

They had cast him out, thrown him away, treated him like he was nothing. Ever since he was born, everyone had despised him, even his own parents. They told him how...worthless he was...how insignificant, they had practically disowned him from the moment he opened his eyes...one crimson, and one gold. That certainly wasn't normal by any standards, he knew that. When he was young, none of the other kids would play with him, they wouldn't teach him cool illusion tricks or tag, or even fetch when the adults would bring sticks. No...he would sit in a corner, and watch with undying envy. His name was Shatter, they dubbed him this because as soon as they realized what he was, they had said that he 'shattered their hopes and dreams of starting a real family'. As far as the young Zorua was concerned, he had no family. As soon as he was old enough, he requested to be disowned by his parents, and the smiles on their faces when he said that were almost sickening. It was like looking at a demon, smiling in happiness at it's next kill, it brought shudders to his spine. They would disown the Zorua, and all of the neighborhood kids from before? They beat him mercilessly, taunts, claws, kicks, debilitating words and pain that would drive anyone else insane, but still Shatter stayed sane, he took it all as if it was nothing, and no one ever questioned it.

*Time passed: Approx 7 years*

*"I never thought that being with someone else could be so much fun, Then again, I've never had my head buried between someone else's legs before. But...there's a first time for everything~"*

*-Shatter*

Shatter's current choice of shelter was in solitude within the Nameless Forest. Now, there were many reasons why everyone called this place that - mostly, it was the most common area in the region, making up most of the landscape. It was also very diverse, and appeared to change its inner layout every time someone entered, therefore there was never one single defining feature that could give this forest a proper name, so after many years of confusion and bickering, all of it's residents dubbed it, "The Nameless Forest" just to keep the peace.

A rare occurrence happened in which Shatter nearly had to defend himself from a possessive Raichu, who swore that this place was his, calling it the "Electric Mouse Forest". It was silly, terribly so, and in the end the zoro had kindly explained to the Raichu why this was false, showing him things like the constantly changing physical features, and even the assortment of pokemon that lived here, and it wasn't just inhabited by his species.

Now, where did Shatter fit in all of this? He mostly kept to himself, just like when he was little, currently lain limp up a tree. That was his favorite place to sleep for some reason, up trees,

he didn't know why, but he felt most comfortable up there. Upon waking into the world of consciousness, he noticed two things. Number one, he was hungry...and number two, he smelled food. Simple desires for a simple Pokemon, thus was Shatter.

The young one was now several feet taller than the past 7 years would tell, his fur was thicker, fluffier, having grown chest tufts and a huge pink mane that could fit small creatures in. His frame had thinned out slightly, and his liveness would then widen to thick and curvy thighs, perhaps a bit on the feminine side. Yes, Shatter had managed to evolve into a Zoroark, the pinnacle of his life, by far his greatest achievement to date. The story of how it came to be is better savored for another time, but believe that it is a very exciting tale, and one that the zoro is very proud and willing to tell.

He clambered down the tree with graceful ease, and let his crimson claws rake against the bark with a small shiver, leaving definable marks that would let him find it later, should he be unable to find something better later on. He licked his lips, and looked around through narrowed eyes, nose twitching as he struggled to locate the origin of the aroma that had pierced his sleep.

“Oran berry...cinnamon...” his voice was soft and smooth, again almost feminine, but believe that he was very much a male. When he ‘felt’ like being decent, the zoro wore a linen loincloth to cover his crotch, which of course a rare occurrence, and certainly not the case right now. Shatter never felt the need to be decent unless he was in a well-populated area, his excuse always was that, “I’m not a human and therefore clothes are worthless”. However, he was mindful of the innocent, and even more so of children, and did his best not to be rash.

The male dropped to all fours, and padded northward, this section of the forest was mostly hills and trees, which gave a rather magnificent view over some other parts of the forest. If Shatter had taken the time out to look from his tree, he would have noticed a Cafe out in the distance, which was also where the alluring smell of food was located. As he traversed, he noticed the little things that usually went on during the mornings. The early birds fetching their morning meals, the light breeze of the wind that ruffled his fur, and the beaming sunlight that gave the entire area a gorgeous golden hue.

