

Addition and Subtraction/version.2
[PROTOTYPE, revision.20250802]

Volumes 1 and 2

by *nope.jpg*

rated
(R-18)

Greetings, reader!

This is a prototype release.

Nothing is stopping you from reading this story, but it is actively being worked on. This file, volumes 1 and 2, is complete enough to read from start to end with only a few incredibly bare-bones sections that I simply haven't written out yet, but it definitely still needs work before I can deliver a proper release. There are things that may change, there things that may not. Volume 1 is basically complete but I want to give it another pass, Volume 2 is being edited and needs much more work.

I nearly forgot the password for the disk this was on today and I have absolutely zero desire for the work I did to disappear into the ether. I have spent too fucking long writing this story, even if I will probably be able to count the amount of people who will read it on one hand.

Good luck.

Addition and Subtraction/version.2 is a complete revision of what were previously going to be volumes 1, 2, and 3 of the original Addition and Subtraction.

I've expanded things, combined the Hoenn and Unova adventures into one continuous story, reorganized where each volume started, and altered a plotline I decided to abandon about them going to Pasio to participate in Pokemon Masters – they're headed to Kalos instead in volume 3 of version.2.

This is a story about a guy who fucks a pair of *particularly* tiny Pokemon. However, this story is also about (quite a lot more) than him just railing Plusle and Minun!

...but boy, does he want to basically fuck two sapient rodents that resemble plush dolls.

Timothy just wanted to be like any other Pokemon Trainer, but unfortunately, he just isn't actually that good at battling. All hope of normalcy has been abandoned after he shoves his dick into his two favorite Pokemon and ended up entirely addicted to electric rodent sex.

In the midst of all this, he somehow manages to improve both as a person and a Pokemon Trainer. He's failing upwards!

This story additionally features a pair of psychic twins who *really* need to stop fucking each other quite so much (and absolutely will not), alongside their poor friend who wasn't going to be involved in any sort of debauchery... but now she's completely tangled up by virtue of knowing them.

If you're wondering how closely I follow the assumed game timeline with when stuff takes place... eh, who knows. This story takes place shortly after B2/W2 and X/Y happen, except I think Sun/Moon happened already in this story? I didn't actually specify anyone's age either. but 5 years didn't pass since Gen 3; Tate and Liza aren't that old yet.

There are a lot of details I have glossed over because it's my damn story and I started writing it when I was literally half asleep and trying to become fully asleep.

Between all of the senseless fucking (and fucking senseless), there is a plot that *probably* could have been 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 this story if he wasn't fucking them, and I'm at the point where I can't remove the hyper-sexual aspects of each character without having to completely rethink their motivations and how they interact with people (alongside how people interact with them).

This story took fucking ages to write. Once again, the majority of the original version of this story was written in the short time before I went to sleep, and writing the adventures of Timothy, Plusle, Minun, Tate, Liza, and Iris was quite literally the *only* reason I was able to get to bed during those months due to a shitty-ass bout of insomnia.

I salute my merry band of stupid perverts who attempt to pretend they're functioning human beings (and Iris, who would be a functioning human being if she wasn't with them).

If it wasn't clear already, this story is **R-18**. *Don't read it if you're under 18!* Seriously, it is a plot point that these characters are sexually active, and I probably couldn't write an all-ages version of this if I tried.

Have fun now, and happy reading! You have been warned and/or turned on! This is a work of fiction, please don't try to imitate what little is imitable in

this story, even if most of is very literally impossible because neither psychic powers nor Pokemon exist.

–nope.jpg

Volume 1

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 squeak made my penis harder, but only mildly. Actually being embarrassed was entirely impossible, at least in this moment.

Minun bounced up and down on my cock and twitched as she felt it grow even larger inside of her. 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 in there 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.

I wasn't exactly unattractive, but I excelled at nothing. I wasn't a great Trainer, I wasn't particularly accomplished when it came to my academic record, and I wasn't very strong, either physically or as a battler.

Ultimately, I got by, but just barely, and I hated it.

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 of sexual insanity.

I *truly* cannot blame my Swellow and Linoone for having left my team, even if I was bitter about it. They wanted me to improve as a battler, and when I gave up on that, they really didn't have any reason to stay. They had definitely become stronger thanks to me, as I had managed a pretty decent training regimen for them, but they ultimately realized that my terrible battle strategies were holding them back from victory.

By the end of my time with them, 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 quite a bit when they ignored me. There was a measurable, obvious improvement, even if it wasn't enough to let them consistently win against someone with a more competent Trainer. There was **no** doubt whatsoever that I was holding them back, and I didn't improve that much during my studies to try and get better.

I wondered if either of them ever found another Trainer.

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. As a result of all of this battling, I had managed to make the two of them pretty strong for their species, and we were usually able to make a little profit most days, enough to keep us able to get food and supplies. They had good battle

instincts, even if Plusle and Minun weren't exactly the most powerful Pokemon species.

Still, as time passed, I was getting lonely. I had very 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. As a result, 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 only 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.

Things ended up to the point where the only humans I spoke to for several months were cashiers and the Pokemon Center staff.

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 due to their words going unnoticed by my ears.

Plusle acted a bit stereotypical for her kind, but my Minun seemed far less serious compared to how they were usually perceived without words... 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 strangely horny one night, and I decided to rub my penis between the legs of my two Pokemon in a fit of madness.

Surprisingly, they didn't reject me, and we ended up going further and further and further physically over the next few weeks until I had the insane idea of putting my human-size cock into their *tiny* (if still dripping wet) pussies.

Regardless of any consideration of ethics or decency, they were *incredibly* small compared to me.

The only thought that remained in my head in that moment 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. Unfortunately, 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 had no place to fit 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, from her feet to her head.

My dick went in, and my mind flooded with excitement as I entered my 40cm tall Pokemon companion, and that totally included her ears.

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 a Plusle or Minun egg was still most of the size of her).

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.

I had eventually learned that 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. I wasn't bullying a pair of innocent maidens with my oversized dick, I was absolutely the least experienced one present.

We lost ourselves in each other over 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.

Again, they were both around 32cm tall, from their toes to the crown of their head, ears flattened down. I'm pretty sure there shouldn't have been enough space for me to stick my dick into them, let alone get as far as I had, and even seeing so much of the outline of my cock inside of them, I marveled at where in the world it was fitting.

...sure, things like available volume or mass didn't matter that much in the realm of Pokemon, but to experience it cock-first was certainly something.

I sighed. The clarity I had after sex told me that what I had done each evening was abominable to Arceus above (I was technically a believer, but I wasn't very religious at all)... 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.

As a result, 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 time 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 would have a *much* worse time of it with a Pikachu, for example, even if she was absolutely 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 quite broke.

Several weeks had passed, and our 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 always tried to make sure they were okay above my own needs, 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" (no one mentions to the traveling Trainer just how annoying it is dealing with bodily waste when on the move; you can't just shit wherever), which was quite nasty, and I'd made sure to scrub them down every evening just out of disgust.

They only cut it out once they realized that it cost me more money to have to keep buying more soap. It wasn't much more money, but we were riding along on such thin margins that *any* excess spending was a problem.

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 it was incredibly depressing seeing them be content with afterglow for a few minutes before reality kicked back in.

Really, 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.

The worst of it was when one evening, Minun climbed atop me while dead silent as she forced herself onto my cock like she wanted to be torn apart by it, not even stopping when I bottomed out in her and I could see her wince as I probably bruised something.

I started moving, and she calmed down and settled back to normal, but it was terrifying to see her lose herself like that. It wasn't sexy at all, but my focus was just on trying to make sure she was alright.

The next morning, 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."

Knowing what I did about my poor skill with commanding Pokemon battles, I gave very few commands. Instead, I instead ensured that Plusle and Minun gave each other commands, which had started to work quite a bit better. My role had shifted to acting as a spotter mid-match, making sure they weren't caught flatfooted. 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 it into an effective strategy.

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 regimen to make a Pokemon stronger, to the point where I had managed to make Plusle and Minun into reasonably strong Pokemon, but I just couldn't get wins in actual battles when 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, thinking they were being replaced. {Aren't we... aren't we good enough to fight? Weren't we doing better?}

It seemed that I had made my point badly, and it wasn't helped by the listlessness that had set in over the last few weeks.

I told her, "Minun, Plusle, you're both *incredibly* strong for your species. The two of you have been my only Pokemon for months, and I would never abandon you. 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 to bring victory more than anything and anyone else. Including myself."

Plusle made a few sparks out of happiness. {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 painfully saccharine, but Plusle was a treasure with how cheery she remained, even if it was nothing but a front at the moment.

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

In an ideal world, I'd be able to get a Ralts. They weren't particularly strong Pokemon until their final 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 quite 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. Lucky bastards.

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. The words were formed directly into my brain. (You are unwelcome, even if you are not a serious danger. Your filthy companions are complicit partners in your life of disaster, rather than mere victims, so you get to live.)

I couldn't move. Having his voice imprint pure psychic power against me like that was what I expected a meeting with Arceus himself to be like.

Plusle said in response, {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 permanently taint her. Even right now, your mere presence puts her mind 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 ***die in agony.***)

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

I didn't go home. I ended up in Dewford, aiming to get a lot of distance away with fairly little effort. We could have gone up to Rustboro, but we had absolutely no desire to head into Petalburg Woods. Instead, we took a small boat service by the beach. I was quite glad that he wasn't particularly perceptive towards our sexual situation and wasn't expensive.

Plusle was a bit confused as to the reason for why we came to Dewford in particular. {...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. Plus, we need to challenge the Gym."

Minun said, {If we need more Pokemon, 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 new Swellow or Linoone would be different, I know I'd be effective at making one stronger, 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 her, but she wasn't letting me go without a fight.

I sighed. “Minun, you’re up! Plusle, call your orders.”

Before Plusle managed to say anything, the Mawile blasted Minun with Fairy Wind.

In response to the incoming attack, Plusle called out, {Discharge!} and Minun blasted Mawile in return with a burst of electricity.

The two wildly different types of energy passed through each other without interacting, 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 sucked.

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 seemed quite disdainful towards us, probably because I clearly wasn’t in command. She said something rude sounding to my Pokemon that I couldn’t understand since I only knew how to speak in Plusle and Minun.

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

The Mawile tried to hide behind a rock to avoid it, but her steel jaw conducted the voltage as it arced through the air and electrocuted her.

Mawile struck back, leaping in with a powerful Bite, and Minun dodged between the violent jaws to avoid getting harmed.

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

Mawile's expression was odd as she considered that. She said something in response to Plusle, who 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 told me, {She wants you to catch her.}

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 what Mawile was saying, 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 ended up spending some time looking things up on the computer about others who learned to speak to Pokemon, and it turned out that this was a common feeling among people who learned a Pokemon language. You end up feeling like you really should get it due to the nearly identical structures, but you don't due to the major differences in Pokemon speech.

Unfortunately for me, there were only two known non-psychic Trainers alive that were documented to be able to understand every Pokemon they were presented with without any 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 (surprisingly, since as far as I was aware, Zorua were most common in Paldea, and I had *no* idea where you would actually find one in Unova unless they were just that good at being sneaky), and similarly that the latter was a Ditto in disguise, although I would expect whatever testing they went through would have discovered that.

Most people who learned to understand Pokemon tongues generally didn't learn more than one or two. It was pretty uncommon, and even I only managed because I had all but replaced my share of human contact with talking to Plusle and Minun and had nearly nothing else to do.

We spent some time on the island training to beat Brawly. I had two badges, the Heat Badge and the Mind Badge, both acquired when Swellow and Linoone were still on my team.

I was quite blue-balled the last few days, since we didn't want to frighten off Mawile with our debauchery. It wasn't like we didn't have any sex, but we were stuck keeping things incredibly quiet.

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 our most recent training session, Plusle recounted what Mawile was saying to me.

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,” I replied.

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 then I'd still need to specifically work with the Steel-type on understanding her, which was something I wasn't sure was going to happen.

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, you three are clearly lovey-dovey.}

Minun's light flickered, and Plusle's went out. It took a fair bit of effort to get Plusle to repeat the sentence, because her brain had clearly short-circuited. I nearly fell over.

I barely managed to stammer out, "U-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 wouldn't think twice about it, 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 now that I've had time to figure it out. 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 do it quite right, 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 morons 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 and had simply lucked out from dying. I was rapidly realizing that my attraction to Pokemon was not just due to my loneliness.

I said, "...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, proper 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.

It was a completely 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 fucking 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 eventually 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, agonized and stiff, with as much of my dick as could fit in Plusle (most of it) while she was passed out from shock. Minun looked like she wanted to scream and only didn't because it was one in the morning and we were a tent in the woods.

Mawile just fucking laughed. 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 without getting angry enough to do something stupid.

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.

Finally, things were going right for me.

The Gym Trainers netted us an easy 7000pk combined. The leader would get us 3000pk if we won, and we'd need to pay 3000pk if we lost to him.

Brawly was a cool guy, even if I didn't like the spotlight gimmick the Gym had. He chuckled a bit when he saw me declare only two Pokemon while showing up with a Minun and a Plusle on my shoulders and a Mawile in tow, but he was a good sport about it all.

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

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

The battle began. Plusle did an amazing job against Machop. The muscled Pokemon was dangerous, but Minun and I were providing excellent support to keep her out of his reach.

A well placed Spark and Quick Attack combination had brought him down.

She then nearly defeated Makuhita before unfortunately being caught in a Vital Throw, and it was Mawile's turn to finish the job.

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

I was nervous, but we pressed on.

She eventually wore Makuhita down, but his Meditite was unreasonably dangerous. Our biggest advantage was how its primary attack was Focus Punch, so we made sure we kept breaking its focus. Our second biggest advantage was how Minun was the one delivering commands, keeping Brawly out of the loop and unable to effectively give his Pokemon the space needed for the critical blow.

I was able to coach Minun a bit during the downtime between each round, which let me have time to think about how good the previous decisions were. While I might have been terrible in the heat of the moment, I knew that I was pretty good about figuring out flaws in hindsight.

Still, one proper hit from Meditite, 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.

With one last blast of Fairy-type power from Mawile, 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, money, and hope for the future. I was getting far 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, even if I was glad that she had been the decisive factor in our victory.

She wasn't the worst person, but she seemed to have no real respect for any of us, and it didn't seem like the usual growing pains of having a new team member. 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 her attitude towards me 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 for the future and I had the ones I loved by my side, 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, which was always a bit of a mood killer. Minun didn't care that much about having a voyeur, but Plusle remained extremely embarrassed and was sometimes still quite overwhelmed.

Getting her back into the swing of things after the fact was always quite cute and satisfying, but I *really* 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), I didn't have any attraction to her outside of her looks, 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, or a circus sideshow.

Sometimes, I seriously considered kicking her off the team, but she hadn't done anything too bad and we really did need her. She was pulling her weight despite my misgivings.

Maybe she'd warm up. She knew that Plusle and Minun were effective strategists, and she knew that I wasn't bad at actually training her to get stronger, but... gah, I didn't want to think about it.

I wondered where to head next. Norman was a brutal challenge, as I was aiming to get my my 4th badge, so I didn't even go into his Gym. 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, since you'd typically be closer in strength to him despite him using stronger Pokemon than on his 4th badge team.

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. My left hand was penetrating Plusle, who held onto the sheets as she moaned softly.

I found myself wondering just how many other Trainers fucked on these beds. It was probably a decent number, but I also 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. We did at least have towels and our own blankets put down to avoid soiling the beds.

After taking a boat to reach Slateport, we headed north through the city towards my hometown. I didn't have a bike, so we took the scenic route underneath Cycling Road, battling our way through the tall grass without much trouble.

...I feel like I should have tried to get an Electrike or Manectric, but I didn't need a third Electric-type. Honestly, if I was getting another Electric-type, I wanted a Shinx, but we didn't have them in Hoenn.

I was also very tempted to visit the Trick House, but decided against it. I had been there more than enough when I was younger, even if the Trick Master was pretty good about keeping things fresh.

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

There weren't any real grammatical differences between Pokemon as far as I had seen. The trouble was that a Mawile simply made an entirely different set of noises compared to what a Plusle or Minun could. Worse yet, Plusle and Minun, despite also making different noises from each other, still ended up with a fairly similar sound pattern that didn't seem to match up to Mawile's in a way that I could use it to help with my attempt to learn.

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 I considered how strange that would be as a Mauville native – you couldn't go half a mile without seeing one of the two species in town. They were everywhere in this part of Hoenn.

It was also pretty worrying that I was absolutely attracted to the two species as a whole. 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, that was satisfying. I smiled as I listened to the cute voices around me.

{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. What if I had a telepathic Pokemon on me?}

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 her, "Do you see anyone you want to catch up with?"

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

I started walking. {Well, let's go then!}

It was very fun meeting the wild Minun and Plusle.

A few of them 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 be allowed to see Pokemon villages as a human, so I felt pretty special. The houses weren't really much more than mud and stone huts with straw covering, some rocks moved around, and a few branches, but they were visibly houses. I even saw them use a mud grouting between the rocks that had an electro-charred appearance, probably due to using their electricity to cause it to set.

Apparently the complexity of their village was due to their proximity to Mauville, as they'd have much less human-like shelters otherwise. I had read that when working on a paper that I had to do for my education requirements.

My Plusle and Minun both got to see their families, which was quite nice, but *incredibly* nerve-wracking.

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 while my lovers' parents watched with a grim smile.

Thankfully, I lucked out and wasn't murdered for my iniquity.

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*; they did in fact just vary how they said their species name, even in their own tongue. I actually could say both Plusle and Minun's birth name, but by Arceus upon the mountain, I sure couldn't possibly remember Minun's 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, especially after hearing his daughter's name spoken correctly from my mouth. {I had 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, and 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 got one Minun boy to fall over as I switched between the two modes every other word, even if it was hard enough to do that it gave me a headache and I wasn't able to speak nearly as fluently or quickly as normal.

I was eternally glad that I survived and that I 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.

They were pretty impressed that I could in fact pick out individual members of their species at a glance, at least.

After leaving the village (and trekking once again through some very thick grass, since of course it was hidden away), I was finally back in Mauville, my home town. Some parts were new because Wattson, our Gym Leader, was always messing about with some major public works project or another, but it was still the same place I remembered.

I was far more victorious than last time I was here, but it still was odd being back.

A part of me 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 and save myself a **lot** of trouble , 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 not insignificant 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 my nature as a human being.

I was a bit of a coward and ended up camping outside of town that night. My family could wait another day.

Also, I wouldn't be able to have any sex at home.

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 much more durable than human beings were, since I was quite convinced that I would 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.

...fuck, what a nasty thought.

I switched between the pair, my dick entering Plusle. 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 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 uncomfortably true to my ears.

Some part of me was *absolutely certain* that it had actually happened.

Plusle moaned, and it was suddenly absurdly difficult for me to not cum inside of her, even though there had been way too little time between my climaxes. She came, and I absolutely gave up my resistance to explode inside of her at the same time, her own twitching spasms piling on wildly to ensure that my cum hit the back of her womb.

...was it a womb? My knowledge of Pokemon internal anatomy was basically nil, I just knew that they didn't do live births like humans did.

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

Mawile was still looking, but fuck her.

Well, 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. Well... ah, who gives a fuck. I didn't want to think about her at that moment, not when I was experiencing bliss with the two girls that I loved more than anything else.

{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* that I had fucked up badly when I heard it the first time.

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

I was finally home. I rang the doorbell, and sighed.

“Well, here it goes,” I said.

My parents opened the door, and I walked inside.

My family was quite glad to see me after being gone for months. It wasn't nearly as mutual a feeling as it should have been. My father was as boisterous as usual, unfortunately.

He thundered out, “Looks like you’ve been doing a lot better. Ain’t nothin’ wrong in asking for help, gahahaha! It 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.

The idea of having to go back home and lose my freedom to roam was probably a major contribution to just how bad I had felt before I had managed to turn things around. Sleeping in a tent was infinitely better than living here in my eyes.

I shook off my negative thoughts and decided to show off the crew. “Here’s my team right now.” I brought out 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 fairly 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 and my badge from Brawly, 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.

Maybe I just had issues.

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 replied. “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.

If I was completely honest with myself, 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 for the first time in ages? **Fuck that.** I couldn’t possibly be horny enough to screw them in this moment.

Mawile said, {I’m 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 (not of old age sadly, he took a tumble down the side of Mt. Chimney), 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 it 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 wild.

I decided I would challenge Wattson later. I really needed at least two more Pokemon and some more type variety. 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.

I was thinking about how I would approach the Fortree Gym in my second battle there. Winona used Altaria and Tropius on her team, 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 for her.

We set up camp and I absolutely fucking went to town on Minun after several days of not fucking while at home. She was drooling wildly, I was pounding her like a piston, 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 as she stared. I was increasingly convinced that she was jealous, but she also had a real hangup on the idea of laying with a human, and I absolutely didn't trust her enough for her to join us. I also 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 firsthand that I was in a relationship, and then she 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. I 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.

We traveled up through Route 119. Lush, beautiful, and occasionally damp rainforest greeted us on what was a fairly long trek.

As we passed the Weather Institute, an Absol stared at me with the most baffled expression that I had ever seen on a Pokemon. I blinked, and it was gone.

Minun said, {Weird.}

I said, {Don't you see them more on Route 120? We're on the wrong side of Fortree.}

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 a little bit 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 – I was very glad I was surrounded by my Pokemon, since taking more than a few direct hits would absolutely incapacitate me. She directed Minun in detail while 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.

Humans aren't Pokemon, no matter how tough we can be.

Another Absol came into the clearing and shouted. Plusle told me, {Stop fighting, he said.}

Minun took that opportunity to use Thunder Wave on everyone. The newcomer Absol looked a bit angry at how she attacked during what was intended to be a truce, but then sighed. It wasn't a bad idea.

Plusle was focusing intently on the Absol's words and I asked her, {Plusle, what's he saying?}

She was a bit zoned out, so I nudged her to speak. {Sorry. He's saying that it was a false alarm. 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. He then called out something and turned away from me.

She said, {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. Less fancy than the Plusle and Minun village, but they kind of resembled the building structures in Fortree.

In the end, we were tasked with training a young Absol as a sign that I could be trusted. The leader frowned upon my actions, actions that apparently only he in his group knew of, but he was very impressed at our abilities and was unlikely to actually be a danger. 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.

