
[056]

The town of Alazea made itself visible rather quickly once you'd stepped out of the forest. The town lay atop a small hill, and it was not in good shape. The hill was surrounded by wooden stakes, each four meters long and separated from its neighbours by a meter or so. You could also see trenches dug into the hill, circling around the village, three concentric rings with the two concentric rings of stakes laying in between. A great deal of the hill was burnt, the stakes crushed, cut, or torn out of the ground. There was a faint smell of smoke lingering in the air. The land around the village was clearly meant to be farmland in some form or another, crops perhaps, but a great deal of it was burnt or torn out. Whole chunks had been unearthed. Small boulders lay strewn across the field, as if marbles discarded by a messy giant.

"What the fuck happened here?" Kat frowned as she glanced at the landscape.

"There was a feral rush several months ago, ma'am." Freya's face was expressionless as she spoke. "Something similar happened in Ebony. We had to help with the defences."

"What caused it?"

"The feral rush, ma'am?" The Elf shook her head. "There had been some floods back then."

You glanced at her, rubbing your chin in consideration. "How does flooding cause a feral rush?"

She hesitated, looking slightly downwards. "Whenever something big happens in the wilder areas, the ferals that are further out become disturbed and displaced, pushing their territory inwards. That forces the other ferals towards the cities in turn." She shook her head. "Most times feral rushes are light and stretched out for months of somewhat increased activity, but the one that had happened back then had been intense."

"I can see that."

The group continued walking towards the village. You noticed there were pokegirls working in the fields and around the defences of the town. At this distance it was hard to tell, but you noticed clusters of three or four workers with one or two observers nearby, barking orders. Your hand lingered on your belt, where the pokeballs with your girls lingered. They were currently balled, Kiara especially- the last thing you wanted was to draw attention from the wrong type of crowd.

The one that was apparently looking for you.

With a dejected sigh, you pushed your mind away from those thoughts. Instead, you focused on the two dozen or so towers that lay throughout the various fields. They were pillars of wood perhaps ten or so meters tall and only two meters thick. Each of them had little else about them that might betray their utility.

Tomas had noticed them as well. "What are those for?"

"Flight perches, sir," Freya replied. "They're there to make it easier for flying pokegirls to rest and take off without heading all the way back to the village. They can sometimes be used as improvised watch towers as well."

"They look like they expect another fight." Mr. Gabriel pointed at the stakes that were higher up on the hill.

"I'm betting they underestimated how much protection they needed, and things got tight. Typical administrative blunder," you mumbled, noticing the definite lack of traffic moving down the road. You remembered there'd been a larger volume of carts when leaving Violet. "We also saw some of the smaller villages putting up some basic defences..." Sighing, you shook your head. "So besides the fact that they seem to be expecting another feral rush, what do you figure I ought to do with the people that were going about asking for me?"

"You?" Kat quirked a brow at you. "You mean 'we'."

"I meant 'me'." You shook your head. "Whatever it is that's going on, I'd rather keep everyone else from potentially getting into trouble."

"Sure, and if our cute teacher gets into trouble, it's surely not going to affect us." She rolled her eyes. "Not like the road to Ebony is safe and you're the one packing the most heat in that belt of yours."

The waggle of her eyebrows made you want to sigh all the harder. You rubbed at the bridge of your nose. "Ok, let's hear it. What do you have in mind?"

"We avoid them." She grinned from ear to ear.

"That..."

"I don't think we can just avoid our troubles like that."

"Sure we can," she replied. "We are in the middle of bumfuck nowhere, heading to somewhere even further out in bumfuck. If it's something important like legal things or the police, then you'd get a message through your dex, no? How else do they expect you to know?"

"This..." Shaking your head, you frowned as you looked at the others. "You think this is a good idea."

"Well... I mean, if they are who we think they are, then they're not good news," Tomas muttered with an awkward half-smile. "And if they don't know who you are, then they couldn't really find you through the authorities. It would avoid the problem completely."

"You forget I'm in possession of something that I technically stole," you replied flatly.

"Wait, you want to give it back?"

"Fuck no, that guy deserves a lot more than losing a rock." The scoff left a hint of distaste in your mouth. "But if he's going to chase me and give me a headache over it, I'd rather just get rid of the thing."