Shatter felt the texture of the ground transfer from soft undergrowth to wet marshland as he reached a very particular stream, this stream was like a crossroads of sorts, pokemon and

animals alike used this stream to help navigate the different sections of the forest. It was shaped like an 'X'. The zoro grunted as he splashed through the water, matting the fur up to his ankles. The crossover was rather uneventful as he continued to follow the smell, which slowly lead him towards the cafe...

Another few minutes or so of traveling and Shatter paused, someone else was here, and he rose to his hinds, keeping an eyes out and twisting his body around to get a look at who it possibly could be.

“Relax hun, I’m not gonna hurt ya~” came a voice, and the zoro spun around once more as he turned to look at where it came from.

Standing in front of him was a feral grey wolf, it had sleek, fluffy grey fur with a white underbelly and hair. Nearly hidden within it’s hair was a long strip of violet, a very defining feature, along with striking violet irises from golden eyes. The creature appeared to be female, and gave the Zoroark a rather smug grin as it walked past him, their pelts briefly touching as she did so.

“Y’know...I remember seeing you from somewhere...the Café maybe? No...well I’ll certainly remember that bright pink fur, it’s pretty!”

Shatter rubbed the back of his neck nervously and had the decency the blush, but otherwise said nothing.

“The name’s Violet by the way, Dark...Violet. Hope to see you around~” she said smoothly, giving Shatter one more look over before padding away towards the building in view. Her tail raised, revealing a rather surprising sight, she of course had a vagina, giving the zoro a rather nice view, but what piqued his interest even more was the heavily swaying ballsack beneath that, which made him raise an eyebrow, and stare for a bit longer than was probably needed...

*T-They’re big...*

Shatter had remained stoic and silent throughout the brief encounter, but to say he was surprised was an understatement, he certainly hoped they would meet again! With now another reason to visit the Café, he walked at a faster pace than before, hoping to even catch up to the furry, but she seemed to mysteriously vanish...weird.

The ground's texture shifted again, the marsh back to soft grass, and now smooth tile as he neared the place.

“Café Plaisir..?” the place was very home-like, a parking lot to the front, and a highway out in the distance, the fox walked to the front, and took a long, hard look at the red bricked building. His breathing stilled, and he felt at ease, like he belonged here,

As he stepped forward to enter, he was greeted by a female Lopunny, who wore a bright and cheery expression, smiling broadly at him.

“Hello there! Welcome to Cafe Plaisir! May I have your name sir?” she inquired.

“Shatter, just Shatter” he responded politely. As he gave her a quick look over, he idly wondered if she was always this friendly, or was it just part of the job. She would write down his name and some other information on her clipboard before nodding her head and giving him another smile.

“Go on in, we hope you enjoy your stay!” she said gleefully, and as Shatter walked into the establishment, he made a mental note to stay as far away from the Lopunny as much as possible.

What greeted the fox's eyes was nothing short of spectacular, at least in his opinion. There were so many pokemon! Not just pokemon either, animals of all shapes and sizes, anthropomorphic beings, feral animals from the tales he heard as a child, tales of animal beings that weren't Pokemon, but looked and acted just like them. Exotic animals that he had never seen before as well, it was like a bag full of colorful candy, and he loved every second of it. This was the type of social interaction he wanted, craved, as a Zorua, and he was very sure that here he would be able to experience it all.

Under his feet, the multi-coloured carpet is soft and inviting, and around him dark and varnished wood adorn the white walls, also covered in a variety of paintings and notices. Large, but unobtrusive potted plants sit here and there in corners or against walls, illuminated by the bright yellow lighting. Down the corridor is another set of double doors, kept open – through it floats a busy atmosphere, laughing and clinking of glasses above a low rumble of voices. It was all so...foreign to him...his claws scraped at the tiles and rug gently as he got used to the different footing.

He was happy to see that not many of the residents and visitors cared about decency, although a great deal of the populace was clothed, that came mostly from the anthros, but the feral animals and pokemon, they were either stark naked, or wore loincloths similar to Shatter's own. It gave him a sense of comfort, to know that he wasn't as MUCH as an oddball for being close to stark naked in a place full of Pokemon. The vulpine looked around, eyes full of curiosity, so much to explore! So much to find! Many people to meet! He didn't know where to begin! He didn't know how to begin...he turned around this way and that, nearly tripping over his own paws as he got a little dizzy. he sat down on his haunches with a pout, unable to decide.

