

Ty's Clumsy Day

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Content warning: Macro, Transformation, Destruction

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Ty walked down the city's streets, carrying building supplies. Most folks would carry a toolbox or at least a couple of steel bars; Ty carried a couple of shipping containers at least forty feet long, each with bundles of steel framing. He managed to not because he was super strong.

Ty managed to carry them because he stood a hundred fifty feet tall.

He smiled to himself, careful not to step on any cars with his feet-paws. His silvery gray fur glistened white in the sunlight. His hair-fur held a darker shade of gray than the rest of his body. An off-white fur with a hint of silver lay on his torso from his acute muzzle down his chest and bellies and toward his rear. His tail, tipped with pure white, swayed behind with the grace of a ballerina.

It would be one thing to spot a massive anthro fox walking through a city without causing any damage.

It was another and more impressive to see a foxtaur do the same since they had double the legs.

Ty the macro gray foxtaur walked with confidence thanks to years of experience. Despite his size, he left no cracks on the streets. A couple of regular-sized anthros on the sidewalk waved at Ty; he would wave back, but he needed to carry the shipping containers. Instead, he

grinned back at them. He approached the traffic lights, which turned red by that time. He stopped walking and waited until the lights turned green; even a macro like him needed to respect traffic laws.

Ty stepped forward but stopped when he spotted a Ninetales walking down the street.

“Howdy!” Ty pulled back his front left foot-paw.
“Careful down there! Macro foxtaur on the move!”

The Ninetales perked up, spotted Ty, and approached the sidewalk.

Ty chuckled before continuing his walk to the construction site. He glanced at the Ninetales with one of his green eyes, not recognizing him at all. Maybe this fellow was visiting the city and did not expect to encounter him. That Ninetales glanced at Ty with his sea blue eyes while patting his green bandana. Those eyes struck Ty’s interest for some reason. Before he turned ahead, he noted something on that Ninetales’s back that looked like a lime green A.

An A on a vulpine’s back.

That reminded Ty of a little adventure about ten days ago, where he met with Daren and Zelda Crevan. From what he knew about that incident, Daren took a GTP,

turning him into a giant foxtaur about Ty's size. He was clumsy at first, causing a fair amount of destruction, but Ty managed to train him enough so he would not cause damage.

Zelda, who remained a small anthro, enjoyed it a lot.

Ty smirked a bit, remembering his last meeting with the pair (Daren had returned to normal by that point). Before they left to who knows where Daren approached Ty to thank him for his help. While thanking him, Daren slipped him some extra GTP that Zelda somehow managed to acquire.

Given her expression, Ty suspected she managed to sneak out at least one.

"They're such a silly pair," Ty said. He still thought back to Daren, who had sea blue eyes like that Ninetales along with one extra thing. On his back, he had a white A as clear as day. Daren likely knew about it since that belt of his, which turned into a giant bandoleer upon touching it, had a golden A for a buckle. Ty would have asked about it, but it felt rude to. "Such a silly pair."

#

"Here is the next load for construction!" Ty said.

Ty lowered the two large shipping containers to the sandy brown dirt next to his supervisor, an anthro brown wolf. The supervisor whistled, calling for a bunch of anthros of various kinds to the containers. They opened it and carried the steel framing out one by one. They set them aside for the cranes to hoist them up, with the building's framing already reaching half Ty's height.

Under normal circumstances, construction work would take weeks and even months. After all, paperwork must be signed, and the land must be prepared, including demolishing the old one and planning out logistics. Plus, the usual headaches of construction accidents, traffic jams, and last-minute changes that delayed things for hours or even days.

Thanks to Ty's massive size, they bypassed many of the hurdles the construction companies faced. He could carry the framing bar without causing a single dent and set it in place. Traffic problems were no problem for him, with supplies reaching the site at record speed, even with alternative paths. Accidents would be little more than a stubbed toe, which, while painful, would be better than laying in a full-body cast.

All of that cut down construction times by months.

