



“Are you sure it won’t be any trouble,” the trainer asked. “I know how Pokémon can get... amorous with the right motivation, and I don’t want her causing problems for you.”

“Don’t think anything of it dearie,” the elderly daycare owner replied. “We have separate enclosures for exactly this reason.”

“Well, alright,” the trainer conceded. “She’s about due to enter heat an-”

“I know, I know,” the owner dismissed. “It’s nothing we haven’t seen before. We’ll be more than happy to take care of Zel as long as you need us to.”

The trainer eyed the woman with a degree of skepticism, but didn’t press the issue. Instead, she kneeled down to eye level with her ninetales and draped her arm over the Pokémon’s side. “You be good for them, alright? I’ll be back in a couple days to pick you up.”

With that, she squeezed the vulpine Pokémon one last time and began negotiating a price with the caretaker. Zel simply sat on her haunches as the two humans discussed something that didn’t concern her. Her bouquet of tails swayed as she surveyed the small reception area, sizing up her temporary quarters before a deal could be struck. If the quaint room was anything to go by, she wouldn’t be disappointed with her trainer’s choice. It was a tad small and sparsely decorated, but it actually felt like a home rather than a warehouse. A cursory glance of the woman’s mind revealed her intentions as genuine, which was a stark improvement over the last place.

The two humans reached an agreement before Zel could further explore the thoughts of the daycare owner, and her trainer offered one last farewell embrace before setting off. The elderly caretaker called the ninetales over, inspiring an instant of hesitation in the Pokémon. She had found no reason to be weary of this particular establishment, but previous experience had given her good reason to be nervous. Visions of dreadfully small crates rose to mind as the woman approached, and her ears splayed as they rang with memories of the whimpers of other inmates. She would have burned the place down if it didn’t risk the safety of so many others.

Zel’s trance was broken as the elderly woman crouched down to her level, meeting the ninetales’s gaze with her own. There was nothing but kindness in her eyes, and any fear of mistreatment, subconscious or otherwise, dissolved away with her reassurance. A smile spread across the human’s face as she scratched Zel between the ears, a simple gesture that started her down the path of earning the Pokémon’s trust. The vulpine’s tails wagged as her guard gradually fell, now substantially more confident no harm would come of her. Noticing this, the woman withdrew her hand and stood back up. “Alright Zel,” she began. “If you’d be so kind as to follow me, we can get you settled in.”

The ninetales nodded to the daycare lady and trailed her by a few feet. The woman led her down a short hallway through the back of the building, guiding her passed a quartet of doors. All but one was shut, and that one that naturally drew her attention. The room was denoted as general supplies, and its walls were lined with shelves upon shelves of plastic bottles. A few looked familiar – the healing potions Zel’s trainer kept on hand – but the majority were entirely foreign to her. The seasoned caretaker ushered her farther down the corridor before she could get a better look however, leaving her to wonder just what the daycare kept on site.

Her curiosity was thankfully short-lived, the daycare owner guiding her through an open door outside to the Pokémon enclosure. Zel fell behind as she slowed to survey her new surroundings, and she wasn’t displeased with her findings. The pin wasn’t quite as big as she hoped, but by the same token there weren’t as many guests as she imagined. Her ears perked up as she realized she wouldn’t have to compete with any of the Pokémon for temporary territory, meaning she could comfortably relax for the duration of her stay. She started to wander towards a small group of other canine Pokémon, but her attention was recaptured by the aged caretaker calling her over.

The woman pointed out one of two small shacks on either side of the main building and identified it as the female Pokémon quarters. The ninetales was free to come and go as she pleased as long as she didn’t cause trouble, but food and water would only be placed out at certain times. The vulpine had also received her own section at the request of her trainer, one that was built to neutralize the scent of her impending heat. It admittedly wasn’t a perfect system, but it was better than leaving the vixen to rest in the open. The daycare lady gave her one last pat on the head before turning her loose, leaving Zel available to explore the grassy lot and meet some of the others calling the place a temporary home.