"Booooring. Why not sell it?"

"Anyone with half a brain would look for whoever's willing to buy and ask questions." Mr. Gabriel let out a bark of laughter. "Especially if the thing is rare enough, it'd be worth a pretty penny." His eyes sharpened as he glanced at you. "And we don't have a fencer."

"Wow, gramps had a criminal side I wasn't aware of."

"I watch movies too, young lady."

"We were talking about what we'd do about them?"

"Right, Rick, look, it's simple. We avoid them. Give them the slip."

"Care to elaborate?"

"I mean, it's pretty simple stuff. We register a room in our name and slip you inside, and you stay there with your girls until we leave." She grinned from ear to ear. "Consider it an all expenses paid short vacation."

"There are definitely worse places to be stuck in."

You glared at the older man. "You think it's amusing."

"Very much."

"I still need to buy a pokegirl," you countered. "I've been saving for one, planned to get my hands on something to bolster the team's capabilities."

"I can handle that for you." Kat proclaimed, puffing her chest out and grinning from ear to ear.

You levelled an unamused gaze at her, brows furrowing and lips drawing tight. The consideration of what Kat might pick made you get goosebumps.

"I'll help." Tomas raised his hand. "I mean, if we both look for something that might fit what you're looking for, then it shouldn't be that hard."

A long look was levelled at him. He squirmed slightly, and for a second you wondered whether he'd consider doing something untoward. Kiara came to mind as a good enough reason for him to try, but... how badly could he try? You doubted it'd slip past Kat. Having them both going at it together sounded like the best solution, then. You rubbed the back of your neck. "Ok, fine, I'll give you a list and a budget and you use that as a reference. Ok?"

"Fine by me." Kat was grinning from ear to ear.

"What... are you looking for?"

"My team is somewhat fragile and very vulnerable for anything that flies," you commented. "Kiara can take a hit, but she isn't suited to handle anything flying above. Monica and Raven could handle one if they were someplace with the proper terrain, but outside of a forest or very large cave, they'd have trouble."

"Flying, I hear ya." Kat winked. "We'll make sure to find something that'll make people think twice." A smirk followed. "Now you get to know how it feels when we're waiting to get our graded exams back."

"Hm?" You quirked a brow. "I'm not too nervous, I don't see why I wouldn't be able to return a breed I think doesn't fit."

"Tch."

"And for how long are we going to be staying in this room?" Kiara arched a manicured brow, looking at you as you laid on the bed.

"Two nights," you replied with a shake of your head. "So I'm going to do what any teacher would when offered two nights of undisturbed time and sleep."

The brow arched further. "So you're saying that you'd rather cower in fear, locked up in a box, because you're nervous some mean-looking asshats were looking for you?"

Her comment made Diane growl, glaring at the infernal but remaining quiet as you sat up. Your gaze met hers for a long, quiet moment. "You don't like being indoors." It wasn't a question, but a statement.

Seeing her flinch, it was clear you'd hit the nail on the head. "I have wings. I can fly. Boxes aren't good places for fliers."

Rubbing your chin, you glanced at her. The Succubus crossed her arms and looked the other way. Slowly, you turned to Diane, Monica, and Raven. The room wasn't exactly large enough that having everyone out felt comfortable. The nurse stood next to you. Monica was napping on the other side of the bed, and Raven was focused on weaving.

"You could keep her in her ball if being in a room bothers her, Master," Diane offered.

You shuddered slightly, shaking your head. You noticed the Infernal had also looked rather displeased at the prospect. With how little sleep she needed compared to everyone else, you could figure out why she'd find it particularly not enjoyable to be stuck inside of one of those for long periods of time. The other answer you imagined was usable would be the prospect of an orgy, or a two-day-long sex session to see how close to tiring her out you could get.

And...

Hm.

"You're thinking about sex." Kiara smirked a little.

"I'm not all sex, you know."

"That means I haven't been doing my job properly."