Suddenly, he saw a flash of violet pass his vision, causing him to widen his eyes. *Was that...?*

It was! The gray wolf from before was here at the cafe. Now that he had the chance, he examined her more closely. He noticed she had a remarkable 'V' shape on her flank, at least from what he could see, she was very well built, her muscles taut, but visible. She probably had a lot of power hidden in her semi-lithe frame, and her legs looked powerful. *She could probably thrust really hard...wait...w-where did that thought come from...?* Almost as if on cue she...he...it sauntered over to him, brushing against his side.

“Well well well...look who made it~?” she said with a snicker, a confident smirk playing across her features. Shatter laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his head.

“Hehe yeah, umm... this place seems a bit...daunting.” he murmured, turning around to get another look. “I'm not really used to this kind of environment, at least...not anymore.”

The herm-wolf gave him a sympathetic glance, “Ah, don't ya worry bout a thing. Everyone here at the Café is very friendly, and I'm sure if you pull a favor or two you could even

come to make a standard living here.” she suggested, a fanged grin on her muzzle. Shatter involuntarily shuddered, that grin of hers spoke many words, more than the vocals she had just expressed to him.

Another Zoroark made it’s way through the main lobby, and Shatter couldn’t help but take a quick glance over at the fellow vulpine. Piercings, that’s all he saw...and then the figure was gone, down a hallway near the back. Shaking his head, he began to turn back towards Dark Violet.

“So, do people actually live here or so-” he paused in his speech. She was gone! Again! The Zoroark once more found himself turning this way and that, doing whatever he could to try and find his disappearing...associate? As he did so, he felt himself bump into something soft, yet firm. Turning once more, his vision was swarmed with crimson. He yipped slightly and fell back, only to look into a pair of forest green irises.

He was tall, nearly taller than Shatter himself, and considering the pink Zoroark was pretty tall when standing on two feet, that was a bit astounding. Pearly white fangs he noticed next, a full set of teeth that could probably clamp down and chew you to pieces. This was followed by a black mane that flowed from the beast's head down to the back of his long neck. Last, but definitely not the least...was the aforementioned sea of red fur, and nine long flowing tails.

The red Ninetales did not seem pleased. He had a frown on his muzzle, and the lowest of growls could be heard emanating from his throat. However, before he could retort, or retaliate in some form, Shatter was up in an instant and bowing his head repeatedly.

“S-sorry, so very sorry! Just trying to learn this place is all, I promise.” came his rushed insistence. The Ninetales gave him a very quizzical stare, almost as if peering into him, his frown remained upon his muzzle, and for just a moment he seemed...uneasy. Then he merely grunted, and began to walk past him.

“My advice, stay away from the bar lest you want to be in a private room with another before you get to explore, the local forest is a more...suitable place.” he said mysteriously before walking away, heading for the forest in question.

*Did he just...tell me to meet up with him?*

Shatter did not have very long to contemplate his options, he was starting to receive stares. He'd been in the main lobby for at least five minutes, and the last thing he needed was to draw unwanted attention to himself when he didn't know anyone or anything here. Glancing up again, he saw a red wisp of fur disappear from his view. At the back of the main foyer was a set of glass double doors with a view of the outside. He could see a large pool, the mountain range, and then...the forest.

He made up his mind, to the forest~! The glass doors automatically opened as he approached, and then he was outside. The temperature had increased slightly since being outside the first time, but a light breeze ensured that the heat was not overbearing. Taking a deep breath, the Zoroark began the trek. This section of the area was lined with cobblestone, showing where to go. The open area of the establishment and previous greenery disappeared behind him as he left the forest to enter the...forest. A forest within a forest, but there was a significant difference between the Plaisir Forest and the Nameless Forest.

