

Name: Tarin Woods

Gender: Male

Species: Torterra

Sexuality: Aroace. Tarin is self-admittedly honest about why he's Aroace. He can definitely find other people attractive, but has no desire to enter a committed relationship, romantically or sexually. Despite Granite being his rubber slave, the relationship mainly stays platonic, but still deeply affectionate. His primary reason for a disinterest in a committed relationship comes down to his significantly longer lifespan, and knowing that he would outlive most romantic partners. He is at peace with his decision, and is content without seeking such a relationship.

Occupation: CEO of Old Tortoise Lumber Company

Personality: Fatherly, sagely, compassionate. In fetish, he is firm and dominant, but caring. He has an extremely low tolerance for bullshit, his patience for it having greatly eroded over the many years of his life.

Age: 250

Birthday: September 28th, 1906

Note: Series takes place within the future, in the year of 2156.

Height: 6'6" (6 feet, 6 inches) [198 cm]

Weight: 300lbs [136 kg]

Birth Place: Artazon, Paldea

Kinks: Rubber/latex, domination, musk, masculinity, 'Daddy/Boy' dynamic, hypnosis

Background:

Tarin Woods is a long-lived 'Mon, having just been born when humanity just discovered how to utilize electricity in the early 1900s. As a Torterra, he has an extremely extended lifespan. The tortoises of his species could live up to 400 years, and at 250 currently, he still had a long way to go.

Early Childhood:

Tarin was born a 'Mon of modest means. His family was never extravagantly rich, but never left wanting financially. They lived modestly in some small woods, and from an extremely early age, the then-Turtwig grew a heavy appreciation for nature that would stick with him for the rest of his long life.

His father worked as a lumberjack, and it was he that taught Tarin the value of respecting nature.

“Son, for whatever you take from Mother Earth's harvest, you need to give back to her.” Even nearly 2 and a half centuries later, Tarin kept to his father's advice. It would become standard policy for Old Tortoise Lumber Co. years later.

Despite a happy and stable home life in his childhood, his early school years were difficult. As a very young Turtwig, he was always a bit heavier than the other kids in class.

Even *other* Turtwigs.

It wasn't his 'fault', per se. A bit of extra heft tended to run in the family, and so despite being an otherwise healthy individual...

Well...

Kids are cruel.

“Hey fatty, don't break the floor!”

“Bet only Mommy can tie his shoes!”

“Why do you think nobody sits next to you on the bus, you big lard!”

“You're the reason the school bus even has a double door, HA!”

It hurt. It hurt a *lot*.

Day after week after month, it all built up, and even now, he still suffers from a bit of insecurity about his weight.

This resulted in more than a few body image issues in his early childhood, even starving himself in an attempt to 'compensate' for his heavier genetics.

He stopped eating completely, no matter how much his parents tried to push him to eat, even offering his favorite foods.

By junior high, he was dangerously underweight.

If it hadn't been for an Abra he had befriended in school, he might've even starved himself to death in a fruitless attempt to stop the bullying.

“Tarin. Please. You can't keep doing this to yourself.”

The young Turtwig looked like a wreck. He was 'less chubby', but now Tarin looked like a literal twig, weak and frail. Utterly emaciated.

“Just a bit more... then they'll stop.”

“...Tarin, they aren't going to stop.”

“...But they will. If I'm skinny enough. R-Right, Apollo?”

The Abra looked like he could cry. “Is it worth it if you feel so miserable all the time?” Something clicked in Tarin's mind that day.

The problem didn't go away overnight, but it had been the first step towards healing and recovery.

By high school, he had gained his bulk back, once again healthy. Still a tad 'overweight' by the standards of high school bullies, but it quickly stopped when he regained the strength to physically *gut-check* one of them into a locker.

Needless to say, the bullies stayed far away from that point on.

While the Abra would eventually evolve into a respectable Alakazam, the two would retain their childhood friendship until the 1990s when the Alakazam would pass away in his sleep.

Fetish Developments:

Within those awkward high school teenage years, Tarin began to develop some of those first 'feeling weird/good' moments from seeing his father's heavy lumberjack gear, including the rubber boots and rubber gloves.

Even sneaking into his room to try them on.

...

"Heh. You've been putting on my lumberjack stuff, haven't you kiddo?"

Tarin blushed, a mere 15 at the time, freshly evolved into a Grotle.

"Y-Yeah... S-Sorry, Dad. It just... makes me feel good about myself."

