

## *Stonehaven, Service Outlets Area, Early Afternoon*

Zen, Kol, and Icy happily walked to the center of the area. Some of their fellow neighbors would wave at them while others simply continued on their ways.

Several stores had their owners beginning to close down their stores for the day. Unlike Merchants, Service Pokemon tend to operate on tighter schedules and tend to close if they ran out of appointments or stock.

“Well, well, well~ Call me a knight because I think I see my sword and shield.”

Zen and Kol turned around to find a smirking Inteleon. Zen would smile softly while Kol’s eyes widen in surprise.

“Hey Havor!”

“H-Havor...”

The contrast between the couple told the Inteleon everything. He tilted his head with faux intrigue. “Hmm... Someone had an accident didn’t they?”

Kol would look away in shame while Zen’s good hand moved to scratch the back of his head.

Havor smirked at the sight and shook his head. He would quietly saunter towards them. The sway in his body was more hefty than normal, but not too shocking with how old the chameleon was now. His eyes immediately locked onto the Zoroark’s bandaged arm. He would hold out his hand.

Zen chuckled as he brought his injured arm over to the doctor. As he did, Kol would turn around and insert himself between them.

“W-Wait Havor! I-I can...” The Lycanroc’s frantic eyes darted to a particular spot on his mate’s bandage.

Alas, Havor’s hands were faster. With a flick, his hands were forced away by lithe, black fingers. The wolf pokemon whimpered and flinched back at the precise flick.

Zen frowned at his mate. “Kol...”

“I-I... I just...” Kol couldn’t find the words to say. He looked away from them both in defeat.

“Heh. A craftsman isn’t proud of his work.” The doctor slowly tilted and twist the Zoroark’s arm. His eyes seemed to study the bandage-work deeply.

“*D-Don’t call it that...*” Kol continued whispering in a saddened tone.

“It was my own fault. Was reaching into a box for something and had something sharp bounce around in it and stab me hehe.”

Havor tilted his head to the other side. “I see... the sword went poking in the unknown and came back scratched up...”

Kol looked at him pointedly and opened his mouth to speak. However, a new voice would intrude into the conversation.

“Havor... what strange metaphors are you inflicting on the citizens?”

Icy tilted his head at the staring pokemon. They seemed tired. Too tired...

Havor and the Overseers turned in the voice’s direction. Standing a ways away from them was a paler than normal Audino. His eyes seemed blurred and bags swayed under his eyes. He had a work bag lazily slung over his right shoulder. Unlike most Audinos, he held himself flatly. No hint of lust or curiosity or positivity...

The Inteleon smirked at the normal type. “And good evenings to you Adelio~”

Zen and Kol’s eyes widened at the name.

““Adelio”!?” Kol repeated. “L-Like the Stonehaven Emergency Doctor?”

The Audino rolled his eyes. “In the flesh...” He would slowly walk over to the group, his eyes centering solely on Zen. “First in the building. Always last to leave...”

Havor stepped back as his colleague got close. He would release Zen’s arm as the normal type unslung his bag. “I already see the problem...”

Kol’s look grew fearful. *Yet another to judge me...* He closed his mouth and turned away. “I-I’m sorry... It was the best I could do wi-wha? HEY!” The Lycanroc craned his neck back to witness the Audino tug at the fur on his leg.

As his mouth opened, to complain, he would feel something thick and metallic force its way into it.

“URF!?”

Zen and Icy’s faces turned worried. The Zoroark would reach his free hand to his mate only to feel Havor’s grip on him tighten. He turned back to see the Inteleon’s reassuring smile. He was also gripping a certain part of Icy’s neck. The Weavile hung himself in a frozen pose, the slight trembling of his body being the only way anyone could tell he was alive.

Kol could not move himself. He couldn’t understand why. His maw sat agape as Adelio peered into it. His initial surprise turned into a confused sigh.

Adelio’s eyes seemed to pointedly dart to specific parts of the Lycanroc’s mouth. After a few seconds, he spoke coldly. “Hmm. Multiple abrasions and slight tearing of the interior lining... Your husband’s cock must be quite the monster...”

Zen and Kol’s faces turned the reddest they could ever be. Havor’s smile widened as his grip slackened on the Zoroark. “Indeed~ The sword has some beautiful sharpness.”

The Audino narrowed his eyes at the Inteleon. “This wouldn’t be so bad if you actually did your job...” He seemed to wait a few seconds for a response that would never come before turning back to Kol. “Thank the Corruption I caught this. Don’t need Pyre or anyone important complaining that I didn’t fix you up...”

The couple’s eyes widened. “P-Pyre mentioned us?” Zen pointed between himself and his mate as he spoke.

Adelio quietly nodded as his eyes began to glow a lighter shade of blue. “Right in the middle of my shift, he pops in and lets me know to look out for you two and that there was likely something wrong with Kol.”

Zen and Kol shared another look of surprise and confusion.

The Audino shrugged as he reached into his bag and pulled out a glove. “That Typhlosion was blessed to be highly perceptive, even without corruption. Likely runs in the family...” He fitted it onto his hand before shoving his whole hand into the maw. “Now I know you’re likely used to the feeling, err not feeling, but hold still please...”

Kol didn't get a chance to respond as he felt a warm sensation wash over certain parts of his mouth. "Hhrrnn~" He began to blush as the warmth trickled throughout his mouth. He moaned again as a lovely taste also began to flow with it. "Hfff~" It felt as if he was drinking the greatest, berry juice ever. A serene, sweetness compounded with the tart taste of something sour. An odd, yet filling mixture... At least, one only rivaled by his mate's seed.

The doctor held him still for a few more moments before slowly retracting his hand. The Lycanroc panted as strands of saliva dribbled from the Audino's hand.

"And... There we go. All cured..." Adelio finally smiled as he took off and discarded his glove. He would then reach back into a different part of his bag and pull out an Oran Berry. "*All at the cost of tasting sandpaper...*"

Zen and Kol seemed to flick their ears at the Audino's whispering at the same time. Alas, Havor was quick to change the subject. "Heheh~ Adelio, I think you're leaving something in my patient's mouth."

"Hmph..." \***CHINK**\*

It would happen in an instant. Kol would feel his locked mouth become free once again. "Gaaah~ Ufff..." He wiped his maw of the leftover saliva before settling down. "C-Crud... Heh~"

Adelio silently placed his device in his bag and slung it over his shoulder. "Good luck with whatever event you two have going on. I'm going to sleep..." He then began walking away from the outlet area.

Havor released Zen and Icy and waved off the Audino. "Bye-bye Triage~ Hope you get more than 3 hours."

The Audino continued on his path, only raising his hand in acknowledgment before disappearing down the path.

The doctor then turned back to the Overseers. "Heheh. Sorry for Adelio's blunt attitude. Being the only emergency doctor takes a lot out of him."

Kol brought a paw up to feel his jaw and muzzle. His muscles felt so much more relaxed. A certain tightness seemed to vanish the more he opened and bit down on his teeth. "Huh... T-This feels amazing."

“W-Wha happened to M-Master?” Icy’s worried eyes stared into nothing as he spoke. He continued twitching as he remained frozen overall.

Zen looked between them both before settling his eyes on the Inteleon. “I-I have... so many questions...”

“Weell~ I can answer your first question Hun~!” Kol patted his mate on his other shoulder. “Whatever Adelio did, my mouth and throat feel the greatest they’ve ever felt!” He smiled widely and pointed proudly at his maw. “I don’t know why but I’m so much happier too! Hahaha!”

