

Foot lover's dream in Gigantamax

The sky was setting down around the edges of the tropical jungle, as a crimson coloured dragon by the name of Vharr was flying above the canopy, thoroughly looking below him, as if searching for something. The western dragon's piercing gold coloured eyes, stern expression and dark grey spikes along his back and wings were sending off a majestic, yet powerful aura, which was completely fitting for the flying creature. As the guardian of the jungle, Vharr's days would mostly consist of patrolling around the dense ecosystem to spot and kick the potential threats out of the area. Due to the green space's density, it was barely possible to see the sky from deep within the jungle, which made it very hard to see any potentially dangerous flying creatures. That was the reason Vharr would always patrol both on foot, then by flying. This method has been proven effective many times, as he had shooed away tons of humans on the ground, as well as others of his kind who had tried to dominate the place by the air. Some could consider the repeated travels boring or repetitive, but to the dragon, being tasked with such a mission as the protection of the jungle's natural wildlife was an honour to be tasked with. He deeply enjoyed the peace and calmness of the secluded area, far from the noises of civilisation, and would do anything in his power to keep anyone from disturbing this tranquillity.

The flying creature's eyes were glowing and scrutinizing every tree for any anomaly that could indicate an intrusion. In a few minutes, a few hundred trees had passed below the red animal, who hadn't seen anything unusual yet. He was soon reaching the middle of the jungle, where, denoting from the density of its surroundings, was located a wide clearing covered with short light green grass, and a single, very big tree at its centre. It is by flying over that clearing that Vharr noticed something. His sharp pupils noticed shades of a colour he had never seen before, and he could tell it wasn't from an animal of this jungle. Not even a second later, he was swooping down with an unbelievable speed, and was on the ground in only a matter of second, landing in front of the foreigner, who was laying down.

The first thing that took Vharr by shock was the beast's size. It already didn't look small from the view he had while flying but standing up close and personal made the stranger look even bigger, as the red dragon was barely the size of his palm. In fact, Vharr vaguely recognized the orange colour and the fire tipped tail of the creature as a Charizard's, but there were a few differences compared to the ones he had hunted out of the jungle before, the size being of course one of them. The flames emanating from his body were stronger and didn't only come from the tip of his tail, but from his shoulders and antennas as well. The beast also had a more... "Primitive" shape, that gave him a more ferocious look despite the absence of wings. The dragon kept observing the heavy sleeper, wondering how he didn't see such a big creature enter the jungle. The trees were big enough to contain him, but he should have sensed the vibrations on the ground as the colossal animal was traversing. The dragon looked at the diamond patterns on the foreigner's cream coloured belly as well as on its orange knees, before his gaze eventually drifted off towards the creature's gigantic paws.

Vharr swallowed his saliva, and almost reflexively walked in front of them to admire the huge assets in all their glory. The pair was around as tall as the dragon's entire body, and as Charizard's feet were usually pretty flat with very short toes, this one's were the complete opposite. They were wide, had long and plump arches topped by long flexible digits, which were themselves topped by very big white claws. Their shape looked particularly strong, again, in a much more draconic fashion than a regular Charizard's, allowing to see the firmness of the fire Pokemon's gigantic foot. Vharr blushed and watched in awe, as the creamy soles' wrinkles were evenly spread across the foot, hinting to an

unsurpassed softness that gently moved and swayed around as the sleeping creature's long reptile soles eventually twitched. The Charizard would also occasionally wiggle and spread his toes in his agitated sleep, which only gave more material for the dragon to admire, while he was unknowingly getting closer to them.

He started to feel their welcoming warmth and scent reaching him by little increments as he reached closer and closer to the tantalizing mass. The spectacle was almost hypnotic, as all of his senses were hit by nothing else but pure desire for the muscular creature's feet. The red dragon was aware that his duty was to fend off potential threats, he was aware of that, but it was almost as if it was taking a backseat. Besides, Vharr has always put his duty before his own pleasure, he could have a bit of fun from time to time, right? He would just get the creature out of the forest after he was done with the massive pair.

