

It wasn't looking good for Tails.

The 20-year-old genius fox friend of Sonic the Hedgehog was one of the best pilots the world knew, but even he had limits. His plane had just been struck by a bolt of lightning. The controls were malfunctioning and every alarm and alert that his plane had was going off like a lightshow. The only good thing about his situation was that he was flying over the ocean.

"They say that crashing into the ocean is a lot safer than crashing onto land." Tails said to himself, in between the beeping of the alarms. "At least this way I know I'm not landing on any towns or anything, but I'm still going down pretty hard."

After another few seconds, the doomed fox began to scream. He was only 500 feet above the water. 400. 200. 100.

CRASH!

Tails had closed his eyes right before impact and had his arms braced over his chest. He was thrown forward against the controls, but his elbows protected his head and chest from a more harmful impact. The fox began to feel for the controls around him. Everything was dark and quiet, but at least he was alive.

The fox allowed himself a long exhale. "That could have been a lot worse. I need to get out now before the plane sinks any deeper."

It wasn't easy getting out of the plane. With the water pressure as high as it was, there was no way that Tails was going to be able to push it open. Thankfully the usual cockpit button was still working, even underwater.

However, Tails wasn't ready for all the water getting into the plane as quickly as it did. The fox had to quickly hold his breath as the ocean around him began to filter into his plane. Leaping out of his seat and fighting the water around him wasn't even the hardest part. What was

even harder, he quickly found, was getting all the way back up to the surface. It seemed the storm, the same storm that caused his plane to crash into the ocean, was brewing in the water as well. He had to use every ounce of his strength and willpower to get back up to the surface.

Tails barely managed to make it. Luckily, there was a lonely drifting plank of wood nearby, perhaps from some type of ship that the storm had destroyed. Tails didn't dwell on it too long. He grabbed it with both hands and laid his whole body on top of it as if it were a bed. Then, his body having used every bit of energy it had to allow him to swim up to the surface, Tails passed out.

Had there not been a kind Dragonite flying nearby, there would have been a good chance Tails would never have been helped, or he would have fallen off the plank as he was unconscious and drowned. This particular massive orange dragon type Pokemon was aware of the storm and was flying close to the water in search of people who might have needed help. His big dragon eyes widened as he saw a little fox lying lifelessly on a plank in the middle of the ocean.

"Harooo?" the Dragonite asked. *Oh? What do we have here?*

The large Pokemon had never seen a fox like Tails before. He was curious, but also concerned. Before he would find out anything else about the strange fox, he would have to make sure Tails survived long enough for him to get those answers later.

And in order to make sure he was saved, the Dragonite was going to swallow Tails alive.

"Barrgghhh." *He does look tasty.*

The massive Pokemon swooped down and, in one quick and athletic motion, surprising for a Pokemon with his portly physique, picked up the unconscious fox. Just as quickly as the fox was in his claws, he was in the Dragonite's mouth. The Pokemon was able to fix his entire

body in his mouth without swallowing. Though the dragon knew making sure Tails was safe was the most important mission, he did take a moment to savor his taste.

“Harrooooobahh.” Ohhhh he’s just too delicious. I’m so lucky. I always rescue the tastiest people.

The Dragonite allowed himself a smile, and his tongue washed over every inch of the fox’s body before he swallowed him down. When Tails landed in the Pokemon’s stomach, there was no discernible bulge in the Dragonite’s belly. He was so large that it didn’t look as if he had swallowed anything.

With his prey now safe in his belly, the Dragonite let out an uncouth belch and started flying back to his cave home on a nearby island.

The smell of fruit was the first thing Tails noticed when he woke up. He was resting against a palm tree with bananas, apples, mangos, and a variety of berries were on the ground next to him.

It took a second for the memories of the storm and the ocean to come back to him. When they did, Tails began to panic.

“Wha... how did I get here? Am I dead?” The fox was now up on his two feet, looking around. “Why am I not still floating in the ocean?”

“Haroo!”