It didn’t take long to break the ice with other Pokémon, and for the most part, those she encountered were friendly. A few of the smaller ones however, like a recently caught rattata, naturally found her intimidating. The poor rodent nearly fainted when he found Zel looming over him from behind, prompting her to walk away and continue her self-guided tour as if nothing had happened. The resident Ditto population also gave her reason to pause her meet and greet. There were easily more of them than any other species, and the ninetales couldn’t figure out why for the life of her. None of them were particularly interesting, and no matter how flawlessly they changed their shape, they were unable to add any detail to their face. Zel found that more off-putting than anything else, and she thanked the stars that her trainer had yet to successfully capture one.

Fortunately there was a Pokémon that stood out from the rest of the group. Before she could resign herself to spending her days cooped up in her stall, she discovered that another ninetales was roaming about. She gravitated towards him once she learned of his existence, and within a few minutes of tracking him down, she wondered if she would have been able to survive her vacation without him. The male’s name was Taron, and Zel was completely enamored with

every facet of his being. She had never met a Pokémon with such a well groomed coat, wild or otherwise, and it thankfully lacked the harsh artificial scents associated with such hygiene. His eyes glittered with dancing fire, often metaphorically but occasionally literally, a quality that could hold Zel enchanted for hours.

Over the ensuing afternoon, she learned that he had a personality to match his abundant charisma. The ninetales had a kind heart wrapped in a lovely sense of humor, a winning combination in every female's book, Zel figured. The fact he wasn't mated was easily the most baffling thing about him, but she wasn't about to complain about his eligibility. She knew better than to let someone so charming slip through her grasp, and she made this knowledge very clear. The vulpine couple never strayed far from one another, too enthralled to risk the chance of some other Pokémon swooping them up. A few of the ditto had brazenly attempted to do so, but a pyrotechnic display from Taron had put an end to that. The entire daycare witnessed the resulting pillar of fire, guaranteeing that the pair would be left alone.

The sun began its slow descent over the horizon after Zel and Taron spent what felt like wonderful eternity together, signaling the end of her first day in paradise. She was not ready for it to end however, a fact she made clear through her unwillingness to retire to the female quarters. To her delight, Taron was just as resistant to the idea of parting. They shared a nuzzle with their collective realization, and then began searching for a nice place to lay down for the night. They wandered the lot uncontested in search of the perfect spot, and they decided on one rather quickly. Taron wrapped his tails around Zel as they settled under an old tree overlooking a large pond, savoring the reflection of moonlight off calm water. It was a flawless end to a blissful day, and even in their dreams the two ninetales remained side by side.

Zel woke to an incessant throbbing between her legs, which immediately ripped away the remains of her sleep. The ninetales felt her fluids soaking into her fur and running down her form, broadcasting her heat to anyone that happened to have a nose. Her inner muscles clenched at the thought of every male in the daycare lining up behind her for a chance to quell her fire, but her mind rebelled at the thought. There was only one Pokémon who she would even consider presenting herself to, and unfortunately he was nowhere to be found. The vixen panicked for an instant as she feared the worst, but her visions of loneliness were dispelled before they could run rampant. Her tails flagged on instinct as she saw Taron step out of the main daycare building, each of his nine fluffy appendages wrapped around an unidentified bottle.

Her heart rate accelerated with his every step until she felt like she was going to burst with desire and anticipation. Zel's pussy dripped with her mounting lust as she watched Taron's spire bob and sway with his gait, peppering the ground beneath him with beads of his own arousal. It seemed that her heat was having an effect on more than just herself! His muzzle turned up in a smile as he crested the hill they had slept upon, and he greeted her with an eager

and affectionate nuzzle. Her legs trembled with need as she returned the gesture and breathed in his scent, but her excitement was tarnished by the absence of his weight on her back.

“Easy Zel,” Taron said with mirth. “Believe me, I want to get started as much as you do, but I found something that might make things even better.” One of his tails brought a bottle near the female’s muzzle, allowing her to get a good look at it.

She inspected the sprayer closely, silently sounding out the words printed on the side. “Hyper potion? What does it do?”

“I’m not sure honestly,” he sheepishly admitted. “I just overheard my trainer talking about them one day. I think it’s supposed to be a healing potion, but it sounds like it has some fun side effects.” A smile spread across his muzzle as he pulled the container away and nuzzled the antsy ninetales’s neck. “Care to give it a shot?”