"You don't need to be sorry, son." the father comforted, giving his son a soft hug.

"You've gotten so big and strong, I'm glad you enjoy wearing it if it makes you feel better. Never be ashamed of your body."

The younger Grotle let out a few tears. "Thank you... I... I-I'm sorry for starving myself like that in middle school..."

Tarin's father gently put a finger on his lips. "Son, I promise. It's OK. If these clothes make you feel better about your body, I could get you a set that fits you properly. You can do anything you set your mind to, and I want you to be confident in who you are."

This time, the younger Grotle hugged his father tightly.

"T-Thank you, Dad... I'd really like that."

...

Not only would this moment start subconsciously cultivating his fetishes for later in life, but it would give him a boost in confidence to be proud of his own body.

Founding of Old Tortoise Lumber Company:

In the 1950s, after Tarin had some experience with college, the ways of the world, and concluding several years of work as part of intershipping underneath other lumberjacks, he had worked together with his father to found Old Tortoise Lumber Co.

Tarin had already fully evolved into a big Torterra, but he was able to feel confident and assured about himself now as he began to work at running his own company.

Meeting Granite:

In the 2030s, Tarin would be on a land survey, examining the land his company acquired for restoration efforts, when he had heard some sort of faint growl in the distance. Faint, but desperate. He followed the sound to its source and found a frightening sight.

A large Groudon was caught in a dangerous sinkhole, the sand underneath him already crushing his legs with pounds of intense pressure. Tarin had no idea how long the Groudon had been there, but he had no hesitation to get him out ASAP.

“Hold on, boy! I gotcha!”

It was brutal. Hours of maneuvering earth, carefully unpacking pressure without letting the Groudon sink any further, having mentioned to introduce himself as Granite as he drifted in and out of consciousness.

Tarin’s muscles burned, his body soaked in sweat, but he didn’t stop for a moment. Until finally...

“H-Huff... ohh... Y-You’re safe now...”

Granite couldn’t even speak. Barely conscious from the intense pain, his legs had been mangled and crushed beyond all recognition.

But he was alive.

He was escorted to the nearest hospital immediately. The day of land surveying had been lost, but it didn’t even cross Tarin’s mind as he came barging in with Granite in the late hours of the night.

The last thing Granite could communicate towards Tarin was his endless gratitude before drifting into unconsciousness...

When he woke up was a different story altogether. As the Groudon’s eyes fluttered open in the hospital bed, he looked down to his legs. He had expected to see two nubs where his legs used to be, but...

No.

Prosthetics.

Not just any old prosthetics, either. These were hyper-advanced, Granite could tell. These *had* to have been the most high-tech (and no doubt incredibly expensive) that money could’ve bought.

“H-How... How do I... I don't have the money for...” Granite muttered out loud, in total disbelief of what he was seeing. Flexing his legs slightly, the movement was a bit erratic, but he could *move it*.

One of the doctors nearby filled him in. “That Torterra that brought you in bankrolled the prosthetics.” he said, showing Granite some of the documentation. “Some of the best stuff on the market; it doesn't come cheap. He paid in full.”

Granite looked over the final cost, paid by a Mr. Tarin Woods for a full...

“THREE MILLION DOLLARS?!”

“Oh yeah, it definitely sounds like he's up.”

The Groudon's eyes widened, spotting a Torterra in a chair nearby, yawning and waking up at the noise, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he looked towards Granite.

“S-Sir... Mr. Woods, I... I'm so sorry, I'll never be able to pay this back, I can't take this, I-”

“Quiet down, boy.”

For some odd reason, Granite found himself completely compliant towards Tarin's command.

“You don't owe me a thing, boy. And don't worry. The profits have been booming for my company lately, this was a drop in the bucket. You ain't bankrupting me if that's your worry.”

But still, Granite wasn't satisfied with the idea of just... taking this without any sort of recompensation for Tarin.

Tarin didn't just save Granite's life.

He gave it *back to him*.

And deep down, there was only one way to properly convey his gratitude.

“Please... I can't just take this and leave. I owe you my life. I owe you everything. I have to repay you in the only way I can.”

“...What are you...?”

“If it will satisfy you, please. Take me as your servant, your slave, as anything you wish.”

...

Despite being out and loud and proudly kinky, Tarin was hesitant to accept such an offer. He’s been a Dominant plenty of times, but to own someone so thoroughly for their entire lives?