And with this mindset, the crimson reptile was only a few inches away from the soles, to the point that he couldn't see their orange outline. The smell and warmth were intense, almost suffocating, but still bearable, and most of all, extremely pleasurable. Vharr happily took big whiffs without touching the surface of the bigger dragon's feet with his nose, closing his eyes and moaning in delight. The left foot bent over a bit, almost as if reacting to the little dragon's breath on it, and gently touched its lover's snout with its sole wrinkles. Vharr gasped, and as his survival instincts were ordering him to retreat, his passion made him stay below the foot, tenderly sniffing at the soft flesh.

It was after a few seconds that he realised the left foot wasn't only bending forward, but it was also readying to flatten on the ground with him beneath them. Vharr didn't have time to react, and as a loud throat clearing echoed through the clearing, the sole lowered down and stomped the little creature with a loud thump.

"Is it that impossible to have a nap?!" A deep and hoarse voice roared.

Vharr's body was completely smothered by the beige coloured sole applying its immense pressure upon him as the dragon's body, although resistant enough to survive extreme conditions, was still feeling the weight of the whole Pokemon's body as it was standing up from his nap. The dragon was far from disliking it though, in fact, he couldn't stop panting from excitement, as he was moulded onto the soft sole, his head stuck between two toes, the smelliest place of the Charizard's foot. Despite his situation, he deeply sniffed and moaned at the warm yet extreme introduction to the wide foot he was given.

The Pokemon spread the toes of his left foot, exposing the little dragon's face between two claws as he angrily looked down on his catch.

"So, you're the little critter who dared to wake me up..." He severely told while scrutinizing Vharr, as the Charizard's red irises were fixated on the tiny creature's small head.

Vharr was unable to respond, due to his face being completely smothered into the creamy skin of the big dragon's sole, from where only barely audible muffled noises were able to come out. The Pokemon grunted, and with an exasperated look on his face, lifted up his foot to take a look at its captive.

"Another dragon, huh?" He smirked.

The Charizard reached his hand down to the heel of the sole he had lifted up, and softly poked the mellow surface under the tip of his claw. Vharr blushed at the view of the soft skin flexing under the sharp pressure of the pointy white nail. Slowly but surely, the whit column moved towards him,

rattling all along the surface of its owner's delicious sole. Eventually, Vharr was picked up by the claw, and was feeling his body unglue itself from the warm skin of the giant Pokemon's foot, as the white spike lifted him up into the air. Soon enough, the dragon slid down the giant's finger like a waterslide and found himself in the centre of the huge orange palm, directly facing the gigantamaxed Charizard's yellow eyes. The fire creature's hand paw was as soft as the creamy soles Vharr had been plastered into, and the dragon found himself reflexively rubbing his hand paws on the warm surface. The Pokemon scrutinized the crimson dragon once again, before speaking up.

"So... You like being under my feet, huh? Oh, I know just what to do with you..." Vharr gulped as the Charizard's evil laugh resonated through the entire clearing.

Right after these words, Vharr suddenly felt himself fall down, as the hand that was holding him swiftly bounced him off its palm. The red dragon didn't even have the time to open his wings and fly away before the Pokemon's long and wide tail curled around and immobilised him. It softly yet firmly slid him down further its end, and finally grabbed him close to its tip, only letting the captive's head peek from the spiralling mount of flesh. The coils tightened, firmly grasping and constricting the dragon's writhing body as he tried to escape, but to no avail. Vharr heard the Pokemon's deep voice rumble again.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to squeeze you... This is just... A safety measures."

Vharr continued wiggling inside the tube he was stuck in, until he felt the last bit of strength leave his body. Exhausted, the dragon panted, as he was slowly getting accustomed to the warm and sweaty environment the tail had stuck him into. In fact, as the coils were organically following the bigger creature's respiration, the dragon found himself relaxed by the caresses that were given to his sweaty body, gently cradling him into a state of relaxation that caused him to moan at multiple occasions. This sudden change of time had happened in a matter of mere seconds, and as he felt almost hypnotized by the motherly embrace, Vharr gently kissed and licked the bit of tail flesh that was the closest to his face, still cooing and purring from the intense constricting feeling of this ever so tightening organic cage. The Pokemon smiled, wiggling his tail faster, to the crimson dragon's delight.

"You seem to like being squeezed by my tail too..."

The Pokemon contracted his tail, owning a small "meep!" of pleasure from the dragon.