Zel’s passage visibly rippled as a soft moan tumbled from her muzzle, unable to resist even his most benign advances. Her thoughts swam through a thick haze of biologically induced submission, clouding her judgment and rendering her putty in his paws. She couldn’t have turned down his offer even if she wanted to. The heated ninetales merely turned and raised her tails in response, but her answer was clear to everyone within sight.

Taron broke into a wide grin as the receptive female dropped onto her chest, leaving her rear raised and gently swaying before his snout. The potent scent of her desire washed over him in full force, rolling into his flared nostrils and bathing him in a rush of hormones. Feral instinct screamed for him to take the blatant invitation and claim her, but the promise of enhancing the experience was enough to keep him mostly civil. His cock throbbed and dripped beneath him as he brought one of the potions near her quivering hips and lined up the spray nozzle with her inflamed lips. He paused for a split instant just to tease her, and then squeezed the lever.

A fine purple mist coated Zel’s sensitive anatomy with that simple gesture, and its effects were immediate. The female ninetales collapsed as the strength was sucked from her legs, rendering her a convulsing, cumming mess as her body absorbed the concoction. Her copious fluids soaked into the surrounding grass as she rode out the most intense orgasm of her life, and the sensations would only ramp up from there. She whined in pleasure as her channel grew in both scale and sensitivity, expanding as her muscles relaxed and failed to contract to their former tightness. Her passage had nearly tripled in size by the time Zel fell from her lofty climactic heights, and Taron still had eight more doses at his disposal.

Zel simply relaxed and savored the tremors of her afterglow as her body tried to resolve the flood of sensations that accompanied her growth, but this period of relative rest was short lived. The inferno in her womb rekindled within a few moments, and it rose to an intensity that reflected her new size. She whined pitifully as she rolled onto her back, splaying her tails across the damp earth as she spread her legs. It was all Taron could do to stop himself from launching

into premature release at the sight of her revealing pose, but his body knew better than to waste virile seed on thankless grass. With an expression that exuded undiluted lust, the male brought three of the unused potions to her throbbing vulva and unleashed a triple dose of wondrous mist.

Zel shuddered and begged as more violet droplets collected on her swollen lips, her sensitive flesh amplifying the sensation until it was absolutely electrifying. Her receptive form absorbed the fluid before a torrent of liquid desire could wash it away, thrusting her into a fit of expansion with triple the effect and intensity. The overwhelmed ninetales's legs stiffened as a second climax tore through her, immersing every fiber of her being in helpless bliss. She swore she could feel her womb flexing and filling to the brim with eggs awaiting fertilization, and given their foreplay she very well may have! Her pussy enlarged at the same throbbing pace as before, but the period of growth reflected the increased dosage. Her hind legs were slowly pressed even further apart by the growing mass of sensitive flesh, and her pheromone-laced juices spurted into the air with every rapturous contraction.

The ground around them was reduced to a fragrant marsh before her lengthy climax abated, her show inspiring some of the other daycare residents to tend to their own needs. The orgy slowly breaking out around them was of little concern to the vulpine couple however, Zel too blissed out to notice and Taron too involved to care. The female's drooling entrance gently pulsed in time with her relaxing heartbeat, beckoning the male to give into his instincts and quell the fire raging in her belly. He was sure he could have slipped his entire body into her inviting folds at this point, but that was not his goal. His mate needed a good breeding, but first there was the matter of five more potions to attend to.

It would be a waste to simply leave the mixtures unused after going through the effort of sneaking them from the storeroom, but both vulpines were growing impatient with their foreplay. It was more than enjoyable yes, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to resist their baser urges. Zel likely would have jumped him already if not pinned by her engorged lips, and Taron wouldn't be able to hold out against her siren's song much longer. In a lust-fueled burst of ingenuity, the male broke the spray nozzles from the bottles. Before the female could question what he was doing, the eager ninetales bunched the open containers together and upturned them directly over her inflated folds.

