

"Arcanine, fire blast!"

"Psyduck, bubble beam!"

The attacks collided with a blast of steam surrounding everyone.

Through the haze, Misty could just make out some bubbles drifting forward.

POP

A growl.

POP POP

The steam faded revealing Arcanine lying on the grass, dizzy from the shock.

"Psyduck... won??"

"Psy!!!"

Misty's yellow pokemon wagged his stubby tail in victory.

"Psyduck won!" She cheered grabbing him in an unexpected hug.

"Psy?"

Officer Jenny shook her pokemon awake. "Are you okay Arcanine? You took a few bubbles to the face there."

"Gruff..."

The large beast shook his head and stood up.

The girl beamed, "A win's a win right?"

"About time," gloated Ash, "Psyduck was your last pokemon."

"Yeah well... He can do it if he tries."

"Duk..."

"Just gotta keep at it," added Jenny as she scratched the striped fur under Arcanine's collar.

"That's not what you said yesterday when he accidentally blew up your backpack." Reminded Ash.

"Duuuuk..."

Psyduck started holding his head.

"And that's why he won. He felt bad about it."

"Psyyyy..."

"Uh guys," interrupted Brock.

"What!?"

"There's something wrong with Psyduck."

The short pokemon hopped back and forth holding his head.

"Oh no, he's having another headache!"

His eyes began to glow with psychic energy.

Everybody began to float into the air.

"Psyduck, snap out of it!"

The entranced pokemon pointed his left hand at the sky, then his right.

Ash's hat fell off as he started to drift upside-down.

"Psy... Duk..."

It hopped onto its left foot, then its right, to a strange soundless rhythm.

"Duk... Psy... Duk... Psy... Duk..."

Misty's feet swung overhead. "Eep!" She grabbed the bottom of her shirt before it slid up her chest.

Officer Jenny blushed. One of her shoes slipped off.

"It's getting worse!" Cried Brock.

"Pssssssssss..."

There was a blinding blue flash.

Suddenly Ash's face plowed into the grass.

"Oww!"

Brock rubbed the dirt out of his eyes as he sat up.

"Where's Misty?"

Ash rubbed his face.

Jenny helped him up. "My Arcanine's gone too, I wonder if..."

"I don't see Psyduck either," added Brock.

Ash brushed himself off. "How did they all- WOAH!"

He tripped over something and landed in the grass again.

"Hmm..." Jenny picked up the yellow shirt by his feet. "She didn't leave on purpose."

Ash rolled his head to the side and spat out some weeds. "What happened?"

Brock rubbed his chin. "It's almost like they... No, no that's impossible."

"Teleported?! You actually teleported??"

Psyduck beamed with pride.

"Don't give me that. You left my shirt behind!"

Looking up at her, the pokemon blushed.

She hugged her bare breasts and ducked behind a bush.

The duck waddled over. Suddenly a palm mashed against his face.

"Oh no you don't! I'm staying right here while you go find Ash and Brock."

"Psyyy."

"Well it's YOUR fault we're lost!"



"Duuuk..." He pouted and stumbled away toward the clearing.
"No complaining. They can't be too far. You only just learned this move."
The pokemon nodded and marched down the dirt road.
"Psy-duk, psy, duk, psy, duk..."
His voice faded into the distance.
Misty sighed. "It looks like it's going to take awhile."
The summer breeze tickled her breasts.
Birds chirped in the distance as she looked up at the trees above her.
"I guess this isn't so bad," She glanced around the bush at the empty road behind her. "Besides, it's not often I actually get some privacy."
She slid off her shorts as a large striped pokemon watched from the trees.

"Duk... Duk... Psy duk-duk." The yellow pokemon diligently marched along the road. All roads lead to towns. It was only a matter of time before he- suddenly a motorcycle roared past, covering him in dirt.