Zen smiled warmly at his Lycanroc. “I-I’m thankful you are~. Leave the brooding to me dork.”

Kol giggled in response.

Havor chuckled quietly before speaking himself. “Hehm hehm~ You two are still a marvel to witness.”

Zen turned the doctor. “I do also wanna know what you’ve done to Icy. I don’t think our pet is supposed to be like that.” He pointed to the poor frozen Weavile.

The Inteleon tilted his head questioningly before looking down at the dark type. “Hm? Oh! This technique?” He would raise the twitching Pet higher.

Icy didn’t react to the sudden lift. How could he? He felt extreme terror about what just happened to his Lycanroc Master. Alas, when he was about to act, this strange Inteleon had gripped the back of his neck. A serene hum began buzzing through him. It made his body feel heavy, and his mind settle. He wanted to do something, but this feeling... *he had to obey it.* “Mmmh...”

Havor chuckled at the sight. “This is a little thing known as ‘Obedient Paralysis.’”

The couple tilted their heads in confusion. ““Paralysis”?” They would both repeat.

The doctor put on his warm smile again. “I’m not the best at explaining but it’s basically a spot every Pet gains that their owner or any pokemon can touch. Upon doing so, the Pet is forced to freeze up and has to await any further commands from their owners.” He then lowered the Weavile to the ground before

releasing his grip. “It’s mostly meant as a last ditch effort if your Pet is going to be a pain to deal with.”

Icy’s body sprung to life immediately. He hopped up on his two feet and fervently checked and licked his claws. He then wildly looked between Zen and Kol before padding over to the Lycanroc.

Zen would nod in understanding while Kol began to ponder. “Hmm... I still don’t fully get why we would do that. Poor boy looked so lost and uncomfortable like that.” The wolf pokemon brought his paw down to pat the Weavile on the head, earning a cute purr from him. “Honestly did look like he was in a little pain.”

Havor waved off the Lycanroc. “Ohoho~ I assure you it isn’t bad for Icy. Just so long as you target the very spot I was just holding, you won’t hurt him or anything.”

Zen walked over to pet the Weavile as well. “I am just curious on how such a thing was found out. I’ve never heard of Corruption causing that to happen.”

The Inteleon shrugged. “You can thank the Veterinarians for finding that stuff out. They only tell Pet owners though.” His eyes would then narrow in intrigue. “You should definitely get in talks with Chief Charon for your own veterinarian to look over Icy. They would be able to help you two develop your relationship further.”

Kol chuckled. “Hehe~ Are you sure you can’t? I mean, you’re our doctor.”

Havor’s face contorted into a dark smugness. “Hehm, I value myself on actually *intelligent* Pokemon. I can’t help these...” His evil eyes quickly met Icy’s. “...*Pets*.”

The Weavile shivered through his petting session. Those eyes... He didn’t like them. They weren’t nice and calming like Charon’s... He missed Charon... “*B-Bad...*”

The couple would smile at Icy’s quivering. “Hehe~ Just not a Pet guy huh?” Kol brought his own paw to the Weavile’s face, blushing as the ice type leaned into him.

Havor merely shrugged. “Hehm. Pets just aren’t for me. Something too lost in Corruption can’t hope to appease me.”

Zen chuckled. “Well I hope our antics haven’t made us too lost for you.”

“Schkehehehehem~! Ack! Ahem...” Havor wiped a small tear away as his cackle subsided. “*I’m a victim of my own low sense of humor...*” He would shake his head as he offered a hand to Zen again.

The Zoroark looked at the doctor’s hand again and then to his mate. Kol seemed stiff but unbothered now. He would smile reassuringly while petting Icy. The sight warmed Zen’s heart further.

Kol... his precious mate~. The love of his life! This amazing Lycanroc was so deeply bonded with his gift. After being so reluctant to even consider such an impossibility of a Pet to connect with, now here he was~ Happily engaging with and even sexually playing with their Pet. Even in such a short time, this Weavile had changed so much for them.

Zen finally nodded and held out his bandaged arm to the Inteleon again. “Heh. What was that?”

Havor just shook his head and looked down at the Zoroark’s arm. He would take time to carefully tilt the dark type’s limb, mentally noting several things.

Though Kol’s mood had improved, he still couldn’t stop himself from feeling pangs of shame. The whole scene... His heart sank as visages of Zen’s blood trickling from his arm... The blade wedged deep into his hubby’s precious fur... It was horrible... It was shameful... He could not let it happen again...

Icy looked up to the Lycanroc with worry. His Master seemed deathly upset at something. It couldn’t be him right? Was it because he couldn’t protect him from that strange Audino? Yes... It had to be!

“Hnnng... Urffn...” He frowned and whined at the canine. He had to beg for forgiveness. His Masters had gifted him a gift and this was what he was returning? *Bad Icy... Very bad Pet... You could be so much better...*

The sound made Zen and Kol turn to the Pet in an instant. Kol would shake himself out of his stupor and smile softly at him. “Doh... I’m sorry Icy.” The Lycanroc then rubbed their cheek. “Don’t worry I won’t start brooding or anything. Gotta keep my spirits up for the party!”

“Heck ya Kol!” The Zoroark raised his free arm in agreement. “We gotta stand loud and proud and showcase your beautiful collar Icy! No sadness! We’re guests of honor!”

The Pet's eyes lit up in wonder. *M-Masters... T-They're happy! We-We're gonna be guests of honor!* "Yes yes!" He would raise his fist similar to his Zoroark Master while giving them both a toothy grin.

"Hehm~ Very charming..."

The couple and their Pet would put their focus back on Havor. The Inteleon would meet all of their gazes with his own mysterious smirk. "My prognosis stands: You are indeed well dear Sword. You merely got a nasty chip in your blade but nothing this bandage can't have smoothed out by tomorrow evening." He then released Zen's arm, letting the Zoroark settle it comfortably near him.

The Inteleon would chuckle to himself before stretching. "HRRRNNG~ AAaaah~ Wonderful... Now I can safely say I've completed all of my appointments." He would turn towards the distant hospital door before waving the group from his back. As he did, his slick tone would turn into a more mellow sound. "You did perfectly Kol... Sometimes a shield won't always be fast enough, but it should be willing to retaliate with even greater force, alright?" He then looked back with warm, yellow eyes. "Don't ever get caught in your failures, act on them just like you did today. Collapsing in the moment should be the last that you do..."

The doctor would say nothing else. The air around the center seemed to silence as he would slowly walk his way back into the medical center. The door seemed to open thanks to an assistant as he disappeared behind it.

Zen couldn't help but tilt his head in confusion before shrugging. "Heh~ Well uuh... That was certainly stuff he said huh Hun?" He ended his question off with a nudge.

"... Hun?" The Zoroark nudged his mate again. Alas, Kol seemed frozen for much longer than normal. "Kol?"

The Lycanroc couldn't find the words to say. Once again, Havor had read him perfectly. Hidden in the way he had tightly woven Zen's arm, the doctor managed to figure out everything that happened in mere moments...

With how long the couple had had the Inteleon as their primary doctor, one would think such a read would be normal. Alas, Kol couldn't stop himself from being stunned. He learned almost every way to deal with his mate's injuries yet had always felt too self-conscious about how imperfect the aid was. It always ate at

him and perhaps today was also the boiling point... It had to be fate at this point... As if the Corruption really was weaving these events together... Something big was due to happen... One final test for him...