I was certain that he knew that I wasn't going to do anything to her due to his ability to detect danger, but 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.}

He nodded.

It would be interesting to have the Disaster Pokemon as part of my team.

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, and I was smart enough to realize that doing something that stupid would ensure that they would never get together.

I sat down with Plusle and Minun and said, {Absol, Mawile, get to know each other. I'm going to relax. Mawile, you know what that means. Stay out.}

Mawile cheekily replied, {Aye-aye, captain!}

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

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 – they 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. She absolutely would have tried to join in. 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.}

She deliberately misconstrued his meaning. {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. He had been on the team for only a few hours.

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.

She wondered if she could find a love like that, if maybe a little less twisted. {Come on, cutie. Let's go running.}

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

I smiled. Fortree. I loved this town. It was such a 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, and all of the exposed patches of skin on my body were riddled with bug bites.

Unfortunately, for all the fondness I had for this city, 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.

As I walked through the town, some of the elders glared quite badly at me for going around with an Absol out. 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.”

Clearly, understanding the difference between correlation and causation was too hard for anyone over twenty-five here.

After a bit of walking, we finally entered the Gym.

I wasn’t certain of Mawile’s tactical skills as a result of 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 and probably could pick up on it, so I really should have made it a priority. Absol would have been a decent pick to sideline with me, especially given his abilities, but he was *far* too new, and I couldn’t understand what he said.

We didn’t have the level of rapport to make effective use of his danger-sensing ability.

In the end, I ended up deciding that Minun would fight first and Plusle would be my final member. Sure, Minun was slightly better at tactics, but she was also a better battler.

Winona smiled as she entered the lobby. “Hey, I recognize you. Ready for a rematch?”

I winced. “Was my loss that memorable?”

She replied as we began walking towards the battle area, “No. The grace of bird Pokemon cannot be understated, even in the face of lightning and thunder. Think about it, I defeat a *lot* of all Electric teams because most of them forget that as a type specialist, I **have** to have a counter to my weakness so that I don’t just lose all the time. Rather than your loss, I remembered your Plusle and Minun, and how they were always by your side. You don’t see that many people that close with their Pokemon to just always have them out, even in cases when it was convenient.”

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.

We set up on our sides of the field. She asked, “So, are you ready?”

I replied, “Yes,” and the battle began.

Facing Altaria was a struggle, but this wasn’t her famous 6th badge team. I would have lost almost immediately due to it using Earthquake, because I’m stupid.

Winona almost called the attack out before realizing that this Altaria didn’t know it. “It seems that I might be a bit too soft here. I should buy another Earthquake TM, but I’m supposed to test trainers at this level, not crush them into the dirt.”

Each of my Pokemon except Minun got a turn against the Altaria as I carefully managed how much health they had remaining, and we eventually whittled it down. Still, Dragon/Flying was not a good type combination for us to face, and it left three of my party members quite exhausted.

As a result, I sent Minun in to face Winona's next (and last) Pokemon.

She sent out Tropius, who was a terribly defensive enemy that gladly used his typing to wall out my Pokemon. Minun may have hit neutral against him with her electric attacks, but she needed more than just that to get anywhere, especially with it getting some health back due to Synthesis.

Seeing that I wasn't getting anywhere, I pulled Minun back, letting Absol in.

It was a tough fight. Absol was pounded down, especially after an unlucky Solarbeam hit, so Minun went back in. She managed to maintain her health lead and tried her best to crush Tropius in retaliation.

The fight raged on as hard as we could. Minun launched a blast of Shock Wave and dodged a Solarbeam with her Quick Attack. She barely rolled away from a Body Slam that probably should have flattened her, and after taking a few hits of Gust (which I suspected were entirely to corral Minun into position, since they weren't particularly effective attacks), her final Shock Wave struck true.

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.

Winona commented, “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 *painfully* 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 continued, “You still do need work, and I know for certain that you would have lost against my 6th badge team. In fact, you would have lost to my 5th badge team, since I actually use my more powerful Tropius and Altaria there.”

I frowned. “Was I that bad?”

She shrugged. “Maybe. Still, you did win, and I have no good reason to withhold a badge.” She waved me off. “Happy travels, and safe skies. Get a Flying-type, they’re great.”

She paused. “Wait, you had one before-”

I cut her off. “Unfortunately, our partnership has ended. Swellow wasn’t fond of losing, so she left. I just don’t want to think about it.”

She shook her head. “I see. Sorry if I brought up something I shouldn’t have.”

“No, you’re fine. You couldn’t have known. Things are looking up once again, and I really should get another Flying-type.”

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, {...can he really not see us? My danger senses aren’t flaring up at all. Also, that’s... he’s... that’s just *obscene*. How does his dick fit in that Plusle? Why *doesn’t* this feel like a disaster? Or... hmm... it does, but... argh, I don’t know!}

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? Like, even the narrowest part is too wide at first glance. 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 didn't say as much to me 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 might wall more people going for him as their last badge, but Wattson has less self-restraint when fighting and is a **terrible** matchup for us. He's a brilliant man, but he's also famous for overdoing it in battle. He's absolutely not getting pushed back on our journey, we need that badge ASAP.}

Sometimes, you have a stupid idea. Sometimes, you have a stupid idea that works. *This doesn't make it not stupid.*

Training while having sex was one of those ideas. I almost died several times from electrocution back when I first had the idea, but no risk, no reward.

Plusle and Minun charged up Shock Wave and held the attack as I rammed my dick between their pussies. If either of them had any real lapse in concentration, the attack would fire, and I was the closest target by far for an attack that never misses.

It could be worse. I could get off to being electrocuted, and not merely in the pleasant way that the Plusle and Minun line was capable of. I wasn't a pervert in that particular way, 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.

I had 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 were allegedly for use in Contests (or so the description claimed), but the outfits I bought were *blatantly* not made to be displayed so boldly on stage.

Seriously, was there some kind of underground Pokemon burlesque Contest circuit or something? Actually, that didn't sound unlikely. Maybe I could look into it, assuming I remembered. I was totally interested in a sexy Pokemon contest, although I think I'd need my own sexy outfit to enter with, and while I wasn't unattractive, I knew I wasn't outright hot either.

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, even if it was slightly uncomfortable to have to hold it that way.

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 was not entirely convinced that I left 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 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 to Mawile, {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. Even if... well... ah, never mind.}

Her smile dimmed.

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

I called out, “Mom, dad! I’m home!”

My dad laughed. “Timothy! Come on in, come on in.”

I asked, “Where’s mom?”

He replied, “She’s at the store. So, has anything new happened?”

I nodded. “Yeah. Check out my team.”

My father was extremely happy to see that I had a properly “manly” Pokemon as he looked at Absol.

He said, “You’re moving on up, son. I’ve always wanted an Absol, but they always ran from me, gahahaha.”

My Absol was shaking a bit while muttering under his breath. Plusle described what he was saying for me, {Absol says that 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.”

The man gave me a thumbs up. “Very nice. Kick ’ol Watt’s as for me, you know? The man might be a really great guy, but he’s grown a bit too boisterous about how often he’s been winning, so knock him down a peg.”

It was my turn to grin. “Of course.”

Wattson, the Mauville Gym Leader. I knew the man somewhat well, but he was still a relatively distant figure to me. He was a family friend, but not a close one.

I didn’t like his gym maze one bit. That was forty-five minutes of my life that I was **never** getting back.

He kept making it more complicated because he was bored. I remembered when it was just a floor switch puzzle with electric gates. At this point, he had teleporters and trampolines and conveyor belts and I would not be surprised one bit if the League stepped in to get him to tone it down.

Wattson laughed. “Sonny, you’ve made it! 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 completely 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 found myself wishing I had a Key Stone, since two of my Pokemon could Mega Evolve. Unfortunately, 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.

In contrast, I probably would have *zero* problems if there were Mega Stones for Plusle and Minun.

Maybe I was lucky that I wasn’t intimate with Mawile, because I saw something about a guy with a Mega Gardevoir and how the two of them were found catatonic after a **thirty-one hour** sex session. The poor bastard had burned his skin *very* badly due to his Key Stone glowing a dim red hot from how long they held the transformation (which he did not notice in the slightest), both were dehydrated to all hell, the works. He somehow managed to avoid crippling psychic addiction (somehow, because the sheer mental feedback absolutely should have shredded his brain to bits and caused all of his thinking to happen in her brain instead), but the mere physical effects were crippling enough before you add psychic dependency induced brain damage.

Wattson chuckled. “Hey, sonny, are we going to battle? You’ve been staring into space for a bit.”

Plusle chuckled as well at my plight. Minun was silent, 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 quite rough to fight usually due to the Steel typing, but Absol’s Dark typing gave me a nice edge.

It still felt weird that using Bite on a Steel-type was effective. You’d expect it to hurt the user more, honestly, although I guess there was a bit of a technique to it that made it an actual move instead of it being just simply clamping your teeth down onto the opponent.

As usual, 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 know, you shouldn’t declare your intent so clearly in the language of a local Electric-type. I’ve 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, and we have too many of them around town. I’ve had to do some negotiations, so I ended up with a grasp on how they talk.”

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. I didn't have much incentive to learn either.

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

The old Gym Leader stuck his tongue out like he was five as I said that. "Maybe yes, maybe no!"

Absol had defeated the Magnetron, but Wattson's Manectric easily took him out shortly after.

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

I cried out, "Mawile, get it!" I used human speech entirely because it was a little bit easier and faster to yell in it.

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

Our planning system shifted slightly. Plusle and Minun formulated broad-strokes strategy for her while I ensured that Mawile wasn't caught flat-footed, since she was following her own attack plan at the moment.

The Manectric 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. It was a very worthwhile tradeoff, but I really hoped she could keep it up without getting KO'd.

I leaped for joy. {Yes!} She did it.

Wattson beamed at me. “Ah, you got us. I’m quite glad you’ve found such a good system to work with, it’s showing serious polish. Come on, I’ll give you your badge and we’ll chat.”

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

He said, “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, so I didn’t get particularly good at any of them. I don’t feel bad about that, although now that I’ve seen you exercising your skill, I should redouble my efforts to improve. You never get too old to learn, you know?”

My Plusle said, {Can we meet your Plusle and Minun?}

“Sure!” He went into the back room to get a pair of Poke Balls. “Come on, you two didn’t fight at all today, you can’t sleep in like that.”

Out came his pair of Cheering Pokemon, and he smiled at seeing the four of them interact.

He turned to me and said, “Sometimes the Plusle and Minun village just outside of town asks me to help out with stuff, but they’re also kind of a handful. They’re a smart bunch, but that often means they think they can get one over on you.”

“I can imagine.” I lived in Mauville for most of my life, I knew the dumb nonsense that the Plusle and Minun species tended to end up in. Hell, I met my Plusle and Minun in town. They ended up being incredibly common pets in the city, even if they weren’t known for their strength.

Wattson said, “Even if I lost, I did get a bit lucky that you were using Minun-speak. Aside from my Manectric, they’re the Pokemon I’ve had to speak to most often.”

I was still impressed that one of my usual advantages was undermined so casually. Still, I won!

We trekked back out toward Lilycove, and as much as I enjoyed traveling, I started feeling like I *really* needed a Flying-type. The journey took way longer than I’d like.

I didn’t catch one yet, however. I could hear Winona’s voice echoing in my head, and I shook it to clear it.

I decided to take a short break and go visit Mossdeep. I was wondering whether to go to Sootopolis instead, but I decided to give it a pass for now. I liked Mossdeep for a lot of reasons. I also really liked the fact that I already beat Tate and Liza. They seemed like good kids, too.

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 I 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.

I still had quite a bit of time before the League, anyway.

Unfortunately, the two walked past me on the street not too long after I got off of the ferry, and all of us stopped. Tate winced, and Liza laughed. Both of them said, "Wow, really?"

I was hoping that 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, that was your mistake, even if the robber is the one that **robbed you**. It's the result of his criminal actions, but it's also the result of your own negligence.

Tate said, "Hey, at least the things you're doing are all consensual. People keep wanting to steal us away to do all kind of stuff to us, but you'd never know about it if you weren't looking in their minds. At least they never actually try any of it."

Liza nodded. “I say it wouldn’t be so bad, except there are all those people who are more interested in you, Tate.”

He laughed. “Hey, do you want those screwups to ogle you instead?”

The two bickered a bit, and I kind of wanted to just leave, but I did want to talk to them, especially now that the one thing that would have stopped me was just out in the open anyway. 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 probably having no one else at all to talk about anything odd like this with, I was considered 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. I had probably seen the pair for two hours total in my whole life.

I said, “Is that a yes? A no? Give me a sign.”

Liza said, “Sure. Also, you’re way too reserved for someone who is so ridiculously turned on all the time.”

I felt *deep* discomfort hearing it from basically a kid, but yeah, I **really** wanted to fuck Plusle and Minun regularly. If I wasn't thinking about screwing them, I was distracted by something else.

She shook her head at hearing my thoughts. "Discomfort? 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. Right now, you're absurdly horny."

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 to tell us apart better. You went from being practically asexual to an *Ascended Lord of Sexual Desire*."

I sputtered and made shushing noises.

Tate laughed while Liza said, "I'm glad you're chivalrous enough to not do anything. Tate is enough for me. There 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."

He replied, "It was your fault, you're the one who kept dressing me up in your outfits. Even after that guy saw and realized it was me, 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 deal with 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 Minun 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. Plus, since we’re Psychic-type trainers, nearly all of our Pokemon can communicate telepathically too, so even if we weren’t psychics, we wouldn’t have any real motivation for it...”

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.

I was pumped for the coming battle. It 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, and wanted to see it first-hand.

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. I quickly switched her out for Mawile. 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. I guess they weren't paying attention to what I was thinking?

I was improving a lot with my battle direction. I called out, {Fairy Wind! Get close and then Play Rough!}

Again, thank you, Mawile. She had a fairly easy time of it, although I did have to bring in Absol once or twice.

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? Besides, they made a cute couple, too.

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

I thought about the match we had as the three of us laid in content silence, and while I was glad we won, I was a little bit disappointed that the challenge wasn't quite what I was looking for.

Mossdeep truly was a beautiful island. I really wanted to stay. Unfortunately, no one else around me wanted to. My whole team was all set for adventure.

I did take some time to relax by the sea 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 weren't systems of pure logic.

I was back on the mainland and... what the hell?

...were Tate and Liza following me?

They fucking were. 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. "So, 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, and when you came around, that was the perfect sign for us to leave."

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 in the slightest.

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

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? Well, 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 probably should have told them to buzz off, but I did want the company, and having someone else that I didn’t need to hold any secrets with was incredibly tempting.

Also, they were strong. That decided it, really.

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 quite discreet... if they felt like it. 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 beyond her psychic teasing, let alone saw it in person.

At least they were fun travel partners.

We had passed through Lilycove and were heading to clear the Gyms I was missing. I only had three more to go.

We also lost four hours in the Lilycove Department Store due to Tate and Liza, but I didn't think it was that bad. I bought some Thunder TMs for Plusle and Minun.

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

She 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, even if I liked my team and spoke with them regularly.

Having human contact was just different. Pokemon may have been intelligent, often to full blown human level, and in rare cases beyond that, but they still thought differently and behaved differently to humans.

...that may have probably been why there weren’t any extant Pokemon nations or empires, or at least, none large enough to be noticed by humankind. I had a theory on that, although it wasn’t really provable due to all the *crazy* wars that mankind had found itself involved in had certainly shattered whatever evidence (every time I’m reminded about the incident with the massive soul-stealing death machine in Kalos, and how someone tried to use it not that recently, I wonder just what in the world the ancients were even *doing*).

As we made our way through the rainforest on the trek back to my home town, I found myself with a Tropius as my new travel companion. Plusle had used Thunder Wave and then Thunder to weaken him, and it was an incredibly easy capture in the end after he asked to join us.

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.

Still, I knew that they absolutely would probably just violate the poor creature by broadcasting their deviancy into its mind. As a result, 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 in response to my thoughts, "We weren't banned by the Gardevoir tribe, it's mostly just that we've never been in a position to catch one. Also, even if we were banned, we could take 'em."

Liza nodded. "Yeah. Now I want a Gardevoir."

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

She replied, "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-}

I replied, {No, but it's also still annoying, and I'm being **very** charitable.}

Tate and Liza continued their symphony of desire as I held my head in my hand, wondering how I got to this point in my life. Fucking hell.

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. Between the two of them, they had Hypno, Claydol, Slowking, Xatu, and then their closest partners, Solrock and Lunatone.

They also bullied a few Trainers who recognized them and asked for a Gym battle right then and there – they *did* in fact bring a few badges to give out, something that the League heavily encouraged Gym Leaders to do when they were traveling.

Unfortunately for nearly every challenger (besides a seven badge Trainer who still had to work *really* hard for her win), the team they had was *way* too powerful for most people who asked for a battle. They weren't bullying anyone on purpose, although even when the pair just set a single challenge and sent out Xatu against a two badge trainer with a Jolteon, they still crushed the poor kid.

I was glad for the fact that they weren't going to be dipping into my funds, even if things had been going better for me lately.

(TODO) use the rest of their team more – they have a fucking Xatu, and thus do in fact have some precognition

When the twins were going all out, I absolutely wasn't a match for them. It was mildly concerning that my team and I were traveling with two psychics that we didn't know very well that also had such a powerful team. Tate and Liza could genuinely just rip the thoughts out of our heads and force us to do their bidding. Only Absol was protected, and he could be dealt with through just sheer force of violence.

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 another Gym battle instead of going all out back then. Right now, they were showing their full might. We weren't so far behind in strength 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 packed up and headed off to Rustboro.

Ah, Rustboro. I hadn't been here in quite a while. It really was quite a nice city, if not quite my preferred kind of place. Still, it had nice architecture

and good food, and we ate a pretty nice meal earlier at a cafe (where Tate and Liza nearly got us kicked out due to messing around and arguing with each other). 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 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 particularly long. As for why we do it... it’s fun, and it lets us think about what to say while we’re saying it. 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, and I was one of an incredibly small number of people who knew that the two of them had sexual relations with each other.

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; I fully doubted they'd bring a kid of theirs into this environment.

It was 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.

They had become way too comfortable in my presence, honestly. I did **not** want to know that Tate and Liza were skilled enough to use Barrier to seal off her womb and prevent getting pregnant. Was it clever? Yes, and it meant they didn't need a ton of condoms (which would give up the whole game, really). Was it too much information? Absolutely fucking **yes**. Yes it was.

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*. I chewed them out

really badly for it, and that was probably the only time they ever saw me actually furious.

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! 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, please wake up! Lunatone, Xatu, Hypno, I need your help! Tate! I can't hear your thoughts at all!"

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

...maybe I should be worried for real. I almost ran over with my cock still in Plusle, but I wiped our privates off, threw on some pants, and ran over to help.

So, Liza was overreacting, although not by nearly as much as one would hope. As much as I didn't like it, I did make the right call in running after them. The two of them entered a mental feedback loop that caused Tate to pass out completely, and Liza (somewhat understandably) panicked. It absolutely could have been worse, and I did *not* want to explain to *anyone* what they were doing if things actually went badly.

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

I suspected that they were going to *not* ever repeat whatever dumb psychic thing that they clearly only tried because they were around someone who wasn't going to stop them from fucking. I wanted to chew them out, but it was clear they had learned their lesson, and yelling would just make them feel bad.

Plusle frowned at the sight. Mawile seemed disappointed in them for some reason. I asked, but she just shook her head. Maybe she finally thought they had ended up going too far, which they clearly had. I didn't know what she was thinking, so I didn't really get her reaction.

Thankfully, everything turned out fine when Tate woke up. 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, which might have been him transitioning from being knocked out into normal sleep.

Tropius was a relentlessly cool Pokemon. It grew its own fruit, it could fly, it looked like some prehistoric creature, it was super cool.

My Tropius was super cool too.

I was nibbling on some Tropius fruit as we walked along, of course.

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.

Tropius was a bro. He also didn't fucking peep on me, either, although he was also slightly too big to get around while indoors, being a 202cm tall quadruped.

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 going to the Pokemon World Tournament that’s coming up next year in Unova! Actually, there are a *lot* of tournaments lined up that we’re thinking about competing in, but they’re single entrant.”

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, “Quite poorly. Solrock and Lunatone help out immensely when it happens, 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?”

I couldn’t argue with that.

Liza continued, “Hypno is dead useful since he’s able to keep us from focusing so much on the fact. Unfortunately, the rest of our team and the rest of our Gym Pokemon aren’t ideal for the affair.”

Tate said, “We can manage a few weeks if we know beforehand, but *everyone* notices just how out of it we are after a few days. Most people around us just chalk it up to missing our sibling, but it really is just a lot harder to think when you don’t have two brains doing it at once, you know?”

I hoped I never ended up like that, although I’d have to work really hard to catch up to the twins, since they had been together for their entire lives.

Tate and Liza were playing alongside Plusle and Minun. It still felt quite strange how the two Gym Leaders acted 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 then you’d see the mask crack sometimes and be reminded that their appearance matched their age.

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

Tropius said to me, {Those two are a bit... close. Somewhat like you and the electric duo.} Thankfully, He was speaking slowly for my sake.

I nodded. {It’s as you say.}

Tropius responded, {I see. If it is not a problem, then I will simply ignore it.}

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, which helped me out severely.

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.

...sometimes, I find myself 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 a "shame" that I'm not more ashamed, and that feeling rarely lingers.

Oh well.

We were in Roxanne's Gym.

Roxanne looked at her two fellow Leaders. "Ah, hello there. I haven't seen you two in a while. How have things been?"

They replied, "Good. 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 stepped forward. “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 couple. “We’re here for a challenge.”

Roxanne nodded. “Alright. We will begin in five minutes.”

I wanted to lead with Tropius, but like, that was the most obvious first pick, and she would totally be ready for a Grass-type lead. Instead, I led with Mawile, who had better move coverage.

For all of my misgivings that I’ve had with Mawile, she really has done more than merely pull her weight, and she was a major part of why I was doing so well in my Gym run. Plusle and Minun might have been calling the shots, but Mawile was consistently a major hard hitter on my team.

“A maximum of four Pokemon will be used in this battle for each contestant. Challenger, are you ready?”

“I am,” I replied.