Jenny rubbed her eyes as she tore down the path.
"I gotta slow down," she grumbled. "This old road gets dusty."
Pulling over she opened a pocket and looked at her tracking beacon.
"Let's see, Arcanine should be right around..."
"Oooohh!!"
The loud moan caught the woman by surprise.
Glancing around she noticed one of the bushes shaking.
Pulling the leaves back, a familiar striped face popped up and smiled back at her.
"There you are, Arcanine! "
Jenny scratched behind his ears. "You should warn me before you try to escape like that."
She turned away, "Come on, let's get back to the station."
"Gruff!" Arcanine happily padded along behind her, slowly dragging something out of the bushes.
"Aaahhh..."
Jenny blinked at the strange noise as she looked behind her pokemon.
A familiar girl laid on her back, half delirious, fully naked.
The woman caught herself drooling. "You naughty boy, get that thing out of her!" She teased, nudging the large pokemon.
She kneeled down. His knot was pulsing.
"Well... You can't go back to the station like this. It looks like you've barely even started."
Misty's legs twitched a little as a small trickle of cum escaped from the base of the swelling shaft.

"Wow, Jenny was sure in a hurry," Ash scooped grass clumps out of his hat.
"You can't blame her," said Brock, "Her pokemon disappeared."
Ash picked up his backpack. "Didn't she say something about a tracking beacon?"
"Yeah, all the officers track their pokemon. Come on, let's follow her- huh?"
"Duk... Duk... Psy duk-duk."
In the distance a dirty yellow pokemon marched down the road toward them.
"Look it's Mr. Headache," said Ash.
"Be nice Ash," said Brock, "He might know where Misty is."

Misty's belly felt warm as squinted up at the sunlight.
A shadow passed over her face. Back and forth, back and forth.
It looked... fuzzy. Almost like some kind of tail.
"Uuhhhh..." She groaned.
"It looks like you finally recovered from your little adventure."
The girl lifted her hand against the sun and saw Officer Jenny grinning down at her.
"Little... adventure?"
"Okay, BIG adventure," chuckled Jenny.
For some reason Misty could feel her feet swinging in the air.
Something soft brushed the top of her belly.
She looked down and saw a giant ballsack resting just above the knot in her pussy.



"Gah!"

Misty's hands slid uselessly across the dry dust.

She couldn't even close her legs. The large shaft inside her held them apart.

"G-Get it out!"

"I tried," Jenny shrugged. "But Arcanine's fully swollen now, and you're a lot smaller than the person he usually fucks."

"T-The person he... fucks?"

"Well, it's been over a year since we married."

The woman pointed at the matching collar on her own neck.

"Ugggh..." The girl arched her back as another ripple of warm liquid poured into her.

Her hips started feeling heavy from the weight.

Jenny caressed the shivering knot, "At this point all you can do is wait for him to finish."

Misty squirmed as the canine's slippery shaft twisted inside her, making her pussy shiver with delight.

The girl panted, barely able to catch her breath.

"Duk... Duk!"

The small bird pointed into the bushes.

"So you're saying that Misty's in there?"

Ash jumped over the leaves.

Splut

"Eew! What's this gooey stuff?!"

Brock picked up a pair of jean shorts. "It looks like something else found her first."

"So is she... okay?" The boy tried to wipe his sneakers in the grass.

"Probably," Brock pulled some orange fur off the branches, "But I think she's going to be very tired."

"So where is she?"

The older boy silently pointed at the trail of white jizz leading further down the road.

"Yuck! What even IS that stuff?"

"You'll see..." said Brock.

There was a loud wet noise as the shaft finally slid out of Misty's pussy.

The small girl's hips landed on the ground.

"Ooohh... I can't even feel my legs."

"The first time was like that for me too," Jenny panted as she sat in her yard chair, rubbing herself.

Misty struggled to sit up. Her swollen belly made it difficult.

"I'm not... p-pregnant, am I?" She gulped.

"No, unfortunately that's not possible." Jenny bit her lip. "Though I wouldn't mind having his pups."

Pushing herself higher, the girl felt hot liquid between her knees.

She started to feel an intense pressure in her pussy as her feeling started to come back.

Looking down over the bulge she could see a thick stream of cum gushing out of her.

"Oh god... H-How much did he pump into me??"

"That's the great thing about Arcanine," The woman licked her lips, "Their climax can be well over a gallon."