Kol finally, found the will to unfreeze himself. He frantically shook his head as if he had once again recovered from his stupor. “Huh? Wha-Oh! Yeah!? W-What is it Love?” He gave his mate his normal loving smile.

Zen returned it with one of his own. “Oh! It’s nothing. I was making a comment about Havor’s flowery language.”

The Lycanroc nodded. “Yeah. He certainly does have a way...” He then turned to the hospital. “...with his words... For the better!” He shot his happy look back to his mate and then to Icy. “Come on! We’ve got a party to get to!”

Zen blushed as his mate’s jovial emotion came back in full force. Whatever remnants from the beginning of today seemed to fully disappear, something he was more than happy to see. HE is the one who should be brooding like usual. He could never have his precious mate being the one like that! “Heck yeah! Come on! Lets get it Icy!”

The Weavile still couldn’t fully understand his Masters. They were happy, then brooding, then upset, then calm, and now they’re happy again. Their emotions seemed to change so fast. Waaay too fast. He had to be there to keep them happy. Yes... That’s all he needed to do. Obey and make them happy! *We go to party, Masters will be happy at party! And Icy, me, and both of my Masters will be honored guests! I will be good boy!*

*Icy will always be good boy~...*

The group would practically run out of the Service Outlet area, finally leaving the plaza completely deserted for the day...

## ***Corrupted Depths, Malparadise***

Frost crossed his arms in boredom as he stared at the Aggron before him. Said Aggron paid him no heed, his face seemingly buried within his notes.

“Uuh... Big G?” The Weavile tried to break the annoying, stale air hanging around them.

The large steel type simply turned another page. His eyes seemed deeply concentrated but the smirk he had was betraying its genuineness. “...Hmnn...”

Frost flicked his ear at the notably dismissive tone of that sound. He tried again. “Big G? Aggron sir?”

More stifling silence... The Weavile then sighed and stood up. The two had been sitting here for almost 30 minutes! Well, it felt like that long. And all they had managed to accomplish was drawing some strange circle and the Aggron saying the two need to remain inside.

Out of the corner of his eye, Fhalmic, Ashley, and Fracture sat completely unbothered a ways away. Frost couldn't help but give them somewhat of a pleading look. Unfortunately for him, they all returned a patient look...

Frost couldn't help himself... “OKAY! CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHY WE'RE WASTING TIME SITTING HERE!?” He would glare at all four of them sequentially.

His rant remained in the air for a few, long moments. Then, the Fhalmic would begin to chuckle. Frost had already mentally prepared to roll his eyes.

“Hehehe~ Oh, still so blind aren't you Frost?”

The Weavile brushed him off and looked towards his fellow Bandhollow guildmates. Surprisingly, Fracture was the one who stood up and walked towards him. He was prepared to blow off the Houndoom just like Fhalmic but that thought perished instantly as he studied Fracture's face more...

In all the time the Weavile had known him, Fracture had always been aloof and easygoing. He had constantly betrayed his strength with his jokes. Frost could remember that one moment when he had a joint operation with the canine. He would rather laugh about someone making a dirty joke than be scared of a bunch of ravenous rogues causing a Monster House to appear. That snarky, wise-cracking canine was now looking at him with darkened eyes.

“Frost...” The Weavile gulped as the Houndoom stopped short of the circle's edge. He seemed to look back at Ashley before turning to the pokemon. “...time is a virtue... please wait...”

Frost's concern turned to slight confusion. "W-What? Why are you talking like that?"

"Hmm..."

The Weavile's eyes circled back to the Aggron. The grunt had clearly come from him but he still seemed deep inside his book. When he spoke again, his tone was devoid of all humor as well.

"Found it..." Big G finally met his eyes. They seemed lost, as if there was something impeding his vision. "Indeed Fracture is correct."

"Correct about what? Why are we all being vague now?"

The Aggron merely shook his head before peering back at his book. His vision quickly became clouded again as he turned another page. Frost sighed again in annoyance before turning back to Fracture. "Well?"

The Houndoom looked back at the two pokemon one last time before turning back. "Time flows differently here Frost. How long do you think we've actually been here?"

Frost's crossed his arms and pondered. He had just woken up here after Team Fulcrum's betrayal, then he was forced to submit in order actually understand this place, now he had met Big G and completed the strange Aggron's trial... "... So... about an hour and these thirty minutes...?" He ended with a shrug as he looked up at the sun.

Well "sun" wasn't really the right word... Even though it seemed to give off similar light and warmth like the sun, the light never actually hurt his eyes to continue peering at. It also always felt firm and unfluctuating, like summer, only a lot more pleasant... The ground by comparison felt like it was wrapped in the fleeting warmth of autumn. He felt the heat in his clawed feet but it seemed to dissipate into an oddly uncomfortable coolness. In hindsight, perhaps it was him being forced to sit on it for a long time that mainly caused his irritation? He sighed and shook his head. *Either way, I don't plan on staying here... This place needs justice served!*

"Keh~ BAHAAAAHA!"

Frost narrowed his eyes towards Fhalmic. "Something funny Fhalmic?"

The smug Absol flicked his ear before finally standing up. He slowly sauntered to the edge of the circle and smiled gleefully. “Hehehehe~ Nothing that concerns you Frost...” His glowing eyes narrowed at Fracture.

The Houndoom met his look with stoic understanding. After a few eerie seconds the pokemon broke their stares. “\*sigh\* It’s been... a bit longer than that on the outside Frost. What’s about to happen requires certain conditions to be met... When the time is right Big G will act.”

Frost’s eyes widened at the news. “Time dilation!? B-But that’s something only Mystery Dungeon could- ” He could only pause as thoughts connected in his mind. *Corruption... Aegis Mountain was corrupted... Corruption spreads and can cause supernatural things like Mystery Dungeons and non-Dialga influenced time manipulation. Investigation Teams are precursors... Precursors! AEGIS MOUNTAIN IS THE PRECURSOR OF ALL CORRUPTION! THIS IS GROUND ZERO!*

“...Frost?”

The Weavile lifted his head and opened his eyes from his epiphany. “It all makes sense now... I get it... I know what this place is...”

Fracture tilted his head as he witnessed Frost simply nod to himself and walk back to where he was sitting. “Did you figure out something?”

Frost nodded again as he sat down across from Big G again. “I did... But I also understand what’s happening here.” He then bowed respectfully to the Aggron. “My deepest apologies Big G. I now understand... I will be ready for whenever I need to test my pain tolerance...”

The very second he had finished his sentence the Aggron would lift his head from his book with a familiar smile before shutting his book. “GREAT!” His voice would thunder with unseen vigor before lowering into a sinister tone. “*Very great...*” He then began to walk towards the sitting Weavile.

**\*THUMP!\***

Frost flinched at the loose pebbles that floated from the step.

**\*THUMP!\***

He could feel the air grow unnaturally stagnant.

***\*THUMP!\****

Being so close, he noticed a chilling glint in the Aggron's eyes. He wished to move. He wanted to back away so badly... *N-No... I-I can't...!*

***\*THUMP!\****

*Come on Frost! Y-You wanted this!* He gulped as the Aggron now towered over him. His fur began to stand up as he witnessed the large figure kneel to be barely above his eye level.

He couldn't help but pant and shiver as he could feel the steel type's breath on his crown. A blush washed over his face at the closeness. "Wh-... What's so great?"

