

“Four days?! You’ve got to be kidding me!” Sahri groaned in vocal displeasure.

“*At least* four days, maybe a week of bed rest. The less you use that ankle the better.” The doctor demanded. “Now I’ll see about medication for the pain but you really must stay off that foot or you could make it all worse.”

Sahri grumbled and crossed her arms, scowling and turning her head to the side while the kitsune’s many tails flexed in irritation.

“Goo...” Her longstanding pokemon partner mumbled looking sympathetic and apologetic, not that it was the goodra’s fault she got hurt at all. Sahri sighed, she knew her pokemon, she was upset she couldn’t do much to help her trainer’s predicament short of carrying her to and from the clinic.

The fidgety, fussy kitsune lasted only a day before finding an excuse to hobble out of bed, hopping to just barely obey the doctor’s instructions. On the second day she was gritting her teeth through the pain and walking on it before she’d even got dressed properly, wearing just an oversized shirt that draped down to her knees and a pair of slippers.

“Goo! Dra, dra!!” Her partner said, staring at her recovering heel with a disapproving look.

“Oh come on, Slip, it’s just a sprained ankle.” She said, downplaying how bad it was.

“Draaaa.” The draconic pokemon said, advancing on her.

“W-wait a second now!” Sahri said, expression faltering, she recognised that level of determination and had never found a way to dissuade Slip from her course when the goodra was taken in by that mood. “I’ll hop, see?” She said, taking the bandaged foot off the floor and hobbling in an awkward circle as she made to turn around.

Thick arms seized her, scooping under her shoulders and across her chest before snatching her off the ground. The pokemon hugged her trainer forcefully to her front, oozing with the slippery goo that had earned her name, she pulled up and bent backwards until the kitsune was totally off the ground. The heavy-bottomed shape of the goodra ensured that Sahri’s legs were in contact as the pokemon focused on producing more slime, a truly copious amount.

While slippery at first, the more the layer grew the stickier it became, something Slip knew well as she stuck her trainer to her front and waddled back toward her bedroom.

“Slip, stop, you can put me down, I’ll behave!” She insisted, her good leg kicking a little and her shoulders wiggling in protest.

“Goo, goo.” Slip replied, knowing that while her trainer may mean it now, she’d soon be too tempted to get up once more. The dragon pokemon bore Sahri past the doorway, waddled to

her bed and then fell forward onto the floor. Slip wiggled her way up, squashing over Sahri with her body, leaking enough slime that it flowed to cover the gaps.

“Nngh, get off me, that’s all slick and gross!” She complained. Squirming under the pokemon earned her no freedom, Slip just pressed harder! When she finally shifted her weight it was just to rise up enough to grab Sahri’s shirt and pull it off, twisting as it rose to turn her onto her back before lying down again.

“Mmmhh!” Sahri squeaked indignantly as her face was pressed against Slip’s neck. The pokemon wrestled and overpowered her trainer for a good several seconds, nestling her goopy front against her bare fur before releasing her face. The dragon’s fingers went to Sahri’s muzzle, pulling the goo away from her nose and smoothing the extra over her mouth.

Slip stayed for a while more, wiggling to make sure the slime coating was spread out then she nodded to herself, letting out satisfied noises as she rolled off the bed to inspect her work.

“Mmmh!” Sahri rolled her eyes, pulling an arm up to get the goop off her face so she could lecture the pokemon, but the slime was heavy and thick- it stopped her from getting her hand away from her body. Her brow rose in surprised concern, she’d seen a few pools of goo left for a while which had been stubborn to clean but she was realising now just how much the stuff could toughen up when thick enough.

It took the Goodra’s straining strength to peel her off the floor and then, to Sahri’s growing concern, the pokemon waddled above her, dripping and drizzling with more slimy goo to reinforce the coating.

The trainer squirmed as Slip rubbed her hands along her own front, caking them in more slime then depositing it over Sahri’s legs, burying them so thickly that from the shin and down they lost definition. As a preventative measure the pokemon also slimed up her trainer’s hands and wrists absolutely ensuring they’d not wiggle free. Slip moved on to tend to Sahri’s tails in the same way, catching the flapping limbs and gooping them up until they were weighed down under the dripping slime, then pushing them together to stick as one.

Sahri struggled uselessly, her feet properly anchored down for their safety meant it was only her hips and shoulders that could really fight. At least there was enough goo that she was both kept warm and padded from the hard wooden flooring.

The heavy yet soft footfalls of her partner pokemon gained distance, walking around her room, digging in some drawers. “Mmh, mhmhhm?” Sahri moaned questioningly.

