

SMASHING FEET

“And the winner of the fifth Super Smash Bros festival is... Incineroar!”

The pokémon was standing in the center of the open field of the stadium. He was triumphantly holding his fist in the air, showing it off to the camera with a cocky smile and a theatrical pose, as drops of sweat were visible on his whole body and at his feet, his feet under which a slight puddle had formed, darkening the arena's ground of its humidity, meddling with the Pokémons' own shadow under the shining moon.

Amongst the audience and their protests and screams of excitation was standing a young man staying silent under this ambient noise. He was simply smiling and looking at the feline creature in the most caring way. With his showboating finished, the pokémon looked at the side of the stage towards the audience and gave a thumbs up and a cool wink to the spectators. This brought another concerto of screams from all of the spectators. The young man knew who this movement was exclusively heading for, though. He blushed and looked down at the Pokémons' paws, and the now darker puddle of sweat that was emanating from his muscular feet. Having seen his heroic soles and his godly toes wiggle in the air before landing on his opponent's face during the whole fight was a sight that made him giggle and shiver awkwardly in his seat, blushing and hoping no one could notice his strange interest. He wouldn't have to hide his bizarre thoughts anymore in a short moment though.

After a moment, the human stood up about the same time Incineroar began walking to the backstage, with the same confident and cocky smile he always had. The young man made his way through the crowd of thrilled battle enthusiasts, some of them slightly drunk from the drinks they took before the event. He walked through the door leading to the inside of the stadium. A maze of white painted corridors later, he arrived in front of a large door guarded by two bulky Machokes, accompanied by a man in a black suit. Hanging from the handle was a white sign, on which was written: “Incineroar's lodge.”, and in a smaller font size “Employees and authorized peoples only”. The young man was approaching the door with a firm step, and before the three guards could stop him, he began digging through his pocket, before getting a rectangular object out of it, the size of a hand, with a chain attached to it. He showed it to the human in black for him to analyse it, as he grabbed the object and began reading through it. “William Cox, pokémon trainer...” He stopped for a moment, before speaking again. “Okay, you can enter. But remember that you must put the chain around your neck, this avoids having to take your pass out all the time”.

- Haha, I know, but... Wearing something like that for everyone to see in this audience is the best way to get it stolen, you know?

The guard didn't answer, but instead opened the way for the trainer to enter the lodge, which he did after thanking the man and the two Pokémons.

The lodge looked like an actual apartment, a pretty big and luxury one at that. The main and biggest room was what could be compared to a living room, composed of a couch and a low table, facing a beige wall on which was fixated a TV monitor. It was showing multiple animators and commentators talking about the match that had just unfolded some minutes ago, as part of the Smash Bros tournament's TV program, which final battle just ended. There also was a

window accompanied by curtains to the left, from which you could see the actual battlefield from a higher and more comfortable angle. To the right of the living room, there was a kitchen which was objectively big, but strangely looked pretty small compared to the big size of the living room. It looked pretty basic, and contained rudimentary equipment for cooking. Further to the right was the bedroom, behind a closed door that needed a key to open. That would have been a problem if William didn't have a spare set of keys. He could open the door and sit on the bed to wait for Incineroar to come, but the Pokemon had told him to not go to the bedroom until he allowed him to do so, so Will didn't try to open the door. Finally, there was a door leading to a bathroom on the opposing wall. Again, it falsely seemed small, but contained everything needed in a bathroom. There was even a bathtub, which was very rare in this kind of lodge. On the sink were many beauty products and creams for multiple parts of the body. They weren't placed here by Incineroar, but by the staff, as part of the lodge's equipment. There was only one bottle which was brought by the Pokemon. William reached out to it and grabbed it, before looking at the label. It was a lavender foot cream, specialized in foot hydration. Will opened the cap and took a slight smell of the aroma escaping out of it, while closing his eyes and smiling a bit. After two or three supplementary whiffs, he closed the cap and put the bottle back on the sink. "It would be better to not spoil everything", he said to himself. He finally sat down on the couch, and watched the program that was currently on a channel called "Smash TV".

After about fifteen minutes of waiting and getting mildly interested in what was happening on the monitor, Will heard a series of knocks on the door. Soon after, he heard a voice asking "Will, are you here? The guards are gone!" The trainer could recognize this voice amongst thousand. He excitedly rushed and opened it, to greet the person, or more like, the pokemon who was on the other side. Behind the door was standing a tall and muscular silhouette, about two head taller than the trainer's. It had a feline-like stature and his fur was mostly red with black stripes from his head to his ankles, except for his chest, which fur was forming a light and dark grey coat all around it, making it look like a chestplate. "Incineroar!" The trainer shouted at the tall figure while jumping in the feline Pokemon's arms and wrapping his arms around him. Incineroar answered with a surprised expression, which soon transformed into a tender smile.