Big G's wicked smile merely widened. "***Hehehe~ Let us begin...***"

Frost did not like that... No, he hated it... His body tried to move on its own. He deftly leapt back from his sitting position only to feel something firmly grasp his leg. "WHA- AGH!"

He recoiled as he was slammed face first into the ground. He then felt another hand pin him by the ground. He heard distant laughter as something warm seemed to pin his hands and elbows to the ground. His one free eye witnessed his limbs slowly being sunk into the ground. ...*S-Shit... I-I can't move... W-Why? How...? I-I thought it was just his size b-but this isn't size, h-he's using a move or something, s-so ho-*

Frost never got to finish his sentence before he felt something heavy and wet flop itself. He shook his head as the laughter seemed to grow louder. "H-Hey! W-Wait! I-I didn't agree to thi- AAAAGGH!"

The heavy force briefly pulsed and disappeared before he felt it prod and spread his anal ring. "F-FFUUCKK! AAAAAAH! TH-THAT'S T-TOO FUCKING BIG!" Tears began to well in his eyes as his legs completely gave into the weight.

The pain was sharp and persistent, more than the pain in his ass from his first night. Unfortunately, that was merely the initial stretching...

***"Hehehe~ Don't worry Frost~ That was only my tip. Things are gonna get a whole lot worse..."***

Frost was going to scream out for his onlookers to help, but he found a grey hand wrap around his mouth. He could only watch in terror as he felt the Aggron lean over him and stare at him upside down.

*“Try not to become too broken~”*

Frost stared fearfully and helplessly into the steel type’s eyes. He could only cry more as the pain only grew...

### ***Stonehaven, Champion’s Road, Afternoon***

#### ***Zendus and Kollack and Icy***

Champion’s Road... Well it was more of a branching pathway. Just past the guild, the pathway branched. One path lead to the Elder’s Sanctuary and other lead to Pyre’s and Sparks’s house.

Icy eyed both paths with curiosity. Meanwhile, his Zoroark master lovingly nudged his mate.

“Here we are~ On the path of Elders. Never thought we’d see the day... Heh.” Zen smiled warmly at his Lycanroc.

Kol merely rolled his eyes. “Ohh shut it you~. We’re way too young for that place.” He then sensually narrowed his eyes. “We could always drop by your mom’s place though if you really want to Foxy~.”

Zen blushed with worry at the suggestion. “N-No way! Let’s not do that!” He smiled warmly at the embarrassing memories flowing through his mind. “N-Not today at least...”

Kol chuckled at the reaction before tugging on Icy’s leash. “We’re off to Champion’s Road Icy~ We’re going this way.”

The Weavile Pet happily turned back and nodded to his Master. He then turned with the tugging feeling. *Obey the leash... yes... M-Masters are leading Icy to be honored!*

### ***Stonehaven, Champion’s Road, Chief Spark’s Lot, Afternoon***

As the couple and their pet walked down the path, the distant sounds of laughter and chatter. Zen and Kol would smile at each other before nudging Icy. The Weavile yipped in surprise.

“Uwaag~ W-What’s wrong Masters?” He blushed worriedly at them. *Was I doing something wrong? A-Am I not supposed to be here?*

Kol chuckled. “Hehe~ It’s nothing Icy. We’re just getting close to our spot.”

Zen nodded. “Yep! We gotta move a little bit faster.”

Icy’s ears flicked. *Command? Th-they want to go faster?* His mind thought on their words for a few seconds. *Faster... Faster gets Masters to place faster...* His eyes then lit up. *FASTER!* He nodded as his face turned happy. “Faster! We go faster!”

The couple between each other at their Pet’s excitement before Kol felt the leash lurch itself forwards. “Wait, WHOA!”

Zen looked on in surprise as he watched his Lycanroc get pulled down the road. The sheer speed and strength of the Weavile was astonishing to him. He never mentioned it to Kol but the Lycanroc’s resistance to pain also translated to his weight somewhat.

While his mate remained his slim and cute self, anyone who dared to lift him ended up not being able to. Not even Granite could and he was arguably the strongest pokemon in Stonehaven in terms of lifting strength. So Icy being able to pull his precious... The Zoroark began to frown with an uneasy worry.

The Lycanroc also wasn’t expecting Icy to carry him away like that but it did feel good to have yet another pokemon who could carry him like Zen. Icy pulled him so far forwards that he was now face to face with Spark’s domain.

“Ah Kol! You’re finally here!”

A well-matured Floatzel slowly sauntered up to the Lycanroc and his Pet. “Hehe~ You were about to disappoint my poor Sparky.”

Kol chuckled and scratched the back of his neck. “Heh! Heya Marine~” He started. “Sorry if we’re a bit late. We had to outfit Icy with more presentable equipment.”

Marine stopped short of him and would kneel down to meet Icy's cute eyes. "“Presentable equipment” huh?” She brought her hand to the medallion snugly held by the Pet's collar. “Tehehe~ Cutie.”

Icy would tilt his head in curiosity at yet another new pokemon. Thankfully his Lycanroc master seemed cheerful. *They must have been another friend of Masters. I must be nice then.* He gave the water type an innocent smile.

She then looked up to Kol. “So~ Where's the hubby Kol? I know you both are required to attend.”

Kol chuckled innocently again before gesturing a bit down the path. Zen shook himself out of his stupor at the gesture. “HEY MARINE! THANKS FOR CATCHING KOL!”

The Lycanroc rolled his eyes as his mate jogged over to him. “Get over here silly before we actually get in trouble!”

The Zoroark chuckled as he got close and wrapped an arm around Kol. “Relax hun~ It's the afternoon and brunch happens in the afternoon!”

Kol gave him a deadpanned expression. He would have shot a playfully lewd retort if he didn't hear a childish voice echo from behind Marine.

“Momma momma!”

Marine turned around to witness a tiny joyful Emolga perch herself on her shoulder. At the same time, an older Emolga trudged up the path, accompanied by several other pokemon. Marine was quick to wave to all of them. “Hey sweeties! Our guests of honor have arrived!”

“About time!” Sparks met the Floatzel by her side. As he did, a Buizel with an annoyed look walked around him.

“Hmph... Making everyone wait...” The Buizel continued grumbling quietly as he brushed past Zen and Kol and began walking down the main path.

Sparks lovingly shook his head. “Well Trench isn't wrong, you two are a bit late huh?”

Zen and Kol both gave their boss a guilty smile. Marine chuckled and waved them off. “Hehehe~ Well they were outfitting their Pet ‘hun. Dressing for the occasion always pleases me.”

“Me and Zen are happy to do so Marine.” Kol bowed professionally.

The Floatzel smiled softly as she patted the smaller Emolga on her shoulder. “Well~ It’s time for me to go. Gotta take the young ones out so my precious Overseers can have your grown up time~”

The young Emolga blushed from the petting before spreading her arms. “I’ll go catch big bro so he doesn't get lost!”

Sparks would give her a thumbs up. “Go get’em.”

She nodded excitedly as she leapt off her mother’s shoulders and perched on Trench’s head.

Everyone couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight.

“Tehehe~ Charming aren’t they?” Marine asked the couple. “So when will you two have a child to complete the family?”

Zen snickered while Kol blushed heavily. “Heeey~ This question sounds familiar Kol.”

The Lycanroc rolled his eyes. He was flushed with embarrassment. “Oh shut up you! It’s not happening!”