The sudden voice startled Tails, and all the fur was standing up on his arms. When he looked to his left and saw the source of the voice, it only made his fright worse.

The weird, fat, orange bipedal dragon thing was over twice his size! However, there were certain things about it that made Tails calm down. First, the weird reptile had one of the happiest, most harmless faces Tails had ever seen on a creature. Secondly, the dragon was carrying loads more fruit in his arms. What kind of dragon ate fruit?

“Aroooghh!” said the Dragonite. There was a big smile on the dragon’s face, as his kind blue eyes looked down at the frightened fox.

“Hey there, don’t take another step closer!” Tails began to look around his feet for anything that could be used as a weapon. The best option was a banana, which he picked up and raised above his head, preparing to throw it at the Dragonite. “I’m warning you! I’m not going to be eaten!”

The Dragonite kept his smile, totally unfazed by the idea of being pelted with fruit. This was far from the first time the dragon Pokemon had saved an unconscious storm victim, so the Dragonite had a routine now for explaining everything. The Pokemon put down all the fruit he was carrying, and began his little game of charades.

The dragon type began to make low growling sounds, imitating a storm. With his right arm he turned his claws into the shape of a plane, and his left arm was a lightning bolt. His right arm, the plane, crashed into the water.

“Uhhh...” Tails had his mouth open in confusion, trying to understand. “That’s supposed to be my plane? You saw my plane go down?”

The large dragon nodded yes. A wave of relief washed down Tails’s back. This was confirmation that the weird monster could understand what he was saying. “Okay. So what happened next?”

Putting his claws together, the Dragonite put his head down as if he were about to sleep. He then rocked his head back and forth, imitating the rough waves of a storm.

“That’s me on the raft!” Tails said.

The Dragonite nodded again. Then he raised his claws up, as if he were a hawk about to strike its prey, then grabbed at nothing in the air. He proceeded to pretend to carry it. Tails knew the giant beast was imitating the act of him picking Tails off the raft.

Then the Pokemon did something that the fox wasn’t expecting. The fake person the Dragonite was carrying got raised to his own maw. The dragon type had a big smile on his face as if he were truly relishing the memory of this action. He closed his lips around the air he was holding, then raised his neck up and audibly swallowed to make sure Tails knew crystal clear what he was trying to say.

“You...you ATE me?!?”

Upon the fox’s reaction, the Dragonite shied away. Tails could almost see a blush appear on the Pokemon’s large face, as it looked down at his feet guiltily. Then the Dragonite nodded a slow “yes”, confirming to Tails that he had, indeed, eaten him while he was unconscious.

Tails was conflicted, and he thought he might have even had a little blush too. He knew that without the weird Dragon there was no chance he would be alive right now. Sure, the creature’s method was strange and potentially fatal, and perhaps there was a very real chance he could have been killed, but the reality was that he was still breathing. The beast was even going and picking food for him while he was still asleep. Clearly the dragon didn’t mean him harm and had known all along what he was doing.

So the fox relaxed. He didn't want to lose the only intelligent creature potentially within a ten mile radius. "It's... a little weird that you did that. Did you do it to make sure I would be safe? Was there any danger of me getting digested?"

The Dragonite shook his head with an emphatic "no". The massive stomach then began to rub and pat his rather obese belly several times while continuously nodding, suggesting to the Mobian fox that there was never any danger, and that his intention the entire time was to make sure he would be safe.

"In that case...thanks?" Though Tails was still weirded out by it, and maybe a little tingled by it, the fox gave his savior a smile. "It looks like the storm is over for now. Can you take me to the nearest village? No offense, but I would love an actual warm bed and cooked food for myself tonight. Maybe I can even get a boat off this place too."

The Dragonite frowns, giving Tails the saddest look so far. He almost looked like a giant, orange whimpering dog. The Pokemon pointed a claw at Tails and then himself. Afterwards he spread his arms out wide and made a quick circle.

It took Tails ten seconds to figure out what it meant. "You're saying there's no one else on the island? It's literally just the two of us?"

