

Party of Vulpix

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Content warning: Pokémon, Macro, Paws, Destruction

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I sat before my laptop, looking at the Microsoft Word document. I wrote nothing on it yet. The text cursor blinked before me, waiting for my input. Instead, I remained still with my fingers on the keyboard.

It was not as though I did not have any ideas. I have a lot of ideas to write about, perhaps too much. With every short story I wrote, I came up with two more; with every 'novel' or such I wrote, I came up with several more. Some stories I wrote only intended to be a standalone, only for me to think up a sequel or two or to tie it up with another series. At this rate, I would burn out before I reached anything close to writer's block.

The problem was that I was at home. At least, it was a rental home, but still home. I often got distracted whenever I was home with so much I wanted to do. Would I play a video game? Should I watch a video? Maybe I could do both at the same time? How about reading a book or a website? It was hard

for me to focus. This was why I write either at the library or work: to minimize distractions around me.

The only reason I tried to write at home was that the library needed renovations, and I had a day off from work.

I shuffled around on my office chair, pushing myself to write something. I typed in, 'David the Zoroark worked on his Wonder Orbs when Faith,' only to delete that incomplete sentence. I followed it up with, 'Kenneth the Vulpix God floated in space, holding,' but then deleted that as well. It did not feel right to begin those sentences like that. Even if it did feel good, I was unsure if I should focus on those Vulpix. What one should I write about for today?

As I pondered such a question, the computer screen distorted before me.

"What?" I blinked and adjusted my oval glasses, pushing them up my head. The distortion was still there, growing worse. I lowered my glasses and pushed myself away from the screen. It was harder than expected, thanks to the floor having carpeting wall to wall. "What?"

The screen distorted some more, with the screen somehow stretching out. It flickered and warped, forming a small head. It kept stretching toward me, with a short forepaw reaching out until the screen blinked. At once, a small being popped out and flopped onto the floor, with the screen returning to normal.

This creature was small, less than two feet tall, though bigger than my sister's cat. She shook her head and gazed at me

with her baby-blue eyes. Her six orange tails, with them as large as her body and curled at the tips, wiggled and stretched. Her snow-white paws contrasted her red-brown pelt, three curled orange locks and bangs, and creamy underbelly. A green bow wrapped around her neck.

I blinked twice, knowing what this creature was. “Faith?!”

Faith the Vulpix nodded even as she glanced around my bedroom. She was a creation of mine and a friend of mine for stories and pictures. She starred in my series, *The Pokémon Prometheus*, though she participated in a few short stories. Faith was a fictional character, someone who should not exist. I rubbed my eyes, wondering if I was dreaming. She still stood in my room.

“And you must be the writer of my stories.” Faith stared at me. I blinked some more, wondering how she learned to speak English. I shook my head, noting that was the least of my concerns. She continued, “I have a bone to pick with you.”

“Um, what’s the problem?” I rubbed the back of my brownish-blond hair. “I-I don’t see anything that you should have an issue with, you know.”

“It’s with your grand saga of yours!” Faith huffed out some flames. “This ‘*The Pokémon Prometheus*’ or whatever! When are you going to write a third one?!”

“What?” I raised one of my eyebrows. That was the reason she spawned into reality? “Um—”

“You know what I’m talking about!” Faith paced in front of my old wooden desk. “It’s been three and a half years since you posted the last chapter of The Pokémon Prometheus 2! Since then, you wrote multiple short stories, including those lame Once Upon a Time in England and The Werewolf Connection stories! When are you going to write the third one, the one that would conclude the story you began?!”

“Hey, those stories weren’t that bad.” I scratched my head some more. “People enjoyed them. I also had some fun writing them, you know.”

Faith rolled her eyes. “Uh, huh. Even so, which I know you didn’t, it’s been so long. When are you going to tell what happened to Adrian?”

“What?” I blinked.

“Think about it!” Faith hopped onto the desk, pressing her paws onto the keyboard. “The last time you wrote about him, he was in critical condition! A-Tales and I only had less than five days to rescue him! I want to know! Will he survive?! Even if we did rescue him thanks to Arceus, that doesn’t mean he’ll survive the story! I want to know!”