- Hey, isn't it my favourite trainer cuddling me? Hehe, sorry for the wait, champ, I've got interviewed by at least a dozen journalists... Half of them being at the same time. Incineroar wrapped his arms around his trainer in return.
- You won! You won the tournament, I've seen the whole match, you were amazing! Will answered almost instantly, ignoring what his pokemon had said, while tightening his grip.
- Aaaw, you're too humble, I remind you that it's all thanks to your very effective training!
- But you're the one who went to fight, it was so amazing, you destroyed him! Every hit was... So powerful, and... So quick...

Incineroar noticed that the trainer was starting to look down at the ground, as his rhythm of speaking was getting less steady. The feline's charming expression turned into a cocky smile, as he began wiggling his toes on the ground and bringing his face closer to his trainer's.

- Ya' like what you see, champ?

Will immediately lifted his head with an intense blush on his face. The temperature quickly rose up, and the situation suddenly became very sensual, as the Pokemon was rubbing the trainer's back with his sharp claws.

- Wha-? No, no, I wasn't looking, I swear, I...

He was cut off by Incineroar, rubbing his left paw on the trainer's right ankle, very slowly and in a very soft manner, which made him shiver from his ankle to his hairs. The pokemon kept approaching Will's face with his own, almost to the point their nose were touching each other.

- Someone is very impatient, it seems... You've been waiting for this the entire match, haven't you? My soft... Sweaty paws...

Incineroar kept rubbing and talking in a very sensual manner, as William's breath getting louder and the temperature getting hotter and hotter was notifying him of his success at teasing him with his feet.

- You want to touch them... You said you would pamper them after the match, feel the tensed and warm muscles of your muscular pokemon's soles and toes... You want to smell and feel my plump toes covering your face... Don't you, champ?
- I... Y-Yes... I want it... Will answered between two loud inspirations.
- Good...

He suddenly stopped rubbing and holding his arms around his trainer's upper body.

- Let's get inside... It will be more comfortable~

Incineroar planted a kiss on the trainer's sweating forehead before entering the lodge, quickly followed by Will, who took a bit of time to regain his composure after such a tease. He reached the handle with a shaky hand and opened the door, to see his pokemon laying down on the couch, his feet resting on one of its end, as his tall body was taking all the space, his soles directly facing the trainer. They were immensely huge, way more than most Incineroar's. It's size was about the size of a human face, from the top of the head to the chin, and wide enough to be able to cover a full face with only one paw.

The pokemon's wide and big feet were next to each other, in a manner that showcased every single wrinkle and drop of sweat that could be rolling down these magical warm soles. From the padded heel to the toes, their fat, yet elongated silhouette, their slightly curved arches almost forming a hole in which a face could slip in, their large ball part and their huge fuzzy spheres that were his toes, all of these handsome features were glistening under the artificial light of the lodge, refracting against every little relief and crevice of the pokemon's smooth soles, magnifying each microscopic mountain that could be formed under the pokemon's shining paws. But the best part of these feet was when they were moving and wiggling around. As the trainer's mouth was slightly gaping at the sight of the fighter's feet, Incineroar smiled at him.

"Don't worry, I closed the curtains... Nobody will see us. It's just you... Me... And these..." He said while spreading his toes as far as possible, as he knew that had the power to attract his beloved trainer and make him go crazy.

What Will loved the most about Incineroar's spreading toes was that the toes wouldn't only splay backwards, but also slightly splay to the sides, showing the full extent of his toes' in-betweens, like a smelly and soft hand about to grab and rub the trainer's face, and taking good care of it. Except that they weren't hands. They were feet, about to grab and hold his whole head, and rub their soft and warm digits all over its features, taking care of and giving love to every pores of the blissful expression of the lucky person who would be under them.

"Oh... Oh my..."

Attracted to the hand-like gesture of his Pokémon's toes, Will immediately locked the door behind him and knelt down next to the couch, his face at the height of Incineroar's lowest extremity. He was now only inches away from the steamy feet of his dreams, as he began feeling the warmth yet humid air that the paws were exhaling. A strong salty yet natural smell was also rising in the trainer's nostrils, even though his face wasn't so close to the feet. Incineroar tilted his head to the right, and as all the trainer could see were his soles, he asked :

"I know you love this kind of thing, but the smell might be too coarse, even for you... Are you sure? I mean, it was a pretty intense battle..."