For one, this forest was significantly brighter. The trees and greenery here were planted in such a way that sunlight could easily filter its way in. Then there was the lack of...man made obstruction. For a place located so close to a cafe, you'd expected to see more machinery, cars, tools, that sort of thing, but to Shatter's pleasant surprise, none of that existed within this wonderful realm. There was a river, whose currents flowed downward towards the mountain ranges in the distances, and lots of plant life as well, crops, flowers, the gardeners certainly did their job here...

In that moment, he saw it once more, a wisp of crimson amongst the green, beckoning him closer. He followed to where he thought he saw it, curving around the bend of a tree, before it was lost from his gaze. He saw it again, this time leading him to the river, but no one was there. The Zoroark growled lightly as he saw the faint red again, and nearly careened into some bushes in his search. *Dammit! Why does everyone and thing I meet out here disappear!?*

"Frustrating, isn't it?" came a voice, Shatter recognized that voice. The voice he had encountered only minutes prior, the voice was smooth...like someone confident and coy, someone who knew what they were doing. However, there was a rough edge to it, like hidden danger hidden amongst the shadows. "Vision, without it we are blind. Or so they say, but vision

is merely perception of the mind, what we want to see, versus what we actually see. Who's to say that a blind mouse couldn't see better than a fully functional tomcat? Vision...it is merely an illusion. Surely one such as yourself can understand that, you are the master of illusions...are you not?"

Shatter sat down on his haunches, letting out a growl. "D-don't mock me! I know all about them, what they are and what they mean..." he mumbled, sounding unsure of himself. He never bragged of his illusionary prowess, and as a child he had no one to teach him the more advanced techniques. The few which he did know were self-taught skills he had picked up in his travels.

It was at that moment that the Ninetales decided to show himself, padding up from behind a set of bushes and undergrowth and tapping Shatter's back with a claw. The Zoro promptly yipped and turned around, backing away slightly, but calmed down soon enough. Chuckling somewhat darkly, the crimson vulpine stood tall and proud before Shatter, his tails splaying out before him. "You will know me as October Flixard, and you'd do well to remember that name. It'll help you in the near future~"

Shatter couldn't help but feel intimidated, this Pokemon was almost as tall as him, and he was a quadruped! "I-I'm Shatter..." he muttered nervously, his voice slightly cracking. He tried to relax, but the reality of the situation caught on to him. He had been led astray, away from public view...out here in the forest with no one but him and this Ninetales. What if he brought him out here to harm him? Torment him? "L-listen if you brought me out here to hurt me or do anything crazy, I-I'll fight you! I'm not afraid of nothing!" he cried out, doing what he could to make himself appear bigger, puffing out his chest and standing on the tips of his claws.

October grunted once, then a soft chuckle, and then soon he was full out laughing, chortling in earnest, much to Shatter's chagrin. "Hahahaha! I haven't had a good laugh like that in a while, to think that someone like you could pose a threat to me? Trust me cutie, you have no idea what you're dealing with here."

The Zoroark was just about to retort, when his mind fully registered what had been said. *Did...did he just call me cutie?* His cheeks heated up in a fiery blush, and tried to sound as threatening as possible as he snarled. "You think you're funny huh? I bet you-"

He was cut off as the Ninetales snarled right in his face, baring his fangs and all. “Watch your tone boy...you know I don’t trust you Zoroarks, you’re deceitful, liars, using your illusions to trick people into doing your bidding...it’s cowardice.” he spat.

Shatter held back a whimper as he backed away, “N-not...we’re not all bad...I don’t even know how to use my illusions...” he murmured. It was just like back home, all of the others had given his species a bad reputation, and now he had to suffer the consequences for their actions.

October scoffed and rolled his eyes, “Puh-lease, It’s a nice *story* but...for all I know you could be putting up a ruse right now! Feigning this weak personality and submission, only for you to stab me in the back later, just how dense do you think I am?”

He flailed his arms slightly, shaking his head rapidly. “No no no! I swear it on my life I’m not like them! I’m not like the others!!” he protested, this time he did indeed whimper, his ears flattening against his head. “Do you want me to prove it to you somehow? I...I’ll do anything...anything to show you that I’m not who you make me out to be.”