“You-you should know.” I stammered over my words. “After all, some of those short stories were set after the third one, you know.”

“HA! You never mentioned Adrian ONCE during those short stories.” Faith shook her head. “The only ones I KNOW would survive are David and Amber!” She pounced onto my lap,

pressing her paws against my chest. “I need to know! Will Adrian live? And what was his history with Kyle? I can’t stand not knowing!”

“Woah, woah, woah.” I held out my palms. I felt tempted to pet her, feeling her warm fur, but thought better against it. “I admit that it was longer than expected to begin writing The Pokémon Prometheus 3. I had to write down an outline—”

“Which you finished MONTHS ago!”

“I also had to work on story commissions, both Patreon ones and slotted ones—”

“Which you haven’t gotten since January of this year!”

I paused for a second. “Technically, those A HailFire Change stories were commissioned stories.”

“Last time I checked, you got ‘paid’ through receiving Shiny Pokémon!” Faith huffed out some more flames, with some landing on my shirt. I flinched, but it did not catch on fire. I still felt its heat. “Look, I want to know what happens. I can’t stand another year without knowing if Adrian lived.”

“OK. OK.” I smacked my forehead a couple of times. “Words, words. Look, I can’t promise you that I’ll start writing The Pokémon Prometheus 3 next, you know. I have a few stories in mind that I wanted to write. What I can promise you is that I’ll start writing this year. Is that alright?”

Faith calmed down and nodded. “Yeah. That’s alright. Sorry. I just wanted to know.”

I opened my mouth, only for the computer screen to be distorted again. I blinked and turned to it out of surprise. Even Faith turned toward it out of confusion. I swallowed, wondering who else was coming. Perhaps it was A-Ninetales coming here to drag Faith back to fiction.

The screen warped forward from an incoming head until it flickered. At once, another being popped out from the screen, just slightly bigger than Faith. Instead of falling onto the floor, he floated in the air like ground.

He was a Vulpix, much like Faith herself. Unlike Faith, his pelt had golden shades from the gold-green fur, greenish paws, and gold-red curls, bangs, and tails. His purple eyes stared at Faith and me as though considering what to do. A gold Arceus cross-like wheel lay on his back, with a fiery stone necklace around his neck.

I widened my eyes. “Kenneth?!”

Kenneth the Vulpix God stared daggers at me. “Yes. I have a great deal of beef with you.”

“What are you doing here, Kenneth!?” Faith hopped off from my lap, craning her head upward. Her tails splayed outward. “You can’t have more issues with him than me!”

“Yes, I do.” Kenneth floated around before he pressed his forehead against mine. “Ever since that short story where I gained my deity powers, I’ve been relegated to a side character! I only appeared in two other stories near the ending, after the others grew as large as universes!”

“Uh, words, words.” I leaned back, hoping for more space. Instead, Kenneth kept his forehead firm against me. “I-I don’t see why you have an issue with th—”

“I thought I was going to be some main character! Instead, despite having cosmos powers, I’m treated as a bit character!” Kenneth huffed and turned to Faith. “At least you appeared as the main character in some other short stories. Meanwhile, the closest thing I’ve gotten as a main character since is when I ate a mountain of food!”

“Wait, what!?” Faith turned to me. “Is this true?!”

I stammered for a bit, finding my words. “Technically, Faith, it was your co-creator who wrote that story—”

“Which you PAID him to do!” Kenneth crossed his forelegs and closed his eyes. “Is this how your TF victims before Conall felt? Being a character who got transformed, only to never be mentioned again? Besides, you never showed what happened to that version of Mr. Medicus. He just disappeared, with Luke somehow taking over that shop!”

“I-I admit that I can be scatterminded when writing a series.” I could feel my cheeks heating up from embarrassment. Both Faith and Kenneth stared at me, waiting for my answer. I swallowed and continued. “I did have an idea of what happened to him, and I hoped to write it. In fact, I honestly thought of showing Mr. Medicus’s and Luke’s side during the events of A Name More. The problem was that—words, words—it felt too cringy.”