The majority of the vibrant liquid poured directly into her opening, rushing down her passage and lighting up every nerve on the way. Her lips puffed out almost instantly with the droplets that didn't hit their mark, further widening Zel's hips and opening her thighs in a matter of seconds. Inside of her however, the reaction was just beginning. The potion pooled within the crevices and swells of her channel, coating her walls and washing through her heat-loosened cervix. The unusual concoction easily permeated her tissue, taking root in her anatomy and subjecting her to its effects. The female bucked and writhed while her inner passage swelled under the mixture's effects, vastly increasing in volume and sensitivity. Her belly bulged out with the added flesh, further weighing her rear end down.

Taron was forced to bite his tongue to stifle a long whine, the impact of her enhanced pheromones and feminine arousal almost too much to stand. A constant stream of pre pulsed from his spire as he watched her pelvis inflate, though it was nowhere near the deluge pouring out of her depths. The entire daycare was awash in the sea of her heat, but the male was at the center of it all. Zel had yet to finish the final stage of her expansion when his resistance finally crumbled, but she had no reservations about starting the main event a little early. Her back arched as he positioned himself over her, the peak of her cleft sliding along his underside as he lined himself up.

There was no pause as he brought his hips down to hers, only the slick sounds of wondrous penetration. Zel let out a sharp whine of bliss as Taron hilted himself, instantly hitting thousands of freshly formed pleasure nodes. Her vision blurred in the face of such overwhelming stimulation, and she nearly whited out with an unexpected rush as he plunged into what she had yet to absorb. The male fell into a frantic rut as the lilac fluid covered his spire, robbing him of breath and sense as he reaped the benefits of their foreplay as well. What was previously a stream of pre became a river as the chemicals suffused his throbbing cock, filling every crevice of the female below him with fluid of some form. His sac inflated in tandem with his shaft, ensuring that he would be more than able to fertilize every single one of her eggs.

That was the only thought that cut through the maelstrom of sensation, a feral instinct rooted in their essence. Her swollen channel greedily rippled with every bit of energy she had left, enticing the male to spill his seed into the fertile soil of her womb. Taron's hips blurred in reply, increasing his pace in the hopes of sending both of them over the precipice of orgasm. As exhausted as she was, Zel was the first of them to make that leap, and it was one that reduced every other climax of the day to little more than a pleasant tingle. Her muscles rippled around Taron's expanded spire, milking him for everything he was worth and then some. The female's chorus of moans and yips were music to his ears, and a sense of pride welled up within him alongside a tide of cum.

Taron let out an uncharacteristic yelp while her walls continued to convulse around him, drawing out a heavy flow of thick pre. Their extensive prelude started him much closer to release than he would have liked, but he doubted he would have lasted very long in her silken depths anyway. Zel was surprisingly tight given her size, a condition made more apparent by his increased girth. Her walls closely hugged his spire along its full length, and her rapturous trembles were felt as sweeping waves of pressure. It stoked the fires of his arousal to levels that rivaled hers, causing his knot to fully inflate after a few short moments. This did little to dampen his pace, but he was forced to be careful. Neither of them were willing for him to tie and end their romp just yet, but the temptation to cash in the growing pay off grew with his every thrust. Eventually their resistance crumbled, and Taron popped his wide bulb passed her lips.

The liquid burst of heat immediately set off the next link in Zel's chained orgasm, her body eager to pull the fruits of their joyous labor into her core. Her muscles locked around him

and relentlessly rippled, propelling every drop of his alabaster goo into her deepest reaches. Taron eagerly assisted her efforts, prolonging her orgasm as his member repeatedly bulged with his thick delivery. Their mutual climax was drawn far beyond any normal duration while her womb hungrily suckled from his spire, swelling grandly with gallons of his seed. Eventually their burning pleasure gave way to gentle afterglow, but not before leaving her with a gravid middle. Thick fluids spilled across the hillside as Taron pulled free from her, a testament to their more than successful coupling. Neither of them seemed to care about their enlarged bits, nor were they concerned with how long they would last. There was nothing but quiet murmurs as they cuddled on their swampy vista, basking in the calm that followed their lively storm.