In fact, Tarin had assumed it was from some very misplaced gratitude.

At first.

But Granite never wavered. He was insistent. He understood that if Tarin didn't want to accept the offer, he would be off... but *only* when Tarin understood that this was no misplaced gratitude, but a sincere desire to pledge himself to the Torterra.

So, Tarin had decided to give it a test run...

And 120 years later, the two were closer than ever.

Intergalactic Opportunities:

In 2051, something no person on Earth would have ever expected (yet had long theorized on), finally happened.

First Contact.

A starship had crashed on the edge near the city of Mesagoza in Paldea, with the entire region’s population immediately aware of it thanks to social media. The Paldean government had to step in ASAP, trying to be more than careful about just who these extraterrestrials were. They had called themselves ‘Zephyrians’, able to be understood thanks to their own universal translator, but didn’t seem to be combative or hostile. Vaguely resembling anthropomorphic versions of Earth animals such as Pyroar or Rattata, they had explained straightforwardly to the Paldean Government about their accidental starship crash.

The trio of Zephyrians had also explained that they had been aware of Earth for a while, and that they had been originally set out to start negotiations before the leaders of the Zephyrian Government followed.

Tarin, who lived in the smaller but nearby town of Artazon with his lumber business already booming, had heard of the extraterrestrial contact from the news and media, as the entire world had quickly become aware of them. While most of the world had fear and paranoia about what the aliens might do (perhaps due to watching one too many sci-fi movies), Tarin was more intrigued, keeping up with news reports about the aliens

talking about their government, their home planet Zephyria, an already established intergalactic economy that extended far beyond just the Zephyrians...

That last bit caught Tarin's attention the most. They had talked about various commodities they made and sold in the intergalactic trade. Some various herbs he recognized from the interview reports, but most of it were incredibly unfamiliar items he had no idea about.

But Tarin knew exactly what he wanted to do once another news report came out, showing the Zephyrians' absolute marvel at...

A plain old tree within a local park in Mesagoza. Not even a particularly interesting one, just one that had been in the park for another of the interviews.

They had *no* idea what it was, wondering what exactly this "pillar in the ground" is. Even the other people and Pokemon in that news report looked confused at the aliens' marvel of it.

The government had exercised caution around the aliens, not dumb enough to imprison them or experiment on them, and especially not with their mention of their government following behind. As such, the aliens were given *guarded* free reign around Mesagoza, and Tarin camped out in that same park the Zephyrians had originally spotted that 'tree'. It was a gambit, but with the report of the aliens having 'guarded free reign', Tarin figured it was worth a shot to try and catch them.

Right on cue.

"Heya."

The trio of Zephyrians had indeed come back to said park with a flurry of terrified human soldiers and policemen around them, to find this oddly large turtalomus (what they would call a tortoise-like creature on their home planet) sitting on... something.

The green-and-golden Pyroar-like Zephyrian spoke up, his voice echoing with power, the universal translator automatically changing their language into 'English'. "Yes, Earthen?"

Tarin's eyes widened a bit at the powerful echo, sounding otherworldly, but he already came this far. He peeked at the flock of soldiers and policemen, but they all seemed far too frightened to shoo Tarin off now.

"I... saw you guys admiring a tree in this park earlier. I, uh, thought it was interesting how much it caught your attention."

“It is an item that we don’t have familiarity with.” the Rattata-like Zephyrian confirmed, his red-and-golden body flowing like fire. “We had asked the... Earthen in charge of this geographical location what it was, but they didn’t supply a satisfactory answer.”

Tarin noted the extremely formal matter of speech coming from the Rattata-like Zephyrian, but didn’t ask further.

“Well uh, you said your government’s coming back soon, right?”

“Yes.” answered the third Zephyrian, a blue-and-silver creature that Tarin couldn’t quite identify with anything close, but resembled a mix of a Greninja and a Zero Form Palafin. “They are to arrive within 1.39 deca-cycles. I believe you Earthen estimate that to about 228 hours, or 9.5 ‘days’.”

“R-Right.” Tarin stuttered, utterly astounded by what this was going to mean for not just him, but the world at large. “Right. What I was going to talk about. You Zephyrians don’t know about trees?”

“That’s what the other Earthen were calling this object, but they seemed confused in our fascination. We have never seen this item you call a ‘tree’.” the Pyroar-like Zephyrian spoke again. “What is it made of? How does it grow? Why does this happen?”