The only complaint his coworkers had would be his reluctance on demolition work. Ty preferred building to destroy even if necessary and refused to 'accidentally' fall on a building. The only reason why he caused any damage was if he tripped on a car and fell on a skyscraper.

That or fighting some giant lizard pretending to be the next Godzilla.

Ty glanced at the building's framing, though he could not help but raise an eyebrow. He recalled the old building that once stood at this spot a week ago, along with the original job. The city wanted the building to go through a remodel so it could become a public library. They hired the construction company Ty worked at, who sent building inspectors to check it out. The inspectors came out with loads of notes detailing how out of code the building was, with it so extensive that it would be easier to do a complete demolish and rebuild. They sent their paperwork to the company and city council along with their recommendation.

The company, horrified by how out of code it was, agreed and requested to demolish and rebuild it as a library.

The city responded by offering longer lists of paperwork and red tape.

The company agreed to proceed with the remodel with some grumbling. Despite that, the old building was gone, and a new one was taking its place. Ty wondered what changed the city council's minds and how they quickly demolished it. He sat down, ensuring his rear or tail did not end up on the street, and lowered his head to his supervisor.

"Looks like things are going smoothly," Ty told his supervisor. "Although, how did the old place get taken down? I thought the job—"

"I know. I know." The supervisor shrugged at Ty. "A giant Absol came and knocked down the building a couple of nights ago. Played with the remains, too. Resulted in reducing every bit of that building into dust. Also made the ground easier to do prep work." The supervisor turned a page on his clipboard. "Can't imagine why that Absol didn't destroy the surrounding buildings as well."

Ty paused for a few seconds. "Yeah. That ought to be convenient."

"I know. I know." The supervisor tapped on his clipboard. "Consequently, the city granted us clearance to construct a new building. Good thing, too. That old one was way out of code. Full of asbestos and lead paint. It

would've taken months to do a full remodel. Also saved everyone money."

"I see." Ty let loose a slight smirk. "And that Absol?"

"Oh, that Absol left not too long afterward." The supervisor set his clipboard under his arm. "That would be everything needed for supplies today, but we could you use now. Help set placements for the trickier parts. I know. I know. You're meant to clock out by now. But if you can stay longer, we would appreciate it."

Ty thought about it while sitting there. Part of him wanted to return home and relax after a full work day. The sun already passed midday and crawled over to the west. He wished to rest at home, play video games, and help his little sister.

At the same time, gaining some extra money at work would be good. Though it paid well, a giant foxtaur would need a lot to sustain a healthy living. Plus, it would not be as difficult for him to help construct. In fact, even if his bosses told him to clock out early tomorrow so he does not go overtime, it would not be that much of a negative.

"Sure," Ty said.

"Very good." His supervisor pointed at the steel framing. "Be safe."

"I always am," Ty responded, despite wearing nothing but a red shirt.

Ty bent down and picked up a steel framing. It felt like a toothpick to his touch if it was steel. He balanced it so it would not flex downward and set it on one of the awkward spots of the building. A couple of anthros climbed up and put the framing in place. Once safe and secure, Ty went down and picked up another one. He set it on another awkward spot, counted to five, and grabbed a tool. Despite being smaller than his fingertip, he used the tool to put it in place.

This work pattern continued for the next fifteen minutes, with Ty not breaking a sweat. With each new steel support, the building's framing grew secure and ready for the next step. His coworkers cheered him on when he had to set it himself, trusting that he would succeed. His supervisor only thought about how he wished Ty would dress like a construction worker instead of just wearing that red shirt. After all, he needed to set an example for the others and be safe.

However, if something seriously harmed Ty, it would be because he stepped on a steel framing like a nail.

"Whew. I believe that's all the tricky spots." Ty set his oil-stained hand-paws on his hips. "Anything else you need me for?"

"Not today." Ty's supervisor flipped through a few pages of his notebook. "Enjoy the rest of your day."