Rolling your eyes, you leaned back. "Just been thinking, Diane has the whole training routine, and now that we're staying in one spot I bet she'll have some fun things to add to it." The nurse straightened her back a little as you said this. You gave her a slight smile and glanced at Kiara. "I was thinking if maybe you'd be interested in teaching me some things?"

Her mouth hung open ever so slightly, eyes wide. "What? I... you... what?"

You looked at the others with a frown. "Was it too weird a question?" Next to you, Diane pouted a little. You turned to her. "You'd offered the other day..."

"I know, Master, this is slightly different. I was offering to share how... I liked it best." She bashfully rubbed her knees. "You just asked a Succubus about sex."

"I'm confused now."

"Don't be." Kiara had jumped, landing on your lap with a flap of her wings, her body light as a feather as she placed her hands on your chest and shoved you so you laid on your back. Her face practically glowed with a brilliant smile. "Gosh, where would I start? Should we move directly into tongue techniques? Hm..." Tapping her chin, her eagerness turned smug as she looked at Diane's glare. "Maybe some edging play..."

"Master, she-!"

With a little chuckle, Kiara tapped the nurse's nose. "Tut tut tut, the teacher is considering the lessons for her student, no interrupting."

You leaned up, staring at her firmly. "This is one of those power plays you keep trying to make, I don't appreciate that."

The words seemed to strike her. The smile faltered ever so slightly. But she pushed it out, chuckling and turning the other way. "Power play? Whatever do you mean Rick?" She turned back to look at you. Her eyelashes fluttered at you as she spoke, her face turned into a slightly more plastic grin. "It's not like this is an opportunity for me or anything. Right?"

Rubbing your temples, you laid back on the bed, feeling her wriggling on your lap. "Diane, I think I'll ask for some lessons in anatomy and massages instead."

The Succubus didn't miss a beat, letting off a little giggle. "Oh, could I volunteer to be the practice dummy?"

"She is close to being a dummy already," Diane said with a cool, detached look on her face. "And she's plump enough she should be an easy subject for a learner."

Kiara's eyebrows froze for a split second. That was the only sign she gave of having heard the nurse's words. It was followed by her purring, leaning down, and wrapping herself across your body. "Consider me ready and willing," she whispered into your ear.

"You're going to have to get off first."

"I very much plan to, give me a hand? Maybe a cock too?" She wriggled her hips. "I'm fairly sure you're quite ready for a ride too."

You shook your head a little in bewilderment, looking at her and frowning as you pushed her off. She didn't fight it, hopping off of your lap with a smirk and proceeding to lie on the side of the bed opposite to Diane. Behind you, the nurse grumbled inwardly at the Succubus' antics. But something felt off as you looked at Kiara. The smile that had been on her lips a moment ago felt cruel now as she looked at you. Your mind whirled as you tried to connect the dots, not finding any to put together. Yet as you looked at her, with her arms folded under her head and looking at you with a plastic smirk, you hesitated.

"What's wrong, Rick? This is surely not another power-play, so go ahead, enjoy." Her question came out slowly, a whisper that hid something behind her eyes.

The nurse approached with an annoyed look, handing you a bottle with some oil and sighing heavily. "For later." She pushed herself to smile and kiss your cheek. She seemed to not notice the look Kiara shot her, hopping onto the bed and standing up. Her look turned to the harem sister, and it turned cold. "Shirt off."

"With pleasure."

Standing back up, she reached down for her shirt. Her hands crossed as she tugged at the piece of cloth and pulled. She was slow as she tugged her shirt upwards, pulling her breasts until the cloth could contain them no longer. They didn't drop down; they spilled out. It was like an industrial-scale molasses disaster- one that was just as delicious. With each weighty breast capped off with a half-dollar sized pink areola, the bounce that followed only made them more alluring.

You realized the Succubus was staring at you with a cruel, smouldering look- a smirk that promised terribly magnificent things. She said nothing, crawling her way onto the bed. With the squish of her breasts under her chest, she laid back down, raising her hips ever so slightly. "Like this?"

Next to you, Diane coughed to draw your attention. "Yes, that would work." She jumped, landing with her heels against the Succubus' back.

That broke the look the infernal had been giving you. "Hey!"