“Then begin!”

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 actually psychic, and I had finally become better at understanding him.

There were still flaws in my understanding, but we could work through them.

She sent out Kabutops first, and I was quite glad I didn't send Tropius out first, since he would have immediately went down to an Ice Beam.

Mawile wasn't particularly happy about the iced, so I swapped Plusle in after a tense back and forth exchange of blows.

Plusle was able to defeat the Rock/Water Pokemon handily, mostly needing to avoid being pelted by Mud Shot. Plusle was a bit soggy due to getting hit with Surf, but she managed.

Next up was Nosepass, and I switched Tropius in to exploit the type advantage. It proved to be a fairly difficult quite difficult match due to Roxanne using a very annoying wall strategy – Double Team and Protect were liberally used, Rock Slide would hit once in a while... and when I thought I finally had the round, it used Explosion.

Sorry, Tropius.

Golem was dangerous in exactly the same way, but I wasn't about to fall for the same trick again, Mawile was able to avoid the blast as yet another Explosion came out. She lost a lot of health during the round, but she was still standing.

Omanyte seemed like it should have been a lot easier, but its Shell Armor ability was keeping me from getting the quality of hits in that I had expected, blunting Mawile's blows from their full potential.

Unfortunately, Mawile was knocked out by an incoming Surf before I could get her into position to return to me, so I sent Plusle out to try to finish the battle.

Annoyingly, Omanyte also judiciously used Protect at key moments, stopping Plusle from knocking it out. I was extremely glad for Absol's assistance, which kept me from over-committing at a time when Plusle's attack would do nothing.

In the end, however, we prevailed, and I cheered as Omanyte hit the floor and didn't get up. I felt good about the match, as barring some *incredibly* poor strategy on my (and Minun's) part, we were bound to win. I was getting better, and Minun was getting a lot better. Absol's assistance was great for keeping me from making the dumbest of my mistakes.

I found myself truly glad to have my team by my side.

Now that I had Roxanne's badge, we sat down to talk with her.

She said, "Norman is next on your journey, right? I'm a bit stunned that you put him off this long, so I hope you're prepared. Your style is... deeply unrefined in a way, but it has its merits. I *absolutely* did not appreciate how much I was out of the loop due to how you issued your commands,, even if doing so made very good tactical sense, but you're also obviously

knowledgeable enough to be able to teach your Pokemon how to get through without so much of your help while still providing it when needed. Hone your skills a bit more, and you'll place well at the League." She turned to Tate and Liza. "Keep him in line, you two."

"Aye," they both replied.

There were a few iffy parts where I really could have lost the battle, and I needed to work on that. Despite Roxanne's comment, I didn't have any real expectation of being part of the top 3 and getting a chance to face the Elite Four in that moment, but if I could reach the 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 aim to be top 1, and getting a podium position would mean I could enter the PWT at the end of next year.

I still had some months left to prepare for the League, at least.

Tate and Liza had cooled off a bit on their debauchery and weren't psychically broadcasting their desire everywhere during their all-too-routine studies in carnal knowledge. They were still quite active though, and I saw both of them in identical female school swimsuits at one point.

I was a little bit bothered that they were both as cute as the other.

It really was quite worrisome in my mind just how similar Tate looked to Liza. Their bodies were diverging a little at this point in their lives, but the

only reason I was able to reliably pick which one was which at a glance was just day-to-day familiarity, especially since they swapped their nametags.

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 the real reason I didn't do anything to Tate and Liza was 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 wild Seviper and Zangoose would fuck each other if they weren't fighting, which generally had some pretty grim family dynamics if they produced an egg with each other due to the child's father being considered to be the enemy. They were both in the Field egg group, so they're genetically compatible.

I was *extremely* surprised when I looked that up.

Thinking about it, I was probably a horrendously awful person. Sure, I was kind, friendly, and had a great rapport with my Pokemon... but I was still a

deviant who didn't have any moral qualms about sticking my penis into a creature whose whole torso was not much larger than my dick (and her body visibly stretched to manage my cock), and only **one** qualm about doing so to the two young Gym Leaders who traveled with me, which was their age.

...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 for us to reach Norman.

It almost was, because I absolutely wanted to go to Dewford and relax and just not do a damn thing, 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. Those poor tubers on the beach were destroyed for easy money.

...easy was 52pk each. They were kids. I was *extremely* glad that I wasn't chasing after money at this point.

I got to know Tropius a bit better on the trip, too.

He was still quite confused at how and why I was having sex with Plusle and Minun, but honestly, the entire situation that was my life was ceaselessly confusing to him. I was also finding it way easier to learn

Pokemon languages as time passed, so it wasn't too much of a struggle to communicate with him.

Once again, Tate and Liza wore their (female) school swimsuits as they played in the water and bothered the tubers on the beach, 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 name tags. Apparently the two did this all the time at the beach in Mossdeep.

Liza probably could have gotten away with only shorts on, but they actually got chewed out for that back up in Mossdeep when they were younger, so they haven't done it since.

The pair towed off, and I had 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. We/don't really want to/expose ourselves to the kids/on the beach either. Still, we wouldn't/care if/you saw/anything, and not/just to/be provocative."

I was getting far too used to their hand-off speaking style.

I 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, the Pokemon World Tournament was coming up, and they'd need to get ready for it, making sure both of them had a world-class team of six each.

There *was* a chance they would be able to continue traveling with me at some point, but I would have to put my foot down if they decided to abandon their jobs just to continue hanging out with me. That was *absurdly* irresponsible and I wanted no part in it.

They did invite me join them at the PWT in Unova, although I would only be able to enter if I ranked high enough at the Pokemon League. Getting a chance to enter sounded great, and I promised myself that even if I couldn't manage a top 3 finish (which would get me in immediately), I'd make top 16 here in Hoenn, and I'd have a second chance since it was at the end of the *next* Pokemon League season.

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

Tate continued, "And honestly, we considered doing that. We were both completely ready to get fucked. There was this one guy we considered going around with since he seemed like a reasonable fellow outside of just how much he wanted to screw us, and then you showed up."

Damn. I fucking believed them, too.

Having made the boat ride back, we stood inside Petalburg Gym.

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

I replied, “I’m not that green. 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 a bit. “Not bad, it seems that you did a little bit of research. 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 ingrained instinct of a Slaking to slack off without some crazy double battle setup, and unfortunately, we prefer fighting single battles. 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 – it turns out that he evolved on accident after losing his Everstone. He’s quite 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. Once I knew the problem, we worked to fix it as best as we could.”

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 out loud, *please!*” I was very impressed that they were keeping up the twin-speak even here, but given their *incredible* co-dependence, I guess it made sense that they’d do it anyway.

Norman glared at me. “You need help too, although I’m glad they haven’t dragged you into their mess. However, 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... ah, maybe not. I’m almost never at home for my own kids. I really should call May, and I have no idea where Max is... and now I’m just rambling.” He shook his head. “Either way, I know you know, and I know you should also know better.”

The fact that he knew so much was intensely concerning, but honestly not surprising. The man clearly wanted to stop them from screwing regularly, but it just wasn’t happening.

I at least didn’t have anything to worry about since I wasn’t going to do anything to the twins, but I absolutely did not like the idea that he knew so much about our sexual lives.

Have you ever tried to fight a brick wall? That was how this battle was going.

Minun called out, {Tropius, hold on, he’s still not slacking off! Stay back!}

I shouted, {Dodge to your left!}

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 and made a gap in its attack. 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 – there was no need to really dodge, you could reliably use Protect to go from gap to gap. It took a little skill, but not much.

Unfortunately, Norman's Slaking barely had any gaps. Sure, he couldn't indefinitely resist the urge to just stop and relax due to the way his body worked (in fact, I think it was an Ability, and I found myself wondering how that worked in a genetic evolution sense; what kind of survival pressures would have caused *that*), 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 with the move.

I managed to get him down with just Absol left on the bench, and Minun on the field. Tropius going down was incredibly surprising, and then Plusle went down *way* too quickly for my liking. I was not happy in the slightest about how my team was being torn apart so easily.

My “style” of battle ensured that we should have been able to take care of the gaps with effective dodges and well timed strikes, but this Slaking's

explosive speed and power that were sustained for far longer than usual ensured that the fight was painful.

Still, it was a Slaking, and after my team avoided taking any major stray hits, it was eventually defeated. Finally!

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

Well, **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. I hadn’t really lost in a while, thinking about it, not outside of random 1v1 battles I had while on the road or battling against the twins.

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. Your team is really strong at this point. That Vigoroth is also being trained to fill the role that Slaking used to be able to manage, so he’s dangerous.”

I understood it, but it still sucked.

Liza said, “Losing is a fact of life. As long as you don’t let it *be* your life, you can get back up and win. You’re not in the situation you were a few months ago, you’re almost at the end of this.”

I smiled grimly. She was right. “Yep. Thanks, Liza.”

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 watching while also ensuring that Tropius could see... and I was a bit confused as to why, since I was pretty sure he wasn't interested in watching.

In the meantime, I deliberately ignored them while plowing Minun in a way that almost seemed like a powerful Pokemon attack. While I wasn't causing her pain, I was pretty sure that I would need to use a Potion on her if I kept this up too long.

Thinking about that only made me harder and faster.

Plusle then swapped in, and we kept switching every few minutes as I unloaded all of my desire directly into them. A good plan, since it made sure that I didn't *actually* knock either of them out.

Even if it was incredibly kinky that I was jack-hammering such a small creature while others watched, I only had eyes for the two that I loved above all others on the planet.

I was continually amazed at the credentials that Tate and Liza had. I was only barely able to pick my jaw up off of the ground as they listed off their accomplishments. “...so wait, you're telling me that you two are certified

to be astronauts? Not just trainees going to space camp, but you've gone on actual missions?"

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?"

He pouted. "It's nice that I do have one thing I'm genuinely good at on my own merits, let me have it. It's not luck."

"Fiiiine."

My crew was great. I've mentioned it before, but fuck. My team was *excellent*. I loved having these Pokemon, and they were glad to have me.

Plusle, Minun, Absol, Tropius, and Mawile stood by my side. Ideally, I'd have 3 more Pokemon so I could always have Plusle and Minun available as tactical advisors, but I really had no idea who I'd pick. I *really* wanted a

Gardevoir-line Pokemon, 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,” he said.

Minun responded, {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 Spoink or/something? They’re/great! We/might be quite/biased, however.”

Nah. I knew what I wanted. Also, if they were so great, I really did wonder why they left their Spoink and Grumpig at home, anyway.

Admittedly, the sensible answer was to handle fights at the Gym, but that was too sensible for me at the moment.

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, {You know, 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.} Cheery sparks came off of her hands as she said that.

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 regularly would do that to him. He and Mawile might have had the most normal relationship in our group, but we weren't just a concerning sideshow act now.

...being their pre-coitus entertainment was not much of a step up.

It felt kind of bad how we were basically 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 as a Trainer and I *absolutely* wasn't willing to feel more than a little bad.

Sure, 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. My battle instincts had been sharpened *heavily* over the last several months.

My worst issue right now was that my battle plans were a bit too simple when thought up in the heat of the moment. It wasn't a huge problem since Plusle, Minun, or even whoever was on the field was tactically aware enough to handle any glaring omissions with my strategy, but I wanted to seal up my weaknesses and avoid having to rely on hoping my team knew better (or just resorting to brute strength and ignorance) when I was at the helm. 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 Petalburg 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 I didn't give a shit. He noticed this, and sighed. "I'm glad I'm not your father."

Rude. I wondered if Tate or Liza had shared my thought with him, it felt like he was replying directly to it.

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

I sent out Plusle first and had her use Thunder Wave constantly until it hit. Once Slaking ate his Berry to break the paralysis (it was a common enough strategy for Norman to prepare for), 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 several 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, and she stood on the sidelines next to Minun and I as Tropius came in to deal with Vigoroth. She still counted as being in the fight, too.

We didn't have a pre-planned strategy this time, so Plusle gave more input during the fight.

Tropius was not doing the kind of damage I wanted versus how much he was taking, but I couldn't blame him. Even if Vigoroth was paralyzed (and he wasn't), 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 a bit impressed at how you kept trying to force that opening. I think I've figured out how to absolutely crush the next person who tries to do that, but you kept pushing even though Plusle was almost knocked out from trying to paralyze him. Very tenacious, but risky."

I didn't like how Tropius was faring, so Minun went out onto the field. 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.

Norman's Spinda was a tricky opponent, 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, as 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. This was probably the reason why Plusle and Minun had told me a while ago that I was never being allowed to get one...

Blissey was also tricky to fight, if far easier than expected. She was also making it difficult to wear pants, and it was impressive seeing Tate and Liza's goofy expressions as they plucked that thought from my head. Blissey's defenses were strong against special attacks, walling out anything that Minun could dish out.

Luckily, I swapped Mawile in, who managed to take her down after a bit of a struggle, and we prepared for the next round.

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

Norman smiled. "That was a good battle. 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 of what was being said, of course, and I was slightly surprised Tate and Liza didn't just transmit their thoughts to me... and wasn't that a concerning idea. I really was getting far used to their presence.

Norman said, "...wait, he really isn't?"

Tate shook his head. "Nope. It's not like we haven't tried-" 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. You're both strong enough to protect yourself and responsible enough for me to respect your decisions, except for the most concerning one regarding what you two are to each other." They grimaced at that. "I think that guy has screws loose and I saw how he was distracted by my Spinda..." He shuddered. "...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.”

Liza nodded. “He’s definitely quite screwed up, 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 has 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. Even if they could get through with their Miracle Eye-like effect, it required active effort on their part.

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 or whatever Pokemon you feel like when you're done there.”

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 still an incredible skill,} 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. I did let him go off on his own if he asked, so maybe he was in fact fucking a special someone (or just some random Pokemon that said yes).

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. I knew things were fine, because Absol hadn't started yelling at me for causing enough of a problem that he couldn't just ignore it.

Onward to Sootopolis!

If Tate and Liza had flying Pokemon of their own, we'd have simply flown into the crater city. I really did not get enough of a chance to fly on Tropius, outside of short flights for fun. He couldn't really carry all three of us at once, even though Tate and Liza weren't as big as I was.

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, "The last time I was here was when I was seven, while on a family trip out to visit Sootopolis. I was a bit bored visiting this town back then,

but nowadays, it tickles *every single cool thing* that I can think of in my brain. I wish we could stop here for a while.”

Seriously, a floating village was *way too cool*.

Tate and Liza glared, visibly annoyed that we were once again isolated in the middle of the ocean, and this time they didn’t even have any real amount of land. 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 for the floating platforms, and Absol didn’t feel like staying out, only commenting that things would probably be fine.

We finally landed in Sootopolis.

It was nestled in an ancient volcanic crater that now housed some seriously beautiful buildings. It was a city housing the power of ancient legend, protected by the ancient walls of a powerful volcano, and the city with the last gym that I needed to visit.

We got to board a submarine for the tender service into the city, since the edges were the stone walls of the crater.

We headed straight for the gym. I wanted to do some sightseeing, but I decided that it could wait.

“I’m here to challenge,” I called out.

The Gym Leader, Juan replied, “Ah, welcome to-”

He looked at his two fellow Gym Leaders as we entered and sighed. It was apparently an open secret what the two of them got up to, but not so open that all the Leaders 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 he 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 unfortunately at a bit of a loss for words, but welcome to my Gym. Prepare for a defeat, and enjoy the show." He smiled like a showman, 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 Grand Champion. I won't say he threw his last match, but...)

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, so we shouldn't have both of us on the team. If he can't, then he doesn't deserve to be here. Plusle is in, she hits harder than me at this point, 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 quite that well, and having him fight the hardest Gym battle under these conditions... yeah, no. I should have him ready by the League's start, but we still had some time before then. So...

I said to Juan. "I declare Plusle, 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. I really wished that I had selected Tropius for this battle, but I completely doubted that he would have used Whiscash in that case, since he got to pick second. It was a tense match, but Absol managed to get a victory.

Next up was Sealeo. I sent Plusle out to face him, but she was taken out by an unlucky Earthquake, so Absol came back in to finish the job.

After he defeated Sealeo, Kingdra was left, and once she was sent in, Mawile made quick work of him.

Plusle and I were both incredibly surprised at how much less difficult that was compared to fighting Norman.

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 regarding your character.”

...he really did not like me.

He continued, “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 completely mean it, but he seemed to really dislike me, so I wasn’t going to try too hard to be nice in return.

We had a handful of months left 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. I don’t

know how they convinced me, because I was *not* going to get involved with the tribe there after last time.

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 on the spot was due to Tate, Liza, and Absol.

I should have just gone back to Dewford and found a Medicham. I guess they weren't particularly telepathic, although with Tate and Liza around, Medicham would learn.

The situation was just like back when I was attacked by Absol's tribe, but even more dangerous, since the Gardevoir line had a greater level of civilization and were far more tactical, and that was ignoring the addition of 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 and reserved for a final last resort.

Tate and Liza fought using their telekinetic abilities and their powerful Pokemon to keep the blades of the Gallade away. I had Tropius take to the skies to fire strikes from above, massively helped by the twins' Pokemon providing Barrier and Light Screen shields so we wouldn't get hit so hard or often. 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. I didn't like it one bit, because it meant that I was predisposed to being a stupid moron. My blood was pumping like thunder in my veins, and I felt unbearably cocky in the moment.

Mawile and Absol were absolutely dominating. Just the best pair to blitz through Psychic and Fairy-types, and as long as they were away from any Gallade physical blows, they were in very little danger. Iron Head and Flash Cannon were liberally used by Mawile. Night Slash and Sucker Punch were the moves of choice for Absol, his horn blade shining with darkness, sucking light away as he swung it. He wasn't dealing super-effective damage, but it was fine, he made space for Mawile to strike.

...also, note to self: buy a Dark Pulse TM. Money isn't an issue these days.

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 because I made it to your doorstep once again, and now 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 on the attacking forces. 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 probably be bored as hell if I didn't end up involved in something dangerous and stupid once again.

In the end, the “welcoming party” we had fought was pacified, largely after our pitched battle began to draw attention from other Trainers and would likely cause the village trouble if the news spread of what was happening.

The village eventually decided that three outcasts would be sent along with us, ridding themselves of “problems” while also giving us a good reason to never come back. One Kirlia boy, one Gardevoir female, and one Gallade joined with myself, Tate, and Liza respectively.

(Here is your consolation prize, three of our kind that we care not about. Begone.)

I didn't like how haggard the trio looked. They didn't look physically hurt, but they sure weren't happy.

I said, {If you don't want to join-}

The outcast Gallade replied psychically, (While we wish our circumstances were better, we are not unwilling to fight by your side.) The Gardevoir and Kirlia nodded at that. (You are honorable, despite your nature. My people were once kind and moderately welcoming, but exposure to those of fouler intentions than you has driven them to be bitter and insular. Were I not defending my companions as they defended me, I would have left the village long before today.)

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 knew, neither of the two were sexually interested in Pokemon.

...not going to lie though, if I had a girl Kirlia, we'd be fucking. Plusle and Minun looked slightly relieved tht I didn't.

My new 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 if he believed me. I gave my word that I would make sure he was okay, and that was all that mattered.

...you know, I guess it wouldn't be cheating, I'd totally be a dumb enough moron to try and involve the two of them in the twisted love quadrangle that would result.

The Gardevoir and Gallade weren't particularly happy about the situation, but they decided it was better than remaining in the town. They could do *significantly* worse than following an eight-badge Trainer and a pair of Gym Leaders, even if we were all deviants.

Semen dripped from Plusle, Minun was riding my dick, and 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. The situation I was in was just genuinely quite hard to explain.

Kirlia truly 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.

The part of me with any sense wanted to stop and make sure he was okay. Unfortunately, that part of me currently had *no control whatsoever* of my actions or body.

Tate and Liza's Gardevoir and Gallade came to help free him from the wretched grip of desire not his own. 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.

I was able to relax quite a bit as I felt their minds fade away under shielding. The only other psychic minds that I could feel were Tate and Liza, and I relaxed into their terribly horny thoughts.

It felt **really** bad that I was going to miss Tate and Liza's screwing being broadcast into my mind after they left. It 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 for when they finally had to leave our traveling party, 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. The entire situation was far, far, far too hot. A few mild shocks made my dick got hard again, and then I went back to pounding.

If there was a heaven, I was there... or at least most of the way, anyway.

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 before I hurt myself.

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

Poor Kirlia. Maybe getting a Psychic-type was a bad idea.

He was initially fairly hopeful after joining with us, especially since he was free from being 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, even if he saw how I was *barely* managing to not advocate for him to be mindbroken.

The biggest issue was that he was addicted to the minds of others, which had led him to become an outcast. This was an incredibly rare event for someone with psychic power, because you would need to reside within someone else's mind for an *extremely* long amount of time for it to happen under normal circumstances. Again, poor him.

He actually needed help instead of whatever we were actually doing to him, and we really weren't in a position to give it to him... but at the absolute least, we could make him feel like he belonged. We could at least make sure he had some kind of happiness.

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

It was kinda depressing to find out how Tate and Liza's Gardevoir and Gallade pair had become outcasts just 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 at her.

When I tried to sleep, evil eyes appeared in my vision.

I was very definitely being attacked remotely by the Gardevoir villagers, even if they couldn't physically 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 to eat 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 had 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. I wasn’t sure if this was even fixable. Manageable, sure, but if they found themselves having to live separate lives for whatever reason, I didn’t know how they would cope with it.

The Gardevoir village was remarkably impressive, as Kirlia, Gallade, and Gardevoir all showed us. Tate and Liza helped with the presentation (Absol

appreciated being able to see what was going on, as Tate and Liza's limited Miracle Eye-like effect routinely proved itself useful).

In the mindscape, they showed us around.

Gardevoir said, "This was our home." Rough looking stone houses that could have been built by human hands lined a shrouded clearing. There were a few oddities with how the stone was joined together. There were even panes of glass, although they weren't particularly optically useful. The panes were beautiful and shone with rainbow colors, but they weren't very transparent, and the parts that were had some extreme visual distortion.

They didn't have any kind of industrial output, which was to be expected, although the more I saw, the odder that seemed. They were easily the most humanlike of the Pokemon that I had ever encountered.