The Dragonite nodded his head "yes". The massive Pokemon then went on to explain through his charades that it was still unsafe for him to fly Tails off the island and back to civilization. According to the Pokemon's antennae, he was sensing that the worst of the storm was yet to come. It would likely be unsafe to try to take the fox home now, and the Dragonite felt very sorry about it. The massive Pokemon put his head down in disappointment and let out a low whimpering sound, like a sad dog.

“Oh...hey, don’t worry about it.” Tails tried a smile, to make the Dragonite feel better.

“We can just wait until the storm is over. Don’t worry, I’m not upset. You’ve done so much for me as it is.”

Tails’s words seemed to make the Dragonite happy. A smile returned to the dragon’s face, and Tails approached him for a hug. As the fox tried to wrap his comparatively very small arms around the Dragonite’s stomach, he found that his hands didn’t even reach his sides. Getting up close and personal with the Pokemon just made Tails more aware of how large the creature was. More specifically how large his belly was.

The fox began to feel a little tingly, as he was reminded of the fact that he had apparently been inside the Dragonite’s stomach before waking up. No doubt he didn’t even make a bulge in the monster’s stomach. The outside of the Pokemon’s gut was rough and reptilian, yet smooth and soft at the same time. It was cozy enough for Tails to fall asleep on...or maybe even inside...

He released his arms off the Dragonite’s titanic gut, fighting a growing blush on his furry face. “Heh, now that that’s over why don’t we get shelter. Do you have a cave or something you sleep in?”

The massive Pokemon nodded ‘yes’ but he didn’t want to take him there. Through another series of charades, the Dragonite told Tails that there were occasionally Zubats in the cave he liked to sleep. They weren’t a threat to him, since he was powerful and had skin Zubat teeth couldn’t penetrate, but there was a chance the bats could bite the fox in his sleep.

“Eww...” Tails shuddered. “Good thinking. Looking around, I think there’s enough raw materials in sight for me to make a little hut for myself. Not sure I can make one big enough for you,” he laughed. “but please don’t take that as me saying I want you to leave. You’re a neat creature, and I’m enjoying your company.”

The Dragonite threw his arms in the air in happiness and cheered. “Harooo!”

Though it was hard for the Dragonite to be of great help in certain parts of the hut-building, the Pokemon was very useful in slashing down strong wood from trees for Tails. Unfortunately, the fox didn’t have many tools with him, so he needed the Dragonite’s claws to help him out with the carving. However, lacking opposable thumbs did make the Pokemon less efficient when it came to the actual construction parts.

After a few hours the hut was starting to look halfway like a convincing home. It didn’t have much of a roof yet, but they would deal with that later. Right now, both Tails and the Dragonite were tired from all the manual labor they were doing, and they needed a break. All the building had made both of them hungry, so they both decided to have a meal of some fruit. They both sat back against palm trees and stretched their feet out. The Pokemon’s tree was noticeably bent backwards because of his huge weight. The Dragonite was basically swallowing his fruit whole without much chewing, which made Tails laugh. When the Pokemon realized how funny the fox had found his actions, he began straight up swallowing them whole. Tails, however, couldn’t do that, so he had to chew all of his bananas and apples before swallowing them.

“Dragon...guy, can I call you Dragon?” The Dragonite shrugged. “Thank you again for saving me, along with everything else you’ve done for me. Now that we’re relaxing, is there anything I can do for you?”

Based on the quickness of the Pokemon’s reply, it seemed like the Dragonite had been waiting for Tails to ask that very question. He put one claw behind his head, between the back of his head and the palm tree, then pointed to his feet. Tails’s mouth dropped open in confusion. When the fox looked at the dragon’s feet, all six of his white claw toes wiggled and curled, as if to add effect.

“What, are you saying you want me to massage your feet?” Tails let out an awkward laugh, hoping that this was just the creature’s sense of humor. However, the Pokemon smiled and shook his head. He pointed back to his massive orange feet and beckoned the Mobian fox to start rubbing.

