

Fetish League.

Yes it's a real thing.

It was a league of Pokémon who battled, but they weren't like normal Pokémon. They were anthros. They wore clothing like humans, talk like humans, and even had jobs and homes.

Most anthros live normal lives but there are a few who will wait in specific areas of the wild, in search of human partners to battle with in the Pokémon League. Course this meant finding a human to boss around but not get a big head about it. And that was difficult...So that's where the fetish comes in.

Most Pokémon chose to have a pet human to help them fight. They don't know why but humans help make them stronger during fights. All humans are voluntary. In fact most humans go out searching for partners just so they can have some fun on the side. But once you're registered with one human? You have to take that human with you everywhere. They aren't allowed to be left alone, course there are the few that are but we'll get into that later.

Now our story starts with a young man...named Jacob.

That's me...If you couldn't guess...

I loved the Fetish League and well I've been wanting to join for years but never had the courage. Until today!

I got my bag, my potions and such and headed out. It was a long walk to the first wild area and there were plenty of Pokémon. They were...actually all over the place. Machoke, Charmanders, Bulbasaur, so many different anthros it was insane! Who knew so many Pokémon were into this....But I kept soldiering on.

I was..Looking for the right partner. Someone who was dominant and you could tell was strong. I wanted to participate in the Fetish League, but I wanted to win it too!

A lot of people join just cause they want a master. But me? I want both! So I kept walking, trying to avoid eye contact with any ghost types or psychic types. Walking around until I finally spotted him.

He was wearing a tight fitting shirt, it was purple, some baggy jeans and a pair of thick. Giant. Black boots.

He...I wasn't sure what it was but he was the one.

I ran over too him and gave him a happy smile,"Uh...Hello! Hope I'm not bothering you, I Uh..was wondering if you had a human partner?"

The Toxtricity looked up at me, his mane sparking with excitement, giving me a cocky little grin,"Heh...You wantin' to join the league kid? Don't ya think yer gonna want someone a little...nicer den me?"

"Nope! I mean...You look like the strongest one here! And I want too battle with the best!" My cheeks burned a bit, it sounded a little funny out loud but I kept too my guns.

"Heh...Alright kid...You gotta pass my test first... I want you....Tooooooo...Worship my feet. Lick me clean."

He grinned and raised up a boot showing off how big his feet really were.

"You want me to do what???"

"You 'eard me. Ah want you licking my feet clean if you think Ahm gonna join on your team." The Toxtricity spoke with a grin spread across his muzzle, the Anthro raised one foot in the air and gently rolled it around too show off the bottom of the boot he was wearing.

"I-I..." My face was as red as could be, I'd...I'd never in my life thought someone would ask me too do that. I mean don't get me wrong, I want too....But it's just...It seems too good to be true. "You're saying...You'll join my team if...I lick your feet? This time?"

"Oh sure. 'ELL! If you want I'll let you sleep with em~!" He teased gently pushing at my stomach with the tip of the leather boots he was wearing,"Ahm sure a footslut like you wants every bit of that don't ya?" Toxtricity chuckled a bit and let his arms rest on the bench, the Pokémon was damn cocky and knew how too push my buttons. And we'd only just met.

"...I..." My cheeks were red with embarrassment and I couldn't help it,"Okay fine...I'll do it." I wasn't forced, I was willingly doing this. Submitting too this stranger and giving into his odd desires, which ironically were my own. It was...well I was nervous.

"Gooooood boy. Now how's about you get down there and lick me boots." He chuckled and put his foot back down, giving a snap of the fingers followed after the command,"Chop chop, if ya want me on yer team."

I couldn't stop myself from getting increasingly embarrassed, before I just got on the floor and started too drag my tongue across the top of those boots. It was a strong taste, feeling the worn leather work across my tastebuds. Dancing and assaulting my mouth with the musky boot,"Mnnn.."

“You won’t be spendin’ too much time on ‘em now. Don’t worry. You’ll be taking my boots off here shortly.” He grinned gently raising one boot and resting it on top of my head, grinding down against me and making sure my tongue didn’t leave the leather.

“Y-Yes Sir.” I shuddered out and started licking up the side of his boot, sucking on the leather. I could tell this was all he wore, the leather didn’t look worn...But it tasted like it had been soaked in sweat.