Kirlia picked up on my thoughts. "It isn't surprising. We didn't want to expose our village to the outside world, and making steel or something totally would. The glass is like that due to the way it is formed psychically out of what comes out of the ground. The situation is the same with the stonework. Deeper into the wild, the Gardevoir tribes apparently live in large dugouts that look nothing like human dwellings, but we lived not too far between two human settlements."

It was League time, and we were on the way to Ever Grande City.

I looked up and saw a big banner featuring the Elite Four proclaiming, “All qualified challengers, make your way to Ever Grande City for this year’s Hoenn Pokemon League Conference! Entrants get hotel room access from the 25th to the 31st. Registration ends on the 27th.”

Seeing the photos on the banner, I was idly reminded of the fact I had a very strong crush on Phoebe a few years ago. 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 was absolutely on the same road that led there.

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.

I was going to die if I kept this up, but I was *completely unwilling to stop*.

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."

Her smile didn't quite reach her eyes as she said that.

Tate wasn't even offended by that, and based on what I knew about him, neither was I. He said, "It's true. My brain isn't the worst, but like, Liza's is just so much better that I need it."

I nodded. “I didn’t expect any of it, and 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.”

Tate’s Gardevoir sighed. (I was hoping this would not happen, but even we were caught in the storm of passion. My partner and I became one that night, and so Kirlia was left unprotected.)

We had stopped in a Pokemon Center. Tate was browsing the Internet, Liza was laying down.

I scratched my head in confusion at what Tate was describing. “...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.”

Tate nodded. “I still want one anyway.”

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

Tate said, "There have been about 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 Mightyena so that I wasn't just 'remembering' things that Liza knew."

Liza continued, "So, what Tate's trying to say is... he's not making it up."

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, "...if there *is* an issue, 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, and the Pokemon League Tournament is about to start. I know I sound like an old man, you're basically aging me with every call! Alright, take care." He hung up, threw his PokeNav, and his Gardevoir stopped it from hitting the wall and shattering.

It was baffling to think that Tate genuinely still played with toys after hearing that phone call, he sounded like he was 35 and needed a drink.

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." Not healthy.

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. We're incredibly grateful to be traveling with you, since things could be so much worse. These few months have been an absolute joy."

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.

Unfortunately, the layout was regularly changed, so they couldn't lead the way for me. 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 just because they might get into trouble. Having it be randomized kept their positions safe.

Plusle, Minun, and Kirlia were glowing with Flash, lighting the way forward. It wasn't particularly dark, but it was still 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, even if he was already more sexually active than he should have been.

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 list of 256 entrants if there was room, and given priority based on your arrival time. 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 itself 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 Grand Champion. Then, if you win, you get to choose whether you want the actual *job* of Grand Champion or not. The entire process was designed to ensure that the Champion and Elite Four weren't entirely bogged-down by challenges and that the selection process was sufficiently difficult to prevent rapid turnover and ensure quality.

It had originally been an all-year process without a tournament, but it quickly proved to be untenable with hundreds of Trainers applying to face the Elite Four and Champion, and turnover for the Champion position was high.

One of the most famous incidents involved a twenty minute long reign as Grand Champion. Technically, this could still happen, but it was much less likely.

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 actual 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.

I gazed upon my team. Mawile. Absol. Tropius. Kirlia. Plusle. Minun.

I had hoped to have more on my side, especially so I could keep Plusle and Minun focusing solely 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 enough that I didn't really need to think too much about any of the battles I had.

There were three matches scheduled for me. 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.

After we finished, we sat down to talk about how things went.

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

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 heart-stopping 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 – this did count as a loss for her since I took her out of the path of an attack. 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 when we saw the other matches.

One Trainer used a semaphore system combined with various types of shouts. A few were visibly just having his Pokemon read their mind, whether on the sidelines or in battle, and one of my battles was against a guy who was *definitely* speaking in Sceptile speak... and now I really wondered just how hard things were for people who learned to communicate for a Pokemon that evolved, since I was pretty sure that evolved Pokemon didn't sound like they did before.

I didn't feel quite so special speaking my commands in Plusle or Minun speak after that battle, 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 immediately 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 turned to me and said, {I better show up on the field tomorrow. You can't bring me to the Pokemon League and not let me battle.}

I replied, {Don't worry. 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 to the field 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.

To be fair, it wasn't actually that common, but 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 doing their business with a Pokemon.

Also, I felt like I should invest in some anti-psychic equipment after seeing how easy it was to get this information. It was expensive, but honestly, being around Tate and Liza was a learning experience about 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 (to the point where they could affect Dark-types), 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 again, Tate and Liza 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 getting 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 definitely considered 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.

I still wasn't going to fuck them, no matter how much they invited me. I could feel my resolve fading, but not particularly quickly. If I continued traveling with them over the course of years, that would probably change, and not due to their age.

Maybe my short list of 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. The whole thing 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 in the morning. I 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.

The day two matches were upon us.

Tate and Liza were in the VIP area cheering me on as I stepped onto the field. I decided on my selection: Mawile, Plusle, Kirlia, and Absol. I wished Kirlia would evolve into a Gardevoir already – the training we had been doing to get him ready for the League probably should have done it. I had considered finding a Dawn Stone, but Kirlia wanted to keep his current skill set 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 a bit concerning.

The Exploud we faced 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 during all of my matches 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. I hoped. Kirlia went down, and Plusle went in. Thank you, Shock Wave. Thank you, Thunder for actually hitting. Maybe I should have had her use Thunderbolt for accuracy, but she needed a decisive blow.

I was *extremely* glad that we survived that match with a win. That was way, way too close, and it actually came down to Plusle saving the day.

The second match we had was **way** easier. I didn't quite understand why or how he even managed to get to this round of competition, and I suspected something was afoot.

He had a Gyarados, which would have been a threat if 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 Mightyena 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. I needed an easy match after the hard one earlier.

We celebrated our wins with yet another night of wanton debauchery in the Ever Grande Hotel.

Tate and Liza were both wearing Liza's clothing: they were dressed in skirts and a t-shirt, and I'd found out that they were both wearing Liza's panties (they flashed me with them pretty regularly). The two twins ended up just losing themselves in extreme cuddling while going around the hotel to the point where a centrifuge would probably swirl around less violently.

I just hoped they didn't get themselves in any kind of dangerous trouble. Sure, they were rather 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 them here at the League.

I had Mawile tail them just in case, and Absol skulked along at a distance, his danger sense at the ready. 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. It was certainly a bit odd, but while our perversions had connected us, we were friends beyond just our sexual misfunction.

I actually trusted them implicitly at this point, and they trusted me just as much. It was maybe it a bit too much for how short a time we had known each other, but given how much we knew about each other due to the fact that we didn't really keep up any mental barriers while regularly joining minds psychically... we didn't need as much time.

6v6 time. I really wished I had a seventh Pokemon so I could always have Minun by my side.

Our first match began. My opponent was from Kalos, and had clearly done quite some traveling around that region since she had Pokemon I'd never seen. A cream swirl looking creature that she called an Alcremie was her first Pokemon.

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

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

I hope she just used a Revive on it and she wasn't able to revive her Pokemon by licking them.

The highlights of the fight were that after Kirlia defeated Alcremie, we faced a Corviknight. I swapped in Plusle, who got in a single Thunderbolt before my opponent swapped out for a Golem. Plusle got to slam it with an Iron Tail before I had to pull her out due to Earthquake, of course.

This really felt like a proper Pokemon League match. She was a dangerous opponent, but my team and I were deeply in sync. Minun and Absol were beside me, my senses felt sharp and effective, and if Kirlia hadn't just taken the field, I would be mentally linked with him to get his perspective on the battle.

It all came down to Kirlia versus Golem in the end, and I still had Pokemon on my team ready for battle, even if they were all quite tired and would be easy to knock out with only a little bit of effort. One good Pokemon could solo my team due to how exhausted everyone was, but Golem didn't seem to be it.

Earthquake was still scary despite it not having a type advantage against Kirlia. I told him to use Confusion and Psychic liberally – I was heavily hoping that Confusion would actually inflict confusion, although I also realized that Kirlia couldn't keep using Psychic without running out.

It was a battle of attrition, but Kirlia was simply fresher than the already tired Golem, and so we barely cleared.

We were now in the Top 4. I was *this* close to being able to challenge the Elite Four, I just needed to not lose twice. A third place spot was everything I needed, and I was right on the edge of victory.

Our second match was **deeply** unfortunate.

Minun, Absol, and Mawile were next to me, as usual, while Kirlia was on the field facing a Hariyama. This should have been easy for him, but he got clipped by an arm thrust after being surprised at how fast it moved, and things went south from there.

Absol had a little bit of warning from his abilities, but it was so fast that he only barely was able to open his mouth before it struck.

Despite all our preparation, Kirlia was probably not quite League level yet. He wasn't your typical wild Pokemon, and I had also trained him quite well, but we just physically didn't have the time to truly give him the battle instincts she needed at this level of competition.

I sent Tropius in, and he had the advantage with his ability to fly.

I called out, {Fly out and use Magical Leaf!}

The Hariyama still had major advantages against Tropius. Flying in circles like this to conserve power over just hovering meant his flight path was predictable.

The battle continued to be fierce, Tropius bombing his opponent while Hariyama expertly lunged into the sky to deliver savage open-palm strikes that wore Tropius down, eventually knocking the Grass type to the ground and then out for the count.

...well, they didn't really count off in Pokemon battles. It's a figure of speech.

Unfortunately, the two of them were my best options. Plusle tried to paralyze him, but he was too fast. Absol was able to dodge a lot, but again, the speed Hariyama was able to bring to bear was *incredible*. Mawile couldn't keep up, and then Minun...

I shouted, {Under him!}

She replied, but I couldn't hear it. I watched her use Thunder at point-blank range, and he *finally* went down.

I fucking screamed when a Quagsire took to the field, and nearly conceded the match right then and there. Minun gave as good of a showing as she could, and maybe she could have won the round if she was fresh.

She was not fresh. She almost knocked Quagsire out, but with everything so stacked up against her, she fell to the ground and didn't get up.

I was out of the finals.

Once more, I wanted to scream. This time, I was too numb to do so. I was losing badly, and I was so damn close to where I wanted to be that I could almost grab it.

I had very few options left, and I was on my own here on the sidelines. Plusle found herself the last Pokemon standing on my team, and she was up against an Exploud that immediately used Earthquake as she entered the field.

Fuck.

Incredibly unfortunate, honestly. If she was a little bit more rested, she probably could have tried to get away from the shaking earth with a good dodge (admittedly, moving out of the way of the rapidly oscillating earth beneath her was *very* difficult and I couldn't expect to rely on it every time). Maybe it'd be different if Absol wasn't knocked out in a Poke Ball and was next to me to be able to warn me, or if Minun was available as another pair of eyes (and another team member to take to the field) instead of knocked out, or if I was a little faster in certain parts of the match... gah, I felt like shit.

My flaws had come to haunt me through the battle, but it was a close match until the last round, so I didn't feel too devastated about it. It wasn't like I wasn't mad, but I wasn't going to beat myself up *too* badly over it.

Still, I had a good run. A great run, even. Top 4. Still mad that I lost I was **this close** to getting a chance to face the Elite Four. Just *this fucking close* to entering the PWT. I needed a League top-3 finish.

Stupid Steelix. Stupid Sceptile. Stupid Dugtrio. Honestly, I definitely didn't have a good answer to that Dugtrio since Tropius was knocked out. That was when I lost Absol, and it was thanks to Iron Tail that Plusle was able to finish the job to face Exploud. Both of us ended up down to our last, and the *only* match that didn't end up close was this one.

Ultimately, that was how it had to be. There could only be three medalists, and there could only be one Tournament Champion.

I later found out that 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 Wallace.

As I walked off from my spot on the field, I smiled, even if bitterly. I finally had my drive to win properly rekindled, and I wasn't the loser I was at the start of this year.

My team and I made it to the Pokemon League and was ready to win, even if we didn't.

Tate and Liza waved their goodbyes as we left the hotel.

“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 next/year!
No/pressure either, we/might be able to get/you a special guest invite.
Might.”

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, but it sounded like fun.

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

...okay, I was lying. I'd be able to visit or call them. Plus, I had managed to go through some of the toughest Trainers in the region and win. It had been a while since I had lost before this, too. I had no real reason to fall back into my old ways.

I realized that I would in fact miss their psychic presence, which was a bit weird to think about.

I turned to my Pokemon and said, {So, we are a top-class team. Not yet world-class, but we made it to 4th in the region. There might be only twenty people in all of Hoenn who might be able to beat us going full-force.}

Admittedly, I wondered if I would ever fight May. I wondered if she still had Rayquaza on her team, too, from when she had to deal with the Team Aqua and Team Magma nonsense. She was the last person to have defeated Wallace.

I also wished Maxie and Archie had ever taken a science class in their lives, I remember how awful the weather was, like the world was ending. I wondered why their own scientists didn't tell them their plans were retarded, but like... if you were getting paid to do the mad science thing you always wanted to do, would *you* tell your boss there was a problem?

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

Absol's grin was quite dangerous looking, surprisingly. {If that's the case, 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 about hypocrisy? I sure as hell didn't.

I said, {I've finally gotten to a position that I don't hate in my 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.}

The two of them cheered and ran around in a circle, hands sparking with pom-poms of electricity.

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. I didn't think she actually was the smartest of her kind (and I suspected whoever

figured out how to build such sturdy houses in her village was), but it was genuinely possible that she was in the top percentile of her kind.

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 have 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. There are things I am not fond of, but I would not begrudge anyone here their passions.}

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! Now let's go home.}

I was back in Mauville. A *big* crowd formed when word spread that I was back in town. I was surprised, but I guess making it into the semi-finals at the Hoenn Pokemon League Conference was certainly worthy of note.

“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 reveled in being allowed to be sexual lunatics thanks to journeying alongside me. Checking was the right call, because one of Liza’s panties were poking out. They probably left it as a souvenir, if not as a prank.

I couldn’t tell if it was actually Liza who did it, they smelled of both of the twins. I probably shouldn’t smell them, because firstly, I’ll end up with a weird fetish, but second of all, I’ll find myself missing them too much.

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

I did **not** want to actually go inside and be around my family, even if coming home was my idea. Still, I *was* a League semi-finalist, and so I suspected things wouldn’t be quite as annoying as usual. I had *status* now.

Plusle and Minun jolted me a bit to boost my mood, and Kirlia held my hand tightly. Even Absol and Mawile nudged me toward the door. Only Tropius seemed indifferent, although he was always like this when it came to entering buildings. I could see his smile when I looked at him.

I opened the door, and my family was ecstatic to see me. My father said, “Timothy! Welcome home! You’ve made it to the semi-finals, huh? 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.”

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

Ultimately, I was finally home and I was all done with the Hoenn League Challenge. I finally found myself the strength I needed. I found friends, companions, and I had a real goal for myself.

I still *absolutely* wanted to be on the other side of the planet from my parents.

I decided. My next League run would be in Unova. I was gunning for the Champion seat over there, and I wanted to enter the Pokemon World Tournament.

Let’s fucking go.

(end of Volume 1)

Volume 2

Now that the League was over and I had a few spare months where I could relax, I was able to just travel wherever I felt like. It got me out of the house, it got me away from my overbearing family, it got me away from the weird lack of respect they had despite having become a very accomplished Trainer.

Hoenn was my oyster (my Cloyster? I was pretty sure we didn't eat those, what mollusk did we eat, anyway?), and I was able to take advantage of that fact. I had a powerful team, a fairly large amount of money, and quite few responsibilities.

I told my family of my plan to go to Unova, and while they were a little bit bothered at how far it was (you could be further away, but it was still on the other end of the planet), they were glad that I had this much ambition.

I was glad I was heading to the other end of the planet. It sounded ungrateful, but I found myself thinking about how that bit of money I got all those months ago was the first time in a long time that my family seemed to actually think about what I needed and less focused on trying to get me to do something for them that would be far less effort for everyone involved (especially their own effort) if they just did it themselves.

Maybe I was being ungrateful, but fuck. Living with them was why I went out to become a Trainer despite being so under-qualified when it came to battling skill and getting stuck for ages with only two badges.

For the first time in a *very* long time, I really didn't have anything to worry about, at least for the moment. I wasn't worrying about doing well in the League, I wasn't worrying about getting the badges, and I sure wasn't worrying about being dead broke. My winnings were very, very good even despite only coming 4th. Everyone in the top 8 was compensated pretty well.

Naturally, it wasn't the sort of prize where you wouldn't have to work again, but I could easily take a year off if I wanted to, and I'd still have some of my earnings left over (mostly because I remained quite frugal).

I was able to visit Tate and Liza a few times over the few months I had left before I needed to head to Unova. I spent a lot of time over in Mossdeep despite my freedom to roam... or rather, because of it. I loved being able to relax on an island, quite cut off from the chaos of the mainland. Hoenn itself was an island region, but it didn't really count to me. It took weeks to traverse on foot, so definitely not island enough for me. A *huge* portion of my time on the journey was just spent on the road when I was traveling between each gym.

Also, seeing a rocket launch is something everyone should do. It was amazing every time. I got to see three. None of the missions were manned, so Tate and Liza didn't get to go up.

It was pretty surprising to feel the difference in the twins' psychic output while they were on their home island compared to when we were traveling around the region. It was much... dimmer. They brightened immediately when I was in the area, which warmed my heart a little.

Sure, their debauchery would be found out immediately if they didn't suppress the natural broadcast of their desire, but it still felt incredibly odd how muted their psychic signature was compared to while they were traveling with me.

I didn't like it, and I know they didn't either.

It was also quite concerning that I was able to pick up their reduced mental emission.

There were some perks to falling into psychic addiction. You really did start to become quite psychically attuned, and while you weren't quite psychic yourself, you gained a lot of not-quite abilities that revolved around being particularly receptive to psychic power.

Unfortunately, those abilities were also a *very* clear sign that my brain was actually starting to depend on external sources to operate and was seeking out options.

I was immensely glad I had Absol and Kirlia here, since both could help the pair continue to not be caught. I probably shouldn't encourage the two young Gym Leaders to continue their unwholesome ways, but my own iniquity was something else, and **all** of us would be worse off if we were found out. I was more than happy to help keep their business under wraps.

Plus, Tate and Liza were closer than siblings to me. I might have been an only child, but at some point I found myself with a *deep* bond with the two of them, and not just because I was so mentally familiar with their bodies and desires.

I also decided to spend some time in Dewford, even though it was on the opposite end of Hoenn. Mawile was annoyed at first, but she was able to cope with it. I didn't let it be a boring trip.

It was pretty fun fleecing all of the people who didn't recognize who I was.

I remembered that Brawly was a cool guy, so I took him up on his offer to meet again. Dewford was a small town anyway, so it wasn't likely that I wouldn't see him while visiting, but being specifically invited was nice.

He said to me, "You were traveling with Tate and Liza? They're cool, even if they're a bit odd. They really liked to flaunt how similar they look, and they ended up doing the swimsuit-and-trunks thing to try and confuse people, but given that I spent a bit of time helping them out with martial arts, it was usually fairly easy to tell who was who. Liza flows more easily. Sometimes, Tate moves weirdly like Liza does, but you can tell his body isn't used to that motion." He paused. "Maybe I shouldn't be talking about their bodies like that with you-"

I replied, "I spent most of the last year with them, and I'll leave it at that. You know what they're like first-hand, and so do I. Good kids, when they feel like it."

He laughed. "Heh. You pass. They're a pair of goofy maniacs when you get to know them. It'd be nice if they were here too, but I know they have their own League business to deal with after being out of their Gym for so long, and they live on the opposite side of the region. I've got some cocky idiots

in my fighting classes that need a refresher on dealing with smaller opponents, and it's frowned upon for me to thrash them because they're so much younger and weaker than I am. Plus, I know I have a few students who can do some fancy Aura tricks and are incredibly smug about it, but they need to realize that there are more kinds of power out there. I don't know how to do anything like that, not beyond the absolute basics. Maybe I'll get a bit of a glow when I throw a good punch sometimes, but I'm certainly no Aura adept, you know." He sighed wistfully. "It would be nice..."

I said. "If the two of them weren't dealing with Gym business, I would have brought them, even if for a little bit. Spending all that time away meant that their workload piled up, even if they've been able to hit their badge battle quota. I know Liza had to redo some of her spaceflight certifications, too."

Brawly looked disappointed that there wasn't a chance. "Bummer. Alright, less talking about people who aren't here, you absolutely need to train with us here. It'll be fun. You'll be strong, you know?"

Honestly? Why not?

...do **not** accept if Brawly asks you to train in martial arts.

It wasn't that he was a bad teacher. In fact, he knew that I didn't have a lot of time and that I wasn't that strong, so he really worked with me as best as he could. He often got students from the Hoenn mainland who would have to leave quickly, so he always wanted to deliver the most impact in a short

time and give you something that would stick with you that you could use as a foundation when training elsewhere.

Unfortunately, to give me this kind of strong foundation, he had me getting up really early to work out with him every other morning, and then we'd spend most of the remainder of the day drilling moves and doing some fairly playful spars.

It wasn't all pain, either – I got to go surfing and fishing with him on the off days. It wasn't as if I hadn't ever been surfing, but it had been a few years. I enjoyed this part the most.

Also, when I was tired and sore and beaten up... I still had Plusle and Minun to cheer me up, both in erotic and mundane ways. Kirlia delivering *more fuck per fuck* was exceptionally helpful too, especially on the evenings when I could barely move.

Brawly said to me, “You understanding those two is super cool. I have a Medicham, but he's *terrible* at telepathy. If I'm lucky, I can get a glimpse of what he's looking at, which is honestly kind of useful, but I can't talk to anyone like that. I'm not a Psychic-type trainer at all, so I don't know how to help him out either.. I probably should have asked the twins for help.”

I don't know why he didn't. “Call them. It's League business, isn't it?” I was serious too, a Gym Leader needing assistance with a type specialty was absolutely worth calling in a Gym Leader who specialized in that type.

He smiled. “Heh, you’re right. You’re a bit odd sometimes, but aren’t we all?” He paused. “Maybe not in the same way, but I guess if people were, it *wouldn’t* be odd.”