*Is it just me? Or is it getting hotter...*

The red vulpine took a step closer to the Zoroark, calming himself down a bit. His ivory green gaze narrowed, looking into the Heterochromic eyes of Shatter. “Choose your words wisely Shatter, lest you live with the results of the vocals in which you speak.” he spoke ominously, his true intentions hidden away behind sparkling eyes and a half-smirk.

Nodding, Shatter smiled briefly as he stayed firm on his proclamation. “I promise, I won’t do anything to harm you, and whatever you make me to, I’ll do it willingly.”

It was fine fortune indeed that such a... charmingly slight Zoroark as you had the audacity to run into me...” he grinned, toothily, mischief in his eyes, "Now... it's time to repay that audacity; As you knew well that you would... You'd better not run..." he lowered his head, as if threatening to give chase, "...just turn around and stick that fine, curvaceous ass of yours nice and high in the air~” he cooed, his voice dripping with lust. However, before Shatter could either act or protest, another voice came into the furry equation.

*“Oh Crimson...I hope you weren't planning on having that adorable little 'ark all to yourself...were you~?”*

Dark Violet came padding towards them from the other side of the forest, she had a bit of a sway to each step, and her irises, gone was the border of gold that lay in them, but they were a deep and vibrant violet, hence the name. She growled lustfully at Shatter, nipping his cheek gently, “Hope you haven't eaten anything yet, because mama's got a big load~” she cooed.

October growled back at her, “Hey! I found him first, he's mine!”

“Actually, fur for brains, I led him here through the forest, so I found him first. Besides, **Ravage** and **Ceylon** have already expressed their interest and they told me to test the waters, so we can either be nice about this, or we can be nice about this.”

The Ninetales snarled in protest, but in the end it was in vain. “Don't call me Crimson...but how are we going to go about this? I'm not going to sit here and watch you have your way with him.”

“I-If I m-”

“Well duh, I doubt you'd last very long anyway, you always seem to bust early when it comes to the new arrivals, as if you had an affinity for them or something.” Violet taunted.

“As if! All you do is wave your footlong around, acting all high and mighty, I bet you're super sensitive, and the slightest touch gets you squirming.” growled October.

“C-can I just-”

The two large canines butted heads, growling and snarling at each other. An empty threat here, a taunting jeer there, but then...

**“Can you two shut up for just a minute!?”**

Shatter was looking at them with anger in his eyes, he normally wasn't one for loud outbursts like that, but it surprisingly felt really...good. He panted for a moment, his chest heaving slightly before calming down. “I have two holes, so why don't one of you take the..'back', and the other the front?” he suggested. After, he moved forward a bit to an area where there would be ample space, and dropped down onto all fours, presenting himself to the two canines.

October was on him in an instant, ebony cocktip already showing itself from a rapidly swelling sheath. He mounted his ass, draping his stomach over the other's back and his paws clawed at his shoulders. Immediately he began to growl with lust, "You're not as dumb as you look..."

Violet followed suit, albeit with a bit of a grumble on her part, resting her weight on Shatter's neck. Her own fat sheath was a considerable size bigger than October's, and swelled even more, almost as if hiding the length that was contained within from Shatter's eyes. "Come on little 'ark, show me what you got~"

Looking at just what he was dealing with, the Zoroark almost wished he hadn't spoken up, his ears flattening against his head. Leaning forward, he nuzzled her sheath a few times, taking note of the warmth that radiated from it. His nostrils flared as he gave a sniff, sending shivers throughout his body. She smelled very sweet, and it overpowered the faint hint of musk that emanated from her crotch.

*I can get used to this...*

Violet growled a bit, peering down at him. "Oh come on, don't be shy now~" she pestered. By the looks of things she was getting kinda impatient, almost as if...

"Hey! Did you plan to drag me out here just so you could mmgfgf!"

With a thrust of her hips, the grey wolf had shoved her entire sheath into Shatter's maw, and somehow he was able to keep the whole thing in there! She immediately moaned out, giving another small thrust.

"Oh god Crimson...he can stretch~ Mnnf..." Her red length came pouring out slowly, immediately being coated in his saliva as his tongue darted all over her tip. Growing more erect by the second, she pulled her sheath out of his maw, and Shatter sputtered for a moment as saliva dribbled down his chin.