"Will do." Ty wiped away the oil before pulling out his smartphone. After waking and unlocking it, he opened his specialized work app. He went through and pinged an onscreen button, which clocked him out. "Done. See ya!"

His supervisor nodded in response, but Ty's coworkers waved goodbye to him. Ty waved back before turning off his smartphone and placing it back. Once done, Ty walked on the streets toward his home. He could not help but smile at how well this day went.

Ty passed by skyscrapers, with them spaced so a giant like him could walk through. The glass on them reflected his form, almost like a giant mirror to him. He glanced at one building before patting his upper belly through his shirt. His tail wagged behind in joy without crashing against any buildings around him.

He just about entered the suburbs when he spotted a red and yellow glint on the ground. "Hmm?"

Ty blinked and glanced at the streets below. A few cars drive in this part of the city if only because of city regulations. This city had places designated for macro travel, especially where tall buildings stood. They set it up so gentle giants like Ty would have an easier time traveling while minimalizing chances for regular and even micro-sized folks from getting crushed or flattened. Even if macros somehow step on someone on something like a car, there had to be proof that they did it deliberately.

It was enacted when the same anthro got stepped on by four different macros in one week.

"What's this?" Ty lowered himself toward the ground, careful not to bump against any building. The object grew more precise as he got closer, reflecting a crystal texture on it. It held a flame-like pattern with the yellow stone. By the time he realized what it was, he smiled. "A Fire Stone."

His tail wagged with joy while his smile broadened. While Ty did not own any Pokémon, he did know plenty of Pokémon friends who would love getting a Fire Stone. Even if they could not evolve from it, they found it, and others like it to be valuable. He would not be surprised if some Pokémon used a Fire Stone to exchange marriage vows.

Either way, selling or giving it away as a gift would be valuable.

Ty picked up the Fire Stone off the ground and held it in his palm. "This is very pretty. I'll go ahead and—"

The Fire Stone glowed on his palm, causing him to blink. It glowed bright white, almost as bright as the sun. He closed one of his green eyes while twisting his head away. When the glow faded away, he opened his eye.

The Fire Stone disappeared from his palm.

"Huh? Where did it go?" Ty turned around, stared at the ground, and checked under his legs. He turned upward and scratched the back of his head. "Jeez. It's gone. It's almost as though it thought / was a Pokémon. But that's—"

The fur on Ty's hand-paws shifted in color, going from gray to golden-white. It also took on a luxurious sheen, though his claws and padding remained black. Ty paused and blinked at his hand-paws. The golden-white color spread up his arms, reaching his elbows along the way.

His feet-paws also changed color, turning golden-white. As it spread up his ankles, his legs also shifted in shape. Two of his centermost toes fused into one, which he wiggled a bit. The legs slimmed into a slender shape, though it had not any of the power they had. Even so, the changes made him slip and bump against one of the

skyscrapers next to him. Ty blushed and rebalanced himself.

“Eep! Sorry about that!” Ty straightened up before sitting down. “J-jeez! I’m changing!”

Ty felt a tugging feeling in his tail. Ty twisted around and gasped at how his singular tail stretched longer and larger than before. Before, it would just reach halfway his lower half’s torso; now, it would touch his nose if he lay down flat. The white tip on it changed to a pale orange while the gray turned golden-white bit by bit.

Cracking sounds came from Ty’s tail, along with some pain, making him wince. His tail split from the tail tip with new bones, muscles, skin, and fur forming. It soon separated into two tails, each as large as the one single tail before. Before he could rest, the pain and cracking noises returned, with the tails splitting into four and then eight. It ended with one of his tails doing one final split, concluding with the final count of nine. Ty widened his eyes, not just because of how many tails wagged behind him but also because of how huge they were.

His tails spread around, with a couple pressing against a building hard enough to crack the glass. Another tail toppled a fire hydrant, causing water to spray all over and on that tail. Road signs and lights collapsed from a mere

brush. Ty tried to regain control over them, but it felt like each tail had a mind of their own. He had enough trouble with his singular, modest-sized tail, but nine huge tails were impossible to control.