I *really* hoped he wasn’t insinuating what he was, although I think he just thought that Plusle and Minun were a bit too cutesy to be my favorite Pokemon. I didn’t have Kirlia out, nor was I going to bring him out to peek into the guy’s head. Brawly helped me out a ton the last few weeks, and if he wasn’t going to say shit to anyone, I sure wasn’t going to give him a reason to not trust me.

“Sounds about right,” I said.

Brawly posed as he slapped his bicep. “I’ve done as much as I can. Now it’s your turn.”

I mirrored his pose and he laughed. “That’s the spirit,” he said.

I nodded. “Thanks for the training, seriously. Maybe if I end up getting in another fight out there, I’ll be able to do something other than wind up and punch.”

His curiosity was piqued. “Another?”

I nodded. “Yeah. First time was a set of Absol ambushing us because they thought I going to cause a major disaster before they realized it was a false alarm, and it was merely my life was a disaster.”

Brawly laughed deeply at that.

I waited for him to calm down a bit before I continued. “The second time was a Gardevoir village that **really** did *not* like my vibe. They didn’t even want me walking through Route 102, honestly.”

I didn’t know how else to put that without describing it like “they know I fuck Pokemon and they know that Tate and Liza are deviants.”

Brawly replied, “Gnarly. Wait, how’d you get out of those?”

“My Absol and my Kirlia were encountered in each incident respectively. The Absol tribe was a lot more peaceable than the Gardevoir village. The Absol sent one of their own to experience the world with me, while the Gardevoir tribe gave me a Kirlia that they had treated as an outcast.”

Brawly frowned. “Damn, that’s weird to think about. I believe you, but I’m so used to thinking about that line of Pokemon as being... I dunno, beyond anything like that.”

“Me too,” I replied.

We chatted some more for a bit, and then it was time for me to head off.

I was back on the Hoenn mainland, stopping off for the night in our tent.

Minun moaned in a way that simultaneously *unbearably hot* and *incredibly worrying*. Kirlia and I were double-teaming her, and the two of us were

quite nearly incapable of stopping or understanding that something was possibly wrong.

Well, maybe. Kirlia was closer to something resembling sapience in that moment, and he slowed down so the two of us could recover our ability to think. Minun also started to sound normal again, thankfully.

I was probably the furthest gone out of all of us, and you could probably cook an egg on my forehead with how fried my brain was.

Plusle had practically my whole hand inside of her. Well, three fingers, but that was still intensely impressive for someone that small. I decided it would be safer if Kirlia and I didn't sandwich Plusle or Minun after that, and we paired off again.

Minun's body was pounded furiously as I continued to fuck her senseless. At some point, what was left of my brain had noticed that Plusle wasn't getting fucked enough. As such, I took my cock out of Minun and fucked Plusle until she nearly passed out.

I was moments from trying to double-team her again, but I decided against it with the three remaining brain cells that weren't being fried, so Kirlia took up Minun.

What a splendid time. Life really was good, and in just a few days, I'd be off to Unova for their League challenge.

My team and I were stuck waiting in line at the airport, flying out from Slateport into Nimbasa. I wanted to have everyone out, but it was too crowded, so it was just Plusle, Minun, Kirlia, and myself. Mawile and Absol weren't too bothered, and neither was Tropius, who really wasn't made for the indoors in general.

I finally made it to the counter. I probably should have booked ahead of time, but alas. I winced at the price, if only out of habit. My excellent tournament results had made me quite a lot of money, so the price wasn't ever an issue, but I felt that the principle of the thing mattered. That was a stupid expensive ticket.

I was amazed that I could get a ticket on the same day. Don't try this at home, kids. Honestly, don't try anything I do at home. I'm still amazed I'm physically able to do what I do without harming Plusle or Minun, despite doing it every single night.

Plusle laughed at my expression.

I took a flight ahead of Tate and Liza, who had booked theirs ahead of time for when they were able to get off. I liked the two a lot and I already found myself wanting to continue adventuring with them, but I saw the benefits in being able to roam freely without having to see if they wanted to go there, and then I really did like having a bit more privacy.

Despite how intimate our overall relationship was (it was a bit concerning how familiar I was with nearly every aspect of their lives and vice-versa; having a pair of S-rank psychics travel with me while also not having any anti-psychic equipment really was a baffling decision) and how little time

we ended up spending apart (I think the only things we didn't do together while they were with us were bathe and use the toilet), we weren't lovers. We weren't even "less than lovers", which usually still involved sex and casual cuddling.

Ah, I still missed them. You can't get that close to anyone and *not* miss them. They'd get here eventually. They also encouraged me to leave first. I needed the experience, apparently, even if I was the one who set up the tents and kept our supplies in check and everything... bah, dumb kids, acting like they were more responsible than me.

I landed in Unova and basked in just how foreign it was. Seriously, what an odd sight everything was compared to Hoenn.

(TODO) kinda forgot to have MC fight Burgh or even visit castellia city
lmao

We were in Nimbasa Interregional, and it was quite the sight. I've never been on this side of the world, and the furthest I've ever visited was Sinnoh (which, while quite far north from me, was still not *that* far).

I saw a ton of Pokemon I didn't recognize, too. At least I could still understand what people said despite being on the wrong half of the world. Linguistic issues apparently used to be more common, but the global Pokemon Leagues had essentially unified humanity under one tongue. Local languages still existed, local accents and dialects would confound a handful of things, and local scripts certainly were a thing (I already saw more than a few signs that I could not read), but they were definitely

nowhere near as relevant as they once were. I might have more trouble in Kalos, since they had a fair bit of pride in the old language, but that was half an ocean away.

...I had a daunting task if I wanted to compete in the Pokemon World Tournament. I needed to place top 3 here in Unova. I'd already have been allowed to register for the PWT if I managed to do that in Hoenn, dammit.

I said to my team, {This time, we're looking to win. We can do it, too. This isn't an idle hope, we have a real shot. Top 4 in Hoenn, and we were a little under-prepared. This year, we know what we're going to do, we have the skills, and we just need to get out there and nail it.}

They all nodded. They were ready. Now, we just had to actually get there. It was time to absolutely dominate the Unova Gym circuit.

We headed out into the city, and our journey in Unova had finally begun. (TODO) describe things more here

The five of us were on the Ferris wheel. Plusle, Minun, Kirlia, Mawile, and last of all, me (myself, and I). It was great. Mawile was a bit annoyed that Absol wasn't around, but she understood that his quadruped form was less than ideal. He could fit, but he'd hate it with the rest of us in there.

It was nice. We were able to see quite far around. I wish we had something like this in Hoenn. Standing up on Mt. Chimney was nice, especially looking out towards Slateport, and the cable car ride up the mountain was

spectacular, but this was something I'd love to see near Rustboro or something.

Mawile ended up going up alone with Absol after I spent a bit of time wheedling (or rather, Weedleing lol) the ride attendant to let them on. It wasn't even a safety concern, he just didn't want to run the transaction with just Pokemon aboard. It turned out to be fine when he brought his manager over, it just wasn't terribly common.

Since we were in Nimbasa, our first badge was against Elesia.

She blinked at me. She didn't seem to know what to think as she looked me up and down. "Hmm. 4th place in the Hoenn League, Iris and Alder took a shine to you, supposedly can understand quite a few Pokemon, visibly a bit suspicious."

Why'd she have to say that last bit?

She smiled at my reaction. "Ultimately, welcome to my Gym."

She walked down the runway strip towards her command post above the arena. It was pretty impressive how she laid her Gym out. Very stylish, very dramatic. More than fitting for someone who did fashion shows regularly. She really looked every inch the supermodel she was as she approached me.

She laid out the rules. "Four Pokemon on each side, and I'll reveal my picks after you tell me your choices, although I have already selected. I'm

already going to advise that you not do something stupid and forget that I know the type chart despite being focused on one type. You seem skilled enough, but the warning still applies. I've seen far too many Trainers just lose for no reason."

Fair enough. I declared my team: Mawile, Absol, Tropius, and Kirlia.

In response, Elesa revealed two Emolga, a Blitzle, and a Zebstrika.

She frowned as she saw how my Plusle was practically rubbing her face directly on mine. I didn't really care what she thought, but it did occasionally bother people that there really was no minimum distance between myself, Plusle, or Minun. Even Kirlia couldn't get so close to me, although that may largely be to things that boys do and don't have. That being said... the sheer lack of mental distance we'd have sometimes... I didn't want to think about it before the fight.

Mawile was up first. She defeated the first Emolga with almost no effort. A few quick dodges, then a massive crushing bite sealed it.

Elesa's Blitzle came up next and sent her flying, however. There wasn't much input from myself, Plusle, or Minun there. The first round went by quite quickly, but so did the second.

I was waiting for the second (and last) Emolga to be gone before sending out Tropius, and once that happened, that was it. Easy prey.

...wasn't there a Zebstrika? That was really easy. I was honestly really disappointed with just how easy the battle was, although I also felt like

there wasn't much an Electric-type Pokemon could do to surprise me here. I was from Mauville, after all.

"You've done pretty well," she said, handing me my badge.

"Thanks," I replied.

She stared me down for a moment. "You're still an odd fellow, but your team clearly trusts you and you clearly trust them. I probably should have turned up the intensity of the match a bit given your League placement, but that was my call to make, and I chose wrong. A win is a win, a loss is a loss, and regardless, your showing was impressive. I don't have a reason to refuse you a badge."

(TODO) wait, is this route 6? I think I put it in the wrong spot, because that's between Driftveil and Mistralton, heading to Mistralton.

The trek to Driftveil was interesting. Apparently there was a hidden tribe of Plusle and Minun on the route! They weren't very common to find in Unova at all, being a Pokemon species native to Hoenn, but I found some.

The only reason that I was able to discover it was because I could hear a pair of them talking in the bushes, something about what they wanted to eat tonight. Damn good thing too, since I was going to absolutely go to town on my partners tonight, and this was a good reminder to be a bit more discreet.

I called out, {Oi, you two there, what's up?}

I saw a brief flash of yellow, red, and blue as they tried to run. The Plusle boy tripped, and the Minun helped him up.

My Plusle and Minun laughed, and the two boys stiffened at that. I tried to keep my smile off of my face as I said, {Are you two alright?}

...yes, I could in fact tell a male Plusle and Minun apart from a female one at a glance.

One of them nodded. {Yes... ow.}

I sighed, rummaging in my backpack. {Come on, I'll spray a Potion.}

It was amazing just how lucky I got. More Plusle and Minun appeared, and as I impressed them with my partners and my ability to talk to them, we got to see their village.

The elderly Plusle woman said, {...you can really understand us? I know you have a Kirlia there...}

I replied in Minun speak, {Yep. Plusle and Minun here taught me.}

She fell over. A young Minun boy came over and waved at me. {Hey! I saw you on TV!}

The "TV" was a dirty, beat up old Xtransciver the tribe had found lying around.

No one in the town could actually read, which would be impressive for wild Pokemon, and Kirlia was the only member of my team who could since he simply pulled the knowledge from my head, but it wasn't too hard to charge it since they were Electric-type, and they weren't too far from a city to try and get a wireless signal from some random cafe. The young Pokemon had seen the highlights on the PokeTube front page.

...it felt really weird being recognized this way by what were apparently wild Pokemon. They liked watching battles on the "TV", so it wasn't *that* surprising that they'd seen me in a major televised event like the Hoenn League semifinals, but I was also very literally on the other side of the planet at the time.

I felt incredibly smug. I was *world famous*! Maybe not really, but being recognized while so far away from home, and by wild Pokemon, was *incredibly* satisfying.

My Plusle and Minun milled around the village, chatting with a race of Pokemon they never expected to find in Unova. The rest of my Pokemon went into their balls (for once), either out of boredom or to not worry the villagers too much (Mawile in particular had to go in her ball before I was even let into the village – I didn't think that Mawile ate their kind, but things were different in the wild).

I was really glad we got to visit, even if I was incredibly nervous that I'd be found out as a Pokephile.

I was probably being unreasonable, but like... I wasn't ever particularly reasonable. Seeing Absol and Mawile screw has made me want to do Mawile. It was seriously hot, and the faces Mawile made... damn.

I liked Absol too much to take his girlfriend like that, but... eh, she absolutely was the road not traveled. Maybe if she was less of a shit, or rather, maybe if I was more willing to put up with her teasing and attitude.

I kind of considered getting a second Mawile for Kirlia and I to fuck, but we were in Unova, and I wasn't in the business of catching Pokemon just for sexual purposes anyway. Plusle and Minun would have been pissed, too.

I was distracted to the point that Plusle was unconscious when I finished in her. Her face had a terrible grin, and I absolutely wish I wasn't thinking about fucking Mawile while screwing her so hard.

I must have been an odd sight, walking around with all of my Pokemon out. Plusle and Minun were on my shoulders, Kirlia was riding atop Absol's back with Mawile beside him, and Tropius followed behind everyone.

I always thought it was odd how few people did this. Your Pokemon were your partners. Poke Balls were convenient, but too many Trainers only brought their team out to train and to fight.

An old looking man with crazy orange hair looked me up and down.

It was hard to describe just how insane his hair looked. I don't think I've ever seen anyone with so much of it, and never in such a display. He had his Poke Balls on a string hung on his neck, white pants, and some kind of poncho. Really cool, but everything about his appearance made him seem a little bit nuts.

He frowned quite intensely before laughing. "Something seems off about you, but your Pokemon still like you despite it. Maybe they even like you because of it? Anyway, the name's Alder."

"I'm Timothy."

He nodded. "You're doing the League Challenge here, huh? You're looking to win, right? No one is looking to lose, but few have that look in their eye where they just have to win, and you've got it. I heard about you – you were the one who could talk to his Pokemon and spoke like a Minun."

I was still trying to figure out where I had seen his face- "Wait, aren't you the Unova Grand Champion?"

He waved it off. "I was, but even back then, almost no one really managed to reach me, so I don't know if my long reign was deserved. My team hated just how idle I was while sitting in the position, they were always ready to fight, and I wasn't getting enough fights in. I'm a bit less bothered about it, if mostly because I've been disillusioned with battles. I've been getting better about that these days, but I'm still one step closer to the end than anything else." He sighed wistfully. "Oh well. If you make it to the top, tell Iris I said hello. She gave me a great fight not too long ago, and even if she decided to take my Champion seat... I've got a goal to aspire to again and

my team is excited. Maybe I won't face her this year, but if I'm still around, next year."

I smiled. "Got it. Keep your eye on us!"

Apparently, I was just going to keep meeting powerful Trainers. I guess it wasn't that surprising since I did rank fairly highly in Hoenn, but it was odd.

Iris was **really** pretty in that fancy dress she wore, and I kind of didn't like how that was my first thought. She did look quite small in it though, a stark contrast to how large and extravagant it was. I was surprised she was wearing it while out and about, but she moved as it wasn't bothering her at all.

She sighed, preempting my question. "I love this thing and it's a lot more comfortable and practical than I'd expect for something ceremonial, but it's a pain to put on or take off since there's so much of it. I practically need assistance each time. But, I love it. It provides quite a contrast with my body."

I wondered if she really should be saying that around me.

She laughed, seeing the mild shift in my face. "That's a funny face. Yeah, I'm trying to get a reaction, but you're too decent for the kind of reaction I was worried about. Good thing, too. Hydreigon wouldn't be too pleased if you actually tried anything with me."

Plusle and Minun gave the small girl a capital-L Look. Absol frowned for a bit as if he sensed trouble before relaxing again. Kirlia and Mawile laughed, for some reason. I could understand Mawile laughing, but I wasn't sure why Kirlia was, and he wasn't forthcoming with a response.

Eventually, she frowned. "I know that I shouldn't be aware of this, but I am friends with Tate and Liza via e-mail, and-"

I cut her off at that. "Let's... not mention anything they'd have said." I really hoped that the twins didn't openly mention anything without a code in place. I didn't feel like being anywhere near the scandal that would cause if those e-mails ever leaked.

Dumb kids.

She nodded. "Fair enough. Honestly though, I decided to find you because they asked. I might check in on you from time to time, so try not to get arrested. Those wonder-twins really vouched for you on the phone, so I doubt anything will really happen, but... well, I really hope you make it to the PWT."

"Fair enough," I replied.

I was *constantly* glad that I could talk to my Pokemon. I'd be super lonely right now otherwise.

I still wasn't amazing at understanding Tropius since he was more than fine with letting my other Pokemon repeat his words so I could get them, but

every once in a while, he'd try to take the effort and work with me to understand him better.

He just didn't feel like it that often. It was effort, and I knew that despite the fact that he enjoyed being on the team and was glad that we were as strong as we were, he also was not a fan of our baser natures, leading to him stepping back a bit. Asking Absol to help and make sure he felt like he belonged had improved things drastically, since the Dark-type was the second most sensible party member I had.

Tropius was number one by a lot. Kirlia was number three, although given that he ended up so consumed by desire that he ended up acting as my second dick while I screwed Plusle and Minun... yeah, that lost him a fair few points.

Minun was tired of interpreting duty for whenever I had to understand other Pokemon, and in a minor bid to avoid succumbing to psychic addiction (it really didn't help), we didn't just use Kirlia, so Plusle and Absol tended to do the task.

There were still quite a few reasons as to why most Trainers didn't have a Psychic-type on their team – either the Pokemon wasn't good at telepathy, the Pokemon (or the Trainer) knew the danger and refused, or the Pokemon was just rare or hard to catch. Often, some combination of those things was involved.

The easiest to catch Psychic-types were unfortunately almost always the least useful for the telepathic arts. The Ralts line was quite rare to find in the wild, so they were generally quite good.

(TODO) this feels odd; also he does get a Pansear at some point so *actually use it* and have him interact with it

I needed to catch some new Pokemon. A Blitzle sounded great, but as a Mauville native, *any* Electric-type seemed like a good idea, regardless of whether they'd be actually good for my team (and they wouldn't, I really did not need to have *three* mono-Electric Pokemon). If I didn't already have a Kirlia, I'd likely end up getting a Munna or something, or maybe a Gothita.

I kind of wanted a Pansear. Supposedly, I could get one if I headed south and then east past Castellia, but I was heading north and west. I'd eventually loop around, but it was going to be a while.

We made camp for the night.

{I love you two so much,} I said as I thrust my hips.

Kirlia was sleeping. It was just Plusle, Minun, and myself tonight. It was quite a classic combination, as while I really liked Kirlia, he was kind of taking up a lot of my time and attention that I would have spent on Plusle and Minun. I was also kind of failing my bid to avoid psychic addiction every single time I had brain-frying sex while linked into his mind.

I also really, really, really did not like just how close I was to him in a sexual way. He knew it and felt similarly, but then the nights came and it wasn't as if either of us could resist. If either of us had any less inhibition

towards our own sex, we would probably just have sex with each other, but neither of us were into guys, regardless of how much we've experienced and enjoyed things from Liza's point of view while she was taking Tate's dick.

Either way, I had a wonderful night. Slow, smooth, and sensual. I wasn't out to blow any minds, since I wouldn't have a mind left if I kept up the pace and intensity. The three of us simply had some damn good sex.

We made it into Driftveil, and Clay *absolutely bloody hated me*.

Just one look, and... yeah. Thankfully, he didn't know. Kirlia made certain of that, although not in a threatening way, just a normal psychic violation of privacy where he plucked the thoughts out of the man's head.

Still, Clay absolutely suspected that something was wrong with me, and he made it known.

He gruffly stated, "You aren't right, kid. If I could figure why, you wouldn't be getting a badge, but I can't deny a challenger without a clearly documented reason."

I glanced to Kirlia. {What's he thinking?}

He replied psychically, (He wants to say you're abusing us just because he wants to get some dirt on your reputation, but due to your credentials and the burden of proof needed, he'd just lose his job. You'd have an *extremely* strong case if he tried anything and you fought it, so he probably won't.)

Clay continued grumbling. I guess he had a good reason to grumble, but that wasn't my problem. Or at least, it shouldn't be. Honestly, I had more reason to grumble, he was trying to fuck me over for *no goddamn reason*.

I don't blame him for being suspicious, but fuck that guy.

He gruffly stated. "3v3. No substitutions. I get to declare my team after you, and I have *not* selected yet."

...okay, now he wasn't being fair at all. It was a legal challenge, but he really was being petty now. Still, he was being a bit stupid in limiting it to only a 3v3. He clearly didn't do his research on who he was fighting, and I'd make him regret that.

I declared Absol, Tropius, and Mawile. It was a strong matchup in terms of type, but anyone who was a type specialist had to be prepared for the obvious counters to it. You absolutely couldn't walk up to Tate and Liza with a Dark-type and expect to just sweep them.

Clay's Excadrill was scary. Tropius was an *amazing* counter, but I couldn't bring him in without taking Mawile out of the match. Rock Blast was scary for Tropius, but *much* more avoidable than the whole floor leaping up to hit Mawile.

Plusle and Minun were both sidelined, which meant they were both able to help me out. Clay hated it once he realized, but he didn't think about it until after the match.

Plusle called out, {Jump, and use Ice Beam for lift!}

It was a really tricky strategy to dodge Earthquake with, but it worked. The only true downside was that did reduce how often we could use Ice Beam. It was hard to pursue because it was still an attack, so trying to get into a position to intercept the boost into the air had a tendency to get you hit.

I called out, {Now target Excadrill with it!}

Nailed him. I was *really* getting better as a battling Trainer, even if I still had to delegate quite a bit. I was also glad I won Ice Beam playing slots back in Mauville. I probably need to find another TM for it at some point, I needed to give it to Kirlia. Absol at least also had Ice Beam.

Apparently Unovan TMs were multi-use, but also *much* more expensive as a result. I did have the money, so I made getting TMs here a priority.

The battle was brutal, but in the end, we won. He wanted to complain about Plusle and Minun helping me but it wasn't like I was breaking any rules, nor did he stop us during the match. If he'd seen what we were planning before, he probably could have told me to put everyone in their balls.

He looked like he was going to pop. "Here's your badge, here's your winnings. Get out."

What a fucker.

I made time for Plusle and Minun. Since I'd managed to get my life turned around, I felt like I'd been neglecting them a little bit, especially after Tate and Liza had joined the party. The pair of Cheering Pokemon kept me happy, they gave me a reason to keep on living, and they were the keys to my continued success. They taught me an extremely useful skill, and they were amazing in bed. I loved them so much.

They truly were the best.