Sparks would let out a hearty chuckle, causing his cheeks to alight with excessive sparks again. “Hahaha! Aah Kol... I said that same exact thing. Now look at me~” He then gestured to Marine and the younger Pokemon down the road. “Deep down, one’s heart knows what it truly longs for. And the Corruption knows what it takes to satiate that.” He then padded close to the canine pokemon. “Trust me... Don’t fight what’s trying to help you.”

Kol warily smiled at the statement. The additional meaning of the words his boss just said weren’t lost on him. He looked down at Icy briefly. *Hmph... It all still comes down to trying it again... I-I don-*

“BUT MOMMM! I DON’T WANT TO GO!”

The Lycanroc’s thoughts would be interrupted by an exasperated voice.

Walking down the path to Sparks’s home was none other than Topaz and his mother. The Eevee held a frustrated frown, likely the result of him being denied something. His mother held her signature professional smile in contrast. “This is Corruption business sweetie.”

The giant Eevee lowered his ears. “Come on... Not only am I old enough for this but my ceremony is happening soon!”

Pearl remained unbothered. Her son was walking in step with her. And that was all she needed. “Rules are rules Dearie~ We don’t wanna get your father in trouble.”

Topaz looked up longingly at Zen and Kol as he passed them quietly. “Hmph... Yes ma’am...”

Zen gave the downtrodden pokemon a wave. Kol tried to give him a reassuring smile but he couldn’t help himself. He turned to his chief. “*Uhm... Are you sure you can’t make an exception for him? He wants to be an Overseer.*”

Sparks gave him a defeated shrug. “*I know. But Pyre’s the boss. It might be my event but I can’t change his wishes...*”

Kol frowned at the statement. He sighed as he watched Pearl walk Topaz to the end of the crossroads before the Eevee split off and walk down the pathway to Sparks’s children. The three would seem to converse for a bit before turning back and gazing at Marine.

“Daww~ Looks like the kits are ready to go.” She would lean down to kiss Sparks’s cheek, earning a prideful blush from him, before walking away.

“Take good care of them Marry!” Pearl waved at her.

“Don’t worry~ I’ll keep Topaz out of trouble.” Marine cheekily winked before waving at everyone else. “Bye yall~!”

Zen and Kol smiled as they all disappeared down the path.

Pearl would let out a loud, tired sigh. “Aaah... That boy’s curiosity is something else. So close to ascending but wants the reward now.” She then blushed lovingly. “Huufff~ He’s just like his father...”

“Mmhmm~ Pike and Topaz... Nearly one and same. Kehehe~”

Icy began to feel an overwhelming presence behind the Emolga. He didn’t notice its subtle shifts at first, but that voice... He shivered... He never felt something so *domineering*... So... *absolute*...

“Hey Guildmaster!” Zen and Kol happily waved as the large Typhlosion fully materialized beside his subordinate. He was fully adorned with multiple

bands along his right and left arms. He had also added a serene purple scarf to his normal, decorated one. But what truly completed his look was a brown, ornate pipe. Smoke simmered from it as he smirked.

“Kehehe~ Finally the two most awesomest Overseers have arrived!”

The couple proudly puffed out their chests and smirked. Despite Icy’s uneasiness, he would mimic their poses, proudly displaying his collar.

“Indeed we have Guildmaster!” They both began.

“Overseer Zen...!”

“...And Overseer Kol!”

“PRESENT AND READY!”

“EEEEEE! Icy’s READY TOO!” The Pet eagerly pumped up his fist with excitement.

Icy’s heart grew as he witnessed the Emolga nodding happily while the strange Glaceon clapped softly. This was it! He and his Masters are being recognized! He looked back with glee to find his Masters looking at him softly. *They... like that? Yes... YES! THEY LOVE ME! EVERYONE LOVES ICY!*

The Weavile continued to revel in the celebration until that dreadful feeling came back. He turned forwards to see the Typhlosion now towering over him. His expression held an unknowable darkness. While it didn’t feel evil it certainly did not feel wholesome. *I-It’s okay. Masters are okay...* He smiled again as his thoughts calmed him more. *If Masters are happy, I will be happy. Masters will keep me safe... Yes... very safe...*

The Guildmaster’s eyes seemed to light up with a corruptive purple. He chuckled again at the sight. “Kehehehe~ A beautiful announcement.” He would take a puff of his pipe as he stepped towards the Overseer’s and their Pet. The hue became more vibrant as the Typhlosion’s gaze centered squarely on the Weavile.

In one jovially thunderous command, he spoke. “*Now then... let us begin...*”

***Corrupted Depths, Malparadise***

“GRRRRHHHH HHNNNMMMPH!” Frost writhed in his adversary’s grip. Pain was searing through his body as he felt the Aggron’s giant cock slowly split him.

Big G kept his malicious smile the whole time. The poor Weavile felt so good~ He never got to try something so small and he planned to savor every second. ***“Gehehe~ Struggle all you want Frost. This is the consequences of your choices.”***

Frost glared at him. He had sunk nearly halfway into the ground at this point. He still couldn’t understand how the Aggron did it. He knew they were strong but this was too subtle and controlled. “GRRRRRRNNN...” He hated how tinges of pleasure were pulsing through him. That so-called pleasure spot he knew all pokemon had was currently being wringed by his assailant.

He could only blush in embarrassment as his own cock began to feel too sensitive inside his sheath. Something someone the Weavile didn’t like was quick to notice.

“Bahahaha! Poor clueless Weavile. Growing hard from the domination?”

Frost changed the target of his anger to the smug Absol lying outside the circle. The sight seemed to make them chuckle again.

“Hehehe~ Don’t give me that look. You’re getting your wish.”

Frost narrowed his eyes. *That fucker...* His eyes then trailed to Ashley. His heart would sink as he witnessed the Heliolisk let out a sigh. But it wasn’t the noise that crushed him. It was the face...

That horrible face... That terrible face Frost never liked to see... He could still remember witnessing her disagree with his team’s decision on a joint mission. Despite her pleads for Frost and his team leader to listen, both teams relented to his team’s choice. Alas, that choice ended up being the wrong one and prolonged the mission by an extra day. And that annoying look was what the Heliolisk gave everyone on his team.

Those narrowed eyes... That slanted mouth... And her head slightly tilted to the right... All Frost could hear emanating from her was “I told you so...”. And the more he stared the more he could feel her pinning him down with it.

All he could do was let out a more subdued growl. He brought this upon himself. Perhaps he should have listened to her. Perhaps he should have noticed how sketchy how the former Mercenary of an Absol was prodding him with trickery wrought from many generations of conflict Northern pokemon had with their more southern counterparts. Perhaps he should have heeded the rare time Fracture's façade faded into a stern worry.

“AAaaaaah~ I'm almost hilted hehe~ Slowly but surely breaking through this tightness.” The Aggron smiled evilly as he thrust further. He couldn't help but growl in pleasure as more of his massive cock disappeared into the Ice type.

Fhalmic gleefully narrowed his eyes with intrigue. “Hah! Hard to tell whether it's your old age or the Weavile's just inexperienced.”

Frost wanted to bite back but Fracture beat him to it. “Oh! I can answer that question for you Fhal. Frosty boy has only ever topped in his life!” The Houndoom's face mirrored the Absol's.

The pinned Weavile glared at him as the shot of betrayal ravaged him. He wanted to scream. To lash out in the anger this humiliation was filling him with. Alas, hearing something *\*CRACK!\** within him caused him to freeze.

“UUUFFF~ Ooh yeah! NOW I'm hilted!” The Aggron's tongue lolled out of his mouth as he basked in the Weavile's tender insides.