"A GALLON?!"

"Two if he comes more than once, and well... you've been knotted for hours."

Misty's cheeks burned at the realization.

"MMMMmm!!" Jenny squirmed in her chair, rubbing herself furiously.

The girl shook her head and glanced around. "Where am I?"

"Back... at my house," panted Jenny, "My bed's over there."

The woman pointed at what looked like a giant doghouse, but inside was a full king-size bed, a side-table, and a half read book.

Misty blinked at the odd structure with bizarre fascination.

"I always kind of wondered how pokemon marriages... worked."

She panted. Her fading numbness gave way to an unbearable tingling as she felt the hot cum streaming past her clitoris.

Squirming, she turned back to Jenny and looked at the rest of the house behind her, which looked completely normal.

She rubbed her shrinking belly. The white puddle had reached her ankles.

"Um, how long does this... take?" She blushed.

Arcanine was licking Jenny's dripping hands. "You're almost done. Probably only another 10 minutes."

"Good grief... I'm going to need a long bath," groaned the girl... "and clothes."

"So it's like a honeymoon for pokemon?"

Brock threw up his hands. "Ugh! Why do I even bother trying to explain this to you? You'll figure it out when you're older."

"Duk duk duk..." The yellow pokemon carefully followed the goey trail around the turn of a side path.

"But Misty's not a pokemon," Pondered Ash.

The older boy rubbed his temples, "You have to think of it from the pokemon's point of view.

They come in all shapes and sizes, so to them humans are just another pokemon."

Psyduck pointed ahead, "Psy, psy!" There was a house at the end of a narrow dirt driveway.

"But... we're people."

"Everything's people to a pokemon."

Brock glanced down at the motorcycle tracks.

"Maybe Officer Jenny can explain it to you. I'm tired of trying."

"Psyduck's can't learn teleport, you know."

Jenny handed a uniform to Misty.

Trying it on, the girl groaned as the stretched shirt flopped around empty in front of her chest.

"Wait... they can't?"

She threw the outfit to the floor in annoyance. "Everything you have is too damn big!"

"Well I like big things." Teased Jenny.

Misty blushed.

The door barged open

"Where's Misty??" Yelled Ash.

"Eek!" Misty covered her chest and ran into the bathroom.

Brock held up her damp shorts. "Um, we found your clothes."

"J-Just leave them by the door!" Stammered Misty.

Ash turned to Jenny, "Did you find your Arcanine?"

"Yup. His tracker worked like a charm. Apparently he panicked when Psyduck started acting up and teleported down the road."

"He can... Teleport?"

"I got a TM recently to teach him how. We can use it if we ever end up in a tight spot while we're on the job, but he hasn't had much practice with it yet so he kinda... took the wrong girl with him."

"... Or maybe the right girl?" She winked at Arcanine out the window.

"Yeah," Brock blushed, "We... followed their trail here."

Jenny shrugged. "What was I supposed to do? Leave here there unconscious?"

"She was unconscious??" Gaspd Ash, "What happened?"

"Would everyone stop talking about that?" Screamed Misty.

Brock shook his head. "There's no point trying to explain it to him. I already tried."

That night, Ash Brock and Misty settled into their tents.

Zippering it closed, Misty flopped back on her sleeping bag.

She glanced at her pokeballs as she rubbed her shorts.

"I wonder if I can catch an Arcanine?"

Suddenly a blue glow lit up her tent. With a flash the young girl vanished.

Psyduck waddled up to the tent and nervously peeked inside, but it was empty. He shrugged and started looking for Misty in the woods.

An hour passed... then two.

Finally, there was another flash.

"Guh!"

Misty as still twitching from her orgasm as a huge torrent of pokemon jizz splattered onto her sleeping bag.

A few miles away, Jenny yawned and stepped out into her yard.

Arcanine padded up and nuzzled her.

The air still crackled with energy.

"Getting some more practice?"

"Gruff!"

The woman smirked at his dripping shaft.

"Try not to wear out that poor girl."

She knelt down.

"Besides, it's my turn."

