been

intelligent, kind, and skilled at training, if quite lacking with battle direction. I am proud to have sworn an oath to your service.}

Tropius said, {You've been a great Trainer, and for that, I am glad. I even managed to do better than I expected in such a high-level competition.}

Kirlia said, {I'm terrified of what the future holds, but the present has been better than expected. I am at least glad that Tate and Liza left, if only so I don't become a sex daemon or something.} He sighed. {I do wish I evolved. I don't want to be a Gallade, but I want to be stronger.}

I said, {We'll get there. I promise. Next time I get into a League, we're going to win!}

I was back in Mauville. A big crowd formed when word spread that I was back in town.

"Top 4, huh? Not bad, kid. Keep it up!"

"Hell yeah, show the world what Mauville is made of!"

"That's pretty good for a first run."

I sighed. It was nice to be recognized, but at this moment, I just wanted to

see my family and then sleep.

I hastily did a spot-check to make sure none of Tate or Liza's things were on my person, mostly because they really did revel in being allowed to be sexual lunatics thanks to journeying alongside me. Good call, because one of Liza's panties were poking out. She probably left it as a souvenir, if not as a prank.

After stuffing the undergarment away reasonably, I finally made it home.
{Damn hell, that was awful.}

My family was ecstatic. My father said, "You've been top-class, gahahahah! I'm reeeal proud 'o ya, son."

My mother was a little more restrained, but only a bit. "You've become strong. Not just as a Trainer, but as a man."

Didn't know too much about that, but I could understand where she was coming from.

I was finally home. I finally found myself the strength I needed. I absolutely wanted to be on the other side of the planet from my parents.

I decided. My next League run would be in Unova.

This is the end of Addition and Subtraction.
(Eventually) continued in vol.3, which involves Iris joining in on the “fun”.

Thank you for reading!