Frost shivered as an eerie warmth washed over him. The feeling of something so grotesquely huge inside him... He hated the tinge of pleasure that the throbbing organ was surging from it. *Th-That crack... It was my bones right?* His face contorted into fear. A low hum began to ring in his ears. But what scared him the most was the encroaching darkness on the corner of his eyes...

“*Gehehe~ Time to have some fun.*” The Aggron forced the Weavile audibly whimper as he slowly slid his cock out of the Weavile.

“MMMNNN! NNNNNGH!” *N-No... Please...* His thoughts would whimper in fetal protest as he craned his head up to the Aggron.

It was then that Ashley's dreadfully curt voice echoed from the side of him. “Hmph... I told you Frost... And it will only get worse from here.”

His eyes welled with tears again as they shakily turned back to the Heliolisk. His heart sank. *Her face... It's just like theirs. She warned me a-and I didn't listen...*

He could hear the voices grow louder. He curled his trapped claws in the dirt as the gravity set on him. He could now feel the Aggron's tip now hover precariously inside of him. He could barely brace himself...

*I... I just wanted to save everyone. T-To be a good Pokemon...*

## ***Stonehaven, Chief Sparks's House, Afternoon***

### ***Zendus and Kollack and Icy***

Icy wasn't sure what had happened. The domineering Typhlosion had said a very enticing command that he couldn't refuse. It felt weird listening to another Pokemon that wasn't his Masters or a friend but it just felt wrong to not heed it. When he came to, the Pet found himself in the midst of his Masters greeting others...

The giant Typhlosion slowly closed the door. He would gently remove his pipe from his mouth and placing it in a small holder. He then puffed out his chest in pride. "WELCOME ALL! Our Guests of Honor have arrived!"

"FINALLY!" Tark practically jumped off the couch he was sitting on. He would be followed behind by his Deerling partner. "I was beginning to think me and Lono got duped!"

Lono stepped beside the Scraggy with annoyed eyes. "D'oh shut it Tark! Everyone knows how much of a party Pokemon you are."

Both Tark and Lono wore similar scarves to Zen and Kol. The main difference was the lighter shades of blue and three green stripes. While the lighter shades denoted how much newer these sets of scarves were, the stripes would have told anyone about their reputable status in the guild.

Tark gaily flicked his head away. "Hmph! Either way, we couldn't have gotten our cake because THESE TWO weren't here yet!"

Zen and Kol giggled innocently at the Scraggy's prickly behavior. Kol pulled lightly on Icy's leash. "Hehe~ In our fairness Tark we had to get our Pet fitted to match everyone elses!"

Icy had yipped quietly at the sudden motion but obeyed the pull. He padded on all-fours and sat in front of his Masters.

"OOOOH MY GOODNESS!" Lono's eyes lit up at the shiny object hidden under the Weavile's neck. He rushed over to the Pet, earning a nervous look from them. "DAAWWW~ HE'S GOT A COLLAR!"

Icy lowered his ears as the excited Deerling practically shouted into them. He looked back longingly at his Masters. "...E-Errm... Masters?"

All of the present Overseers and Sparks would laugh. Zen took the time to rub the Pet's head with his free hand. "Hehehe~ It's okay Icy. Lono is usually very intense about things he enjoys."

"I AM NOT!" Lono pouted at the Zoroark.

At the same time, Tark would saunter beside him. "Hmm... It would seem that they are a tiny bit correct."

"WHAT!!?" The Deerling's eyes lit up with fire as he glared at his partner.

Tark simply rubbed his ear and innocently shrugged.

At the same time the back of the room began to light up as the backdoor of the house was opened. A very haughty looking Leafeon would walk in. His muzzle was proudly stuck in the air as he elegantly shut the door with his back paw.

"I finally get all of the Pets settled and come inside to hear Lono gushing with Contradiction..." He shook his head, causing a vibrant, well-stripped, green scarf to flutter slightly before settling in a crooked manner. "That can only mean one thing..."

"PIKE!" The Deerling practically jumped off the Weavile and turned to face the Leafeon. His annoyed glare was trained solely on him.

***"Pike Alabaster Monarch Ivan-Shivan the IV..."***

Before anyone else could say anything, Pearl slinked between everyone and stood squarely in front of her mate. The whole room seemed to grow eerily cold.

Pike froze instantly. His prideful aura dissipated, being replaced by his submissive attitude. “Y-Yes Love?” His ears lowered as she approached.

Pearl’s face held a stifling darkness only rivaled by Pyre. The other Overseers and Icy shivered as the Glaceon got deathly close to her mate. A chilling yet soft breath pressed onto the Leafeon’s as the ice type leaned in.

“Your scarf is off-center silly!” She reared up in a joyfully childlike smile. Instantly, the freezing chill vanished from the room. “Lemme fix it! Before you embarrass yourself further.~”

Pike’s entire face turned a flustered red as he felt his mate delicately correct his scarf’s position with her maw. “P-Pearl dear... Y-You didn’t need to...”

The Glaceon paid him no heed initially, choosing to finish her corrections before giving staring at him lovingly. “No husband is going to flaunt his beautiful ego without looking classy and correct.~”

He began blushing with pure affection. As she stepped back and turned to the rest of the onlookers. Her gaze would end up settling squarely on Lono. “What’s wrong Lono? Thought I was gonna do something about the start of his snarky quip about you?”

The Deerling Overseer’s eyes widened briefly before his simply turned away with a “Hmph!” before walking back to the couch he and his partner had been sitting on. Tark silently followed, rubbing where his ears were.

“Hehehe~ Sorry!” Pearl then turned back to her husband. “Well Hun your thoughts were half correct. Lono was yelling about our guests of honor and their Pet.”

The Leafeon gave his wife a wry smile and walked past her. “Heh~ *W-Well you never let me finish my thoughts.*” He mumbled under his breath as he approached Zen and Kol and Icy. “*I definitely was thinking about other things...*”

The room briefly grew cold again, causing Pike to freeze as he felt his mate’s eyes pierce his soul. “What was that Pike? I couldn’t quite hear you Hun~.”

Zen and Kol were badly attempting to hold back their laughter. Kol would confidently prod further. “Yeah Pike! Please share with all of us! We would love to know.”

“N-Nothing...” The Leafeon’s tone was still a far cry from its original pridefulness. He would quickly shake himself and stand up tall as he walked towards Zen and Kol.

Icy tilted his head in curiosity, while the Glaceon in front of him just now seemed dominant and scary like the Typhlosion, this Leafeon was the exact opposite. His eyes looked shaky and his steps were uncertain. From the very moment he had walked in Icy knew that this Pokemon was much, much weaker than him... And that only seemed to embolden him! “Hiya! I’m Icy!”

Pike’s eyes widened slightly before he subtly fixed his posture. “*Hmph... He’s still way too attentive...*” His gaze briefly traveled to his superiors in the back.

Both the Guildmaster and his Chief were patiently hovering near the door. Sparks was keeping a relaxed smile with barely any sparks coming out of his cheeks. A telltale sign he was finally within his rare, fleeting time of true peace. Pyre, on the other hand, was aloof as ever. He seemed to be silently mulling over whether or not he should pull his pipe back out. To the naked eye, it would seem as though the Typhlosion was simply waiting his turn to speak. But Pike knew that was far from the case. The blip of purple in the fire type’s eyes told him everything. There was nothing not being noted. Even his whispers were counted...