Tails thought about refusing, since what the dragon was asking was weird. However, the dragon DID save his life. Without him, the fox knew he’d be drowned in the ocean right now. He couldn’t refuse. Besides, it’s not like his feet looked too bad.

“Okay... heheh.” Tails rubbed the back of his neck. The Dragonite clapped his claws together in glee. “I’ll admit, I’ve never exactly done this before. I hope it feels okay.”

Tails walked over to the Dragonite’s feet, taking a seat right in front of them both. The Pokemon brought both of his feet near Tails’s lap so he wouldn’t have to move much while he was rubbing. The Pokemon’s feet were so big, they were almost as long as Tails’s whole body! It would take a while to rub every inch of the dragon’s feet, but for his new friend, he was willing to do it.

He put his bare hands against the sides of the Dragonite’s right foot. Tails used his thumbs to press into his massive orange sole. Much like his belly, the dragon’s feet were rough, firm, yet soft and smooth all at the same time. He didn’t know how it was possible. As he moved his thumbs and fingers slowly down the Dragonite’s foot, the Pokemon let out a loud moan.

“Enjoying this, Dragon?” Tails smiled. “Good to know I’m already doing a good job.”

As Tails slowly moved down the Dragonite’s foot, the Pokemon began to bend back in bliss. Tails was expecting the palm tree to snap at any minute. With each pressing of his fingers into the Pokemon’s sole, his toes wiggled and curled even more. Tails decided he would end with the toes. He used his fingers to press into the pleasure points that were on top of the Dragonite’s

foot, which just made the Pokemon sigh and moan even louder from the sensation of the foot massage.

“No doubt you put your feet through a lot of work.” Tails smiled, pressing his hands into the sides of the Pokemon’s foot. They carry such giant weight around every day.”

“Braaghh.” The Dragonite frowned and raised an eye, as if to ask: You calling me fat?

“No no no!” Tails laughed. “I mean...you’re very big. It’s not about the size of your belly.”

Then the huge Pokemon smiled, chuckling a little to show his friend that he wasn’t actually hurt.

Tails laughed. “Quit being a tease, Dragon.”

Little did the fox know, the Dragonite was only going to become more of a tease for the rest of the day. Once he was done pressing his thumbs up and down the Pokemon’s sole, Tails raised his hands back up to the three large claw toes at the front of the foot. Tails put his fingers in between each toe and pressed his fingers against the skin in between each toe. When he put some pressure down on that spot, the Dragonite released his loudest moan yet.

“Haaaaarooooo.”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying this.” Tails smiled. “I guess I’m actually a pretty good foot masseuse.” The fox couldn’t stop himself from blushing afterwards.

Using some of his fingers to press in between the toes, he used his other hand to splay the toes out, and back and forth, and side to side. This way the Dragonite’s muscles and tendons got more work down there than they otherwise would have. Once he finished massaging the right foot up and down, Tails did the same to the other foot. After he had completed, the Dragonite

retreated his feet back close to his belly and had the biggest smile on his face that the fox had seen so far.

“I hope that was fun.” Tails said, wiping his hands. “Does everyone you save end up giving you foot rubs?”

“Braggh.” The Pokemon nodded.

“Anything else?” Tails smirked. “What? Do you get baths too?”

The Dragonite brought a claw to his mouth, snickering. After he finished laughing, the Pokemon pointed at Tails’s shoes.

The fox lost his smile. “You want my shoes now? What for?”

The Pokemon’s face lost its smile. Now the big dragon looked curious. His nostrils flared as he took quick sniffs of the air and his tongue lapped through the air as if he were tasting invisible water.

Tails felt a shudder go down his spine. Giving a massive dragon a foot massage was one thing, but receiving one from him? Also, based on the sniffing and licking charade, Tails was pretty sure the beast wanted more than to just massage the fox’s feet. Once his shudder was gone, Tails could feel his blushing returning. He hoped that the Dragonite couldn’t tell he was blushing under his fur.

