

# Magni's Mountain



A Short Story  
for Adult Readers

Victor Waite

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## Magni's Mountain

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A Personal Work  
Magni Belongs to Victor Waite

*A tale of Fate and fortune! A harsh blizzard strands a pokemon trainer on an unforgiving mountain. Too far up its slope to turn back, he presses on until he finds a cave near its peak. Such fortunate shelter is rarely unoccupied however, and he finds a massive ninetales has also taken residence. How will the flabby fox react to her company?*

**Content Warning:** This Short Story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Short Story, Personal, Adult, [Magni], Male, Human, Pokemon, Female, Fox, Ninetales, Quadruped, Fat, Soft Vore, Anal Vore

Wind whipped the mountainside, bearing down with the full force of nature's fury. Clouds darkened the sky, and rising flurries blurred the line between ground and horizon. The trainer's world closed in as visibility dropped, shrouding the peak from his ambitious vision. Mark pulled his scarf over his face and groaned into the woolen fabric. Common sense and self-preservation alike demanded he turn back, though hubris pressed him forward. That misplaced confidence flagged more with every labored step, however. The unrelenting cold sapped his stamina like nothing else, dragging his pace down to a crawl. His footsteps slowed as his boots sank deeper and deeper into rising snow, further slowing his ascent. As frost gathered on his lips, Mark realized his goal was beyond his reach.

The notion of turning back fluttered thorough his thoughts, but fled with a rising memory. Mark recalled a cave in the shadow of the peak. While less than ideal, seeking its entrance proved his best odds. The trainer turned his gaze toward the peak and blanched. The relentless shroud of snow closed in tighter, devouring the rocky summit in seconds. He glanced to his compass and noted its direction, then turned his attention to his belt. Through his glove, he felt the firm curves of his pokeballs. Mark's brow furrowed in thought as he considered his team and the conditions, then pulled his fingers away. None of their abilities seemed helpful, and even his

arcanine wouldn't last long in the blizzard. No need for them to freeze too.

With grim determination, Mark gathered his nerve and continued his climb. He pulled his jacket tight around his form and braced against the cutting wind, amassing what little of his strength remained. That next step forward nearly cost all of it, and each successive one only drained his stamina further. Still, he found the strength to continue. Through those reserves only tapped in extreme circumstances, the trainer pressed on. Visibility declined until he could hardly see the compass in his trembling hand, eliminating any indication of his progress. Rushes of snow filled in his footsteps, erasing his wake from the mountainside. Quickly, Mark found himself in a limbo, in which he hardly existed. There was nothing but the dark white void and his compass.

Time stopped, its only measure the frost that gathered on Mark's fingers. It took all his remaining concentration to hold the compass steady and remain on track, but eventually, his resilience paid off. The darkness of the cave entrance was indistinguishable in that low visibility, but the stone underfoot was not. Whether it was good fortune or amicable fate, Mark sensed the snow growing shallower around his ankles. The relentless howl of the wind diminished as he ventured deeper, until he reached the relative safety of the cave. The trainer was still deep in the proverbial woods, but a freezing cave was better than the unmitigated blizzard. Adrenaline surged through Mark while he stumbled deeper into the cave, thought that rush faded with every step. He braced himself against the icy wall to rest, only for the rush to return with a glance to the side.

In his stupor, Mark failed to notice the cave's resident. A massive, icy-blue pile of fur and flab rested at the back of the chamber. Panic rooted the trainer in place, until he placed the pokemon as a ninetales. Even with the cold clouding his thoughts,

her sheer size stunned him. Over-sized pokemon were nothing particularly rare, of course, but the ninetales defied even that. Mark crept closer for a better look, a better sense of her scale, fighting against his shivers to remain quiet. His inner researcher yearned to document the spectacular creature, but other instincts took priority. In his approach, he felt the ninetales' warmth. It was subtle, given the colossal fox's icy nature, but unmistakable against the frozen cave. A small part of Mark demanded he back away, that he respect the wild pokemon and avoid tempting fate. The larger part of him, however, sought shelter against the cold.

The trainer hesitated only for a moment. Common sense battled against survival instincts, and the latter won out. Anything the ninetales could do to him, the blizzard would only do faster. Mark crept closer to the sleeping pokemon until he reached out and touched her haunch. The massive ice fox stirred only slightly, turning just enough to show off the large swell of her belly. Mark froze at the sight of her pregnancy, then relaxed when the broad roll wobbled. A smirk crossed his face, glad for his fortune that the biggest ninetales was also the fattest. Mustering all the care he could, he raised her tails and slipped beneath them, settling under their natural dome. He pressed his luck and leaned against the fox's plush backside, stealing just a little more of her warmth away. When the ninetales didn't react, Mark dropped his guard.