-I-I can bear with it, plus, it will tone down eventually... Answered William, with a steaming red face.

-Then, whatever floats your boat, champ...

He said while laying his head down again with a smile. He wiggled his toes and extended his legs closer to the human's face.

- Then take good care of them, they are a winner's pair, just for you, champ!

Will's eyes got obnubilated with the Pokemon's hypnotizing toes, wiggling as an invitation for him. Without a second thought, he listened to the oral and gestual invitation. He quickly wrapped his hands around the pokemon's ankles, and pushed his face into the pokemon's muscular soles and uncontrollably kissed and licked every spot of them, from the heels to the toes, feeling every nerve and tendons of them, moaning loudly and breathing heavier and heavier as time went on. With each new second, he pushed deeper and deeper, curving his back as chills of pleasure were electrifying his body and giving it more and more energy, as opposed to what the musky smell of the pokemon's feet may imply. To Will, this was close to pure heaven, having his face between such a strong pokemon's arches felt like being Will's only purpose, cleaning and giving love to the sweaty and tired digits of his manly and muscular pokemon, as they were firmly grabbing the trainer's face. Will was falling slave to the godly soles, heels, even ankles and legs, which were all that mattered right now for him, the pleasure of having them all for himself.

"Mmmh... You're doing very good... Keep licking..." Incineroar said with a strong and deep voice which put Will into an even deeper trance. He kept licking and kissing, as he was doing it more vigorously, pushing his nose between the pokemon's pairs of toes and soles, kissing and wrapping his tongue all around the base of the smelly digits, and tasting all that salty sweat and natural cheese taste that they were holding, his face covered in more and more sweat as the licks and kisses were multiplying. The relaxing moans of the Pokemon in return of his service were encouraging the human to lick and kiss even more, Will's mouth never getting dry of this homemade cleaning. Fifteen minutes passed, and Incineroar suddenly scrunched his toes in front of his trainer's face. It was a real sea of wrinkles that was unfolding in front of Will, as the Pokemon's apparent smooth soles turned into a landscape of relief and wrinkles. Incineroar kept teasing Will for a bit, before saying in an overbearing way, something that would make William completely crazy.

"Put them in your mouth, champ."

The Pokémon didn't have to say it twice. As soon as the words had escaped from Incineroar's mouth, Will immediately put the feline's two big toes inside his mouth, while moaning and panting intensely. These two digits were already enough to fill the trainer's entire mouth, as they were gently wiggling inside of it, rubbing and playing with Will's tongue and cheeks from the inside. The trainer's arch bent up again, and chills ran down his entire body as he could get a taste of the pokemon's

godly toes. Their salty taste of sweat was outstandingly strong, but not unbearable. In fact, the stronger it was, the most pleasant it was for the human. He kept licking and wrapping his tongue around the soft yet sweaty and warm digits, which he started to suckle on one by one, like lollipops, as each lick, suck, and moan was louder than the previous one. How lucky Will felt, being allowed to have such a sexy beast's paws all to himself. This endless sea of smelly and sweaty wrinkles, set up on a muscular structure, topped by three wide fluffy balls that could grab around his face without a problem, which slender yet firm shape were emanating this strong smell after each battle ... All to himself. He felt privileged, to be able to explore such a hidden part of his pokemon's anthropomorphic body, and knowing that his donator liked the intention too was making him even more aroused.

About fifteen minutes of toe sucking later, the sweat that had accumulated on Incineroar's soles had been entirely replaced by William's drool, as the trainer, having probably reached his climax, calmed down on the soles, and was simply giving small kisses here and there on the giant soles, and rubbing his face against its inviting wrinkles, smiling and breathing softly.

"Aaaw... Finished already?" Asked the pokemon in a lustful manner.

"Only... Halfway..." Answered William between two exhausted inspirations.

"Heh, you did quite the good service here, I can feel your drool from here, champ!" The pokemon spoke again while wiggling his toes, which still had an hypnotising effect on the trainer. "I think it's time to clean them a bit, don't you think? Follow me~" Incineroar suggested.

As he said that, Incineroar got up and, followed by his trainer, he walked inside the bedroom to rummage through the pile of lotions that was on the sink. "Catch" He exclaimed, before unexpectedly tossing one of the bottles above his shoulder to William's surprise, who caught it at the last moment, before looking at its label. It was the bottle of lavender foot lotion that he had smelled in the bathroom before. The Pokémon turned back and headed in front of the bedroom door, before opening it and inviting William inside. The bedroom looked like a royal suite, with broderies and gilding on every wall. It was by far the biggest room of all the rooms in the lodge, with a height that was surpassing all expectations, and a shiny chandelier hanging of its ceiling. The floor was covered in a red carpet that lead to the centre of it, a canopy bed, which sheets were the same red color as the carpet. It was very wide, and at least three peoples could easily be laying down and sleeping in the same bed. It was hard to think that such a comfortable and luxurious place was made just for a fighter. Incineroar made his way to the bed, William still following him. They sat on its edge next to each other.