"I have an idea. You will be my little stress toy for a while..." The Charizard said, this time with a much light-hearted, almost genuinely amused tone.

As he started to hum, the fire type dragon lied down and lifted up his left foot paw, resting it on his right knee, facing his right side. Guiding the submissive dragon with his tail, Charizard then moved his new toy right in front of the resting sole, showing off the exposed soles and toes of his foot right in front of the dragon, blessing him with a spectacle that left him speechless. Vharr had suddenly lost all interest for the tail that he was worshipping not even a second ago, and his gaze was now lost in the myriad of wrinkled that seemed to move for his sole pleasure, as the Pokemon was scrunching and spreading his clawed toes to him.

"Take a deep breath pal, cause you're gonna be in there for a looong time..." The gigantamaxed Pokemon teased, while he was bringing his tail closer to the wall of wrinkles that Vharr was craving to explore.

The crimson dragon writhed from within the tight coils, seemingly trying to let his arms escape from their prison, eager to touch the delicate skin with the entirety of his body. Smirking, the Charizard

allowed him this pleasure and untightened the coils just enough for the dragon's hand paws to come out, fingers twitching from the idea of running down this perfect, muscled and manly three toed paw.

After a few seconds of teasing, the Pokemon finally grew bored and brought his tail to his soles for good, squishing the little dragon's head against the silky-smooth skin of the middle of his soles. Vharr squeaked and immediately felt enamoured with the strong warmth and smell emanating from the soft surface overwhelming his senses. He started taking big sniffs, licking and kissing each wrinkle surrounding him, while eagerly caressing the tender flesh with his front paws. The pokemon wiggled and scrunched his toes at the small creature, assuredly massaging his entire face with the massive wrinkles that would bump onto the red dragon's snout, giving it a ride of scents and aromas that dazed and made him moan even more.

A few moments passed, and the giant Charizard was enjoying the feeling of his sole being kneaded into by the body of a creature he had completely empowered. The tail loosened a bit, and expertly shifted from holding the dragon within its coils, to pressing him tightly into the mellow surface of his arches. He pressed his tail deeper and deeper into his sole, until he couldn't see its little captive anymore, trapped deep into the maze of wrinkles that were his strong paws.

"How's that for a taste? You're gonna be my little foot scrubber from now on!" He said with an authoritarian tone.

Then, the Bigger one started to brush his tail against the entirety of his sole, like an artist painting in a canvas, taking Vharr with his tail everywhere it went. For the little dragon, it was pure heaven. He felt the soft skin brush along his sensitive scales and paste their sweat and musk all around it, as he kept lapping and forcefully sniff at the delicious draconic foot. He felt the strong muscles' striations brush around his being, from the top of his head to the bottom of his own back paws, causing a moan of pleasure to escape from the little one's attacked lungs. Vharr felt as if he was melting into the tender surface with each new interaction with him. He murred and panted from the intense bliss as he was forced to strictly the curvature of the orange foot. He felt his body circle around the Pokemon's deep arches, brushing horizontally and vertically against the strong muscle, before feeling his body drift towards the plump and rounded heel of his.

Slowly filling his lungs and nostrils with the intense cheesy scent, Vharr relentlessly smooched and let his tongue out as he was letting himself be dragged all around the gigantic sole, leaving huge trails of saliva that would coat the entire foot's bottom part. His trip was rhythmmed by the shifting wrinkles roll under him, like little bumps that would push on his body in all the right places. Vharr could hear the fire type's deep voice echoing like one of a deity, as he was chuckling and smirking a bit, probably feeling relaxed by the forced worship. He felt the tail wrap around him again, trying to pull him back away from the sole he had been entranced by. The little creature tried to resist at first, but the tail was too strong of an opponent, especially after the small fighter had been weakened by the delicious embrace of the warm skin he worshipped, and as a trail of saliva was left on the Charizard's heel, Vharr was pulled back a few inches away from his heaven again. The crimson creature squirmed and wiggled, trying to escape from the strong grasp of the tail, but to no avail. He then heard the gigantic being talk to him with a profound tone.

"I'm allowing you a few seconds of fresh air... Don't waste them, because then..." The Gigantamaxed creature moved his tail in front of his three ovaloid digits, frenetically wiggling them in front of the small dragon.