Kenneth lowered his eyes halfway. “You stopped because it was cringy?”

I nodded. “At least, in my head, it was. It didn’t help that it was inspired by an internet series that I stopped watching, you know. I don’t know when or even if I would write about it.” I felt my head heating up. I was never used to getting confronted like this. “As for your series, I admit I was a bit loose on plotting the future stories. I had an idea for a Zorua Goddess that I wanted to write for Zorua Day, but I didn’t do it. Twice.”

Kenneth coughed and shook his head. “You really need to focus.”

Faith nodded. “He has a point. You can’t just—”

She stopped talking when the laptop screen distorted for a third time. All three of us turned to the screen out of confusion, with me most of all. I only created two Vulpix characters, one with a friend and the other by myself. There should not be any other Vulpix coming in. Maybe it was A-Ninetales or the Ninetales Gods coming to bring them home?

My thought was disproven when the screen warped into a Vulpix’s head, though the top half was off. It looked like a jellyfish lay on the head, or maybe it was a frilly hat. What or who was this Vulpix?

The answer came to me when the screen flickered again, and the third Vulpix landed on the carpet floor. Her eyes had a violet shade, with them shining with joy. She wore a purple frilly hat that covered the three light orange curls on her head,

with the bangs peeking through. She also wore purple sleeves halfway down the paws and a skirt hung on by her six light orange tails, all lined with gold.

“Oh, hello, Violet.” Kenneth floated over to her and nosed her nose.

“Violet?” Faith turned to me. “Is she another of your creation?”

“No, no, no!” I shook my head hard enough to give me a brief headache. “Violet is another friend’s character. I wrote a story with her outgrowing a universe—that’s one where Kenneth appears in—and that’s it.” I rubbed my greenish-brown eyes. “What are you doing here?”

“Me?” Violet giggled. “I saw where Kenneth was going, and I decided to follow.”

We all remained quiet in my room, with the reality of this strangeness sinking in. In a span of half an hour, three Vulpix appeared from my laptop. Three Vulpix who had macro abilities, with two of them reaching beyond universal. While there was enough space for us all, I still could not help but feel small compared to them.

Before I said anything, the laptop screen distorted once more. I widened my eyes out of confusion, wondering who else would escape fiction land. I only wrote for three Vulpix in my entire writing hobby. There should not be any more Vulpix, yet the head from the screen showed a Vulpix design.

Violet rolled her eyes. “If it turns out to be Vivian, I’m going to be growing.”

“Who?” Faith and Kenneth asked at the same time.

The screen flickered again before Violet could explain, with the fourth Vulpix gliding onto the floor. Unlike the other three, this was an Alolan Vulpix, with his fur white as snow. The only other fur color on his body was on his paws, which were stained light blue. His wispy, curly tails and locks were fused like snow that melted and refroze. An emerald-green gem lay on his necklace, though it only covered half of the slot. His baby blue eyes turned to everyone, with particular attention on Faith.

His wings stand him out the most.

On his shoulders lay a pair of wings, which he folded back. They looked small, which made it impossible for them to carry his weight, but he somehow used them to glide. Red-gold feathers dominated his wings, with them having white with light green tips at the ends. Despite looking solid, they had a prismatic effect whenever light landed on the feathers.

Faith and Kenneth turned from me to this new Vulpix and back again.

“Who’s he?” Faith asked.

Before I could stammer out my answer, the Alolan Vulpix replied, “I’m Isaac. Please to meet you.”

Isaac gave me a slight bow.

Kenneth turned to me with half-closed eyes. “Did you create a *third* Vulpix character?”

“Uh, kind of?” I scratched the back of my head. “I haven’t gotten art of Isaac drawn, let alone written anything about him. He was bouncing in my head, and, um, I discussed him with Faith’s co-creator. He even came up with his name.”

“I should give him my thanks. It is a good name.” Isaac inclined his head. “A good name for a responsible Vulpix, unlike Faith.”