"Gah!" Ty stood, only to slip due to forgetting how slender his legs become. He fell with a massive thud, leaving a crater the size of his body. Car alarms blared all around, with the buildings making a slight hop. "This, I'm not used to."

As Ty pushed himself back up, the golden-white fur reached his torso, sides, and backs. The off-white on his torso gave away just as easily as the gray into golden-white. His body also gained a slender look, unlike the decently blocky gray fox built. That helped with his balance when he stood back on all fours. At the same time, he felt something burning in his lower stomach, as though fire ignited within. When the golden-white fur went up his upper belly and back, the burning feeling also reached there.

"Huh?" Ty tried to say, but fire came from his open mouth. It impacted a car, melting the steel, plastic, and rubber instantly. Ty shut his mouth while widening his eyes. When he opened his mouth to speak, more fire streamed

out. This time, the flames impacted a skyscraper, melting the steel and glass where it landed.

Ty sweated in both fear and horror. In the meantime, the fur grew thicker around his neck and chest as though a mane coat grew there. The thicker fur poked through his red shirt's collar, making him look silly. His hair-fur grew upward and longer before bending back. The darker gray hair-fur changed into golden-white. When that crest of hair-fur touched his back, it turned utterly golden-white.

Ty reached up and rubbed his crest of hair-fur shifted into golden-white. It also gained a beautiful shine that he would admire if he could control his body's flames. His green eyes also gained a tinge of red. His ears grew a bit longer, with inner and outer fur gaining golden-white. His nose shrank, though it remained black. At that point, his body finally stopped changing shape.

Ty would gasp about turning into a Ninetalestaur, but the last thing he wanted was to shoot out flames.

He widened his eyes at his new, sleeker form, wondering how this happened. He figured that Fire Stone transformed him into a Ninetalestaur, but how and why? It should only affect Pokémon, and Ty was not one at all. Even so, why did it turn him into a Ninetales instead of an

Arcanine, a Flareon, or even a Scovillain? Ty thought of so many questions, but no answer came.

Ty glanced at the ground and gulped, already seeing a crowd building up. They would recognize him from his red shirt alone, causing him to grow embarrassed. He felt like the first time he traveled as a macro foptaur when he accidentally toppled a skyscraper. That was how he got into construction since he began to fix his mistake with reconstruction but found it fun and satisfying.

He almost opened his mouth to speak but kept his lips shut tight. Instead, he attempted to hum out how he could not control his fire-breathing ability. A bit of flame leaked between his lips, and smoke flowed out of his nose. Two of his tail swayed, which caved in a part of a tall building. That, along with the apparent fire destruction, made the crowd scattered in fear. While Ty felt reassured that they had some sense, he still felt embarrassed.

One crowd member, however, did not leave.

Ty glanced at that figure and saw that he was also a Ninetales. On a closer look, he recognized him as that same Ninetales earlier this day. He stood in the middle of the street, where Ty could only step on him by deliberate action. He looked intrigued, even a little amused, by Ty's antics.

Ty could not help but feel judged by that Ninetales.

It was then that Ty realized that he felt an increasing pressure in his throat and stomach. The flames within him burned hotter. His head turned red, his eyes widening to the point where they might pop out.

He knew the best place to fire a Flamethrower in this state was to turn upward and belch it out.

Instinctually, he fired it at that Ninetales.

Ty winced in shock and horror, wanting to stop, but instead kept firing out flames. It took five seconds for him to stop vomiting out Flamethrower. That relieved the pressure within him, though he did not want to bake another Ninetales into a crisp. He tried to apologize, but he felt the flames building up and kept his mouth shut.

However, he saw he did not need to when the steam and smoke cleared out.