[6 hours of explaining the Earth’s ecosystem later...]

The soldiers and policemen had long since fallen asleep as the Zephyrians listened to Tarin with rapt interest.

“And that’s the short version.”

“Fascinating...” the Rattata-like Zephyrian spoke up. “...Let me talk with my companions.”

Tarin observed the trio of aliens silently as all three closed their eyes for all of 5 seconds before the Pyroar-like Zephyrian spoke up again. “Earthen, we would like to make an offer. How much of this ‘wood’ and ‘lumber’ could you give us for examination?”

“Uh...” Tarin did some quick math in his head, trying to piece together the logistics. “I could probably get you started with around 1000 cubic feet. I mean, unless you want more. Or less?”

“That should be sufficient.” the Greninja/Palafin-like alien answered, giving Tarin a bag full of... weird purple coins?

“Uhh, what's this?”

“Zeniths, our currency. Should be 100 in there, is that acceptable?”

Tarin wasn't sure what to answer with. “Umm... it's nice, but... how much is that in dollars?”

The three blinked, blank for a moment as one of them checked a rough estimate from their species' network of intergalactic conversions.

The Rattata-like Zephyrian spoke once more, voices as booming as ever. “Automatic conversion value of 100 Zeniths comes to around 3 billion dollars of your currency. We can process the conversion immediately.”

Tarin was the one to be blank for a moment, only barely able to whisper in disbelief. “Three... *billion*...?”

The Pyroar-like Zephyrian spoke again. “Too little?” he queried, tilting his head. “200 Zeniths.”

Tarin could barely talk. “I-”

“300 Zeniths.”

“Wait-”

“400 Zeniths.”

“Hold on-”

“500 Zeniths. Final offer.”

Tarin was silent. Dead silent, unable to speak but eventually letting out the smallest whisper of an “OK.”

The rest of that night, even the rest of First Contact was hazy after that. Tarin had checked his business bank account, with 500 Zeniths shown converting into an unbelievable *15 billion dollars!*

“Oh... oh Arceus... oh... oh my...”

And even that wasn't the end of Tarin's financial miracles. The weeks had passed by, as the Zephyrian Government arrived, new technology was introduced as the entire planet leapt eons in technological level.

New cultures, new aliens, new technology, new *everything*.

Then some dealers with the Zephyrian Government came to talk with Tarin himself, wishing to discuss a contract to supply lumber for all of Zephyria.

For 100,000 Zeniths [3 Trillion Dollars], Tarin and his company would be dedicating their resources for delivering lumber almost exclusively to Zephyria for the next 75 years (for an Earthen measurement).

Signing that contract would forever change the course of Old Tortoise Lumber Co, making Tarin the richest 'Mon on the entire planet overnight.

A drop in the bucket compared to the income of many other planets of course, but his life would take a turn towards the stars for intergalactic trade now...

Missing Eye:

In 2106, after what could be called "a second centennial birthday party gone horribly wrong", he injured and lost his eye.

He held it on the planet Ila, a planet known for its' incredible high-quality alcohol that grows naturally on the surface.

He got horribly, *horribly* plastered that night, and at some point after that, he woke up in the hospital with an eye-patch and he was informed of the new green LED eye underneath it.

When he asked the doctor what even happened, he was informed that several friends and he were "disturbing the peace, shouting various profanities about 'the man', and doing dangerous dares such as shoving metal parts into our bodies to prove that 'the man' couldn't control us."

He was reported to have jammed a gigantic branch into his entire eye.

...

...Not his proudest moment, He doesn't even remember any of it beyond being so piss-drunk.

Still, the LED eye was quite effective with the advancements in technology. It performed far better than his old eye, able to zoom in for clearer detail, and even identify items he saw with it via live internet cross-referencing.

Bringing his finger over to his LED eye, he tweaked a few buttons on the metal to project the spirals and hypnosis onto the wall of the playroom.

Its' messages were louder than ever.

OBEY DADDY

SUBMIT TO DADDY

SURRENDER TO DADDY

"D-Daaaaaaddy...~" the Groudon drooled, staring straight into the projected wall of spirals.

Tarin laughed. "Haha! There we go, son! And who knows? Maybe you could get some friends to join you... just for a night or two.~"

DADDY'S HAREM

WILLING HAREM

MORE BOYS FOR DADDY

Tarin stroked his boy's head, affectionately rubbing against it as Granite was held captive by the hypnosis. "There's my boy...~"