I also spent more time with Tropius, because I knew I wasn't spending nearly enough time with him. Always got wild looks from passerby due to the sheer coolness of the winged Grass-type. I also realized how exotic he'd be here, on the opposite side of the world.

I was also very glad Tropius fruit wasn't banned here. Sale of them was (they needed to be stamped, and the common variety you found in stores was the *much* less hallucinogenic and sweeter Alolan variety), but not possession or growth. I didn't really partake that much, and you were very unlikely to get more than dizzy with the tiny amount growing on a single Tropius at any given time, but they were hanging right off of his neck, so it's not like I didn't ever eat any...

Mawile and Absol still weren't as close to me as I hoped they would become, but they were good team members and they'd found happiness in each other. It was also extremely nice how Absol had managed to make Mawile less of a fucker. I honestly would be angry if something ended up happening that made me want to kick her out.

At this particular moment, she was great and definitely a trusted member of the team.

My newest addition was a Pansear, just as I'd hoped. She was pretty cool, all things considered. Welcoming her in Minun-speak had her falling over in shock, even if I needed one of my teammates to repeat everything she said for me. At this point, even Absol or Tropius could do it for me. I was getting really good at this, and it was honestly pretty surprising.

I didn't immediately mention to her that I was boning my partners, and neither did Mawile, surprisingly enough.

Absol absolutely stopped me from sticking my cock into Plusle without first telling the new girl about our situation though, and we were glad that she didn't just run. It was incredibly awkward, since Minun and Kirlia were in fact doing it, and I was experiencing everything he did during the conversation...

Seriously, I was going to become a statistic for psychic addiction at this rate...

Iris popped in to check on me again. "Hey-o! You've been moving quickly."

I replied, "I've got the best team in the world. Maybe not the strongest, but my crew is worth a hundred times their weight in gold."

Iris had a modified version of her Champion outfit on. She saw me look her up and down and said, “I got another one made, which means I don’t need to worry too much about damaging a ceremonial outfit. Also, it’s better suited for travel. It folds up nicely, and it’s washable unlike the other one.”

It was a bit less out of control regarding the size, but it still emphasized how small she was. She looked great despite that.

Kirlia snorted. (Not despite, you really meant because of-)

I ignored him, which was quite the feat given that he was speaking directly into my mind after pulling the thoughts right out of it. I was very tempted to say that he was more interested, but I guess he could pick that statement out of my mind as well, and I saw him blush at that.

I didn’t blame him in the slightest for being interested in her, although Iris seemed like a sensible enough girl to not screw someone else’s Pokemon.

My whole team was out with me. Poke Balls were useful, but my team was mostly small enough to be out and about around me, so several members only bothered when it was time to sleep or when they were KO-ed.

Iris said, “It’s nice being out and about with your Pokemon.” She had Hydreigon, Dragonite, and Haxorus out. “You’re a bit lucky, I can’t have more than one of my teammates around when I’m in town since they’re pretty big and people are terrified of them, and I *definitely* can’t bring them indoors. People get nervous when you have big, burly Dragon-types around in an enclosed space. My team is well trained, but... they’re still Dragon-types, and thus quite willful. Not one of them is dumb enough to start

something in a building, although they might just wait for the moment you step outside if something comes up...”

I nodded. “Yeah. Mawile, Absol, Plusle, and Minun pretty much get to go everywhere with me. Kinda wish I could hang around Tropius a bit more, but he’s too big. Not too tall, but he takes up a lot of room in each building.”

She asked, “So, what are your plans?”

I said, “We’re training a bit. Clay was a bit of a bastard and used his full-power team. Yes, I’m a 4th place League finisher, but he really wanted to keep me from progressing. I wouldn’t be so mad if he wasn’t a dick, because my first badge was too easy.”

Iris replied, “He’s definitely a bit... rough. Is he really acting that badly though? He usually isn’t a bad guy, just a stern one.”

I replied, “Honestly, I don’t care. He didn’t like me, but my crew *kicked his ass*. The only good thing I can say about him is that I got a real fight from him.” I showed her the match on my Vs. Recorder.

She shook her head in dismay. “If I see anything suspicious submitted by him, I’ll deal with it. I don’t know why he’d be acting like that.”

I was doing sparring battles against Minun with Kirlia and Absol. I had to direct Kirlia to hit Absol as much as possible while Minun directed Absol to avoid the attacks.

It was a pity Absol didn't learn *any* dragon moves at all from what I knew, since it would make it easier to make this less one-sided, but we eventually decided to switch who was directing who every half hour, and there would be fifteen minute breaks.

Mawile, Plusle, and Tropius sat down next to Iris and her team, watching. I was struggling, but Plusle would help zero in what I was doing wrong with my battle direction, and occasionally I'd have an insight that would catch both Electric-type Pokemon off-guard.

I met Tate and Liza again in Nimbasa after their flight landed.

I asked, "Missed me?"

The two glanced towards each other before looking at me and nodding. "What an/absolute pain/in the ass/it was to/be back home, especially/without you/nearby."

Damn, they missed me a lot more than I expected. Not gonna lie, I missed them a lot too. It was more than a little weird how attached I'd become to the pair, but we were tight-knit travel buddies and I was closer to them than my own family (not that it was hard to do that).

They continued, "Two/badges, huh? We heard from/Iris about/your progress since/she seems to like/you as a person."

Tate said, "Honestly, even if she acts like she's still a dumb kid..."

Liza finished, "...she's pretty smart. Good in bed, too." Tate nodded a lot at that.

I was *extremely* surprised at that last bit. "You two did **what** to Iris?"

Identical smirks appeared on the unusually identical (but not genetically identical since you can't have opposite sex identical twins) duo. "We did/a lot/of/course. She started/it, you/know. We sure/weren't going to/get her mixed/up in our/misadventures/otherwise. We got to visit/shortly after she/became Champion."

I sighed. I already had a headache from their hand-off speaking pattern. Still, I missed the pair too. They were fun traveling partners and good friends, even if they were pretty fucked up.

Finding out that they had fucked Iris was really sending my mind spinning a bit. Iris did *not* seem like she was involved in anything sexual.

Also, it still felt bad that my closest friends were still so much younger than me while also being better than me at most everything. They were fucking actual astronauts, and had even been to space to prove it.

...well, they were actual fucking astronauts. Really, it made sense either way – each of them were astronauts, and each of them fucked. Maybe they hadn't screwed in space, if only because they were being way too well monitored. Tate and Liza sighed wistfully while I thought about it, so I'm pretty sure they didn't get to have sex in space.

I think they'd be the first to do so if they had, and imagine putting *that* in the history books.

I glanced over to Gallade and Gardevoir. The two were glad to see my Kirlia, but were also surprised at how much we've fought without him evolving. It'll happen when it happens, I guess.

Iris was a fun addition to the party. Tate and Liza had called her, and she dropped everything to come running after us.

I had no idea how long she'd actually stay with us for, but she made for interesting company. Her Haxorus, Aggron, and Hydreigon were out and about. Her team wasn't the most interesting to talk to, but I understood. They were very much serious battle types, although Hydreigon had a little bit of a playful streak, which made for a terribly dangerous habit when you're a Hydreigon. Allegedly, it was a real issue for Iris even before he evolved.

Iris said, "Training dragons is hard. They're prideful. They have good reason for their pride, but you still need to be able to control it. Wield it, even. Some people try to crush it, and if they succeed, they find themselves with a much weaker Pokemon than they should have had. If they don't... they're gonna get maimed at best, really. Trying to have a powerful Pokemon who simply thinks they're better than you is like keeping live ordinance in your house. It might just explode, taking you out. I've got a good rapport with my team, but it is hard."

I thought about the two Pokemon that left my team. I couldn't live up to their pride, and they left me for that. I hope they're doing well, although my own pride probably wouldn't let them back onto the team. I didn't want to hold them back, but they absolutely abandoned me at my lowest.

Time to head south to face Burgh! (TODO)

...why the fuck is this desert here?

I was incredibly glad that I lived just south of a desert and was prepared (thank you Go-Goggles!), but it really didn't make a lick of sense.

There was a half-abandoned development and a series of excavated ancient ruins. The town was just incredibly strange, an unincorporated area where the money didn't quite dry up, but continuing construction wasn't feasible due to the ancient ruins discovered.

Burgh laughed. "You almost forgot about me?"

"Yeah..."

“I am impressed hearing about your skill. I wish to see the artistry you possess in action!”

We spent some time in the city. (TODO)

The big city was... well, it was fucking huge. There wasn't any getting around it, this was the biggest city that I've ever been in.

It was time to face Roxie, and then Cheren. Yes, we had to double back.

Roxie laughed as we walked in. “Iris! Who is this loser you're hanging with? Is he strong?”

Iris replied, “Pretty strong. Not that much of loser, surprisingly enough. “

She smirked. “Yeah, yeah. You look like something *good* has been happening to you. Don't actually tell me what, for my sake. Seriously, I have a very good guess, but I absolutely want it to stay a guess. Same thing with the twins and the loser over there.”

I was starting to get annoyed, and apparently so were Tate and Liza.

They said, “Are we/just Poochyena/food?”

She replied, “Nah, but I know Iris and I don’t know any of you one bit. Let me catch up with my friend, you know?”

Floccesy town! (TODO)

We got to meet Alder again, who seemed fairly happy to see me, and extremely happy to see Iris.

“So, I see you’ve got an entourage,” he said.

Cheren. (TODO)

He smiled, looking at me. “You seem like you’re tough.” He waved to Iris. “So, is he as tough as he looks?”

She laughed. “He wishes he was, but he won’t leave you entirely wanting.”

I was glad that Cheren didn’t seem to notice anything odd.

The two old friends caught up for a bit.

Cheren said, “I was traveling with my two friends a few years ago, Bianca and Hilbert. We fought Team Plasma, we met their king, N, we became

friends with N, we got jobs. I wonder where Hilbert went, because I haven't seen him in a while. He skipped out on the PWT, even though it doesn't have a consistent schedule... I really wonder, where is he?"

Iris pondered the question. "I don't know. If anyone knew, I'd expect it to be you, honestly. I was kind of hoping to see him. What about Bianca?"

"She's running errands with her research. I never have anything resembling a consistent time for when she's around, you know?"

We were off to find Skyla! I actually expected to fly to this airport when I was getting tickets, but it was mostly cargo that flew in and out of the airport in Mistralton. It was an odd town.

Tate and Liza were mock complaining to annoy me, but Iris ended up stopping them before I did. Bopped 'em right on the head.

Iris was the only one of us who wasn't able to communicate with Pokemon somehow. She was quite famous as the Girl Who Understands the Heart of Dragons, but that mostly meant that she was very good at what she did as a Dragon Tamer, especially given her age. She had absolutely **no** idea what they were saying.

It was a bit odd to me. I had grown so used to Tate and Liza understanding my team that I simply didn't think about the fact that most people wouldn't.

I told her, “I could try and teach you. Alternatively, you could get translations from a Psychic-type, it’s not like there isn’t a safe way to do it.”

Iris thought on it. “I don’t know. One is a lot of effort, but the other has actual, physical risk.”

I held my hand up there. “It isn’t remotely that risky. You really need to overuse your Pokemon’s mental abilities, and even then, a lot of Pokemon can’t even manage to use them that much. I think a Swoobat or something would be more than fine.”

She thought about it. “I really don’t know... but I really want to know what my partners are saying.”

Skyla had a bad habit of not being at the gym due to her day job. She was a cargo pilot, after all. The Gym Trainers were there at least, so I could get that out of the way, and they’d do a lot of the other things beyond challenges that Gyms did, but I was here for a challenge. I ended up meeting her at the airport, and I only was able to do that due to having three Gym Leaders (well, two and an active Champion) accompanying me.

She waved. “Hey there. Iris, Tate, Liza, and...”

I responded, “Timothy.”

She took a long, hard look at me. I knew what she might have been thinking due to the crowd I kept, and Kirlia confirmed it for me with a nod

and a mental nudge. I winced. She thought that I was doing something sexual with the twins and Iris since she knew about what they did in bed with each other.

Tate and Liza said, “He’s not that sketchy. We’re able to/actually vouch for/him, Skyla.”

Iris nodded. “His problems have nothing to do with us.” I winced at that, and she giggled. “He’s alright.”

Skyla still didn’t like it. “I get a deeply uncomfortable feeling from him.”

I replied, “I was top 4 in Hoenn. I’ve got a lot to lose in case of any scandal, so I’ve been keeping to the straight-and-narrow, you know?”

That got her to smile. “Fair enough. I’m just giving you a hard time.” A blatant fucking lie, but one that defused the situation. “I did recognize you from that, in fact. You’ve been making a name for yourself here in Unova. You’re moving up quite quickly. You only got here what, a few weeks ago?”

I replied, “Yeah. Speaking of quick, when’s the earliest I could fight?”

She thumbed through a notepad. “Let’s see.. Not today. Two days from now, at 6pm, since I’m booked until then. I actually fly back in at 2 that day, but I have a life outside work, no matter how well this arrangement pays, and I do still have a fair bit of work at the Gym to handle before we can fight.”

Sounded fair, even if I think she was going to run a background check on me during the wait.

Mawile and Absol ignored any propriety and went at it in front of me again. It was definitely hot, but it felt like I was being tempted for some reason. I stroked my dick with Plusle's pussy as I looked at the pair. Kirlia mirrored my action with Minun, and I could feel his surprise and horniness.

...I really felt like I was a psychic addict at this point. It's a shame I couldn't get Plusle or Minun to learn enough regarding psychic power to fill the role that Kirlia had fallen into.

Iris had a *terrible* habit of walking around in a very loose robe and her underwear at night and in the mornings. She didn't care when we called her out on it. She'd get dressed properly when we were traveling or when we had company over, but combined with Tate and Liza's own ceaseless desire, I entirely understood why Skylar thought that I was leading them on just to fuck.

Also, we got to see a *lot* of Iris's panty-clad body as she flashed us on accident. It wasn't too unusual, Tate and Liza certainly showed me their underwear, if mostly by virtue of passing by me without pants. It was pretty impressive noticing how they both seemed to end up wearing each other's, at least in the evenings. In the day, they tended towards their own, likely because it was physically more comfortable to while we were walking.

I also noticed that Tate had weirdly cute underwear for a boy, although I guess if Liza also ended up wearing them, that made sense.

I was very glad Kirlia was around and able to confirm my suspicions, that Iris really was just a bit scattered and didn't pay attention. She simply was not flirting in the slightest. Still, Tate and Liza were... well, drooling all over her. They really wanted Iris to get tangled in their appalling mess once more, and it was only the fact that I was around that stopped them.

Tate and Liza weren't the voices of reason, of course, and I hadn't said anything to her. Iris simply didn't want to fool around while I was nearby.

Plusle said, {I don't get it. If it were me...}

I replied, {Iris isn't you. She's lucky for that too, I'd be plowing her like winter roads otherwise.} It really was quite bad how much I was willing to fuck the entire village of Plusle and Minun outside Mawile and outside of Driftveil, and only my dedication to my partners prevented me from doing so at this point. Was a bit bad that I'd pigeonholed (Pidgeyholed, lol) an entire race of Pokemon into being made for sex.

Could be worse though, I got absurdly hard whenever I saw a Spinda. Plusle and Minun don't want me going up by Mt. Chimney entirely because of that, not that I've had much of a reason to head that way anyway.

I had the strangest vision of myself fucking a Spinda so much that the poor creature walked straight when I was done with her. I was almost

immediately *rock fucking hard*. I needed professional help, but I was never going to actually go get it.

Minun blinked. {Have you ever seen winter?}

{No. Neither have you.}

Hoenn natives, all of us. Beautiful, sunny, hot, and certainly not snowy. Naturally, we'd end up seeing winter here in Unova.

During the time I was waiting for my Gym battle, we confronted a suspicious guy outside of one of the warehouses in town and ended up tangled with some gang business. Team Neo-Plasma was apparently trying to rob a warehouse, and we were in the wrong place at the wrong moment. We were at a standoff, even if we had the advantage.

The Neo-Plasma executive smirked, even if he was annoyed that he couldn't get away cleanly with his purloined (wait, was it Purrloined?) goods due to our interference. "Colress left a lot of fun toys in town, and then you idiots stumbled across them. I ran with Rocket way back when, and I got pretty high up in Plasma by playing my cards properly after Team Rocket collapsed. Either way, you and your ceaseless pile of desires are in the way of my bountiful harvest..."

Iris said, "Wait, Colress? What's he doing?"

He laughed maliciously. "I don't know. The man has no code beyond strength. He dedicated himself to studying all methods of increasing a

Pokemon's strength, from wretched compounds that would permanently poison the poor victim who was now ten times stronger and ripping their own body apart, to examining the benefits of loving care and an unmodified approach. He *does not give a shit* about which one is right. He would consider the merits of *both*."

Iris was silent, knowing it to be true. His stint with the revived Team Plasma was proof of that. He rarely followed their plans or goals, but he certainly took their funding and turned a blind eye to their cruel aspects at best. At worst, he was alright with how abominable his actions were, even down to the point of enjoying their twisted nature.

He had essentially decided that morality was clearly meant for someone not named Colress.

I cut in. "Who cares. You're in our way." I chuckled slightly nervously before turning gladly to Minun. {Dispose of him.}

That was maybe a bit uncalled for. Definitely melodramatic too, but I always wanted to say something like that, and I had adrenaline in me. It felt *way* too good to give that order.

Minun and Plusle sent out a truly massive bolt of lightning that might have actually cooked the man had it hit (and I had no desire to be arrested for manslaughter in a foreign country while on a Trainer's visa, but I was glad the pair took me seriously). The man barely rolled out of the way, sending three Pokemon out at once. A Nidoking, a Stantler, and a Houndoom. The man was definitely from Kanto or Johto. I suspected that he was in Team Rocket at some point.

If Iris wasn't here, this might have been a far harder challenge, even if still doable. As it stood, Iris's Haxorus and Hydreigon carried the day. I had Plusle and Minun come back as I let Absol and Tropius be my contribution to the fight.

Minun tagged along with me as I ran, while Plusle focused on directing things. The Neo-Plasma agent had his Pokemon act independently and kept disappearing from my view. Tate was directing alongside Plusle, while Liza came to my aid.

She mentally told me, (He's fast. To the left.)

As she said it, a knife flew out towards me. Minun deflected it with an electric blast, but the more literal fight was now on. I was pretty concerned about this state of affairs, since battles against the various teams and gangs across the regions only rarely found themselves escalating into human violence. Even Red in his takedown of Team Rocket apparently hadn't gotten into any fist fights.

...okay, maybe I started it, kinda. However, he was ready for it, and people generally *aren't*. Our *whole society* was built around Pokemon battling. It just wasn't typical for grunts to actually throw hands and fight themselves because of the universal nature of Pokemon battling.

Thankfully, I had trained with Brawly, even if not for very long.

Apparently the higher ups were far more willing to personally throw down, if still usually too proud or dignified to actually do it. Usually. The second

knife clearly indicated that this guy was loving the fact that he was in the fight personally, and if I ever saw him again, we would probably come to blows once more.

Despite everything, his team couldn't hope to stand against a top-League finisher, two Gym Leaders, and a Champion, even if we were all split up from focusing on the battle. He was being pushed back and was looking for an escape.

...Also, Colress appeared. I recognized him due to reading up on some of his odd ideas on training Pokemon in a magazine interview, along with his *insane* haircut.

It wasn't as impressive as Alder's, but it was significantly more deranged. How much time did he spend on it each morning? Did he have a machine that could do it?

He laughed as he glanced my way. "You are quite lucky that your actions aren't going to put an egg in those two." Those words immediately caught me off guard, and Minun immediately shocked him for them. He calmly deflected the energy, probably using some machine or invention on his person, and said, "I care not what you do with your team. I'm here due to this fellow. I was tracking him when he made his move upon you." He pointed at the Neo-Plasma agent that was running away.

By now, everyone had gathered around to see what was up. Iris yelled, "Colress! What are you even doing outside of prison?"

He casually responded, “I was tying up loose ends, although he seems to have made his escape. I’m a free man anyway, nothing stuck at my trial. I’m leaving for Alola in a month since I heard about these fascinating things called Z-Crystals, and I absolutely must research them. The bond of Trainer and Pokemon, all crystallizing into a single powerful blow... of **course** I must know more!”

His face shone with pure desire. Not in the way that mine would for Plusle or Minun, but in the same way one would expect a thief to lust over riches, or maybe an emperor gazing upon new lands for his empire.

It was like greed, but more.

Tate and Liza said, “Aren’t you a/complete lunatic who/only cares about/fighting strength/and money?” Tate swatted at Liza since she spent the whole sentence trying to trip him up mentally when it was his turn to speak.

Colress replied, his expression turning normal once more, “If you must say it like that, yes. Power is power, and money is fuel for power, and what worth is it for anyone to be weak when they could be strong? It turns out that when it comes to Pokemon, power is directly from the bond one has with their team... and as such, my team is *unstoppable*.”

His Beheeyem nodded.

He continued, “It isn’t literally unstoppable, but we’ve lost only twice in the last year, and both losses were to someone who handily defeated Iris, even if he didn’t claim the Grand Champion’s seat. I can safely state that he

is the only person that I've challenged with a stronger bond with their team."

Iris blinked as she thought of her most recent loss. "Wow, I'm... not surprised you lost to him. Nate was a *monster* to fight. He seemed so goofy, especially with his bizarre fashion sense, but once he got going, you were just *done*."

Colress turned back towards me and asked, "If you're trying to win the League here, you need to face real power. Would you like to battle me before I depart the region?"

That sounded incredibly exciting. I replied, "Yeah. Not this second, but yeah."

He said, "After your battle with Skyla, we shall do battle. Be prepared!"

I smirked. "I will. Bring it!" Plusle and Minun showed a lot of teeth in their smiles, and only Pansear looked nervous of my teammates.

I really also wished that Neo-Plasma guy didn't escape.

Skyla frowned. "You really are a sketchy fellow if he's around. That's Colress over in the stands. Why is he here? Shouldn't he be in jail?"

I replied, "Apparently no. He wanted a match before he left the region. I fight you, heal up, and then fight him. He decided to watch, and although I

have a good reason to tell him no... he'll probably still be able to watch the match."