That Ninetales was left unharmed by Ty's unintended attack. In fact, he was more than unharmed since he grew in size, with that Ninetales looking amused. Ty craned his head upward, flattening his ears as the Ninetales outsized him. By the time that Ninetales stopped growing, he stood at two hundred feet tall. This shocked Ty, taking a step back and almost stepping on his tail.

"Well, now," this Ninetales said in perfect English. "When I saw you earlier today, I never expected that you'd also become a Ninetales."

Ty flinched in shock, wondering if his ears were working well. While some Pokémon spoke anthro and human languages, they were few and far between. Ty wondered if this Ninetales had this ability as well. On the other hand-paw, it could be a side effect of turning into a Ninetalestaur.

Ty would ask, but he did not want to risk another burst of fire.

"Careful now," this Ninetales said. With a surprising grace, he grabbed Ty from the side and aimed his head upward. "Now, fire out as much as you can."

Ty gave a thumb-up, opened his mouth, and fired out a stream of flames. It stretched on for a long while, almost like a second sun to those in the city. And through the fire, Ty saw the beauty within. He felt his eyes water from how bright and beautiful the fire was.

Smoke came from his mouth only after a solid minute of firing Flamethrower.

"There we go," that Ninetales said. He let go and took a step back. One of his hind legs stepped on a car, but

nothing happened. No crunch, crush, horns blaring, or any type of sound came from that step. Ty wondered how that happened until that Ninetales stepped off from that car. The car stood there, whole and unharmed to Ty's amazement. The Ninetales continued. "I didn't think the flames could get uncontrollable after changing into a Ninetales. I know that didn't happen to me."

"You don't say." Ty panted out, trying to regain his breath. After a few seconds, Ty focused on this larger Ninetales and noted his eyes. While the sea blue color already attracted Ty's attention, it took until that Ninetales became larger that he noted another thing. Unlike an average Ninetales's eyes, which usually had solid red eyes, this one had anthro- or human-like eyes with white sclera. "Thanks. Also, howdy, fellow."

"No problem!" That Ninetales gave Ty a slight bow. "I'm always happy to help out a fellow Pokémon."

"You know I wasn't a Pokémon originally."

That Ninetales only smirked in response, as though he found Ty's comment funny for some reason.

"The name's Ty. Ty Vulpine." Ty nodded. "What's your name?"

"Oh. My name's Daren, though folks like to call me A-Ninetales."

Ty raised an eyebrow. "Daren?"

"Is there a problem?" A-Ninetales tilted his head to the side.

"Oh, sorry. I remember meeting someone named Daren as well. Had the same eye colors as you and even had an A on his back." Ty rubbed his chin. "Do you know him?"

It took a few seconds for A-Ninetales to respond. "No. I have not."

Ty felt his conversation grew awkward, though he bet it felt more so for A-Ninetales. Ty guessed that A-Ninetales knew more but was not willing to share. Part of him wanted to call him out, but he decided to let it be. It seemed rather sensitive to this fellow, and it was best not to annoy someone larger.

Besides, Ty already felt the flames within building up again.

"Oh, jeez." Ty rubbed his upper stomach with his hand-paw and his lower stomach with his front left paw simultaneously. "It's happening again."

A-Ninetales blinked in confusion. "That's strange. That should've gotten rid of it all." He rubbed his chin up and down, rubbing his claws between the fur strands. After a few seconds like this, his eyes flashed. "Say, how did you turn into a Ninetalestaur anyway?"

"Well, I—" Ty coughed out some flames. He turned upward and fired out some flames until his stomachs felt empty. He continued, "I found a Fire Stone and picked it up. I was going to give it to one of my Pokémon friends, but it transformed me. Or, in another way, it evolved me."

"Hmm." A-Ninetales rubbed his chin some more. "I know Glorfindel visited this world as well. Got here earlier than me, in fact. Perhaps he decided to leave behind a certain gift as a prank, even amplifying the flames to spice it up."