The exhaustion of his ordeal struck all at once, and sleep quickly claimed him from the pokemon's warmth.

The corners of the ninetales' muzzle curled in a smirk, though she didn't otherwise move. For a lengthy moment, Magni simply laid there and relaxed, allowing the unexpected trainer to do the same. A low gurgle bubbled up from her considerable stomach, a gesture that went ignored. The beginnings of a hunger rose with it, but her middle had yet to complain loud enough to stir her to stand. That didn't mean she was passive in the presence of her delivered meal,

however. Her tails drew in close to the napping trainer, swaddling him in relative warmth and gently pressing him to her flabby rear. All she sought to do was impede his escape if he woke and ran, but she wasn't one to argue with a willing meal.

Drawn close to the well-insulated fox, the sleeping trainer couldn't help but lean into her warmth. He rolled his shoulders and turned in his dreams, pressing more and more of his weight into Magni's cyan flab. He shifted and shuffled for a moment, setting himself up along the precarious curves of her ass. A grin broke across her muzzle as gravity slowly drew him to the cleft of her ass, until his grip slipped and he dropped into a fall. Mark's breath caught in his throat when he sank deep between her cheeks, vanishing into that plump canyon until he reached its bottom. A snort leapt from his chest when he lurched to a stop, but failed to wake. A devious idea popped into Magni's thoughts, spurring to her to gingerly roll her hips. Slowly, carefully, she shifted her generous haunches until Mark's breath tickled her buried ring.

Magni's ears perked and a heat kindled in her muzzle with that intimate touch, a gesture that stoked the embers of her lust. That rising carnal hunger matched its growing gastric counterpart, the only conflict that could stop her from simply slurping up her 'willing' meal then and there. Opposed ideas flickered across her eyes while her brow furrowed, until eventually, the ninetales shrugged. The storm beyond her den ensured the trainer had no escape, even if he miraculously recovered in record time. There was no harm in savoring the moment, a pleasure the gluttonous fox rarely indulged in. Her stomach grumbled and gave more protest, unleashing a dull roar that echoed through her chamber, but the pokemon paid it no mind. She instead deepened her relaxation, releasing the tension in her muscles from head to toe.

The ring upon which Mark rested was no exception in this. His clenched pillow winked once and twice, then gingerly opened in his

presence. Magni made no effort to guide him deeper in that instant, but the temptation to do so eroded her self-restraint. Slightly gaped, the warmth of his soft breathing tickled her inner gate, sharpening two hungers at once. The ninetales stretched her legs and curled her toes as that restless energy built, until it flickered through her tails. That little lapse allowed a breath of cold to sneak into Mark's shelter, spurring him away from it. Magni stifled a soft moan as he snuggled deeper into her plush insulation, rolling his head against her waiting pucker. One more nudge was all it took to spread that sensitive gate, and the top of the trainer's head schlicked through.

That subtle, sleepy motion was all it took to seal the trainer's fate. Magni's ring clenched down on his hairline, and a reflexive ripple from deep within pulled him close. The trainer gave a dreamy mumble at that growing warmth, and a smile spread across his face as he unconsciously leaned into it. The ninetales' rear offered no resistance, creeping down his face until her pucker flexed around his neck. Her tongue lulled from her muzzle with that blissful intrusion, unifying her hungers and desires as one. Muscles hidden under deep layers of padding flexed in unison, gripping and pulling the trainer with experienced strength. Despite her familiarity with the process, the predatory ninetales never grew tired of it. She threw her head back in shameless bliss, and the cave echoed with her pleasure while she battled Mark's shoulders.

Magni's tails shuddered and fluttered, eliminating what little shelter the trainer found. A disapproving groan sounded in his chest with that, followed by a sleepy grunt. He braced himself against the unforgiving floor and pushed up into the ninetales, pressing his shoulders deep into her plush embrace. That muscular ring hugged him greedily, sinking into Magni until it popped around his shoulders. A startled yelp bounced from the cave walls with that, and a drawn-out moan followed in its wake. The pokemon's pucker glided down his chest and pinned his arms, further removing any chance of escape. Based on the trainer's wiggling, however, that



was the furthest thing from his mind. His boot scraped and skittered across the frigid stone with his unconscious drive to climb deeper, though he failed to gain any ground in that internal passage. With her carnal grip wrapped around Mark's chest, Magni was firmly in control.