“You won’t have air for these.” He finished his sentence, as an intensely strong smell passed right by Vharr’s nose. A fragrance so dazzling that it put the dragon into a sort of inactive period for a few seconds.

The little one was already drooling at the idea of following the smooth curvature of the giant and smelly digits, on which tiny patches of dirt were visible. He listened to his captor’s orders and took a few long, drawn out breaths that replenished his previously musk filled lungs. Once he was ready, he started squirming again, eager to get started on the alluring set of toes. His pleas were answered by the tail squeezing tightly against him all of a sudden, not tight enough to hurt him, but enough to take his breath away for a second.

“Such an eager one... You love my big, perfect feet, don’t you?” The Charizard gloated with another toe spread that let a hint of the rancid smell reach the little dragon’s snout. “I’m tired of pushing you around with my tail though... We’ll do this another way.” He continued.

On these words, the Pokemon brought the dragon towards the ground with his tail and deposited him onto the grass, which temperature felt like ice compared to the giant creature’s warm and welcoming flesh. The Charizard then retreated his left foot away from its position, before hovering it in front of the panting dragon, the fire type’s toes right above his snout.

Completely entranced, Vharr tried to spread his wings and directly fly towards the breath-taking digits wiggling above him, but alas, he was too tired from having been moved around by the strong Pokemon’s tail to even find the strength to move any part of his body. Fortunately, he didn’t have to, as the draconic foot slowly lowered down upon him, leaving time for the digits’ toxic smell to reach the little creature, hanging his mouth open as microscopic sweat drops were falling onto his face. After a few seconds, the Pokemon finally let all the pressure of his foot fall down on Vharr, whose face was lodged right between two of his reeking toes. The offensive foot smell immediately put Vharr into a submissive state, as the pinned dragon felt his body squish under the Pokemon’s will, experiencing the curls and fluctuations of the giant’s foot wrinkles moving and pressing around it in a fashion that gave him goosebumps. The digits were avidly wiggling, repeatedly releasing and applying their pressure onto Vharr’s blushing face, while pinning the rest of the dragon’s body under the sole that they topped.

Stuck under the wide foot, the dragon’s snout couldn’t do anything else than twitch as the sweaty scent of his master’s raunchy toe was overtaking his nose at each press. He blushed and moaned as the foul stench made its way from his nasal cavity to his throat, where it would then descend and fill his lungs with its warmth and stink. Vharr stuck his tongue out and took advantage of each of the huge digit’s descending motion to lap at the tender skin of the giant’s foot. The warmth started to make the captive feel dozy, as the numerous wrinkles of the orange dragon’s sole rolled around his weakened body.

The Charizard would spend a lot of time toying with the dragon with the help of his massive, muscular digits. He would experience malicious pleasure in pressing his big toe on the little creature’s face for a few seconds, while gently moaning at the small dragon’s squirming under it. The Pokemon would also sandwich his tiny prisoner’s face between two of his sweaty toes and feel Vharr’s warm breath collide with the area between his toe.

Eventually, the giant started grinding his sole on Vharr, mindlessly moving him around his foot once again. With every travel, the crimson creature would feel his entire body getting overrun by sweat and musk, while sinking ever so deep into the mellow surface, until he was completely stuck into a crease formed by the Pokemon’s delicate wrinkles. He yawned as he had stopped feeling the little

stress ball that the tiny creature had become, before pushing and grinding his soles against each other in order to dislodge him from his fleshy hideout.

“Bet you feel in your element huh?” He gloated. “How does it feel to be a little toy for my massive, muscular feet?”

Vharr couldn't answer, as his body was wobbling between the two feet, at one point getting caught up in a set of wrinkles in the giant's left foot, then under the toes of the right one. He didn't mind it a bit though, as he was still taking advantage of every opportunity to sneak in a few licks and kisses in every bit of the surface he could actively work on. He was unable to move, at the complete mercy of this calm, warm and terribly soft world where he was close enough to the Charizard's draconic soles to hear the muscles bending and unbending around him, as well as the blood flowing from each of the Pokemon's veins. He was in pure heaven, and couldn't stop moaning and panting, gladly snorting and sniffing away all the sweat and musk he could to fill his entire mind with the worn-out scent.