The Leafeon merely rolled his eyes and looked squarely at the Weavile’s owners. He would bring his bratty self back in full force. “Hmph. Your Pet seems to be lacking in etiquette you two...”

The comment instantly made Zen narrow his eyes. Kol would speak for both of them like always. “Well duh! We only just now started to train him!”

“Y-Yeah!” Icy agreed with the biggest smile he could muster. “M-Master trained me so well today!”

Pike merely shook his head. “Heh. Trained so well that this injury sustained by your precious Zoroark was not caused by you?”

The Weavile Pet’s eyes widened as he witnessed the snarky Leafeon gesture to his Master’s bandaged arm. The memories of his other Master being upset and yelling at him came back. He slowly shirked back between one of his Master’s legs. “Uh-Uhm...” *H-How does he know about my failure?*

Zen stepped in front of the now scared Pet. “Hey! I got this through my own dumbassery thank you very much!”

“Heh. Yeah I believe you... somewhat.” Pike tried for a malevolent smile. His cheered internally as he didn’t feel the glowering of his mate behind him.

Kol would also step forwards. In a shock to nearly everyone, he began to growl with a hurt frown. “Believe us or not Pike, we’re still learning and figuring this out. So far everyone’s been the slightest bit supportive and helpful. Everyone except you.”

Pike stuck up his muzzle, his devilish smile remaining. “Ohoho~ I can assure you Kol I am helping...”

The Lycanroc gave him a scowl. “And how is acting like an ass and making our Pet uncomfortable “helping”?”

“I just want you both to remember to give your Pet a good dose of hopelessness.” His face then grew darker as his voice lowered. “Not disciplining your Pet and instilling fear in them can. Nay, WILL lead to greater problems than one can conceive of...”

Zen tilted his head. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Pike simply turned away with a nonchalant flick of his tail. “If you both truly love each other so much, make sure you treat Icy like the Pet he’s meant to be. He is lesser than us Overseers. Destroy all hopes of simply being “friends” with each other. Remember that...” He would then saunter towards his mate.

Zen and Kol couldn’t believe what they just witnessed. To be so outwardly disrespected. And to watch the giver of such disrespect harmlessly return to the side of his politely smiling partner. Kol had a lot to say. A lot to complain about. For both him and his husband. Just as his guttural growl reached the peak of being audible, he would open is mouth.

**\*CLAP!\* \*CLAP!\*** “WONDROUS!” Pyre’s jovial voice boomed throughout the whole room. Everyone would obediently bring their attention to him. “Now that everyone has gotten to interact with Zen and Kol and their Pet we can get down to business!”

“Heh. Didn’t realize having a party was business only.” Sparks let out a sarcastic chuckle as he hopped off of his wall and began walking to the center of the room. All of the Overseers and Icy instinctively made way for him.

Pyre joined him with his own laughter. “Kehehe! Yeah that is true~” His eyes would pass over Kol specifically. “We’re all here to HAVE FUN! HAHA!”

The Lycanroc gave his Guildmaster a hesitant smile. Leave it to Pike to ruin both his and his hubby’s moods right before the main event. He still couldn’t understand why Pearl just let it happen. Usually, she would be all over her mate the second either of their professionalism was in jeopardy. It just didn’t make sense!

He peered over to her briefly, noting that not a single change had been made. She still wore that polite, professional smile. *Did she... Did she agree with Pike? Is that why?* His eyes then trailed down to Icy. *Is there really something to be worried about? Icy is loyal. I trained him personally. The accident was caused by both me and Zen’s stupidity... I don’t... I just do-*

“Babe? Kol? You okay?”

The Lycanroc quickly shook his head as the worried tones of his mate interrupted his mind. He brought himself back to reality to see Zen, Icy, and Pyre looking in intrigue. “Hmm? Oh! Sorry, I was just thinking about things.” He would solemnly bow. “P-Please continue Guildmaster. When’s shall we be having cakes?”

“CAKES! GAHH!” Tark practically screamed at the heavens as his favorite snack was casually said. “YEAH YEAH! LET’S GET EM!”

Lono and Sparks would give him a deadpanned expression as awkward silence filled the room. Pyre simply blushed and guiltily scratched the back of his head.

“Keheh~ Yeah Sparks’s wife did bake her lovely specialty cakes for us. But first! Comes the plan and the main course.” The Typhlosion began rubbing his hands sinisterly as he finished.

Sparks would give a slow nod as he continued for his superior. “Of course since this would require all available Overseers me and Pyre took the time to make this private engagement, especially when we fully discovered the sheer size of the haul Zen and Kol pulled up.”

“W-Wait a sec. You said this needs all of us to be present right?” Zen tilted his head as his eyes panned through everyone. “But... Uhh. Where’s Quail? Is he gonna Teleport here or...?”

Sparks paused and then gave a questioning glance to Pyre. The Guildmaster simply returned the look with a shrug. “I did stop by his own house and Pike’s house but he wasn’t in either. I honestly thought Pike and Pearl would pass on the message.”

Pike’s ears would noticeably flatten. “Yeah uhm. Quail never showed up. Like, anywhere. Since it’s the Restdays I thought he would have been sleeping in Topaz’s room or at home. You know Reuniclus love their sleep.”

Pearl chuckled. “Hehehe~ You know that’s Musharnas, Dearie. Quail is just a special case.”

“Oh! Yeah. Either way, neither of us have seen nor heard from him.”

***\*CLAP!\****

That single sound brought everyone back to Pyre’s attention. “WELP! It’s fine. Whatever an Overseer chooses to do with their Restdays is completely fine. So long as it’s for the benefit of our glorious town, it is okay! We have enough support right here.”

Everyone would nod between each other in agreement.

“Now then. First things first, I’m sure everyone is hungry so EATING IS IN SESSION!”

“YEAH!”

Every Overseer and their partners would pump up their fists. Icy would also join too. He was excited at the thought of eating again. He was curious what delicious food was in store for him.

He watched in wonder as every other Pokemon along with his Masters began walking towards the kitchen section of the house. At least, that’s what he thought. But he oddly found himself face-to-face with a window leading to a gated area.

“Uhm... W-Where food?” The Weavile looked up questioningly only to find someone completely different bearing his leash. He flicked his ear as an odd sound akin to humming vibrated beside him. “H-Huh!?” He lurched back in surprise as he found a sinister looking Emolga side-eyeing him.

Sparks's smirk merely widened at the Pet tried to coil away from him. "Surprised aren't ya? Pyre's influence on you gave you a completely different outcome than you were expecting huh?"

*W-What? What is this Pokemon doing?* Icy didn't know why but the air felt incredibly stifling. His eyes darted around him to find the familiar faces of a Zoroark or Lycanroc. Alas, everyone was gone, their voices incredibly distant. He began shaking as anxiety stepped in. "W-Where are my Masters? Wh-What did you do?"

The Emolga chuckled. "Heh~ Relax Icy. Your Masters are fine. They're enjoying some very nice food." His eyes then turned a virulent purple. "***Meanwhile, you're going to know true despair...***"

The Weavile's heart sank as he let his instincts take over. He immediately spotted the exit and tried to dart toward it. However a harsh yank pulled the air from his lungs. "ACK! GGHHL!"

He landed hard on his stomach as his collar forced him to back towards the electric type. He turned towards the Emolga with pleading, tearful eyes. "Ghhh. N-No... please... *Don't hurt me...*"

Icy's plea seemed to fall on deaf ears as Sparks merely pulled the Weavile closer to him. Between every lofty heave he made, the Pet's cute whimpering sounds filled the space. "Hehehe~ Just relax and submit Icy. You're gonna enjoy what's going to happen to you. I promise..."