The couple's reprieve was short lived however, their intimate moment interrupted by redoubled swelling in Zel's middle. Both ninetales looked down at the expanse of cream fur as her rounded belly quickly became more so, inflating at a rate beyond anything caused by the potions. A soft moan passed her muzzle as a solid weight coalesced with the curve, pressing against her sensitive depths and stimulating her from within. There was no denying that Taron had planted an egg in her, but neither of them were surprised by this development. The source of their shock was the persistence of her growth!

Zel's soft sounds of affection escalated into breathy pants as her middle expanded further, and multiple shapes pushed out of her stretched hide. The confused ninetales rolled onto her flank before the increasing mass in her womb could harm her, but the motion left her somewhat exposed and immobile. She whined in pleasure as the pressure within her increased, the firm mass of a multitude of eggs pressing on her most sensitive areas. Her body burned with reignited desire, every cell in her lower quarters responding to biological fulfillment and physical stimulation. The blend of sensations culminated in a miniature climax as her belly surpassed the size of her body, causing her to release another stream of orgasmic fluid and spark Taron's lusts.

The male's spire recovered its full size in a matter of seconds thanks to her inadvertent efforts, but he was rooted in place by the novelty of the situation. He had never dreamed that his virility could have such an effect on someone, but the proof was trembling before him. The thought of being the source of her pleasure and an entire generation of kits appealed to both upper and lower instincts, and he was torn between laying down and mating her once again or simply enjoying a miraculous moment together. His body did not appreciate his mind's indecision however, and without his notice made the choice for him. His fluffy tails wrapped around his leaking member, swaddling it in silken fur before sweeping up and down the impressive length.

Both of them were nearing a peak when Zel's growth finally relented, tapering off as she approached the size of a small car. There was no hope of the Pokémon moving anywhere with her swollen middle in tow, but there was nowhere else she'd rather be. Her tails fluttered over the massive curvature as she teased her tender hide, offsetting the slow burn of decelerating growth with little tickles of pleasure. Taron enjoyed her gravid state right beside her, nuzzling

into her taught belly as his tails continued to stroke his shaft. Neither of them thought it would be much longer before the firm eggs weighing her down demanded their freedom, and neither were sure what to expect when that time arrived. Regardless of the details, it was something they looked forward to.

Their wait was still shorter than they anticipated however, and their soggy vista was once again bathed in Zel's ample fluids. The female's expression twisted in mixed exertion and pleasure as the first of many contractions tore through her, the muscular action visibly rippling her strained pelt. A rush of liquid accompanied every one of her labored huffs, slickening her passage in preparation for the release of her eggs. The copious lubrication was largely redundant however, as her channel dilated far beyond the diameter of the smooth shapes she would be passing. Taron wagered that she was large enough to accommodate a fully grown ninetales, a notion he may explore in the near future.

The male's attention was pulled from idle fantasies as Zel let out a long whine, signaling the beginning of her laying. Her taxed muscles unified their efforts in a series of long, smooth ripples, drawing the first egg from her crowded womb. Taron's tongue slipped from his muzzle as the ovoid shape distinctly bulged her tunnel, creating a pressure that drove the female to new heights of pleasure. Her hips bucked and gyrated in time with her contractions, gradually moving the mass closer to her opening and compressing every sensitive bundle of nerves along the way. Her lips easily yielded to the hard object once it reached her relaxed entrance, the egg gently popping loose in the same motion that started the next on its way.

Taron stroked himself to multiple climaxes as the fruits of their coupling piled up between Zel's legs, adding a river of his fluids to the ocean of hers. The world fell into a blur as she pumped egg after egg down her over-stimulated canal, each one slightly diminishing the swell of her middle and restoring her ability move. The capacity to take advantage of this was long gone however, her lengthy and orgasmic labor evaporating what little strength she had left. Exhaustion slammed into her with enough force to launch her into the realm of dreams, and her body ran on autopilot through the final minutes of her laying. The last of her payload slipped free a few minutes after she fell asleep, allowing her a chance at some desperately needed rest.

Unfortunately, her mate still had some energy to devote to his basest instincts. He cuddled into a spooning position with the resting vixen, but rather than join her in repose, he lined his member up with her pulsing channel. A soft moan drifted from his muzzle as he glided into her silken depths, setting them on the path for a repeat performance when she finally awoke.