"Glorfindel?" Ty remembered that name and the anthro connected to it. Glorfindel was a five-tailed, green-fur kitsune mage who carried a staff as tall as him. That kitsune loved transformation a lot, with Ty a victim whenever they crossed paths. One time, Glorfindel turned him into a behemoth, though for some reason, it made him anthro and added a blue aloha shirt on him. "I know that sly trickster."

"You do?" A-Ninetales asked. He waited until Ty nodded to say, "Sigh. I swear. He complains much about Glaurung and his antics, but he can be just as bad." He shook his head. "And this wasn't the first time he made someone into a Ninetales, too. Though it's an amusing coincidence that you're also a taur."

"Excuse me?" Ty flattened his left ear to the side. "What do you mean?"

"Ah, no worries. I was just talking to myself." A-Ninetales shrugged.

Ty nodded, only to sweat when he heard more breaking sounds behind. His tails went crazy, pressing into skyscrapers, cratering the street, and knocking down street lights. His stomachs also rumbled, with him feeling increased pressure from within. Smoke, followed by flames, leaked from his mouth.

"Yeah, this isn't a good place for someone like you." A-Ninetales leaned to the side, gazing behind Ty. A fair water puddle formed along with fallen glass and steel shards. A horn blared out, with Ty blushing in response. A-Ninetales chuckled in amusement. "It's not easy controlling all those tails, is it?"

Ty turned upward and fired out a stream of flames.

Once done, he screamed out, "You think!?" Ty sighed. "Welp, I'll have to do some repair work. It would be easier if I could get a BETTER HANDLE ON THESE HUGE BEASTS OF TAILS!!"

"Right." A-Ninetales tapped on the ground. "Can you walk like this?"

"Well, I can try." Ty scratched the back of his head. "Won't be easy."

"Then I suggest we head out from his city and into the wilderness." A-Ninetales smiled. "That way, you'll have plenty of space to train and even use Flamethrower until you got a better hang of your body."

Ty sighed again. "Looks like my only option here. As long as I'm here, I'll cause more damage with all of these tails."

"Good." To Ty's surprise, A-Ninetales spun around without damaging the buildings, laying paw implants to the streets, or even knocking down a street light. Ty thought of himself as skilled, but this Pokémon could teach him a few tricks. A-Ninetales said, "Just follow me, and don't tug on any of my tails."

"Ah, right." Ty nodded. "Because of some thousand-year curse or something?"

"Actually, my tails cause— Never mind." A-Ninetales blushed and shook his head. "Just don't tug on them."

Ty blinked but shrugged. "Whatever you say, boss."

#

The sun fell from the horizon, and the moon took its place when Ty managed to gain some control over his nine tails.

It was not easy to escape from the city with such uncontrollable tails. Even when the two traveled through the suburban parts of the city, Ty's tails still knocked aside chimneys, flattened cars, and toppled trees. To someone who took great pride in traveling to and from places without causing a single crack on the street, it felt embarrassing and shameful.

It was not much easier when Ty went outside the city's borders and practiced with A-Ninetales. His tails did not want to obey his will; even when he figured out which part of his brain controls which tail by squeezing them, they often went in the opposite direction. A-Ninetales gave encouragement and tips along the way.

"Remember, a tail is just as affected by your moods as mental control," A-Ninetales said after one of Ty's tails

knocked down a tree. "Just keep a steady mood, and they'll be easier to control."

It did not help that Ty's internal flame kept rising, forcing him to use Flamethrower to empty it. He would try to suppress it and only belched it out when it became uncontrollable. At the very least, it made for a pretty light show, helped by how his fur glistened in the flame's light.

On the rare occasions he did not have enough time to aim upward, he would use Flamethrower on A-Ninetales.

"You're doing much better now, Ty!" A-Ninetales said with a grin. Even with him lying down, he still towered over Ty's hundred-fifty-foot-tall Ninetalestaur's body. Part of Ty felt grateful that he had not grown to such heights, yet he also felt a bit of envy. A-Ninetales continued, "Keep it up!"