A *\*click\** would be heard as the Emolga reached up and unlatched the door to his backyard. He smiled at the blurred forms mulling about out there, Pike had done a great job of setting things up. "Everything is going to go ***exactly as planned...***"

Icy could only slump in horror and defeat as the evil squirrel opened the door a sizeable amount that only him and Icy could fit. "*Hnnn...*" He tried to fight back some tears as he gave one last longing look at the direction his Masters had disappeared to. *I-I'm sorry Masters... P-Please live well without me...*

Sparks snickered as he witnessed the Weavile scrunch up and close their eyes. He would roll his own as he forced the ice type in front of him before shoving him out the door and slamming it behind him. "You're about to be a changed Weavile, Frost... That much is assured..."

## *Stonehaven, Chief Sparks's House, Afternoon*

### *Icy*

Icy frantically turned back to the slammed door. He whimpered and pawed at the door. *W-Why...? What did I do wrong?* His actions caused a loud jingle under his chin.

Peered down at the ringing medal. That same precious metal awarded to him by such a loving friend. That same precious metal that was from his fierce loyalty during his Masters' crisis. It was the very proof of his ownership. But didn't seem to please the more important Pokemon!

He quietly cried as he brought his clawed hand to the medallion. *I'm such a failure... N-Now I'm separated from my Masters forever!*

"Ufff~ Aaaaagh~"

The Weavile's ears flicked at the sound of something relieving itself. He looked behind him to notice figures shifting around within the brush in front of him. His sadness would shift to confusion as silence followed before new noises replaced it.

"Mmmph~ Ffff~"

Icy tilted his head and slowly padded over to the brushes. The sounds would grow louder as he approached. From the various gaps in the leaves he could vaguely see the visages of Pokemon behind it. His curiosity grew even more as a sweet smell wafted through his nose. *Hmm~ I like this... Something good?* His eyes lit up as his mind finished the thought for him. *Food! Must be food!*

"Uuuuf~ Nnngh..."

The Weavile excitedly parted the bushes and stepped inside. As he did, his smile faded into shock...

In front of the Pet laid two new Pokemon. One was a blushing Heliolisk lying on her back with a sizeable bulge was covering her stomach. Above her was a glowering Houndoom who began to let out a hostile growl.

Icy gulped and warily backed up. "Uhm... S-Sorry..." While the scent of those two was enticing, the look of the Houndoom told the pet everything. He was not welcome in that area. *Just like Master getting upset when other Master got hurt...*

The Weavile was about to pop his head out of the brush but would feel something wet poke at his back. “HUH!? GAAH!”

Icy was forced to turn around and jump back into the bush as an ominous Absol peered curiously at him. It would tilt its horned head to one side and then the other. “...Mine?”

“I-I’M SOO VERY SORRY! I-ICY’S SORRY!” Icy waved his hands in a surrendering motion as the dark type slowly padded towards him. At the same time, the Houndoom’s growling only seemed to grow louder. “I-Icy didn’t mean to mess with you!”

The Weavile’s words caused all of the other Pokemon to freeze. They both then tilted their heads in complete confusion again. The tinges of hostility faded and the odd, sweet scent dissipated as well. Instead of all of that, a tingling feeling soon bubbled inside him.

Icy brought a hand to his chest as his eyes met all of theirs. Those calming little voices came back, whispering words of *safety*. *T-They are... like me...?* “You all are... like me?”

*“The one?”* A voice said.

*“Many are one...”* Another said.

*“This one... is Pet.”*

The third one was the loudest. And it echoed so close to the Weavile. Almost as if it was behind him.

*“We are Pet... And you are one too...”*

Icy flicked his ear and turned to his left. All he could do was quietly gasp in surprise as an Aggron lightly flicked his tail before settling it on the ground with a low *\*thud\** “Pets? Y-Yes! Icy is Pet! A-And you all are also Pets. R-Right?” He leaned towards the rock type with a bit of hope.

Alas, the Aggron would soon join the other Pokemon in tilting his head in confusion. The sight made Icy’s heart sink. He frowned as it felt like, something was not syncing.

After a few silent moments, the Aggron’s head tilted itself upright. Icy gazed in quiet hope as the Aggron then seemed to nod. It then stood up and spoke.

“Name... *Granite...*”

Icy's frown instantly turned into a gleeful smile. "Aaaah! Another Pet!" His tail began to wag as he proudly flipped up his medallion. "My name! Icy!"

It would take an uncomfortably long few seconds but the Aggron would give the smaller Pet a smile. "***Icy... Hehe~***"

Icy tilted his own head at the response. *He seems to speak even slower... Almost as if. As if!*

*"Smallest one speaks too High. Not Low..."*

*"Hard to hear... Hard to understand..."*

Icy turned back around to the Heliolisk and Absol. His eyes were filled with wonder as he spoke. "Y-Your voices. T-Those are your voices..." All three of the staring Pokemon kept their confused faces. Doing so only made the Weavile happier as he figured it out. He then turned back to the Aggron. "I-I'm speaking a different language a-am I?"

Those long few seconds passed again as the bigger Pet seemed to slowly translate Icy's words again. He then nodded. "***Icy speak... words of Masters... Not words of... Pets.***"

Icy nodded at the statement. That's what that strange Leafreon was talking about! What an idiot he was! *I-I was fool to think I could eat with Masters! That Emolga and Leafreon were being nice! They were helping me!*

The Weavile would turn to and eye every other Pet with a polite smile. *Now that I can see them, I-I remember them. I-I've seen all of them somewhere. I've heard all of them somewhere... T-This is where I'm supposed to be.*

He ended his staring right back at the eyes of the Aggron. The Weavile would have opened his mouth but the rock type seemed to already know.

***"Icy wishes... to... join Pets fully?"***

Icy nodded respectfully. "Yes. Teach Icy. Teach me how to be a "Good boy". A-A good Pet!"

Granite let out a droning giggle. "***Heh. Heh. Heh. Cannot teach that... Can only teach... Pet speak... To speak in Low...***"

The Weavile stumbled closer and dropped to a bow. "Teach me all you can. Icy wants to be good Pet! Good Worker Pet!" He would look the Aggron straight in the eyes. "Teach Icy... To speak and act like a lowly Pet!"

Granite remained still for a few moments. The whole brush would grow silent again. Then... That lovely scent came... That wonderful... *beautiful scent...*

A blush crossed Icy's face as he heard the clear sounds of the Heliolisk's moaning and grunting come back. He dared to turn back to her but a large, sturdy paw pulled him back. There, another, more sour scent came.

All the Weavile could do was blush harder as he witnessed Granite's member begin to throb itself awake. Each throb produced more and more of that intoxicating, *glorious* scent. The air seemed to grow hotter, akin to earlier this morning...

*Th-This feeling... This atmosphere... I-It's just like when Masters were using their fingers on me this morning! "Huffff~ Y-Yeessss..." O-Only this time, I-I'm under another of my kind. W-Where I should be~*

He would press his cheek on the now dripping tip of the Aggron's gigantic member. He barely shivered as pre slowly coated said cheek. "Hnnn~ I-I'm ready... I-Icy wants this..."

It was hard for the Weavile to notice his own purplish glowing eyes, but he would soon join the rest of his fellow Pets as they succumbed to the Lust they all emitted...