“Mmmm...Alright Kid. Take ‘em off.” He said sternly and rubbed the tip of one boot against my face, getting some of my own saliva on my cheek.

I huffed a bit and pulled away before slowly untying the boots, then pulling them both off revealing a broad pair...of perfect feet.

They were huge. Size 20 at least. The tops of his feet were a medium shade of purple, having three toes at the end. Wiggling a little bit and splaying out too show the space between them, and the bottoms of his feet were this bright yellow. It was almost like a gold color but it looked more...like a flower. Man I just...Theyre really nice feet.

“Heh. You really are a foot slut are you? You’re staring pretty hard at my feet kiddo.” He grinned wide, “Get a closer look.” He brought both those soles right down on my face, those bright yellow soles came down and surrounded my head completely.

I was in heaven. They were soft. So soft. Broad. You would think that feet like theses they’d have some form of calluses or something. But no. As the male rubbed and squished those soles against his face, not only were they wet from sweat but they were like pillows.

Pillows grinding and pushing down against my face, my tongue sticking out not wanting too be left out of the action. Started dragging hard across the sole, earning a moan from not only the Toxicity but from me as well. They were sweaty, they tasted salty and had a little sweetness too them. It was like a grape.

“Ooooooh hell yes...Yer definitely the trainer for me kid...” He groaned out and pushed back down against me, smothering me down on the ground. Grinding his soles up and down my face, coating me in sweat, “Yer gonna have too take a bath in the lake in the next route to get my musk off ya.” He groaned happily and started curling his toes, playing with my hair and getting it nice and soggy.

My tongue just went too work, dragging up and down the middle of the sole. Picking up big beads of sweat, coating the top of my tongue and down the back of my throat. It felt amazing, my hands rubbing across the top of the foot. Squeezing and massaging the foot best I could, “Mnnnnnnghhh...”

“Ohhhh a massage too? Here lemme give you a treat for being such a good boy.” He chuckled and removed one foot from my face, before pushing a thick massive toe right into my mouth. Rubbing over the tongue and dragging the digit up and down it.

I groaned in pleasure my eyes closed tight as I just sucked away, like it was a lollipop. Sucking on the digit, bobbing my head away trying too lick at each part of that toe. My hands eventually joined in on the fun, rubbing away at the thick sole that exposed itself. Squeezing at the middle of the flesh and massaging away, working out any knots or worries it has.

“Oh man...This is the life.” He let out a happy groan as he pulled that toe out and popped in the next one.

It was a long while of me licking and sucking on the broad soles, kissing them and rubbing across the feet. Cleaning them with my tongue, hair, pretty much anything on my head was used too clean. It had been several hours and not a soul had come by.

“Mmm...I think you proved your worth. Boy.” He chuckled and gently stomped over my chest, before standing up and letting the other foot rest on my stomach.

I let out a low groan and held onto the feet that rested right on top of me, “Nnnghhh o..oh good..Your feet are amazing...”

“I know they are.” He chuckled and started too drag his soles up and down my chest, the first one working down all the way too my stomach. And the other one following in tow. Using me like a rug, a cleaning mat. His feet drug back and forth over my body, him chuckling at the weak boy beneath him.

“Mmmm...What’s your name Kid?”

“I-I’m...Jacob....Y..Yours..”

“Don’t got one. Gimme one....And make it good.” He growled and gave a harsh stomp too my chest, knocking the wind out of me but that was it.

I groaned and took a deep breath thinking more and more, “H...How about...Victor...”

He thought for a bit...and gave a grin, “I like it.” He chuckled and hopped off my frame, before pulling me up, “Alright. Victor it is. And you’re my new pet. Course doubt you’ll complain.” He snickered, tugging a plain white leash out of his pocket.

It was a league leash. It was for the more...kinky side of the Pokémon League. He clipped it on my neck, and pressed a button. The collar glowing purple and yellow before he set me on the ground.

“Nice too meet you partner.” He shot out his hand, grabbing mine and giving me a firm shake.

“Likewise Master.” I grinned despite the musk and sweat that coated my frame.

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CAUGHT TOXTRICITY

1 . Victor

LVL.- 40

Nature-Dominant