Ty nodded and walked through a forest's path. He went between the trees, keeping his tails steady behind him. When they did brush against the trees, they did nothing but brush off the loose leaves. Ty swallowed, knowing he needed to complete five laps to feel confident.

"Come on, Ty!" A-Ninetales lay on a bunch of trees, but they looked unharmed. In fact, they looked more like squished-like puddy than shattered into timbers. "You can do it!"

"I can do this," Ty said to himself. He reached the end of the path and spun around. He felt some control over his tails. "I can do it."

Ty walked over to the starting point, reaching it. Once there, he spun around and walked to the other end. He stared at the first end, feeling a great sense of anticipation building up. Once he returned, he only needed to complete it one last time to feel comfortable. He hoped his little sister would not get too worried since he had not contacted her. Then again, given how he transformed into a Ninetalesaur in public and caused a lot of damage, she might figure it out.

He finished his fourth lap and—

Ty's stomachs gurgled, a lot stronger than before. He winced, feeling a surge of flames boiling within him. His tails flinched, with him losing control. He sweated, trying to regain focus, but that only made the fire leak out from his mouth easier.

"Easy there!" A-Ninetales cautioned. He lifted a paw, with it large enough to flatten Ty whole. "You can do it! I believe in you!"

Ty cringed, feeling like a balloon filled with too much air. His face turned bright red with his tails flailing out. On instinct, he hung his head upward and opened his mouth.

Ty breathed out a massive fireball like the sun rising at night. A-Ninetales lifted his sea blue eyes in wonder, with the fireball already larger than his head and swelling larger. It went higher in the air, growing larger along the way. Ty blew out flames for a few minutes, to A-Ninetales's surprise.

When Ty finished, it exploded like a fireworks display that shone for miles. Sparks flickered down, landing without causing a fire. Ty panted and flopped on top of his lower belly. He felt a wave of exhaustion flowing through his body.

"Well, well," A-Ninetales said. He smiled at the sky. "You put up a lovely show."

"You don't say?" Ty said between breaths.

A-Ninetales nodded. "It really was."

"That's the one good thing I did throughout this training." Ty shook his head. "I was this close to passing, but then I just had to vomit out more flames. Gosh, this is so embarrassing."

A-Ninetales tilted his head to the side. "Oh? But you didn't cause any damage."

Ty widened his eyes, stood up, and glanced around. None of the trees around him toppled, even when his tails brushed against them. At once, joy flooded Ty's body enough that he grinned. He hopped, causing the ground to rumble.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Ty turned to A-Ninetales and bowed. "Thank you! Without you, I bet half of the city would be smashed or melted!"

A-Ninetales grinned and nodded. "Good." He stood up, with the trees underneath him straightening up. "Now, I must be on my way."

Ty blinked. "You're heading out so soon?"

"Afraid so." A-Ninetales lifted a paw and, despite its massive size, patted Ty's head with gentle care. "To be honest, I wasn't meant to be here this long. I still need to train another, Faith, and head back soon. I came in the first place to collect payment that my dear Saria forgot about after completing a job."

"Oh." Ty felt a wave of disappointment flowing through him. This A-Ninetales could teach him a lot, but his life seemed to need more attention. Still, what little he did

was enough, so he hugged one of A-Ninetales's toes.
"Thank you for your help."

"It's not a problem at all." A-Ninetales smiled back, gave a gentle hug back with the toe, and went on his way.

Ty stood there, watching the thousand-feet tall A-Ninetales walk into the distance. Despite his massive size, he walked with a grace and silence of a normal-sized cat. Before Ty knew it, A-Ninetales, the second Daren he met, disappeared into the horizon.

"Well, best to head back home," Ty said to himself.

He turned back to the city with a new, reforged confidence. The nine tails behind him swayed without knocking anything down. The burning felt steady like the last one was a supercharged finale. If he ever met Glorfindel again, he would have several words with him (and a few stomping).

For now, Ty felt happy about everything.

About Author

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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!