October took her indulgence as a sign to begin his own. His cock had long since shown itself, and was now throbbing lightly on Shatter's thigh. "Brace yourself kid, cause I'm going in dry~!" he chanted. Lining up his penis with the Zoroark's tailhole, he grunted as he gave thrust and slowly spread him apart.

Shatter's eyes widened a bit, that huuuuurt! He lurched forward as a result, which stretched his maw as he took in more of Violet's slowly pulsing cock. He licked and swirled his tongue in tantalizing circles, tracing the veins that'd pulse every now and again as her cock throbbed.

Dark Violet and October looked at each other, having mounted the fox from both sides, and with a spark of lust neither of them were expecting, they both lurched forward at the same time, thrusting ever deeper into the spitroasted Shatter.

October gave another thrust, grunting into the kiss. He had fully lodged his twitching shaft inside of him, and as the Zoroark's ass clamped down on him, he nibbling on Violet's lip, squirting precum into his rectum. "Ghh~"

Finally at full mast, the grey wolf lodged more and more of her cock into Shatter's mouth, groaning out as he was somehow able to take each inch by delicious inch. Giving a hard thrust of her own, she nearly cried out in bliss as his lips were now kissing her fully inflated knot.

The two canines began to build up a rhythm, on Violet's thrust forward, October would pull back, and vice versa. The Zoroark was in heaven. his own fully hard cock throbbed hard underneath him, dribbling precum onto the ground. His barbs, yes his **barbs** flared out slightly. They eventually broke up the kiss, and any words that could be spoken were replaced by instinctual growled and barks.

Of course, never one to sit still, Shatter decided to try and take things a step further, opening his maw as wide as he could while stuffed with a mouth full of cock, he pressed forward, and could feel her knot pressing more insistently on him. Her balls slapped his chin with each thrust, and drool leaked in copious amounts down his chin and onto the small puddle that was beginning to form. Her cock squirted pre into his maw like a fountain, like individual cumshots on their own, causing him to try and swallow. His throat convulsed, and for the first time since their little session started, he let loose a loud, whorish moan, sending vibrations dancing across the surface of Violet's cock.

October picked up the pace, thrusting more insistently. His own knot slowly inflating as he pumped his ebony colored shaft deep into Shatter's anal canal. The passage was now heavily slick with his precum, and it let out a satisfying 'shlick' with each pump of his furry hips. "F-fuck...he's so tight~" he moaned out. His body was slowly beginning to heat up all over, his chest, his cock, his tails splaying out widely.

Shatter let out another moan, his body shuddering. His fur matting down as he began to build up a sweat, aided faster by the Ninetales's increasing body temperature. *Harder you two...pump me full of cum~*

Violet's eyes closed, everything for her and Shatter was on fire. Her hips picked up even more speed, feeling her knot crashing into his muzzle each time, her cock, which splashed pre all over his tongue and he could feel it leaking down the sides of his maw, and her body as pleasure wracked her core. With a loud snarl, she grabbed Shatter firmly by his scruff, and gave a **hard** thrust. She tensed her hips, a wave of pleasure must have just swam over her. Shatter's ears twitched as a very wet and loud pop could be heard, and he felt October's balls tightening against his scrotum. With a snarl, he felt the Ninetales thrust as hard as he could, and felt his knot wetly slide inside of him. He let out a howl, shooting a gout of flames towards the nearby lake as he

began to cum instantly. He slowly turned around, pressing his bum to Shatter's, their anuses both twitching against one another lewdly. Each pulse of the Ninetales balls sent a wave of cum into his rectum, it was hoooooot, very very hot. "Good...G-good bitch..."

*Bitch...I'm a bitch...*

Never in his life had Shatter considered such a term about himself. But here in this very moment...he gravely considered it, and it made him **moan**, his prostate was on fire, his cock throbbed heavily with each pulse, and all he could think in his mind was...

*Be a good bitch~*

Violet's knot, it was all he could see, feel, and think about. He couldn't talk, all that came out was a combined gurgle of spittle and precum. His jaw was lodged open so far it ached, and all he could do was pant and sit there, he lifted a paw up to massage her bloated testicles, which churned audibly. She was getting close...