“You want to massage my feet too, Dragon?” Tails shrank in his seat. “Don’t you think your claws might hurt me?”

The Dragonite smiled, but there was something less friendly in it now. There was something visibly predatory about the smile the Pokemon was now giving him. The dragon shook his head again, and gestured for the fox to take off his shoes and socks.

“Oh...okay. Just be careful with me, Dragon. Please.”

The fox sheepishly grabbed each of his red and white shoes and pried them off his feet, placing them at his side. Then he peeled off his white socks, which were no doubt a little sweaty and smelly from all the work he had been doing building the hut. Even before he had finished fully peeling them off, the Dragonite had brought himself down on all fours and was already sniffing. He lowered his head to a few inches from the fox's feet, and Tails could see his nostrils flaring from quick dog-like inhales. Initially the look on the Pokemon's face was curiosity, and then after he had gotten a few whiffs of Tails's feet, a predatory smile grew on his face again.

Though he was very nervous, Tails was blushing again. There was something about a massive beast like the one in front of him taking such an interest in his feet that was somewhat appealing, but he didn't want to give the dragon any reason to keep teasing him, so he kept that to himself.

The fox braced himself for the dragon's tongue, but instead, the Pokemon hesitated. Now that Tails's socks were kicked away, the Dragonite lowered his head right to Tails's orange five-toed feet, took a loooooong inhale, relishing each second the smell of the fox's feet was in his nostrils, and then he opened his mouth. His slimy tongue fell over his lip and slowly dragged itself up from Tails's heels to the tips of his toes.

The feeling of the Dragonite's tongue on his feet wasn't unpleasant. In fact, it made him blush harder. Tails even began to laugh.

"Hahahaaha no! Stop!" Tails screamed.

But the Dragonite didn't stop, and Tails was glad. The fat orange dragon in front of him had truly turned into a giant dog. He began to eagerly lap his giant tongue up and down Tails's feet as if they were water in a desert. Once Dragonite drool had fully coated both Tails's comparatively small feet, the Pokemon began to take slow licks. The dragon wanted to start

savoring the fox's feet even more, to make sure that every single bit of fox foot flavor ended up on his tongue. Though his tongue was very large, the Dragonite tried to slip it in between each of Tails's ten toes, so that no inch of his foot was left free of his tongue. The effort from the Pokemon just made Tails laugh even more. He was trying to pull his feet back, away from the Dragonite's mouth but the Pokemon wouldn't allow it.

"Pleheheheease stop!" Tails laughed, gripping the ground next to him for stability.

The foot-licking went on for several more minutes. After a while, Tails's feet were so covered in Dragonite drool that he didn't feel the tongue as being as ticklish anymore. It was just a wet slimy thing that was being lathered all over his soles and in between his toes, which was surprisingly not unpleasant.

Not too long after Dragonite finished slobbering all over Tails's feet, night had fallen. If there were any potentially dangerous creatures around on the island, they were probably about to come out. Unfortunately, the hut still needed quite a bit of work. There was no way it could function as a safe place to stay at the moment.

"What am I going to do?" Tails wondered as he dried the saliva off his feet. "I don't think it's fair for you to have to be concerned for me all night, Dragon. I shouldn't have taken a break. If I kept working on the hut nonstop, it would probably be ready by now."

The Dragonite didn't look worried. For a second, Tails wondered what the weird creature could be thinking about. Then the beast looked down at Tails. At the exact moment he and Tails's eyes locked, a sound came from deep within the dragon's belly. It was a deep gurgling sound. The fox would recognize that sound from any animal. The dragon was hungry.

Then he began another round of charades. The dragon opened his huge maw and pointed a claw inside of it. Then he pointed at his rotund belly, giving it a few rubs too. It was the same

charades the Pokemon had used earlier to explain that he had swallowed Tails after rescuing him from drowning.