Skyla shook her head. "Fair enough. It always seemed odd how he's such a battle lunatic. He tries to act like he's a scientist looking at things objectively and calmly, but *everything* he does is in pursuit of victory. He doesn't just want to win, he wants to ensure that his team is as powerful as they can be. He wants his opponents to be as strong as possible too, but only so that he can crush them with even stronger Pokemon. He's a maniac."

I won at the gym, and it wasn't that big a deal. Pretty glad, too.

(TODO) detail the fight

Not going to lie, Skyla was oddly unprepared for Plusle and Minun to enter the field when they did. She probably should spend more time at the Gym instead of her other job, and I was thinking about how Colress had insinuated that the Unova Gym Challenge wasn't really going to test my skills enough for me to improve that much.

I was getting much better at directing battles myself, although a lot of it came down to my training methods. My Pokemon were a bit more independent than the norm due to my deficiencies, and I made sure to cover any gaps in what they could see.

She groaned. "Come on... a Plusle and a Minun beat me?"

I replied, “Absol and Kirlia helped. Mawile too.” Mawile even led things. Still, Skyla definitely should be griping, since she definitely should have been ready for Electric-type Pokemon at this level.

In contrast to my Gym battle... Colress was a monster. Truly, his search for power really had changed himself and his team into something not of this world.

It didn’t bear repeating just how badly I lost. It was absolute in the worst way. The most annoying thing was losing Absol and Mawile while his Psychic-types were out. He seemed particularly close to his Beheeyem... who was the absolute scariest motherfucker on the team. I wished Absol could remain out.

The man laughed jovially. “You are good. Few do better. Nate was the last person I lost to. He is one of the few people who have beaten me more than once, too. Still, I can clearly see the flaws in your battle strategy, and given my research, I could understand what you, Plusle, and Minun were saying during the match.”

Wait, what? Seriously, what? He could understand me?

Iris said, “You couldn’t understand Pokemon the last time I saw you. What changed?”

He replied, “In my search for strength, the idea gripped hold of me after I learned of the former King of Team Plasma. I thus conducted extensive research on the subject. It was difficult, but intensely rewarding. It took a

long time for me to determine an overarching structure between Pokemon phonemes. Months of research, months of experimentation, months of compiling all the data together, and on top of that, it was just a side project, as I had quite a lot of other things to do. Once I was able to collate all my research into a proper theory, I needed to actually learn the skill. My Beheeyem helped a lot, and I even began to learn his flashing pattern language too. I was halfway through the process of learning all of this back then, and so I could only partly understand my own team. I knew it was possible just due to the fact that N could. Having even one confirmed example makes the scientific process so much easier to bear, for you know that you are not simply stumbling into the dark, hoping your hypothesis can become solidified into theory and law.”

Iris was satisfied at that. “Huh. So, have you seen N in a while?”

Colress shook his head. “Unfortunately, the answer is no. I would love to talk to him now that I have gained this skill. It would be quite illuminating. I suspect he would be able to fill in some of the gaps in my research notes.”

I found myself desperately wanting Colress’s notes, but I had an extreme suspicion that he didn’t write them in a way the general public could hope to understand. I also wanted to confirm that he could understand first-hand. {Absol, stand near Colress. Colress, do you understand me? Say “Pinap smoothie” in human speech if you do. I don’t know if you can respond in Pokemon speech, and I probably wouldn’t understand it anyway since I don’t have any of your Pokemon.}

Colress laughed. “Pinap smoothie. I’m not a fan of them but I get the appeal. And alas, I cannot yet speak intelligibly in any Pokemon tongue; it

is an ongoing effort and much of why I wish to find N at some point, although that venture may have to wait. You are an extremely interesting Trainer, and I hope that the bond between you and your Pokemon continues to increase your strength in battle. Your Plusle and Minun would have destroyed my team if not for their typing, but Absol and Mawile... you have unresolved conflicts with them, do you not?" He thumbed through something on a small tablet. "Numeric analysis of the battle data I have recorded suggests that something was different between them and the rest of your team, although my own instinct picked up on it mid fight."

Mawile frowned. Absol looked surprised, and I was surprised to hear that about him. We had no issues with each other at all... although maybe Colress was right. We needed to be closer than merely having no problems.

I said, "I think you're right. Thank you for the heads up."

"It is no problem. My goal is to ensure that humans and Pokemon advance each other to their fullest potential. You have done some... interesting things that I likely won't replicate, but I will not judge you for them either. In fact, given that it has deepened your bond with Plusle and Minun to bring out a level of strength that I have never considered their species to have... I should probably thank you for your *research*."

I still felt like he was in fact judging me, regardless of the fact that I did not hear the judgment in his voice. Maybe he was analyzing me. I was now also *extremely* concerned that he was going to have sex with a Pokemon in the name of making them stronger, regardless of what he said, but it wasn't my problem and I didn't feel like talking about it with some man I didn't know that well.

Iris said, “Hmm. I still don’t trust you Colress, but take care.”

Colress replied, “Thank you. That being said, I do trust myself. I only worked for Plasma due to the money and facilities. I was able to build hundreds of inventions on their payroll and perform research with no limits, financial or ethical. However, I despise Ghetsis, and I am immeasurably glad that he is in prison. I do respect his power as a Trainer, but his ultimate goal would have ensured that humankind and Pokemon-kind would never be able to reach their full potential.”

He paced around in agitation, and his face took on a dangerous expression. “The more I study the bond between ’mon’ and ’man’ has deepened my disdain for him, especially since I have reason to believe that he knew some of these things beforehand. He went from someone I was willing to disagree with into an active enemy of mine as I pursued my studies, and it is why I allowed Nate to crush Ghetsis.”

He then looked terribly smug as he said, “In short, I merely used Team Plasma and never really agreed with their goals. I may not be a good person, whatever worth that may have, but my ultimate goal is just.”

Tate and Liza said, “Your ways/often aren’t/however.” Tate continued, “And the worst bit is, you knew that when you started them.” Liza nodded.

He responded, “True. Still, I haven’t done anything bad in some time. I try to do what is considered right these days. I don’t always succeed, especially since I don’t believe such a thing truly matters, but I make the

effort. At the absolute least, I make sure those I like would approve of my actions. My team, my friends, even several of you would count.”

Minun asked, {Several? Which ones?}

He responded, “Iris. Possibly Timothy after this fight. Unsure of Tate or Liza, I simply don’t know them very well.”

Iris was the only one confused at his sudden reply, not having any way whatsoever to interpret Pokemon speech. I made a note to ensure that she could understand at least one member of her team if she was traveling with us, even if it meant finding a part-Psychic Dragon-type. Annoyingly, I couldn’t think of any offhand – wait. Damn, only Latios and Latias were that combination as far as I knew. We weren’t finding either of them any time soon, even if it would be *immensely* cool for her to partner with one.

We were off to see Drayden, as Brycen had taken leave of his position to focus on his acting career. Iris was a little bit annoyed that she wasn’t a Leader anymore, after Drayden reclaimed his position. She would have done a badge match right there.

Oh well. That was just life.

The Tubeline Bridge was really, really impressive. Honestly, we really didn’t have much that was this cool in Hoenn, while Unova was absolutely covered in cool landmarks. Sootopolis was incredible, and I thought Pacifidlog was cool.

It was kind of bad how I was completely relaxed with my cock buried in a tiny electric rodent while my mind was laid bare to a Pokemon that I had known for like half a year tops. My tongue swirled in Minun's mouth while her pussy was rammed by Kirlia. I came for the third time in Plusle and I was resigned to the idea that I would do so a fourth time despite definitely having cum far too much.

Tate and Liza were doing their thing, which meant a powerful psychic storm of desire was localized under their tent. Iris was in there too, and I could see her through the twins' eyes as she was desperately trying not to join. She had already cum twice just from being so close to it all, poor girl. I didn't blame her for wanting to avoid falling into this pit of brain-melting desire, but I did wonder why she continued to travel with us while knowing that we were like this.

Also, as an experienced traveler, she could have set up her own tent. Catching up with Tate and Liza was one thing, trying to be next to them while they decided to fuck just seemed like a mistake that would risk one's mind, body, and soul.

Liza looked at the dark-skinned girl as she came, and I saw what Liza saw in that moment. I came for the fourth time, and the last thing I remembered of that night before I passed out was Plusle was raggedly moaning from my ever more frenzied thrusts.

Few of our nights were ever quite that intense. I ached as I got up. Plusle and Minun ached. Tate and Liza were holding each other up as they went through their stretches. Their Gallade and Gardevoir helped too. I saw Iris blushing heavily, probably because she came all over her panties from having watched and was thus going commando.

I suspected that Tate and Liza were also commando or on their last pairs, because there was *no* reason for her to not just wear one of their underpants.

I saw Iris sitting down and said, “It’s pretty intense sometimes with us. I’ve needed to try and save Tate and Liza from melting their brains together into a puddle of love. Maybe not literally, but when you stop hearing the moaning because their mouths have formed a perfect vacuum seal and their bodies end up clinging together with as few gaps as physically possible, they’re approaching an event horizon that they don’t seem to be able to get out of without assistance. Sometimes, one of our Pokemon will be that assistance.”

Liza’s Gallade nodded at that.

Iris winced. “That’s insane. Either they’ve gotten worse, or they held back around me before, and I’ve actually had sex with them.”

I forgot about that. “Probably the latter. They don’t hold anything back around me, probably because I’m such a non-threat to them.”

At least Gardevoir and Gallade helped keep them on the straight and narrow sometimes, and were more helpful than their other teammates. I

remember one memorable event where I had to go in with my whole team to separate the pair. Solrock and Lunatone were no help, of course. They tried to do the “I’m a fucking rock, what do you expect” bit that usually gets them out of trouble, but they’re also powerful psychic rocks that are pretty close to properly sapient, so... yeah. They really needed to go fucking help their Trainers.

...I guess they couldn’t reasonably grab the pair with their powers due to the psychic storm that was circulating around and the two of them were limbless, but that felt like a cop-out.

...I was finding it terribly difficult to think lately. I’m a dumb moron who knew all the dangers, signs, and symptoms of psychic addiction, and I ignored all of them in favor of the kind of psychically enhanced sex that would probably literally make your brain melt out of your head.. I can’t blame Kirlia for this, because it was very definitely all my fault.

Yeah, you could attempt to reduce your usage of telepathic communication to keep things from getting worse... or you could go all in and just accept that you’re now physiologically dependent upon a Psychic-type Pokemon and get more to ensure that you aren’t in a position where you can’t think because your brain isn’t hooked into another.

I was still hoping I could avoid doing the latter, but...

(TODO) dunno, do I need this? Is this a plot that I’m following?

Iris caved in and had sex. However, it was **incredibly** strange just how she caved in.

Kirlia plowed her, and I had a first person view of it as a result. Tate and Liza were all over the pair too. My mind and body felt like they were in orbit. The entire situation seemed like an attempt to fry my already addled brain. Was I cheating on Plusle and Minun? I don't think I was, considering I was literally fucking Plusle in that moment. I absolutely wasn't feeling what Kirlia was intentionally, but my Psychic-type was having a wonderful time, and his mind had the unfortunate tendency to seek out others.

I also had secondhand-firsthand experience about how Iris's body felt, and it was as good as I possibly expected.

Kirlia was having *too* wonderful of a time. My mind felt his mind expanding and I saw Iris's shocked face as she was suddenly being fucked by a Gardevoir. Also, apparently he was kind of short, not much taller than Iris herself. Alas. Maybe he'd grow a bit.

This was probably going to be a bit confusing considering I was traveling with Tate and Liza who had a Gardevoir, but I didn't even do nicknames with Plusle and Minun. I guess I had to learn Gardevoir speak, and learn his true name again... shit, I needed to spend some time with Pansear too.

...yes, I could keep using his telepathic abilities, but I liked having the option to not have to.

We all sat on the towels outside of our tents.

Plusle laughed. {You evolved while fucking?}

Gardevoir nodded. He telepathically broadcast, (I'm definitely a bit concerned about how that was what put me over the edge, but I wasn't about to fight it.)

Iris frowned, annoyed that she had a vague idea that she should understand some of what she was hearing from Plusle. It was very slow going, but her Haxorus was able to say a few specific phrases that she could immediately understand, and she was beginning to make progress on free-form speech. I wasn't as helpful as I'd have liked since it was desperation that gave me my ability to talk with my two favorite Pokemon, but I did know a handful of things that could be taught easily enough.

Drayden sighed as he saw Iris and glared *really hard* at me.

I was quite nervous, particularly since I knew what *every single contour of her pussy felt like*, regardless of the fact that I had *never* been in sexual contact with her and probably never would.

Probably. I didn't know what the future held, it wasn't like anyone in our group had more than a few seconds of precognition.

...actually, Tate and Liza *did* have a Xatu. He had a few days of precognition, but we always got terribly jumbled images when we tried to see the future.

I still hadn't screwed Tate or Liza either, and I felt pretty damn proud of that despite it being something that should have been utterly unremarkable. It probably didn't matter that I had never put my dick in them, since I still knew exactly what it felt like from both sides due to their psychic insanity, and Arceus in the Hall of Origin... it felt good. Way too good. They were having sex as good as anything I was doing with Plusle and Minun.

Iris acted like everything was normal, but Drayden clearly saw through it. "Iris, although you have the level of authority and autonomy that I do as a result of your esteemed position... please remember that I do worry for you a lot. Why are you surrounded by people like this? Did I go wrong somewhere? Do I need to dig their graves?"

...that sounded **really** harsh. I turned to Minun and commented. {People like what, exactly? He sees that we're here, right?}

Iris replied to Drayden, "No and *no*. He's interesting. Besides, he didn't do anything to me if that's what you're concerned about."

This was technically true. It didn't stop me from knowing exactly how her pussy felt, or knowing where her weak-points were, or knowing where all the birthmarks were on her body, or knowing how her pussy tasted and smelled with the sort of familiarity that was reserved for how your own skin felt. There were very few things that I did not know about her sexually at this point, and I could probably make her cum without touching any of the usual erogenous zones.

It also didn't stop me from being the one whose Pokemon came balls deep inside of her. If I had to say that I didn't screw her... I'd probably fail any mental examination of the truth because I might as well have.

Admittedly, I would also know exactly how she felt during the whole affair. Gardevoir really seemed to be trying to fry his own brain and drag everyone else under.

That being said, Tate and Gardevoir were the ones who who stuck their cocks into her, because I hadn't. This would not hold up in a court of law, but if we ever managed to get to that point, we were probably going to have to flee the country. Maybe we could go to Orre or something, somewhere lawless enough that we wouldn't be chased by the League Government.

I tried to center myself in Gardevoir's head (which didn't help my ever worsening brain problems, but it was useful), and I was incredibly glad to feel Plusle and Minun mentally as well as physically. Absol remained the psychic black hole that he was, which arguably helped me quite a lot, focusing on that really seemed to help prevent the psychic addiction from worsening so quickly, and Mawile's presence was comforting. Tropius was in his ball, while Pansear stood by me and I could feel her collected thoughts through Gardevoir if I focused away from Absol.

Drayden shook his head. "As long as you are fine, I will abide your decisions." He turned to me. "So, I'll be your next challenge, eh? Prepare yourself."

His voice was like stone, and I swallowed hard. Scary.

(TODO) expand on this

The battle was brutal and I loved it. Still... I wasn't ready.

I was proud of how my team scraped by. I am not prepared for dragons, which is kind of dumb given that I travel with Iris. The problem was that we barely fought. Seriously. I don't think I've ever challenged Iris's full team.

There wasn't much to say about the battle, except maybe that I lost Mawile early on like an idiot. Absol actually was my ace in the hole. Bite, Double Team, and Ice Beam were the name of the game.

Maybe I should have bought Blizzard. I probably could try to teach it to him without a TM, but I didn't need to be cheap... and fuck. I really didn't need to be cheap, I could have bought it. I wondered where I could get a nice Blizzard TM here in Unova, even if it was the expensive ones.

I did have to pull him back to get a breather a few times. Plusle was not happy. Minun was not happy. Mawile woke up and was *pissed* that she got KO-ed, and I didn't blame her for feeling that way. She *actually* should have had this, but I couldn't shift the blame to her.

I fucked up.

His Altaria was the best chance for Minun to do anything. I left her alone beyond tracking where Altaria was, although it trying to use Sing was a problem.

Drayden wanted to smile, but he still wasn't that keen on me, and I can't blame him too much.

I continued screwing Minun after everyone else was asleep. Surprisingly, my psychic addiction hadn't become quite as bad as I thought it had, although I could still feel the ever-increasing fog of it. Maybe I could train some kind of resilience, but I didn't know what I was doing.

Snuggled next to my two closest partners, I explained my woes.

Minun told me, {Even though I really like Kirlia-er, Gardevoir... you're still more important. Take care of yourself, and make sure this doesn't turn into anything bad.}

Plusle nodded. {I know, I know! Ask Tate or Liza!}

I replied, {Honestly, they don't know much. Psychic humans literally don't have this problem. Most regular Trainers keep a much wider mental distance from their team and get to where I am after a very long career, and those who keep a lot of Psychic-types just live with the fact since they generally have have six on hand and it won't be an issue then... but even they keep a much wider mental distance than I have with Gardevoir. Worse yet, he has always had the problem of being too susceptible to being in the minds of others, which was why he was even an outcast in his home.}

Plusle thought long and hard. Pokemon generally weren't as smart as humans, but she was someone who had spent a lot of time talking to me

and in mental contact with Gardevoir. Her mind was definitely better than most, and I wouldn't be surprised if she was one of the smartest of her kind in the whole world. Eventually, she said, {Could you somehow become psychic?}

There were ways, allegedly. None were easy. All were dangerous, mostly because they pretty much ensured that you would be terminally addicted if they were left incomplete. Worse, I didn't know more than that, since the idea never really was more than an idle thought. I would need to see if Tate or Liza knew anything. Gardevoir had ended up as deeply tangled in my web of desire as Plusle and Minun, and I was loathe to lose that mental link.

I might not have been in love with him, but we were closer than brothers at this point, and even outside of being able to have more sex per sex, I didn't want to gain distance from him if I didn't have to.

I talked with Gardevoir, Tate, and Liza.

Tate said, "We don't recommend it, but..."

Liza finished, "...broadcast stimulation should work. Still, I had a friend who was hospitalized after a failed attempt."

Tate said, "Lev was a maniac and wasn't doing it supervised-"

Liza cut him off, which surprised him. "-and Timothy? He's definitely a maniac and... well, maybe he'll be supervised, but..."

My Gardevoir was silent.

I decided to hold off on any attempt. I had quite a while to think about it.

Humilau! I'd never heard of this place. Apparently League challengers had no reason to visit until the new Gym opened a few years ago. I felt the sort of island vibe that I adored despite it being attached pretty closely to the mainland.

After this was Undella, and I was excited to go through the underwater walkway that Iris told me about. We actually passed Undella first, heading through the cave.

(TODO) describe the cave and the city

Marlon was a cool guy. Mildly leery of me traveling with Iris, Tate, and Liza, but their qualifications easily overrode any concerns he had.

He didn't suspect anything in particular, he just thought it was a bit odd, and when they all vouched for me, all his worries just vanished.

“Hey, you're from Hoenn, right? Do you know Brawly? I got to surf with him a few years ago. He actually was the reason why I applied to be a Gym Leader. Fun times, fun times. He was really impressed at how I was able to keep up with him just swimming.”

“Brawly is cool. I got to spend some time hanging out with him on Dewford.”

...it bothered me how easy that fight was. I know that Minun and Plusle were amazing, but... wow. It wasn't a pure steamroll, since he naturally could deal with his weaknesses, but my two lovers were fantastic once they came out onto the field.

He just wasn't nearly prepared enough for electric types.

(TODO: expand)

Onward to Undella! Summer was ending soon, and a lot of the town had emptied out. I'd heard that there were a few people hanging around still and would be up for a battle.

Iris turned to me seriously. “While most of the residents here are more than willing to have a friendly battle if you come inside, there's one villa you should avoid if you can help it. If Cynthia is in there and sees just how well you're doing, you will fight. Period. She will chase you if you try to run.”

I replied, “Tropius will easily handle her Garchomp-”

Tate laughed. “Doesn't her Garchomp have Fire Blast?”

Change of plans. “Absol then. He's strong enough.”

Absol nodded.

Minun said, {You're pretty confident.}

I replied, {I am. You, Plusle, Tropius, Absol, Mawile, and Gardevoir. Pansear isn't ready.}

Iris shook her head. "I'm glad you're this brave. Stupid, but brave."

I smiled. Cynthia and Caitlin were in the villa. The former Sinnoh Grand Champion and one of the Unova Elite Four respectively.

Cynthia smiled back to me. "I've heard you've been making a name for yourself. Are you ready? I haven't been able to really go all out in months. Caitlin doesn't feel like battling me, and neither do the others she invites. They keep running, and usually I take out their first Pokemon so quickly that I just end the battle right there."

Caitlin breezily replied, "You're supposed to relax. It's a vacation. I like battling, but my team and I just want to take it easy instead of dealing with your full force team. Besides, you keep racking up property damage bills, and I know that you'd have enough cash for your own villa if you didn't keep wrecking mine."

I wasn't about to refuse a chance to battle Cynthia.

...I lost again. Colress was bad, but Cynthia is a monster. The fight didn't even bear repeating. I wasn't outright curb-stomped without any fight, but I never had the upper hand. I don't even want to think about just how badly it went down.

Cynthia said, "This was my actual Grand Champion team, and you had me on the ropes."

I was a bit angry that she even said that. "I didn't and you know it." The entire duration of the match, I was always stuck on the defensive.

She shook her head. "You were a little too defensive, but the only reason I didn't lose anyone was because I was making sure that I had the upper hand with my switches. I treated it like a full on Champion battle, and if things went on any longer, I couldn't survive a battle of attrition. Keep up the work, because you are on a world-class track."

Maybe she was right. One massive problem was just how long Garchomp stayed in the fight, keeping me from bringing in Minun. Sure, a Minun really shouldn't be strong enough to go against the things Cynthia was sending out, but Colress's theory seemed to prove quite sound. Strength was good, but the bond between human and Pokemon was an absurd force multiplier.

Our love could move mountains.

Cynthia pulled me aside. "So. I know just why Plusle and Minun are so strong, but... stay careful. Information like this has a bad habit of spreading at the worst time. I had my own problems with Dawn. Ah, I miss her. I'll

see her when the PWT starts, at least. She is the current Sinnoh Grand Champion, after all, and I'm here to wait it out while the press stops their rumor-mongering."