Her growls and snarls became gasps and groans, her cock throbbed but it had nowhere to go, trapping in the wave like convulsions of Shatter's throat, and she literally had no more room to thrust. There was still something missing, something...something to bring her over the edge.

The Zoroark took one more lurch, whimpering softly as he reached out with his tongue to stroke it lewdly over Violet's left nut, giving it a nice shine of saliva.

*Oh fuck me...*

"Y-you slut! Grrfff!!" Dark Violet pistoned her hips at nothing, there was no where to go, nothing to grab, her claws scraping at anything to gain some kind of leverage or mobility, but her body slowly began to slump as she began to cum. Her tip was lodged so deep in his throat, that her cum had nowhere to go but down, down down right into his gullet. Each gush of cum was followed by a gasp, her balls pulsating, or a whimper from Shatter. He leaned his hand down to his own cock, and pushed himself over the edge as well. His own orgasm was nothing in comparison to hers or October's as he splashed a few long ropes of cum down onto the sizeable pile of body fluids currently present.

*I'm a slut...*

A few minutes passed, the red Ninetales had calmed down from his orgasmic high, his cock giving a few weak pulses. For now all he could do was pant and wait for his knot to deflate.

*I'm here to please...*

Violet's orgasm had only just begun to slow down, and Shatter could no longer swallow. The creamy substance leaked all over his chin and chest, and his stomach had increased in size. At this point, he looked like a pregnant female who was showing.

Another few minutes passed before Dark Violet had finally finished cumming, her tongue lolled out of her mouth and her eyes rolled into the back of her head, slumping against Shatter. It was all he could take as his legs gave way, and all three canines fell awkwardly onto the grass.

"Mnnf...oh gods...little 'ark....you're a keeper."

October chuckled softly, "Oh please, he only made you cum once, how do you think he'll do against the likes of Ravage and Ceylon."

“Ceylon is definitely not THAT hard to please, and Ravage neither once you learn their kinks and whatnot. I have faith in this cute guy, and besides...you were moaning quite a lot over there~”

“Hush yourself! I’m just feeding into his ego is all, letting him think he’s doing a good job...” he protested, thankful that his red fur was able to hide red blushes like the dark one he was sporting.

*Geez, don't they ever stop fighting?*

Dark Violet only gave him a gentle glare, her eyes giving him a look that showed that she knew he was lying.

The three canines relaxed and calmed down from their blissful afterglow, but after a while their knots had all deflated enough to be able to pull out safely.

The grey she-wolf went first, shuddering as his fangs grazed along her knot, and then the rest of her shaft slowly began to slip out of his maw, as well as a small rush of cum. The fox coughed and sputtered, grateful that he could finally close his mouth properly, although it was sore as all hell. As soon as she pulled out, her cock retreated to her still swollen sheath, or maybe it was just that big normally...?

October had a bit more of a problem pulling out, Shatter ass was still clenching on him every few moments, “Shatter...y-you sweet darkness...you must relax~” he cooed, stroking his back softly.

His ears lowered once more, a small whimper escaping him as he stood completely still, and allowed the Ninetales free entry out of his anal passage. However, his ass clenched once, twice, and on the third time a pool of semen came spilling out, much to Shatter’s embarrassment.

Dark Violet let out a bark of approval, “Ooooh, a creampie...nice once~ ...So little ‘ark...’, how are you feeling?”

He couldn’t even talk properly, his head was spinning, every move made his stomach slosh, and he was leaking cum through his ass, “R-rest...” he murmured weakly.

“D’aww...we really did tucker the poor dear out...come here now...” she cooed, wrapping herself around the exhausted Zoroark, her tail stroking his back softly. “You’ve done very well today.”

October Flixard gave them both a fanged grin, and gave Shatter a wink. “**Welcome to Cafe Plaisir**”

Indeed, as the shutter sound of a camera was produced, out of earshot from the canines, a crimson clawed hand pressed a “save to phone” button on a cracked device, smirking to himself.

*“Welcome to Cafe Plaisir indeed...mister Shatter...~”*

*“There’s just one thing on my mind when I look back that day...I never got any food! Unless...’that’ counts~”*

*-Shatter*