“You want to eat me again?” Tails shrank, which made the hungry Pokemon seem even bigger to him. “Are...are you sure it’s safe, Dragon? I’m not saying I don’t trust you. If you wanted to kill and eat me you would have done it by now. Have you eaten everyone you’ve saved like this before?” The Pokemon nodded. “And they’re all okay? It’s safe to go in your stomach? I won’t get digested?”

The Dragonite nodded again. Tails REALLY didn’t have a great feeling about it. This would be way more gross than the dragon sniffing and licking his feet profusely. However, at this point, Tails certainly trusted his giant reptile friend. He had saved him and helped him build most of a functioning hut. Besides, Tails had apparently already been in his stomach before. How bad could it be?

“If you’re sure that it’s safe, I’ll trust you. Besides, it could be very true that your stomach might be one of the safest places on this island.”

The Dragonite raised his arms up in cheer. “Haaroooo!”

Not wanting to hurt his friend, the Dragonite softly put his claws around Tails’s arms. Since the fox wasn’t wearing his socks and shoes, he was now totally unclothed, which made the Pokemon happy. There was no part of his friend he wasn’t going to taste the yumminess of.

Tails winced as he got a wave of the Dragonite’s breath in his face when his head was entering his maw. The best thing about it was its warmth. With the night all around him, it was getting colder. Since the Dragonite was hungry, he didn’t waste much time shoving Tails further into his mouth. In another second, Tails’s arms, chest, and belly were now past his teeth, and it was just his tail and legs sticking out. Though it felt slimy and gross to be in the Pokemon’s

maw, Tails found he didn't mind it too much. It was a lot like the feeling of having his feet sucked, except now it wouldn't just be his feet. It was his face, arms, legs, and tail. He felt the Dragonite's tongue all over his belly, arms, chest, and even all over his face. It was gross, but Tails knew he could just wipe it off, unless it would be even more slimy inside his friend's stomach.

Then the Dragonite raised his neck back and the rest of the fox's body slipped into his mouth. When it was just his feet sticking out, the Pokemon gave them another few sniffs. The Dragonite wanted to get a few more hits of the scent of fox feet before they slipped between his lips and he sent them down to his gargantuan gut. As the tasty orange feet slipped into his maw, his tongue attacked them just as before. The dragon type was happy to still get lots of delicious fox flavor on the feet. He slipped his tongue in between each of the toes once more, which made Tails squirm around inside his maw. The feeling of the fox squirming in his mouth was euphoric. Something instinctively predatory inside the Dragonite's mind always enjoyed when he swallowed live prey, even when he had no intention of digesting them.

Satisfied with all the fox flavor sucking Tails's whole body had given him, the Dragonite raised his neck up and swallowed. There was a bulge in his neck that traveled slowly down past his chest and into his stomach, where Tails landed with a plop.

"BUUAAAARRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPP!" The Dragonite produced the loudest, rudest belch Tails had ever heard in his life, and he had to start laughing.

"Geez, excuse you, Dragon." Tails smiled, looking around at his surroundings. As he expected, the Dragonite's stomach was pretty huge, even on the inside. Thankfully it didn't smell as badly as he had anticipated. "It's warm here. Thank you, Dragon. I think I'll have no trouble sleeping here tonight."

The Dragonite was happy to hear that. He was tired too, so he decided to lie down on his back on a patch of long, cozy grass. Before he sat down, the Pokemon noticed both of Tails's shoes. When he was finally on his back, he picked up the shoes and shoved them against his nose. He instantly got a noseful of the strong scent of fox feet, which almost made him moan. If he hadn't just eaten, the smell of Tails's feet would have caused his belly to grumble even more loudly than before.

The Pokemon proceeded to sniff the shoes for another five minutes. Having had enough for the night, he put both pieces of footwear on top of his belly. Perhaps if he woke up in the middle of the night he would have a few more sniffs of the shoes. The Dragonite had a great sense of smell, so it would be a long time before they ran out of their delicious foot smell.

With the shoes on his belly and Tails in his stomach, the Dragonite closed his eyes, happy to have made another good friend.