...I'm amazed she even implied what I think she did, let alone how she all but said it outright. There were quite a few rumors about the Sinnoh Champion being a bit too close to a young challenger, but I didn't think they'd be true. Maybe she was joking, although considering the fact that she clearly knew that I was intimate with Plusle and Minun, I didn't really believe it. It was very likely that she was completely serious.

She must have seen the look on my face, as she said, "The most skilled rank of Trainers are all crazy in some way. Unreasonable desires, strange habits, an insistence on taking risk even when there's no real gain, it's quite fascinating. Were I not so interested in history and mythology, I likely would have researched Trainer psychology. Any psychic probing at a major tournament, anything where the average skill level is really up there, will have a very significant fraction of the Trainer population be sexually active with their team."

I swore under my breath. {Fuck.}

She laughed. "I can't speak or understand any Pokemon tongue, but I've been around them to know what that particular kind of sound means. Garchomp does it every time he misses an attack."

...was I really going to fuck Plusle and Minun in Caitlin's villa?

The sound of Tate, Liza, and Iris ended up swaying my hand. Kirlia was over there too. I was trying to break from psychic addiction, but I'd still get a glimpse of whoever Kirlia was screwing.

{You two are too good for me,} I cried out softly. Sticky semen dripped out of both of their bodies. I had both an irrational fear and an irrational hope of getting them pregnant.

...and I just remembered that Pokemon laid eggs. Still, I kind of felt like if I kept this up long enough, I'd manage to fertilize an egg and I would have a kid.

...a kid that I would absolutely need to make sure was not exposed to the shit we were doing. The only reason why Tate, Liza, and Iris knew any of what I did was because they were already deeply involved in the world of carnal knowledge.

Well, Tate and Liza were deeply involved. Iris kind of just fell into it, even if before she was traveling with me.

Ultimately, nothing happened to me. My room wasn't very loud, and we hadn't really begun to do anything that was too messy or extreme. Somehow, Tate, Liza, and Iris managed to not get chewed out over the racket... or maybe I was just hearing things? That being said, even if it was only a psychic sound, Caitlin would have definitely heard it. She was a Psychic-type Trainer.

...also, I'm entirely convinced her sleepy persona is the direct result of psychic addiction. I'm pretty sure she's not actually psychic herself.

It really was just odd thinking about what Cynthia had said. All truly strong trainers were eccentric at a minimum. Something had broken in them, even if not through trauma or anything. They just weren't normal people with normal hopes, dreams, or desires, and it made sense. Regardless of how much fun adventuring was, it was difficult, expensive, dangerous, and had a fairly low ROI. A lot of people went home just because they weren't making enough money to do more than cover their expenses, and often not even that.

I knew all of that first hand, especially since I was a total loser a year ago, bleeding money and watching my team leave me behind. You absolutely had to be some level of nuts to be a good Trainer. Tate, Liza, and Iris lived difficult lives of intense training to get where they were, and all three of them... okay, maybe they're a bad example. Still, everyone strong I've met has been driven in a way that has clearly shattered their normalcy somehow. Some are more severe than others, but it's something.

Even someone as normal as Norman had problems. The fact that his family didn't live in the same town as his Gym certainly spoke volumes.

I had exposed my soul (and my cock) to Plusle and Minun and was handsomely rewarded for it, but I still occasionally think about how bad it would have been if I were rejected there. It didn't happen, and I now know that it couldn't have happened, but the idea still haunts me.

I'd have probably actually ended everything. I'd have been a total loser who had driven everyone he was close to away, and I'd have just fucking ended my goddamn life.

Caitlin had told us a few things about when she was younger.

She noticed how she had a bond with Psychic-types from a young age, she noticed that she could use their power as if it were her own, and that she was the head of the Battle Castle in the Sinnoh Battle Frontier.

“My temper was... something. It's actually the real reason why I'm so sleepy these days. I abandoned my anger, and now I might be a little bit too calm.”

(TODO) finish

Gardevoir was teaching Iris. Well, my Gardevoir, Tate's Gardevoir, and Liza's Gallade were all helping her study the Pokemon tongue as a general concept. I e-mailed Colress and he came through with his notes. They were just as illegible as I expected, and Iris wanted to scream when she saw them, but Liza was able to muddle through and re-write it for us to actually use.

It helped me a lot, really gave structure to many sounds that were just not making sense. I was able to understand a lot of things without needing a teammate whose tongue I'd learned to decipher to repeat for me.

Colress scared me, honestly. Someone that intelligent and that skilled really had no business being quite so amoral. I could **easily** see him show up with a full team of Shadow Pokemon.

...hell, if you basically had to violate the higher thoughts out of your Pokemon with your cock to make them like Shadow Pokemon but even stronger and perfectly loyal, he would do it. He'd adore it.

We, the people of this planet, are *incredibly* lucky that doing the right thing and forming deep, non-manipulative bonds with your team in fact the correct way to raise the strongest Pokemon. Trust, respect, and hard work were the keys to power.

Still, I sent him our modifications for layman use, and he seemed happy about it. He wanted to release a book, although he wanted to relax first now that he was in Alola before getting right back to work, and I couldn't blame him.

...I was very tempted to chose Alola next on my journey, but Kalos seemed the most promising, especially since I was pretty sure the island trial was only open to underage Trainers. I could be wrong, but I also really did want a more traditional Pokemon League format.

Minun was dizzy and slightly bulging due to the semen I poured into her. Plusle was wobbly and similarly semi-inflated for the same reason. I had a headache after cumming quite that hard... but also, I had Liza's thoughts pouring into my head and the full sensation of her cumming threatened to wipe my brain. Once more, I knew what every inch of Tate's dick felt like

in her pussy with perfect clarity, just as well as I knew what Liza and Iris's pussies and bodies felt like despite having never laid a finger on them sexually.

We took a break. I was making *extremely* good time for my League run here in Unova, so we could afford to waste quite a lot of time.

It was a little bit unsettling, really. There were clearly heights I hadn't yet reached – Cynthia and Colress were a testament to that, but at the same time, I was more than enough for most challenges below what seemed to be the actual highest level of competition. The only fights I had that felt like an even match these days were Tate, Liza, and Iris.

It all made me think about the race-car drivers I saw on TV back when I was a kid. One of them was consistently back of the pack and he seemed like he was a joke, unable to keep up. To keep his sponsors and his seat on the team, he'd do all manner of promotional races outside of the top racing league, and he'd absolutely win like it was nothing. He outclassed everyone else he raced against easily.

That was when I understood that he was one of the twenty best drivers in the entire world and no one but the best could beat him... but he was the worst of the best.

I still didn't really count myself as among the best, but I *was* taking on world-class challenges at this point. If I was in fact world-class, was on the lowest rung in that category.

Minun said, {Don't think like that. It's only been a year. You've improved so much.}

Plusle nodded, and I gave both of them a quick kiss.

Iris was getting it. She was gladly speaking in Hydreigon now, even if an octave high and only in mono (because remember, they have three heads). {Check it out! This is easy now!}

Her Hydreigon replied, {Excellent. So, when do we fight? This emphasis on talking bores us. We have spent far too long merely speaking.}

I had ended up learning how to understand them just by virtue of how long I've been helping her at this point, although I had to focus. Colress's notes remained an incredible boon in our quest, and I could almost pick up understanding any Pokemon as a result of his research. I also managed to get Iris to understand Plusle and Minun.

Mawile seemed a bit miffed since she felt left out.

I had to tell her, {She's not your Trainer. Relax. If she sticks around long enough, she'll understand you too.}

She relented. {I know. It's just... I have ideas too. I want to help, dammit! It's been hard for me to be aloof or what-have-you. Even though I'm glad I've joined you, I also feel like I've been a bit sidelined. Sure, I'm a main battler, I met my first true love while on your team, and you can even talk to me... but that fight with Colress hurt my soul. I could feel it, we lost

because of me, and then he said it outright!} She was crying by the end, and I hadn't ever seen her lose her confident smirk ever before.

...I was not prepared for this, certainly not in this moment. I didn't know this even was a problem that she felt, and that absolutely made me feel like I was a bad trainer.

Eventually, I collected my thoughts and said, {You're on my team, but I didn't try enough to help you when you needed it. It's my job to make sure that you're prepared, that you're happy, that you're living your best life. I wasn't in a good spot when I caught you. I was a terrible Trainer and you knew it; you followed me despite knowing I was deeply unskilled. Even now, I get help on the sidelines, but back then, I was *outright bad at my job*. Eventually, I got better, but I still couldn't and didn't help you like I should have been able to. Worse yet, I know you feel like it was your fault because our success has depended on you for so long. Nearly all of my victories are actually yours, Mawile.}

It really did re-contextualize her previous smugness and disdain as a shield to mask her insecurity and worry, and now I felt like a complete asshole remembering how I used to think about her. She rarely ended up in our psychic mesh, so neither I nor my Gardevoir really knew what was going on in her head.

I can't say I don't still blame her a little, but my actions were my own regardless of how she may have acted to me, and I definitely did fuck up.

I was the trainer, so she was absolutely my responsibility, and even though things ended up better than they might have, it was the result of luck, rather than skill or intention.

Iris wondered a lot about how odd her life had become. She never had lived a particularly normal one, but Tate, Liza, and I were absolutely doing a number on her ideal of an ordinary life. This was mostly the twins' fault, but the fact remained that she'd also lay with my Gardevoir, leading to my particularly intimate knowledge of her body despite having never touched her in that way.

She didn't dislike the fact that I had experienced what it was like to have sex with her, but she counted it as yet another point against the normalcy of her life.

She also knew exactly what it felt like for me to stick my dick into Plusle and Minun, and for them to be fucked by me.

"...I don't think I should have done it with a Pokemon, but..."

Tate and Liza said, "We aren't/the sort to/do it with/any of our/Pokemon, but/I think that it's/totally okay to/do it with/Timothy's Gardevoir."

I said, "For what it's worth, I really never intended for you to get mixed up so deeply into this, Iris. I never intended for you to get involved in this in the first place."

She shook her head. “I reached out for Kirlia, and he answered. Not just that, he finally evolved because of it.”

Eight badges! (TODO)

League time! There were differences in the format, but they didn’t matter. This format had 16 pools of 16 trainers, single elimination, and seeded by rank so that the resulting top-16 bracket would have 16 Trainers of approximately equal skill when all was done.

I easily passed through my bracket. This was it!

I was now top-8.

I was sweating. It was a brutal match, seriously.

Top 4, once more.

I was a vastly better Trainer than I was. I had opened myself up to meeting people,

We made it to the finals.

We were nervous. Hitting top-2 was more than enough to get me into the PWT, but I wanted more. First place was my ultimate goal.

The Elite Four. Unlike in Hoenn, you got to pick the order yourself.

I decided. Marshall, Shauntal, Grimsley, Caitlin.

Marshall was tough. Throh, Sawk, Mienshao, Lucario, and Conkeldurr. I couldn't recklessly use Gardevoir. Mawile was an okay match.

Shauntal was ghost, and I didn't know much about dealing with Ghosts.

"Our story is one of intrigue and mystery, is it not? You have a tale of passion and splendor... that may come to an end, no?"

I was very nervous that she knew what I was doing with Plusle and Minun, but no, it seemed as if she was merely being dramatic.

I hammed it up. "If it comes to an end, then let it end. If not, then let it not. May battle decide our fate!"

She smiled. "Your delivery is a bit much, but I'm quite glad you played along. The time for play is over; let us write the tale of your legend together!" She continued, "...that feels a little cliched, but I think I might use that line in my next book. I hope this battle gives me the inspiration I'm looking for."

..

“She stood her ground as she witnessed the strength of the one who has bound himself so closely to his partner Pokemon that he even speaks their language! Burning fire in his heart as one takes the field, his other dearest teammate stands by his side and-”

{Plusle! We’re taking way too long on this Drifblim...}

She replied, {This *is* the Elite Four! Also, I have **no** desire to get tagged by Destiny Bond.}

Minun called out, {Drifblim isn’t using it!}

Absol said, {That’s changing, do *not* hit it, Plusle!}

Shauntal looked at me and said, “I probably should have told you off for having an Absol on the sidelines, but I think that rule wasn’t ever actually adopted. If I were starting the battle this second though, I would have enacted it for this battle.”

Grimsley was a cool guy. He also **immediately** recognized me for what I was, and was ready to say something.

I said, “Don’t say a word.”

He smirked. “If there were a problem, I wouldn’t be standing here. I can turn down challengers, even if there would be a *massive* review and a towering skyscraper of paperwork for me to deal with... but still,” he flipped a coin, “I believe we’re here to battle.”

He had a Liepard, a Krookodile, a Scrafty, an Absol of his own

I saw his Absol cowering in fear and I realized she was probably the reason why he knew. Also, apparently *all* of his team was female. I was tempted to imply something, but I knew the story about throwing stones in glass houses, and in this case, the house I resided in was made of the thinnest glass you could find. A mere breath sent my way would shatter it, let alone sticks and stones.

(TODO) the actual battle

“A loss is a loss is a loss. I’m quite impressed.”

I waved. “Hi, Caitlin!”

She got up from her bed. “Ah, Timothy! You made it.”

I asked, “...did you sleep through the finals?”

She smiled. “No, I knew you made it to the Elite Four, I just thought you might have lost already. I slept through those matches.”

She was cuddled up to her Musharna as she got up. She was so surrounded by Psychic-type Pokemon that even if she had a psychic addiction, she wouldn't ever have to suffer from the drawbacks. Her mind was a channel for power to flow into, and she could wield it as easily as if it were her own.

Maybe it wasn't even an addiction. Maybe this was her power.

She had mentioned that she was already so deeply in tune with Psychic-type Pokemon that when she was angry around them in her youth, she would cause their powers to go wild, so maybe she did in fact have some true power.

It really did seem like the textbook set of symptoms for psychic addiction, but alas.

Alongside her Musharna was the rest of her team: Siglyph, Reuniclus, Gothitelle (I waved, and she waved back), and Metagross.

(TODO)

The battle was brutal.

Absol was not first, because I needed to scope out how she was fighting.

Iris. I might have made my fight harder by traveling with her for so long, but dammit, she's a good friend at this point.

Her champion team was brutal. There were the Pokemon that I knew, Hydreigon, Druiddigon, Archeops, Haxorus, and then there were two that I didn't: Aggron and Lapras.

She was beaming at me. Tate and Liza cheered from the stands.

“This is the end of the line, Timothy! You and me!”

(TODO) the rest of the fight

Minun was all that remained against Hydreigon. Plusle wasn't knocked out, but she would be if she went out again, period. She was *exhausted*.

The battle raged wildly as the two remaining Pokemon launched everything they had. Iris and I were silent for most of it, only calling out imminent danger.

It was odd. We weren't the strongest. Cynthia and Colress had made that painfully obvious. But... I was now neck and neck with a full on Grand Champion, and on the absolute verge of winning.

In fact... I probably shouldn't have been such a risky fool, but Plusle still counted as being in battle, regardless of whether she could take another hit. As long as she could respond to orders, she was considered in play.

“Minun! This is the last hit, give it *absolutely everything*! We have it!”

Iris knew what absolutely everything was, and she was not happy about it. “Hydreigon, there isn’t any dodging. Resistance isn’t that big a deal either, you’re about to be hit. Hit back!”

There was a titanic clash, one that had no business involving a Minun in it. The bonds each of us shared with our Pokemon had given them incredible power, and all of it was brought into one singular point.

When the dust settled... I was the Unova Champion.

Our victory celebration could be described as obscene *without limit*.

I didn’t get Minun pregnant, but it sure looked like it. I couldn’t stop cumming in her. Plusle was starting to get worried actually, that fifth cumshot actually had KO-ed Minun, and she’d have probably been knocked out even earlier if not for her Citrus Berry.

I was absolutely over the moon with how things went, so I just fucked as much as I could.

Iris sulked a little bit, but she didn’t feel like sitting around being disappointed while everyone else was partying, and she turned Gardevoir into a hug pillow with a dick.

She also made absolutely sure that he wasn’t in my head showing me what was happening, even if only for that night. I didn’t blame her one bit, she absolutely had her pride to uphold.

It would not be right for me to fuck my defeated opponent, even secondhand, and even if I was trusted enough to have been in a position to screw her secondhand.

Finally, I was able to meet N. The enigmatic King of the original Team Plasma, someone used as a puppet.

Iris, Tate, and Liza brought the green-haired young man over to a table in the Pokemon Center.

“As you may already know, I am known as N. I fought for the liberation of Pokemon from Trainers, and even if I no longer wish to separate humans and Pokemon from each other, I see a lot of things in this world that I still hope to solve somehow. I want to see Pokemon and humans in harmony. I can hear the voices of Pokemon, which seems to be the reason you have requested me.”

I decided to show off. {Yeah,} I said in Minun-speak. {See, I’ve been making the effort to get close with my Pokemon and to try and truly understand them. I’ve helped my friends understand their Pokemon. I met Colress, who had figured it out too. I want to be able to spread this, for people across the world to unite with their Pokemon as partners.}

He smiled. His face looked incredibly peaceful, and it felt like the sun was rising to a new day just looking at him. “I see. Colress... I am glad that he has chosen to accept the bonds of people and Pokemon so gladly. He is dangerous, but not evil. He seeks power endlessly, but never to conquer. Even when he took up the mantle to rule Team Plasma, he was not

interested in their plans. He simply wishes to bring out the best, *no matter what it takes*. Nothing could be too kind nor too cruel to be off the table, but true kindness pours from his heart towards his team.” His smile faded. “It scares me. He could sacrifice them to madness and pain with but a single piece of evidence that it would lead to even greater strength, even while his heart shines so brightly.”

I nodded. {He has found the right path, but... if he ever stepped off of it, could any of us stop him? He is someone who truly does not believe in good or evil, but only power, and then only power for its own sake.}

“I do not know. I wish to speak of lighter things. I find it fascinating that you have such a command of Pokemon speech.”

Minun said, {We taught him because we love him, and he learned because he loved us. His journey has been one of struggle for a long time, but we were able to help him when he needed it the most.}

I nodded. I switched to Plusle-speak, knowing that I did not often use it despite Plusle being an equal partner alongside Minun. {It was difficult. I was at the lowest point in my life. I know you wanted a happier story, so I will not go into more detail than that, and my life now is in fact the happy ending to that story. Thanks to them, I went from being a Trainer who lost half his team as they sought out greener pastures to a world-class competitor who wants to spread the ability to communicate with Pokemon to the whole world.}

“...if humans and Pokemon could understand each other as easily as I understand both, I would have never fought for the sake of Team Plasma. I

know I was manipulated, but there were so many people who agreed with the fact that the relationship between humans and Pokemon was not right.”

There was just the Pokemon World Tournament left. Two months from now, here in Unova. Tate and Liza had to return to Hoenn to settle a few things in that time, and while Iris lived in Unova, she was still usually busy handling League business and a lot had piled up while she was with me.

I was incredibly glad I didn’t take her job. Admittedly, she was glad I didn’t take her job either, but she also wanted to keep traveling with me.

Iris said, “Still... most of my work can be done remotely. It’s why I was even able to travel around with you. If we end up in Sinnoh though, we’re going to be on the opposite side of the planet and I’m going to have to wake up at random to take phone calls...” She made a particularly anguished noise, and I really felt for her. “We’ll see. I’m pretty sure the Elite Four can take up some of the slack, and I’d even take a pay cut. A lot of the position is ceremonial. I will need to fly back before the Unova League starts, but I think I can actually manage.” She sighed. “I have a **lot** of phone calls to make and favors to ask... at least Alder will back me up.”

The ultimate Pokemon battling tournament was about to begin, and I was going to be a part of it. Even if I didn’t know if I even had a chance to win, I was ready to fight with all I had. Two months to train, then the 64 best Trainers in the whole world would meet, and *I was one of them*.

Next up, Kalos, assuming I can actually convince Iris. If not, Sinnoh.

This is the end of **Volumes 1 and 2** of **Addition and Subtraction/version.2.**

I hope to continue their adventures in **Volume 3**, maybe.

Thank you for reading!

Seriously, thank you if you actually read this far.

I absolutely do hope someone reads and enjoys this story, even if they aren't actually into any of the ero content present.

Authors notes:

Hello, reader/myself!

I wish I could do the battles more justice, but it's not something I'm really good at writing. I wish I could do the sex scenes more justice, but again, I'm not really good at writing them. I'm not really good at writing, am I?

Bah, fuck it. "Do your worst" is my motto here, and it's what I'm fucking doing. I like the overall story, even if I know it has serious flaws. I really like the characters a lot. Timothy and Iris and Tate and Liza and their Pokemon are fun.

There are a lot of characters to juggle. Tate and Liza and Iris all have their own Pokemon teams alongside Timothy, some of which can even communicate. Many of them rarely show up.

Some characters showed up **much** later than I'd like. Iris is a nice counterbalance to Tate and Liza, and even a counterbalance to Timothy himself. Timothy's Kirlia shows up far later in Hoenn than he probably should have.

Similarly, there are a few fairly major bits of character development that come maybe a bit too late. I haven't moved them entirely because I'm not sure how I should go about moving them back.

I really need to add more of the training and downtime sections between the battles and sex. Volume 1 is a bit better about that, but I really need to

convey that Timothy and his team are improving without just showing slow improvements “off screen” between battles.

There are times where I forgot he has a Pansear. He needs to interact more with the Unova Pokemon and I need more time where he’s traveling on the routes. He needs at least one other Unova Pokemon. (TODO)

I really hope you had fun reading this. I have probably put too much effort into this absolutely fucking bonkers-ass tale of a guy who fucks his Pokemon, meets up with a pair of twins that fuck each other, they leave the country and meet a friend of those twins and it turns out that she had fucked them too, and everyone is in a fucking mess of fuck and due to various psychic nonsense, everyone is **really** familiar with the feeling of everyone else’s body despite say, Timothy never laying with Iris or Liza.

...I think Timothy knows what it’s like from Absol’s POV with Mawile too by the end of the story. Tate and Liza can interact with Dark-types with their psychic powers, although they do need to be closer than usual by a lot.

...but “in the next tent over” is totally close enough.