"Good, now go there" He said while pointing the end of the bed. William followed the pokemon's instructions, a bit of excitation rushing in his body. He sat there cross-legged, and watched at the muscular pokemon lay down before extending his strong legs and placing his feet on William's crossed legs, lightly pressing his stomach and prostate. Chills ran through the whole trainer's body as the contact was made, and he began blushing madly again, while looking at the pokemon's soles again, bewildered.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Put this lotion to use~" Said Incineroar, pulling William out of his daydream.

"Y-yes, sorry..." Answered the human before grabbing the bottle of lotion and pouring a bit of its creamy content on his hands.

He took a deep breath to calm down, before slowly pressing his lotion-coated hands on the pokémon's three toed meaty soles. As he was rubbing his shaky fingers on the pokémon's soles, he was hypnotized by how deep his fingers were kneading in the pokémon's skin, even leaving traces of their passage through a slightly light mark, which would disappear soon after. The hydratant began merging with the pokémon's skin, and created new reflections on them, which had the effect of making it look even more glistening, even more wrinkly, even more... Perfect. Incineroar was teasingly wiggling and spreading his toes when the trainer would massage between the digits, wrapping his toes one by one, and relieving the pressure that was on them.

"Haaa... Your face is pretty good for rubbing, but I have to say, the fingers are more precise..." Said Incineroar purring and wiggling his feet around.

William made sure to not leave any spot of these perfect muscular feet empty of lotion, as he kept rubbing and pouring lotion on his hands many times, each time making the soles and toes more shiny and making their wrinkles and most detailed features more apparent. The shiniest part was without a doubt the heel pad, as the orange-ish pink leathery yet soft material that it was made of refracted light the most. It was almost possible to see a bit of your reflection in these, which was another pro about his pokémon's feet that William loved. He was rubbing and kneading his thumbs and fingers into the soft skin for about half an hour, when Incineroar suddenly lifted his left paw and began rubbing his trainer's stomach from under his shirt. William, while surprised, couldn't help but moan as the now cold and smooth surface was touching his bare skin, which had the effect of instantly warming William's body.

"You did a good job champ... Now, it's time for your reward..."

He lifted his right paw, and while keeping rubbing and pressing the trainer's stomach with his right one, he began rubbing William's right arm with his left one. He made sure to introduce the most of his feet under the trainer's clothes, so he could run his smooth and soft as pillow soles and toes along the trainer's bare body, owning and marking William's skin with their passing. As his body was being coated in the undried lotion that he had applied before, William's loudly moans got silenced by the Pokémons' right toes making their way up to the trainer's chin and filling his mouth. William's expression was one of pure bliss and total submission. He half-closed his eyes and began licking the pokémon's toes again, except that this time, the lavender taste and scent, which was his favourite smell, began replacing all of his senses, as he was drowning in a sea of pure happiness and excitement. It wasn't long before Incineroar's left paw made its way to William's face, as it began creeping in and slowly yet assuredly covering his trainer's entire face. At this time, even if William still a small feeling of reality anymore, he would have lost it right there, as Incineroar's lavender soles were softly rubbing and dragging their wrinkles across the facial features of the lucky human. William's sounds only consisted of muffled moans and pants at this point, and his body became limp, perfectly obedient to his pokémon's interactions. He began pushing the trainer, again, softly, yet assuredly, forcing him to lay down, his face still under Incineroar's dominating soles.

"I know you love the smell of Lavender, champ~ Why don't you just fall asleep under my strong and muscular soles? That will be your gift for the training you gave me~"

William couldn't answer, as his mind's only focus was the feelings of lust and pleasure that were filling his brain and lungs. It was in a sense, as if he was asleep, in a paused state, only made to enjoy and make the most of this blessed time at his pokémon's soles... His sexy muscular soles...

"Heh, I know you wouldn't say no~ I have a few hours before any interview, so, enjoy your time down there..."

Incineroar grinded his sole a bit, before grabbing William's nose between two toes, and resting his feet in this position. He loudly yawned, putting his hand in front of his mouth, before crossing his arms behind his head and closing his eyes, while still grinding his soles and rubbing his toes on his human footrest. This nap was going to be a very rewarding one, for both the fighter and the trainer.