“Hey! Are you implying that I’m irresponsible?!” Faith fluffed out her fur before marching to Isaac.

Isaac gave Faith a slight smirk. “The fact that you took an implication personally proved my point.”

“I like to let you know that I saved two places from volcanic eruptions—”

“Yes. And outgrown continents, which I’m sure is what you really wanted.”

“Grk! Yes, but that was just a nice bonus!”

“Quite.”

“Hold it, hold it, hold it!” Kenneth floated between Faith and Isaac, pushing them away from each other. “Stop bickering!” He turned to me. “How is Isaac here if he never appeared in your stories or pictures!?”

“I-I’m not sure.” I rubbed my chin for a few seconds. “Maybe it’s because I wrote the world he is meant to appear in?”

I'm not sure, you know." I shook my head. "But that's beside the point. I want you all out! Get back into my laptop so I can write a story for Vulpix Day."

All four Vulpix blinked.

"Today is Vulpix Day?" Faith asked.

Kenneth pointed at my smartphone, which floated toward him. He unlocked it and went through it. After some looking, he nodded. "It's said that it's on June 5th, which is today."

"Sounds like a random date for Vulpix." Violet tilted her head.

"Not exactly." Isaac unfolded one of his wings to point at the clock on the windowsill. It displayed the date below the time. As soon as the other Vulpix turned to him, Isaac continued. "The Japanese name for Vulpix is Rokon, a combination of 'roko,' 'kon,' and 'konro.' Roko means six, which is where we get June. Meanwhile, the 'ko' in 'kon' and 'konro' sounds like five in Japanese. Hence, June 5th."

"So, it's because our Pokémon name in Japanese sounds like five and six?" Faith flattened her ears to the side.

"Exactly! In fact, it's the same thing with Ninetales, which is Kyukon. As you may guess, the 'kyu' part of the name is nine, and I already told you that the 'ko' part sounds like five." Isaac raised his head out of pride. "Hence, September 5th."

We all fell into an awkward silence, which even Isaac felt. They then turned to each other, with all of them Vulpix. To think that I would have four Vulpix in my room, which should be

impossible. They were fictional creatures created by Game Freak. Moreover, these specific characters were created by three people who had never met each other in real life. It was as though I stepped into a dream thinking about a story.

“So,” Violet gave Kenneth a mischievous grin. “Want to start growing?”

Kenneth gave Violet a wide grin. “Of course! I can’t think of anything more fun!”

“Wait, wait, stop!” I stood off from my chair, waving my arms around. “You can’t outgrow out of this house!”

“That’s no fun.” Violet wiggled her tails. “That’s the best part. Besides, I’m hungry.”

Faith turned to Isaac. “So, want to join? Because I feel tempted to.”

“You-you can’t be serious!” I stomped my foot down. “Isaac, I envisioned you as a responsible character! Stop them! Or at least pulled them back home, you know!”

Isaac rubbed his white muzzle for a moment. It caused some stained white-blue to flake off, showing another color underneath. He lowered it before anyone could point it out.

“You know, I should reign you all in.” Isaac shrugged. “The problem is that it’s three to one. The most I can do is try to limit all your destruction.”

My heart slammed against my chest. “Oh, geez.”

“And besides,” Isaac turned his eyes toward me. “This day isn’t just ‘Vulpix Day,’ is it? What other Pokémon-related event did people celebrate on June 5th?”

I felt my blood run cold. “Dynamax Day.”

“Exactly.” Isaac smirked.

The four Vulpix nodded with each other before they all grew at once. I stepped back, widening my eyes even as cold sweat dripped down my brow. The house creaked under their weight, with Violet falling through a collapsed hole as soon as she reached ten feet. The other three turned to the hole, shrugged, and shattered what remained.

I screamed as I fell, only to land upon a soft paw. I looked at it and then up, with Faith smirking at me. Lumber and framing collapsed all around, causing me to hug her leg. It may felt silly, but it felt like being on her paw was the safest place.