He felt his body move towards the foot's top area, elegantly transported by the dexterous soles as if the little creases on it were making a pathway for him to follow. As he was moving forward, he felt the delicious scent grow heavier and heavier, and the air become damper and damper. Before long, the temperature rose up by a few degrees, and after more movement from the countless wrinkles around him, the dragon's nose sunk deep into an orange wall of flesh. The little dragon's nuzzle twitched as he realised his face was being forced as deep as possible into the skin of the base of his toes, the rest of his body filling the two other toe bases. Vharr had never felt himself in such a hot and steaming atmosphere in his life. His vision was clouded by the surrounding stench, as his only available actions were to close his eyes, lick the space he was assigned, and enjoy the surrounding embrace that the other toes were putting on him, as they were rolling against his back.

Charizard smiled and let out a content moan, as the red dragon, whose senses had been completely taken over by the Pokemon's feet, let himself be rolled around by the digits' dexterous movements. The bigger dragon would move the dragon from toe to toe in the same way he moved him from sole to sole, once in a while allowing him a bit of fresh air to clean out his lungs, before proceeding with the worship again.

“Good, if you lick them nice and clean, I might have more for you~” The fire type felt his lusty personality take over his strict and commanding tone, as he was getting as aroused from all the squeezing and caressing actions he was perpetuating on his little prisoner.

After the Charizard had stated his order, Vharr felt the prison around him loosen, as the big creature curled his feet upwards in a way that the dragon was cupped between his wide intertwined toes, while a hole in the air was allowing air to enter. While being free of his movements once again, the dragon's mind was still filled with that need to get more of the Pokemon's steamy feet on his face, and without a second thought, he complied to the command he had been given.

He started by licking the ground of his smelly prison, which were the Pokemon's little toes curled in a way to not leave a hole under them. As he knelt down, he felt the stench of all the Pokemon's toes combined, which cause his body to shiver from pleasure. Vharr didn't need more teasing to start vigorously lapping the organic floor, which reacted to his laps with a little twitch that enchanted the cleaner to the highest extent. He carefully took care of every inch of the surface, sneaking kisses and deep sniffs everywhere he could, until the little toes were all glistening with the crimson dragon's saliva. He got on his four paws with a look of pride and lust on his face, as he looked up the hole, into the big creature's watchful eye, as if requesting an approbation from him.

But instead, the Pokemon replied with a groan of impatience, as he clenched his toes and closed the fleshy walls around the dragon's unsuspecting body for a few seconds as a warning, pressing and squeezing on him like his personal foot toy.

"What are you waiting for? Don't make me wait and keep going!" He growled.

Vharr listened to the Charizard's commands and started lapping the wall on his left, starting by its sides. He blushed and moaned as the particles of sweat and dirt accumulated on his tongue, only to be swallowed down his throat and fill his lungs to become part of him. His scales were getting soaked by the big Pokemon's sweaty toes as the little dragon kept working on the sensitive skin, which corresponding digit would twitch and scrunch around him, repeatedly caressing him with its wrinkles. He stood on his hind legs to feel the pleasure of his entire body being rubbed and brushed by the smooth organic material while he kept lapping every inch of the area he had been assigned, while moaning and panting louder. He wouldn't stop worshipping the marvellous digits until he was sure that there were no dry specks around his area of action, before going on to the other partition.

The entire cleaning lasted for around half an hour, during which the Charizard was hiding his moans as the small dragon's warm tongue, breath, and body was unintentionally providing a very relaxing foot bath and massage, relieving his neural nodes one by one as he methodically covered every part of his master's toes. When he felt the saliva had coated the totality of his digits, the Pokemon smushed his soles together once again, with the dragon once again, and coating his full body with his own saliva as he rotated him around with his dexterous toes. He then pushed his little captor under the toes of his left foot, facing towards the outside, and gently poked the toe claws of his right foot against Vharr's weak face.

The message was clear for the crimson creature, and so he got to work on the white hard appendage protruding from the fire dragon's rounded digits. The feeling was different, since the hardened material wasn't the same, but the warmth and scent was still on them, and Vharr blushed madly when the tip of the wide claw pushed on his lips, begging to be let in, even if only a tiny part of its tip could enter. He tenderly lapped around, kissed and sucked each of the pointy nails, eventually coating them with his saliva as well, before he was mushed again and pushed on the other foot, only to methodically give the other set of claws a foot bath as well. This time, the tiny dragon managed to free himself from his warm isolation, and climbed around the claws on his own, circling around them to clean every available inch.