“Goodra.” Slip replied, only further highlighting that right now neither of them could understand each other. A strange humming sounded in the air, then grew dulled and stranger yet. Out of Sahri’s sight, Slip had dug out one of her favourite adult toys, a vibrating wand, and was testing how strong it needed to be to make her wobbling body feel it properly. Satisfied, the

pokemon threw it onto Sahri's bed before testing another couple of toys, then bustling her way back around to the fallen trainer.

Sahri lifted her head trying to look as the goodra's shadow fell over her, then she was scooped up, taking that same strain to peel her off now the cocoon of goop had properly set. For all her stubbornness, Slip was still considerate and conscientious enough to grab a tissue from the bed and wipe it along the cocoon, when it came away only lightly stained, she surmised it was good enough for the bedding, lowering her trainer with gentle care on her back, nestled on the mattress.

The goo was thick enough to form discernable waves, frozen in motion now that it had set, a thick layer totally covered Sahri's head too, aside from the nose. Her blinking and the shape of her head had done enough to clear space for her eyes to rest comfortably but the world was tinted by the solid slime. Still, it was enough for her to see exactly what that buzzing had been. Slip lifted up the massaging wand and turned it to the high intensity buzz that she had found satisfying before plunging it into the goo, smearing a fresh glob over the handle to stick it in place with the base of it nestled in the bunched up tails.

The buzz shook in deep, tickling her thighs while still closely depressed enough that it teased her sensually. More so when the pokemon thrust two smaller vibrators into the goo over her nipples, digging pits in the slime-shell which she then filled up again. The gelatinous surface blurred from the vibrations which themselves sent Sahri moaning with aroused cries.

The fact that Slip knew to do this, knew what to do with them, was mortifying. Sahri had teased herself and had fun but had always tried to be discreet and private. The revelation made her think one of two things, either her pokemon had wandered in on her in the throes of ecstasy before and then been polite and discreet enough to walk out and not mention it, or she'd been a secret voyeur. Sahri didn't know which was better!

She didn't yet understand quite what Slip knew of her, the pokemon was aware of one other fetish that Sahri had kept to herself.

The bed creaked as Slip climbed on, the frame now supporting both of their weights. With her trainer stuck and squirming, it was trivial for the round bellied pokemon to slide herself beside and then underneath her trainer. Hands pulled so that Sahri's shoulders and back rested comfortably, putting her head in reach.

"Mmmh, mmhm...- MHHH!!" Sahri squeaked arousal spiking into flustered panic as with casual ease Slip put a gooey hand over her kitsune trainer's nose, blocking all air. She tried to thrash and squirm her upper body to let Slip know there was a problem, thinking she might have done it by accident.

When the pokemon held on for half a minute before releasing the nose, waiting a few seconds and then covering it up again, Sahri realised Slip knew exactly what she was doing. One

of the stubby legs shoved around, adding more pressure to the buzzing wand as she toyed with her trainer's hidden kink.

"Goooo, goooo." Slip gently cooed in approval as deprivation from oxygen both weakened Sahri and made her more erotically hungry. What she had thought was punishment for willfully disobeying her doctor started to feel more like the training methods she'd employed with Slip in their first months; positive reinforcement, showing her the good things that would come if she behaved accordingly.

The pokemon was not too sure of her trainer's limits and relented a bit more frequently than Sahri needed, shoving the toy in deep to balance her trainer's thrusts. Sahri was too lost in the moment to be hung up on the quandary on just how inappropriate this was for a trainer to behave so with a pokemon, even one as intelligent as Slip.

Despite her resistance against this treatment, Sahri found she was developing a comfort in the goo, her struggles now focused on trying to derive more pleasure from it. As if noticing that, Slip covered her nose not with a hand but with a wad of goo before reaching down to the wand and vibrator controls, dialling them up harder.

"Mmmh!!!" Sahri mewled, body shaking as now the vibrations were too strong; too wonderfully strong! "Slmm- smmmhh!" She called, growing weaker as her body sought relief and also air. The pokemon freed her nose allowing sweet oxygen to return and cool her heated, tight lungs.

With that done the pokemon switched off the vibrators, shy of Sahri being pushed far enough. With a smile that was outright coy, Slip leaned forward, tapping the vibrator's on switch without pushing it enough and stroking over the cocooned, injured ankle. "Goo, goo."

"Mmmh?" She said, view shifting between Slip's two hands.

The pokemon chuckled and nodded. While impossible to know for certain, Sahri interpreted it as an offer, a more thorough use of the wand if she proves she can be trusted with her damaged ankle.

With a shudder she fell back against the bed. Either way, she knew now that Slip would find some method to keep her entertained while bedridden, making the prospect seem more agreeable.

A small part of her hoped she could encourage the pokemon to show off this side of herself in future, when she was recovered. For a spot of recreation instead of necessity.