As the second ticked by, I looked at the increasingly cramped garage underneath my room. All four Vulpix pressed their heads against the ceiling, with it caving in. Beds, my desk, clothing, and more landed around me, sometimes with a shattering sound. I winced at my laptop breaking in half. At least my writing was safe in Dropbox.

Before long, all four of those Vulpix broke through the ceiling. I heard one of their tails collapse the back wall. I hoped the cat was alright, but then he had better survival sense than me. I was the one on a growing giant’s paw, after all. The house folded outward, with the front side landing on my car and caving

a massive dent where the engine lay. At least my dad took my sister out shopping, though I feared what they would say.

Within five minutes, Faith, Kenneth, Violet, and Isaac stood at 50 feet tall each. I craned my head upward, stunned at how huge they were. I never met a creature larger than an elephant, which I was sure would look like a good snack for Violet. They all glanced at each other and grinned.

“Sorry about your house.” Isaac rubbed the back of his head.

“I-I-I.” I had a hard time finding my words.

“Before we give this world a tour, I want to do one last thing with you.” Faith smirked at me.

She flicked me off from her paw before I could ask. As soon as I planted my palms onto the concrete ground, her massive paw planted on top of me. I grunted, trying to push it off, but I felt powerless. At least, it was as though a heavy blanket landed on top of me.

Faith lifted her paw off, only for Kenneth to plant his on me, much harder this time. “That’s for the fat story!”

“Gah!” I huffed and shook my head when Kenneth lifted his paw off me. I saw another shadow and lifted my arms up. “Wait!”

Violet’s paw planted on top of me. I heard her giggle, even in the darkness. If Kenneth pressed down like a car, Violet was like a truck. The concrete shattered around me. How I still lived instead of being a meaty splatter, I was not sure.

I felt the paw lifted off, and I could finally breathe. I adjusted my glasses, seeing they were still intact, and shook my head. I thought that was the end of it. I was proven wrong when Isaac's paw landed on top of me. I gasped for air, with the ones in my lungs forced out. At least it was more like Faith's attempt. I felt Isaac leaned toward me, even underneath the paw.

He hissed in a whisper. "Be sure to write my story soon."

Isaac lifted his paw off me. I gasped and forced myself upward. I grew dizzy from the attempt, so I sat on the grass. Once the dizziness passed, I turned to the west. There, I saw four massive Vulpix walking in a line. They all grew at a steady pace, reaching over 75 feet. The ground shook with every step Violet took. Even at this distance, I heard panicked screams and crushing sounds.

I only hoped that, once they left, the world would reset to before they came. Otherwise, I would get a repair debt that I doubt I would pay in my lifetime. Already, the thought of that caused my body to pale.

Jeez, this was a crazy Vulpix Day.

The End

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/foxgamer01/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~foxgamer01>

I have a lot of great content there that I think you'll love.

Also, if you're interested in supporting me and my writing, please consider visiting my Ko-Fi and Patreon accounts at:

<https://ko-fi.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.patreon.com/foxgamer01>

Every little bit helps me to keep creating and sharing my stories with the world.

Lastly, if you have any questions or comments, please don't hesitate to contact me at:

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I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!

About Author

Standing over six feet tall, Foxgamer01 is a writer born in Arizona and currently living in Arkansas. Though he initially wanted to be in the gaming industry, he did not realize until later, after years of playing with random toys and imagining adventures with them, of his gift of being a writer. Even then, it took some computer classes with a dry professor in college that solidified his change in becoming a writer.

Foxgamer01 has been writing, at first through notebooks and later through laptops, since 2009. There was a dry spot between 2013 and 2018, thanks to distractions and work, but he has been writing consistently since. He had written over a hundred short stories and six 'books,' including one collab story.

Foxgamer01 would like to thank fellow friends and writers Greyhound1211, SnekKnack AKA Nick, Tails230, and Kinshou-fox AKA The-Writing-Dragon AKA Huggles. They have been the biggest inspiration for getting him to write. Though Foxgamer01 carried a lot of regret over the years, he would never regret the days he founded their writings, which triggered his desire to write his stories.