Her appetites stoked and roused, Magni wasted no time utilizing that control. She rolled from her side and onto her stomach, climbing the vast swell of her belly before sinking down into it. It splayed out from between her legs and squished around Mark's lower body, suffusing him with a heat deeply unexpected from an ice type. The prey-fattened ninetales raised her tails high and exposed him to the cave's chill, then rolled her hips down with a resonating squelch. That wet, indulgent sound resonated long after the pokemon finished the motion, lingering even as she raised her hips once more. Pump by pump, inch by inch, she humped Mark deeper and deeper into her gluttonous core. A second heat flared while she played with her food, coaxing thin flows of lust to trickle down her rolls and saturate the trainer. That lubrication only eased his entry, allowing the ninetales to claim his hips in a few short minutes.

Fairly lean, Mark's waist did nothing to slow his heated ascent. The needy ninetales squished and squelched over his belt line almost without notice, just another landmark on his rapidly-vanishing figure. The taper of his legs would prove even less of a challenge, gliding into Magni's clenching depths with ease. The only hitch came at his shoes, which caught the edge of her drooling, flexing ring. A shuddering breath tumbled from Magni's lips, and her inner passage clamped down on her catch. Claiming him fully would only take a simple motion at that point, though she resisted for a small instant. The ninetales granted herself a moment to savor her meal, grinding and squishing her walls around his solid form. Every ripple came with a sympathetic flex in her sex, adding another layer of pleasure to her snack.

Seeking to fully enjoy her fortunate meal, Magni clamped down on the trainer's ankles and resisted the ceaseless pulling of her inner passage. Her muscles worked of their own accord, greedily slurping without her command, and each failed 'swallow' only strengthened their pull. With that increased insistence came increased pleasure, a gradual burn that lazily drove Magni toward carnal release. Her tongue flopped from her muzzle, her breath came in rising pants, and puffs of steam punctuated her every breath. The fattened fox couldn't stop her hips from rolling in time with those inner ripples, and before long, every fiber in her being worked in concert to claim her meal. On the edge of release, her concentration faltered, however. A simple slip was all it took to swallow Mark's soles, and in an instant, he disappeared into the ninetales' dark blue depths.

A spark of bliss jolted across Magni's nerves when the toes of his boots bumped over her ring, but it wasn't enough to send her over the edge. A low whine keened in her chest as she lamented that lost pleasure, and her tails rushed in to fill that void. Their fluffy touch swarmed over her rear and chased that bliss, but never quite matched it. Magni arched her back and strove for that lost peak while Mark squished and squelched through her inner reaches, spreading rippling walls and basking in her inner heat. Despite those sensations from within and without, the ninetales failed to claim that climax. The heat of her lust diminished while the storm beyond her den ripped and roared, as if feeding off Magni's stolen desire. After a few minutes of fruitless rubbing and stroking, the ninetales gave up the effort and slumped down onto her stomach.

A surprised gasp sounded out from behind her flabby paunch and a grin spread across her muzzle as her meal seemed to stir. Magni kept her weight upon him, but distributed across her expansive form, it held no danger of crushing him. It merely added to the tightness of her inner tunnel and slowed his rippling journey,

giving the ninetales all the more time to relish his presence. Over the course of a few minutes, Magni realized that was both a blessing and a curse. Mark's movements were strong enough to sense, a slow, persistent massage while she squelched him farther along, but not strong enough to derive enough pleasure. They only kept the embers of her arousal smoldering, unable to rekindle her deprived bliss. Magni's expression fell, and her thoughts gradually returned to her nap.

The occasional nudge or kick from deep within reminded her of Mark's presence, but she had no desire to speed up or reverse his trip. The ninetales curled around herself as she heeded the call of a post-meal nap. Her tails draped over her flabby form and warded off the worst of the cold, though it stood no chance of penetrating her blubber. A fleeting notion suggested she release the trainer and get her full use of him as a toy, but the pokemon shrugged that thought off. If he was still kicking by the time she woke again, she'd consider it. Durable toys were a rare and valuable find on the mountainside. For the moment, however, she simply closed her eyes and willed herself back to sleep. That would be a choice for future Magni to make.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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a few places to find it

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