"You barely felt that, stop whining." The nurse rolled her eyes, reaching up to grab hold of the bar near the ceiling to keep herself balanced. Her gaze turned to you. "Succubus are absurdly tough. I could have done that with knives on my feet and she'd still be perfectly fine."

A loud snort came out from underneath her. "...bitch."

"That's Alpha bitch to you." She drove her heel down against the infernal's lower back, and Kiara let out a moan that became choked in her throat. A deep shudder followed as she groaned and whimpered.

You glanced at either of them. "Erm..."

"Don't worry, Master. She enjoyed that."

You looked up at her and down at Kiara as the infernal flopped a little, letting another groan as she clutched the bedsheets. "Shit."

"I'm only getting started." Diane smirked, pushing her heels down before moving to the balls of her feet. With a grunt of effort, she drove the ball of her foot down Kiara's spine.

The Succubus tried to moan again, eyes meeting your own with mirth. Up and until there was a cracking sound. The mock moan turned into a shriek. She tightened her grasp on the bed, trembling.

The sound startled Monica awake as the feline was now looking at the unfolding situation with a frown. "Hurt?"

"No, no, just... motherfucker," the Succubus groaned, clenching her fists tightly, her tail snapping straight upwards as if it had become an arrow pointing at the ceiling.

You could only stare in awe, glancing at the nurse as her feet moved to step at the base of the pokegirl's wings. "This area in particular often becomes very tense." Diane's smile was pure saccharine. "So knots will often form. So we need to be careful and do things slowly. VERY slowly."

"Oh, fuck."

The Succubus bit down on the cloth, muffling her scream as Diane's foot traced the arch between the spine and the leftmost wing. The muffled sound only became louder as the nurse repeated the gesture in the opposite direction. Besides you, Monica looked up at your Alpha and down at Kiara. There was a frown as she watched, as transfixed by the show as you were.

With shuddering gasps, the "patient" could only clench her face tightly with every new muscle group that the nurse was finding out had tension in it. Her knuckles were white with tension as her tail kept jolting into a perfectly straight line every time the heel came down on her body. Judging by the look on your Alpha's face, it left you wondering how much of this was actually torture. But Kiara didn't budge, and groans mixed with the muffled screams and shrieks, her face flushed as her breathing became laboured.

Letting out a pleased sigh, Diane hopped off of the infernal's back. "That's that for a mild deep tissue massage." She reached down to grasp Kiara's horn and pulled her to look her in the eye. "And the next time you try to initiate a taming with Master without permission, I'll make it a strong one."

Kiara let out a low groan, flopping onto the bed. "Fuck me." Her body almost appeared to melt. She lied on the bed, completely limp, closing her eyes and gasping out.

"Hurt?" Monica poked the infernal's head with a claw.

"No. Just... fuck me," came the mumbled response. "I don't think I can move right now."

Diane moved to sit down next to you, beaming as she put the bottle of oil on your hands. "Now it's my turn."

"What...?"

"She wanted to get fucked, so I helped her." The nurse's smile took an impish quality as she moved to remove her shirt, revealing her modest chest.

"But she..." You paused, glancing at the Infernal and frowning slightly.

"She knew what she was doing, she's not even trying to deny it." She crossed her arms under her breasts, causing them to pop upward from the pressure. "She did that '*smoky dangerous seductress*' shtick."

"And pinkie's trying to play oblivious seduction."

"I'm not forbidden from initiating." Diane smirked proudly, looking at you with a smile that had only the slightest hint of a blush. "Massage lesson, Master? I'm ready."

You'd been about to answer when a paw reached out to grab your hand and yank. You were turned to face Monica as she placed your hand against her chest. Hers were the largest in the harem. It would take two of your hands to match each of hers, and you had large hands. She leaned backwards, keeping your hand on her chest. It caused you to lay face first against her abs as she looked at you with a wide smirk.

The feline rolled over, pinning you to the bed. "Sex now."

You would've said something, but Monica only met your attempt to suck in air by placing her nipple into your mouth. You felt a little startled as you realized she was lactating. It could only mean she'd got her paws on Kat's alpha recently, somehow, with no one else noticing.

"Outplayed by the fucking cat." Kiara burst into laughter, the sound immediately followed by a groan.