Amused by the scenery, the Pokemon started wiggling the toe the other dragon was on, forcing the small one to hold on to the nail if he didn't want to fall. After a few seconds of this foot rodeo however, the tiny dragon dropped forward, and plummeted back onto the soft creature's foot, which acted as a safety net. Exhausted, Vharr just laid there, panting loudly and unable to help himself but sticking out his blue coloured tongue to touch the skin he was resting on. The Pokemon waited a few seconds, catching his breath too after the thorough worship his feet had received, cradling his captive within the grasp of his mellow sole.

After a moment of calm, the Charizard mischievously grinned again. Without a warning, he lunged his foot upwards, throwing the small dragon into the air, before rolling on his belly and exposing his soles under the dragon. Vharr meeped from the surprise as he felt his body flung around in the air, too exhausted to be able to spread his wings and stop his inexorable fall. Fortunately, just like last time he fell, the soles acted as a mattress to soften his descent, onto which his back collapsed without pain. Dizzy from the fall, Vharr slowly got up and admired as the ground around him was filled with the dragon's deep foot wrinkles, as both feet were exposed next to each other, widening the walking area around him.

“Now that you’re finished with my toes, you’re gonna clean my soles while I resume the nap YOU interrupted.” The deep voice rumbled, shaking the ground his interlocutor was on, before the long Pokemon’s legs laid flat on the ground.

The crimson dragon executed himself and rushed towards the rounded heels of the Pokemon’s giant muscular pair of feet, and once he had reached his destination, he started licking every inch of the stinky desert with passion and eagerness, while he moaned at the smell that had changed a bit to include the dry saliva he had approximately coated the soles with earlier. The dragon laid down, almost crawling through the steamy ground, coating it with his warm and moist saliva as he pushed his face as deep into the surface as he could.

He kept going like that for a few minutes, before moving onto the sole part, where he could feel the tendons and neural nodes of the creature relax and untangle under the crimson dragon’s stress relieving tongue. Feeling the blue organ rub along and follow the curve of the Pokemon’s foot crevices made him shake and tremble with excitement, while his body was getting hotter and hotter, his mind more and more hypnotized by the perfect soles that were all his for now. He didn’t hesitate to rub his body against the creamy surface, making the strong and wide Pokemon’s feet his own little world of pleasure, as he would moan so loud that the big dragon would have heard him if he wasn’t asleep. He relentlessly lapped and cleaned both of the Charizard’s arches, not without taking advantage of the freedom he had to express his love towards the unbearably sexy pair, and laid himself to sleep on the surface of one of the big rounded digits, smiling wildly as he had found his wonderland.

He was suddenly woken up when the toe he was resting on twitched and almost made him slide down the digit and get squeezed between the digits again. He hung on tightly, and as the toes kept gently wiggling, he saw the big dragon’s body lift from the ground and get into a knelt down position. He watched as the orange dragon’s head rotated towards him, looking at him deeply.

“So, did you enjoy yourself down there?” He asked teasingly.

He didn’t wait for a response from the tiny dragon before continuing, as he got himself in a seated position, while keeping the tiny creature on his feet.

“I initially came to conquer this forest, but tell ya’ what, I have a deal for you. I will leave this forest alone if you commit yourself to cleaning my dirty feet each time I come. What do you think?”

Vharr couldn’t believe his ears. He would have the possibility to worship and express his love to these beautiful, muscular and welcoming soles at multiple occasions... Without a hesitation, he nodded to the Pokemon, who smiled in response.

“Perfect then, you’ll be my foot cleaner from now on.” He said with a delighted tone.

The giant Pokemon got up, trapping Vharr under his sole once again, trapping the dragon’s head between two of his wide stinky toes.

“I’ll be flying around here in five days. I’m counting on you to lick them clean when I come back. Or else...” He told his foot toy with a stern tone in his voice, before disappearing into the trees, while Vharr was still laying down on the ground, speechless after the intense experience he had lived, and was now going to live a few times again.

THE END